

THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

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Our Outlook Tower.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

LAST month we wrote of "Signs and Portents," of such gigantic calamities and cataclysmic happenings in the physical world as would certainly have stirred a pessimistic Hebrew prophet to exclaim:—

"Behold the tempest of the Lord, even His fury, is gone forth a sweeping tempest: it shall burst upon the head of the wicked. The fierce anger of the Lord shall not return until he have executed, and till he have performed the intents of his heart: in the latter days ye shall understand it."

But in the spiritual world there are simultaneously signs of a widespread awakening and forward movement that are as gratifying as they are unmistakable. Let us point to the few simple indications appearing in this single number of the *Gazette*; they may be taken as straws which show how the current is flowing.

First of all, the great annual Armistice Sunday demonstration of the strength and progress of Spiritualism is to be held on November 14 in the vast Albert Hall, instead of in the Queen's Hall, where notwithstanding its tiers of galleries, hundreds of people had always to be turned away, to form subsidiary gatherings in some neighbouring hall and on the open street. Then we record the opening of a new Temple of Light in South-east London, an effort to double the size of the Spiritualist Church at Forest Hill, the opening of a new Spiritualist Fellowship in an old Jewish synagogue at Hornsey, and the laying of foundation stones of the first Spiritualist Temple in North London. These are fruits chiefly of the individual efforts of a few earnest spirit-guided people, who are achieving miraculous things without the aid of any central organisation with large funds. The editor of a Dutch Spiritualist paper also tells us that £2,350 has already been collected towards erecting a great Spiritualist Temple at The Hague. Then we have the remarkable declaration of a Roman Catholic Bishop, "So far as I am concerned I perceive in Spiritualism none of the evils that people allege it contains," which is quite in accord with the sympathetic attitude of the present enlightened Pontiff of the Roman Church, which we recently reported on the trustworthy evidence of a devout Catholic lady who had a special audience on the subject. The chief Anglican priests, it is true, still dally in the sombre backwaters of stolid prejudice and mediaeval superstition, and are still discussing immortality as merely "a great secret," but many are the vicars, curates, and whole flocks who are steadily advancing into the light and comfort of Spiritualistic truth without their guidance. These are most gratifying signs of real advance; the two worlds, the here and the beyond, are becoming closely linked up daily as they have never been before; death is losing its last sting, and the grave also its victory!

ROBERT BURNS AND HIS PORTRAIT.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, in a lecture at Portsmouth on October 22, told an interesting story of how Mr. Barrington Nash, a gentleman interested in antiques, was one day attracted by a dirty-looking portrait in oils he saw in a shop. Shortly afterwards Mr. Nash was suffering from neuralgia and went to a Spiritualistic healer in quest of relief. Instead of curing him in the first instance the medium went immediately into trance, and a spirit, speaking with a strong Scotch accent, announced that he was Robert Burns. The voice told Mr. Nash he had recently been looking at his (Burns') portrait, painted in his lifetime by a great artist, and asked him to purchase it, as he did not like the conventional portraits of himself. Mr. Nash accordingly purchased the picture, cleaned it, and found it to be an unmistakable portrait of Burns. Experts have declared it to have all the marks of being a Raeburn, and Mr. Nash intends to present it to the Scottish National Gallery, as he has no wish to make money out of his spirit-guided "find."—As further evidence that Burns still interests himself in this world, we shall publish next month a remarkable poem, highly characteristic of him, which he dictated to a Spiritualistic medium in dramatic circumstances.

LADY PALMER'S SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH.

THE wonderful snap-shot spirit-photograph, taken by a lady friend, of Lady Palmer in Domremy Chapel, on which the "extras" of two invisible guardians of the shrine of Joan of Arc appeared (which we published in our April number) was enlarged and printed in the *Morning Post* of October 20. In an interview Lady Palmer stated to a representative of that paper that the British women's flag she hung up in the Chapel was previously blessed by the Bishop of London, and that the original snap-shot negative, now in the possession of the Church Army, had been certified by Mr. Richard Speaight, the Court photographer, as "undoubtedly not a fake."

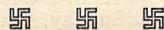
INDIAN PRINCE AT A SEANCE.

HIS Highness the Maharajah of Alwar has just been in England, arranging for the erection of a chain of super cinemas across India, in which British films only will be shown. This scheme to fight the American monopoly in India will involve the expenditure of £1,000,000, of which the Maharajah is contributing £100,000 and many free sites, and other princes are lavishly offering their resources.

During his residence in London the Maharajah displayed a keen interest in Spiritualism, and had several sittings with Madame Bishop Anderson, the well-known medium, which gave him such pleasure and satisfaction that His Highness desired to see some other phase of spiritual manifestation. Madame Anderson accordingly arranged for a seance with Mr. P. S. Mills Tanner, the wonderful "apport" medium, at Croydon on October 19.

The Prince arrived, with his equerries, attired in all the splendour of the East, and was covered with precious jewels and regalia, as he had just attended a State banquet. About a dozen Spiritualists awaited him, and a thorough preliminary search was made of the room and the medium. Mr. Mills Tanner went into trance behind a screen about four feet high, in a corner of the room, and after the invocation by Madame Anderson, "Big Eagle," the control, conducted the manifestations in full light. In about ten minutes a series of heavy thuds were heard in the neighbourhood of the medium and after about half an hour the screen was removed, and a miraculous shower of Indian "apports" was discovered beside him. These included a brass carved statue of an Indian goddess, a statue of the holy Fakir of India, a group of twelve other native gods, a carved ivory idol of Vishnu, and a carved dagger with ivory handle in a sheath with ivory and ebony top. The Prince and his attendants were delighted with this amazing demonstration of psychic power, for its genuineness was so obviously beyond all doubt. The lights were then put out, and a successful trumpet seance was held when the prince was spoken to in the "direct voice" by a spirit friend, who gave him a message and a rose. An illuminated trumpet was seen floating around the room, and three trumpets beat a tattoo on the floor and ceiling, spirit voices being heard to join in the singing. His Highness before leaving carefully examined the "apports," and on being invited to accept one as a memento selected the Indian goddess. Then he graciously shook hands with the medium and sitters and thanked them all for a most interesting evening.

J. L.



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S "MASCOTS."—A bazaar will be held at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Tuesday, November 16th, in aid of the bright Sunday services of the Spiritualist Community at the Grotian Hall. The Viscountess Grey of Falldon will declare the bazaar open, and will be supported by other distinguished Spiritualists. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is taking the chair. A correspondent writes us that Sir Arthur, in the midst of all his other pressing work, has found time to make some unique "mascots" to be sold immediately after the sale begins. These are likely to sell like hot cakes, and as the number is limited persons desirous of being the happy possessors of his personal handiwork should purchase them early to avoid disappointment. We refer our readers to the advertisement opposite from which they will ascertain the numerous attractions awaiting all who have the good work of this Community at heart.

A WEALTHY PLACE : A Psychic Experience.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

"Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place."— *Bible.*

GRIEF-STRICKEN and utterly disconsolate, I wandered into the heart of a wood.

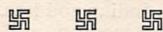
It was late spring, and the wild flowers bloomed in profusion at my feet. Violets were paling in the rays of a scorching sun that had penetrated to their hiding-place, and the breath of wild roses and almond blossoms was borne to me on the breeze. Gorgeous butterflies were on the wing, revelling in their brief hours of dissipation, while in leafy trees birds delirious with delight were singing out their hearts in unison. A lark forsaking her lowly nest and imbued with divine rapture soared on quivering wings to the gates of heaven.

How relentless seemed Nature in her cruel mockery, sending shafts of light to an unresponsive soul—one crushed in the whirlwind of bereavement and doubt. Yet, "love suffereth long and is kind," awaiting with unerring vision the time of roses, the season of an inexpressible rapture, the glow of a glory surpassing all human conception when revealed! Bereft of a beloved presence, and yearning for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," I realised the tragedy of life, its cruel insistence, its death-shadowed limitation; and yet, in the wilderness of despair a table was spread for me, and the cup held to my lips sparkled with celestial wine, while my soul grew strong with a divine ambrosia. For lo! in the midst of this crushing sorrow, I was conscious of the presence of the newly-arisen one. I knew unmistakably that the one whom I deemed lost had only passed beyond the ever-thinning veil, and was striving to assure me of Life's love and continuity. Nature, no longer cruel, with her wondrous chalice of beauty and delight filled me with the aroma that steals from Paradise, and I knew that He who is Love had brought me out into a wealthy place, into the sunlight and glory of a divine realisation.

The elder finely flowers,
Crimson carnations nod,
Lithe lilies lure the sun,
Red roses climb to God.

O! breaking heart be brave,
Love cleaves the densest clouds,
And weaves for blackest woes
The whiteness of a shroud.

See, with what scented bloom,
Blossoms the chast'ning rod,
Dismiss despair's dark doubts,
Drink deep the soul of God!



HARVEST FESTIVAL AT BATH.—The first harvest thanksgiving of the Bath Spiritualist Church was held in the Little Theatre there on Sunday, October 4th. The good friends rallied round their leader and sent in a nice selection of flowers and fruits, and with these the ladies contrived a very beautiful decoration for the rostrum. Mr. Carlos took as his text, "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few." He cited a harvest of possibilities which were ignored, a harvest of spiritual gifts which they failed to gather and utilise, a harvest of blessings they failed to recognise. In the Spiritualist cause there existed, he said, abundant material for carrying on the good work, but only very few psychics responded to the divine call. He urged all to develop and use their gifts in the service of God and man. The clairvoyance which followed was very successful. The audience being larger than usual, the collection was gratifying. On the 6th a social gathering was held at 6 Upper Boro' Walls, when all the members contributed their quota to the menu. All the participators thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and a lady kindly gave two beautiful vocal solos, accompanying herself on the organ.

FLOWERS FOR SYMBOLS.

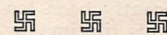
By MARION J. CARPENTER.

AT a seance a short while ago, Mrs. LUCY SMITH, the well-known South African psychic, described to us a little fellow with laughing face and bright golden curls, who appeared in the centre of the circle with his arms full of flowers. He went slowly round the group, and to each sitter he gave a flower.

In the lap of A he placed a large sunflower; to B he gave a pink rose; C had a crimson clove carnation; while a sprig of holly was placed in the button-hole of D's lapel. E became the possessor of a crimson and a pink dahlia, and a stem of the blue agapanthas was given to F. He placed a sweet-smelling rose-bud in the bosom of G's gown, H had three cornflowers, and I received a spray of Michaelmas daisies. A white camellia was tucked into the belt of J, and K became the owner of a red and a white rose. The little fellow placed a bunch of wild flowers of varied hues, tied with white ribbon, on the lap of L, and he pinned with a beautiful pearl a large scarlet geranium and a tiny white one on M's shoulder.

The medium told us that, later in the evening, when her Guide took control of the circle, she would give us an explanation of these symbolic flowers. Speaking with a strong Scotch accent the Guide told us that "Wee Dennis" was a little lad in spirit-life, whose small span of existence on this plane had been passed in a murky city, and now his greatest pleasure was to return and give to denizens of the earth-plane some of his dearly loved flowers. These flowers were symbols of the work entrusted to each recipient, and he would know, when he met them again in the spirit-world, whether they had accomplished their given task by the radiance or dullness of these same flowers, which would be embroidered on their spirit robes.

As the sunflower is golden and its upturned face reflects the sun's glorious rays, so this symbol signified that A's work lay in helping and guiding others into the golden light of these glorious revelations. As it was difficult for C to enumerate the number of petals in the carnation so would it be impossible to say how many people would be helped and uplifted by the power and fragrance that she would be enabled to give to the world through her gift of music. Part of D's life would be spent amongst those who were severe and dour as a grey day in winter; as the holly-leaf pricks the hand of the gatherer, so his task would be to pierce with the spiritual truths the hard outer crust of those with whom he came in contact, even though in doing so drops of blood (signified by the red berries) were the outcome. All her life E had disliked the stiff primness of the dahlia, so the mission entrusted to her was to beat against and break in pieces the stiff immobility of the orthodox religion. As the beautiful blue cluster of the agapanthas springs from one upright stem so F would help others to realise the wonderful truths of Spiritualism, signified by the rich blue of the blossoms which emanates from the one stem, the love of God. The sweet fragrant rose-bud signified to G that the joyousness which permeated her young life would be the means of diffusing fragrance and sweetness to those with whom she came in contact. The white camellia was given to J to teach her that though the flower was associated in her mind with death, her work must be to help the sorrowing and bereaved to realise that though the earthly bodies of their dear ones were laid in the grave, their spiritual bodies were gloriously alive for evermore. The bunch of wild flowers, tied with white ribbon, was placed in the lap of K to show that as the flowers were of every hue so the good she had done for others was inconceivable, and the love (signified by the white ribbon) encircled and flowed around those with whom she came in contact. Most people are attracted by the brilliant colouring of the red geranium, but comparatively few notice the pure white blossom; so the work that M was doing for her fellows, though not known by those living on the earth-plane, was recorded in the heavenly archives; she indeed had found the pearl of great price.



TOWNS LIT UP BY FLASHES.—The Aberdeen correspondent of the *Sunday Chronicle*, telegraphing on October 17, says:—"During the last two nights from twilight to daylight the north-east of Scotland has been illuminated by a display of the aurora borealis, the like of which has not been seen for many years for intensity and duration. Early this morning the aurora was sweeping across the sky in rapid rolls, like streamers, being broken again and again by shooting stars." The *Morning Post* of October 23 says, "There is no cessation of the great upheavals and shocks of nature which have characterised 1926."

A Seance with Mr. A. J. Maskell. "SAILOR BILL" AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

By R. H. SAUNDERS.

IN the *International Psychic Gazette* for May, 1925, there was an article by me referring to an amateur voice medium, whom I felt would one day be more widely known. I wrote of Mr. A. J. Maskell, who for some time had been placing his gift at the disposal of a circle of friends in his neighbourhood. Shortly after my article appeared a terrible calamity befell Mr. Maskell. He became blind, and although the doctors at the hospital in which he became a patient did what they could, the sight of one eye was quite lost, and the other permitted only but dim vision of his surroundings, and was not good enough to allow him to get about unaided. This deprivation of sight was followed by cessation of income, for he had to relinquish his situation, and he has now to make a modest charge for his services.

It is really pitiful that any explanation should have to be made, when one thinks of the vast sum of £140,000 paid to Dempsey for half an hour's battering, and yet to one possessing a gift far transcending any physical attribute there are those who begrudge the payment to a medium of a few shillings, under the plea that they dislike the idea of a paid medium! Verily there is a deplorable lack of due perspective on the part of the public in viewing, and appreciating, the most beneficent gifts awarded to mankind by nature.

When Mr. Maskell was in hospital his power for production of "the voices" left him, but with a return of physical well-being the gift was restored, and "the voices" are now strong, and of great clarity.

As a specimen of what takes place under reasonably good "conditions," I append a verbatim report of one of many sittings I have recorded. I found the type of spirit manifesting at his sittings quite good. I do not refer to those spirits, relations and friends, who come to the sitters—(these may be good, bad or indifferent, according to the sitter's own development)—but to those spirits, strangers for the most part to those in the circle, who manifest to give messages or information, and to demonstrate and enforce the ever-present fact that life is continuous.

This particular circle was a large one, comprising fifteen sitters; and eight visitors seated outside the circle, in addition, made the room too close to be comfortable. After the invocation a hymn was sung, and Joey Grimaldi, the medium's control, greeted us in his inimitable voice and manner, and had something humorous to say to each sitter. Spirit lights were seen by some sitters, and cold psychic waves were felt by many, although door and windows were closed.

Joey asked for something to be sung with a "good swing" in it, and asked a visitor if she had got her ticket! "Good singing does help," he said, "but don't pitch it too high." "It is well with my soul" was sung, and the deep strong notes of an invisible trumpet accompanied us. Someone said "Billy Merson ought to be here," and Joey said, "Then I'd go!"

I told Joey I was reporting one of Mr. Maskell's sittings, and he said, "Better leave me out, Mr. S. People say I'm on a low plane, you know." We sang, "When the mists have rolled away," and a fine bass spirit-voice joined in, and then spoke: "I am glad, friends, we have power by which we can give you evidence of the continuity of life, and make known to you that we never, never die. All is well with the spirit-world, and recompense is laid up for those who make efforts to bring the light to those in darkness. We try to bring you evidence, but the chief difficulty, in fact, is due to what the medium has touched upon. (We had been speaking of the lack of sympathy in many circles.) I am Oscar Wilde," he concluded.

"Oscar Wilde!" I exclaimed, "Are the messages coming from automatic writing yours?"

"Yes," was the reply, "as far as I can impress the mediums. There are many limitations, and I sometimes find the medium's own thoughts embarrass me."

"But in the direct voice that is not so, is it?"

"At times, yes," said the voice.

"But, say now," I persisted, "does the mentality of the medium here colour what you are now saying?"

"Oh no! But suppose his father, mother, sister, or anyone is deeply anxious to speak at the moment, then a little colour might be given to my thoughts. Good-bye."

The medium's guide thus commented on the manifestation:—"He was a remarkable man, that Oscar Wilde, and better than some people may think. Some of you think a bad name lasts for all eternity. Now tell me, what is the difference between a partly good man and a partly bad one, and a partly bad one and a partly good one? I'll tell you. A partly good man has all his good points in the front window, and no one sees the bad ones. The partly bad man shows his faults only, and his virtues are unknown, and people judge as they see. We here can sift the chaff from the wheat, and know the man as he is."

A deep rumbling voice, entirely different from any other we had heard now came; it was a rough uncultured voice, highly characteristic. The spirit gave the name of "Sailor Bill," and said:—"Yer leave behind everything wen yer come 'ere, 'cept yerself. Yer real self. Not one plea, just as you are, and there's no Almighty God to judge yer. Yer judge yerself; no one interferes. Yer've got to forgive yerself, and yer may take it from me, it's the hardest job in the world. Yer can forgive someone else, whatever he has done to yer, but it takes a bit o' doin' to forgive yerself. If yer wants to be decently happy, yer've got to bring happiness to others, not misery, not to run down others. Yer sometimes asks 'what's the best creed?' I'll tell yer. The Sermon on the Mount—yer've got it all there—get it till it becomes a part of yerself. Not with yer lips, but with yer lives. Once get that all right, yer saved, an' become a saviour to others; I planned it out meself. I was as rough as they make 'em, for a long time, afore I got sight. Some people's got an awkward temperament, an' it wants some doin' to make peace, but 'blessed are the peace-makers.' If a chap's got a temperament other than calculated to be peaceful, you've got somethin' to do to get that text down. But yer've got to set yer house in order.

"When I got over here it was awful foggy, but luckily I had something inside me wantin' to go ahead, an' the crownin' point came when some big 'un came to me, and said, 'I've got a job for you.' 'What is it?' I said. He told me I could be of some service to those on earth. 'But I don't see as how I can,' I said, for I couldn't see what good I could do. But they told me there was somethin' in me, sort of mediumistic, that they could use. I didn't know what mediumistic was; of course, I'd knowed of mediums afore I come'd over, but I didn't know there was mediums in the spirit world. Excuse my homely language, I was only a rough sailor. They gave me some work to do, and I've been full up ever since, an' I'm happy to think I've been selected, rough as I am. I've made many unsuccessful attempts to manifest but I've got properly aboard now. Now don't ye forget the Sermon on the Mount."

"When you say foggy, do you mean it literally? Are you unable to discern your surroundings?" I asked.

"Well," said Sailor Bill, "I tried to see with me earth eyes, an' I couldn't. Yer want spiritual sight."

"But don't the high spirits come down and help you?"

"A course they do, an' brings comfort."

Another voice then spoke, and three ladies claimed it; but it did not develop. The control said it was due to the cross vibrations of three people. Again we heard the trombone notes accompanying a hymn, or harmonising with it, though there was no material trombone in the house.

A voice, sad in tone, but quite clear, said, "I come to-night for a purpose. You have known me. I felt drawn to this circle. I feel unworthy, but I hope you will forgive me. I've been a great sinner, but I'm trying to work out my own salvation, and I feel sure there is hope for me now. I made up my mind to confess my weakness to people still in the body, and I hope soon to be improving my condition. I was brought here. The spirits said I should benefit by open confession."

The spirit gave his name.

"Doesn't remorse bring improvement?" I asked.

The control answered, "If accompanied by confession, yes."

A grave and deliberate voice now said, "You will all receive a great measure of happiness in offering service to your fellow men and women. I care not in what way, physically, mentally, or spiritually. If you serve your fellow men, you serve God. You can only serve God through your fellows. Serve, serve, serve, all the time; it will fill your hearts with unspeakable happiness. Charles West. I am unknown to you, but I give my name—Charles West."

We sang a hymn, "Doors open wide," and a powerful spirit-voice joined in, and said, "Ah, the door was opened wide for me. I was a howling sinner, and I thought the door was for ever closed to me; I was afraid; but heaven's door is always open. I hadn't been to church. I trembled when I crossed the river, but I found the door open wide. My name is Church."

Joey commented in his usual comical fashion. "Church, bear in mind, not Chapel!"

"These are the sort of sermons, Joey, the Archbishops cannot, or don't preach," I remarked.

"What salary does an Archbishop get?" asked Joey.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury gets £15,000 a year."

"Well, he won't give that up to preach this!"

A lady was thanked by a spirit for looking after children at a Lyceum. "I have come," said the spirit, "to seize the opportunity, and to represent the parents of the children who are on this side, for work you have done, and are now doing, and will do. Infinitely greater work will be open to you. Accept our warmest thanks, and take the assurance that we are with you in your efforts to lead the children. I am Andrew Jackson Davis. We appreciate your work."

A voice, laboured, as though there were difficulty in breathing, said, "I want to speak to somebody. I've tried many times. My name is Stephens." A sitter recognised the spirit, and said, "Why, I'm looking after your garden now."

The spirit—"Ah, I left it unfinished. You won't make so good a job of it as I would! It's awfully good

to be back to speak to you again; there was so much left undone, and so much I wanted to say, but the young ones push us out. I've got a decent garden, here. I try to impress M., and she responds. There's a good understanding there."

We asked about the flowers in the spheres, and the spirit said, "It's very curious, but the colours of the flowers vary according to the people looking at them; it changes the garden into all sorts of colours."

Joey said, "Would you like to hear me sing?" We said we should, and he piped up, but I did not know the song.

I asked him to read my mind, and soften the attitude of a certain lady towards another lady of whom I was thinking, and he said, "I must get into the vibrations first"; then, in a few seconds he said, "Yes, I know now; you watch for the result."

(I learnt subsequently that there was perfect harmony now between the two ladies.)

Some very private and intimate conversation took place between a sitter and the manifesting spirit which I purposely abstained from recording, and the sitting closed, after one and a half hours' capital phenomena.

It will be noticed that there is a sort of "revival meeting" flavour from some of the manifesting spirits. This is probably due to the fact that before his blindness Mr. Maskell did much earnest work with the Salvation Army, and the control, Joey Grimaldi, in his discretion admits those spirits who, in giving their own experiences, seek to bring hope and comfort to sitters.

Detachment.

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

HE who aspires to spiritual development to a higher life, has to consider and realise the need of detachment from earthly possessions. This does not mean what in common parlance we term a don't-care attitude, nor that earthly possessions are necessarily evil. All is good when used rightly with a true sense of proportion and a consciousness of stewardship.

Those things on which one is apt to set an undue value are not bad in themselves, they are meant for man's use and enjoyment, nevertheless we should not make them our all in all, but should be ready to share them with others or part with them cheerfully when called upon to do so. We cannot be the perpetual owners of any of the treasures of this world, even when fate seems to pour them freely into our lap. All earthly treasures are but transitory, we cannot carry them into the next world, but we can spoil our joy there by still hankering after them.

We are the custodians of certain things for a time, trustees, and if worthy of the trust must consider how the possessions confided to us can be most wisely used. If we keep everything for ourselves, or even for our own particular household or family, we are not acting as faithful trustees, nor are we getting the greatest possible amount of joy out of our possessions.

We may get pleasure perhaps or excitement or bodily comfort from merely personal luxuries which satiate and weaken the roots of all spiritual growth. To those who cling to these illusions of the senses will come a day of unhappy reaping, of self accusations, of bitter regrets—the consequences of misused opportunities and selfish attachments. The time must come when the spirit is called to pass on into the next life and there to review his stewardship. If he is still attached to material possessions, then will they be like chains holding him earthbound to what, in his now more extended consciousness, he will know to be illusions.

Our efforts to release ourselves from the attractions of the material and physical plane should extend also to our attachments on the emotional plane. In our human and earthly affections and relationships we would be happier if we could teach ourselves this lesson in "letting go," or detachment. There would be fewer heartbreaks and less sorrow if, instead of running after happiness and claiming love—chasing shadows and vainly trying to catch hold of them—we stood still and let go. What we endeavour to hold too tightly invariably seems to escape us. Happiness and love can be won, but in a selfish pursuit of them they are never attained.

It is by letting go that we most often find and keep those illusive things called happiness and love. Many mothers would avoid much distress and suffering from what so often appears to be the indifference and even open opposition of their children, did they understand the art of loosing them and treating them as free entities

like unto themselves. This is not advocating either lack of interest in, nor lack of affection for their children. It is recommending a wisely-controlled and well-balanced mother-love that without the use of force or many words can influence and guide. What is there more God-like and unselfish in the whole world than true mother-love? It is when the childhood days are passing that difficulties arise and the wisdom of mother-love is tested and all too often very severely tried. Children should not be claimed as personal possessions but rather held as great and precious trusts.

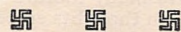
May we not carry the idea of detachment yet a little further and detach ourselves from our fears, our fads, and our prejudices? Would not half our worries vanish if we understood the wisdom of "letting go," and really practised detachment?

The New Testament abounds in teachings on the subject of detachment. "A man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things he possesses." "Give and it shall be given to you again." "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." And again the parable of the rich man, showing the mistake of laying up treasure for himself and not being rich in spirit. These sayings of the Great Teacher express the highest mystic and occult philosophy.

This teaching applies not only to the possessions of money or land or houses or friends, but equally to the riches of the intellect, to acquired knowledge and experience. Not only should we share the visible and tangible treasures of the earth with others, we are stewards also of "the mysteries of God. No treasure, no possession must be held for self alone. We must minister unto others as good stewards of the manifold gifts of God."

It is strange how, in spite of this abundance of teaching, these many warnings regarding detachment are so lightly ignored by the great majority, and it is therefore not surprising that asking what subject I should write on, I was given from the "other side" this old, old theme, to counter the age-long human weakness of too great attachment to things ephemeral.

The more man can be weaned from depending on people and setting his affections on places and things, the nearer he is to freedom. His spirit relieved from the weight of these self-imposed shackles rises on the wings of liberty to care-free heights, previously unattainable, and he reaches a truer and more enduring satisfaction, a real happiness and a peace that passes understanding.



The path of knowledge is rough; it mounts up a steep gradient by a zigzag route, the goal often obscured. But the exertion required to tread it and reach the top is worth ten times the simple, easy, straightforward progress on a monotonous level.—*Viscount Ullswater.*

Psychic Development in Private Circles—II. THE UNEXPECTED RETURN OF UNCLE GEORGE.

By GLADYS OSBORNE LEONARD.

THE following dramatic story was told by Mrs. Osborne Leonard to the Editor in an interview, the first half of which appeared in our October issue. It refers to the return of her Uncle George in spirit, shortly after the outbreak of the Great War, when she did not even know he had passed over, and was not at all disposed to believe it. She was then sitting for development at a table with some lady friends. The interview concludes with some sage reflections on "trivial communications," which might well be pondered by critics who use these two words as a hostile parrot cry!

I started my professional work in April, 1914, but we still went on with our weekly sittings. We never went to them expecting anything particularly important, and we seldom put leading questions. We simply left everything to our spirit-friends. One evening in October, 1914, I was not expecting anything to come through for myself. Indeed, I had now got into the habit of thinking that the messages should come for the others, since I had taken up professional work.

Suddenly the name "George" was spelt through the table. Strangely enough, though George is a very common name, no one at the table had lost any relative of that name. Nobody knew "George," so I said—"Will you give us your other name?" He immediately spelt out "Matthews." (That is not the correct name, but it is one similar.) Nobody knew that name either, but I was aware all the time that I had an uncle on the earth-plane called George Matthews; my mother's sister Elsie was his wife. But I thought—"It is an ordinary kind of name, and it may not be for me." When nobody recognised it as that of anyone they knew in the spirit-world, I said—"I have an uncle called George Matthews, but he is still in the body; or else I should have heard, as I am in fairly regular communication with my Aunt Elsie, his wife."

I should say here that every year before the war, and in the summer before the war broke out, my uncle's family always went to the Riviera, and I knew that when the war broke out in August, 1914, they were still there. There are two sons in the family who used to leave their parents in the Riviera, when they returned to Cambridge after the college vacation. It certainly struck me that my uncle and aunt might have had some difficulty in getting back, as the war had been going on for about six or seven weeks at the time of the sitting referred to. In the early weeks of the war, however, there had been practically no difficulty in travelling outside the zone of operations, and the Riviera was not in that area. They generally came back by the southern part of Europe, through Switzerland and the south of France. Knowing all this I did not think it could possibly be my Uncle George who was communicating through the table, for though he was elderly he was a very good traveller and in excellent health.

Directly I mentioned that I had an Uncle George, however, there were three loud raps on the table, which we generally take to mean "Yes." I told my friends that he was still in the body, but in order to make quite sure I spoke to the spirit of the supposed George Matthews and said—"Look here, I have an uncle of your name, but I know he is on the earth-plane; you cannot be my uncle, can you?" Immediately, again came three loud raps on the table for "Yes."

I did not believe that for the moment, because every reason seemed to be against its possibly being he; so I said—"Would you mind spelling your name again, as there are two ways of spelling it?"

Again came out the name as my uncle spelt it.

I said—"Well, then, if you are my Uncle George, do you mind my asking you a few questions, the answers to which are unknown to the other sitters at the table?"

He signified that he was willing, and I asked for the names of his wife, my mother, his sons, and so on. These were all given quite correctly.

So then I made the sign of the Cross on the table, and said—"Now, we are trying to get through only that which is good and true, to be of use to ourselves, and to be evidence for others. By the sign I have made on the table, do you still assert that you are my uncle George Matthews?" Slowly and solemnly came again the three decided raps which meant "Yes."

Even yet I was not convinced, because I knew that everything he had said so far was known to me, and that that knowledge might have come from my own sub-consciousness. So I said to him—"Well, I cannot believe you are my Uncle George. My reason tells me you cannot be he; but for the time being I must try to put that aside, and try to believe what you are telling me. Now, if you are really my Uncle George, and you have passed over, when did you pass over?" He replied—"Three weeks ago." I said—"Are you sure three weeks ago?" He answered "About." I said—"Oh well, about three weeks is near enough."

Then I said—"Did you pass out on your way home, in Switzerland, or in France?" He replied—"Neither." I said—"In what part of the Continent did you pass on then?" He replied—"Not on the Continent; I passed on at home." (He lived in the north-west of England.) I said—"But you never used to come home as early as that; did you come sooner because you were ill?" He said "No," so I asked—"Why then did you come home?" He replied—"Because of the war." "The war?" I said; "that would not affect you, would it?" He answered—"Yes, we had to come home; we touched at a place that was on German territory, and Everard (his son) was kept there a prisoner."

I could not understand this, so I said—"Everard will be back at college, won't he?" He replied—"No, Everard—prisoner—Germany." I said—"This makes me believe less than ever that you are my Uncle George, because I know the boys always left you behind early in the season." He replied—"No, he is there."

I said "Oh! . . . Were you ill, before you passed over?" He replied—"No, no; passed over suddenly." I said—"You are quite sure you passed over?" He answered—"Yes, at The Cedars" (the name of his house). I said—"Was auntie with you?" He answered—"Not at the moment; I passed over very suddenly; no illness at all."

Then he spelt out the two words—"Heart! Worry!" I said—"What worry?" He replied impatiently, "About Everard." I said—"Then you still assert that he is a prisoner in Germany?" For I thought, if all these extraordinary things had happened to my friends, we would certainly have heard about them. The story sounded too melodramatic to be true. However, he answered—"Yes."

I said—"Do you want me to do anything?" He replied—"Yes; tell Aunt Elsie I have been. Not much good, I fear, but tell her."

I was very doubtful indeed about all this, but suddenly Mrs. Cragendale said—"Oh, I can see clairvoyantly, but quite distinctly, a short gentleman with a greyish beard. He is very dark, with very bright eyes, and distinctly aquiline features." In fact, she described my Uncle George most wonderfully. She said she saw him so clearly, and he looked at her so pleadingly. She added—"Oh, Mrs. Leonard, do believe it is your Uncle George; it *is* your Uncle George! He looks at me so anxiously, and when I questioned him mentally he nodded his head so emphatically that I feel I must implore you to recognise him as your uncle." I said—"Well, until it is proved to be untrue, I shall take it for granted it is my uncle, but I cannot really accept it in my heart, because everything is so against it."

After the sitting I went home and told my husband about it. I said it could not possibly be my uncle, and he said—"No, it does not seem as if it can be Uncle George, from all we know, but I think you ought to act upon this message. Of course, knowing how antagonistic your aunt is to Spiritualism, and how upset she would be if you wrote suggesting that her husband had died, and he were still in the body, you should write an ordinary letter, asking her if anything has happened, and saying you have a reason for writing."

So I wrote to my Aunt Elsie in such a manner as would show her that I had something important in my mind. I addressed the letter to The Cedars, though that was still long before their usual time for returning. The gist of my letter was—"Please write to me and *tell me how you all are* (underlining that); I have a reason for asking." That is practically all I said excepting—"I am anxious about you."

Three days later there came a letter from my aunt saying I must forgive her for not having written as usual to let me know of their return, but that I would understand her not having done so on hearing that Uncle George had died three weeks ago! She said they had started on a tour through the southern part of Germany, and

when the war broke out their son Everard, being of military age, was taken prisoner. They were there advised to get home as quickly as they could, and they had done so, arriving home in middle August. A week or two later when she was in church one of the servants came to her, with a message saying that uncle had died, and would she come at once? She went home and found that he had passed on from a sudden heart attack. The shock of his sudden death, and all there had been to do since, had prevented her writing.

Directly I got her letter I went to two of the ladies who had been at the sitting with me, and together we wrote out a statement of what had occurred, as we remembered it, and it was thereupon signed by the three of us. In the hope that it might interest my aunt and comfort her I sent her this signed statement. She is thoroughly antagonistic to this subject, as I have already said, and she wrote me that she wished I had let her husband alone! That was the tenour of the letter. She regards such communication as raking up the departed and worrying them!

Before I received this second letter from her we had had another sitting, and my uncle had come again. When I asked him was he pleased I had taken his advice and written to Aunt Elsie? he replied, most emphatically—"No, it is no good; she won't listen"; but he added—"I understand, and am not unhappy about it." He said he should like to come to our sittings sometimes; also that he had met my mother, and had had long and interesting talks with her.

He was evidently very pleased with the spirit-world as he found it, and said it was very different in many ways from what he had expected. He was rather relieved at that, I think, as his ideas had been very orthodox. He was an exceedingly good kind man, and apart from his strict orthodoxy he was fairly broad-minded and reasonable, and could soon assimilate new ideas. Since then I have had chats with him through the table at other circles where he was seen by total strangers and described to me. I cannot say I have seen him myself as my clairvoyance is only intermittent.

The reason I have given you this personal thing is

because it shows we can sometimes get valuable evidence at these table sittings. That incident to me is pretty good evidence, for it entirely does away with the "sub-conscious" explanation. My own reason too had been totally against its possibly being true, and the four other sitters knew nothing whatever about my uncle. I do not think the incident trivial at all. We never had anything of a really trivial nature. Sometimes we thought a communication seemed so, but on our being patient, and further investigating the matter, we found it turned on to something very important.

As regards evidence, some of the very things people call trivial are most evidential to one's self; so I do not think it right to undervalue them because of how they appear to other people. Some people object to what they think trivial things related in reference to the spirit-world, and say there must be more wonderful and beautiful things to speak about. But I think our spirit-people often mention some trivial thing to show us how really alike things are over there to what they are on the earth-plane; also perhaps because the grander and more wonderful things of the spirit-world have not yet come within their purview, and even if they have it would be almost impossible to describe them by our exceedingly limited methods of communication. Then it must be very difficult to describe the next world to us, in terms that we can understand. I know that most beautiful and wonderful things have been given through my own mediumship as to the other world, but the extraordinary thing is that the majority of people don't seem to want that. They clamour for evidence, and when they get it they carp at it, and criticise it as "so very trivial!" These would be the very people who would reject really wonderful revelations, and say they were wholly imaginary, unverifiable, and unevidential! There are many Nicodemuses now and always. If they are told what others know to be true about spirit-life they won't believe; they say they are disappointed, they expected something different. And if they were told of higher things, beyond the scope of their limited earth-plane experience and imagination, they would believe less still.

A Catholic Bishop's Defence of Spiritualism.

MONSEIGNEUR D. FRANCISCO FEDERICO DE JUIZ, a Brazilian Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, has published the following pastoral letter to his flock, which we have translated from *La Revue Spirite* :—

"The law of the world is the law of progress. To deny science and its developments is to deny progress itself, and to hinder truth becoming known. Science is not a belief reserved to any class or party; it is the truth and it is under subjection to no one. At the same time as we ought to respect morality, which is the basis and cement of the social edifice, we ought not to cut the wings of seekers for truth by contesting the reality of their discoveries. Truth always comes into its own. If it is imprisoned on the one side it emerges on the other. Science goes forward incessantly. Galileo was at first considered a madman, a heretic, and for that reason he was excommunicated. Later it was recognised that he had spoken truly in affirming the movement of the earth. That claim had been the cause of his condemnation and martyrdom, but the theory of Galileo had to be admitted at last as an item of world-wide belief.

"That is what is going to happen in the case of Spiritualism, which bases itself on science, and which has been able to reveal to men, by incontrovertible proofs, the existence of the spiritual world and of its relations with incarnate beings. According to my way of thinking—I, a Roman Catholic Bishop—I say that Spiritualism ought not to be condemned as a production exclusively diabolical, and further that Spiritualists ought not to be declared outside the paths of salvation, nor be called heretics, nor promised hell. If later the good foundations of this science are going to be recognised, why at this present moment should we permit ourselves to regard it as sacrilege? Science is almighty (*au-dessus de tout*)! What surprises does it not reserve for future generations! Let, oh let the eagles fly across the heavens proclaiming the greatness and omnipotence of God,' said David; 'then new lights will shine upon the earth!'

"I am not a Spiritualist, and do not pretend here to undertake the defence of Spiritualism—that evolution of beliefs which daily gains ground among souls, and on the five continents. But I am, like many men of good faith, an observer of facts which cannot be contested, a student of modern ideas; and everything disposes me to embrace the truth unknown, whoever may be the persons who bring it me or whoever may show it me in an acceptable form. It is absurd to model truth according

to our personal susceptibilities. So far as I am concerned I perceive in Spiritualism none of the evils that people allege it contains. No, I don't see them! *Ex fructibus eorum, cognoscetis eos*. By their fruits shall ye know them, said the Christ to the false prophets. Very well, what are the fruits of Spiritualism? A faith in God, keen and ardent; an immense love for one's neighbour; and a universal sense of fraternity. What can one find evil in all that? For myself, on the contrary, I only find what is good. Spiritualism built on these bases cannot ruin the world! It maintains itself between God and Charity. Now Charity is in God, and God is in it.

"If Spiritualism were a movement essentially satanic, if all the spirits which appear in the world were evil spirits, then those also would be evil spirits which have appeared to all the saintly personages about whom the history of Christianity is full. My reasoning is quite logical, for otherwise all the visions of the saints would be diabolical visions! And that we cannot believe. *Bona mixta malis*. The good is mixed with the evil. Spiritualistic seances may be sometimes dangerous on account of the presence of certain evil spirits, but they are not all evil; far from that, for there also come to them good spirits, very good spirits. To condemn off-hand (*ex abrupto*) all the interventions of spirits in human affairs is an aberration. This new science, whose origin, to speak truly, was anterior to the birth of Christ, deserves to engage the maximum of our attention. Assuredly, excommunication weighs still heavily upon it, but that is not to say that the days of Spiritualism are counted!

"Come, let us lift up our eyes towards the light! Let us turn ourselves towards Him who said, 'Believe and you will live.'"

La Revue Spirite, commenting on this brave pastoral, says:—"Here is an ecclesiastical document which one can well believe has made a stir among the Americans. It resounded almost like a crack of thunder. The Brazilian Bishop was not afraid. It would seem from his pastoral letter that Spiritualism is sufficiently agitating some 'pastors of souls,' so that they have not the courage to keep back from their lips such outbursts as this. With another and a better sort of courage they are speaking out. This is not the first time such an event has happened beyond the Atlantic. We do not introduce any sentiment of raillery in mentioning it; we merely register a fact."

Opening of the New Temple of Light.

REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT OF A JOURNALIST AND HIS GUIDES.

SOUTH LONDON has now a commodious and galleried Spiritualistic Temple of its own, at 7 Westminster Bridge Road, near St. George's Cross and the Elephant and Castle, where regular services will now be conducted for worship and healing on Sundays at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., and clairvoyance be given at special services on Sundays at 3.30 p.m. and on Saturdays at 8 p.m. The remarkable story of how this Temple had been secured for Spiritualism chiefly by the efforts of a well-known Fleet Street journalist, Mr. W. Harold Speer, who had only been in touch with Spiritualism for about two years, was revealed at the largely-attended dedication on Wednesday evening, October 20. The dedication and consecration ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, and the service was conducted by Mr. P. J. Hitchcock. There was hearty congregational singing and a beautiful rendering of "Abide with me" was given by Madame Aurigo.

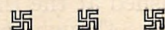
Mr. **НИТНСОСК**, in the course of the proceedings, welcomed the congregation and Mr. Vale Owen, whom they regarded as their leader, to this Temple of Light. In his opinion, he said, the Temple marked a new stage in the history of Spiritualism. It was the only Spiritualist church in the heart of the metropolis of London entirely devoted to worship and psychic work. The idea of founding the Temple had not been conceived in this world, but had come to them from the higher spheres. Their friend Mr. Harold Speer had acted as the amanuensis of the spirit being who had guided and directed him to find such a temple. It was a case of direct intervention of the spirit-world in the affairs of this one. It was in perfect accord with many similar interventions recorded in Scripture. In a little house not far from Brighton two people were sitting quietly in an upper room receiving automatic messages from their beloved daughter in the other world when an entirely different spiritual personality urged the father to find a temple. That seemed a most unlikely thing for him to do, and he seemed to be the most unlikely person to do it, but the messages became more and more insistent until Mr. Speer, almost in desperation, came up to London to look for one. Knowing nothing more than that it must be located somewhere amongst the poor he boarded a tramcar with only a vague hope of finding one, and within five minutes he had found this church. It seemed as if, from the moment he had decided to obey his spiritual counsellor he had been guided from the Unseen and found all obstacles removed. Having seen the church he went to see the owners, and found to his amazement the first man who had assisted him into Spiritualism. A series of remarkable events since then had satisfied him and the friends associated with him that Unseen powers had guided them. Now they were going forward in faith, confident that their faith would be justified. This was a densely populated district with many poor people, sorrowing, wanting hope and love and healing, a rich field for service for those who had a heart for it. He asked all present to leave behind them in that temple their kindest, happiest, holiest, and most loving thoughts.

The Rev. G. VALE OWEN, having dedicated and consecrated the church, recounted some visions, seen in the darkness of night by a clairvoyant in his former church at Orford, to illustrate his view that the angelic beings of the other world did not see the bricks and mortar of houses of worship but their spiritual counterpart, and that a church was to them either bright and beautiful or dim and uncomely as the worshippers made it. Here, he said, we have to-night another building of the same materials, and there are many angels here present who see us not on the physical side, but according to the lives we are living, whether they are good or evil, whether our spiritual counterparts are bright or dull, beautiful or uncomely. They had, he continued, dedicated this church to God and His service, and as there was nothing good sent upwards without bringing down a corresponding blessing, so they were being consecrated by a real shower of psychic power coming from the Creator and through the Christ Sphere and other spheres into this temple. Thus they were linked up with the angel world, for according to whether their service was unselfish, good, humble, and loving or otherwise, so would they make or

mar the beauty of their temple. Might it be filled with blessing and with spiritual strength and power to be used for the glory of God! In conclusion he congratulated them on the fact that the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Browning, whose church was almost next door, was one of the bravest men he knew. He had declared his belief in Spiritualism on Spiritualistic platforms, which was a very courageous and self-sacrificing thing to do. He suggested that they should follow the example of the early Wesleyans, who had their own places of worship but went periodically to the Church of England for holy communion. He felt sure that Mr. Browning would welcome them to meet their fellow Christians at the Lord's Table in his church. Might great blessing and peace rest upon this house and all who used it in the Father's business of teaching and healing the souls and bodies of the people!

Mr. W. HAROLD SPEER, having read a telegram from Mrs. Albert Chevalier, saying, "May the light be given; my prayers are with you all," said that for over a quarter of a century he had been a newspaper representative. He had been taught early in his career never to accept any evidence until he had tested it and proved it. He was therefore not a likely person to be taken in by fraudulent messages or mediums! Less than two years ago he knew about as much or as little of the future life as the average man of the street. In February of last year his wife and he lost their only daughter, Edie, and to them that had seemed the end of everything. He asked himself, Was death the end of all? Was his daughter asleep until some far distant resurrection day? Or was she perhaps somewhere near them and able to see and hear them? He did not know; he could not tell, and he determined with God's help to try to find out. A week or two later the Rev. Mr. Bond, the rector of the church he attended, passed away, and at the funeral he met Mr. Bligh Bond, the author of remarkable books on psychic discoveries at Glastonbury Abbey. Mr. Bond advised him to see Mrs. Dowden, the automatic medium, and prove her gifts. He did so and received messages that purported to come from his daughter, but he thought they might possibly have come from his subconscious mind. One, however, was, "Una is with me," and Una had been a school chum of Edie. That might seem a very trivial message, but he thought it very important and evidential. A day or two later he was in a railway train with Captain Tucker, who suggested he should go to see Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morris, who got messages by table rappings. He went; there were five other persons present, all strangers to him; and within a few moments he received convincing proof that Edie was present. He had messages from her about things known only by herself and her father and mother. That satisfied him he was on the right track. He went again to Mrs. Dowden and she described Edie accurately, and said another girl present gave the name of Una. From that day his wife and he had delved deeply into the subject. They had received hundreds of messages from Edie, Una, and many other friends in spirit-life. They also got some from perfect strangers, who gave the streets and numbers of the houses where they had lived on earth. He tested these messages and found them correct. They had been in Spiritualist meetings in different parts of England and Wales where the various mediums had described Edie as being with them, and had conveyed from her messages which were consistent in every case. They had heard Edie talking to them in the direct voice through the trumpet, and another daughter had heard Edie and Una singing. They had seen Edie materialise, when her form had glided over the heads of everyone in the room. They had also seen other materialisations, including those of Mrs. Albert Chevalier's sons. They had had flowers brought to them by spirit agency, when there were no flowers in the room. At a seance with Mr. Mills Tanner a perfect rose had been brought to them in this way. In these various ways they had gained absolute knowledge of human survival after death. They knew their daughter now lives, and is happy, and is often with them. If his hearers knew any persons sorrowing for their loved ones, would they please send them to this Temple of Light, which had been founded to bring real comfort to those who mourned.

After another hymn, Mr. Vale Owen pronounced the Benediction.



Reader's Testimony: "For many years I have found nothing so soul-satisfying as your helpful and uplifting magazine."

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The Soul's Faculties :

I.—CLAIRVOYANCE.

WHEN the woman of Samaria left her water-pot by Jacob's well and hastily summoned the men of the city to "come see a man which told me all things that ever I did!" she was evidently amazed that a stranger could unveil to her the hidden incidents of her past. It truly seemed to her miraculous, as every kind of psychical phenomenon usually does to a novice. "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet!" she exclaimed. But to-day such power is by no means rare. Indeed the existence of no spiritual faculty is so well established or so freely admitted as the gift of supernormal vision. Even the sceptical Dr. Schofield, who once declared that the "Russian legend" (heard of by everyone early in the great war) was "the most complete proof of the possible unreality of all phenomena accounted real in Spiritism," admits the reality of clairvoyance. He tells the story of a young friend of his, a curate of a West End church, who on opening his eyes after praying by his bedside, saw sitting in an old arm-chair a very ancient dame "clearly cursing him!" Knowing no fear, he gazed at her steadily, and saw her slowly disappear! "This first-hand story," says the doctor, so deeply impressed him that he "told it to a most expert occultist, whom he knew he could trust." The impression was thus duly developed and fixed! The Russian legend could not, of course, account for his own friend's experience, even though it does completely dispose of the reality of all Spiritualistic phenomena! Which only goes to show that this famous doctor's critical criterion for believing what you may tell him depends chiefly upon whether you happen to be his friend or are merely a Spiritualist!

Happily the reality of clairvoyance has been known since earliest times, having been witnessed in ancient Greece, Rome, and Egypt; in India, Persia, and Assyria; in Japan, China, and Siberia; in Peru, Polynesia, and Madagascar; among North American Indians, the Maories of New Zealand, and the savage tribes of Africa. In the Middle Ages the Christian Church knew it, thought it uncanny, and called it the work of evil spirits, but in the 16th and 17th centuries, both in England and on the Continent "its exponents were neither fools nor charlatans, but often learned men of note." In the 18th century Swedenborg exercised it. In September, 1759, he arrived at Gothenburg from England at four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, and two hours later informed the company in the house where he was staying that a dangerous fire had just broken out at Stockholm, fifty miles away, and that it was spreading fast. A friend's house, he said, had been burnt, and his own was in danger, but at eight o'clock he declared with joy that the fire had been extinguished at the third door from his house. This news, though only received by psychic vision, occasioned great commotion throughout the whole city, and on the Sunday morning the Governor of Gothenburg questioned

Swedenborg about the disaster. On Monday evening a Board of Trade messenger arrived from Stockholm with letters which described the fire exactly as it had been stated by Swedenborg. That is a true historic instance. During the South African war it was found that the natives knew similarly of battles and their result long before any news could have reached them in any ordinary way. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace testifies to a curious instance in which a clairvoyant played cards when blindfolded, and was able to tell not only his own cards but those of his adversaries as well. In that exasperating case one might well understand his opponents exclaiming "The Devil!" without ecclesiastical assistance.

The names for this psychical faculty are many, such as second-sight, lucidity, supernormal perception, and "opening the gates of distance." Mr. F. W. H. Myers suggested the name *tel-aesthesia*, as "implying the perception of terrestrial objects or conditions independently of the recognised channels of sense, and also independently of any possible knowledge derived from telepathy." A Dr. Mayo, F.R.S., who lived in the middle of the 19th century, called it "seeing without eyes," and said that "an entranced patient often appeared to locate his organ of transcendental vision in his hand, or the pit of his stomach, or any part of the body that lent itself to the illusion." Another authority, describing a clairvoyant feat, declared that the subject "read with the tips of the fingers." But it seems more natural to explain the facts by the existence of our spiritual body—the ethereal simulacrum of the physical body—with its corresponding set of spiritual faculties, including that of seeing. Some persons can use their spiritual sight almost as readily as they can use their physical sight, and they are called normal clairvoyants. Others have to become entranced to inhibit the interference of their physical senses, and these are called trance clairvoyants. Others again who have no suspicion of possessing psychic gifts have attained the lucid vision by gazing intently into a crystal and thereby, by a mild form of hypnotism, abstracting the mind from the normal sensory impressions. There are trustworthy records of Lord Balfour and Mr. Andrew Lang having been thus able to "see visions." Mr. Myers said that "the distinctness, artistic quality, and illumination of these crystal pictures often cause great surprise."

The scope of clairvoyant vision is wonderfully varied and far-reaching. The clairvoyant is able to visualise and describe events past, present and future in a person's life, see as Swedenborg did events happening at a distance at the moment of their occurrence, see and describe the spirits of the departed accompanying their living relatives—this is a convincing phase of it exhibited at many Spiritualistic meetings—see and interpret symbols giving a message or warning, and pierce the veil that to ordinary sense sunders the two worlds. Mr. J. Arthur Hill in his "Spiritualism and its phenomena and doctrine," mentions, what many non-Spiritualists seem to be aware of, namely, that dying people are often clairvoyant and see their friends in spirit awaiting to welcome them. "As death approaches, the veil grows thin and rends; the dying person's spiritual sight is opened; and he sees what our clogged senses cannot see." Our readers will find much well-weighted and instructive information on this and the other psychical faculties in the late Sir William Barrett's "Psychical Research" and "On the Threshold of the Unseen." J. L.

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

By FREDERIC W. THURSTAN, M.A.

ST. GILDAS, A PSYCHIC MIRACLE WORKER.

ST. GILDAS—prophet, seer, saint, missionary, apostle, hermit, teacher, statesman, historian and popular hero of the British folk; Gildas, the lifelong contemporary of the great romantic King Arthur, the founder of the chivalry of the Round Table—at first his rival and then his friend, helper, guide, adviser; Gildas, the first historian of Britain in Saxon days, whom Bede acknowledged as the source of his information: what more glorious scion of the glorious ancient British stock and civilisation would be ours to-day if for reverence, inspiration, and guidance we had but some definite records preserved to us of all his wondrous doings, sayings, and writings!

But, alas! if there were any by writers contemporaneous with him they perished in the barbarous times that ensued. But popular tradition in all the lands still occupied by the ancient Cymric folk in Clydesdale, Cumberland (Cymri-Land), Wales, Somerset, Cornwall, and Brittany, has ever revered and talked of this, the great successor of Merlin. Tradition in these lands of Druidic memory-culture and Bardic minstrelsy is wonderfully veridical and persistent. The Saxons and Normans knew little of him; so the English, their descendants, heard nothing of this British saint from them until Norman civilisation had that wave of Romanticism in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, which gave us the romances of King Arthur and of his Knights.

Then it was that a monk residing in the monastery in Brittany, where Gildas had spent the first half of his lifework, and another monk residing in the monastery founded on the site of the old Avalon settlement at Glastonbury, were simultaneously inspired, influenced it may be by direct spirit influence, to publish a record of his life, travels and miracles, and the name of Gildas became known again to students. But, alas, modern cold critical intellectualism disdains the accounts of Gildas given by these two writers; it is all quite too fanciful and contradictory for their serious consideration! Consequently in all biographical dictionaries you will find these wonderful records relegated to the same contempt as has been accorded by them to the romances of King Arthur himself.

But I have just made a discovery. In my hunt for psychic records of these times I have lighted upon an ancient biographical account of Gildas given in a manuscript written in the ecclesiastical Latin of those days by a monk whose name is unknown, because the last page of the missal giving his signature is missing. This document was written nearly contemporaneously; from internal evidence it is evident that the account was composed within the next century following that of King Arthur and Gildas, and by a writer likely to be well informed, since he describes himself as an inmate of the Glastonbury monastery founded in memory of the lifework of Gildas on that spot, and he uses throughout his treatise the Julian system of recording dates. This manuscript seems to have been ignored by the compilers of biographical dictionaries, who mostly copy from one another. It has never been translated into English, but some seventy-two years ago, in 1854, the Rev. Dr. Giles of Oxford published the text in a collection of old Saxon records.

I have perused this account of Gildas, and as a psychic researcher I find the details full of interest, though to the conventional cut and dried critic they would be nothing but mythical exaggerations of legendary tradition. They certainly record miraculous psychic happenings so strange that an unprepared mind would hastily reject them, but a practised student of the occult would see in these wonders only the potency possessed by every Hindu Saddhu saint.

Gildas was evidently a naturally gifted psychic, who, when called upon in a trial or crisis of affairs, could summon to the aid of his seership the effective co-operation of the spirit-world. The monastic biographer brings this aspect of Gildas to the fore in his account. He begins by showing us how Gildas as a boy was led to devote his life to apostolic missionary work, to model his day's work on the pattern set by our Lord Jesus himself, and by his devoted follower St. Paul, and to

adopt that frame of mind of meek service to celestial will and orders which made Moses so conspicuous and potent a leader of God's army.

I can here but summarise the details of psychic interest given by this old writer that marked the career of this last of British saints. Gildas was of royal birth, the youngest son of King Ken, Prince of the British folk that had taken refuge, in Clydesdale and Kendale, from the onslaught of the barbarous Anglian invaders. He was the royal sire of twenty-four children. Ken's clan were hereditary rivals of the Silurian clan that Uther now led. Gildas' brothers were all brought up as warriors, but King Ken was prompted to send his youngest son to be educated in Bardic lore in Siluria, the only part of Britain where it still was being inculcated.

Accordingly he was sent to the care of the Welsh Archdruid Hilduth, first cousin to King Uther, who lived in a hermitage on an islet in the Severn estuary, off the coast of Glamorgan, and who kept a small school to train a few children of royal and noble families in the traditions and discipline of Cymric, Druidic, and Christian culture. For, as we know, the Silurian court had long before, under the influence of the Avalon settlers and St. Paul, been converted to true Christian primitive practices. The time Gildas came here as a lad must have been about A.D. 500, at the opening of the sixth century; for Gildas himself tells us in that fragmentary philippic of his writings which has come down to us, called "On the Downfall of Britain," that he was born on the same day as the battle of Badon or Bath—the last of King Arthur's twelve glorious victories over the Saxon invaders of his island.

Gildas was fortunate in finding two schoolfellows of his own age filled with the same reverence for the Christian faith as himself; the lads were called Paul and Samson, who afterwards became bishops of renown. Their dominee used to lecture and preach to his pupils in the forenoon, and then leave them to play at will anywhere on the islet grounds, but the domain was very narrow, confined, rocky, and barren, and the boys found it hard to find amusement or occupation. But Gildas was no usual lad; he had an executive will and a burning faith in Jesus' words, which gave him dominance and initiative to overcome the limitations of environment.

One evening after a dull day he had been deeply pondering, and at last he spoke out what was burning in his boyish heart. He addressed Father Hilduth boldly:—"Father, you told us yesterday that Jesus taught us that if we wanted anything for our good the Father in heaven would give it to us, if we only believed He was sure to give it. It would be good for us if we had a little plot of soil on this islet where we could exercise ourselves doing gardening. If we were all to pray now earnestly and believe for certain we would get it Jesus will surely ask the Father to give us more land to work and play on."

Hilduth could but comply. They all sat in a circle and silently prayed and then Gildas went to bed, sure that their petition would be heard. Early the next morning the boys ran out to see if God had been true to his word. A strange thing indeed had happened in the night. A slight upheaval of strata had occurred in the Severn Bore and had altered the sweep of the tidal current so that there was a large mudbank all round the rocks, now left high and dry, forming an addition which thereafter made a fertile soil for tillage and gardening. The lad had proved Jesus' word and ever after never wavered in his simple faith. It gave him the same miraculous powers exhibited by Jesus, and by his followers who have believed him, when he said, "What I can do you can do, and more."

Later he was sent for five years to complete his education in a college in Brittany. For he had determined to renounce a mundane princely career, and to follow implicitly Jesus' last instructions to go forth and preach and to heal in every land, taking but his staff in hand. Returning to Wales he commenced a rigid discipline of diet, habituating himself to subsist if need be on one set meal every third day. He set up at first a hermitage with school attached at the headland now called St. David's, in Pembroke. Here pupils flocked to him, for he soon became celebrated as a teacher. He is said to have predicted the coming of the great St. David as his successor. But after a few years of this work his soul became restless, and he started off without scrip or plan to travel as missionary whithersoever the Lord might lead him.

He passed, journeying daily on foot, first through N. Wales, the Isle of Man, and the Isles of West Scotland, following St. Paul's example of teaching daily and healing by God's grace. His fame spread to Ireland. The Abbess Bridget and King Ammeric invited him to come to their help in converting the heathen. He crossed there. On his journey to the King's court a beggar afflicted with paralysis met him. Gildas stopped and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon him bade him rise and walk. The beggar obeyed in faith and was cured. This episode gave Gildas at once a reputation. The people thronged to follow him, and were daily converted.

Then the spirit led him to journey to Rome, to receive grace for his mission work direct from his guides St. Paul and St. Peter. It was a century and a half before the times of Pope Vitalian and King Oswy. The bodies of the two Apostles had been removed from the catacombs just previous to this time, and were deposited in a subterranean crypt beneath the Vatican, where pilgrim worshippers came daily to pray. Recent excavations in Rome have proved the existence of this crypt. Hither then came Gildas to pray and knelt in earnest supplication at the shrine of the Saints. His simple-minded faith must have succeeded in attaching to him immediately the overshadowing influence of the two Apostles as his guides, who so filled him with their spirit that he seemed to be controlled by them. For as he emerged one day from the oratory a beggar afflicted with palsy and dropsy implored alms. Gildas fixed his eyes on him and, filled with Peter's spirit, said, "Silver and gold have I none, but what I have I give you. In the name of Jesus the Christ, and in the merits of Saints Peter and Paul assisting me, be thou cured of thy affliction." The man immediately became cured, and they all returned to the shrine to give thanks.

Then Gildas started to leave the city, but at the gates he was met by a beggar, blind, deaf, and mute, hobbling along, beating the ground with his staff. Gildas stopped him and, moved unto pity, began to weep and pray for him. Then calling for some water he sprinkled the face and eyes of the afflicted one, and at once his vision came back. Then with the remaining water he washed the man's mouth and his speech was restored. He sent the cured man back to the shrine and himself quietly continued on his journey home.

One day on his daily tramp he saw some highway brigands advancing to attack him. He stood still and, invoking the aid of the spirit within, made passes with his hands towards them, and lo! their feet seemed as if glued to the ground. They stood stock-still like stones, unable to advance. The saint passed on his way serenely, and when he had reached a safe distance turned, waved his hand, and broke the spell, when the robbers fled precipitately.

Daily listening to the voice within for guidance he found himself at last back in the parts of Brittany familiar to him in his youth. A longing for a restful spell of retreat and contemplation came over him. Instead of crossing home to Britain he was led to discover at a spot called Ruys, near Nantes, a little islet off the coast, where he founded a retreat, and hoped to remain unmolested as a hermit. But his fame had reached the peasants and civil authorities. Daily his hermitage was visited by persons to hear his teaching or to be benefited by his psychic healing power. At last he allowed them to build a monastery for him on the mainland, where he could render these services more conveniently to all. He chose a special band of earnest followers as his brethren, and became the Abbot. There he established a regular school for instruction and clinic for healing, and he cured by spirit power even the leprous who came to him.

But all this publicity and crowded life was exhausting. At last he was moved to find another spot for retreat to resume the life of contemplation. He was led to a cave halfway up a hillside beside which bubbled a perennial spring of water. Under spirit guidance he had the cave extended and walled, with a portico added as reception room for visitors. Taking a few choice disciples he went with them into seclusion there.

Here another astonishing miracle is recorded which at first sight we are prompted to reject as legendary, but with our clue to the peculiar working of the Saint's mind, as an imitator of the faith of Jesus, we may admit it as quite possible, for spirit aura can infuse etheric essences into molecular matter. Gildas effected the crowning miracle of turning water into wine. One day a distinguished visitor from a distance arrived tired with travel. The brothers, preparing to entertain him hospitably in the refectory, came to Gildas with the report that they had no wine in store, such as was ordinarily offered at meals to guests; what were they to do? "Let us imitate the example of our Lord," said Gildas. "Fetch two pitchers of water from the stream." They did so. He covered the jars with his hand, and earnestly blessed the water. After he had

remained some while in deep absorption, praying to Jesus to act again the miracle through him, a magnetic cloud came over his hands and filled the dim secluded cavern. Then came a fragrance as of wine, and finally the contents of the jars became coloured and tasted like the blend of the same wine and water as was usually served.

Here Gildas lived for many years in simple life and simple-mindedness, taking, he said, Moses as his guide and pattern. His countrymen in South Wales sent over to him a joint letter begging him to return to his old sphere of work. He wrote in reply the letter extant—a jeremiad which has come down to us. "Britain," he cried scornfully, "has no longer princes as in the old days, but only chieftains, who are plundering brigands or sensual despots; and as for Uther's son Arthur, was not he even a relentless murderer, who had invaded his father Ken's domains and slain his brother, who had opposed his aggression upon the Island of Man?" He preferred to remain with the British in Brittany, though they too were suffering under the undisciplined rule of the barbarous barons of the Merovignian Empire of Chilperic.

Gildas thereupon set to the task of writing the history of the British, that work that Bede studied for information, but which has, except for excerpts or quotations, been lost to us. From these scraps we know he states that at the time of writing it he was forty-three years of age. But later he became reconciled to King Arthur and returned to help that prince to re-establish British civilisation, and for this new work he took up an abode on the Island of Avalon.

The miracles which our Latin monk describes as attending Gildas' career there, and that followed after his death in the monastery dedicated to his sainted memory, where the writer lived, we must leave for narration in the next of this series, which will also be the last.

(To be continued.)

PREPARATION.

By EVA CLARK.

I WONDER how many people who attend Spiritualist meetings realise that if the meeting is to be a success preparation is as necessary for them as for the medium? Mediums need to spend a good deal of time in preparation. Even if the address is given in trance or under inspiration there must be preparation of mind and spirit, and to some extent of body too, otherwise the spirit forces are unable to use the medium adequately. But, however well the medium may be prepared, if the people in the audience set up hindering vibrations neither the medium nor the spirit-controls can do effective work.

So many people set up these vibrations quite unconsciously. A spirit of criticism in one mind is often enough to affect conditions adversely, while if that spirit is the predominant one in the meeting it will make spirit-manifestation almost impossible. Any condition of mind other than that of sympathy and love is injurious to the atmosphere of a gathering arranged for the purpose of contacting those who have passed out.

Orthodox congregations often recognise this truth. I have frequently heard it said from the pulpit that no help can be obtained from any service if the worshipper does not come in a frame of mind that enables him to receive help, and I have known many orthodox Christians who made a practice of spending some time in private prayer before going to a service, in order that they might be prepared to receive the blessing they needed. They, of course, would not admit that any of the help they received came from their spirit friends, but as a matter of fact they had simply made it possible for beautiful angelic presences to minister to them, under the direction of the Father Spirit to whom they had prayed.

We Spiritualists should follow this example, carrying the principle still further by concentrating on ability to send out the mental vibrations that will be productive of results. For mental vibrations are just as real as those of the ether. If all the members of our societies would do this they would generate sufficient power to overcome the influence of any critical or cynical strangers who might be present. Their influence would probably be felt, even then, but not to the extent that it is when the members themselves are critical or indifferent.

A medium is, as the word implies, merely a channel of communication. If we block up the channel we must take the responsibility, not try to thrust it on to the shoulders of the sensitive who has been striving to work in impossible conditions.

Spirit Messages from the Druid Bard, Casedyn.

BY THE HAND OF WILL CARLOS.

THE TREE WORSHIPPERS.

"I stood on the crest of a mountain, o'erlooking a long level plain,
Through which a wide river was wending to some imperceptible main;
Dense woods here and there were apparent, but dwellings could not be perceived:
I wondered if it could be peopled, and whether they ever received
A visit from spirits supernal, sweet envoys with message of grace,
Inviting their participation in joys, the birth-right of their race."

I FELT I must explore this new region, hoping, nay expecting, to find within its space some souls to be freed from the limitation of world sense. No path was to be discerned, so I clambered down the steep sides of the hill, my harp slung securely to my shoulder, my heart nerved with resolute will. The descent I accomplished with much effort and, so it seemed to me, with some pain, for such a descent is not made without friction, or even wear and tear of the physique, although an etheric one.

It is said the way to perdition is as easy and smooth as a slide. I doubt it, for all that I have met with agree that it had its jars and shocks, its bumps and falls. The Divine Sculptor's chisel may probe deep into our souls in the effort to shape us to His ideals, to remove all our awkward angles. Perchance this is why deep suffering is requisite for our weal; and if the rough tumbles of our descents knock off to some extent the angles of our wills, it gives the sculptor less work. We may be sure also that our stumbles in our ascents help to perfect us and mould us to the Divine Will.

At last, with much relief, I alighted on the safe ground of the plain, and rested awhile after my strenuous exertions. 'Twas strange that my peregrinations hereto had given me no sense of weight, but when I got down to the level plain I felt as if my feet were leaded. The sensation was as near to exhaustion as possible, similar to that experienced by the earthly form; it may have been the result of some atmospheric oppression. It brought back the feeling of age, and would doubtless affect my external aspect. It made me conscious of near approximation to the earth.

This made me think of a problem I had often reflected upon. Why is it that density varies—it varies in every sphere—densest on earth, it lightens with each successive stage? Is it the air pressure which affects the body, or is it some more subtle factor which lies deeper than muscle and bone? Is it the body's resistance to forces that play on it from without, impeding their ingress and frustrating the good they would do? If the body were more pervious and, so to speak, welcomed the forces and the qualities they convey, would they not bring alertness, and pervade the whole being with fresh vitality? Does not our clothing also tend to prevent our inhalation of Nature's healing forces, and hence we feel fatigued and worn? The human family are prone to cultivate free perspiration, but ignore inspiration, forgetting that the pores of the body possess both functions, and should be able to relieve and restore. The skin should be encouraged to inhale the life essences as well as expurge the impurities. All garments should be made to admit the ingress of fresh air if good health is to be secured.

AROUND THE GIANT TREE.

The billowy plain on which I now trod was very extensive, and was not intersected by roads or paths. I was at fault for direction, but finally made for a wood which lay on my right, for I fancied that if there were people in this place I should presently come across them. Arrived at the wood I circled around its margin, hesitating to penetrate into its recesses when, sharp as the note of a horn, my ears were assailed by a sound of voices chanting a stirring inspiring song.

I made for the sound, and came upon a clearing in which I perceived a vast throng of figures in apparent nudity, standing in varied poses, all graceful, yet unstudied, around a lone tree which towered above all the other trees near. It was in verity a giant growth so great as to evoke wonder and fear. Its trunk shot up straight for at least ten times the average stature of a man—unbranched for that length; then it cast out

two boughs one to the right and one to the left, nearly in line with each other. These branches reached out the length of five men, and were of a girth befitting. A little way above these were two other branches to the north and south, of similar proportions. They were not quite straight, but pointed to the four quarters of the heavens as truly as a mariner's gauge. The bark of the tree was of a silvery white, and its foliage hung pendant as the curtain of a tent, exhaling a fragrant odour.

The people evidently looked upon the tree as something to be venerated, and they regarded it as placed there for their special behoof. Their song, if such it can be called, was made up of vowel sounds entirely; its cadence was as sweet as that of the lark in the blue. The people I observed on closer examination wore short loose girdles but were otherwise unapparelled. Their skins shone brown and warm, and their dark hair was abundant and long. They seemed to be waiting for some token or manifestation; all eyes were intent on the tree, and I watched there from my covert to see what came of it.

At length in the sky came a radiance—
A focus of light it appeared—
Each moment 'twas growing intenser
As the giant tree's summit was neared;
And then, when atop, threw as shadow
A visible cross on the sward,
And all the assembly fell prostrate,
For favour received from their Lord.

This made me think of the oak-groves of Prydain, which were held sacred for all time, and wondered whence came this tree-worship, and in what clime the practice had its birth? It must have originated with primeval man, and been handed down in a modified form. The Druids at the time of Nadolig held mystic rites in the grove, and cut the sacred plant therefrom in token of the coming spring. We, too, used to watch for the centering of the light on the Gorsedd stone at sunrise. I could see that here there was perpetuated an older form of worship.

MY SONG OF NATURE SPIRITS.

I waited there in my shelter until the prostrated ones rose again to their feet, and then I advanced into the open, minded to give them a musical treat. Striking up a tune I voiced a little impromptu melody such as we used to call "pennillion," and they paused astonished for such music, instrumental and vocal, they had probably never heard. The harp was a novel instrument to them, theirs being made of the rind of a large fruit which was halved and had some sinews stretched across. My muse inspired a lyric concerning nature-spirits, and the words were much as follows:—

Ye nature-sprites, invisible to eyes,
Come trooping forth to prove that something lurks
Behind the stern material outer guise,
That quite unseen and unsuspected works
To forms produce, by growth perpetuate,
From seed to tree, from low to high estate.

Ye dryads mute, let vocal notes invite
Thy 'pearing forth that men may see thy shapes;
And loving list while we thy aid incite
From trunks and leaves which thy abode now drapes;
Now give thy aid, and inspiration lend
To those that prone doth daily 'fore thee bend.

Ye nymphs and sylphs of tree and air unite,
To spread our song by echo all around,
That all our hearts may thrill with pure delight
And in them joy and thankfulness abound.
God lives and loves, and life and light are free
And unlike men, ye loving servants be!

MYSTIC BEINGS AND THEIR RECEPTION.

Never while on earth had I seen nature-spirits, for though I often felt their presence they eluded my vision, but now from grass and herb, from trunk and tree, from flower and shrub, sweet forms appeared of beauty passing belief. At first they seemed to be composed of frail diaphanous substance, finer than gossamer or delicate vapour, and yet they were realistic expressions of the attributes which Nature displays in or to her children. Graceful shapes of flowers and foliage, infused with a semblance to the human form in miniature. They romped in the grass; they swarmed up the trees; they swung on the stems and tendrils, and circled in the air; they peeped and smiled from the flowers, and from the crannies and nooks of the trees. They seemed to be

expressions of beauty and harmony, wedded with purity ; and love lurked in every gesture and glance.

Some of the people, delighted and even bewildered by the sight of these mystic beings, attempted to grasp them, but with the first move to touch them they vanished as a wary bird eludes its would-be captor. I noticed that the nature-spirits though vaguely resembling humans in guise, had something about them denoting the substances or material forms which harboured them, or perhaps given them birth. I felt they were composed of spirit in the abstract, ascending through material forms into conscious life ; and so when profane hands approached them they shrank from contact. They seemed too sacred to handle or even touch. It would

seem that so fine were their vibrations that while harmony would bid them take shape, discordant currents would dispel them.

When spirit takes form it demandeth
That harmony pure shall prevail,
And when that condition is broken
It passes behind the Great Veil.

This veil hides them from impetuous mortals ; hides the knowledge of powers divine which man, could he grasp it, would probably misuse, and frustrate to some extent the Divine Purpose.

(To be continued.)

Visions in the Night and a Saving Message.

By MARIE STEWART.

WE who are mediums often hear the remark, "What is the good of all those spirit messages?" So, if you can have patience with my little effort, I will tell you about one of my early experiences, from which you will see that good did come.

A few years before I knew of the Spiritualist movement, I had been on holiday in the heart of Scotland. In coming home, I had to change at a certain railway junction, and I remembered that my son had requested me, before he went abroad, to visit there, if possible, a lady and her son who had been very kind to him. From the time when my son had first left home to take up a position in this town I had never until now had the chance to visit it, or see his friends ; so I thought I would call.

I found the lady all right ; she was indeed very nice, but she was at that moment in deep trouble because her only son was seriously ill with lung trouble and was not expected to get well again. What a fine-looking lad he was ! He was about twenty years old and tall, but had become so thin through lying day by day on his bed of sickness waiting for the end. And yet he was jolly too, and I spent a long afternoon at his bedside. My heart was sore for his mother, and she seemed delighted to see Andy so bright.

When she asked me to stay with her for a few days, I willingly consented to stay one night and all the next day, for I must certainly take the last train home next day. After chatting with her till very late, Mrs. Lane lit a candle for me, for there was no gas, as the old house was rather outside the town.

Well, my hostess took me up a fine old wooden staircase, and on the first landing she showed me into a large low-roofed room. In the dim light I could see it was comfortably furnished, with a large four-poster bed, and just at the foot of the bed stood a big chest of drawers. Mrs. Lane put the candle on a small table at the side of the bed, and after a little chat left me.

I soon got into bed and settled myself to have a good night's rest. But there was no rest for me ! Just as I was feeling very comfortable and sleepy I heard someone near me breathing, breathing in a slow long drawn-out way. I felt sure that someone was in the room, though when I had entered I saw no one. As sleep was impossible I put out my hand to get matches to light the candle, but not a match was to be found. Then I sat up in bed, to see and think out what best to do.

And now right at the foot of my bed, I saw or seemed to see another small bed, just where I had seen the chest of drawers standing. On this bed there was lying the form of a man. His head was towards me, and I could see he had very dark curly hair. His body was heaving up and down, as if in distress, and one long white hand lay on the bed-cover. On the floor, in front of this bed there lay a dog ; it had a long face and long soft ears ; I could even see the expression in its eyes, which seemed so sad and full of sorrow. But neither dog nor man took any notice of me.

I soon felt that I must get out of this room, so I rose in the dark, and it was some time before I found the door. However, I did, and I was immediately on the landing of the wooden staircase. But I could go no farther for the staircase seemed filled with people, both men and women. Then I lost my nerve ; I could not go back and I could not go forward ; so I screamed and screamed for all I was worth.

After what seemed an age I saw at last a light coming nearer and nearer to me, and heard Mrs. Lane say, "Was you calling, my dear ?" I replied, "Yes, come quick !" and when she was coming up the stairs I noticed that the staircase had become entirely empty of all the people I had just seen.

And so was the room when we entered it. The four-poster bed and chest of drawers were standing there as first I saw them. Mrs. Lane said she thought I must have been dreaming, but I very well knew I had not.

However, she left me a box of matches and I felt safer and got into bed. But I could not sleep, and I soon felt myself taken in the spirit out into the open air, then into an old kirkyard, where I could see rows of tombstones. I stood before one of them, which was of grey stone, and on which rested a withered wreath. Then again I saw the same sick man, with the curly hair, but he was now looking so bright, and he said, "Tell Andy that he will get well, but he must spur up and go out every day and exert himself, for so he will live to comfort his mother for many years yet." Then he was gone, and I slept peacefully until early morning.

When I got downstairs I told everything to both Andy and his mother, and I could see they were both deeply impressed. Mrs. Lane said, "That was my dear husband you saw. He lay in a small bed at the foot of the big one when I nursed him in his last illness. Also, his dog would never leave his side, and on the day he was buried many people were on that staircase on the way to get a last glimpse of him before the funeral. The grave you saw is the very one in which he is laid." She took me out to see this old kirkyard, and I asked her to allow me to show her the path and the corner to which I had been guided. This I did, and when we arrived at it there on the stone was lying a withered wreath !

Her son, Andy, did get better. He is now a healthy happy and successful married man, and I believe his father came in that strange way to save him, using me as a medium who happened to be in the house to give his timely message, so fraught with good.



AFTER.

After the night of weeping
Cometh the dawn,
Nature awakes from sleeping
To welcome morn.

After the pain and striving
Comes sweet relief,
After toilsome climbing,
Joy, past belief.

After weary waiting
Comes peace and rest,
After bird's springtime mating
They sing their best.

In the wake of December
Comes gladsome spring,
Then we only remember
The woods a-ring

With music, joy and pleasure,
And heartfelt rest,
When earth gives without measure
Her very best.

After death's night comes morning,
Pain passed away,
And we'll wake to greet the dawning
Of blissful day.

JESSIE FREEMAN.

PREVISION PREVENTS AN ACCIDENT.

By G. H. HENDERSON.

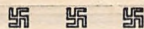
IT may interest *Gazette* readers to hear of an experience I had this summer. At the conclusion of a meeting of the Edinburgh Psychic Research Centre on Sunday, July 11, a clairvoyant lady in the audience told me that for the last two Sundays she had seen a picture over my head while I was on the platform.

In describing it to me, she said I appeared to be in a motor-car going down a steep hill; there were trees on the left-hand side of the road at the foot of the hill, and then a hidden bridge, which was hump-backed. She said she saw danger for me there, and that this was a warning.

The lady asked if I was going to the country. I said, "Yes," and asked, Is the motor a large or a small one? (for I had arranged to stay with relations who had different-sized cars). The lady said it was a small car she saw, and I was in the front with a gentleman. There was *something* at the back of us, but she could not make out what it was. I thanked her and said I would take great care, as I knew quite well the road she had described.

Well, I went later on to stay with my brother, who wished to motor me one day to see my mother.

I remembered the warning and told him about it, asking him to be very careful at that particular part of the road. When we arrived at the top of the slope which goes down to the hidden bridge, we saw a great rainstorm coming down the valley. We stopped the car, which was a small two-seater. I was sitting in the front with my brother. His wife and my son were in the dicky behind us, and we covered them over with a large waterproof sheet, so this was the indistinguishable *something* at the back of us. We motored cautiously down the hill, but just as we turned on to the bridge, a large car came rushing upon us. If we had not been going slowly and able to stop the car dead in a moment, we would certainly have been smashed up, for we had run into the blinding rainstorm, and could hardly see the road. Everything happened just as the clairvoyant had described it to me, and her warning prevented what might have been a very serious calamity.

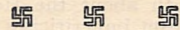


HOW A NEW SPIRITUALIST CHURCH WAS FOUNDED.

IN Beadnell Road, Forest Hill, London, S.E., stands a beautiful little church used solely for propagating the philosophy, phenomena, and Lyceum work of Spiritualism. Its history is well worth recording, for its coming was foretold to the founders some years previously.

In the summer of 1920 Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Payne had a private sitting with a reliable unpaid medium, and was told by the control that they would leave their present abode and go to a house he described in a neighbourhood where there was no Spiritualist church, and they would be instrumental in founding one. As young investigators they were more than sceptical about the house-moving and church-founding. However, in March, 1921, business compelled Mr. Payne and family to move to Forest Hill, and they were strangely led to a house which was immediately recognised as the one described. Finding it irksome to travel to the Camberwell or Lewisham Spiritualist services, they sought for some nearer place locally, but found that there was then no meeting place for Spiritualists in the neighbourhood. Having by now become convinced of the truth of life's continuity and of the reality of spiritual communion, Mr. Payne thought of hiring a hall for Sunday services, and the Foresters' Court Room in Raglan Street, Forest Hill, was engaged for Sunday meetings. On Sunday, July 16, 1922, Miss Violet Burton's control "Father John" gave a consecrative address to a large audience, which was the result of excellent advertising. The response to Mr. Payne's plea for support resulted in a splendid collection, and over thirty members were enrolled. A working committee was formed, and within a few months it became evident that a special building would be required for the Society to use on all occasions. The founders were led to a chapel for sale, and Mr. Payne approached a master builder who agreed to purchase the building and to renovate it on certain favourable conditions. These were agreed upon and in December, 1923, the present church was opened. Its pretty interior and its wonderful conditions of spiritual harmony became so popular that an extension is now needed. There is plenty of ground attached to the building, and the owner is ready to make the building

twice as large if sufficient funds are forthcoming. The sitting accommodation of the church is now 150, and a notice has often to be posted on the door on Sunday evenings that no more seats are available. Hitherto the officers of the church have been successful in raising the funds necessary for chairs, organ, and all else needed, but as the need for extension is urgent, any Spiritualist friends interested in this church, preconceived from the spirit-world, are invited to send their gifts to Mr. Payne, 29 Beadnell Road, Forest Hill, S.E. 23.



SPIRITUALISM IN HOLLAND.

By P. GOEDHART.

THE pioneer of Spiritualism in Holland was without doubt Elisa van Calcar, a highly gifted woman. Born in 1822, she read in her youth the works of Lavater, Jung Hillung, who wrote the "Theory of Knowledge of Spirits," and J. Kerner (the Seeress of Prevorst). These works made a deep impression on her deeply religious soul.

She devoted herself to teaching and wrote a series of novels, which were reckoned among the best of that time. In 1877 she began a monthly Spiritualist paper, named "On the Borders of Two Worlds," which she edited till the moment of her death in 1902.

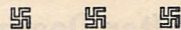
In January, 1897, another Spiritualist periodical was started by Mr. J. I. Gobel, and at his transition in 1916 a committee of five Spiritualists did their utmost to proceed with it. That was a very difficult task, for the war made the burdens of taxation unbearable, and many who might have helped were forced to economise. And so the paper lost a fourth of its subscribers. The writer of this article is now editor, and he hopes the worst time is over.

There are still two other periodicals—"Spirit and Life," edited by the Rev. M. Beversluis, and "Voices from the Higher World," edited by J. v. Brockhaven.

Besides these periodicals several authors have edited works on psychical subjects, but in a brief article like this I cannot give the names of all who have devoted themselves to propagating the Spiritualistic idea. However, let me say that the idea has been so widely spread that it has awaked and even alarmed Protestant curates, Roman Catholic priests, physicians, the universities, and the newspapers. Against those mighty influences we slowly but surely march on and gain ground. Notwithstanding the great dearth of mediums, and the attempts to hush up what we write, the Spiritualist leaven permeates the thought of far more people than is generally supposed.

In 1920 the Spiritualist Alliance in Holland had only eight affiliated societies, now it has twenty-three. Many of them have but few members, and the total number is 1,400. The society in Utrecht has a building of its own, and in The Hague we are busy to get one. We have gathered 28,000 guilder (£2,350), and hope to be able to find a house worthy for our purpose.

Though we suffer from a dearth of mediums, there are a few psychometrists and clairvoyants who have always well-filled rooms and do good work. We have also very good libraries in several places, and give gratuitously a copy of our paper to different public reading rooms. So we do our utmost to propagate our ideas.



He who has not one uniform end in view in all his actions can never be consistent and uniform through life.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

"Speaking for myself only, I hold that the appearance of a person's spirit at or about the time of his death to one with whom he has been familiar in life is so well established as to deserve at least a *provisional assent*."—Such is the cautious pronouncement of Bishop Welldon, in the *Weekly Dispatch* of October 10.

HORNSEY SPIRITUAL FELLOWSHIP.—Mr. Hannen Swaffer was a sympathetic speaker, at the dedication, on October 6, of the new Centre of the Hornsey Spiritual Fellowship, and Mrs. Hannen Swaffer was a happy and gracious opener of a three days' bazaar, on the same occasion. The new centre was formerly the local synagogue of the Jews. Mr. Swaffer spoke of his own remarkable experiences, and hinted at great visions for the future of the movement. A lovely sheaf of roses was handed to Mrs. Swaffer by little Miss Maisie Hill, and this was acknowledged with a kiss for the small donor.

BRIEF NOTICE OF NEW BOOK.

"AND WITH THE MORN." By Robertson Ballard.
London: Rider's. 5/- net.

The Rev. Dr. F. W. Norwood of the City Temple commends this work thus:—"It is lucidly and earnestly written. It is true to the central Christian doctrines. It comes close to the felt needs of the human heart. It has its own literary charm and merit." The author says he has written it for the "average" man or woman who seeks for the Truth about the Hereafter. He is sympathetic to Spiritualism, but criticises it on its religious side, though it is fair to say he criticises a too narrow orthodoxy also. Speaking from his experience of mediums he says, we believe truly, that the vast majority are trustworthy, and that mediumship is as much a gift as genius—and as little understood. "As in every other walk of life there are honest and dishonest mediums. The frequent stigma of contempt associated with the word in the minds of many is as foolish as it is false. Many mediums are not only of irreproachable personal character and reputation, but are devout and true Christian believers. Those who will take the trouble to find out will discover that this is the truth about those endowed with this rare gift of mediumship." He concludes:—"There is a Spirit-world. It is occasionally possible for us to be in real touch with those in that world, and for them to visit us here. Love bridges the seen and the unseen. Communication is difficult and limited for both. But it is real. And because it is always of necessity personal—so it is always incredible until personally experienced. Once realised, it is unforgettable and indestructible."

DR. JOHN LAMOND, the eminent Presbyterian divine, who is now devoting his life and fine oratorical gifts to Spiritualism, informs us that the work on Joan of Arc which he has been writing in France during the past summer is now completed and is in his publishers' hands.

MESSRS. FOYLE, LTD., 119 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2, have just issued a new catalogue of the literature of occultism and the occult arts, including Spiritualism, Theosophy, New Thought, and Mysticism, which may be had by anyone interested on application.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, and other well-known Spiritualists are laying the foundation stones of the new Rochester Square Spiritualist Temple, on Saturday afternoon, October 30, at 2.30 p.m. Readers who receive their copies of *Gazette* in time should note that this important event, which will be filmed by the Topical Budget Company for exhibition throughout the country, takes place within seven minutes' walk of Camden Town Tube Station.

A NEW PSYCHIC PLAY.—There has been a growing tendency in recent years to deal more and more frankly with psychic subjects on the British stage. We recently had a piece of obviously anti-Spiritualist propaganda at The Everyman entitled "The Twin," and we are now enjoying a friendly play in three acts by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart called "The Dean's Dilemma." It is being presented for one week beginning October 25, at 8.30 p.m., at London's newest theatre, The Rudolf Steiner Hall, 33 Park Road, Clarence Gate, near Baker Street Tube Station. This play makes a special appeal to Spiritualists, for it represents many phases of psychic manifestation, is brilliantly written, and is most delightfully presented.

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