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Our Outlook Tower.

AN IMAGINATIVE REVIEWER.

DISAGREEABLE facts are troublesome enough, but disagreeable imaginations put forward in a great newspaper as facts to the detriment of a deceased gentleman are worse. An anonymous scribe made a highly disparaging and absolutely unjust reference to Sir William F. Barrett, F.R.S., the late universally-revered Spiritualist, Scientist, and Founder of the Society for Psychical Research, in the *Morning Post* of July 6, and we forwarded, on the same morning, the following letter of correction which the editor of that journal has strangely suppressed:—

"LOOPHOLES INTO ETERNITY."

To the Editor of the "*Morning Post*."

69 High Holborn, W.C.1.

SIR,—Your reviewer of Sir William Barrett's posthumous work on "Death-bed Visions," says:—

"He (Sir William) seemed at times rather too obsequious to 'control spirits' and the like; the reviewer can hear him saying, 'Thank you, White Eagle, thank you!' quite effusively, at the Shoe Lane seance given by two Welsh miners some years ago, when some apparent act of materialisation had taken place."

But Sir William was not present at this seance, witnessed no manifestation of the powers of "White Eagle," and consequently did not say, "Thank you, . . . thank you!" effusively or otherwise! He simply looked in before the seance to express his regret that he could not attend. "He was unable to stay, as he was due at an important meeting, but he was cheerful and sympathetic, and wished the two miners every success in their demonstration"—I quote from my full account of the proceedings in the *International Psychic Gazette* of April, 1919.—Yours, etc.,
JOHN LEWIS, Editor.

AN EXAMINATION TEST FORETOLD.

M. JULES DUBAY cites the following story (in *La Revue Spirite*) told by M. Francois Piccarreta, the Police Commissary at Frosinone, near Rome, as another instance of the widespread interest in occult phenomena among police chiefs:—

We were about to sit for one of our higher examinations at the Lyceum. One night, on the eve of the test in Greek, which was our most difficult subject, one of my friends endowed with mediumistic faculties suggested we should question "the table" about what Greek text we should have to translate next day. His proposal was received with shouts of laughter; however, by way of a little diversion we lent ourselves to the experiment. We formed a circle around a table, and after a little waiting there were knocks and tilts from a spirit entity, whose name I have forgotten. In reply to our question he said we should have to translate next day a certain passage from Homer, and he gave precise particulars of the poem, the book, and the lines. His information was treated with general incredulity, and the seance finished with sarcastic comments from us all. But next day our incredulity was changed into profound astonishment, mixed with a shiver of awe, for our Greek professor, in the presence of all the students, sent to the Lyceum Library for Homer's *Iliad*, opened the volume at random, and dictated the passage to be translated. It was the very passage indicated to us the night before by the spirit at the table! We looked at each other, surprised and baffled. As for me, I yielded to an irresistible impulse, rose from my seat and explained simply to the professor what had taken place, and referred him to the testimony of my comrades, who readily endorsed what I had said. In my own name and in that of my friends I asked the professor, who had on several occasions expressed his ultra-materialistic ideas, for a logical explanation of the fact. The old gentleman remained deep in thought for a moment, then shaking his white and venerable head he uttered the following words which will never be effaced from my mind:—"Very foolish is the man who thinks he knows everything, and imagines he possesses a clear solution of the mysteries around us.

No hypothesis is impossible, even that which may appear to us to be the most absurd!"

A PLAY FOR LYCEUMISTS.

Last month we printed a rather lively criticism of Reincarnation by M. Albin Valabregue, a leading French Spiritualist. We have this month translated a little play of his on "Our Future Relationships," dealing with the industrial problem from a Spiritualist's point of view, which should prove interesting to all and perhaps be found attractive for performance at Lyceum demonstrations.

THE COMPETENCY OF OBJECTORS.

THE REV. LIONEL CALWAY, of Hartley Wintney, sends us the following quotation from almost the last writing of the Rev. A. B. Grimaldi, M.A., F.S.A., who died in November last, aged 87. It refers to objectors to the claims of British Israelism, but Mr. Calway justly considers they would equally apply to the objectors and detractors of Spiritualism:—

"As an old believer I have the advantage of all objectors of recent origin, for I have had fifty years to examine the case. How many years, nay, how many weeks, have you, Mr. Objector, given to the honest, thorough and prayerful study of the subject? Can you solemnly declare to your God that you have even approached the subject without prejudice? No! Then how can you dare to sneer at and ridicule what you cannot pretend to understand? How can you presume to judge, or rather misjudge, and even denounce, those whose integrity, whose sanity, whose scholarship, are above reproach?"

J. L.

A THREEFOLD VISION AND ITS INTERPRETATION.

MARION J. CARPENTER.

AT a small circle, composed of healing helpers and myself, in connection with the Community Services at Grotrian Hall, the following vision was seen in sequence by three members.

Mrs. Kitchen, our clairvoyante, saw a spiral stairway, the beginning of which was shrouded in violet light and the top disappeared in white light, which was so radiant as to be blinding. On this stairway hooded figures were ascending, and glorious angelic beings, clothed in light, descending. As they met the ascending figures handed to the descending ones an empty package, and received in return a full one. At the interchange of the full package a flash of light passed with it. More she did not see.

Mrs. Bird, our Monday healing medium, then seemed to see the top of the same stairway. There was a room, in which the angelic ones had received the full packages for distribution, and she seemed to get the impression that there the Brotherhood of Healers met for reinforcement in the spiritual spheres.

It was given to another member of the circle to see the foot of the stairway. She saw a number of choristers who were chanting sacred music, and at their head was an elderly man in clerical robes, holding aloft a lamp of beautiful mosaic workmanship. As they chanted they ascended the stairway for three steps, then paused, then ascended five steps and again paused, then seven steps and again paused. The circle did not receive any explanation of the vision at the time.

SUGGESTED INTERPRETATION.

A spiral stairway—the symbol of prayer and earnest desire. The violet light at bottom—the devotional aspiration of the gathered group. The white light at top—the spiritual illumination and help waiting to be poured forth. The empty packages—symbolic of the need and emptiness of the suffering, with which the helpers present were connected. The full packages—the filling by the Spirit with power and life, symbolised by the shaft of light striking across them. Mrs. Bird seemed to see a stage further—as if there was a succession of helpers handing on the illumination, the full packets, to the messengers and the earth workers. The third member, by the symbol of choristers and clergyman, saw the helpers on the nearer psychic plane—supporting and guiding the healers by inspiration and counsel, using the well-known numerical symbols of the three, five and seven, to indicate the contacts made at various levels in bringing the needed force. The whole is a very beautiful vision of the help afforded to true spiritual healers in their difficult work.

What is Selflessness ?

By "HEATHER B.," Author of "Healing Thoughts."

IN the May *Gazette* I wrote an article on "From Self to Selflessness." Since then some readers have been asking me, "What is Selflessness?" I have come across some lines under the title "Victory," which might just as appropriately be called "Selflessness," so I will here quote them because they are a comprehensive answer to this question. I will merely substitute the word selflessness in place of victory:—

"When you are forgotten or neglected or set at nought, and you feel no resentment, but undiminished love—that is Selflessness !

"When your good is evil-spoken of, your wishes are crossed, your tastes offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient and loving good humour—that is Selflessness !

"When you are content, in the service of others, with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any position in life, any solitude, any interruption—that is Selflessness !

"When you bear with any discord, any annoyance, any irregularity or unpunctuality (of which you are not the cause)—that is Selflessness !

"When you never care, without just cause, to talk of yourself or your works ; nor from self-love to seek after commendation ; when you can (so that the right prevail) truly love to be unknown—that is Selflessness !"

This does not mean a negative meekness, it does not mean a surrendering of the individuality, nor does it withhold help from those who may be passing through these trials. A great force of love is at the root of a selfless character, a great and controlled strength lies behind it. This strength is the outcome of love and may be used to protect, to defend, and to claim justice for any brother or sister in need. There is nothing weak or inane or sad in selflessness. On the contrary, it is the sign of power and radiates a wise and happy cheerfulness.

Selflessness means living from within, instead of on the physical and emotional surface of one's being. It implies a correct estimate and appreciation of the insignificance of the material and temporary self, as also of the greatness of the immortal Self inhabiting the perishable body, which is valuable only because it enshrines the spirit entity, and is its working instrument in this three dimensional world.

One might enumerate many more qualities of selflessness. One to be cultivated is that which cheerfully devotes some given time to silently helping by thought-concentration those at a distance who are suffering from pain, grief, or disease. Even the aged and infirm, who may be unfitted for active work, and perhaps regret such inability ; they too can forget self and thus work for others. As you create within yourself a sure faith and limitless confidence in divine power, your consciousness and vibrations rise and attract the Healers of the Spirit-planes who, uniting with you, add to your vitalising radiations. Turn then in thought to some absent sufferer, recognise that within him too is the well-spring of life, and call it into action. The spirit of love will guide you and carry your message of love and healing to the sick one towards whom you direct the power.

Never yield to fear or doubt, nor allow appearances or reports to influence you, or you will narrow the channel you have prepared for the passing of the Healing Current. God is omnipresent and omnipotent. You may be unheard of, unknown, but if you choose you can work healing miracles in the solitude and silence of your own home, and may even lift other souls to the plane of the Christ-consciousness.

Another form of selflessness is that which enables one to listen with sympathetic interest to others, and enter into their joy and share their sorrow, often doubling the former and halving the latter. Every aspiring soul in its first effort to serve is in need of appreciation and encouragement, lacking which the task often seems too great.

Selflessness in brief means first thinking of and for others, and then bringing those thoughts into action. Such service is only possible by coming to truly love God and one's neighbour.

REDEMPTION.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

"Lord, to whom shall we go?"—*Bible.*

"Death is the keeper of unknown redemptions."

WHILE fully realising the value of a special redemption (*e.g.*, the dying thief), we need to remember that there are many channels for redemptive love-manifestation. The flash of an eye, the pearly radiance of a smile, the cadence of a song, and the falling of a tear, may have power to allure the receptive souls from strange wanderings to paths of purity and peace. Sorrow is a great redeemer, for

"When God gives to us the clearest sight,
He does not touch our eyes with love but sorrow."

Nature teems with beauty ; the garment of God is jewelled beyond earthly conception. The rose's hue, the cloudlet's blue, the perfumed zephyr, all breathe messages alluring and redemptive. The hungry and thirsty soul, toil-worn and weary, becomes white and resplendent with a newly-revealed glory, no longer asking "To whom shall we go?" for his cup runneth over from the great Source of all being !

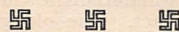
Redemption is universal ; it comes alike to saint and sinner, saying significantly, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Shall we send this loving persistent guest empty away "or give him hearth and shelter, in whatever guise he comes" ?

His name is Love. May we garner the sweetness of that divine presence, potpourri in the heavenly treasury that will one day permeate with its healing balm this sin-stricken world. Let us get away for a while from the greyness and pallor of existence, to revel in the warmth and brightness of redeeming Love.

Forgetting convention and fashion may we strive for a broader outlook, for a more excellent way, assured that the solitudes of the spiritual heights vibrate with the golden rapture of the Eternal, for He who is Love is likewise Life ; and in His presence is fullness of joy—a super-abundant delight inconceivably glorious !

Love for our sakes incarnates, the pulsing God, becomes a golden link, a ladder twixt earth and heaven, on which the beauteous angels descend, rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth.

"So to the calmly gathered thought,
The innermost of life is taught,
The mystery dimly understood,
The love of God is love of good ;
That to be saved is only this—
Salvation from our selfishness."



A SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.—A correspondent writes:—"Re mediumship, I think there should be 'A School of the Prophets,' where mediums would get the training, sustenance, and honour they deserve, and not be subjected to the captious whims of an ignorant public."

Our Future Relationships.

A PLAYLET FOR LYCEUMISTS by ALBIN VALABREGUE.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR FROM *La Revue Spirite*.

CHARACTERS: JACQUES FERNAUD, a rich employer; MADELEINE, his daughter; BERNARD, the foreman, and several workmen.

SCENE: Fernaud's Office at the Works.

Madeleine: Mr. Bernard, will you ask the workers to elect delegates to come and chat about business with my father?

Bernard: On what day, miss?

Madeleine: Why, at once; I wish they were here now.

Bernard: Very well, miss. They are, of course, in their working clothes.

Madeleine: All the better.

Bernard: How many should there be? Six? Eight?

Madeleine: Leave it to them.

(Bernard goes away, and Fernaud enters.)

Madeleine: I have just seen the foreman. The workers are coming.

Fernaud: You lose no time.

Madeleine: We must make hay while the sun shines.

Fernaud: You do hypnotise me!

Madeleine: That's because you are a good subject. To-night before you go to bed you will say to Our Lord, "Art Thou pleased with me?" And you will hear Him reply to you distinctly with a great "Yes," which will be like a caress from Him in your soul.

Fernaud: Then I will receive it with humility. I will say, "It is Madeleine who deserves it."

Madeleine: I have far the easiest part, for it is I who have the joy and you who make the sacrifice. (Smiling) In fact I am robbing you; you are the martyr and I gain the palms!

Fernaud (embracing her): You are an angel; I can almost see your wings.

(Bernard enters with eight workmen.)

Madeleine: Good morning, gentlemen. Will you please sit down? (The workers take chairs.) In present day society it is Capital that rules Labour, is it not?

A Worker: Yes, miss.

Madeleine: Very well; my father thinks that in future society Labour will be even more important than Capital.

Second Worker: We are not there yet.

Madeleine: Oh yes, we are there; at least we are here—in our works!

A Worker: Are you joking, miss?

Madeleine: As if I would joke, when it is a question of the well-being of our workers and of Christian justice; I would be contemptible!

Fernaud: I approve, men, of all my daughter is saying.

Madeleine: Till to-day my father has been the sole master in this factory. But from now, you will be a republic. It will be you who make the regulations. You will elect delegates to take charge of the business offices, as if they were your own. All the books and correspondence will be at their disposal. You will be quite at home, for you will be the masters. My father will become one of your workers—the chief worker, if you wish it. If you do not want him, he will go away. He is making you a present of the works.

A Worker: It's too good to be true!

Madeleine: Don't you understand? My father will take any situation you may wish him to fill. You will consult together; and you can ask him for all the information and advice you may require. He will not withhold them. It will be to your own interest, of course, to entrust the management to those who are most capable. Work is one capital, intelligence is another capital, and the third capital, money, comes after the two first. To-day, money is Master; to-morrow it will be Servant.

First Worker: That is very well-spoken! Long life to you, miss!

(All the eight workers cheer in chorus.)

Madeleine: Oh, cheer papa! it's he who pays.

All: Cheers for the Master! (Given with enthusiasm.) (Fernaud is deeply moved.)

Madeleine: That's not all. The future is settled, but the past remains. My father gives you on that account £10,000.

The Workers: Ten thousand!

Fernaud (calmly): You are mistaken, my dear; I am giving twenty thousand!

The Workers: Twenty thousand!

Madeleine: Twenty thousand, which you will share as you decide; you will arrange with it old-age pensions, sick relief—anything you like.

(The workers are too bewildered to speak, and they shake hands with each other.)

One Worker (to another): Have I not always told you there were some good rich people?

Madeleine: You are now very happy; are you not?

The Workers: Yes.

Madeleine: Very well, let me tell you you are not nearly so happy as my father and I. Do you understand that love repays far more than one gives? We simply give some money, and we are paid back in happiness untold.

Third Worker: If rich people were all like you, a man would pass his life in some temple or church.

Madeleine: And he would be wrong, for then the work of mankind would not go forward. Religion does not consist merely in going to church. It consists rather in going out from it, in carrying the church within one's-self, and going out to all who have need of you—to be their brothers, to love them, to protect them, to fortify them!

A Worker: Master, we shall do whatever you wish. Whatever would become of us without you? You are the chief; we would be a mere body without a head.

Madeleine: Some workers are highly skilled and intelligent. Co-operation will be the rule in the future; you must prepare for our future relationships.

All the workers give loud cheers for Madeleine and her Father, and in reply Madeleine cries, Long live everybody!

(The Workers then retire.)

* * * * *

Madeleine: Do you see, papa, the great social question cannot be resolved except by justice inspired by love?

Fernaud: But just look at the world, my child! Selfishness and love of pleasure are its ruling passions.

Madeleine: But papa, you are forgetting the Beyond! You are forgetting that we are Spiritualists and know that the Spirits in the Beyond are working incessantly, and will continue to do so until they have conquered the resistance of matter. And then there will be miracles on earth; yes, real miracles! And lo! we have just performed one. You have accomplished a miracle of humility, generosity, nobility, and devotion! You have acted as a true Spiritualist, who knows there are no real blessings on earth but those that are spiritual. If you have not yet many imitators, it is because men do not understand the gospel of sacrifice. But when they know this gospel of freedom, light, love, and cheerfulness—the gospel of the Promised Land after experiencing the desert—then the world will be transformed. It will indeed be the Kingdom of God.

Fernaud: But that won't be in our time?

Madeleine: Perhaps it will. The Christ has said that His reign would come after sorrows and calamities without number. We see them, alas, all around us; and do you doubt about His coming reign? Does not dark night predict the dawn; and does not the dawn predict the noonday sun?

Fernaud: How beautiful is your faith!

Madeleine: How beautiful is love! God, whom everyone seeks in the infinite, is about to fully reveal Himself in the human family. Ages of pain and sorrow will be forgotten before the resounding triumph of the spirit. When I think of the coming days my soul absorbs sunshine, my heart is filled with joy, and I hear the divine voice of The Christ saying, "You are brothers, all!" And all the great voices of the past will unite with that of Jesus in saying, "You are brothers, all!" All brothers! that is to say, all happy, all united! "Hearken, O Israel," says the Jewish prayer, "The Eternal is our God; The Eternal is One." When humanity becomes One, the Unity of God will be accomplished on earth.*

Fernaud: You are certainly a medium, Madeleine.

Madeleine: Everyone is a medium, papa. Some obey voices from below, some obey voices from their midst, and others obey voices from on high. Those obeying the voices from on high ought to make the others ascend.

Fernaud: The Christ himself called them, and they did not respond.

Madeleine: But the world is going to respond! His voice was so high above it then that it has really taken humanity nineteen centuries to get into hearing touch with it.

Fernaud: But Faith and Hope have died!

Madeleine: Perhaps, but Charity is still living; and it will transform itself into Fraternity; and then will be known the Ineffable Joys of Love!

*"Be ye one," said the Christ, "as my Father and I are one." I repeat that for thirty-two years I have offered to prove, by means of education, that the soul of one child out of every two is ready to become conscious, in light, lightness, and expansion, of the divine altruistic soul which awaits behind his outer consciousness.—A. V.

Spirits Read "The International Psychic Gazette"!

By R. H. SAUNDERS.

A REMARKABLE incident has occurred in connection with the little article I wrote on the "Ghost Train," appearing in the July issue of the *International Psychic Gazette*. An advance copy of the *Gazette* was sent me, and on the morning I received it I had an appointment to sit with Mrs. Blanche Cooper. I took the copy with me, and just before we started the sitting I laid it, unopened, folded lengthwise, on the table in a room below the seance room. Mrs. Cooper had no time to read it then, so she left its perusal until after the seance, which pursued its usual course.

About halfway through the seance "Nada," the Hindoo control, intervened and, as usual with her, spoke in the third person. She said, "Nada has been reading that paper downstairs." "What!" I exclaimed, "the *Gazette*?" She replied, "Nada can read English, and she is angry." "I hope it is not at what I wrote about the 'Ghost Train'; that was true enough," I said, in some trepidation. "Nada does not mean that," was the reply, "you have understated what happened, and not put in all that occurred, and what we said. No, Nada means what that lady said about the Christ."

Here another spirit-voice came, with a cultured and English tone, a female voice:—"We can, and do, often read your papers; nor do we confine ourselves to those devoted only to psychic matters. It gives us some amusement to see assertions that we cannot communicate with you, made in some quarters, whilst here and now we are speaking to you with the greatest ease. Nada is a Hindoo, but reads many languages. She understands, and has spoken at her medium's sittings, Hindustani and Urdu; and she can read Sanscrit and English. She feels anger at the statement made by that eccentric lady in the paper you left downstairs, in which she claims that the Christ is reincarnated in Nada's compatriot,

Krishnamurti. It is utterly and entirely wrong; it is deplorable such a statement should be made; it is untrue, and it may mislead others. The influence of His holy and divine power penetrates all the spheres, but it is not centred in any one individual. It radiates everywhere, and at all times, and is not limited to any race or creed. The sad thing is that the response is weak or non-existent in so many cases."

Towards the end of the sitting this same spirit said, "I would like to write." I usually go prepared with paper and pencil, and place the writing-pad on my knee at such an angle that the medium, should she even wish to write on it, would have to leave her seat, and would be instantly detected. I hold the pencil in all sorts of positions, of course, in darkness, and never have the spirits failed to instantly grasp it, without the slightest fumbling. To our spirit friends there is no such thing as darkness in the seance room, but it is quite certain no human being could alight upon the pencil with such unerring accuracy, time after time, in the dark. On this occasion I saw a materialised hand, illuminated by the glow of the light the spirit herself brought, and take the pencil. Beyond the hand is apparently space; although the spirit body is there, there is nothing to be felt beyond the wrist. At times I have felt the spirit-drapery pendant from the wrist. I now saw the hand descend to the writing-pad. I felt the pressure as the spirit wrote, and I heard the scratching of the pencil on the paper. When the sitting was over I took the writing to the light, and found this message, in direct spirit writing:—"The God-force comes from Him direct" (written in a flowing hand, and signed with the spirit's name).

Here you get an exhibition of truly wonderful power, not only in the fact of direct spirit writing, but of the ability to read a particular page in a closed paper or book. This has frequently been done as a test, but this demonstration was entirely unpremeditated and formed a capital bit of evidence.

The much-discussed question of Reincarnation was only incidentally referred to here, but I have received emphatic assurance from those who have occupied the spheres for centuries that reincarnation is only a "man-made theory."

NOTE.—The article referred to above was headed "Mrs. Besant heralds the World Teacher," which appeared on page 147 of our last month's issue.—ED., I.P.G.]



THE NECESSITY OF QUIETUDE.

By EVA CLARK.

"BE still, and know that I am God." There are many things that can only be known by this method—that of stillness. It is a simple way, and inexpensive, but one of the hardest. Most of us prefer to buy expensive textbooks, or pay big fees to mediums, rather than be still and allow our own Spirit Guides to teach us.

Quiet meditation is an almost unknown thing amongst us Westerners. The Quakers, who worship by this method, are a very small body of people compared with the numbers who attend more sensational services. But their manner of life commands universal respect, and anyone who has attended their meetings must admit that the contact with higher realms is very real.

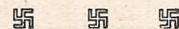
Why is it that so many of our Guides are of Eastern nationality, or else monks or nuns? Simply because the Eastern races, and most of those who choose a monastic career, practice meditation far more than the majority of Westerners do. They get into touch with spirit influences that mould and teach them; consequently they are the sooner fitted to return to earth as Guides when they pass on.

It is because of our restlessness that we fail to make the spiritual progress and attain the psychic knowledge that we often desire. We give so little time to these things. Perhaps we attend a developing circle once a week. We are quiet and passive then, but no further time is devoted to our spiritual development until the time for the next circle comes round. We should not expect to make progress in any other subject with so little expenditure of time and trouble. Why then expect it with this, the deepest and most wonderful of all experiences? A lifetime of meditation would reveal to us only the beginnings of knowledge, and most of us are perforce occupied with material things for a great

part of our time. But it is only reasonable that we should provide some time every day in which our spirit helpers can come to us.

They so often lament that they cannot do their work in us because we will not be quiet. Surely it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to give them a chance? They cannot make us all prophets and seers, but they are waiting to bring beautiful thoughts and helpful messages to everyone who will receive them.

Let the time of meditation always be opened with prayer, invoking the aid of the Christ spirit. Then the message "Be still, and know that I am God," will have a wonderful and new meaning to us.



"AFTER."

Out of the Dark—comes Light,
Out of the Sin—the Saint,
Out of the moonlight's ray is born
A rest for the weary and faint.

After the Storm—comes Rest,
After the Woe—God's Peace,
After the Wandering far and wide
Comes Home—where troubles cease.

Beyond all Death—is Life,
Beyond all Grief—is Joy,
Beyond the Struggle and Agony,
Lies the Wonder—Love's Mystery!

M. ETHELWYN HALL.

Ralph, His Parents and His Old Governess.

By GLADYS OSBORNE LEONARD.

The following is the sequel to Mrs. Osborne Leonard's graphic account of "Travelling in the Astral," published in our July issue. It was narrated to us about a year later, and is supplemented by an interesting account by "Philip's" mother of his carrying an old governess into the spirit-spheres during her sleep to prepare her for the joys to come.

PERHAPS you will remember I told you once about a wonderful experience I had while resting one afternoon. I went out in my spirit-body, and met a boy whom we called Philip—but whose name was really Ralph—the son of two of my sitters. He took me in the spirit to see his parents in a room in London where they happened to be. I was afterwards able to remember the room, and the conversation I heard between them and the boy's uncle. I recall this incident now because I see from the newspapers that Sir Oliver Lodge has been mentioning Ralph in his lectures in America.

My first contact with Ralph came about in this way. His mother came to see me on two occasions soon after he passed over. On her third visit she brought her husband, who was by no means convinced that what his wife had told him about the sittings was any real communication from their son. He came, in fact, in a rather sceptical frame of mind. Ralph's mother and I sat down at the table, and the husband sat a little distance away ready to take notes of whatever might be spelt out through the table. The first letters spelt out were H-E-L-L-O-E-R-B. After the first four letters came I felt rather uncomfortable, because though, when a long succession of letters are being given, one does not always catch the meaning of the message at once; still I could not help but know what H-E-L-L meant! I thought, Now this is just the kind of thing sceptics make a fuss about. When the letters O-E-R-B followed, I had no idea what they might mean at all. Then the tilting stopped.

Ralph's mother asked the father, "What has he said? we have lost count of the letters." The father replied, "Nothing." The mother said, "He must have said something; you have got some letters down there, have you not?" He replied, "Yes, but they don't spell anything." Then, suddenly, he exclaimed, "Oh yes, they do. He says, 'Hello, 'Erb!'" He then explained to me that "'Erb" was the name his son had always called him by, when he was on the earth. He had never called him "Dad" or "Father," but only "'Erb," a contraction for Herbert. It was a name the boy had made up himself. No one else had ever called him "'Erb."

The father felt so much surprised that he immediately entered into conversation with his son, and in the process his scepticism seemed to vanish as if he had forgotten it ever existed. He asked Ralph all sorts of questions as to what he remembered about events in his earth-life. The answers, he said, were astoundingly correct, and some of them were of a rather subtle and intricate character, as if Ralph had very carefully thought how he could condense them into a few words suitable for transmission through the table.

Since then both his father and mother have known by various signs when Ralph in spirit is with them in their home. He has also been able to help them in many ways, when there has been sickness or any kind of trouble afflicting them. They sit together at a table at home, and the mother can clairaudiently hear Ralph trumpeting his approach as on a bugle, before he begins to tilt the table.

Ralph is also very good at giving "apports." For example, his mother came to me about two years ago, and suddenly he said through the table, "Do you know what I have done to your watch, Mums?" She replied, "Well, I did not know you had done it, Ralph, but something has happened to my watch; what did you do?" He spelt out, "The hands!" The mother then explained to me that she had missed the hands of her watch in some mysterious way. She could not understand it at all, because she had never opened the front of the watch, and the glass was still intact, but the hands were gone! Nothing more was said about it till, some months later, the mother was at Eastbourne, and while sitting on the sands, knitting, she suddenly felt something going on the back of her hand, and looking down she saw the missing hands of her watch lying there! She was amazed, because she had had new hands put on the watch in the meantime, and she was wearing no article

of dress to which the old hands could have clung in any way. When she next came to me for a sitting she asked Ralph what it all meant, and he replied, "Oh, Mums, I just took the hands, kept them for a month or two, and then brought them back to you—simply as a test!"

So it was left at that, because she had known of Ralph having played similar little tricks on his father. One morning, for instance, he had taken a pearl button off his father's shirt and pitched it at his father, while he was shaving, so that it fell into the soap dish! And as no one else was in the room at the time they simply put it down to Ralph's playfulness as the only possible explanation!

At one of our sittings, the father said to him, "Many people have asked me, Ralph, why it is necessary for us to have spirit-guides? You have always told us to try to link ourselves up with God directly, through prayer or thought. Why, then, is there all this talk about So and So's guide; and not only one, but some people appear to have several guides? What is the use of them?" Ralph replied simply, "Well, father, they are God's policemen," and we understood from that that the guides kept law and order among the many spirits who were all clamouring to come through.

Ralph's mother has recently written an account of how he has been helping his old governess to explore in advance the spirit-world, to which in the ordinary course of nature she is now drawing near. He was able to do that, notwithstanding that the old lady knew nothing whatever about Spiritualism or psychic development. The manuscript only reached me this morning. Ralph's mother said I might give it you if you thought it would interest the readers of the *Gazette*. So here it is:—

About two years after my son, Ralph, had passed over—"killed in action" in 1915 in Belgium—during all which time I had been communicating with him, he suddenly said to me one day (by means of the table)—"Do go and tell M. F. all about how we communicate together." "M. F." had been his first governess, and had loved him dearly. During his earthly life he had continued to visit her regularly, and to care for her in many ways. She had grieved terribly over his death. I replied, "I fear she will never understand, and it would upset her." He said "Don't be afraid; I have prepared her; she is quite ready; do go soon; it will comfort her."

It was, I own, with some misgivings that I went two days later to carry out his request. "M. F." is now seventy-five years of age, and almost blind. She lives alone in a small dreary house, in a quiet country village, where she has spent practically all her life. She is good, upright, deeply religious, and a devout Churchwoman. I found her rather upset, as she had had a fall on the rather awkward stairs in her cottage, when going to bed the night before. I explained to her, how step by step the wonderful joy of Spiritualism had brought peace and comfort to myself and my husband, and how we communicated constantly with our beloved boy. She listened with rapt attention, and a few tears rolled down her cheeks. She said she often felt he was with her, and that comforted her so much. "How wonderful it is! How good God is!" she exclaimed, and then added, "I think this explains a great deal I didn't understand in the Bible."

The next time I went I found her radiant. She said "I have never fallen again, because each night Ralph shows me a light as I walk upstairs. It is a soft, bright, and very white light, and I just follow it."

Some months afterwards, "M. F." told me she went at night "over to where he is." "I don't remember much about it" she added "but it's all very bright and lovely, and I always know when I have been there, because I awake with such a fine feeling of peace and happiness."

Often she has said to me during my visits, "I am so happy, so very happy! I am never lonely nor frightened now. If I lose my whereabouts I just ask for Ralph's help, and wait quietly for him. He always comes if I feel lonely. I don't dread death now. I used to, but now I long for it, though I am not impatient. When that happy time comes it will be for ever, so I am quite content to wait for it."

Another time I went to see her, she said, "I want you to ask Ralph at your next sitting whether what I saw the other night was a vision, or if he took me to what I should call Hell! I had said to him some time ago that he had shown me the lovely places, where people who have led good lives went, but I wished him to show me where the bad people went. A few nights ago I felt I was on the side of a hill. It was almost dark. In a low sort of grey light some indistinct forms like human beings were all around me. The ground seemed muddy and slippery. The people seemed to me to live in mud huts. The side of the hill was strewn with big rocks, and was very steep.

I was urging the people to try to climb the hill. Some tried to do so, but often slipped back; and others took no heed. Another night I felt I was there again, and near me was a powerful evil spirit, watching me as I tried to help these people. I was not afraid of him, for I felt my influence was stronger than his, and that as long as I was there I could prevent his influencing these people."

At my next sitting my son said to me, "Tell 'M. F.' I saw her working on the astral plane a few nights ago. She does very good work there." When next I visited "M. F.," before I had time to give her this message, she said, "Oh, I am glad you have come; I have had such a wonderful experience. I was again in that place I told you of. I felt it was time I should leave, and as I turned to go I felt dreadfully tired and cold. Suddenly Ralph was with me, and I said, 'Oh, Ralph, I am so tired,' and he put his arm around me, and immediately the fatigue left me. I said, 'I am cold too,' and he took off a wonderful green cloak or mantle he was wearing, which shone like an emerald, and he threw it around my shoulders, saying 'Now that's better, isn't it?' Then I was warm at once. I looked at him and saw he had on a shining white garment, and he was beautiful, perfectly beautiful. I have never seen anyone or anything so perfect. I said, 'Oh, Ralph, if your mother could only see you!' 'And so she shall,'

he answered. It was just his kind face and sweet smile, just the same as it used to be.

"Suddenly we were in a wonderful place. The light was intensely bright but soft, and everything indescribably beautiful. I felt so happy, so well, so buoyant, so strong, and I walked about so upright [she rather stoops], and with such a free step, and with such dignity, as if I was someone of consequence, and looking at myself I exclaimed 'Oh, Ralph, and I too am beautiful!' 'Of course you are,' he answered, and he laughed his dear old happy laugh. He caught hold of me and wanted me to dance. 'Oh no, I can't,' I said, but he whirled me off into space, and I knew no more until I woke up in my little dark room, but oh, so happy, so intensely happy and thankful."

Then I gave her Ralph's message, and she said, "Oh, to think I am still able to work; to do something for somebody; that was the only thing that worried me, I felt so useless; now I am perfectly happy. I can't thank God enough."

* * * * *

And so, in that sombre little house, an old woman lives quite alone (she has no living relative), almost blind, often suffering much; but in perfect peace and happiness she awaits her passing over, because she has been able to see behind the veil for herself.

Psychic Happenings in Saxon Times: From Bede's Records—Part III.

By FREDERIC W. THURSTAN, M.A.

VISIONS CONNECTED WITH HILDA, SAINTED ABBESS OF WHITBY.

IN the April issue of this *Gazette* we introduced to the reader's notice an account of the foundation of the Royal Abbey at Whitby by King Oswy, and of its sainted first Abbess, Hilda. Even before the birth of this noble lady a vision was shown her mother foreshadowing her holy career. Her mother, the Lady Bregusuid, was troubled, as she lay on her bed at night, with anxiety for her husband, Prince Hereric, who was living in banishment in the Court of Cerdic, King of the Britons. When she fell asleep she dreamed that, while she was anxiously seeking for her husband in some dark region, she suddenly found in the fold of her robe a precious necklace. As she gazed at it, it seemed to shine forth with such a blaze of light that it filled all the neighbourhood with the glory of its brilliance. Shortly afterwards her daughter Hilda was born, and the dream was fulfilled by the blessedness of this child. Similarly, when St. Hilda departed this life, after a lingering illness, visions were shown at the hour of her death to nuns under her charge in two places at a distance.

Thirteen miles away from Whitby, in a branch nunnery at Hackness, there was a certain nun called Begu, a close inmate for thirteen years. She was sleeping in the dormitory of the Sisters when, unknown to them, their Mother Abbess at Whitby was passing over. Suddenly she was awakened by the sound of a bell like that which called them to prayers, during the passing of any soul. She opened her eyes and saw the roof of the house opened, as it were, and a light streaming down filling all the place. And in that great beam of light she observed the spirit body of Hilda being carried up to heaven, attended by angel guardians. She rose and called her Sisters and told them of her wondrous vision. They all went to the room of their Mother Superior Frigyth, and she arose and ordered them all to assemble in the chapel to give themselves to prayers for the departed, and the singing of praise for her release from the flesh. At break of day, while they were still engaged in these devotions, messengers arrived from the great abbey and announced the news, and they were surprised to find the nuns already apprised of it. When this was reported to the inmates of the Abbey at Whitby some novitiate nuns who lived in an outpart of the building came forward and told how while sleeping in their cells at night a similar manifestation of the ascension of Hilda was vouchsafed to one of them, who had aroused the others, and they had been praying together the rest of the night.

In the monastery at Whitby, under the charge of this same Abbess Hilda, another vision was vouchsafed one

night to a young lad who had been brought up as a servitor of the estate—a vision which made him the first and the greatest of Saxon bards and poets. His name was Caedmon. Sometimes state banquets were given to the household of the royal domain, and it was the custom at the end of such feasts, when they were all merry, to have a harp passed round, and for each to be called upon to sing in turn. But Caedmon had always been untaught and shy, and on such occasions he would slink out and hide in the stable amongst the cattle on the pretext of attending to them. One night when he had so shunned the ordeal of singing, and had fallen asleep in a hay-croft, he had a vision of the spirit of a man standing beside him saluting him, and calling him by name. "Caedmon," he said, "sing me something." Caedmon answered, "I cannot sing; that is why I have stolen away from the banquet to come hither." The other replied, "Nay, I insist; you must needs sing to me; try." "What must I sing of?" asked Caedmon. "Of the beginning of creation," said the other. Caedmon in a shy way tried, and straightway he found himself controlled to sing verses to the praise of God the Creator, songs quite new to him, the words of which he had never heard before.

It was about the Almighty Guardian of the human race, assisted by the Sons of God, creating heaven for the sons of men, to be the covering of their dwelling-place. The words seemed so wondrously inspiring and beautiful, and in some language so lofty, he feared he could never translate their sense for others to hear. Then he awoke and aroused him and tried, and to his surprise found the words coming in the Saxon vernacular, which worthily expressed some of the rapture he had experienced. So in the morning he went to his reeve or overseer and told him of his accomplishment. He was conducted to the Abbess, and in the presence of the learned and accomplished men about her on the occasion of the festival he recounted his dream, and repeated his inspired impromptus. And "they all judged that heavenly grace had been granted him by the Lord."

They then tested him further. They read to him a passage of old scripture history, and asked him to descant on that. He replied that they should let him retire for the day; on the morrow he would give them what was given him. This was done, and all were amazed at the beauty of his rendering. So the Abbess instructed him to quit the secular habit, and take upon him monastic vows. He was received into the attached monastery, where he was daily instructed in music and taught the whole course of sacred history.

So he, as Bede quaintly puts it, giving ear to all he could learn and bearing it in mind, and as it were ruminating like a clean animal, turned it into most harmonious verse, and sweetly singing it, made his masters in their turn his hearers.

Bede adds a story about this medium—as we would now call him—how in an extraordinary way he was apprised of the very hour of his death, and prepared himself for departure, although all around him thought him but slightly indisposed. He fell into slumber at the early morning hour he had named, and silently passed away.

"The History of Spiritualism."*

REVIEWED BY THE EDITOR.

SECOND NOTICE.

LAST month we indicated Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's historical foundations of the Spiritualistic idea—its vague traces in mankind's earliest written records, its continuation through the ages by reason of constant preternatural happenings, and finally its becoming consolidated by early pioneers of the Spiritualist Movement, including Emanuel Swedenborg, Edward Irving, Andrew Jackson Davis, and the Fox Sisters.

Continuing his graphic story, the author deals with those progressive stages in America which are less well known to students of the subject. For example, after the Fox Sisters' startling demonstrations of actual spirit intervention, and the resulting widespread practice of table-rapping in America and England, there was an "Apostolic Movement," whose spiritual leader was said to be the Apostle Paul, and whose chief object was to prove that the Second Coming of the Messiah was at hand! One of its leaders was Thomas Lake Harris, "certainly one of the most curious personalities of whom we have any record, and it is hard to say whether Jekyll or Hyde predominated in his character." In association with James L. Scott, a Seventh Day Baptist minister of Brooklyn, he founded a religious community at Mountain Cove, which attracted a strong following until after some years their dupes became disillusioned and deserted them. Harris at one stage broke away from his associates, adopted the teachings of Andrew Jackson Davis, and as a fanatical Spiritualist ruled for a time the souls and purses of the colonists of Mountain Cove. Thereafter he went to New York and gained a great reputation for remarkable eloquence. Long poems, "which do occasionally touch the stars" came through his mediumship, including "A Lyric of the Golden Age" and "The Morning Land." The author says:—

"In 1860, in London, Harris's life suddenly assumes a closer interest to Britons, especially to those who have literary affinities. Harris lectured at Steinway Hall, and while there Lady Oliphant listened to his wild eloquence, and was so affected by it that she brought the American preacher into touch with her son, Laurence Oliphant, one of the most brilliant men of his generation. It is difficult to see where the attraction lay, for the teaching of Harris at this stage had nothing uncommon in its matter, save that he seems to have adopted the Father-God and Mother-Nature idea which was thrown out by Davis. Oliphant placed Harris high as a poet, referring to him as 'the greatest poet of the age as yet unknown to fame.' The end of the whole episode was that, after delays and vacillations, both mother and son surrendered themselves entirely to Harris, and went forth to manual labour in a new colony at Brocton in New York, where they remained in a condition which was virtual slavery, save that it was voluntary. Whether such abnegation is saintly or idiotic is a question for the angels. It certainly seems idiotic when we learn that Laurence Oliphant had the greatest difficulty in getting leave to marry, and expressed humble gratitude to the tyrant when he was at last allowed to do so. He was set free to report the Franco-German war of 1870, which he did in the brilliant manner that might be expected of him, and then he returned to his servitude once more, one of his duties being to sell strawberries in baskets to the passing trains, while he was arbitrarily separated from his young wife, she being sent to Southern California, and he retained at Brocton. It was not until the year 1882, twenty years from his first entanglement, that Oliphant, his mother being then dead, broke these extraordinary bonds, and after a severe struggle, in the course of which Harris took steps to have him incarcerated in an asylum, rejoined his wife, recovered some of his property, and resumed his normal life."

"Such developments as Harris and others," says the historian, "were only excrescences on the main Spiritualistic movement, which generally speaking was sane and progressive. The freaks stood in the way of its acceptance, however, as the communistic or free-love sentiments of some of these wild sects were unscrupulously exploited by the opposition as being typical of the whole."

In contrast with such self-seeking eloquent exponents who have appeared in the early (and even later) days of

Spiritualism, Sir Arthur refers to the conduct of Judge Edmonds, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at New York, a man of high character, who bravely issued a manifesto to the public on the subject in the *New York Courier*. And in passing Sir Arthur remarks:—"It is a curious thing that the United States, which at that time gave conspicuous evidence of moral courage in its leading citizens, has seemed to fall behind in recent years in this respect, for the author in his recent journeys there found many who were aware of psychic truth and yet shrank in the face of a jeering Press from publishing their convictions."

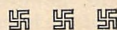
Judge Edmonds said his attention had first been called to the subject in January, 1851, when he had withdrawn from general society and was labouring under great depression of spirits. He occupied all his leisure in reading about death and man's existence afterward. He had heard many conflicting doctrines on the subject propounded from the pulpit, and hardly knew what to believe. He was invited by a friend to witness the "Rochester Knockings," and thought a good deal on what he witnessed. Thereupon he determined to investigate and to find out if there was any deception. He attended seances on two evenings a week and witnessed every phase of phenomena. He kept careful records, and availed himself of every opportunity, with various mediums, to sift the matter to the bottom. All this time he was himself an unbeliever and tried the patience of his friends by his scepticism, captiousness, and obdurate refusal to yield his belief. At length the evidence came, and in such force that no sane man could withstand it, and he says:—

"There is that which comforts the mourner and binds up the broken-hearted; that which smoothes the passage to the grave and robs death of its terrors; that which enlightens the atheist and cannot but reform the vicious; that which cheers and encourages the virtuous amid all the trials and vicissitudes of life; and that which demonstrates to man his duty and his destiny, leaving it no longer vague and uncertain."

The Judge's championship of the truth cost him his high office in the Supreme Court as a result of the cat-calling of the press. A fellow victim of popular prejudice at that time was Dr. Robert Hare, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania. He investigated the subject, he said, in order "to stem the tide of popular madness which, in defiance of reason and science, was fast setting in favour of the gross delusion called Spiritualism." But when he became a believer, as a result of his successful scientific tests and the fact that he acquired "the powers of a medium in a sufficient degree to interchange ideas with my spirit friends," "the Professors of Harvard—a university which has a most unenviable record in psychic matters—passed a resolution denouncing him and his 'insane adherence to a gigantic humbug.' He could not lose his professorial chair at Pennsylvania University because that had been already resigned, but he suffered much in loss of reputation."

It is strange that seats of learning and wisdom are ever the most laggard in welcoming new truth, and only yield at last to the advancing force of enlightened public opinion. The reverse should obviously be the case, and doubtless would be but for the moral cowardice of men "with reputations to lose," who prefer to save their precious skins to shouldering their muskets in the cause of Truth! British honour in such regard has been saved by such heroic giants as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir Wm. Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir W. F. Barrett, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle himself, who have never flinched in their ardent apostleship in face of public obloquy. No other nation can claim such a galaxy of high honour among their savants.

(To be continued.)



PSYCHIC EVOLUTION.—Sir Oliver Lodge, speaking recently at a meeting held at the Whitfield's Tabernacle, London, on "Problems of Existence," said he had been impressed in several ways of late with the belief that we were turning the tide and that important things were going to improve. The war and the more recent industrial upheaval had put us to the test, and although we were not yet out of the wood we were able to see more daylight. Existence itself was a great mystery. We are carrying on in our day and generation what he believes to be a long thought out plan and design. As the physical world revolves, the psychic world advances towards something nobler and better, constantly improving. This is evolution.

* THE HISTORY OF SPIRITUALISM. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, M.D., LL.D., President d'Honneur de la Federation Spirite Internationale, President of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and President of the British College of Psychic Science. London: Cassell & Co. Two volumes; £2 2s. net.

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THE SOUL AS A PART OF NATURE.

IN pleading for a view of the soul of man as being a part of Nature, we are opposed by the deadweight of habits of thought on the subject that are age-long. Men have usually insisted, and do still persist, in thinking of the soul as a supernatural Something, that "cometh from afar" (as Wordsworth said), as something apart that is temporarily incarnated in us, and to ask them to believe that the soul is as truly an ordinary natural part of man's constitution as the physical body is so contrary to what they have hitherto thought that it is almost "the last thing they will give in to."

This inertia is not confined to the foolish and ignorant, but is equally shared by the wise and learned. Poets, philosophers, and theologians in past and present have been addicted to the notion that the soul is something that has come into man from without, by some supernatural process, and that its real origin must ever remain a mystery. It is like demanding a sudden reversal in thought to ask them to picture the immortal soul as itself an organised body, even though it be called a "spiritual body," or to conceive it as having form, features, and functions, for these are characteristics they have hitherto attributed solely to the physical body, or to believe that the soul has had precisely the same history, inheritance, and parentage as the physical body.

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

But science has not yet conceived the idea of the myriad psychical parts within us otherwise than as separate and unrelated parts of physical cells. It has not imagined a synthesis of them as forming an independent whole of their own nature. It has not yet visualised them as making up a complete organism, a spiritual counterpart, cell for cell, of the visible body. It has not yet imaged the individual soul as an epitome or culmination of the mental, moral and spiritual experience of all the previous souls in the line of its ancestry, just as the physical body is an epitome or culmination of the physical features, traits and habits of its ancestors. It has not yet got hold of the notion that the speck of germ-plasm from which a man grows is psychical, as well as physical, and that the psychical equally contains the impress of its inheritance. Science will, however, at no distant date present us with the view of the human soul as a consistent, conceivable natural product arriving by the established process of Nature, and not as an inconceivable supernatural product, which has come somehow or other from nobody really knows where, and been tacked on to the body no one knows how.

Let us glance at some historic ideas of the soul conceived by men, and see how loosely the supernatural notions of its origin were reached. Plato thought the soul had come down from heaven because it seemed to have "innate ideas." Even in an uneducated child, the soul seemed to him to have knowledge of mathematical and logical axioms not learned on earth. It also appeared to have glimpsed perfect "ideas" in a pre-existing life which it endeavoured during earth-life to recall and put into

practice. Therefore, it had come from above! By precisely the same reasoning he might have concluded that the souls of bees had pre-existed in heaven and been taught how to construct their marvellous mathematically-exact hives, for how otherwise could they perform so wonderful a task at once without any tuition on earth? Such facts are now explained on more mundane principles. Men and bees alike necessarily think and act in accordance with their organic structure, their inherited form, their nature. The logic of Aristotle and the mathematics of Euclid were embedded in the constitution of man ages before they were "discovered" and written down in books.

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

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

But this idea was a mere flight of poetic fancy. Wordsworth, like Plato, dreamed backwards to an imaginary celestial origin, from the pure wonder and unclouded vision of childhood and its sense of "kinship with the spiritual world," but the beautiful wonder and innocence of childhood need not surely be attributed to any former heavenly life.

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

And even now we have not grown out of such claims to a soul's transcendental origin. There are persons alive to-day who claim to have received their souls otherwise than by Nature's plan, their physical bodies being inhabited by the souls of ancient kings, queens, heroes, poets, and philosophers, who after a spell in devachan have come down again to earth for further experience in the physical bodies of members of their particular cult! How these foreign souls were able to oust their own natural souls is, of course, not explained!

The problem of the soul has been made more perplexing than need be by confounding the soul with a "finite spirit" in man. Man's "spirit" is often spoken of as if it were something different from his "soul," something additional to his body and soul. The soul is even spoken of as "the casket of the spirit." This is a claim for man as a triune being instead of a dual being. We stand for man's "double constitution," but the view of man being "body and soul—plus Spirit" is not unwarranted if we are careful to note that the Spirit in man is not a sundered portion of the indivisible Spirit of God dwelling in a man, but is the Universal Life or Spirit itself operating constantly through him as through every other living thing. "I am sure," says the author of the "Religio Medici," "there is a common Spirit that plays within us, yet makes no part of us; and that is the Spirit of God, the fire and scintillation of that noble and mighty Essence which is the life and radical heat of spirits." This part of the subject is a little difficult to grasp, but if you take your watch you will find in it a luminous analogy. It may be roughly conceived as consisting of two parts (1) a complicated mechanism of rigid wheels, and (2) a flexible mainspring. But there is a something more required before it can function as a timekeeper, namely, a small modicum of human energy inserted when the watch is wound up. Without that invisible force the watch would be useless; given that force it will function according to its structure to measure it out in hours, minutes, and seconds to the last degree. All parts are essential—the rigid wheels to do the time measuring, the mainspring to receive and communicate the force, and the force itself. But we must be careful to note that the force is not an integral part of the watch itself. It is something additional to itself, without which it would be motionless. This we think is a pretty close analogy to the matter in hand. The rigid wheels—the physical body; the mainspring—the soul or spiritual body; and the invisible energy—the Universal Spirit or Life Force, operating through man as through every living thing in the Universe. Our soul or spiritual body, like the mainspring in the watch, responds to and is receptive of the Living Spirit, but the soul is not itself "Spirit"; it is in its substance

(Concluded on page 172.)

The New Chief of the American Lyceums :

ANNA WIDMANN WALLACE.

WHEN we observed that Mrs. A. W. WALLACE, of Oklahoma, U.S.A., had been recently appointed National Superintendent of the American Bureau of Lyceums, we recalled her gracious presence at the London World Congress of Spiritualists some years ago. Dr. George B. Warne, the revered President of the American Spiritualists, kindly brought her along to make us acquainted, and we soon recognised her as one of those great souls, full of altruistic aspiration and endeavour, who radiate love and light in the ranks of our world-wide Spiritualist Movement. In reply to our congratulations on being elected Chief of the Children's Movement in the United States, Mrs. Wallace writes:—

"We have often spoken of our pleasant visit to you, and tender indeed are the memories, since our friendship came through the great and loving thought of Dr. Warne. Soon after I left England I had a fall and sustained an injury to my hip, so that I have not walked for three years. I am just now learning *crutches*! But my health is excellent, and my courage never seems to wane. I am nearer to the bands of power and they urge us to put forth our efforts for educational work, clearer understanding of our fundamentals, and sincere co-operation."

Could we have any brighter example than this of a spirit on earth conquering the worst disabilities of the physical body and preserving full courage and energy in the Good Fight? In such circumstances Mrs. Wallace's appointment to so responsible a position in American Spiritualism is a veritable triumph for herself and her Guides. The following particulars of her life and work appear in the *National Spiritualist* (U.S.A.):—

"No one in our ranks could be better qualified for the work before her, or more fitted to fill the position. She has been an active and earnest Lyceum worker for over twenty years and often times during the years past has contributed valuable articles to the Lyceum page of *The National Spiritualist*. Born in Orange County, Indiana, Miss Anna Widmann moved to south-eastern Kansas in 1883. While there she taught in the public schools and served as County Superintendent. During these years the entire family became Spiritualists through home circles and reading Spiritualist books and other literature. She was married to Edward F. Wallace in 1889. They have one daughter, all members of the family being earnest Spiritualists and loyal to the Cause and the Organised Movement. Mr. Wallace's father, Mr. Joseph Wallace, who passed to spirit-life in his 83rd year, was a Spiritualist for fifty-five years. Mrs. Wallace is now a trustee of the Central Spiritualist Church of Oklahoma City and has worked officially on the State Board of Missouri and Oklahoma."

We have pleasure in printing below an article from Mrs. Wallace's pen, specially written for us and sent by air-mail to New York, which

reveals her enthusiastic spirit and high capabilities. The accompanying photograph was also specially taken for this *Gazette*.

THE CALL OF THE LYCEUM.

BY ANNA W. WALLACE.

THE medium slept at the base of a mountain. The voice of a Spirit-guide called him to "Arise! Go to the top, survey the ways of wisdom, observe the needs of the world, be healthful and hopeful and perform your work." He journeyed through the clouds, clinging fast to the steep sides, and gained the height. Alone amid mountain splendour he turned and asked—"O World! here am I after slow and toilsome process. What will you have from me?"

His answer appeared in a vision. There was a fountain, simple in structure, flowing and jetting in incessant streams. To his inner consciousness the waters symbolically compounded so that he sensed men's needs, and their qualities were revealed with new meaning. There came from the source of supply an endless overflowing, living water to those who came for it.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS gives this incident of his mediumship in the preface to "The Fountain." I read into it a meaning when the Movement and I were young, that inspired me to try to catch visions of loveliness and truth, to search for inner meanings, to hear and heed angelic guidance. Gifts of the Spirit (phases of mediumship of every character and degree) carry with them the

impulse to devote life and powers to promote human happiness, progress and illumination.

It has been my privilege to show our Lyceum workers the character of material I consider adapted to the study of our religion in Lyceum or home. The lessons are arranged from the wealth of material that is distinctly our Spiritualistic own. A knowledge of Spiritualism is based on intelligence that is transmitted through mediums from Spirits, variously reached and applied. My own measure of its fullness came through home circles, public classes (Lyceum and neighbourhood groups), contact with and observation of mediums, the accumulating literature of the Movement, association with fellow Spiritualists, and the use of my reason and intuition. Beginning in childhood I have realised the fact of earth-life as a continuing part of spirit life, without fear of the change called death or of any grave for the soul; but a lifting into a larger life and an immediate resurrection.

A Spiritualist cannot come into the full title who fails to find the treasures that are for the studious and thoughtful. Life is incomplete indeed, in physical and mental unfoldment alone. The spiritual is demonstrable and reasonable, for Spiritualism includes science (classified facts), and philosophy (exercise of reason and intuition), and religion (correct understanding and living in accordance therewith).

Lyceum detail and supplementary work are important parts of our sessions, filled in by leader and teacher for the locality and group. We draw from many sources.



ANNA WIDMANN WALLACE.

for entertainment and inspiration, keeping in mind the principles of the religion of which we are adherents.

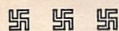
Spiritualism is a religion based on central truth. It gives man a key to the knowledge of spiritual things. It is the living, present interpretation of age-guarded, long misunderstood, spiritual fact and experience. Its mission is the outflow of spiritual truth to all who come and seek.

Spiritualism is also a central influence seeking every channel of expression for the dissemination of principles of progression, thus fulfilling the most useful mission that any religion can hope to accomplish, that of bringing knowledge to men that they may grow in wisdom and harmony.

This places Spiritualism before me as a living, expanding theme. It reveals spiritual knowledge and resultant benefits and blessings beyond bounds. It offers that of which all may partake, revealing through our unfolding powers sources of information that are unlimited. I conceive it to be of such wonder, and greatness and glory.

If Spiritualism meant illustration or proof of continuity, or held standards of conduct or morals, or centred around revelations of any person or group of individuals, it could perform distinctive service for me; but if it is more than these, what then? It is more, for it unlocks the past, looks everywhere to-day and bids me aspire toward that which is to be. I need not accept in blindness; I interpret by reason and intuition. Frail comforts of blind faith, omissions of ignorance and defects of superstition have passed. We know no defeat in any point we have gained by knowledge and experience.

Every phase of intelligently defined Spiritualism is adapted to study in our groups. Its history is fascinating. Its explanations of the errors of the past are steps to freedom. Phenomenal proof in physical circles, utterances through mediums, messages and tests of varied character, afford more material than we can exhaust. To fail to teach from these and to learn from them is to stagnate. It is a vital part of human education to co-operate with spirits, to comprehend their mission, to answer with sureness the questioner, to lead our own, of all ages, to discriminate, to determine, and to apply.



THE SUNNY SIDE OF SPIRITUALISM.

From the "Morning Post."

THERE'S room in the world for all that is in it." A bonnie youngster tripped this piece of optimism blithely off his tongue at the fourth annual demonstration of the Lyceum Union of Spiritualist Sunday Schools, at Battersea Town Hall yesterday afternoon (July 11). And this seems to embody the sane, healthy, and tolerant views of adults and children alike who belong to the 300 schools in the Union. The main objects of this Union are to develop the spiritual, mental, moral, and physical nature of its members, and to instil into them the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, deeds rather than words being encouraged. The meeting, typical of every school, opened with a Salutation repeated by all, followed by the Lord's Prayer and a minute's silence for members who had "passed over" during the war. Then followed a marching hymn, with marching and simple physical exercises to the music of a piano and a couple of violins; boys and girls, young men and maidens, and elderly people all taking part. Some of us, remembering our own Sunday-school days, sighed that we had lived so long ago.

Members of various Lyceums then contributed what are known as "pearls," which consist of quotations, or original sayings, marks being given for the latter. Even the tiny ones contribute to these, one piping voice declaiming, "This is what the angels say: 'It is better by far to work than play.'" Other "pearls" given were—"All the world is a camera; look pleasant, please." "Under all circumstances keep an even mind." "Religion is the essence of life; Spiritualism is the essence of religion." Individual effort is a feature of these schools, everyone being encouraged to develop in a natural way the best that is in them. "Ten Little Nigger Boys" or Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale" may be heard—there is no monotony and the unexpected is always happening.

Certificates were presented during the afternoon for singing and elocution. For these two arts and for callisthenics and discipline, Clapham Lyceum, for the second time in succession, and the third time in all, carried home the Silver Bell, Battersea missing it by one quarter of a mark only. Mr. Fruaen, the president, affectionately known to the children as "Uncle Bert," in addressing the meeting, stated that they all much appreciated the frank way in which the *Morning Post* had dealt with the Spiritualist movement recently.

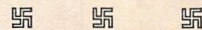
IN DREAMLAND.

By JESSIE FREEMAN.

IHAD a wonderful dream last night. I awoke on the shore of a beautiful land, decked with gay flowers, and in the distance purple-capped hills, but I merely glanced at these, my attention being riveted to the bright golden sand at my feet, and the wonderful colouring of the water.

It seemed as if it were sunset, for the sky was of that delightful salmon-pink shade, which, reflected in the perfect blue of the sea, formed the most gorgeous mauve tints I have ever seen. The pools seemed to scintillate with these wonderful colours, blue and rose merging into mauve, then purple. I was filled with a great ecstasy; I stood transfixed, my whole being seeming to be lifted up away from material things.

A thick mist hovered over the water, shutting from me the far distance, but somehow I longed wildly to go out amongst those beautiful colours, to bathe myself in them, and seek to know what was hidden by that grey, misty veil. Yet something within seemed to bid me stay where I was, to enjoy my perfect surroundings while I had the opportunity. But the urge to bathe in that marvellous multi-coloured water was the stronger force inside me, and I stepped out fearlessly. As I did so, the wonder in the sky faded; the sea took on a greyer tone as the mist rolled up, and hid the golden shore from my sight. I awoke then, still filled with this strange ecstasy, and with the conviction that in my sleep I had indeed visited some higher plane of life.



THE JUDGMENTS OF MEN.

THOMAS A KEMPIS, in his "Imitation of Christ," writes as a disciple being directly instructed by the Christ, who frequently addresses him as "My son." The whole book may well be regarded as a series of automatic writings, received by a devout and responsive medium. The following is his chapter xxxvi:—

My son, rest thy heart firmly on the Lord, and fear not the judgment of men, when conscience testifieth of thy dutifulness and innocence.

It is a good and happy thing to suffer in such a way; nor will this be grievous to a heart which is humble, and which trusteth in God rather than in itself.

The most part of men are given to talk much, and therefore little trust is to be placed in them.

Moreover also, to satisfy all is not possible.

Although Paul endeavoured to please all in the Lord, and made himself all things unto all men, yet with him it was a very small thing that he should be judged of man's judgment.

He did for the edification and salvation of others what lay in him, and as much as he was able; yet could he not hinder but that he was sometimes judged and despised by others.

Therefore he committed all to God, who knew all; and with patience and humility he defended himself against unjust tongues, and against such as thought vanities and lies, and spake boastfully whatever they listed.

Sometimes notwithstanding he made answer, lest the weak should be offended by his silence.

Who art thou that fearest a mortal man? to-day he is, and to-morrow he is not seen.

Fear God, and thou shalt not need to shrink from the terrors of men.

What harm can the words or injuries of any man do thee? He hurteth himself rather than thee, nor shall he be able to avoid the judgment of God, whosoever he be.

Do thou have God before thine eyes, and content not thyself with peevish words.

And if for the present thou seem to be worsted and to suffer shame undeservedly, do not therefore repine, neither do thou by impatience lessen thy crown.

But rather lift thou up thine eyes to me in heaven, who am able to deliver thee from all shame and wrong, and to render to every man according to his works.

The Palace of Pleasure.

By WILL CARLOS.

CASEDYN, after remaining some time in voluntary charge of the erstwhile Temple of Siva, made further investigations. He says:—

In Spirit-lands there is no count of time,
Nor glowing sun to measure out the day ;
No turret clocks to fill the air with chime,
Nor dial whose shadow doth the hour betray.
(The latter twain, to me on earth unknown,
To you familiar, for much time hath flown.)
If time there be in glorious Gwynfyd's glades
It must be measured by a vaster orb,
Whose circuit all remotest space pervades,
Whose ardent light creation must absorb ;
Its time must be described in cycles vast
Before which mortal minds must stand aghast.
Thus were I asked how long I stood on guard,
The self-appointed guardian of that gate,
I could not say ; suffice it that my ward
Was very vigilant, without abate.

* * * *

I meanwhile played my harp in sacred vein,
Thereby assured that peace I could attain,
Then, changing key, awoke a glad refrain,
Piercing the silence of that dark domain.

At last there came a summons from without the gate. I deftly assumed the faded gown which had been dropped by the custodian, and stooping, aped her gait, and went to the gate. Without there stood a man burly in build, strong in passion, brutal in manner, foul of speech. Taking me to be the woman he burst into violent speech.

"Thou cursed sow," cried he, "how darest thou delay and keep thy master waiting; the scourge shall teach thee duty."

He laid his powerful hand upon the gate and shook it in his wrath, while I looked on unmoved, copying as carefully as possible the well-remembered manner of the woman. In opposition to his sovereign will I felt a thrill of contest. He stormed and raged, and in his fury strove to clamber up the gate, but failed ignominiously. To his fierce demand for entrance I replied with a wagging head, but made no move to unbar the gate. Finding I was obstinate he then tried to cajole me, or to coax me to submission, but to all his methods I was equally obdurate. At last he turned away, uttering threats of the punishments he would inflict when he obtained an entry. I retreated within the building, and passing 'twixt the symbolic pillars sought the open air. Discarding the skirt, I crossed a grass-grown place seeking to find an entrance to the village. I found that here too, behind the skilfully contrived shubbery girding the open space, were impenetrable fences, just such as I had before encountered at the outer gate.

Using my psychic power I passed through, and found myself upon a well-mown lawn with a plashing fountain in the midst thereof, and in the waters of the fountain were growing lilies in abundance.

"And in the centre plashed a fountain cool,
And lotus growing in the glassy pool."

Beyond the lawn I found there was reared a sumptuous palace, ornately carved with the semblance of fruits and twining flowers, having as a background an enormous wood which threw out in high relief its twain of lofty towers. I entered, still invisible to the people on that plane to where, in a lordly hall, a feast was at its height. At the head of the table I saw the violent man whom I had met at the barred gate, but like a burnt-out torch he seemed, as he reclined beside a female, vivid in her colouring and vivacious in her manner, who was trying to cozen him with amorous art and plied the foaming cup to aid her charms. The persons gathered there were quite a score, of both sexes in about equal proportions, and viands of a very choice nature were piled upon the table. On the marbled floor flowers were strewn. A singer with a melodious voice, perched on a raised platform, was trilling out her lays, the themes of which were amorous and gay.

I felt such lewd delights were travesties of love; they sate the palate with a foul distaste, and do not carry one on mounting wings to joys above, which give of heaven a sweet foretaste; like rust they but corrode the blade, as blight on roses make them fade. I took my harp and played a mournful dirge, and soon produced uneasiness of mind to all around that festal board. Some demanded to know whence the music came, but no one was capable

of explanation, and the host denied all responsibility for the occurrence. The irate chief, stifling his rising fears, with bravado resolved to fight it out, and springing to his feet with many taunts, compelled the singer to dismiss her fears, and sing with all her power to drown, if possible, the eerie music which I evoked. Her efforts, wilful though they were, spurred into daring by her master's gibes, could not dispel the music which penetrated every corridor the memory haunts. At length she broke down, her voice died in a wail, her cheeks all flushed with wine turned deadly pale. And then somewhat unexpected happened. Some mystic power was at work. The features of the hall were gradually losing their charm, the fruits became mouldy, the wine was gall, the flowers faded, and with great alarm the revellers felt the floor upheave beneath their feet, a quiver shook the walls, the ceilings cracked, and charnel odours in the foul air reeked. Fearing the building was about to fall the occupants rushed to make their escape, and soon none remained.

I passed through the throng unperceived, hearing them vainly urging the stronger ones to tear the gate-posts from their sockets. On the other side of the fence I replayed the dirge. At this they broke away, panic-stricken, and I followed as they fled, still playing on. The swiftest runners were soon gone, but some stumbled in their flight and fell arear. Soon all the women-folk were left behind, their ardour gone, their minds awry. Some were in tears, and some with brooding eyes seemed to be searching for stern Fate's decree. Some, in their misery, invoked the silent skies, as though they hoped from there to get delivery. Here there was hope that some awakening sense would lift them from the gloom.

Then I evoked a strain which banned despair, yielding the balm of comfort to their minds. The music taught them how they could by love repair the errors they had made when blind passion ruled. I led them on, from consciousness of the faults which blight through true repentance to a desire for purity, and thence to the heavenly light. Then came a band of holy ones to greet their erring sisters; with fostering care they applied to each the unction which was needed, until the consciences lay bare and the holy ones washed the stains away, and led them rejoicing on the heavenly way.

With unfeigned joy I saw them all depart, and still visible to sight I made my way after the men whom I found herded in another part of the domain. They eyed me with astonishment, and the chief demanded, "What doest thou here?" To him I replied, "I hither come to see if I could free ye from the fetters which your souls doth gall. I found ye practised tyranny upon a maiden in yonder hut. I liberated her and took the guardian's place—the woman thou did'st put to watch and ward over that young life—and in the guise of her refused to open the gate at thy command. After, I found ye in unhallowed ease, unconscious of the duty that ye owe to Him who gave you being, designed to please, possessing talents which ye seldom show. Thus I made effort to overthrow thy pride, hoping to enlist ye on sweet Virtue's side. Ye have thrust the rod of Virtue into the pool of Sense, and thus apparently deflected it, and in that deflection ye have revelled. Deflected virtue hath been a lure to ye all, in it ye sought happiness, yet in your hearts ye recognised its failure from the first. You have been sated in sense, but hungry in soul; ye sought to drown reflection in the bowl, and forced upon yourselves a phantom happiness. Ye have filled and refilled your cups of imagined joys, and quaffed your viands of mock delights, yet now ye stand athirst and empty, while the good nectar and ambrosia of God abounds on every hand. Have done with the things of sense, throw off the carnal chain, strip off the self, and seek ye to use thy powers in doing good and being good. Thus shalt thou earn the right to pure happiness, to repose in heavenly bowers where tranquil peace, all-filling, unconfined, shall be the heritage of every one. Do I condemn ye? Nay, I have no right. The condemnation lies within thine own minds. Come forth from this. Restore yourselves in God's good sight, and as your love some higher image finds 'twill fully recompense thee. Come ye with me, leave every care behind, and tread the path which many feet hath trod—a path to purify thy mind designed; a path which mounts up to the hills of God. Come all the band, and I will lead the way and cheer your souls with a refreshing lay."

With one accord the whole band assented to accompany me, eager as heroes who enrol for war. They were determined henceforth their God to serve, and thus I led them on until the bright ones met us on the way.

(To be continued.)

Angelic Ministry, Here and Hereafter.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION RECEIVED BY E. A. LEALE FROM HER SON.

JUST a few words concerning the work of your ministry, of that which is being perfected every moment between our spheres and the earth-plane, of the ceaseless activity ever taking place. Do you think it is all one-sided, and that you can take no part in an angel's work?

Some may answer, "How can this be possible, seeing we are so bound through earth's conditions?" It is not only possible, but it is happening each day. When those you love pass into the new life, is that the end of your intercourse with them; are you content to leave them there without sign of love or interest? If so, you are not following the divine law of Love. He who created the greatest of all things, Love, would never permit so-called death to destroy so holy a thing. Would it be according to your idea of a father's love?

I believe most people are quite open to believe in angelic ministry, yet they do not apply it to themselves, and were you to declare that a very real work was being carried on by those who, being yet in the material body, minister to their beloved on this side, such a fact would be entirely ignored. A very real service is being carried on. There are numbers to-day doing a Christ-work for Him, and nobly are they fulfilling the Master's command. I speak of that service between us, one more completely comprehended as the light shines forth upon a world of dull materialism.

Numbers are now ready to go forth as missionaries in that unseen army continually passing to and fro, unseen, except to those whose eyes are no longer "holden." These have a glorious vision vouchsafed them, and are performing great deeds in the Master's name. Missionaries they are, and as such they will be reckoned in that day when all things shall be made clear.

Does earth ever pause to think of the countless numbers ever passing across, and that each one represents a soul newly born, to whom we are sent to help and teach? So easy is it to help some; alas! so many desire not our ministrations, and until desire awakens, we can only watch and pray. It is for "such as these" I ask your co-operation, you can do so much more than we can, their whole desire remains earth-bound, they cannot move away from the borderlands. Your prayers can reach them, your thoughts help towards their release, by so doing you are becoming real missionaries.

Oh! that every religious denomination would rouse up to a sense of realisation of all that lies within their power to do! They offer up prayers for all in peril upon earth and sea, but what of their brethren upon these borderlands? What great things might be achieved if united prayer, ascended daily from every heart to the very heart of Christ. But this is little understood, nor would men hearken, for they say, "The dead are in the hand of God, there let them rest."

Oh, creed so dimly comprehended, truly is the loving hand of God ever over each one, but we must do our bit, we are all workers together with Him, and He wills that "not one soul shall die, but live." We wrestle for each one with the power that He vouchsafes. Oh, see to it that on your side you do your best to help in this great work. It costs no money, or any other thing—only a thought of love for one poor soul in darkness, one prayer for his release from the fetters of earth desire. For one you may have known perhaps; it matters not, for all are brothers in His dear sight. "If ye love Me, love one another." If you have caught glimpses of great glory, can you bear to leave one brother in need? Work on, leave no stone unturned, numbers upon earth are co-operating with us, light is coming to help many bands of helpers, who meeting together are accomplishing great deeds of mercy.

I have watched beside those who have been brought across, leaving behind them deeds unforgiven, and the longing to repair mistakes has darkened all their path. They cannot advance; they wait on the borderland, longing for the sound of a voice that will bring healing balm. Sometimes the waiting is long, but I have never known it to fail. Healing comes, one upon earth remembers, and sends across the word of love, the wound is healed. Ah, the joy of that soul, how quickly it rises, eager now to advance, not one moment does it linger among the shadows!

Think of the power one mind may exercise upon that of another; distance is no obstacle; the release of one soul from earth cannot destroy that power; it has not passed beyond the reach of love or hate; one possesses power to hinder a soul's advancement. It is a fearful thought, one that earth does not sufficiently recognise,

nor would it believe the fact. I have seen old wrongs repaired, mistakes rectified, friendships cemented, broken through misunderstandings, all healed through the loving word of forgiveness.

No soul passes out of reach, but needs your care; you must bear your own responsibilities. Your beloved are not dead, only exchanged into another sphere. Oh, make our ministry easier; work with us and you will indeed be doing angel's work.

You have heard many times of those who have power to destroy the good influences of a soul on earth; how one, possessing the will, can destroy every pure and holy influence. These are in sore peril, for under the power of evil it is a difficult task for us to help them. If we can obtain the co-operation of one who through prayer and love for the soul will throw out light, then indeed can he receive healing, and be restored to his better self. You can scarcely realise how far your influence can extend, it is immeasurable; if men only understood, we might walk hand in hand, performing many mighty deeds.

I would speak of many on earth who, being able to communicate with those upon this side, use their power for unworthy purposes, drawing to themselves influences that defeat the great good so blessed a gift would bring. These have no desire after the spiritual, but all mysteries appeal to their imagination, and possessing certain powers they attract to themselves those undeveloped souls to whom we try to minister. They do not guess the harm they cause, nor how they hinder those who wander, seeking a guiding hand. These are so close to earth, so easily do they respond, for not yet are they released from material desire. Do those who tempt them back realise how cruel they are?

How different a mission theirs might be if they tried through prayer and kindly thought to lead these souls not back to earth, but upwards along the path that leadeth unto life! Oh, this is going on every day, and the needless cruelty of it all; if those I speak of could but realise what they are doing, retarding the growth of a soul, just for the gratification of self. What do they think to gain by it? These cannot help them to any knowledge of spiritual realities, they can only enter into the spirit of the "game," giving wrong impressions, influencing for wrong those who thus make use of them. If these could be left alone how much easier would be our task, and what a glorious mission might be done through those upon earth sending out vibrations of thought and prayer towards us.

Do all in your power to give out all that is sent you, that in this work you may do your part, always remembering that you are but an instrument in the divine purpose, just one stone of that wonderful building which the Master is building up day by day, and when all is accomplished the Builder will see it is "very good." He will call together all the workers who have served Him in this work, and will send them forth, from every corner of His Kingdom, until all shall be gathered into the many mansions of His preparing.

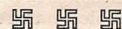
THE SOUL AS A PART OF NATURE—

Continued from page 168.

essentially different from Spirit, otherwise Spirit could not manifest in and through it.

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

J. L.



A READER'S TESTIMONY

South Coast Subscriber: "How you keep up the *Gazette* in such a wonderful way I do not know! June and July are splendid numbers. I've been interested in Mr. Hare's articles on the Theosophical Society, and am glad you have inserted them. Really, Mrs. Besant is going too far. I think Krishnamurti is a most pathetic figure and I am very sorry for him. He is a very spiritual soul and highly evolved, but I can't accept him as a World Teacher."

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