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Guardian Angels.

W. J. Grindley

THIS is a subject of paramount importance to the world in general, as well as one of peculiar interest to Spiritualists in particular. To some people the idea is childish, and as absurd to them as all the talk of fairies, gnomes, pixies, elves, etc. The idea of such beings existing as guardian angels is by no means new. It has been a recognised article of belief for unnumbered centuries by all classes and kinds of men and women.

How it arose, one cannot definitely say, but doubtless manifestations of the kindly care and presence of such beings were given in by-gone days in abundance, when men and women were more natural and less artificial than men and women of to-day. Certainly, as Spiritualists, we recognise the possession by ancient men and women of psychic qualities, and probably the freer exercise of those qualities may have brought them into closer touch with spiritual beings than we to-day are aware of.

It seems, however, to have been reserved for Spiritualism to throw greater light upon the matter than has ever been known before, and perhaps when the fact is more widely known, much of the grief and sorrow of men will be lightened, if not entirely removed. After all, it is a beautiful idea that around and about us are the forms of celestial helpers who can and do extend to souls in need, counsel and strength when it is most urgently required.

I take it, therefore, as a duty as well as a pleasure, to ascertain whether or not there is any real basis of fact which will enable us to declare that such beings do exist, or whether we are to treat them as mere figments of the imagination, dreams of a simpler age than this in which we find ourselves at present. If they do exist, then it is our business to enquire the why and wherefore of them, the part they play in our lives, and the mystery of their relationship to us, and ours to them. I contend that if they do exist in a well-ordered law-controlled universe, such as this we know to be, then we are face to face with one of the most stupendous facts it is possible for us to consider. It is a fact so fraught with importance to the destiny of man that one can truthfully say, "Here is the key to all our misunderstanding and seeming fruitless strivings, and the source, probably, of those gleams of inspiration and upliftment which have blessed the world at various stages of its development."

If there be, indeed, an hierarchy of elder brethren, with loftier vision and depth of soul than we humans, what of, then many of the apparently inexplicable things that have happened in the past, and happen to-day also, at once come into the realm of understandable things. I think we all of us know that, even so far as our own individual lives are concerned, there are experiences and happenings which have altered the whole trend of existence, and as this is true of us individually it is also true of us collectively. For instance, such world-shaking events as the Incarnation of Christ, the Divine Teacher in the Logos, the Reformation, which loosened the Papal bonds here in Britain and upon the Continent. The raising up of Joan of Arc at a time when France most needed her. The Hydesville rappings in 1848, which ushered in the great Movement to which we have the honour of belonging. The sudden wave of scientific and inventive genius, that, in one direction, starting with the "Rocket" of Stevenson's, is likely to fructify in cloud clippers of the skies that will make a journey from the British Isles to the continent of America a mere matter of a few hours.

Then the probing by men of the very skies, and their wrenching from the vastnesses of space wonderful knowledge relating to the very creation of worlds, the treading by human feet, the star-clustered highways of God. This is the result of telescopic and spectroscopic research, but on the other side, is the microscopic research which has revealed wonders no less absorbing and wonderful. When we reflect, as scientific men assure us, that in a drop of water is a universe as real in miniature as is the larger universe which surrounds it, we are amazed and staggered.

Then in other directions we have the woman's movement, which meant the breaking of brutal masculine bonds that had for centuries degraded her to the value of a mere chattel, a possession to be dealt with as one would deal with the drawing-room piano, or the humble, if more utilitarian kitchen maugle.

All this leads us to assume that there is a very real purpose at the back of things, and that there are intelligent beings, keen strategists, directing the whole. Casting the mind back only a few short years, one is amazed at the rapid progress that has been made in all directions, and it would seem to-day that we stand upon the verge of a new Reformation, one that will be as drastic in its effect, as spiritually purifying in its essence, and as deadly destructive of that soul-perverting neo-romanced sacerdotalism, as was

the older reformation of the stern-faced monk, Martin Luther.

I repeat again, all this leads us to the conception of powerful spiritual directors, supernormal intelligences who, dwelling behind the fringe of things we term material, play upon that material, including ourselves, in such ways that we and all things move on in a sublime march, ever coming to closer grips with the eternal verities which are the real behind the shadow of all those things we have falsely declared real. To them a thousand years are but as a moment, and civilisations of past hoary ages are things but of yesterday. To them time is non-existent, they plan for centuries in advance, and not for the immediate present.

It is to a close consideration of these beings that I think we must devote ourselves. We must enquire the why and wherefore of them, the exact conditions that bring about their association with human kind, and the manner in which they accomplish their purposes, always remembering uplifting purposes leading to that greater perfection which shall come to all earth's children as they climb the Jacob ladder of progress. Disabuse your minds at once of the idea that guardian angels are related to your own family, race or belief. In all cases they are remote from your ancestral tree, having no kind of human relationship with you (as we generally understand the term) whatever.

Furthermore, they are not to be confused with guides as normally understood, as more often than not guides are beings of a much less exalted type than the guardians, although, be it clearly realised, guides are much farther advanced in spiritual love than the people to whom they minister are always aware. Esoterically speaking, true relationship is not to be confused with the apparent accident of birth upon the physical plane. Mark you, I say apparent accident, because in a wonderfully organised universe there can be no such thing as accident.

The term postulates the idea of an unforeseen chance blindly controlling and shaping or miscontrolling and misshaping the affairs of men. Such an idea is repellent to the student who, looking at things as a whole and not as detached parts, perceives everywhere a purpose and precision at once compelling and enthralling, and which can only admit of one interpretation.

For instance, so wonderfully and marvellously applied are the purposes of the Creator that, whether you study a shining orb in space or a chick within its tiny shell, the purpose is at once made manifest, and you are bound accordingly. Because the man in the street does not understand the *modus operandi* of some event, he is apt to declare it might have a cause or it might not. He has a very ready word for all such things he cannot understand, and that word is coincidence.

"Ah," he says, with a sagacious nod of his not over-wise head, "that is a strange coincidence;" but if you ask him to define precisely what he means, he is at a loss to do so.

The coincidences of our youth have a knack of becoming the looked-for results of our middle age. The word has been coined to explain something that for the moment at least belongs to the region of the unexplainable. For example, here is a strange biological fact. When the human foetus is maturing on to its completion, we are told that it passes rapidly through the lower grades of development which have characterised the development of life through past ages. Even the chick in its shell develops gills before lungs, thus showing that at some tremendously remote period its origin was amphibious.

Thus, in our present study we must clearly distinguish what is meant when we speak of relationship, and must not confound the term with the small local meaning as appertaining to the ordinary human family. Birth upon this material plane is merely the result of circumstances over which we, none of us, had control, but at the same time it must be clearly understood that it was not a chance happening due entirely to the whims and fancies of finite beings. It is something more important than that, and if men and women are ordained as part of the wonderful process, then they should realise intensely what a wonderful and sacred part that part is. In the truest and deepest sense our relationships are much more intricate and involved than at first sight appears. Because I was born into a certain family it does not necessarily follow

that the virtues or vices of that particular family are specially mine. True, there will be certain physical resemblances either to my maternal or paternal forbears, or a combination of them both, which may stamp me indelibly as an offshoot of that family; but my soul relationship, my true relationship, goes much deeper and further back. So far, the law of heredity will carry us, but there is that in me and each one of you that belongs to no human family, but to the larger and wider family of God, something that belongs neither to time or place, space or position.

It is something that never began and will never end, absolutely indestructible, with the absolute and indestructible we call God. If you think of a thing beginning you must necessarily think of its ending. To all, a line begins, and though it stretches for millions of miles, will still be a line, and you will think of the inevitable end. On the contrary, a circle, to which you see no beginning, has no ending, it is continuous and unbroken.

That is symbolic of us. We may consider our present phase of life as a line long or short, according to our desires and inclinations, but always with the knowledge that some day or other it will cease to be. But the circle is symbolic of us, as spirits, for it is manifestly impossible to conceive our beginning or ending. This is one of the most important truths of Spiritualism, a truth destined to change the very face of the world. If we think of a beginning to ourselves as spirits, we at once think of a period when we were not, and as this is impossible we are compelled to accept the idea that we are eternal, ever were and ever will be.

Worlds and universes began. They will also end, for in themselves they exist only as an expression of the Infinite Will. But the Infinite Will that brought them into expression never began, it always was and always will be. When time ends, as one day it will end for all, it can have no direct effect upon us, because THEN, as NOW, we shall be beyond its ravages and disappearances, because we are related to the Infinite. My truest brother may be of another race, another time even, whereas my own blood brother, beyond the mere superficial happening of birth, may be as a comparative stranger to me, and as far removed temperamentally as the wide gulfs that separate the glowing suns of space.

Spiritualists know that a real purpose lies behind all the phenomena of nature, whether it be of rocks and trees, animals or men. To them chance does not exist, and it is one of the soundest planks in their platform enabling them to declare with certainty that their ideas of brotherhood, progression, compensation and retribution are most sound and proper, and in more perfect harmony with the scheme of things than the erratic notions formerly held by chosen peoples, spiritual stagnation, bribery and corruption for seats in heaven, and all the host of chaotic ideas which sprang from the idea that God did not know His own mind, or the ultimate results of His creative processes.

I have enlarged upon this theme of law and purpose somewhat lengthily, because in our concept of guardian angels we must get away from the narrow obsessing idea that they get tacked on to us, or we to them, because at the moment of our physical appearance they happened to be amongst the host of heaven's spiritually unemployed. There is a much deeper truth underlying the fact of their presence, one that clearly reveals the love and consideration of the Father for all His children.

Occult teaching has revealed a more wonderful order and precision in the social and spiritual development of beings in the post mortem states of life than we upon the earth were previously acquainted with. There are gradations of spiritual rank dependent upon worth and adaptability, rather than upon the luck or ill-luck of birth as recognised by us. To the world the manner and quality of a room decides whether the new-born baby shall be my lord or lady, or just a humble crossing sweeper or maid of all work. If born to the purple or, as we say, with a silver spoon in his mouth, he lords it over the rest of us, whether we will or not. But in spiritual states this is not so, there they are as they are, and not as they would have one believe.

Lazarus is still Lazarus, and Dives still Dives, for spiritual worth brings spiritual wealth, and spiritual ill-worth spiritual poverty. Right away from the lowest

her mind was capable of over-ruling all bodily ills. It was simply a question of time.

Brenda's health and happiness were advanced by an extremely happy love affair. Among her friends was the famous Clifford Asquith, whose literary output had scarcely been exceeded by any other writer of the time. Asquith was a literati, his knowledge and artistic skill were unique. He was a noble specimen of manhood—mentally and physically, the very embodiment of health, and one of the most hopeful of men. Tall, good-looking, blue eyes, medium colouring.

The first time Asquith met Brenda he loved her, and found his love was reciprocated. The girl was ever after conscious of his coming, even though she had no material reason to think he was round about town. In less than a month he proposed, and she accepted. They were quickly married, and travelled abroad for two years, largely in the cities of Italy.

Brenda continued to write for "The Empire." "Clifford," she said, one day soon after their marriage, "I am absolutely stagnant this week, my brain refuses to work connectedly. I have not a single original thought." He kissed her, saying, "Don't worry, pet. I expect there is plenty of good stuff stored up in that wonderful brain of yours. May I hypnotise and suggest to you?" She consented. That night he brought all his forces to bear upon her, sent her into a beautiful artificial sleep, and suggested ideas. Towards morning she opened her eyes, and said, "Thoughts are coming to me, Clifford." Then she fell asleep naturally.

In the course of that natural sleep she rose from her bed, went to her study, and produced a brilliant article. Yet asleep she returned to her bed. Her husband, who loved her dearly, had quietly watched every movement. Brenda did not again find herself deficient in ideas.

The long wedding tour proved delightful, and Brenda returned to England the happiest of wives and mothers. The tiny Clifford had his father's type of body and mind—an extremely healthy child.

A year after coming home Rhonda was born. He was a well-proportioned child, but appeared delicate. Brenda put aside her literary work and gave every attention to her baby. She studied the mite in the light of science, and in the third year his health greatly improved. Rhonda's mind manifested itself in an exceptional degree, and the medical attendants declared if he lived to manhood he would even surpass his parents for brilliancy of intellect.

The Asquiths eventually decided to return to the beautiful city of Florence in Italy. Here they continued their literary work, and trained their gifted children to follow the higher paths of art.

The Renaissance of Spiritualism.

Thomas Mark May.

In this glorious age of Millennial glory and peace in the spheres of heaven, after the cleansing fires of a great war, and the season of Christmas once more dawns upon a purified world, it is a privilege and pleasure to indicate the new birth and renewing of the spirit of man in strict accordance with the laws of Nature.

The earth and man receives a palingenesia, or new deal, and spirit of child-like faith and outlook, and man comes into his heritage, the possession of himself, of the kingdom of God and of Heaven, and in quiet, peaceful meekness possesses the earth. He sees the universe as one, the earth as a unit, and man as one humankind. Religion, science and philosophy are the three sides of a triangled idea.

Spiritual intuition proves that God is one, that all men are one kind, that man and woman are two halves of one sex, that all conceptions of God are merely worded differently to express one idea. Plato declares truth when he states that "the idea of God is the great principle."

This is the great cardinal truth of Spiritualism, that God is one, that man is immortal because, as an offspring of God he must be as equal with his Father as to his origin and destiny. Some will agree with these statements of mine, but now comes what to others will be considered as rank undiluted heresy.

I hold that the higher Spiritualism of the twentieth century has to demonstrate its utility and use and service to mankind by reasserting the divine apostolic principles of man on the earth as a divine being, and that peace and plenty is assured by organised co-operation as a fraternity or brotherly brotherhood. The first step to realise this is to learn to obey. The divine law is not "Mine and thine" as to money, goods, or houses, or land, but that God is the Father, King, Saviour and Universal Owner and Provider of all. If you doubt this, remember the words that "As live stones, we are a temple of God in the spirit," and as the writer of Chronicles, chapter xxix., truly puts it, we are "strangers and sojourners on the earth as were our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding; all the store that we have prepared cometh of Thine hand and is all Thine own."

Now, seeing that the earth is the Lord's (not land-lord's) and the fulness thereof, and that the earth, as a child of the Solar Orb, with similar elements as the sun, is intended for the use of all, it is clear that a Society of believers pooling their resources and contributing equally a tithe or tenth of their income to a common fund, administered on strict business lines, would never want, but always have a superabundance of wealth stored up. Out of that fund, houses, food and clothes of the best kind and quality would be enjoyed by all alike. The renaissance of Spiritualism is to spiritualise the everyday common life of the people. Not to pay women or men as professional mediums to get into contact with those said to be dead, but to demonstrate that all mankind are incarnate spirits here and now; that the kingdom of God is with, around, and within you; that the whole earth, in fact, moves and lives in the atmosphere of the spirit, and is really a living spirit being.

Now, the real danger to Modern Spiritualism is that which the Rev. R. J. Campbell, in his "Christianity and the Social Order," points out in one pregnant passage, where he states that the trick of the Church to denominate the minds of people and to get all the land and wealth into its hands was to substitute all the communal life of the early apostles for an imaginary heaven of prosperity and happiness after death, and ever since they have traded off this imaginary hypothetical after-state of bliss for the people, whilst they as a professional class monopolise all the good things down here, and are in no hurry to get to heaven themselves.

Now, Modern Spiritualists, cajoled and hoodwinked, have walked into the clerically-baited trap, and spend all their time and energies in speculating and trafficking with the dead, repeat the same jargon of texts, "that whatsoever a man sows, etc.," and apply it to some imaginary post-mortem state of bliss or pain, playing with the old hell-fire doctrine and re-introducing it tentatively as a necessary process of purification, perpetually arguing that Jesus said this, that or the other, and repeat doctrinally the clerical orthodox style of teaching. If this process of dry rot continues, it will destroy the whole fabric of truth and wisdom that the early pioneers fifty years ago so nobly and ably built up for after-generations to enjoy. "To the solid ground of Nature trusts the mind that builds for ever," said the poet.

"Clairvoyance" and "phenomena" are two words sadly misused and abused. Clairvoyance means "clear-seeing" for myself—not by someone else, for me—and "phenomena" means things seen normally by myself, not for me to pay a shilling to be told at a meeting that my dead mother, father or child are at my shoulder wearing a top hat or a gold brooch or silk dress. No, such things ought not to be acknowledged as true Spiritualism of the higher order; it turns meetings into matters of scorn or ridicule, and degrades and demoralises people in its vulgarity by its attempt to violate the law of the universe that every thing that is manifested is light. For God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. So mote it be.

THE Sphinx symbolises creation and immortality, and the link that connects them. It is a symbol of all past, present and future.

We gain knowledge of self-preservation faster than we can apply it to ourselves, hence we can give medicine better than we can take it.

Then in turn each one of us will become qualified and sanctified to act as a guardian angel to some other aspiring soul, and, in conformity with the laws that govern, bend our spiritual powers and strength to the overcoming of difficulties for the emancipation of the children of God.

Think of it, the glory of it; work of the most magnificent character for each of us to do. We shall become in turn sponsors for a soul, as a thank-offering for that other glorious being who is even now sponsoring each one of us.

Spiritualists, don't weary in well-doing. Hold fast to that which you know to be truth, whatever the forces arrayed against you. Don't allow mere pin-pricks to disturb your equanimity, fight down resolutely the devils of discord, and disunion which assail you. Always remember the prize is worth the struggle, and though the path be sometimes dreary, another walks that path with you, whose strength and serenity have been born of struggle and victory, and to you, his God-child, he pours it out.

The Mummy.

A Strange Psychic Experience.

A. T. Gamble.

THIS has nothing to do with the Mummy of ill-luck, and its reputed malign influences brought to bear on those who handled it in its transit from its resting-place in Egypt to the British Museum.

ONE evening early in the year at the mid-week development circle our transfiguration medium was overshadowed by an ancient Egyptian woman. Usually our medium's transfigurations were pleasant to look upon, and one in particular, a "nun," was very beautiful with its silver light, but this Egyptian was of the gruesome order, so much so that one of our clairvoyants was unable to look at it. The face of the transfiguration was clear, except that it was without eyes, and the bony eye-sockets only were visible. It was indeed a peculiar and gruesome sight. After a sitting or two someone called it "the mummy." This was confirmed shortly afterwards, when the whole of a mummy case was shown over the medium. The transfiguration appeared weekly for a long time, and then finally disappeared. On one occasion towards the end a bright darkness flashed across the upper part of the face, and at the time I thought the mummy was trying to show enamelled cheeks; but the sequel will follow.

In February, 1917, I was asking the spirit people whether they could tell me when the war would be over, and I quickly got an answer by the direct voice, the strong voice of a man, in these words: "The war will be over in October," and then, after a short pause, came the following words: "We are not quite certain, but it is almost sure to be."

Soon after this latter event, one night I joined a spirit circle, and the position of the seat that I occupied in my own circle being vacant, I at once sat down upon it. The seat on my right being also vacant, this was immediately occupied by a tall, stately man with a very fine black beard. He at once entered into conversation with me, the subject mainly being his friendship for a man whom he referred to as "my dear friend Stanley Speight," pronounced Spate.

A few weeks after this I found myself on a stone terrace on a spirit plane. As I stood there numerous spirit people passed by, and amongst them was my tall, black-bearded friend, accompanied by a lady, both dressed in Eastern costume. A little way on they turned to their right, through an entrance flanked by a garden. After they had disappeared, I saw in front of me an open door, through which I passed, and found myself in a large, square room, in which were many spirit people. One of them approached me. He was a fair, stalwart man of good presence, medium height, round face, clean shaven, blue eyes and very fine auburn hair cut short. When he came close to me, he said, "I am Stanley Speight." We conversed for a short time, meanwhile the others formed a group around us, when I discoursed to them on "Love's Divinity," after which they dispersed. Almost directly after I was confronted by a spirit woman wearing a mask covered by what appeared to be black,

glossy velvet, which completely obscured the sight. Suddenly she removed the mask, when recognition was instantaneous. It was the mummy of our circle. She was wearing the short, black mantle of the circle, which I now know was deeply embroidered all round the bottom edge. It was nothing malign about this spirit, for love beamed from her beautiful black eyes. After a little while she removed the mask and disappeared. I then went out on to the terrace, and looking over the parapet I saw that I was the topmost of three terraces, supported by numerous tricolunar, ornamental, narrow arches, each archway being occupied by two or three persons. Presently I noticed that they were all looking in one direction, following their gaze I saw approaching eight athletic, symmetrically-formed young men in scanty attire. They came along, two by two, they advanced quickly, leaping into the air turned complete somersaults, moved back until they had passed me, when my vision returned. Although not a word was said concerning the war, I impressed that this event was a peace festival.

I wonder why in earth life this Egyptian woman compelled to wear a mask, and why were her eyes presumably removed when her body was embalmed? I feel that there was something tragic in the life of this charming woman, and therein lies the germ of a story for a writer with imagination.

Brenda Oxenham.

W. George Wheeler, L.P.I.

A REMARKABLY fine series of articles on "The Cult of the Soul" were appearing in "The Empire," and received high commendation in the press. The writer's name was Brenda Oxenham. The author had only recently appeared prominently before the public, and the world wondered who she was, and how she contrived to produce such work week by week.

Brenda lived a quiet, retired life with her parents "The House Beautiful," so named on account of its architectural design, and its luxuriant gardens. The Oxenham family were wealthy. The girl wanted for nothing they now give her, but her body was frail, and she was considered a chronic invalid. The frail body, however, did not mean a poor manifestation of mind, for, like the gifted Brenda's sisters, her soul splendidly revealed itself. When in health she acquired more knowledge in a month than many clever girls did in a year.

Brenda had a small, finely-made physical organism. Her classic head was exquisitely modelled; her big, deep, wonderful eyes revealing a thousand things, human and divine.

Brenda's great friend, Dorothea Lake, was connected with "The British Phrenological Palace," and gave the lessons in mental science. This was the greatest Brenda ever received, and she obtained more wisdom than all the old metaphysicians' works could possibly have given her. At eighteen, just a year ago, she came to town, sat an examination in phrenological science, delivered a series of essays and a public lecture, and obtained a first-class diploma as teacher, lecturer and delineator.

Brenda applied her new science, and during the year was successful in a number of remarkable cases. For instance, little Harry Roberts possessed the type of mind for an artist, but would not concentrate his mind. Brenda taught him how to do this. She made him love his art and put his soul into it. Caroline Graham's child, Brenda had a habit of crying from no particular cause. Brenda discovered a large organ of fear, called cautiousness, and a small organ of hope, she said, "battles in the mind," and instructed Caroline how to make her child's environment specially bright, and give her hopeful pictures of life. A little girl was cured speedily. Blackie's boy, Albert, possessed a head too large for his body—harmony was necessary. Brenda advised physical training, gentle at first, gradually increased, plenty of active play, and a slowing down of mental training. Albert was likely to make a fine man.

Brenda was curing herself. The physician declared her weak in regard to heart and lungs. No doubt she was

things are but the imperfect shadows. There are not a hundred kinds of life, there are not even two kinds of life, but ONE LIFE only, whether it be in the manifestation of the loftiest archangel kneeling at the footstool of the very God, or the creeping slug that laboriously draws its rings across the uneven ground.

In this sense, if humanity is related to the slug, humanity may be offended, regarding the comparison as somewhat beneath human dignity. But remember, it cuts both ways, for if humanity be related to the slug in one direction, then in the other direction it is also related to the archangel; yes, and further still, even to the Father Himself. You are not created. Your body was, and like all created things, will one day disappear, but you are, you always have been, and always will be.

Before the very foundations of the world were laid you were, and when the very foundation of worlds and cosmic systems are no more, you will still continue to be. You have manifested many times in that hoary past from which you have emerged, your present state of development proves it. Your path has been an ascending spiral, an ever-reaching upward to loftier and more glorious things. You have contacted many times with experiences of varied character, and by such contact garnered knowledge and power which you have built into yourselves.

This has given you the particular kind of temperament you now possess, and moulded the character which is essentially your own, and stamped you with that distinctive difference which makes you yourself.

So, by slow degrees, humanity rose, learning and ever learning, unfolding and ever unfolding, until in due season the present state was reached. I am not much concerned here with a survey of what happened in the long ago past, but with what has happened so far as my spiritual teachers have taught me in the comparatively short period leading up to present manifestations.

There came a time in our affairs when the ruling lords, in accordance with the demands of our evolving selves, arranged for our entry upon this, the present stage of existence. In accordance with fixed laws that rule, THEY provided for our coming, not anyone on earth. They decided the moment, the race, the very family to which we should be allied, and, mark you, all in accordance with the hidden necessities of the egos that we were. Our real estate and condition of being were, of course, the dominant factors, because, as stated before, development is the keynote of the entire scheme, and the particular conditions that are necessary for us are the conditions that surround us.

They knew, none better, our exact state, even to the lowest possible fraction, so they linked us by means of a guardian angel or intercessory spirit with themselves, and, being linked with them in this manner, we are of necessity linked with the Logos to whom they are responsible for us.

The guardian angel, or, in other words, the elder brother spiritually, was given charge over us much as godfathers and godmothers are given charge over their god-children to whom they stand sponsor for a period. This was so arranged that in all the varying conditions we should experience, his should be the inner voice to speak, his the hand to direct, but never to force, for as children of the great Father, we are free to tread whatever path we choose.

If we desire good, we shall attain it, and the guardian angel will help us, but if we desire the not good, we shall find it, though ever conscious of the restraining influence of the guardian advising and desiring otherwise. All people inwardly know this is true, for there is not one amongst us but knows that conscience, as we call it, sometimes commends, but as surely condemns, according to the way we go and the things we do. Conscience, say some, what is conscience? It is our Holy of Holies, the sacred precincts of which none mortal but we ourselves may tread.

In that Holy of Holies we are constantly meeting our guardian angel, and the voice that sounds along the mystic aisle, either in commendation or in condemnation, is his. We know that the verdict he gives is just; we are compelled to acknowledge it is right. No arguments of sophistry, no specious spurious explanations can suffice.

Our lips may speak lies, but in the depths of ourselves we speak truth. We may deceive others, but we ourselves, we never deceive. We may attempt to brazen it out with

flashing eye and bold tongue, but in that Holy of Holies we stand praised or condemned; and we ourselves know that it is terribly, justly and unwaveringly accurate.

You will recollect the temptation of Jesus in the wilderness, where he sojourned for the mystic union of Christ with him. Temptation said, "Cast thyself down; no harm will befall thee, for it is written, He hath given His angels charge concerning thee."

"Lead us not into temptation" was the cry of Jesus; it must also be ours, each one of us, for the things that bless can sometimes be made to curse, and although it is true that God hath given His angels charge concerning us, we must not try them by moral or spiritual wrongs any more than we would by physical wrongs.

For instance, it would be no use your hurling yourself from the top of some lofty building, and, in the moment of your descent, frantically call upon the angel of God to protect you. Keep the law morally, spiritually and physically, or in other words, "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all other things will be added unto you."

I said earlier that we may not know our guardian angel in the sense that men know one another, but it only requires a moment's reflection to show that not one of us knew our earthly mother until we were consigned to her charge. She was as a stranger to us, and we to her, until we were given to her. But she loved us because we were dear to her, and cherished us as her greatest possession.

The poet, touching upon this theme, says:—

Out of a vasty something,
At the point of a secret flame,
A voice called out of the darkness,
A stranger without a name.

Out of a throbbing somewhere,
Beneath the heart of a dame,
To grow in secret and silence,
A stranger without a name.

Into an earthen image,
A spark and not a flame;
Into a wonderful prison,
A stranger without a name.

Yes, this is perfectly true. Strangers we were, indeed, but we were welcomed in that wonderful moment of our birth, and, so to speak, made to feel at home. The strangeness fled, and we became acclimatised to the particular conditions of that household. This wonderful mother gave us a name in love and tenderness, the very name we bear. We were borne to her by an attendant, a Master Power and Wisdom, who piloted us safely from the my realm of the over-lords to the fleshly tabernacle on earth, and this Master of Wisdom is still with us, has been with us through all the changing scenes of our growth and development, and will continue to be with us until the last milestone on the terrestrial path has been passed.

But even then the work of the guardian angel is not finished, for in the post mortem states of life, where the fruit is garnered of all we have sown on earth, he is still the monitor, helping us to assimilate the truth of all we have passed through, ever instilling into our beings the divine precepts, and pointing us to the greater glory of the higher heights to which we are ascending.

It is ours, then, to be of good courage and not to drop despondent because of the roughness of the way or the proximity of thorns to our roses. We are to take heart and be glad, though the skies be over-clouded, and the sun's glorious face hidden when we would have it shine.

Out of every experience, be it bitter or sweet, we are to extract the good it contains, knowing that experiences are never repeated when the lessons they contain have been mastered. So shall we ever rise in contact with our guardian, from the valleys where the mists be thick and heavy to the mountain top of our unexampled spiritual glory, when our astonished eyes will mark all the happenings of the past, and our clearer vision perceive the finger of God in everything we have known. All will then be well, and in the joyousness of our spiritual exaltation our beings will respond with a psalm of praise to Him Who, through His ministering angels, hath so carefully nurtured and delivered us.

sphere beyond the boundaries of our own earth stretch these innumerable grades of spiritual beings; they reach to the highest Christ Sphere, of which we have a little knowledge, and for aught we know even beyond that. Worlds themselves have their guardian angels or controlling spirits, for these worlds, as we know, are not the outcome of blind force, but the sequence and concrete result of will, the will of the Logos exercised and controlled by powerful conscious purposeful entities, to whom He hath given power and dominion.

So the Logos of this particular system to which our world belongs works out to the definite planned end, the purpose for which it was created, and remember, that purpose includes us as it includes all things that are.

He works through His multitude of angelic co-operators, each detailed to accomplish his or her own work, and the work touches all things that belong to the system, be they great or small. The butterfly on the wing is as much a thing of reality and consideration as a human being, and receives its appropriate attention and care according to its needs and purposes.

A poet touching upon this theme says:—

Oh, beautiful Creature,
Speed thou not so swiftly away;
For I would study thy wondrous feature,
And become an apt pupil
With such a lovely teacher,
Ere the close of day.
I will not harm thee, loveliest of things,
Not even desecrate by touch the glory of thy wings;
I only wish to gaze on thee,
And mark the gorgeous beauty
Dame Nature has endowed thee with, to delight
The eyes of those who, gazing on thy shape so bright,
Consider thee a wondrous sight,
And marvel at the Master Hand
That made thee,
Since none but a Master could have planned
A beauty such as thine, and shape so small,
Yet, as perfect in its way
As the larger piece of clay,
Which forms the shape of man, and bears the stamp Divine;
For both are made,
The smaller and the greater,
To fulfil some grand design.

It would appear that the old Greeks were not very far wrong in their conception of a plurality of Gods. To them Zeus was the Father Deity, and beneath Him were hosts of minor deities, each working out in some appointed domain the behests of the one Great Supreme. To them Neptune controlled the oceans, Aeolus, the wind; Pan, the forest; Flora, the flowers; and so forth. In other words, these names signified their realisation of the power that had special sovereignty in that particular domain over which they were set.

With reference to human beings and their advent on the earth, they taught that Lucina controlled child-birth, and in Greece there were temples specially dedicated to her service, attended by vestal virgins whose particular labours lay in this direction. One authority, speaking upon the conceptions of the Greeks, says:—

"The gods of the Greeks proper, the Gods of the heroic Greeks, were glorified human beings, and they were treated without very much fear or awe. But Greece, like most of the Eastern world, in the thousand years B.C., was much addicted to oracles. When the oldest men in the tribe could not say the right thing to do," says Prof. Gilbert Murray, "then you went to the blessed dead."

They told you what was Themis, what was the right thing to do, or, as religious people would put it now-a-days, what was the Will of God. That is to say that so far back in the history of the human race they were aware of the reality and influence of beings and intelligences, apart from themselves. So they sought their help, believing that if they were rightly approached, they would respond to the wants and desires of mortals.

Some people to-day would call this idolatrous, but I am convinced it is not very far removed, if removed at all, from the modern custom of Rosary beads, Crucifixes, charms,

sacred Jordan water for Baptism, the invoking of intercession by saints, even the very Communion Table itself around which sit the faithful in the Twentieth Century A.D.

Alter the names to suit modern requirements, and see how nearly true it is to all our latest thought. To us to-day the facts are that God works in this manner, having appointed His angels so to rule in all the various domains of being. Spiritualists know that a great truth underlies the idea that the birth of a child is controlled by a definite power as well as by purely physical processes. When the mighty spirits who rule in this domain have planned the advent, there are hosts of graduated intelligences who carry the operations down to the very threshold of material life.

This is a very important consideration for each one of us, because we have been under its operation, the very reality of our presence now is proof positive that some intelligence guided us here, and sent us exactly at a time and to a place best suited for the development and unfolding of those Divine capacities, which are most assuredly ours. The very thought is consoling. It seems to warm one to the very soul, because of the tenderness and care it enshrines.

We all know the dread feeling of isolation that unnerves, the terrible feeling of desolation that sometime smites the strongest soul, and the sweetness and solace of the thought that in the wide world, with its thronging multitudes, there is some heart, some soul, that beats responsive to our own. This is exactly the feeling, the conscious lovable feeling, that comes into one's inmost being when one realises that, though invisible nevertheless real and true, a guardian angel, a lofty glorious spirit full of majesty and power, is our attendant, stands sponsor for us, and ever and ever, through all the vicissitude of changing times and circumstances, is our help and shield, our strength and support.

In the heyday of youth they are with us, although then we may not feel the need of them; but as the sun of our terrestrial existence gradually seeks the western fringe of life's horizon, and the shadows lengthen across the once sun-lit skies, and the cold, biting winds of adversity blow tumultuously around our paths, then we need the warm solacing presence of our angel adepts, the consciousness of that strong invisible bond that links an archangel with our own poor frail selves.

These are the guardian angels of the Spiritualist, the divine helpers who are closer than breath, nearer than hands or feet. You remember the account of the birth of Jesus, how an angel spoke to his mother, acquainting her of what was to happen, and even inspiring her with the name he should bear. This was his guardian angel, his Divine helper, his source of inspiration, and his tower of strength in the desolation and agony of Gethsemane.

Socrates, the Greek thinker, also placed on record his belief and knowledge of the presence of his own particular guardian. Who are these guardian angels? Do we know them? How do they become attached to us? Are questions constantly on the lips of men and women to-day. Answers to them are being given, for we have travelled far these days, and now we are rid of both religious and materialistic dogmas, we are emerging on to paths that are bathed in the sunlight of truth.

There is no need of mystery to hide them, or mocking clouds to obscure them, because born of our very need, we have sought and found them. Listen! Every child born into the world, under whatever circumstances or conditions, is a child of the Infinite, a manifestation of Divine purpose and love. It matters not whether he or she be born in royal palace or cottaged home; the principle is true, and he or she will, under the impetus of every touch, whether it be to their liking or not, reach higher in the scale of development. They do not choose, it was chosen for them, because greater knowledge and deeper insight than they possess are the forces in the background.

Think again of yourselves, and your entry upon this mortal stage of affairs. From whence did you come? Not your body—a wonderful piece of mechanism, true—but you, the very you to whom I am now speaking. Remember, life is not a thing of to-day, yesterday, or to-morrow, but an eternal verity, the very substance of which all other

Her First Day at Home.

Doris Severn.

A QUIET room draped in white, mirror shrouded, carpet covered with a white cloth, all cloudy and mysterious; the air heavy with the scent of roses. On the white-covered bed lay a still form, that of a woman no longer young, but the great Healer had, with his magic touch, smoothed out the lines, and only the sweet gravity of many experiences and the patience and fortitude remained.

The quiet eyes had for ever done with tears, the busy hands, which had done so many kindnesses during her earthly life were folded in rest. The little gold cross which she had constantly worn laid between them. Candles burned at the head and feet; roses white, red and pink strewn the peaceful form.

All these evidences of tenderness were the work of friends. She had no relatives left, all had preceded her into the unseen world. Yet, her wisdom and kindness had brought her much affection to cheer her last years.

The pilgrimage had been long, the loss of husband and family hard to bear, but faith and patience had carried her through—faith and patience given by God—and now the trial was over, and the goal was reached.

Come away, let us leave the darkened room, and turn to the brighter side of the great mystery—the golden side of the shield of life.

A long, low house of something resembling white stone, but luminous; a garden stretching away in lovely lawns, and jewelled with masses of flowers. Trees, a lake, mossy paths and a pretty rustic summer-house add to the beauty of the place.

Come with me, and peep into that rustic building. You and I are invisible, and will not disturb those we may find therein.

The interior is painted a pale green; there is a table piled with flowers, and fruit such as Porphyro spread for Madeline that night of wind and storm. On a low wicker couch heaped with pale green and rose coloured cushions, lies the figure of a woman.

Her eyes are closed, there is a faint, lovely pink in her soft, rounded cheeks; her hands, peacefully folded, hold a small gold cross. Masses of golden brown hair shade the low, broad forehead, and the eyelashes, fringed and beautiful, are just a shade darker. On one side of this peaceful figure kneels a man. His gaze is bent on the face, watching for the first sign of vitality; his arm is beneath the lovely head.

He is very tall, and strongly but elegantly built; his face is noble in no ordinary degree. His dress is white, with the jewel of his order on shoulder and brow. This scintillates with a wonderful light between brown and purple.

He is the husband of the woman on the couch. He preceded her into the unseen world by some years, and she was left entirely alone in the world to finish her allotted span of earth life.

He had progressed with great rapidity, but had always held his wife in tenderest love and remembrance. None of the wonderful and illuminating changes of his new life had turned his faithful devotion away from her. In the few brief messages sent to her in those first days of heart-rending desolation he always spoke of her as his "wife," he never used the word "widow."

These messages were given through a friend—never to her personally—and they soon ceased, and no word came to cheer her.

But on the other side he and her other beloved ones watched her progress, and rejoiced greatly when the message was brought them, "She is soon coming home now."

The lovely house had been built in the likeness of the one she loved best on earth, the gardens laid out according to her known fancies, the summer-house raised; all was ready. Her husband had been allowed to fetch her on the day of her so-called "death," and had carried her spirit body, wrapped in soft, white fleecy draperies, safely into the summer-house, laid it on the sofa, and waited patiently for the awakening.

There were others there: father, mother, sister, brother; but they remained a little apart so that the first glance of her awakened eyes might meet the love-light in her husband's look. They would not intrude on those first moments of unspeakable happiness.

The colour in her cheeks deepened, there was a slight trembling of the lips, a quiver of the eyelashes, then—

Her eyes opened wide, and gazed straight into her husband's face, now bent over her with keenest expectation. A low, yearning cry came from her parted lips, then she raised her arms and clasped them round his neck.

"My darling, oh, my darling, is it you at last?"

He folded her in his arms in silence.

Presently she stirred and spoke. "It was so long, dearest, and though you had promised, you never came to speak to me. Night and day I besought heaven to let you come. You never came."

"There were reasons against it, sweetheart, I will explain to you presently. But look up, and see who are here to greet you. Here are your father and mother, your sister, who went over in the first year of her marriage, and your brother, who passed as a baby, and was brought up in one of the nurseries here."

She was clasped in their arms; she wept and sobbed for joy.

She gazed round at the scene and cried out, "Why, it is exactly like Lake View, the last house we had together."

"Of course it is," her husband rejoined. "We all had our share in building it, in laying out the grounds, and planting the flowers."

She leaned against him with a quivering sigh. "It is too much happiness," she murmured. "I don't know how to bear it."

There let us leave her restored to all she held dear: once more the loved companion of her husband, with unmeasured possibilities of advancement, improvement and usefulness. And remember that this awaits all those who are faithful towards God and man.

Truly, the portal of death is but the gateway into life and joy eternal.

Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis on Phrenology

PROFESSOR T. TIMSON, of Leicester, calls our attention to the words of Andrew Jackson Davis concerning phrenology. They were uttered 70 years ago, but present a point of view which steadily grows:—

"The good which the Analytical Science of Phrenology has done, and is doing, and will do to mankind, is embraced in this highly important yet scarcely admitted truth, that 'mind is matter' in a high state of refinement and organisation. Phrenology proves this by demonstrating the fact that the mind employs material instrumentabilities to exercise and manifest itself, and that it is susceptible to and capable of cultivation and improvement by the same mediums.

"I esteem this invaluable discovery, for it proves that mind is capable of growth and endless progression; that it can be cultivated like a flower until its immoral fragrance shall be sweet and pure and spiritual.

"If the mind is capable of being altered, deformed or improved by self-exertion or circumstantial situation, then it is also capable of endless expansion.

"The finer matter becomes, the more it expands, the more it is enabled to do, contemplate and enjoy, such I apprehend to be the legitimate teaching of phrenology."

Mr. Timson adds: "Dr. Spurzheim, Dr. Andrew Combe and Mr. George Combe, M.A., were the first authorities on natural education, away back in the early '80s, and we can to-day challenge any other authorities to produce any system with a shadow of comparison in value compared with that founded upon Dr. Gall's pre-eminent discovery in phrenology. There is no equal. Why? Because it is established upon the divine laws inherent in the human anatomy and physiology, both of the body, brain and nervous system, and these facts are patent to anyone who will apply ordinary observation and conscience to the facts which phrenology alone indicate for upwards of 50 years before the general State Education Act compelled every child to attend school."

The Language of Symbolism.

Wm. A. Reid, M.A.

To be able to read the language of symbolism adds much to the interest of life. It may not increase our income, but it does make our walks in places old and new more fascinating, and opens up to us new worlds in our literary browsings.

A symbol communicates a thought by means of a picture, crude often, but nearly always interesting. We communicate thoughts to each other by speaking, by writing, by acting out our thoughts, by drawing; and the second party knows what we mean. These are all true methods of thought transference. When we are unable to trace the exact method of the thought transference, we say we had an impression. When some known external agent communicates his thought to another while that other is in a passive, receptive state, we call the method hypnotic or telepathic. Thus the language of symbolism is only one of many ways of communicating thought. It is, however, of special interest to all because all practise it, and all can read certain symbols quite readily.

It may seem astonishing to be told that we all use the language of symbolism. It is so, nevertheless. The mathematician, the chemist, the biologist, the physicist, the astronomer, all use symbols. The manufacturer and the dealer use symbols, only they call them trade marks. The aristocrat uses symbols, but he calls them his coat of arms.

Primitive people who cannot write are obliged to use symbols. A missionary tells this instance of a company of Chaco Indians. A stick inclined at an angle was thrust into the ground, and a tuft of wool and a cob of Indian corn attached to it. This meant: "A tribe of Indians has passed this way in the direction indicated by the stick; and they have gone to a feast at which they are to kill a sheep and have Indian corn." It is delightfully simple, and it is a charming exercise to read such symbols. Try it with the coat of arms of your own town or county.

If we know who made the symbol and to whom it was made, we can nearly always guess its meaning. Anyone can tell that a man with a square and compass at his chain is a freemason, or that a building with a cross over it is a Christian church, but we run great risks of error if we try to interpret isolated symbols. Symbols need to be read in their own surroundings.

To illustrate this caution, I take the well-known snake symbol. It may mean many things. Thus, a bird swallowing a snake means, the blue sky (the bird) swallowing the clouds (the snake). A serpent in an apple tree, with a woman beside it, represents the story of Eve tempted by the devil, and if this is depicted on a Church alms dish it means "Don't be greedy." A serpent with its tail in its mouth may mean eternity, or the fabled river round the earth. A serpent is also a symbol of wisdom, of subtlety, of guile. To an ancient Roman it meant his household gods. On the shoulder of a member of the R.A.M.C. it is a symbol of Aesculapius, the Good Physician.

We might treat similarly an eagle, a dove, a ship, a circle, a tree, a triangle. They do not mean one thing only, but many things. It would take the whole space of this paper to explain the full meanings of the symbols just mentioned.

Religious symbols are always of interest. A cross, in association with a church, represents the Christ, but it is a symbol of life and fertility in some religions, and in Toltec temples it showed the prevailing directions of rain-giving winds. A white robe is purity; a crown, rule; a palm, victory. In the Catacombs a shepherd represents Jesus, the Good Shepherd; a fisherman, an apostle; a dove, the Holy Spirit, or Noah's dove. A fish, traced on the sand or formed rapidly in the air, was almost certainly a sign of recognition among Christians. The Greek word for fish formed, letter by letter, the phrase, "Jesus, son of God, the Saviour." As a symbol it meant, "I am a Christian, Are you?"

An immense amount of Bible teaching is through symbols, which did not detail facts, but depict ideas.

Thus the description of heaven as having golden streets, etc., and its inhabitants as crowned and with palms in their hands, meant, manifestly, richness, glory, joy, and victory. Taken literally they are absurd, but taken symbolically or pictorially they are exceedingly beautiful and suggestive.

Various theories have been advanced to account for the symbols which seers and prophets describe and claim to have seen. Probably no one theory covers all the instances. The seers assert, however, that the symbols were messages from the Lord or from angels. We may call them, I think appropriately, psychic telepathic symbols.

Many modern clairvoyants claim to get messages from disembodied intelligences by means of such psychic telepathic symbols. They say they see them, and that they come from without. I myself see such symbols occasionally. For quite a long time I thought them the product of subconscious thinking or hallucinations, but when on several occasions two or even three saw the same symbols, I began to think that they had a real, objective existence, and had been made by another intelligence with the object of speaking to me.

I would throw out the hint to those who see these psychic symbols that they enlarge their knowledge of the language of symbols, so that the friends from the other side may find it easier to speak to them.

I need not warn the reader that this article is but a sketchy introduction to a vast subject. It is, however, less complicated than it looks, for to the thoughtful reader it soon reduces itself to a few very simple forms, and the interpretation becomes correspondingly simple.

For the sake of those interested in the subject, I would recommend the perusal of "The Migration of Symbols" by D'Alviella; "The Night of the Gods"; while the classic book on the subject is "The Lost Language of Symbolism," by Taylor, in two volumes.

United Worlds of the Universe.

THROUGH rhythmic heartbeat of nature has the thought of God been written into actuality during unfolding eons. The brotherhood of nations is but a natural step following the grasping individualism of capitalistic civilisation, now in senescent death struggle.

Surge and resurge, outward and inward, the sweep of development. Evolution were unthinkable without its complementary involution. The protistic mite of physico-chemical protoplasm was pregnant within its being with all the potentialities of infinity and eternity.

Protista became protozoa and protophyta. The one cell developed until further improvement were waste of intercosmic energy. Then, it was the throbbed cells (highly individualised entities) grouped themselves together or into an imperfect co-operative experiment—God's first step on the road to the united states of the world—and on (how clearly I see it!) in to the united universes of infinite mind. Imperfection yielded to perfection of multi-cellular colony until again the swing of the pendulum called for further coalescence.

Step by step has evo-involuted alternating unit and group-thought of nature. Individuals have long been developing by evolutionary urge. Further advancement of the unit leads to the superman, the blonde beast, and madness. Mankind has reached the highwater mark of individualism (though just in the faintest beginnings of the growth of individuality). We stand, indeed, at the threshold of humanism. The nations (or whatever type the group-units will form) will begin anew the involutionary period.

Co-operation will be an actualised dream in that united states of the world. The new-old spirituality, betrayed by milleniums of the priesthood, will be a vital element. I cannot predict the details that lie along the golden pathway of love. Certainly, however, that road leads through a united world, welded together by the cohesive powers of voluntary co-operation as when the first one-celled citizens of the earth obeyed their involutionary urge, acquiescent with nature's dictum of letness.

GUY BOGART.

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The Spiritualists' National Union is established to promote, maintain and extend the propaganda of the facts and teachings of Modern Spiritualism.

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For this purpose the National Union wish to strengthen the hands of existing Spiritualist Societies, to unite and consolidate in a spiritual brotherhood and organisation, to develop and encourage investigation and research into all aspects of Spiritualistic activities, to foster international relationships with the Spiritualist and kindred associations of other lands, to make fraternal arrangements and co-operate with progressive bodies working for human advancement, to arrange for conferences, lectures, and demonstrations, and to issue explanatory, instructive, and inspiring literature on the subject of Modern Spiritualism.

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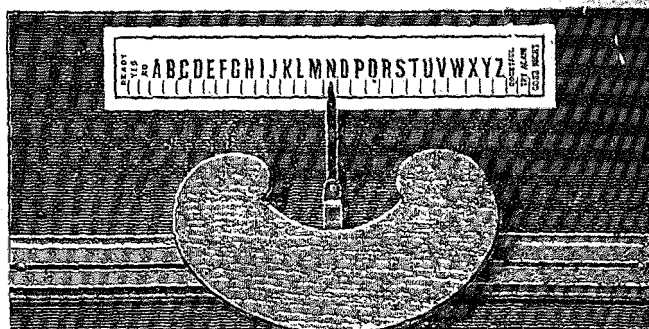
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