

# THE Christian Spiritualist

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## "The Chronicle of Cleophas."

SPIRIT WRITING MAKES AN ADDITION TO THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

BY FREDERICK BLIGH BOND, F.R.I.B.A.

Readers of the "Christian Spiritualist" will be eager to hear further details of the script which has achieved the success of being adjudged authentic by a learned doctor of the church purely on the strength of the internal evidence it contains of accurate historical knowledge and perfect doctrinal soundness. From this favourable judgment on grounds so unexceptionable, will in due course arise a vast and important issue; greater perhaps than any which has yet come into sight in its influence on the raising and extension of our movement by the laying of a firm foundation for its acceptance by the Church of England. *Controversy-Gate must be,* and we may be sure that the whole document will be probed to the innermost by biblical critics: but Dr. Oesterley's pronouncement is unqualified and unhesitating, and his exceptional knowledge will render him a doughty champion in the coming contest.

The story of the coming of the script may be briefly told.

It follows hard upon the receipt of a long series of writings obtained by the writer through the hand of Mrs. Hester Dowden—all of which appear to emanate from one great group of communicators whose interest is focussed in Glastonbury as the home of the first Christian foundation in Britain, and the spiritual centre whither tend the religious ideals of the race. This group comprises men of all times, from the humble Brother Johannes to the abbots of mediæval days and behind these, the master minds who control the spiritual destinies of Anglia. One of these, Philip the Watcher (known to Christendom as "the Evangelist") claimed to preside over the greater part of the sittings held with Mrs. Dowden, and we have from him the record of his journeys to Greece, Egypt, Spain and Gaul, as well as that last and most important journey to Britain, in the company of the first missionaries. Then we have his lost Gospel restored to us. A part of this has been published, and more will see the light when circumstances permit. It is a wonderful document. No sooner was the Gospel completed than a call came to the writer to sit with Miss Dorothy Cummins for the reception of a Chronicle of some nature unknown, but which would apparently have to do with Judaism, and in some way be linked with the chain of scripts. The "Messenger" or

Historical Narrative Taken Down at  
Lightning Speed.

76,000 Words Written in 56 Hours!



Frederick Bligh Bond.

"Scribe" of Cleophas—himself anonymous—who gave the call through Miss Cummins, apparently needed my presence in order to get this message "through" with less labour and without the risk of distortion and twisting of the text. This "Messenger" is one of the same group or company. It will be of interest to readers to learn that in the case of all the writings of Philip and his scribe, my presence and the light contact of the hand appeared essential to its delivery. Were I not there, the immediate link was severed, and Mrs. Dowden's "control" Johannes—not the monk, but a Jewish elder—would resume his charge of the medium. In the case of Miss Cummins, the association added force and clarity, and made for a certainty and precision in the result; though with the "rapport" now well established, it is possible that the Chronicle—which is still far from completion, might be continued without my actual physical presence; though whether the quality of the result would be quite the same is a matter which can only be ascertained by trial and subsequent critical analysis. This duality of mediumship is an odd thing. It was first observed in the case of John Alleyne. When we were together, we got the Glastonbury scripts: when he was away from myself or tried with others he

would get all sorts of interesting matter, but it was not concerning the Abbey. With three other mediums to whom I was personally unknown, the same result has manifested—the Glastonbury group at once signifying their presence.\* But the exceptional values appearing in the Cleophas script led me to submit it to the Editor of the "Guardian," who kindly acceded to my suggestion that it should be laid before a committee of scholars in the Church, and a pronouncement made. I had sufficient confidence that the upshot would be favourable. The script was first placed in the hands of a Bishop known to possess a fair and open mind on these matters, and by him it was handed to Dr. Oesterley, as a representative authority in Hebrew Christian origins. Dr. Oesterley was sufficiently interested at an early stage to become an eye-witness of the production of one of the chapters of the script, and his interest has not diminished with the study of the writings that have followed. For the excellent quality of Miss Cummins's MS. does not vary or diminish with time—on the contrary, it may easily appear that the later chapters are more replete with historical evidence than the early ones. The Chronicle, as has been said, purports to be an amplification and extension of the Acts of the Apostles, and its scope may be judged by the statement that there were originally twelve books of the Acts, and of these, all that have come down to us are fragments of the first three books and the whole of the ninth book. The fidelity of the narrative to what we possess in the New Testament Book is amazing, but more so is the illumination it sheds upon obscure points in that story. A remarkable feature is the vivid character-study it offers of Ss. Peter and Paul, who become living figures. Faults are not glossed over. Each Apostle is seen with his human frailties and his virtues impartially portrayed. Another valuable feature is the psychical interpretation of the miracles which is given. We can, for example, understand at last precisely how it was that the Angel of the Lord was enabled to free St. Peter and his brother Apostles from the prison. As a dramatic story, quite apart from its doctrinal and historical values, the book will appeal to all classes of readers who can enjoy a moving and stimulating narrative couched in excellent literary English.

The speed of production is abnormal. The whole of the first Book, comprising about 76,000 words, was written within a time totalling 56 hours or less—this in about 37 sittings, running over some three months.

\* The phenomenon seems due to some sort of sympathetic mental "vibration" brought about by many years' sustained attention on a certain group of ideals. This, in the Messenger's words, enables the group to impress my unconscious soul with the memories they gather from the great "Tree of Memory" on which they still hang. But this is, of course, only a symbol. The actual personalities survive.

"THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST" IS THE MOST WIDELY-READ SPIRITUALIST WEEKLY IN BRITAIN.



## Mary's Great Secret.

By The Rev. J. W. POTTER.

At Christmastide the thought of millions is centred about the stable-cradle of Jesus the Christ. They meditate upon the Infant. In Romanist countries particularly, is this so. No one can spend a Christmas in Italy, as I have done, without being impressed by the fact that at least on that one day in the year called Christmas Day, the Romish Church centres its thoughts and worship upon what is there known as the Bambino—the child Christ. In most of those churches will be found a resplendent cradle, decked in all degrees of finery and tinsel, and lying therein, a wax model of the infant representing Jesus the Babe. In places will be found representations also of the Eastern stable, but, alas, minus its simplicity, and minus the music of the animals, and the real inner light of those who first worshipped in prostration before the Babe; for these—some of them had heard angels singing and speaking with them, directing them, informing them of a transcendent event; and they not only wondered, they believed, and they that same night rested not until they had investigated and found that these things were so.

Christians are not so interested in angels to-day—not that they have become common, but scarce; they cannot manifest where is unbelief, and lack of simplicity, and single-heartedness. Christians to-day would turn over and continue their sleep; visions could wait for discussion after the Christmas dinner.

Others who prostrated themselves had come farther than the shepherds of the Bethlehem plains. They had journeyed across the deserts for weary days to find the Babe. Some say they followed a great star in the East; and that a great planet appeared at that time. In the nature of things these men did nothing of the kind. Astrologers they may have been, but they were something more than that; they were magians; they were men who had knowledge and understanding of psychic things. And away in the East they had had a revelation as they sat and communed with the spirit-world. They were Spiritualists who lived in the East. They travelled West all the time. They came from Persia to Palestine—Westward all the way. The star that led them travelled Westward not Eastward. It was in the East where they lived that they saw the star at first. They were told to follow the star. They followed. It was a psychic star—much as the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night of Moses was a psychic pillar, and was not seen of the many, but only of the psychic.

They had learned obedience unto the heavenly vision—these men of the East; so they came West. They told the story of how in the East where they lived they had seen the star, and had followed its lead Westward unto Jerusalem, and afterward Southward to Bethlehem.

And now they had arrived, and lay prostrate before the Babe, presenting their gifts in accordance with spirit-direction. We may look at them, prostrate in obeisance—that is what we are generally invited to do. I want us, on this occasion, to do something else. Let us try to pass over the outward and circumstantial, and gaze—as all good Spiritualists should—upon the inward. Where do we find that inward revealed. It is there. No doubt Joseph marvelled, as did also the shepherds and the magicians; but there is one there whose thoughts should not be overlooked. She reveals something worth noting. And that person is His mother.

All who heard it, wondered at the things which were spoken by the shepherds, and the shepherds returned to their flocks glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen.

But what did Mary do? Did she suffer at all from pride and vain glory? Nay! Did her mouth blurt out its rejoicing? We do not read so. She was a discreet person; a thinker; she had been highly favoured of God—to highly favoured to be vain-glorious. Here was a holy thing. The grace of God was needed rightly to understand it; she would seek that grace before giving expression to feeling or thought. She heard all that had been said. She did not deny a word that was uttered. She did not misapprehend the favour shown to her. Perhaps her heart was too full for words; but it was not too full to receive what she had to cast therein. Who can measure the human heart? Or set limits about the spirit of a woman. High as heaven, broad as infinite space, spacious as the universal horizons is the human heart—so there was room for what had come to Mary that night. Therefore she took all these things that had been uttered by magians and by shepherds, and by those who wonderingly stood by—she took the whole message and song and joy of the angels, and pondered them in her heart. That means that she thought upon them; and considered them, weighing the statements and the implications of the statements over against one another—just as our modern investigators do. She did nothing of the kind.

What she did was this—She took these sayings—this story about the star in the East; and the devotion of these magians; and she took these remarks of the shepherds and the onlookers, and this story of what angels had said and sang, and, she—

"Cast them together in her heart."

She had learned a great secret. We are careful to differentiate between the heavenly and the earthly. We are able to say—This is of heaven; this is of earth—so we proudly think; and pat our intellect upon the back at its ability and agility and stupidity. We are beings of earth—we think; Angels are from heaven—we think. It is impossible that earth and heaven can coalesce; it is impossible that men and angels can dwell together always as one. So we set up bounds and fences; and say this is this, and this is that. That is where the human intellect invariably fails, but lives in such darkness that it cannot perceive its failure. Mary was a woman of grace. She communed with the spirit-world; she had oft spoken with spirits; she obeyed their voice, and believed their message, and rejoiced wonderingly at the favour shown her, but she did all this in her heart; for these were things too sacred for words—except when she could speak privately with her cousin Elizabeth. So she was a woman the spirit-world could trust and honour; and they had revealed secret after secret to her; and she knew what to do with all things given, whether of earth or heaven. She knew that God was Ruler and Dispenser of all; that nothing was far from His vision; that all had its beginning and purpose in Him; hence nothing was undervalued by her. This was the great secret which she utilised on this first Christmas night. She took all these things—heavenly and earthly—and cast them together in her heart.

That was the one thing necessary to do. They could not be understood apart, or set over against one another; they could only be understood when cast together as one. They harmonised into one. This is ever so, with those who have learned this great secret of Mary's.

She did not cast these words upon the wings of the wind as words are cast by argument and wonder and amaze. She did not talk to others about them first of all. That is a fatal thing to do. Instantly she communed not with flesh and blood. She

lodged them away in the secret place, away from the tossing and twirling winds. They deserved care—they were heavenly treasures to her soul; so she put them in the most holy place, the secret place of the Presence of God. She did not want to talk with men about this thing; nor discuss with them these words; she wished only to commune with them in spirit, seeking the inward light which the spirit-world ever gives upon those things hidden away in the treasure-house of the spirit-world, the heart. So she had understanding.

This is how understanding comes. It is not wise to confess everything to one another; there is no man who can solve every problem; but there is a place where every problem can be solved—the heart—so be, you are honest in what you place there. I mean by that, that you are to be honest with yourself. You are to place everything there. Cast everything together there, into one great whole; and then you will see your problem in another light, and it will have ceased to be a problem; you will have your answer in yourself.

Most people do not do this. They put only their woes together, leaving out something else. Therefore is their heart chaotic. Something is missing. Can it be wondered at, then, that such an individual is an unhappy mood? Mary has now told us her great secret. It is the secret of joy; and it is the spiritual way of dealing with the things which happen unto us—always Divine things, if they happen; only un-Divine when we invent our own enormities. Have you learned Mary's lesson?

There is much else that Mary could teach us; but perhaps this is enough for this Christmastide.

### PRAYER.

BY COUNSELLOR.

Counsellor was a spirit who lived contemporarily with Christ. His actual identity is unknown, but it is understood that he witnessed the Crucifixion of Christ. His communications take the form of addresses and prayers. The following are his words:—

Illimitable God of the highest heaven, Thou art the Father whose heart is poured out for all humanity! Thou art He who wast before the world began, who is, and who shall be unto eternity. And Thou hast known the mantle of our despair. Thou hast known our sufferings; and Thy love is with us, for we are Thine. O God, Thy hierarchy of angels serve Thy children on the earth as faithfully as Thou servest them. And the day shall come when the heavens shall ring, and the universes together shall Praise the King of Glory. Then shall men see the light which lies above their clouds and fogs and pains and sufferings and despair. Yet, O God, man must war with man! Thy great love teaches them no lesson. Amen.

### CAN'T LEAVE IT OUT!

Sir Oliver Lodge crowded Christ Church, Westminster, last Wednesday, when he gave the last of three masterly addresses on "Man's Evolution." They may complain of empty churches; when Sir Oliver occupies the pulpit people have to sit on the chancel steps.

Yet the remark of one clergyman to another, at the end, was typical.

"He can't leave Spiritualism out of it," he said.



# Psychological Phenomena and the Bible.

I fear I must take time (not against the wishes of my readers, I hope), in dealing at some length with the biblical terms *seraphim*, *angel*, *ghost*.

I have heard in circles of Spiritualists all over the world such words as "high spirits," "great spirits," "low spirits," "advanced spirits"; and I have noticed the term "great spirit" applied to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, "God manifested in the flesh," "the only-begotten Son of God," "The Light of the World." The biblical appellations differ in meaning from the other expressions. I stand to the biblical in all their force and fulness, and reject with scorn and indignation the patronage and condescension involved in the former language. Furthermore, I prefer such beautiful terminology as *cherubim*, *seraphim*, *angels*, *ministering spirits*, *the Divine Spirit*, *the Holy Ghost*. Their philological construction contains sermons, messages, and meanings, deep as the sea, high as everlasting hills. Christ to the Apostles was not a great spirit, but the Maker of all things. He was this, by His own solemn affirmations, or He was an impostor. We believe or disbelieve Him, accept or reject Him as such, and are responsible for the act. I accept Him, and have found mental peace by believing. What I know not now He has promised to tell me when I see Him. And I am waiting for the sublime interview.

This brings us to Isaiah's Vision, ch. vi., once again. A wonderful mountain is this chapter when you reach the top of it with a spiritual telescope to your eye. A human being gets a Vision of God, and it produces in him a sense of unworthiness. He obtains a Call and Consecration during the Vision. Invisible Beings called *seraphim*, the fiery loving ones, deliver a message to him, touch his lips with burning psychic coals, using their own mysterious "tongs," and after arousing in him spiritual agitation, send him out on God's errands amid the symbols and shadows of Spiritual Truth. Seeing God, he sees the nature of sin in himself and his nation. It is ever so. The man who has no message concerning sin has not seen God. He has not yet seen himself. The true inspiration for spiritual work is a Vision of the Divine Holiness. Without this, the speaker is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. He makes a big noise in the world. That's all! But Isaiah gets first of all divine endowment which is always the initial proof of Divine Forgiveness and Acceptance. And the task given to him is to deliver a message that only hardens his hearers. Most unenviable! I should have preferred many a time a message that would have been in agreement with the ideas and wishes of other people. No such luck! That is why the *seraphim* and Isaiah ch. vi. interest me. Be sure you read the chapter and pour some modern blood into it.

Shall we try to see more in the details of it? A little imagination will enable any Christian Spiritualist—and I have the joy of being one—to give every detail a modern application. You will note that the posts of the doors moved, v. 4, rather, *the bases of the thresholds shook* (compare Revised Version). It is clear, therefore, that the *seraphs* can shout with considerable energy. "The house was filled with smoke." "Smoke" was the best word the translators could use to denote—*what?* Well; the word is employed by biblical writers for material, metaphorical, and spiritualistic purposes. It is used to describe a result of a burning city as well as the result of a sneeze by Leviathan! (Job xli. 20.) Hence, it is clear that Isaiah saw something that was not what we call smoke, but looks very much like it. I wonder what it is? I think I have seen it in several Direct Voice and Materialising sittings I have attended.

"Seraphim," "Angel," "Ghost."

By The Rev. WALTER WYNN.

If we only understood all about this "smoke" we should have solved one of the veiled mysteries of the universe. Most of our scientists and ministers—Dean Inge for instance—know nothing of it, but they are custodians of Isaiah vi., which is as flashing, concise, and scientific as Flammarion and Barrett. Would it be waste of time for the "custodians" to find out something about this psychic smoke, and preach about it? I did so last Sunday morning, and everybody said the *seraphim* seemed to be present with God sitting on the Throne of the Palace. There were two hundred children present, and they listened like old people. The Bible is more interesting to children than modern novels if they hear it explained, which is seldom the case. It was wonderful how they sang afterwards Queen Alexandra's favourite hymns:

"Peace, Perfect peace."  
"Abide with me."

Not with long and mournful faces, but as if the six-winged *seraphim* were enfolding their little souls in this dark world. And the old people?—I thought I saw one of them smile through his tears, as if the *seraphs* had whispered in his ears. I think he may remember the date of the service as Isaiah remembered that of his Vision: "The year that King Uzziah died." Let us date our visions. What if we are enveloped in the "smoke," and see it not? Not at all unlikely, for most men see little. Amidst the most magnificent scenes of Nature, the Alps or the Andes, we may gain a transient Vision of the Garment of God, but the Garment hides much. The verdure bejewelled with flowers, birds of the forest with their dazzling plumage—what are these but the visible hints of an unutterable beauty upon which none of us could look and live? There are moments in the lives of all souls, I believe, when visions of the Invisible sweep through them. A momentary glimpse of the purifying spirit! Take off your shoes, for you tread here on holy ground. Our partial revelations are reflections of the Light that burns at the core of all things. The beauty of the divine "smoke" is around us evermore, and at any moment can break into majestic manifestation. There is Eternal Music, a burning bliss, surging round this "muddy vesture of decay." Hast thou heard and felt it? Knowest thou the meaning of the flame that never goes out in this Living Shekinah, amid the stunning tide of human care and crime? Isaiah saw it all, and men have tried to enshrine such holy visions in works of art. Man as Artist has felt the Divine Power working through the forces of Nature—the thunder's roar, the lightning's flash, the wind's blast—but when he comes up against similar forces in his soul, of which these natural forces are symbols, his mind passes into the Inner Realm of things. Then the *seraphim* can reach his mouth with their burning coals.

Isaiah, vi. chapter is the only place in Holy Scripture wherein *seraphim* are mentioned. What and who they are must remain for the most part speculative. So must electricity and water. Edison and Lodge do not know what they are. But electricity and water exist. So do the *seraphim*. I am certain they have brought to me many a burning coal from off the Invisible Altar!

Speak to him, then! for he hears,  
And spirit with spirit may meet;  
Closer is he than breathing,  
Nearer than hands and feet.

These *seraphic* intelligences are reverent,

have a keen appreciation of the divine holiness, see it related to the "whole earth," take an interest in the individual man—Isaiah—go forth on active service in man's interest, and fly with inconceivable speed to execute the orders of the Almighty. I do not feel I am degraded by being a Christian Spiritualist. I am spiritually elevated by Isaiah the Seer. Abram had a similar vision, so did Jacob, and there are strong reasons for believing that the stone-pillow on which he got it is under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. Moses had a vision at the Burning Bush. Joshua had one—"there stood a man over against him." Gideon and Manoah received messages, if you will kindly take the trouble to read them. They are as matter-of-fact as those related in "The Return of Northcliffe," or in the testimonies of Robert Blatchford. Samuel, Solomon, Elijah, Job—on they come! And the New Testament is full of them. Isaiah's vision is in full sympathy with all of them. They are all in the Bible, of which Dean Inge, Baptist ministers, and other people, are the paid custodians. I naturally wish to hear Dean Inge in St. Paul's Cathedral tell us what these biblical references mean. I don't want them all spiritually evaporised out of existence. Are spiritual visions real in the modern world? Has Dean Inge ever had one? I hope I am not rude and personal, but the enquiry has a world-wide meaning.

Are there special occasions in life when we might expect the visit of the *seraphim* in case the Universe is not a Palace of Mud for evolutionists to lecture in? Did Paul get a vision in a critical moment of his life? Did Luther, John Knox? Did Luther hear a voice say to him as he climbed the staircase at Rome: "The just shall live by faith"? He said he did, and the results in Europe were considerable. At least, John Morley thought so. John Flavel and John Howe: have you read their accounts of dreams they had? Wonderful dreams! But these are only a few of the cloud of innumerable witnesses—Clement, Origen, St. Bernard, Huss, Gerson, Fenelon, Baxter, Wesley, Doddridge, Edwards, Brainerd, Taylor, and the hosts that have passed through blood, and fire, and pain, beyond the Gates of Death into the Palace of the King.

But I must leave behind me the sea of thought suggested by the *seraphim*. There are countless Spiritualists living to-day who can tell wonderful tales. Are we, and Isaiah, and the cloud of witnesses, all fools?

## MORE "INVESTIGATION."

### Another Paper.

The "Daily News" is the latest paper to enquire into Spiritualism. Clephan Palmer, after reading Dennis Bradley's new book, has been going the rounds of the seance rooms, with varying results. He was much impressed by the healing circle run in connection with the Grottrian Hall, especially as the Rev. G. Vale Owen assured him that his wife had been cured of cataract.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

Within a few hours of the publication of the request in our last issue, a cheque for twelve pounds had been received. For this gift we have to thank an American friend, Mr. Roy Holmyard. It enabled us to send a copy of the paper to 1,000 Baptist ministers.

### CIRCLE GUIDE.

Hymns from C.S. Hymn Sheet No. 2.  
Monday, Dec. 28th.—Hymn 4; 2 Cor. 13: 11-14; Hymn 2.



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Editor: the Rev. J. W. POTTER.

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## THIS PAPER IS FOUNDED AND CONTINUED ON PERSONAL SACRIFICE.

The Cost of Printing, Publishing, Distributing, Specimen copies, during its first year of existence, August, 1925, to August, 1926, in addition to estimated income from sales, is

£468

Gifts are earnestly requested from sympathizers toward this cost.

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	257	11	0
Received this week	6	10	0
Balance needed	203	19	0

## Acknowledgements to—

"T. W." £5; Miss O. M. Marriott, £1; Miss Gregory, 10s.

'See that YE ABOUND in THIS grace also.'

## AN URGENT QUESTION.

"What shall I do with my Christmas Benefactions this week?"

## CHRISTMAS 1925.

To all our readers we extend our best wishes for a very happy Christmas.

This Christmas will not come again. We would therefore urge readers to make fullest possible use of it; and to so use it as not to limit its usefulness to them. This may provoke the question, what is the use of Christmas? It is a time when we usually express ourselves along the lines of good-feeling. We shall not err in attempting to overdo this, for it cannot by any possibility be overdone. Many will not try to overdo it; they will act, as they think, prudently. What can be overdone, and that which constitutes the abuse of Christmas, is that we make it a time of material feasting and selfishness. Custom and conventionality render this quite easy of accomplishment. It will require spirituality to avoid committing this error and abuse.

It is natural that we should express even spiritual joy in material terms, even as churches teach one to do; but there are two things to be said. The attempt at such expression is vain, for it cannot be done; and we have to transcend the natural and physical inclinations and conventions.

Let us, therefore, use Christmas well, and make it a time of giving happiness to others rather than of feasting ourselves; we shall then learn what real happiness is, and our money will be the better expended.

## SPIRITUALISM A SPIRITUAL THING.

As Spiritualists we have to emphasize that Spiritualism is a spiritual thing, and not carnal and material. No occasion offers a finer opportunity for us to do this than Christmas. At Christmas—singularly enough, when all that pertains to orgy is most pardoned—every branch of the Christian Church makes the pretence of being Spiritualist. For instance, in tens of

thousands of Christian Churches of all denominations the hymn we print in another column will be sung. Examine that hymn and you will find that it is a hymn which only Spiritualists can honestly sing; even as only they can be truly Christian. To that extent, then, all these churches will be adumbrating our teachings and practices; whilst many for the rest of the year will be denying us in words. But what do words matter? It is a great thing for them to be consistent for one day in the year. We must teach them by our example to be consistent for the remaining days. If that hymn is true one day, it is true all the days of the year. If not true, then why do they sing it? and if they sing it, why do they dare to deny us the ministrations of angels?

## TRUE JOY A SPIRITUAL THING.

The joy of Bethlehem was a spiritual thing. It was initiated by a heavenly host. They sang their pæans of peace to a joyless earth—a peaceless earth. Peace is a spiritual thing. When the spirit of peace prevails the nations can no more make war. When the song of the high angels prevails on earth, there can no longer be wrath between man and man. The presence of combat and strife, of tumult and provocation proves conclusively that some have not yet heard aright the song of the angels. How can they, when they deny the angel's song and message, and speak of it as the utterance of demons? Yet they will sing the verse—

"Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world."

It is this lack of consistency—this pretence of accepting truth whilst rejecting it—which makes the world what it is.

## THE CHURCH'S RESPONSIBILITY.

And it is in the Church of Jesus Christ so-called that this anomaly is seen at its worst. We can expect the worldling to be inconsistent; but to find it in the Church is an intolerable and iniquitous thing. Yet what do we find? The so-called worldling who makes no pretence to sanctimoniousness, and is a plain man, hardly ever claiming to be even religious—men from every nation and walk of life under heaven, come in their crowds and attest the angel voices; whilst our Churches and clergy in their myriads disbelieve in the fact and the lawfulness of it, disregard the angels. We know! We have had occasion more than once of testing the Churches on a large scale, and recently again we sent a spirit-message to over 8,000 clergymen—more than a third of the Clergy of the Established Church of this country. How many of them, think you, were impressed by it to the extent of giving prompt attention to an urgent message? We KNOW.

If we tell what we know, we are at once charged with attacking the Churches. We do not propose to attack them, we merely assert that they are responsible for the prevailing ignorance on the part of the public as to the facts of angel-ministry and song; and responsible for much of the misleading attitude toward these facts; and they are responsible for only an infinitesimal part of the knowledge the world has derived from investigating these great Christian facts. The world has to be thankful for nearly all that it learns on this subject to the man in the street, the plain man, the ordinary journalist, the interested men and women of the ordinary walks of life. It has almost nothing to thank the Church for in this connection, except as an example of what heaven does not do.

## SHALL IT CONTINUE?

Are we to see another Christmas of this deplorable kind? It is possible for the readers of this paper, during the course of this next

year, to make such a continuation of apathy and disregard, not to say denial, impossible to Christianity. It is possible for our readers to simply shame Christians to the truth and light they profess, but deny. Shall we not attempt it? Is it not worth while? Is it not worth laying down our life for during 1926? Surely it is! Let us be men and women after God's heart, and, unpropitious as circumstances are—even as was the state of things when Christ came—let us set about it, and give ourselves wholly unto it for this year. It is to be. Let us give the Churches no rest until they walk in the light as He is in the light. We can do this in love, but let us do it firmly and persistently. Many will misunderstand, and will go back from following Him who leads, but let us follow closely. It has been told us from heaven that the Christ is at present shut out from many of the Churches which profess His Name. It is a terrible position to hold; and a terrible thing to hear; but who dare deny those who have superior vision the assurance of what they see? It is still a case. "Behold I stand at the door and knock." And if we can cause those doors to open next Christmas must be a happier one than this, in both earth and heaven.

## WANTED—A LIBRARY.

The next Millionaire we meet—if we happen to know him—we propose to invite him to provide £1,000 to establish a Lending Library of Christian Spiritualist Books.

There are many who would benefit from such.

Here is a sample—from a country Vicarage—"You speak of books worth reading. If you can see your way to lending me the one you think the most of, I will willingly pay postage both ways. . . . I am three and a half miles from a shop, and surrounded with snow."

Coming to think of it—£2,000 might be equally as well; and it is possible to manage for a time on an instalment of £500.

## ASPIRATION.

I do aspire,

Beyond all named desire,  
Unto the Highest.

O thou majestic Sun,

With whom my life inscrutably is one,  
In form my conscious mind, that I  
Be no more blind. Enlightened, will  
undazzled eyes

May view thy splendour, Rose of all the  
skies,

Whose petals hold all secrets and all love,  
All deeds and dreams above!

O ultimate Perfection of all things,

Bourne of all wearied wings,

Goal of all pilgrims, how-so'er they move  
Tree of Eternal Life,

Whose branches wave through all infinity  
Whose leaves are the Immortals, and whose  
fruit

Those Mighty Ones whose bodies are the  
stars!

O living Tree, whose root

Circles all hearts and feeds them with its  
life!

O royal Sun,

Eclipse my selfhood in thy glorious light,  
That thou and I be one

In consciousness, as we are one in truth!  
Fill me with ageless youth,

Clothe me with power, nourish me with love,  
That I may be thy messenger to man,

And mediate thy Holy Influence,  
A secret channel of thy word and will,

Bearing unseen the Sangraal in my heart.  
OMNIA NIHIL

## NEXT ISSUE.

"The Chronicle of Cleophas." An extract from this amazing document.

"Spirit Messages and the Iris Without Case." By W. Harold Spear.



## A Challenge to Clive Maskelyne.

HANNEN SWAFFER OFFERS TO DEBATE SPIRITUALISM WITH HIM IN PUBLIC.

To the Editor of the "Christian Spiritualist."

Dear Sir,—The latest attempt to advertise conjuring entertainments in London will take the form of imitating Houdini's drum-banging in the States, where that professional trickster has, for years, professed to "expose" mediums in order to boom himself. When Houdini "exposed" Marjory, a few months ago, members of the "Scientific American" committee exposed him; but he still goes on giving his own account of it. More than that, he has now brazenly staged a so-called "exposure of Spiritualism" as a variety entertainment! The first week, at Providence, Rhode Island, the show took £1,520.

Clive Maskelyne, whose conjuring tricks are not obtaining so much free publicity as that which his father got, years ago, now makes the proud boast that "A new campaign against Spiritualism is about to be undertaken by the Occult Committee of the Magic Circle. Seances will be secretly attended by members of the committee, and the results made known at a public meeting, probably at the Royal Albert Hall early in the New Year."

Maskelyne has been made very angry by Bradley's very mild remarks about him in "The Wisdom of the Gods." His answer is a long and stupid statement about how "Access will be gained to seances, unknown to the mediums, and a number of stringent and secret tests, already prepared, will be applied."

"Our greatest difficulty," he says, "is that, after numerous exposures, mediums have ceased to perform what I call 'physical tricks.' They have resorted to trance-talking and other 'mental phenomena.' Spirit photography and the materialisation of spirits have been exposed many times."

"We intend to fight Spiritualism by its own method by holding public meetings. We can understand certain men, such as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge, who believe in Spiritualism because, for reasons of their own, they want to believe; but we object to their efforts to foist it on the public, who do not know how much can be done by trickery."

How on earth can newspapers take this young man Maskelyne, seriously? Do not they understand that he wants publicity?

I have already described, in your columns, how, when I met him in Dennis Bradley's office, in the presence of a "Daily Sketch" reporter, a few months ago, he admitted to me that he had never been to a seance. When I told him what an ignorant and silly man he was, and how his entertainment at the St. George's Hall was only fit for children, and when I added, "If you have so much brain why on earth don't you go back and improve your conjuring entertainment?" he walked back to his Pepper's Ghost show, or whatever it is, very humbly, without answering one word.

He does not tell the newspapers this, now, however. He merely says that Bradley's criticism of him is not justified! Now, let me tell you a few truths. Maskelyne boasts, in a "Morning Post" interview, how these very clever "magicians" are going to obtain access to seances "secretly." A month ago he humbly begged Bradley to admit him, and other members of the Magic Circle, to one of Bradley's own seances, explained that "It is out of a sincere desire to investigate the phenomenon of spirit voices," and gave his word that he wouldn't play any tricks.

Bradley, who doesn't give conjuring shows, advised Maskelyne to read his new book, saying "You will see that, although psychical phenomena did occur, I do not base my argument of survival upon any but purely mental phenomena."

It is these words "mental phenomena"

that Maskelyne quotes in the "Morning Post." As he admitted he had never been to a seance, I doubt if he had ever heard the phrase before Bradley used it to him.

"I have had no experience whatever of the phenomenon of spirit voices," replied Maskelyne, "and find it difficult to gain access to the ordinary seance room. As you are, apparently, able to reproduce this phenomenon, without the assistance of a paid medium, I thought it possible that you would be pleased to give me a personal demonstration of this manifestation."

Now, not invited into a gentleman's private house, Maskelyne threatens the Albert Hall!

Does not Maskelyne know that there are unpaid mediums all over the country, who are doing the same sort of thing that Bradley can do? No, the poor conjuror has only just heard of it! In fact, he seems to know even less of our seances than we do of his silly conjuring entertainment.

Before the Occult Circle hold their boasted Albert Hall meeting—I do not believe it will ever take place, for, if they cannot fill the St. George's Hall, how can they fill the Albert Hall?—I challenge Capt. Clive Maskelyne to reproduce the following phenomena:

Cure a case of incurable cancer, as Walter Appleyard, formerly Lord Mayor of Sheffield, assures me has been done in a healing circle in his city. Maskelyne can have all the facts.

Produce, in 56 hours, 76,000 words of an addition to the Acts of the Apostles, so true, in all historical, doctrinal and other evidential detail that Dr. Oesterley, examining chaplain to the Bishop of London, will certify them as being genuine. This has been done by Miss Cummins in the case of "The Chronicle of Cleophas."

Hold in his bare hand a blazing log of wood, as was done, five years ago, at a Maida Vale seance by Mrs. Champion de Crespigny, an authoress of distinction and a woman of unblemished reputation. Sit down and write a play at lightning speed, in the exact style of any dead dramatist, as was done by Mrs. Travers-Smith in the case of the Oscar Wilde script.

Obtain, as F. Bligh Bond did, in the case of Glastonbury Abbey, details of excavations, to be made after the writing is finished, in such a way that the buried buildings will be described in detail.

Tell me something that is going on, at the same moment, in France, to any person he has not heard from for weeks, as was done to me by Feda, Mrs. Osborne Leonard's spirit guide, in regard to Louise Owen, last January 18.

Produce, suddenly, flowers, the variety to be specified by the sitters, as was done recently by Melzor at the British College of Psychic Science. In this case, it was Springtime and the flowers chosen, and produced, were red carnations.

Describe, without a blunder, or a wrong word, as Vout Peters did at the Æolian Hall, last Sunday, over twenty spirit friends so that they can be immediately recognised by reason of their highly evidential communications. This was proof of the Biblical teaching that there is no Death and that there is no need for mourning. Over twenty persons—three of whom stated that they had been urged by some mysterious power to attend that night's meeting—went away buoyed up with proof that their spirit friends were indeed there.

If Maskelyne thinks Spiritualistic phenomena is all table-tilting, he is woefully out of date, as old-fashioned as is his conjuring show.

These are only a few odd things which have been proved to happen at Spiritualist seances. The blind have been made to see; the deaf have been given hearing; the lame have thrown away their crutches. A case of the last sort happened at a healing circle at Kentish Town, a few weeks ago. All the facts can be verified. After all, St. Paul referred to such things as happening at Corinth in A.D. 56, so why shouldn't they happen in North London in A.D. 1925?

But why should anybody waste his time over letting Maskelyne and Cook, or Feminine and Kitchenmaid, or whoever it is, see it? Conjurors are the last people anyone would trouble to convince, over anything. Sometimes they almost go to sleep during their own conjuring, so dull is it.

Besides, at the end of it, what would happen?

I quote from "Variety," the American theatrical paper, of December 2. Jack Lait, the short story writer, is describing Houdini's new show.

"The old master is better than ever," he says. "A goodly audience sat thrilled during practically a one-man show, which lasted from 8.30 until after 11—and then they hadn't seen a tithe of Houdini's known repertoire, either in escapes, tricks, or his now world-famous assault upon fake mediums, which will entitle him to a place in history, perhaps immortality."

"For Houdini is not only a super-magician; he is a scientist, a man who has pursued his studies and inquiries with the passion of a crusader for decades in every nook and cranny of the world; has spent fortunes in his quest; has compiled a library of perhaps 50,000 volumes on it, priceless; has hired detectives; has disguised himself and wormed into the very seances of the most famous 'mediums,' some who amassed hundreds of thousands of dollars at their 'racket,' and gave it the importance of a religion."

"In his exposure, following the lengthy but fascinating lecture on the manner and scope of spurious Spiritualism, Houdini did two exposures, both startling. When he unveiled them, they were as laughably and childishly simple as they had seemed thrillingly and intricately 'supernatural'—and this in a lighted theatre, with thousands watching for a fake—not paying to talk to the dead, and believing in it in the dark."

"He then held a forum, answering questions, and they came thick and fast from sceptics who didn't believe his scepticisms. He spoke with blazing sincerity. He breathed brimstone. He called spiritualists of international recognition 'liars and crooks,' in those words. He defied and he harangued, and he offered big rewards—and no one took him up."

"Both as a zealot in his self-appointed task, and as a showman having in mind the need of keeping an audience qui vived, Houdini proved a star. It is not an easy, or entirely natural, combination; for he must mystify and hoodwink for two-thirds of the evening, then suddenly turn serious, earnest, bitter—cease to fool his people and start to convince them."

"Houdini's actual exposures were startling in their simplicity, as they were stunning in their revelations. Slate-concealing and working with confederates made one an uncanny and grisly exposure; the other, he did with his bare toes under the table, showing how seemingly bound feet can operate like skilful hands. The latter of these drew a cannon-burst of applause. Houdini proved at least, how easy it is to fool the believers in the supernatural, and made plausible his claim, backed with plenty of cash, that all such 'manifestations' are swindles."



"The spirit angle, of course, is the big publicity material for Houdini in his present tour. Without it, even this master would scarcely attempt a 'magic show' in 1925."

I have no room to answer all this; but with regard to the "50,000 volumes" that Houdini is said to have acquired, I hope Jack Lait has not been kidded into the belief that all of these are on Spiritualism; for Leslie Curnow, the possessor of the best private library on the subject in England, has only 2,000 volumes. As for "pursuing his studies all over the world," Houdini has gone there, of course, merely as a showman. And, while he has come across crooked mediums in his time, as have many people, when he meets a genuine one like Marjory Crandon, the wife of a distinguished physician in Boston—well, they're all the same to a showman who wants a boost.

Besides, as for Jack Lait himself, William Morris, who is Sir Harry Lauder's manager, told me himself, a few weeks ago, that when publicity was scarce in Chicago, not long since, Jack Lait sat down and wrote a lot of fake "mean man" stories about Lauder. Lady Lauder was angry when she saw them in print, but Lauder, according to Morris, only smiled and said, "I'm on the front page at last."

How these showmen do admire each other!

"We can understand certain men, such as Conan Doyle and Oliver Lodge, who believe in Spiritualism, because, *for reasons of their own, they want to believe*," says Maskelyne. We can also understand people like Clive Maskelyne who, *for reasons of his own, does not want to believe*. If he did, it would spoil the circus business. But, in the meantime, why newspapers should give him free publicity, just because he wants all the little boys to go and see him produce white rabbits from black hats, passes my understanding.

I challenge Maskelyne to debate the subject with me publicly; only I warn him beforehand, I am a much better speaker than he is. So perhaps it would not be fair to him. In the meantime, why does not Maskelyne reply to Harry Price's exposure of his ignorance in "Light," two weeks ago. And why does he have so many childish blunders in the last issue of the "Sunday Chronicle"? And why does he call Margery a "Continental" medium when all the world knows that she is the wife of a distinguished Boston physician?

These are bad mistakes—even for a poor conjurer with a rabbit in his hat.

Yours faithfully,

HANNEN SWAFFER.

## THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

By ANISEL.

(Anisel is the personal guide of the medium of the Counsellor Circle. He was a monk in early life, of Luther's time, and was burned at the stake for adopting the Reformer's views after being led so to do by a heavenly visitant.)

I have been asked to speak awhile to-night upon the Birth of our Lord and Saviour.

I know not much of that great event, but tracing through the records on this side, I learn that the Wise Men that came were seers. They are now in very high spheres, and they are very beautiful and powerful spirits. As for the angel choir, I have heard them; and the sound of their voices is like a melodious harp which gives forth a harmony which is far beyond your conception of music—it is almost combined with a harmony of Love. You have a lot to learn about the harmony of this realm. When on your earth I loved an organ, but now I know that that organ was

only an outer expression of something infinitely grander and more beautiful, so much so that I fall down as nothing before it.

Those who stood about the cradle of the Babe, might have seen, had they had vision, a throng of angels and mighty beings, powerful and beautiful, standing all around; they might have seen mighty beings from other realms prostrating themselves with the Wise Men of the East. They might have seen a wondrous star of such beauty that it outshone the heavens by its lustre, and pierced the soul to its very inmost depths by its strength of will, until the heart shouted and cried out in exquisite pain at such gentle brightness, which was the soul of That which was to be expanded in its outer form on this earth into the glory which culminated at the Cross.

When Christ was born on earth, the day of wonders had begun: the day when all men might have the Glory, the Truth, the Light for themselves, because it was there before them, and the Babe of Bethlehem was a Child Who was all that was beautiful, lovely, all that was of good report, One with the Father, and one with man. *That was the Christ*, and being at one with man, He was, He is, in all living creatures, and that Babe was in all our babes born before and since, because that Babe was at One with God.

He came down from spheres so far removed that those on this plane cannot even visualize an outward conception of their magnificence; and He suffered and He died because it is the lot of all men to suffer and to die. To all men there must come suffering, and to all men must come death before they may realise God as He is.

But take a look at the other side—to all men there must come birth, brightness, happiness, and joy and love, because they can reach out to the glory of the spiritual truth of God.

It is when one comes to be amongst the children that one realises the beauty of that birth. Those who have worked, as I have worked, amongst the children, and watched the wondrous beauty of the Truth unfolding itself into the light, without the dragging influence of environment and sin, then does one realise the beauty of that child-life in Bethlehem, when it was unfolding in the light, and the light was the life of men. Thus do we look upon the beauty of the birth.

There is no need to treat upon the wisdom of that Birth, but I would just awhile speak upon the joy of that Birth. Angels sang, and the song overflowed on to the earth. There were hearts on earth who heard, and joy was in their hearts. But they were not many. Yet were He to return to-day, how much joy would there be on earth? But there would be joy in Heaven!

Therefore I would counsel you each and every one to *live in Heaven* with the joy of Christ in Heaven. Step out of earth into Heaven, and join the song, until your joy overflows out of Heaven on to the earth.

## CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY.

BY LOUISE OWEN.

I intend to try very hard this year to make my birthday gift to The Christ one of Service, and wherever possible to replace the spirit of hate by the spirit of love. I take you into my confidence, dear readers, for I fail to understand why our spiritual ambitions should be hidden up when we talk so readily and openly of our material aims and desires. We should be filled with gratitude to God for all our blessings, the greatest of which is that He sent His Son into the world in human form that none could ever say—"He does not understand."

If we feel badly disposed to anyone; if we feel resentment; if we feel discord, let us

turn out all those thoughts from our minds and ask The Christ Himself to help us. Indeed, He is not far off. He is here at our very doors knocking for an entry. When we invite Him to our homes all know of it, for we are filled with the great desire for sacrifice, to give to others, for this is the rock on which civilisation is built—the rock of service, the rock of love for humanity. We must never forget that God, having given us our own free will, does not force us to take His love, but He never refuses it when we ask for it in sincerity and faith. By going into the byeways and helping among the poor and suffering, we can prove our sincerity and in a small way our love for Him.

When our work is for another, we must never feel it is wasted even though we see no result. All effort is strength gathered in and we see it when we pass the Veil. Everything, yes, every thought, whether good or bad, every action whether for self or another, is seen by God, so we must never give up because we cannot see the end of the road or the final touches put to the picture. So many get despondent and wonder if it is worth while, but we must be confident there is no failure when the effort is to help another.

No living person has everything his or her own way. What do we know of the hidden sorrows of the passers-by? We must be more tolerant, less critical of each other. Let us be honest and look at ourselves from an outsider's point of view, for our personal burdens are never heavier than those of others, nor our sufferings more intense. A glimmer of light can always be found if we look for it.

Another birthday gift I shall ask The Christ to accept is a humble spirit of forgiveness for all wrongs, real and imaginary, from which I may feel I am suffering. Let us study His beautiful humility. However great we think we are, however great we are told we are, we can be done without. Let us be grateful for the "knocks" we get, for they are our protection—they strengthen our characters and enable us to look over the obstacles instead of looking at them. Let us keep in mind what The Christ suffered, and when things are very difficult, visualise the Cross and all it stands for, even though the path is not easy to tread.

Let us try to help the young generation by teaching them that unselfishness is what they should aim at, for God pities us all when we put self first and Him last. Let us teach them the truth of Spiritualism—that they can be helped spiritually by those who pass the Veil, and so gain a closer and fuller understanding of the love of God and of the Christ. We must tell them we are expected to make the best use of our gifts; that we are only trustees of our possessions; and we are our own most remorseless judges when we pass over. We take that journey alone, not dependent upon any living soul, and they must learn to think for themselves, relying only upon the power of God. I feel sure The Christ would have us do this—to teach them how to determine the real values of the spiritual and material worlds. They must not be ashamed of their religion; nor fear ridicule of the time given to it. I dismiss from my mind those who would obstruct me, and mentally put them in a spare room, shut the door, turn the key, forget them, and go on my way undisturbed.

Nearly two thousand years ago the shepherds heard the voices from the Spirit World directing them to the Birthplace of Christ; so to-day are we guided by the voices of our Spirit friends—God's messengers. Daily the knowledge of the nearness of the Spirit World is growing. Even now, a voice is heard here and there on the wireless, but that privilege has not yet reached all, and it is not given to us to question the plans of The Highest.

Let us tell The Christ on His Birthday that we will endeavour to carry the Cross—the Symbol of Love and Sacrifice.

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## The Story of Bethlehem.

(Purporting to be translated from the Sanhedrim Records 88 B: Order No. 2. By R. Jose.—Interview with Melker, Priest of Bethlehem.)

"Jonathan, to the Masters of Israel, Servants of the True God. In obedience to your order, I met with two men, who said they were shepherds and were watching their flocks near Bethlehem.

"They told me that while attending to their sheep, the night being cold and chilly, some of them had made fires to warm themselves, and some of them had lain down and were asleep; that they were awakened by those who were keeping watch, with the question, 'What does all this mean? Behold, how light it is!' That when they were aroused it was light as day. But they knew it was not daylight, for it was only the third watch. All at once the air seemed to be filled with human voices, saying, 'Glory! Glory! Glory to the Most High God!' and 'Happy art thou, Bethlehem, for God hath fulfilled his promise to the fathers; for in thy chambers is born the King that shall rule in righteousness!'

"Their shouting would rise up in the heavens, and then would sink down in mellow strains, and roll along at the foot of the mountains, and die away in the most soft and musical manner they had ever heard; then it would begin again high up in the heavens, in the very vaults of the sky, and descend in sweet and melodious strains, so that they could not refrain from shouting and weeping at the same time. The light would seem to burst forth high up in the heavens and then descend in softer rays and light up the hills and valleys, making everything more visible than the light of the sun, though it was not so brilliant, but clearer, like the brightest moon.

"I asked them how they felt—if they were not afraid. They said, at first they were, and after a while it seemed to calm their spirits, and to fill their hearts with love and tranquillity that they felt more like giving thanks than anything else. They said it was around the whole city, and some of the people were almost scared to death. Some said the world was on fire; some said the gods were coming down to destroy them; others said a star had fallen; until MELKER, the priest, came out, shouting and clapping his hands, seeming to be frantic with joy.

"The people all came crowding around him, and he told them that it was the sign that God was coming to fulfil His promise made to their father Abraham. He told us that fourteen hundred years before God had appeared to Abraham, and told him to put all Israel under bonds—sacred bonds of obedience; and if they would be faithful, He would give them a Saviour to redeem them from sin, and that He would give them eternal life, and that they should hunger no more; that the time of their suffering should cease for ever; and that the sign of His coming would be that light would shine from on high, and the angels would announce His coming, and their voices should be heard in the City, and the people should rejoice; and a virgin that was pure should travail in pain and bring forth her firstborn, and He should rule all flesh by sanctifying it and making it obedient. After MELKER had addressed the people in a loud voice, he and all the old Jews went into the synagogue and remained there praising God and giving thanks."

"I went to see MELKER, who related to me much the same as the shepherds had reported. He told me that he had lived in India, and that his father had been Priest at Antioch; that he had studied the sacred scrolls of God all his life, and that he knew that the time had come, from signs given, for God to visit and save the Jews from Roman oppression and from their sins; and as evidence he showed me many quotations on the tripod respecting the matter.

"He said that the next day three strangers from a great distance called on him, and that they went in search of this young child; and they found Him and His mother in the mouth of a cave, where there was a shed projecting out for the sheltering of sheep; that His mother was married to a man named Joseph, and she related to them the history of her child, saying that an angel had visited her, and told her that she should have a son, and she should call Him Jesus, for He should redeem His people from their sins; and He should call her blessed for evermore.

"Whether this is true or not remains to be proved in the future. There have been so many impostors in the world, so many babes born under pretended miracles, and all have proved to be a failure, that this one may be false, this woman only wishing to hide her shame or court the favour of the Jews.

"I am informed that she will be tried by our law, and, if she can give no better evidence of her virtue than she has given to MELKER, she will be stoned according to our law, although, as MELKER says, there never has been a case before with such apparent divine manifestations as were seen on this occasion. In the past, in various instances, virgins have pretended to be with child by the Holy Ghost, but at the time of their delivery there was no light from the heavens, and no angels talking among the clouds and declaring that this was the King of the Jews. And, as to the truth of these things, the whole of the people of Bethlehem testify to having seen it, and the Roman guard also came out and asked what it meant, and they showed by their actions that they were very much alarmed.

"These things, MELKER says, are all declared in the Scriptures to be the sign of his coming. MELKER is a man of great learning, and well versed in the prophecies, and he sends you this letter referring you to those prophecies."

C.M.D.

Noel

It came upon the midnight clear,

That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,

To touch their harps of gold—

"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,

From heaven's all-gracious King!"

The world in solemn stillness lay

To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,

With peaceful wings unfurled,

And still their heavenly music floats

O'er all the weary world;

Above its sad and lowly plains

They bend on heavenly wing,

And ever o'er its babel sounds

The blessed angels sing.

Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,

The world has suffered long;

Beneath the angels' strain have rolled

Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not

The love-song which they bring:

Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,

And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,

Whose forms are bending low,

Who toil along the climbing way,

With painful steps and slow,—

Look now! for glad and golden hours

Come swiftly on the wing:

Oh! rest beside the weary road,

And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,

By prophet bards foretold,

When, with the ever-circling years,

Comes round the age of gold;—

When peace shall over all the earth

Its ancient splendours fling,

And the whole earth send back the song

Which now the angels sing.

## THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL'S VIEW.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's well-known lecture on "Psychical Research and Experiences" when given at the Town Hall, Hove, on Thursday last, proved, beyond all doubt, how great a hold Spiritualism has now upon the people. As I glanced around the crowded hall, I noticed a number of clergymen, and many well-known local men of business, including ex-Mayors of Brighton and Hove, and the earnestness with which everyone listened to the lecture showed their deep interest in this—the greatest subject of the world.

In the chair was the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the famous preacher of the City Temple, and now the vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Brighton, immortalised by the name of Dr. Tindall Robertson.

In introducing the lecturer, Dr. Campbell said Sir Arthur was one of the foremost figures of the time, an authority on the subject about which he was to speak, and one whose sincerity could never be questioned.

"Many years ago," continued the speaker, "I came across him during the Boer War, in an entirely different roll to that of an eminent writer. He was then running a military hospital, working night and day on behalf of our poor wounded soldiers. In the late great world struggle he offered his services to the War Office again. He tried to pass himself off as a young man, but although his appearance was in his favour, he was too well-known to be able to deceive them.

"He has opened a new field of activity by the great interest he has shown in psychical matters, and he will permit me to say that this has had very important results.

"You all know that after being brought up in the oldest, largest, and most orthodox and most venerable of Christian communions, like many others, he adopted agnostic opinions.

"But by results of his investigations in the field of psychical research, he has been brought back to faith in God and the moral order of the world.

"Once convinced of these important truths, he set to work to preach the gospel to other people. He believes that it is his mission to try and bring comfort to the bereaved and the broken in heart.

"Speaking for myself, I feel that the surest evidence of survival after death is the evidence of the spiritual consciousness that if we live close to the spirit of our Master, if we try to walk with God, we cannot be devoid of comfort in that hour of bereavement, and in the loneliness caused by death.

"If it can be proved to the entire satisfaction of the world that death of the body is not death of the man, I believe the result will prove a help and not a hindrance to religion.

"I never can understand that so many people should be made antagonistic by the suggestion that the survival of the soul is capable of demonstrative proof. I fail to see why they should be angry." W.H.S.

## WARS.

"Wars are but the product of your lust for gain, your ambition, your angry, proud, vengeful passions. And what is the product? God's fair works destroyed and trampled under foot; the lovely and peaceful results of man's industry destroyed; the holy ties of home and kindred severed; thousands of families plunged into distress; rivers of blood shed wantonly; souls unnumbered rent from their earth-body to rush unprepared, uneducated, unpurified into the life of spirit. Bad, all bad! earthly! evil sprung from earth, and resulting in misery. Till you know better than this, your race will progress but slowly; and you are perpetually sowing seed which produces a crop of obstacles to our work."

—Spirit Teachings.



### CHURCHES AND MEETINGS.

Where this Paper is on sale; and times of Sunday Services.

Æolian Hall.—New Bond Street, 6.30.  
Brixton.—Sp. Br. Ch., 143a, Stockwell Pk. Rd., 11.15; 3, 7.  
Eltham.—R. A. Co-op. Rooms, Well Hall, at 7.  
Grotrian Hall.—Wigmore Street, 11; 6.30.  
Hendon.—Co-operative Hall, Ravenhurst Avenue, 3; 6.30.  
Hornsey.—Felix Hall, 29, Felix Av., Crouch End, 7; Th. 8.  
Kentish Town.—17, Prince of Wales' Cres., 3.30; 7. Th., 8.  
St. Luke's, Queen's Road, Forest Hill, S.E.; 6.30 p.m.  
Wood Green, N.—Bourne Hall, Trinity Road, 7.

Altrincham.—Moss Lane, 3; 6.30.  
Bargoed.—4, John Street, 6.30. Thursday at 8.  
Barking.—Municipal Rest., East Street, Wed., at 8 p.m.  
Bentley, Doncaster.—  
Birmingham.—Co-op. Rooms, Sparkhill, 3 and 6.30.  
Birmingham.—Victoria Hall, Handsworth Lyc., 3; serv. 6.30  
Bishop Auckland, St. Helen's—71, Main St., 6.30; Weds., 7  
Blackwood, Mon.—Assembly Rooms, High Street, 6.  
Bolton.—Sp. Alliance, Henry Street, 3; 6.30; 8.  
Bootle.—Argos Hall, Stanley Road, 6.30.  
Bournemouth.—Ch. Sp. S. 14 Lansdowne Rd. Tu. 3.15 Th. 8  
Brighton.—Old Steine Hall, 52a Old Steine; 11.30; 7; 8.30.  
Bristol.—Temple, 19, Lower Redland Road, 6.30.  
Cardiff.—Cathays, Brydges Place, 6.30.  
Carnetown, Abercynon.—2.30; 6.  
Chatham.—Queen's Hall, Military Road, 7.  
Cheetham Hill.—Halliwell Lane, 2.45; 6.30.  
Chiswick.—67, Flanders Road, 11; 6.45.  
Congleton.—Park Road, 3; 6.30.  
Coventry.—Broadgate Prog. Sp. Soc., I.L.P. Rooms, 6.30.  
Devonport.—Hydesville Inst., Cannon St., 6.30; Tues. 7.30.  
Devonport.—Progressive, Ferry Hall, Ferry Road, 6.30.  
Glasgow.—Burns Hall, 379 Parliamentary Rd., 11.30; 6.30; 8.15  
Glasgow.—Spir. Brhood., 4, Henrietta Street, 12.30; 6.30.  
Gosport.—"Boyne Hall," Forton, 7.  
Grimsby.—New Ch. Sp. Ch.  
Guildford.—The Borough Hall, Upper Room, 6.30.  
Hastings.—4, Claremont, Sat., 7; Sun., 11 and 6.30; Mon., 3.  
Heckmondwike.—Tower Street, 2; 3; 6.  
Horwich, Lancs.—Chorley New Rd., 10; 6.15; Mondays 7.30.  
Howden-on-Tyne.—Church Street, 6.30.  
Ilford.—Pioneer Chambers, 7.  
Letchworth.—Howard Hall, 6.30 p.m.  
Lincoln.—Christian Spiritualists, 11, King St., 6.30.  
Liverpool.—13a, West Derby Street, 11; 6.30; 8.  
Luton, Beds.—Castle St. Hall, Sp. Ev. Soc., 11.30 and 6.30.  
Middlesborough.—11, Garden Street. Every evening at 8.  
Morecambe.—Milton Rooms, Market Street, 3; 6.30.  
Northfield.—Hawkesley Hall, Longbridge Estate, 6.30.  
North Shields.—Temperance Hall, Norfolk Street, 6.30.  
Norwich.—Sch. Music, Rampant Horse Street, 7.  
Nuneaton.—  
Oldham.—Hooper St. Lyc., 10.30; 3; 6.30; 8.  
Pontefract.—18, Beast Fair, 2.45; 6.30.  
Pontypool.—Cent. Sp. Ch., Osborne Road, 6.30.  
Reading.—56, Bartholomew's Road, 6.30.  
Richmond.—Free Ch., Ormonde Rd., 7.30; Wed. 7.30.  
Romford.—Psychic Research Soc., 163, Brentwood Rd., 6.30.  
Royton.—38, Sandy Lane, 3; 6.30.  
Sheffield.—Meersbrook, Gosp. H., Regent Ter., 2.45; 6.30.  
Southampton.—Oddf. Hall, St. Mary's Street, 11 and 6.30.  
St. Helen's, Lancs.—Mas. Buildings, Hall St., 10.30 & 6.30.  
Stockport.—Ch. Sp. Ch., Mottram Street, 3; 6.30; 8.  
Sutton.—Co-op. Hall, Benhill Street, 6.30.  
Swansea.—Spiritual Ev. Ch., 47, rear of Walter Rd., 6.30.  
Trealaw, Rhondda.—Judge's Hall, 2, 6; Wed., 7.  
Walker-on-Tyne.—Barry Street Hall.  
Wallsend.—Co-operative Hall, Carville Road, 11; 6.30.  
Westcliff-on-Sea.—St. Matthew's, Northview Drive, 3; 6.30.  
Witton-Gilbert.—  
Wigan.—Ch. Sp., Arcade St., Library St. 2.45; 6.30; 8.  
Worksop.—

(If more than one line required, a charge of 1/- per additional line must be paid.)

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