

THE Christian Spiritualist

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Vol. I. No. 25.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20th, 1926.

[Post free]
[2d.]

Price Twopence

The Birth of Modern Spiritualism.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE FOX SISTERS.

By the REV. JOHN LAMOND, D.D.

When, on March 31st, 1848, one of the Fox sisters, at Hydesville, Rochester, U.S.A., said in a half amused way, "Now, old Splitfoot, do as I do," she made one of the most astounding discoveries that has reached our modern world.

Hydesville was a simple house, where, it is assumed, a pedlar had been murdered, some years before the Fox family came to occupy it; his body had been buried in the cellar. Constant rappings seriously disturbed the Fox family.

The father was much perplexed regarding them.

At first, the rappings were attributed to a neighbouring shoemaker; but it was found that they took place when the shoemaker was no longer at work. On March 31st, 1848, they became so marked that the father of the Fox family became gravely alarmed; then one of his daughters, who had become familiar with the knockings, asked the supposed spirit to imitate her example.

She clapped her hands several times; this was followed by a similar number of knocks. She then made several silent gestures with her fingers. The spirit answered with a similar number of knocks.

"Mother," the girl exclaimed, "the spirit can see, as well as hear!"

The mother became interested.

"How many children have I?" asked the mother.

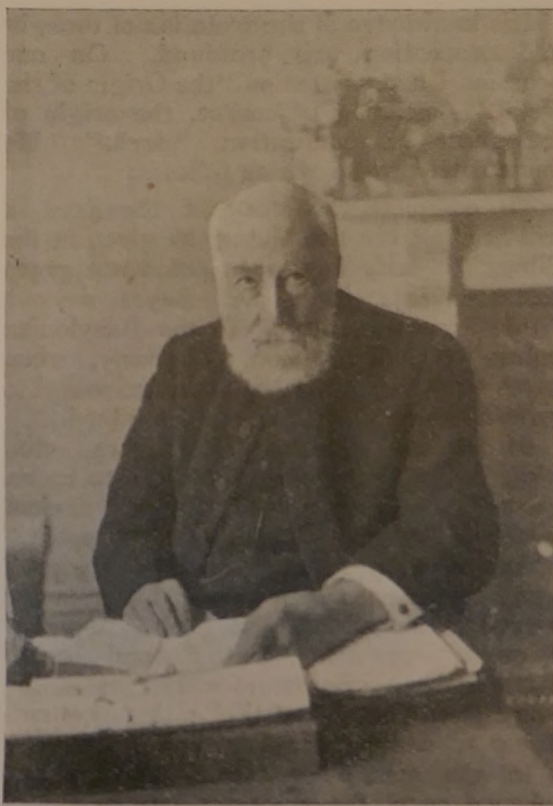
Seven knocks were given. Mrs. Fox had only six members of her family alive. She paused a moment and then asked, "How many children have I living?"

Six knocks were given. Here was evidence of intelligence! The neighbours were called in. Other questions were put, and answered by means of the knockings. It was ascertained, by the use of the alphabet, which was suggested by a Quaker, Isaac Post, that a man had been murdered in that house, and that his body had been buried in the cellar. The floor of the cellar was dug, but no skeleton was found, only traces of human hair, and a piece of the skull with evidence of quicklime.

A terrible hubbub arose on the part of the neighbours. Many were indignant that the quiet tenor of their lives should be disturbed. The antagonism became so pronounced that the Fox family had to remove to Rochester. A public enquiry was held—with the usual ending.

But, to the eternal credit of the Fox family, they held to their position; and the three Fox sisters became remarkable mediums. The explanation of the phenomena at Hydesville lay in the fact that these young girls were psychic, and offered to the outraged spirit of Charles Bosna, the pedlar, the means of communication with this outward material world.

There is one striking sequel to this narrative. In the year 1904, when some children were playing in the cellar of the house at Hydesville, where the rappings had taken place in 1848, a wall fell down. This was discovered to have been a temporary wall, built of rough stones from the neighbouring field, and not the true wall of the cellar; between this temporary wall and the true wall of the cellar the skeleton of a man's body was found, thus confirming



PROFESSOR GEORGE HENSLOW.

what had been stated by the knockings in 1848.

It is from this incident that modern Spiritualism may be said to have taken its rise. A wave of interest spread over the United States; it reached Great Britain and other nations, until the movement is now world-wide.

Previous to this, Andrew Jackson Davis, an unlettered youth from Poughkeepsie, New York State, had dictated his book, "Nature's Divine Revelations," later, Hudson Tuttle published his "Arcana of Nature," Dr. Peebles followed with his book, "The Seers of the Ages," and Mrs. Tappan, who afterwards became Mrs. Richmond, appeared as a trance orator. Mrs. Tappan possessed the extraordinary gift of speaking for nearly an hour on any subject that might be prescribed by her audience.

In this way, the spiritual telegraph between the Seen and the Unseen worlds was established. The idea was at first ridiculed, scorned, denounced by many who ought to have known better. Horace Greeley, the great editor, however, took the matter up, and Judge Edmonds, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, gave valuable testimony. David Douglas Home, who was born in Edinburgh, but who, in his youth, had been taken to the United States, developed psychic gifts of an extraordinary character. In his visits to Europe, he was interviewed by kings and princes.

We have travelled a good way, since these early days. It was the firm belief of many of the pioneers that their mission was to abolish Christianity. This was not the case as regards Mrs. Tappan, who always mentioned the name of The

Christ with reverence. But there were others, who took up a more pronounced attitude. At the same time, there was ever a large section of Spiritualists, who recognised, in these modern phenomena, a convincing proof of the reality of the phenomena recorded in the Scriptures.

From the dawn of the movement until the present hour, there have been the two sections working side by side—those who were interested in the phenomena from purely scientific reasons, and another section, who perceived in the phenomena the confirmation of their own deepest beliefs in the Christian faith.

Now, we are actually tapping the Christ sphere, through the wonderful instrumentality of Mr. F. Bligh Bond, and his coadjutors. Mr. Bligh Bond has rendered a service to the cause of Spiritualism that will only be adequately appreciated in the far-off years.

His first book, "The Gate of Remembrance," startled us all; but, in my judgment, "The Company of Avalon" is even more wonderful. In his later writings Mr. Bond not merely takes us to Glastonbury, with all the sacred memories that gather around it, but into the very presence of The Christ, Himself. His "Gospel of Philip" sheds an additional light upon the Ministry of our Lord; when the final part is published, we may be able to entertain clearer views of the Resurrection. In "The Chronicle of Cleophas," which is still awaiting publication, fresh light will be shed on the Apostolic period.

It is all very wonderful. Indeed, we are living in times of divine inspiration. What does it matter that the thoughtless ones ignore these facts? To God's own, they are precious beyond all price.

In the Royal Academy of Edinburgh, Sir George Reid, who was President of the Academy, has two pen-and-ink sketches. One little sketch represents the source of the River Tweed, far up among the hills of Moffat. The other small sketch represents the Tweed as that river enters the Ocean at Berwick.

I have gone back in thought to the humble beginnings of the modern Spiritualistic movement, which in a sense is modern, but in reality is as old as the hills.

Who can forecast what the little streamlet will ultimately become? Let all honour be given to the Fox family who, in face of an unbelieving and scornful world, bravely maintained their position. It was through their instrumentality that this spiritual telegraph between the seen and the unseen worlds was established.

The ultimate consequences—who can foresee? When Franklin brought down the lightning with his kite, the onlookers sneeringly asked, "What practical value is there in it?"

Franklin replied, "The baby may become a giant."

We have witnessed the marvellous developments of electricity, in these recent years. A century hence, the clarified souls of that period will be beginning to realise what is involved in the deeper truths of Spiritualism.

The Rev. Professor George Henslow, M.A.

A GREAT SPIRITUALIST.

BY THE REV. J. W. POTTER.

I have placed his photograph before me as I write; and he is here as really as his photograph; perhaps more really, if we could but comprehend what reality means. I hear his voice in my spirit as I heard it of old, only the signs of age have passed away, and again he speaks with the strength of mature manhood. He is able to achieve this result in my case, because he learned years ago how to speak to spirits. During the latter years of his prolonged life, he was unable to attend church service, and every Sunday morning he conducted the usual church service for the day, alone to all appearances earthly, but far from alone in reality, for myriads were present; and as part of that service he always preached a sermon to the assembled spirits.

That his words were appreciated, and still more his desire to help unprogressed spirits, has been attested by the variety of messages he has received through various media from those spirits who had been present listening, and who cheered him with their thanks, when they could convey their appreciation by human words. It has been my privilege to convey spirit appreciation to him more than once; as it has been my privilege to be present on one such Sunday morning, to participate in his service.

Now he is conveying appreciation to me to encourage me. He is going to help me more rather than less, because he is not now so limited by physical considerations, and his energies have a wider range of operation—more than world-wide, in fact. He has been visiting my Church vestry—which he never visited in the flesh; but years ago he presented me with a vestry clock; and its ticking reminds me of him every time I hear it; and now as I listen to its vibration and think of him, I realise his presence, and his great desire to encourage me; and I am encouraged. He realises, too, that I need that encouragement; and therefore he, out of the greatness of his heart, promises to help me more.

He was a voluminous writer. His forte was botany—of which he was for some years Professor at Cambridge University. He understood his subject, and his writings on botany are standard text-books in many a school. Naturally he was a teacher of evolution, but it was an evolution which transcended Darwin's, and showed a wider knowledge and a greater power of thought and deduction. This study naturally had its effect upon his religious views, which views he has expressed in many books on the subject—"Evolution and Religion"; "Christian Beliefs reconsidered in the Light of Modern Thought"; "Present-Day Rationalism Critically Examined"; "Christ, no Product of Evolution"; "The At-one-ment, or the Gospel of Reconciliation"; "The Spiritual Teaching of Christ's Life," being some of them.

He is perhaps better known among Spiritualists as the author of "Proofs of the Truth of Spiritualism"—a book which is not too long or cumbrous, but which deals with all phases of phenomena pertaining to the subject, and is illustrated by many pictures and photographs of the more remarkable phenomena. This book must have sold very widely, for it is found everywhere. The only book of its kind which has transcended it since its publication, is that of Prof. Crawford on his experiments with the Goligher Circle. I discussed this book with Prof. Henslow, who was much impressed with its revelations.

In addition to these books there are others, also some in manuscript form, which he could not publish, but which I have read in MSS. form. His articles to journals and newspapers have been manifold, and always convincing and illuminative. It is interesting to note that he invariably based all his teaching upon the Bible. For him, a quotation from the Scriptures settled the

matter beyond doubt. This was because, like our friend Rev. Walter Wynn, he had studied it deeply instead of superficially; he had considered its esoteric content as well as its exoteric proclamation; he had seen present-day phenomena anticipated and set forth in all its pages, showing to him that it followed unchanging laws, which are independent of time and age and race and the mood and thought of the time. Hence the Book was a veritable Word of God to him—as it is to all who take the trouble to understand it; and which explains why it has persisted as the Book of books through ages; and will so remain in spite of the silly attitude adopted toward it by superficial minds.

His knowledge of the evolution of thought and conception was profound. On one occasion I had written on "the Origin of the Devil,"—meaning of course, the origin of the term or conception "devil." He immediately wrote me as follows:

To complete the story of the devil, I will briefly trace the history as given in the Bible. In early days men could not grasp abstract ideas; thus Dr. Sayce says a "god" meant nothing to the Babylonian unless he had a name. Similarly, when anything was created, it was necessary to give the name, as in Genesis (chapter i.).

All human emotions and ideas, etc., which are abstract, had somehow to be regarded as concrete; to do this, the ancient Israelites tacked on the word "spirit," which primarily meant "breath" or "wind." The Hebrew, Greek and Latin word SPIRITUS, hence the English "spirit," primarily meant "breath," and breath came to be a synonym for life, as in the expression "Breath of life"; that was sufficient to make the word "life" concrete.

In the next place the question arose, whence came the emotions, etc.? Primitive man could not realise that they originated in himself; and as God was the only source conceivable, the word "spirit" acquired personality, and so we read how the spirit of this or that came down from God, and rested upon or entered a man, who was angry, jealous, etc., or good and noble minded. Thus, in Ex. xxviii. 3, are the words: "I have filled him with the spirit of wisdom." In Numbers v. 14 we read: "The spirit of jealousy came upon him." In Numbers xvi. 22 we read: "The God of the spirits of all flesh," etc. In Samuel xvi. 14: "An evil spirit came from the Lord and troubled him," i.e., Saul; and he flung his spear at David. God was thus supposed to be as much the Author of man's evil doings as of his good works.

To pass on to the devil. In II. Samuel xxiv. 1 we read: "The anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel, and he moved David against them, saying, 'Go, number Israel and Judah.'" David orders Joab, the captain, to do it. He remonstrates with David, knowing that he wishes it to be done. David does it, and the result is that God punished Israel for David's sin (done by God having moved him to do it), slaying 70,000 men by a pestilence. God is thus made out to be an evil deity!

Turning to I. Chron. xxi. 1, written after the return from captivity, when the Jews heard of the two gods, Ormuzd and Arheman, i.e., a good and a bad one, as believed to exist by the Persians—they selected a word which meant "accuser"—Satan—so we read: "Satan stood up and moved David to number the people." So that from that time it is no longer Yahveh Who was to be regarded as the Author of evil in man, as well as what was good, but this newly invented Satan. He is carried over into the New Testament, and it is said

that "Satan (John xiii. 27) entered into Judas Iscariot."

Again, when Ananias and Sapphira were brought before Peter, he said: "Why hath SATAN filled thy heart to lie?" But he adds: "How is it that thou hast conceived this thing in thy heart?" This looks as if the conception of Satan were becoming a symbol only and not a real person. That a man only is really responsible for his doings. So St. James says: "Let no man say when he is tempted, 'I am tempted of God,' for God cannot be tempted of evil and He Himself tempteth no man, but each man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust and enticed."

Christ said: "I beheld Satan fallen as lightning from Heaven" (Luke x. 18); and lightning vanishes into—nothing! So has Satan, or the devil, i.e., as a PERSONAL BEING, though the sin and evil of mankind will last till Heaven is reached, wherein both are nonexistent, personified as "Satan" and entrance refused.

That quotation will give readers a fair appreciation of his method of treatment of a subject, of his mode of thought and approach, and of the grounds upon which he based his deductions.

He was a colleague of Archdeacon Colley, during the time that the Archdeacon was making his astounding investigations. I say "astounding" advisedly, for had those investigations been conducted in this day, they would have turned the thought of the country upside down. His results, along with the marvellous phenomena obtained through Home and Eglinton, date an era in the philosophy and history of psychical investigation, which has no parallel at the present day anywhere on the earth. Phenomena to-day has become of the intellectual kind, and demands the assent of the intellect, rather than the consent of the physical sight and touch and hearing, as was the case in those days.

I have seen spirit-lights such as Eglinton was the medium in producing, but there is only one person in this world through whom they can be produced in such manner, so far as I know; and there is not in England at the present day any medium known to me through whom such materialisations are producible as manifested through Eglinton and his compeers; for such levitation as was obtained through Husk and Williams and Home. But the appeal to the intellectual faculties is of a kind far transcending anything that was obtained at that period, save in the case of the automatic writing through Stainton Moses and that which came through David Duguid; and present-day trance-speaking has, in my opinion, reached a height, in certain cases, which has been unsurpassed in this land during its whole history; and approximates—again, in cases—to the quality of trance communications recorded in the Bible.

In this conclusion Professor Henslow was in agreement with me.

As he proposes to continue his work, I may have opportunity to write further concerning him on another occasion; so that this may be looked upon as an introduction. The event which has transpired is not the closing of his life, but the opening of it to greater fulness, as a lovely rose-bud is found one bright morning to have opened to fulness of life and beauty and fragrance. Therefore it is that I see him in a more glorious light now, and manifesting a superlative radiance.

"I am very little conversant with anything that goes on on your earth plane. I am conversant with facts and formulas, but I know very little concerning individuals—except this medium. . . I only came to this world, as far as your ideas are concerned, when I came here to speak through this medium."—Daniel.

Church and State: the Christian Polity.

AS SAID TO HAVE BEEN ORDERED BY JESUS.

By FREDERICK BLIGH BOND.

(Note to new readers.—The present is a fourth study of the Chronicle of Cleophas—a new record of the Acts of the Apostles vouched for by Dr. Oesterley, Examiner in Hebrew, and obtained by automatic writing.—See previous issues for December 30th, January 6th and 13th.)

I promised to give a sketch of what is to be found in the Chronicle concerning the building of the first Apostolic Church in Jerusalem, and it seems to me that the story will be likely to have special interest to-day, when new systems of social experiment are much in the public mind, and a solution for our grave industrial evils is being most earnestly sought. We have reached a point at which class antagonism in this country seems to be a waning influence. But the formula that will end this and introduce permanent stability in the whole body politic seems yet lacking. The Communist ideal has penetrated the national mind to an increasing extent, notwithstanding the horrors attending upon its perversion in Russia, where the principle has been applied to the whole system of government and in a cruel and compulsory manner. Now we are going to see how the Apostles of Christ are said to have handled the problem as a result of the direct teaching of the Master, Jesus Christ.

Shortly after the removal of Ananias and Sapphira, the Apostles were taken and put in the public gaol, being accused of sedition and disturbance of the peace through their open preaching in the Temple. From prison they were delivered by an angel through the instrumentality of Peter, whose psychical powers were used by the angelic messenger. It is a wonderful story. On regaining freedom, the Twelve again sought to continue their public ministrations, and at an early hour they were sought out by the Captain of the Guard, and taken before the Elders and other Senators, who were prepared to subject them to trial and examination, and with weighty arguments to confound them. The priesthood were afraid of their growing influence, but they durst not openly offer them violence, for fear of the people, who were largely on their side. So they were invited to accompany the Captain, who:—

"did bow him to the ground in answer, and with civil words did entreat Peter and the brethren to speak of their doctrines before the company of Elders."

Peter saw the trap, but was moved by the Spirit to assent.

"He did make answer that he and the disciples would go before the Elders if promise were made that those in authority would hearken to their words. And the Captain, having sworn that this should be so, they hied them to the place of Assembly, where sat the Elders of Israel."

This promise was honoured. But once within, the doors were shut fast and the brethren were told that certain charges would be made against them. They would then be allowed to reply, and judgment would be given.

"Now these charges were that they had sought privily to make conspiracy against the State . . . that it was their design to take from the rich men their possessions, to rob all those who were traders of their merchandise, and to take from the Treasury such stores of gold as it contained. This would they share with one another, giving to beggars and thieves such alms as would lead them to make disturbance and insurrection; and thus would civil authority be overthrown."

St. James is spokesman for the brethren, and we have the record of his wordy warfare with a cunning lawyer, who certainly comes off second best. He is reduced to impotence. Hanan, the High Priest, is also

put in fear and silenced. Then James begins his address, and this is so remarkable that I propose to quote it *in extenso*.

"James then did teach them concerning the ordering of possessions among the Brethren. He told of the words of our Lord Christ, and how all should share with one another. Yet had Jesus not signified that this should be the rule of the State: for His words were 'Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's and unto God the things that be God's.'"

"Men of Israel," said James, "I would have you know that those Brethren who seek to share with one another in all things and have not the Spirit of the Holy Ghost within them, nor the teaching of Christ Jesus within their hearts, will come to nought, and all their planning for a rightful division of possessions will be in vain. For can ye not see that if the people have desires for the things of this world—for all that the eye lusteth after—and have not the Spirit of Truth within them, then will there be nought but confusion and folly if they would, in the ordering of possessions, have all things in common?"

And he further said:—

"The Church of Christ should contain within it the Image of the Kingdom of Heaven. Now this be of a truth the inner meaning of the teaching of the Prince or Life. He would have us draw the Kingdom of Heaven to earth, so that the joy of the Spirit should reign within the hearts of all men."

"But man being subject to his body, must bethink him of the manner in which the Life that is outward shall be so perfectly formed that it shall image the Spirit in Its beauty and in Its truth."

"So shall there be a State, and all men shall obey its laws. But let them gather together and hearken to the teachings of those who have the knowledge of Christ within them. Then, when they are filled with the Spirit of Truth, let them form themselves into brotherhoods. And all those within a brotherhood shall share and share alike and have a common treasury. Thus will all have ease of mind, and those with peculiar gifts for the work of the Lord shall be freed."

"But those that thus gather together must be subject to the ruling of Christ; and must they have charity and seek to help them that be within the Order and be of the Brethren, by rendering love as well as their share of goods to one another. There may be many brotherhoods within one State. And these shall, if this be so, deal with one another civilly, seeking the common good for all. But each Brotherhood shall have its own treasury and its own officers. Only in the teaching of Christ shall they be in one accord in all that mattereth."

"These brotherhoods shall not seek to lay a yoke upon those that would not be of them. Every man and woman must enter of his own free will into the Church, which seeketh as its first rule to make common division among the Brethren."

"There shall be division also in work, and in all things; and those that be wise of spirit must seek to order all these matters so that there shall be no envy or jealousy; so that the Sisters and Brothers in Christ Jesus share the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth in great peace and happiness."

"It be the only ordering of Man so that he shall rise above the beast of the field and live in truth in the Spirit of Christ Jesus."

"This be the substance of the speech of James. He did call to the mind of his hearers that above all things, the State must not be confounded with the Brotherhoods or Churches within it."

"The State," said he, "is for the guarding of the whole people; for the judging of sinners; and for the ordering of all those matters that demand one common will and mind. Now the Church be for the inward life. And so must the outward be perfectly shaped so that the whole shall be in the image of the Kingdom of Heaven. The Image cannot, save with a few, be Within if it be not Without."

"So did James shew that there was no conspiracy against the State and that the ordering of the Church of Christ would but give strength to the State. For were all the Brethren within the Church content with their lot and ever prepared to render tribute to Cæsar and to keep the common law."

Not being versed in economics and social science, I shall not presume to make any lengthy comment on what has been written above, but it is of course plain enough that, according to the Apostolic view, no system of State Socialism would be at all hopeful of good result. We as the inheritors of mediæval ways of thought and habit are unable perhaps readily to divest ourselves of reliance on external organisation in framing our social fabric. We make moulds and pour the communal life into them. The Apostles worked from within, their system growing as a seed grows, or as yeast-cells multiply, destined little by little to leaven the whole lump—that is, the State itself, transforming by insensible degrees the earthly State into the Image of the Kingdom of Heaven; not by compulsion nor by legislation, but by a process of transmutation working from unit to group and from group again, to mass with perfect smoothness, until at last man should discover that he had outgrown the necessity for law, for each one would then be subject to the law of Christ, and it would be written in his heart.

The spirit-benedictions which have been given at the close of the Counsellor sittings have usually been stately and dignified and solemn, and have usually been given by much progressed spirits. One evening our controls arranged for a poor Lancashire lad to follow one bearing a great name. He spoke with us in general converse for a little while; then came the Doxology. And in view of what we have usually received, and in view of what had been said previously, the spirit-benediction that followed was in the circumstances one of the most affecting ever received by us; and never shall we forget the manner of its utterance, nor the spirit that thrilled it. Its simplicity was heavenly:—

"And ye'll take the blessing of a poor Lancashire lad, I hope! Amen."

Ever since this Paper started, we have drawn its weekly poster in such manner that it is capable of being posted about any locality, and is appropriate in any place and any time as an advertising feature. But we carefully refrained from saying as much, or inviting Churches to do this, because we wanted them to perceive this thing of themselves, and do it on their own initiative.

We may now speak of it, because we have learned from quite a number of churches that this is the very thing they are doing. They show the poster in the church on Sunday; then they post it in their neighbourhood, where it is seen for the rest of its life by passers-by. Some of them select a fresh position each week, and in that way keep several posters going. We will send posters to any reader who will do likewise. It is a little thing to do, but it achieves much.

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

Editor: the Rev. J. W. POTTER.

Price 2d. Weekly. Postage ½d.

All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor. All business and advertisements should be addressed to the Society of Communion, 34, Lancaster Road, South Norwood, London, S.E.25 Telephone: Sydenham 249.

Subscription Rates: One Year, 10s.; Six Months 5s.; Three Months, 2s. 6d. Post free. All Societies supplied, post free, 1s. 6d. per doz. Advertisement Rates: Per page, £25; Half-page, £13; per inch single column £1; reduction of 15 per cent. for Societies taking space for the Quarter. Line advertisements, 3s. per line, minimum 9s. (prepaid).

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

£12 Weekly.

Gifts are earnestly requested from sympathizers toward this cost.

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	...	387	19 0
Received this week	...	1	11 6

Acknowledgements to—

Anon., 10s.; "F. A. J." 11s 6d.; The Hon. Mrs. Prideaux-Brune, 10s.

'See that YE ABOUND in THIS grace also.'

SPIRITUALISM IS CHRISTIAN.

Since we began the publication of "The Christian Spiritualist" we have been besieged with a certain class of communication. Hints have often been made through various writers that ordinary Spiritualists are not openly Christian; and that some of them are anti-Christian. These letters indicate to some extent the ground for those statements; our conclusion, based upon much observation, and evolved after much discussion of the matter with other observers, has not been altered by those letters; nor have we had occasion to treat them with much esteem.

The conclusion referred to is this—that the greater part of the following of Spiritualism is Christian at heart, but there are some so-called leaders still persisting, who are anti-Christian; and others who are non-Christian; that these leaders have loud voices and much command of their press, and that they do not appropriately represent their following, but are tolerated because of their record as pioneers and propagandists in psychical research.

WHAT IS LACKING?

They are dying out. They are getting fewer yearly. Their tide is ebbing fast. The flood is no longer with them. They are being left high and dry and floundering. The people of Spiritualism are Christian—and the people insist upon honouring Christ. We have had letters from attendants of nearly every Spiritualist church and meeting in the kingdom testifying to this; and from many of the leaders of those churches, who yet, for some reason or another, are tied to the old leaders of the old order of things, and fear to break away. Many appear to be the efforts to stay the debacle that is coming as surely as the sun arose this morning.

To aver that the organisation is lacking, is to speak superficially. It is the absence of something that is lacking. That is surely logical reasoning. That lack can be spoken of in more ways than one, but it means only one thing. If we were to say that what is lacking is Life, we should be misunderstood, and would be told that the organisation lives.

If we were to assert the lack of a compelling ideal, we might be as near to the truth, and might state the lack more understandably; and yet the Spiritualist cause has an ideal—to assert

the continuity of life—an assertion which tens of millions of Christians avow every day; it is therefore not an unique ideal. If we were to assert that the lack is one of power—spiritual power: again we should be near the truth; but we do not limit our assertions to these features, because we have found each of them—and infinitely more—to be comprehended in a solitary figure of speech, a Person, and great Being—Christ. In Him we see the Life embodied, the Ideal set forth, the Power manifested. And at one with Him we participate in these realities. It is this which gives force and aspiration, vision and sustenance to the Christian Spiritualist movement.

PROGRESSION IS ESSENTIAL.

We aver that Spiritualism as a body is Christian Spiritualist; and the coming days will attest that fact. Those who have slighted Spiritualism in the past have had some ground for it, and the proletariat have suffered the slight for which they are only indirectly responsible—they have suffered vicariously, and borne the cross bravely; but their reward will not now be long delayed. Spiritualism will come into its own; and its followers will come to be honoured amongst their fellow Christians for what they are, and what they are thought to be will be forgotten in the radiance of what is.

More and more the churches of Christendom are discovering that the facts of Spiritualism are verifiable; that life is provable in more than one sphere; that spheres of life intermingle and coalesce, and that the life of the spheres is a co-operative one, and that no sphere can stand alone in life-expression. The truth is breaking forth from pulpit after pulpit, and soon it will thunder throughout the land.

Spiritualism is being prepared for that day. It is being elevated to higher and broader conceptions, and soon seven principles will be found insufficient by far as an expression of faith and practice. Fortunately they are capable of addition at very short notice. Soon the people of Spiritualism will feel their power. They will lead instead of being led; they will change both state and status speedily in that day, following out their great principle of Progression—until now almost a dead letter in their theology and practice.

"WHO WAS CHRIST?"

We are led to these assertions by the letters we receive, as well as by our observations, and the apprehension of spirit-truth, which presses irresistibly to that development. Many of these letters are written for the purpose of drawing us out to open combat; others are tentative and obsequious; others are frankly pessimistic; others are a confession of failure; some of them are written by men seeking the light.

We do not give instances in full—for many of them are unworthy of space; others would injure Spiritualism rather than aid it to upward development; and we will not be parties to injuring a great cause by being a mouthpiece for those who do not represent it.

But we will say this—that many of those letters ask what is meant by the word "Christian" in our title. It speaks not very favourably for a movement that, in a professedly Christian country, any of its followers should find it necessary to ask that question. It suggests that there are some in the movement who do not avail themselves of knowledge available in full measure to every infant in the land.

One letter manifests competent authorship; yet its writer asks as a closing question—"In conclusion: Who was Christ?" This man must surely be one of those leaders who have not progressed educationally with the common people of their times. What could be written to such a querist? Is it any wonder that another letter tells how its writer was led to Spiritualism to learn its

great truth of continued life and communion, but was driven away again by the leader's antipathy to Jesus Christ?

THE MAN IN OFFICE.

We have before us another communication—this time from London. It tells of a Spiritualist meeting and a chairman bearing a well-known name in the Spiritualist movement, holding office in the London area. The audience had been listening to "a broad-minded but reverent address on 'Jesus Christ and Spiritualism.'" Immediately it was finished the chairman interposed: "I wish the speaker had made clear to us who he means by Jesus Christ. Does he mean Jesus simply, or Jesus the Christ, or was he the son of Mr. and Mrs. Christ?"

The writer of the letter remarks—"In my early secular days I heard some blasphemy, but I was more than shocked to get such a cheap gibe from the president of a professedly Spiritual society."

HOW MUCH LONGER?

We ask Spiritualism if it is honoured by such an official as that? Is it pleased to have one such in a leading position? Does he rightly represent their views and attitudes? Are they going to tolerate such a condition of things much longer? Is it not time that some efficient weeding were done? How is it these men get into office?

Is it any wonder that many Christians flinch of our movement? Or that many of us qualify our adhesion by making it clear that we wish to avoid misconception, by calling ourselves *Christian Spiritualists*? In view of what comes to pass in some places, we are compelled to take this course in order to preserve our self-respect.

Let Spiritualism avow itself Christian in its principles and officers and teachings, we can then dispense with the word "Christian." Until it does so, the greater part of Spiritualism's following must continue to use that word perforce. What to some is objectionable, is forced upon us by the attitude of the men who are allowed to appear as the exponents of Spiritualism; and not because we desire in any way to affect a superiority. If brother Spiritualists compel us to this course, surely they should be the last to blame us for taking the course they force us to!

"A CALL TO SCOTLAND."

To the Editor—"The Christian Spiritualist." Sir,—I shall be grateful for the hospitality of your columns in order to bring to the notice of your Scottish readers the effort I am making to extend the work of the "Society of Communion" in Scotland.

Members, sympathisers and, indeed, anyone genuinely interested in communion with those "beyond the Veil" are invited to get in touch with me. I hope shortly to call a meeting of such correspondents and others, when definite plans will be formulated for putting into operation the practical ideals of the Society. It is not as scattered units but as a corporate body that we can best bear witness to the truth of Christian Spiritualism.

In those eager early days of Christianity (I need hardly remind your readers) it was when the disciples were gathered together "with one accord in one place" that the rich and radiant Spirit-Power was made manifest.

The same conditions obtain the same results to-day.

V. G. DUNCAN, Rector.

St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh 7, Comely Bank, Edinburgh.

[The Rev. V. G. Duncan is the accredited representative of "The Society of Communion" in Scotland, and we approve and commend his efforts. We wish some Northern "Millionaire" could sufficiently break away from tradition and provide £20 to enable Mr. Duncan to send a copy of this issue and "Call" to every clergyman in Scotland. Ed.]

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"Love and published, Mother."

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What "Trivial Messages" Mean to Mourners

"LOVE AND DEATH"—THE SIMPLE STORY OF "PAUL'S MOTHER."

BY A PLAIN BLUNT MAN.

"Love and Death," which has just been published, is merely signed "Paul's Mother."

Three years ago, she says, she was feeling how impotent her life was and longing to contribute more effectively to "the real work of the world," when it was borne in upon her that the only personal thing of value she could give was to pass on to others what she had learnt of Spiritualism. Again and again the task of writing her story, for other eyes to read, proved too hard for her.

"More than once," she says, "I decided I could not go through with it. I could only tear up what I had written and keep it sealed in my heart. But this decision did not give me peace. The words sounded in my heart continually 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'"

"It is public knowledge that the Rev. F. C. Spurr has felt impelled to do something of the same sort in connection with his lost son in 'The Heart of a Father,'" says Sir Oliver Lodge in a foreword, "and that similar facts have overborne the scepticism of that well-known writer, Robert Blatchford, in 'Some Things in Heaven and Earth. . . .'. The accumulative evidence goes on increasing. Sooner or later, the fact of inter-communion will be generally recognised and thereby not only will bereavement be lightened but the meaning of life will become clearer."

The story of Paul's Mother is one of those simple ones, common in the Spiritualist movement. Very simply, and very easily, did this bereaved mother discover the truth.

Her husband, a Frenchman, was killed by the Germans, a month after the war started. Her only son, Paul, died of illness, soon after the war came to an end.

The extraordinary thing about his passing was that, as he was lying in semi-delirium towards the end, he said, "When I leave all this, Mother, will you come to me?"

"Oh I want to," she replied. "I will, if I am allowed. I will go with you as far as ever I am allowed to. You must ask."

"Yes, I will ask," he replied. "It will be perfectly all right."

Paul's Mother, who had not had her clothes off for ten days, had left her son for a little while and gone to her rooms for a bath and change of linen.

"When I was just beginning to dress again," she records, "I felt, suddenly and imperatively, that I had to lie down on the bed. I do not remember lying down, only intending suddenly to do so. In the same moment I found myself rising, mounting, (I cannot say climbing, as I was not using my feet) on a kind of white rocky spiral—making my way upwards with terrible effort, conscious only that I was hand in hand with Paul. 'A brother spirit, a brother spirit'—I seemed to *feel* rather than hear the words, over and over again.

"At first we were together, but as I went on, striving always to mount higher, I felt him get above and beyond me, still holding me, and trying to help me on up with him. Suddenly, my power of striving upwards gave out; I reached a rocky peak on which I knew I must stay.

"I saw nothing, and heard no word, but I knew that I could go no farther, that my boy's hand was being loosed from mine, then that he had gone. I came to myself, saying aloud, 'Pegs! He is gone!' and I found myself lying along the bed, my heart thumping so that I could not breathe. I knew that my boy had 'got out of this'—I had been allowed to go with him the first few steps of his journey, and it was 'perfectly all right.'

"I looked at my watch, it was three minutes past eleven; and feeling faint and exhausted, I lay still. Not long after, I heard Helen's latch-key in the door, and she came in, saying quietly, 'Mother, he won't need the operation.' 'No dear, I know; he

is dead,' I answered. 'Have you heard? How do you know?' she asked, in surprise, as I quickly finished dressing and returned with her to the hospital. I told her.

"She had been alone with him when he drew his last breath. I asked her at what time that was. 'My watch is two or three minutes slow, and it said just eleven o'clock. Then I called the Sister, but by the time someone had come, and the time was marked on the chart, it was five minutes past eleven. . . .'"

"Nearly a month after Paul's death, one evening, when praying for him, I seemed to feel rather than hear him asking me to go to a medium. He had something to tell me. After doing my utmost to put it aside during a fortnight, I told Helen about it as a thing that worried me, and was a constant distraction in my prayers. To my great surprise she told me she was having the same experience.

"The idea of going to a medium would have been so far from my own mind or wish, that it would have been most unlikely for it to have originated within myself, and when I found that Helen too had felt Paul's urgent call I was sure that it had another source than imagination.

"What then should we do? I shrank very much from going to a medium, but my hesitation was a matter of personal distaste, which I could not allow to stand in the way of any need of Paul's. I had no objection whatever on religious grounds.

"We could only ask for distinct guidance as to God's will. Most surely the Father of Lights, who had granted to my boy his request that I might be with him in his dying, did not care less for his need now than then. We wanted to do what was absolutely *the best* for him, not only what was allowable, or merely not wrong, but *the best*, the truest means of progress and happiness for him in his new life, and while we could not know or judge, God would assuredly give it if we relied on Him."

They dreaded going to a professional medium; but, finally, Helen and her mother thought they ought to give their son a chance, "and we ought to let him say what he wants to say."

They called on Mr. Vout Peters; but, obviously because of a fear of the women police, they only heard, "Mr. Peters sees no one without an introduction," and the door was shut. So they went on to Mrs. Brittain.

"She told us that she felt someone might come to whom she ought to give a sitting and had kept an hour free for it, though all her time was booked up otherwise."

Paul's Mother makes a note of her feelings at this time.

"There are religious people who would say that, even to consider the question of consulting a medium, is dallying with a temptation from the Evil One and is disobeying God's commands," she says. "To them I would say that I see no connection between the Old Testament prohibitions and condemnations of sorcery, enchantments, divinations, etc., and our use of a medium under God's will, to bring us a message from our boy.

"I would never, either then or now, consult the spirits of the dead (or any medium) for knowledge of the future, or for direction in any steps concerning which I wanted guidance. God has given us the faculties of reason and judgment; it is His law, for our growth and development, that we should rightly use and exercise these faculties; and to take an apparently easy way of shelving one's responsibility of choice, and decision is the disobedience of His law, which often leads to disaster.

"This I say particularly with regard to

the habit some people have of consulting mediums for guidance in their projects, and asking for a definite decision as to the advisability of a financial enterprise, or as to whether they will be successful or not in any undertaking they contemplate. Against this reliance—both silly and wrong, and often disastrous—on 'the spirits,' really the unexamined utterances of a medium, I feel bound to protest, and I emphatically wish to distinguish our recourse to a medium from this kind of thing.

"There is another aspect of this that also calls for attention. The dead have done their earthly training; they have had their share of the world's worry, and perplexity; it is no more their part now to take the trouble of our decisions off us than it is to provide us with our daily bread. Not that they are detached from our difficulties; they are still closely and intimately bound up in all that concerns us; above all they are interested for us in helping us to face and to solve our own problems as part of our spiritual training."

Well, Paul's Mother sat with Mrs. Brittain and, immediately, she got evidence. Indeed, as her story is recorded, she got nothing but evidence. Her son told her what he was doing, gave proof of his survival, spoke about his family, and Paul's father, too, gave evidence that he was there.

It is idle to try and tell the story in detail, as Paul's Mother records it, because it is only in little bits; but she shows how, without giving away one scrap of information to the medium, she got abundant proof.

"Life and Death" is another of those books which show how the much-jeered-at trivialities which come over from the other world mean so much to the people who hear them.

"What value, if any, the record of these sittings may have for others or what impression it may make on those who did not know Paul or us, I cannot judge," says the writer. "To ourselves, the communications, particularly from Paul and his father, but also from others, bore the indubitable stamp of truth.

"All possibility of mind-reading of which I had been afraid was absolutely excluded; the communications often spoke, not only of what I had least expected, but in some cases of things I had never known, of persons of whose existence I was unaware. Moreover, they came as a direct answer to prayer. To me personally, these sittings brought such conviction of the ever-watchful care of a Father for His children, and His instant loving readiness to supply *all* our need, that I felt happier than ever in my life before.

"If it were possible for me to pass on to even one soul what I have gained by these sittings it would make the writing of this account worth while in my eyes. There is nothing in what I have recorded that could be of general interest, or that speaks to anyone outside our own circle.

"The 'communications' contain nothing beyond the ordinary familiar communications between members of one family, and to those who think such utterances unworthy of the spirit life they will be disappointing. But it is this very familiarity and homeliness, this 'every-day-ness' of the communications, that has brought me absolute conviction.

"Had Paul even attempted to describe his new surroundings, or to utter lofty and improving discourses on the spirit life, which might have come from anyone else, I should only have felt mistrust. As it is, we have seen him alive, working, joyous, always remembering and loving us; and his life on the other side of the veil has become real to us. It is this reality that may help to illumine the darkness for some other soul. Each little ray of light has its value.

"I know the love between us and our

The Holy Island.

The following is written by a Clerical reader who has been for years working at a Church which has become well-known throughout the world as a centre from which Christian Spiritualist teaching emanated at a time when the Anglican Church was far more opposed to our subject than it is to-day.

'dead' is deeper, and truer than ever; our beloved ones know what we do, are full of interest in all that concerns us, and help us always, not only by the memory of their victory while in the flesh (though that is a great inspiration) but by their living, joyous presence at our side—and not in a vague and general way which brings little comfort to the bereaved soul, but in a continuance of shared thought and common interests."

These proofs of love that survive the grave—I wonder how much of them reach the casual looker-on at a Spiritualist meeting, when delivered from the platform. At the London Spiritual Mission last Wednesday, Mr. Vout Peters, in giving clairvoyance, described over twenty spirit friends who had come to communicate with people in the crowded meeting.

The little church was over-full. You cannot, when you sit there, listening to clairvoyance, get any idea of what these messages mean to the people receiving them. You cannot judge whether they prove anything. You cannot remember what you would have thought of it, a few months ago, before you were convinced yourself. You wonder how many people in the hall think it is a trick, or have an idea that there is collusion.

An Italian, who died in Greece, was recognised; a Swede, who used to live in a small house by a lake near Stockholm, was accepted; and so was a South American, who was nursed by a woman in the hall, and who sent a message of love to "his dear chum," as he called her.

Then, right at the end, Mr. Vout Peters, pointing to a young man in the front seats, said, "At five o'clock tonight, you had not made up your mind whether to come or not, had you?"

"No," said the young man.

"But you felt you had to come because you were going to get a message, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then at half past five you tried to send a telepathic message to me asking me to try to do my best to get a message for you?"

"Yes."

"Your Mother is here. She tells me all this. She died two weeks ago, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, you've got a message. Here it is. She sends you her love. You like two lumps of sugar in your tea, didn't you? She tells me that."

What a silly thing to say! What a stupid thing to come out of the grave! But for all I know, it was just the little bit of proof this man wanted.

There were other scraps of things like that; but he went away satisfied and comforted.

Now I wonder what fraudulent person could stand up and describe, in detail, over twenty spirit people, and have them all recognised, most of them by people whom he pointed out as being the people for whom the messages were intended.

There were only two spirits about whom there could have been any doubt whatever, and one was more or less claimed by a woman who thought it was meant for some Scottish nurse with whom she lived.

But I find it hard to realise what I should have thought about it, two years ago.

"Life and Death" is the story of a woman who tried once, and was satisfied the first time. Her two other sittings brought reassurance, comfort, and other words of affection.

("Life and Death," *Illustrated and Enlarged*, 2s. 6d.)

Dr. F. C. S. Schiller, in the "Proceedings of the S.P.R.," wrote: "A mind unwilling to believe, or even unconscious to be instructed, our weightiest evidence must ever fail to impress." This is all too true; only personal experience can convince.

"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep. He hath awaken'd from the dream of life."

I am not an Irishman. I have never set foot in Ireland, and I have always had, in my ordinary senses, the ordinary Britisher's aversion from the sanguinary annals of Ireland's political struggles. Nevertheless, when the Editor invited me to contribute to "The Christian Spiritualist" something which might be of interest, I determined that I would take the opportunity of unburdening myself of a secret which has been working in my bosom for forty years. But like everyone who has a secret, I don't want to tell it all at once. I would like it to steal into the reader's field of vision like a ray of light, just as it came to me—without any perceptible mediation whatever. And for this reason I prefer to remain anonymous.

Those who are spiritually awake know well that the Heavenly Ones speak to men in very strange ways; and, if I may put it so, through very odd fish! Revelation may come to us from that which we instinctively reverence, and from the direction from which we expect it—but, on the other hand, the Inner Light may be reflected, manifested, and recognised through a common household utensil, as it was in Boehme's case. If any man seeks for Heavenly Wisdom, he must first turn himself in the right direction. This is the radical meaning of the word which was always on the Herald's lips—Repentance (*Metanoia*). When a Christian congregation turns to the East to recite the creed, this action symbolises the importance of turning, not merely the body, but also the mind, in the right direction. It has been the immemorial custom hitherto to turn to the East because the East has been for ages the acknowledged source of light. *Lux ex Oriente*. But with the age that is opening, this ancient orientation will become less vital as a symbol—and however long Christians may continue to observe this custom, or Muslims the Kibla, the Divine Rays will be manifested more and more in the West. In the course of the Age now being inaugurated the Western Nations will be less dependent on the spiritual tutelage and traditional guidance of the Orient, and God will manifest his Light in the West. This will cause a profound and far-reaching readjustment, and the rest of this article is given to indicating the stages by which I learnt the secret of the *nidus* or focus where the Divine Rays are concentrating, and from whence the Spiritual Impulse ("Orgé") will flow which is destined to break up the Roof of Brass under which we live, and—"to cast the kingdoms old into another mould."

About 36 years ago, before the beginning of the last decade of the XIX Century, on Christmas Eve, while walking near the banks of the Neckar in South Germany, when I was spending the winter as a student in a well-known University, I heard a corps of Carol Singers (all male voices), and when I returned to my lodging I wrote some verses called "Christmas Eve in Germany." These verses were published a year or so afterwards, and if any antiquarian has the curiosity to search for them in the British Museum he will find that the concluding verses are as follows:

We wonder where we dare not think
And worship though we cannot see:
I know I stand upon the brink
Of some discovery.
And such sweet and bitter pain
A thought kept up within my breast:
"If God should ever come again
It will be from the West."

The second intimation I received, rather, which I expressed, belongs, as well as I can date it, to 1907; but was not printed till 1917, when it appeared during the hurly-burly of the war in a magazine now defunct, and concludes with these four lines:

We are slaves to the world and its wages,
We are wise—and eat dust like the snake;
Then arise, O thou Star of the Ages,
Awake in the West—Awake!

The third and last expression of the secret which I am trying to make explicit was also written in 1907, as an epilogue to a longer poem which was published in 1908; this epilogue has never yet been printed—But here are the six lines:

Kings of the Earth may rage together, and
the strife of tongues increase,
Yet the Herald of the boundless azure of
Eternal Day
Doubtless in the West shall dawn—the
star of Universal Peace—
Though they come not to the brightness of
his rising—He shall rise—
Then the Love revealed of old shall wipe the
tears from mortal eyes,
And like mist upon the mountain sorrow
and sighing shall flee away.

All these passages were written years before the Great War, and the earliest was published as far back as 1891, and I quote them here as an introduction to my secret, because they all bear witness that it is "in the West" that "God will come."

Since the War, the channels of communication have become much clearer, and the message more definite; my poetical inspiration (such as it was) has left me; but the Holy Ones have consoled me, and taught me a little: and they have intimated to me that it is Ireland which is the Holy Island—that it is in Ireland which I have never seen, and from Ireland and from among the Irish race to which I do not belong that God will manifest Himself to men "in the West."

O Erin, O Ierne, Isle of Saints—The Terrible Ones who are also the Servitors of God have made thy children to pass through the furnace, and have pressed thee down again and again in the crucible of torment and helplessness and terror—for they must purify thee seven times. But it is past, and thou art chosen. Henceforth shall the Creative Hierarchy draw closer, and will unveil, and thou shalt recognise the radiant Ones in their appointed places, and learn from them, and labour with them—they, for a New Heaven—and thou, for a New Earth—hand in hand, and heart in heart, with irresistible power and humility—and holy mirth.

The saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword;
They cast them down before their Lord:

O happy saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:

O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear Home how sweet your rest!

The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No towering billows lift their head:

O happy saints! for ever blest
In that calm haven of your rest!

O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end.
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

W. D. MALLARD.

Alice's Story—Told by Her Spirit.

WORK OF FICTION SENT FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

Miss Bertha N. Graham is a playwright and authoress of repute. The "Alice" referred to is known to us. She was a writer of Transatlantic fame. We do not print her name for fear of offending any individual member of her family.

I am not specially interested in Spiritualism; nor am I in the habit of sitting for development, though I am deeply interested in other forms of occultism. I sat with Spiritualists, though, on certain occasions, over twenty years ago, in fact, my first introduction to phenomena was when sitting with "Alice," then a girl of about twenty-two, a very gifted amateur psychic and a great personal friend.

We, however, drifted apart, owing to changes of residence, and I saw nothing of her for several years before she and her husband passed over, when engaged in war work.

On September 5th, 1925, I was calling on a friend who did not know "Alice," or even know that I knew her. We suddenly felt that the room was extraordinarily full of power, and therefore decided to sit. We got replies at once, and, by means of the alphabet, learned that Alice had a story she wished me to write for her. (She was, when on earth, a well-known authoress, working in collaboration with her husband.) We agreed that I should accept "impressions" of the story at 10.30 p.m. beginning that night, and, after one or two personal messages, the power faded. That night, I began to receive the following story, exactly as it follows, with the exception that I have supplied punctuation; and a certain amount of paragraphing, where it seemed to require it.—Bertha N. Graham.

A gorgeous sunlit sky. Translucent blue above distant mountains across the blue waters of the gulf, and ahead of us the tender haze of evening obscuring the distant lights of the little town of Corfio Santo. A scene beautiful in the extreme, and now fairer than ever to our eyes, for we were leaving it as if for a few weeks' holiday, and little we knew it was for ever. Serbia! The horrors of war, the fierce exhilaration of combat, the terrible sights, the heartrendingness of the whole ghastly business and the tender flowers of heroism blossoming among the grisly horrors of war. Little Isolata, dear child of blue eyes and black tresses with the red kerchief tied over her black curls.

Dear little Isolata, gay and laughing emotional child with the woman's heart and the firm faith in the Virgin's protection, the Holy Mother, whose picture hung over the Altar in the Cathedral at Sarajevo. Only one thought filled the heart of Isolata, her boy husband, Jead, far off fighting for his country against the Austrians, the hated ones. Isolata spat furiously when she thought of them. Poor Isolata, we saw her first when we were with the Red Cross convoy, a dishevelled miserable little heap of misery in the ruins of her little white-washed cottage in the village of Aldovinovik. Her mother in law was dead, her own parents had fled with the younger children before the bands of Bulgars who had surged over the borders on the outbreak of hostilities.

Isolata had stuck to the old dying woman with a fierce stolidity which spoke volumes for her tenacity of purpose, but that was weeks before we came along and found her there sitting by the unburied Bulgars; the only thing of beauty in that desolate spot with her fine latin profile and scornful eyes. She seemed the very spirit of Serbia, down-trodden yet proud, fierce sullen elemental with odd flashes of poetry in the harsh heroism of their days of stress.

Her man had gone to the war like all the men of her village. He was fighting in one of the regiments corresponding vaguely with our Territorials, or perhaps more nearly with the Boer Commandos. Strong and fierce he was, but could play on his guzla better than anyone in the vilayet—

"Little Bird, Bird of my heart,

Little Rose, Essence of joy

Little Bird, singing of love as we part."

In some such fashion rang their favourite song, and as the well-remembered air rang in her ears ever and anon, Isolata shivered, and breathed a prayer for her lover. If she could reach him—hear just once more his full rich voice, see his sensitive face aglow with passion and patriotism.

Where was he now? Her thoughts followed him with slavish devotion. She visualised him in his loose trousers and white blouse as she had seen him last, cap on one side, laughing, singing, shouting defiance to Austrian and Bulgar alike. He loved fighting, did her man—fighting was a spree—who knew where it would end? They might sack Vienna before they were done, as the Turks had failed to do in the past when Serbia was a part of Turkey. Hé—Hé! That was a fine idea! And he would bring her ornaments and a silk gown of the new fashion, not like the clumsy hand made stuffs the peasants wore. He would come back rich from the fighting like the heroes in the old stories, but that would be when they were across the Danube with the Austrians in full flight. Meantime, the Austrians—dogs that they were, were pounding the old cathedral to bits with their heavy artillery—May God and all his Saints confound them.

The tide of war rolled higher and higher. The Austrians pushed in on one front, the Bulgars on another. The Serbs, fighting as they have ever done with a desperate and savage gaiety were forced to retreat inch by inch fighting stubbornly.

Isolata stuck to her mountain village as long as possible, buried her mother in law, killed by a chance shell splinter, packed her few belongings of worth in a bundle, and went over the hills to her Uncle in the next village, the local Pope, a fine upstanding old gentleman who vowed he would die in his own church rather than yield, which was exactly what happened, for being near the Bulgarian border he was caught and flayed. A nasty business war, and Isolata was outraged, not once, but many times. She killed one man, she told me with fierce satisfaction, managed it cleverly too, and no suspicion attached to her. He was drunk and dead tired, it was no difficult matter to stifle him. No fool was Isolata, she lay by the brute for a couple of hours after the deed and then made believe to wake and find him dead. She shrieked did Isolata, and the others of the Band came running to see what had chanced to their Corporal.

Some were for shooting her then and there in revenge, but Isolata protested so stoutly that she had but woke and found him lying cold beside her that she convinced them. Or perhaps because she was a comely woman and full of vigour their desire led them to spare her.

If hate could slay, not one of them would have lived.

They moved. She went with them. What else could she do? Behind the Bulgarians was desolation, before them the people fled. Stacks of wheat were burned by her country folk flying before the invader, fighting him as they fled. Standing here and there, ambushing the Bulgarians. Scenes of horror. Nights of debauchery. Isolata lived through them with one fierce desire still burning slumbrously in her tortured soul.

There was one man she loathed more than the rest. An elderly man, grey haired, gross bodied, his touch seemed more defiling than that of any. Day and night she sought for some means of killing him without risk of discovery. It came at last. A chafed heel, something noxious introduced in the dressing, a trifle of dirt, and Josip died in

the agonies of tetanus; for this band of irregulars into whose hands she had fallen was poorly provided with medicines.

So the tale went on. Isolata was quite callous about the sufferings of Bulgarians. They were savages, brute beasts, who invaded her country, burning, destroying, ravaging; had made her against her will unfaithful to her man Jead, still fighting the Austrians she hoped and supposed.

She killed two more of those devils of Bulgars by her own hand. One "slipped" over a precipice, another—Isolata would not tell me what she did, but derived satisfaction from the fact that it was painful but left no trace. She had killed them with her own hand, and so four stains on her honour were removed. Almost she found it in her heart to regret that the Serbians in a sharp little rearguard action cut up the band and rescued her. She would like to have avenged herself on the rest. It was an obsession with her.

She was attached to my ambulance to help during that dreadful retreat, for she was intelligent and capable. I loved her and pitied her, but her hard, burning hate of the Bulgars made my blood run cold as she gloated over what she would have done to the others.

There came a day when she knew that fresh life stirred in her. Her despair and anger were terrible, we feared for her reason. Jead, her Jead would not understand that it was not by her will. . . . She left us. Days later she came back, shaken, savagely indomitable. She had been mistaken, there was nothing the matter. It was impossible the Holy Saints would permit such an infamy as the introduction of a cuckoo into Jead's nest.

And where was Jead? What was he doing? No one knew.

Communications were bad, and to seek information about the rank and file almost hopeless, but we tried. By chance an officer of his regiment on sick leave came to his home near our headquarters. Jead? He thought for a moment. "Of course I recollect the fellow. Handsome devil he was. Always in trouble over the women—Dear lady, how should I know? He was shot by another man quarrelling over a Bulgarian girl."

BERTHA N. GRAHAM.

MR. SWAFFER TO LECTURE.

Readers of "The Christian Spiritualist" will be pleased to learn of an opportunity to meet Mr. Hannen Swaffer, whose contributions to this paper have been so much appreciated. On Thursday, January 28th, he is speaking at St. Luke's Church, Forest Hill, S.E., at 8 p.m. Admission will be free, and doors open at 7.30, with selections of music until 8. But for those who desire it, seats can be reserved. Tickets for these reserved seats may be obtained on application by post to the Office of this Paper, price 5s. and 2s. 6d.

These Reserved Seat Tickets will admit all holders to a Conversation in the Hall from 7 to 8 p.m., with refreshments.

As only a limited number of Tickets are available, early application is advised. The proceeds will be devoted to the St. Luke's Church Funds.

Queen's Road, Forest Hill, is within one minute of Forest Hill Station, easily reachable from London Bridge Station, in 20 minutes, or by tram from Victoria in about half an hour. It is particularly hoped that readers of this paper will show their appreciation of Mr. Swaffer's great services to the cause of Christian Spiritualism, by making an effort to be present at this meeting.

The Editor of this paper will preside.

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.
 Grotian Hall.—Wigmore Street, 11; 6.30.
 Hendon.—Co-operative Hall, Ravenhurst Avenue, 3; 6.30.
 Hornsey.—Felix Hall, 29, Felix Avenue, Crouch End, 7; Th. 8.
 Kentish Town.—17, Prince of Wales' Crescent, 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.

Alfreton.—
 Altrincham.—Moss Lane, 3; 6.30.
 Atherton.—Ch. Sp. Ch., Bolton Road, 3; 6.30; 8.
 Bargoed.—4, John Street, 6.30. Thursday at 8.
 Barking.—Municipal Rest., East Street, Wed., at 8 p.m.
 Belfast.—
 Bentley, Doncaster.—
 Bexhill.—Spiritual Mission.
 Birmingham.—Co-op. Rooms, Sparkhill, 3, and 6.30.
 Birmingham.—Victoria Hall, Handsworth Lyc., 3; Service 6.30.
 Bishop Auckland, St. Helen's.—71, Main Street, 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 Road, Tu. 3.15; Th. 8.
 Bradford.—
 Brighton.—Athenæum Hall, North Street, 11.15; 7; Wed. 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 Street, 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.
 Harrow.—Greenhill Hall, Station Road, 6.30.
 Hastings.—4, Claremont, Sat., 7; Sun., 11 and 6.30; Mon., 3.
 Heckmondwike.—Tower Street, 2; 3; 6.
 Horwich, Lancs.—Chorley New Road, 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 Street, 6.30.
 Liverpool.—13a, West Derby Street, 11; 6.30; 8.
 Luton, Beds.—Castle Street Hall, Sp. Ev. Soc., 11.30 and 6.30.
 Middlesbrough.—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 Street 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 Road, 7.30; Wed. 7.30.
 Romford.—Psychic Research Soc., 163, Brentwood Road, 6.30.
 Royton.—38, Sandy Lane, 3; 6.30.
 Sheffield.—Meersbrook, Gospel Hall, Regent Terrace, 2.45; 6.30.
 Southampton.—Oddf. Hall, St. Mary's Street, 11 and 6.30.
 St. Helen's, Lancs.—Mas. Buildings, Hall Street, 10.30 and 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 Road, 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 Street, Library Street, 2.45; 6.30; 8.
 Worksop.—

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