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No. 48. VOL. 4.

SEPTEMBER, 1917.

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Our Outlook Tower.

A GREAT SPIRITUALIST PLAY.

MR. H. B. IRVING has put on the stage of the Savoy Theatre another remarkable play by Mr. Walter Hackett, entitled *THE INVISIBLE FOE*. It may be fairly regarded as a natural successor to "The Barton Mystery" by the same author, which as we pointed out at the time laid just emphasis on the reality and importance to mankind of psychic faculties, in spite of their being sometimes prostituted to base and selfish uses by unprincipled charlatans. In *THE INVISIBLE FOE*, Mr. Hackett does a similar service, in face of a widespread, though we believe a diminishing, popular prejudice, for the belief in human survival and the possibility of communication between those here and those who have passed beyond. It is a courageous thing to do at the present time when Church and State are actively tabooing such ideas as "of their father, the Devil," and consigning conscientious believers in them to ignominious punishment in prison cells. But this is only what we have been taught to expect of The Stage which so often instructs us by representing faithfully facts as they are—not as it wishes them to be, or not to be, which is one of the glaring sins of the Church. Truth is stronger; if stranger, than the pious fictions of antiquated creeds, and that perhaps is why we sometimes hear enthusiastic avowals that one good play is worth more to us—stirs us more to nobler aims—than many lame and halting sermons!

The story of *THE INVISIBLE FOE* may be briefly indicated. Richard Bransby, a wealthy merchant, has associated with him in his business two nephews, Stephen and Hugh Pryde. The former has lust for power in the world, and is unscrupulous as to the means by which he may acquire it. The latter is a more lovable type, even though he has been known to gamble and find himself in the meshes of money-lenders. Bransby has heart-trouble and has been bidden by his doctor to leave business severely alone for the time being. In spite of this, Morton Grant, his aged confidential clerk, calls to see him in the library of his house, which (probably to meet the demands of war economy) remains the scene of the three acts in the play. Grant informs his master that the firms' accountants had discovered a shortage of £10,000 in a certain account. Alterations in the ledger, apparently in Hugh Pryde's handwriting, point to him as the culprit. Bransby is deeply distressed by this revelation of robbery by his own flesh and blood, for he loved the boy. He insists on Hugh's giving up his commission in the army, and forbids a proposed engagement to his daughter Helen, until his innocence is established. Immediately thereafter

After six months Helen and Hugh are led independently to the library by unseen influences. The doctor thinks these imagined, but Helen who had never believed in Hugh's guilt, was positive that her father was wanting to tell her something, and that the proofs of Hugh's innocence would be found in the library. The influences were vague and indistinct at first, but finally they lead her to "the confession." Then Helen said—"You see you were wrong, doctor; Daddy did come to me!" The doctor replied—"It may have been a coincidence; who knows?" But Helen said—"Daddy and I know; Daddy and I!" And thus ends the play, in which Mr. Irving plays the villain's part; as he did in the parts of Jekyll and Beverley, with consummate art and power. *THE INVISIBLE FOE* is of course Bransby, who though in spirit returned to clear Hugh's character, and to bring to nought Stephen's evil machinations. No apology of any sort is made for this frank exposition of Spiritualist doctrines, and no student of the subject will fail to recognise that the play is true in detail to well-established and comforting facts in our everyday experience.

J. L.



MYSTERIOUS DISTURBANCE AT ABBOTSFORD.—In Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, the following letter written by Scott to Daniel Terry on April 30th, 1818, is quoted. The present stately mansion house was in process of being built and Scott was living in an older part close adjoining. He says—"The exposed state of my house has led to a mysterious disturbance. The night before last we were awakened by a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about two in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. S., as you know, is rather timbersome, so up I got, with Beardie's broadsword under my arm—

Bold upright

And ready to fight."

But nothing was out of order; neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance." Mr. Lockhart adds that on the morning that Mr. Terry received this letter in London, Mr. William Erskine was breakfasting with him, and the chief subject of their conversation was the sudden death of George Bullock in Tenterden Street, London, which had occurred on the same night and as nearly as they could ascertain at the very hour when Scott was roused from his sleep by the "mysterious disturbance" described in his letter. Erskine wrote to Scott, giving him in minute detail an account of the death of Bullock, who had the charge of furnishing the new rooms at Abbotsford, and while there had made himself a great favourite with old and young. This made a strong impression on Scott's mind, but a week or two afterwards he wrote to Terry referring to the incident in somewhat lighter vein. He said—"Were you not struck with the fantastical coincidence of our nocturnal disturbances at Abbotsford? I protest to you, the noise resembled half-a-dozen men hard at work putting up boards and furniture; and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time. With a few additional touches, the story would figure in Granville or Aubrey's collection. In the meantime you may set it down with poor Dubisson's Warnings, as a remarkable coincidence coming under

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After six months Helen and Hugh are led independently to the library by unseen influences. The doctor thinks these imagined, but Helen who had never believed in Hugh's guilt, was positive that her father was wanting to tell her something, and that the proofs of Hugh's innocence would be found in the library. The influences were vague and indistinct at first, but finally they lead her to "the confession." Then Helen said—"You see you were wrong, doctor; Daddy did come to me!" The doctor replied—"It may have been a coincidence; who knows?" But Helen said—"Daddy and I know; Daddy and I!" And thus ends the play, in which Mr. Irving plays the villain's part, as he did in the parts of Jekyll and Beverley, with consummate art and power. *THE INVISIBLE FOE* is of course Bransby, who though in spirit returned to clear Hugh's character, and to bring to nought Stephen's evil machinations. No apology of any sort is made for this frank exposition of Spiritualist doctrines, and no student of the subject will fail to recognise that the play is true in detail to well-established and comforting facts in our everyday experience.

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In Loving Memory of

MR. W. A. FIELDER, passed on to Spirit-Life, suddenly, with heart failure, aged 47, on August 17th, at his home at 46, Stockwell Park Crescent, Clapham, S.W. 9. Interred at Tooting Cemetery.

war began," he is quoted as saying, "that it would be nerves that would decide it. This is now truer than ever, for I am confident of the nerves of the German people."

Certainly one of the outstanding features of this present conflict is the extraordinary way in which the mentality of the German nation has been moulded and directed towards serving the Imperial purposes; but it has been a very different process from that working out of one's own salvation which is the essence of all self-development. The national nerves have indeed been conserved and controlled, but only by a species of Protection in the mental world, when a balanced view is solely to be obtained under the auspices of an intellectual Free Trade. Given mental food of one kind alone, and denied all ideas that could in any way conflict with such tenets, it is a foregone conclusion that a strong mentality may be built; but it may well be one—and it indeed is—in which the scale of values is lamentably wrong.

Stability in whatever direction is always a question of balance, of favourable adjustment to environment; and the incompatibility of the German ideal with the evolutionary progress of the civilisations among which she moved and had her being is the ultimate cause of her downfall. In a somewhat similar way, nervous instability is a sign that the individual is off the line of his own evolution, and phobias, abnormal dreads, fears and doubts are just so many indications that the master-thinker has surrendered his rightful control, whether consciously or otherwise, to the servant-thoughts. The result is ever civil war, disturbances, distress and turmoil. Nervous balance means a high degree of development on all planes, and harmony throughout.

There are potent yet unseen forces at work in every life, and one of the most vital differences between the wise man and the fool is that the latter allows these interior forces to operate at their own sweet will, and often to his detriment; whereas the former makes endeavour to control and direct them, so that instead of the normal function being perverted to harmful ends it serves a useful purpose. Thought is one of these forces, and the object of all training in nerve control is to focus the power of thought upon high and helpful ends, so that in place of chaotic and haphazard moulding of character we get organised and constructive growth.

Thought-power, according as it is harnessed or allowed to run loose, can build a happy, healthy individual or a chronic invalid; a useful member of society or a raving lunatic; a cheery optimist or a soul-destroying pessimist; a living inspiration or the most dreadful example. As a rule it runs to neither extreme, but simply induces a mediocre level of happiness, health, capability and outlook; yet with definite training towards the achievement of new standards a most surprising amount can be done to raise this level of average results. Certainly all will not reach the stage of genius and of perfect health, but all can assuredly travel some way along the road that leads thither.

The body is the instrument of the spirit, its means of contact with a material universe, its avenue of expression, and its mirror to the

more fully fitted to give forth the song of love to a heart-hungry world, all this is to make of ourselves better workers for the service of both God and man. Each avenue of sense is capable of great development and extension by means of attention and suggestion, and with each enlargement of sense-perception more of the universe comes within our ken; we are then actually and literally more alive than we were before.

Again, there are certain feelings and attitudes towards life which make naturally for happiness and success, and others as surely for trouble and failure; the former should be cultivated and the latter transformed. Selfishness, for instance, keeps a man eternally small and unlovable, and yet many selfish people will ascribe the train of unhappy sequence to anything and everything except the vital factor of self. The philosophy embodied in the saying—"He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant," is, on the contrary, the only basis for permanent success in the long run in any walk of life and in any period or clime.

Lack of imagination shuts many a man in a cage of his own construction; his brain-tracks deepen into mental ruts which finally become veritable mental graves, wherein lie buried all the divine but unrealised possibilities of a lifetime. If we deem ourselves bound, then bound we are; that is error. It is only the truth that can set us free.

Truth it is that we are all of us sons of God, and our birth-right is divine potentiality awaiting only our own recognition and utilisation. But the pathway of aspiration has many upward steps, and spirituality grows by stages, and it is necessary that systematic effort should be made to promote individual growth along lines of sanity and balance, with both feet upon the solid ground, and yet with eyes that can look up and see life with a gaze of ever-increasing comprehension.



WAITING.

We're waiting for the wonderful new Way,
When darkness will be broken up by day;
Oh, brothers, sisters, all,
Come, march! lest we should fall—
To linger now may mean to be too late—
We must not lose a moment, while we wait.

So full of cheerful toil the time can be,
Yet not too short for gentle courtesy,
Nor helping on a friend,
Nor aching hearts to mend,
Nor counting little bits of love as great—
There is so much to finish, while we wait

For soon along the road there comes a bend,
Our hoping and our waiting have an end—
Our work of earth is done,
Our feet no longer run—
But surely, as we stand before the Gate,
God's Angels shall be with us, while we wait.

H. M. UNDERWOOD.



As will be seen from advertisement, the Spiritualist Education Council is re-starting its meetings and classes early in October.

Psychical Research and the "Hibbert Journal."

By FELICIA R. SCATCHERD.

RELIGION, Science, and Philosophy are well to the fore in the current issue of the *Hibbert Journal*, opposing, disputing, or supporting the facts of Psychical Research, and the various interpretations of those facts.

Dean Inge, in "Survival and Immortality," tells us that the longing for consolation on the part of the bereaved has created "a spurious and dreary satisfaction" by "substituting for the blessed hope of everlasting life . . . the barbaric belief in ghosts and demons, which was old when Christianity was young." The Dean has missed the point. Those who appeal to Psychical Research have no intention of substituting *one belief or hope for another*. They are intent upon knowledge based upon scientific evidence.

The Dean's contention that "if communications between the dead and the living were part of the nature of things, they would have been established long ago," is puerile. On the same grounds he must regard wireless communications between the living as being also outside the natural order of things.

When he argues that the discovery of "attenuated forms of matter, which may act as vehicles for psychical interchange," tends to Materialism, by reducing spirit to a rarefied form of matter, one can only reply that psychical science is concerned with facts, and has nothing to do with the bearing of those facts upon theology and philosophy. When he goes on to add that the meaning of "God is spirit" cannot be understood until this "insidious residue of Materialism" has been got rid of, one can only counsel him to bring his knowledge of matter and its attributes up to date, and so recover the serenity of soul threatened by the survival of the second century conceptions of matter held by Christian Stoics like Tertullian.

Dean Inge holds that "scientific evidence" brought to bear upon "spiritual truth" degrades it into "an event in the phenomenal world which cannot be substantiated. *Psychical Research is trying to prove that eternal values are temporal facts which they can never be.*" The italics are mine and further comment is superfluous, other than this, that true Psychical Research is out to discover truth, not to subserve any foregone conclusion. This is finely expressed in Dr. Jacks' remarkable and original paper in the same issue of the *Hibbert Journal*, "The Theory of Survival in the Light of its Context," which was delivered last June as his Presidential address to the Society for Psychical Research.

Dean Inge is a resolute opponent of the "Survival" theory on the grounds that it comes between us and "faith in true immortality." On his own showing, he has nothing in the way of light or leading to proffer to the world of agonising humanity in the hour of its deepest tribulation. Why then go out of his way to deprecate the efforts of psychical researchers to bridge the gulf between the living and the dead?

Dr. Chas. Mercier is not an opponent of Psychical Research. He simply disputes the conclusions set forth in "Raymond" in a rather entertaining paper entitled "Sir Oliver Lodge and the Scientific World." Written with less humour, breadth, and subtlety it might have been regarded as otiose, and evasive—vitiating by a wilful blindness to main issues. It is certainly permeated by confusion of thought, as when he brings forward

the stock statement that "professional conjurers are the persons best fitted by training and experience to appraise the kind of evidence" adduced by Sir Oliver Lodge, which statement applies, and that partially, only to objective psychical manifestations. The conjurer, *per se*, can contribute nothing towards the elucidation of those subtle, subjective phenomena which are of paramount importance in the study of psychical science.

Dr. Mercier is guilty of certain ugly implications which must have escaped his notice in the heat of controversy, as for instance when he writes that so long as Sir Oliver "offers us interpretations of fact in the place of fact, he is not entitled even to a hearing." He will doubtless hasten to withdraw an imputation as ungenerous as it is untrue. Sir Oliver states the fact and proceeds *in addition* to give the impression produced by that fact upon himself—a heart-to-heart confidence sacred like love or friendship, and the man who can make light of such trust does so to his own hurt.

Dr. Jacks' statement as to what psychical research evidence really means is terse and worth quoting in full. What he asks, is the internal witness of the evidence as to the kind of beings with whom we are communicating? He says:—

"All the characteristics I have named—sex, language, sight, hearing, mental equipment and the rest—are human characteristics. Following the clue they place in our hands and arguing strictly from effects to causes, we are led immediately to the conclusion *that these are human beings.*"

The italics are Dr. Jacks' and represent his deliberate judgment.



FRAGILE ANGELS.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

"With what body do they come?"—BIBLE.

GOD planted a garden," and from that enchanted spot there steals the mingled perfumes of flowers breathing forth the perfection of Divinity. A lily, tall and stately, with a heart of sterling gold, tells its life-history. It blooms not by might, coercion, or enticement, but by failure, for it was by insufficient nutriment it arose in its enchanting beauty. Out of a "failing force" is born that which delights the eye, and expands the soul of man. The perfect flower is the mingling of a special but baffled hope. Flowers, God's fairest and frailest gifts to His children, the delight of babes, are theirs by limitation—by a definite union of polar opposites. "My God hath sent His Angel," re-cast in a wondrous mould, and nature assumes the form that the seed has compelled, while Humanity, ignorant and divinely unconscious, revels in the glow and glory of a golden harvest.



If we were in the habit of identifying ourselves in thought, not with the habitation we live in, but with the Human Self that dwells therein, life would become a greater and a serener thing. We should brush off troubles as we brush the dust from our garments, and we should realise that the measure of all things happening to us is not the pain or pleasure they bring to our bodies, but the progress or retardation they bring to the man within us; and since all things are matters of experience, and lessons may be learned from each, we should take the sting out of griefs by searching in each for the wisdom enwrapped in it, as the petals are folded within the bud.—*Annie Besant.*

Mrs. Heslop, since the completion of the new series of letters from her husband, which have appeared in the *Gazette* and will shortly be printed in book form, has received the following from the same source, and will continue to send us further communications when suitable for publication.

PEOPLE on earth need to realise more fully, that they are never alone. David gave this thought beautiful expression in the cxxxix Psalm when he said—

“Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.”

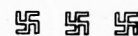
If man could only grasp the omniscience and the omnipresence of God he would cease to imagine that he can sin in secret, for this is impossible. He can only deceive his fellow-mortals. St. Paul knew this when he cried “Ye are compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses,” that means, the denizens of other spheres are watching your actions and listening to your words. At first such a thought is not very welcome. Most people love seclusion and they love secrecy. It need however only distress those who sin. The pure soul must ever draw to herself those of like purity from the spirit-world, and when she desires seclusion and repose, they will influence the atmosphere, and so give her added rest and peace. Again, to this pure soul will come the sense of unseen companionship, and gradually she will be able to differentiate between the influences of these spiritual beings, and welcome them with joy. When she decides on some act of self-sacrifice they will uphold her, and rejoice with her in the result. The knowledge of their presence will be a great incentive to the pure and holy life she desires to lead, and ultimately, they will receive her into the home of the blest. So you see that these invisible witnesses of your human lives, with their trials and struggles, are really of inestimable benefit to you. And they should be of equal value in deterring the godless from acts of sin and impurity. Ye are never alone, ye who sin in secret, ye who believe that a base or cruel act will never come to light! Once realise that this cloud of witnesses sees all things that you do, and if they are kept hidden for a while, as you linger on earth, they will all be made clear and plain when you pass to this side, such knowledge would, in many cases, arrest the sinner on his downward path.

Then there is another fact you would do well to realise. Among those who watch your acts and listen to your words are many who are bound to you by ties of blood and affection. Love draws them to you again, and you have still power to help them upward, or wound their sensitive spirits by your acts and words. If they displayed hasty tempers while on earth (often the result of ill-health) oh how they have grieved, when in the purer air of this life they have thought of their unkind words and deeds! And if, while they linger near you, they hear you telling others of their many faults and failings, how it saddens and discourages them. Speak

no ill of the dead; true, true, say nothing of you cannot give a word of loving sympathy. For a weeping spirit on this side is oft-times listening to all you say; do not make the difficult lessons he must now learn all the harder by the want of your love and forgiveness.

And then, if you have been the one who did the unkind act, and your dear one passed into the beyond with no word of pardon, oh! how your heart aches, how you long to be able to throw yourself at the feet of the one you have wronged, and whom you can see no more. Courage, poor heart, he too is watching you from this side, he too yearns to grant forgiveness for your prayer. Speak to him, and let him impress you with the pardon, which will heal your grief and still your pain.

Speak no ill of the dead, for truly there are no dead, only quivering, sensitive spirits here, alive to every adverse criticism. We need your love and sympathy more than we ever needed them before, for we are all one great family in heaven and on earth, and are interdependent the one on the other.



LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE NAME OF SPIRITUALISM.

The Highland's House.
St. Leonards-on-Sea.

July 21st, 1917.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to a letter from G. Innes, F.R.A.S., about uniting the word Christian with Spiritualism. I would suggest, that those who have the right to call themselves by the happy title of “Christian-Spiritualist” might sometimes vary the name, and by bracketing the A in Christian make it read, “Christi(a)n-Spiritualism” (Christ-in-Spiritualism). This could be put up as a text in Christian-Spiritualists' meetings, showing that there Christ had His rightful place in the prayers and hymns, as well as in the reading of the Scriptures. “Christi(a)n-Spiritualism” could also be worn as a badge.

Yours faithfully,
L. S. KING.



This statute of George II., known as the Witchcraft Act, is still in force. But as recently as 1905, a defendant in a palmistry case pleaded that he had never heard of the Act. That of course was no valid defence. Ignorance of the law excuses no man. Yet as the *Solicitors' Journal* said at the time (vol. 49, p. 162), the statute was out of print at the King's printers, so that even if the defendant had suspected its existence he could not have discovered its provisions unless he had had access to one of the great law libraries.—*Angus McArthur.*

From the spiritual point of view the death change, to those who are prepared for it, is a deliverance—it sets them free and gives them scope and opportunity to learn, to develop, and to realise the dreams, hopes, ideals, and impulses which inspired them here, and to express all that is best and sweetest and noblest in their natures which could not be manifested on the earth. Rest assured no spirit will for ever remain in darkness, slavery, and solitude. Sooner or later each one must answer to the pleading of the Spirit within, and respond to the call of the Divine Spirit to “come up higher.”—*E. W. Wallis.*

THE HUSK FUND.—Mrs. Etta Duffus, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts, gratefully acknowledges the following contributions to this fund:—Mr. and Mrs. MacBeth Bain, 5s.; Eland Sutton, 2s. 6d.; C. M. B., 2s. 6d. Further donations will be welcomed.

The Scenery of the Spirit World.

HOW MORTAL EXISTENCE AFFECTS THE
CAPACITY TO APPRECIATE IT.

By G. E. OWEN.

FROM the abysmal depths of the past the conception, with all its haziness and uncertainty, that heaven is the embodiment and expression of all that is beautiful has come up to us with intoxicating enchantment. The residents of earth have always pictured and dreamed of it in that way. The conception, within certain limits and in a certain sense, is endorsed by the facts and information bearing on after-death conditions of existence, which diligent and cautious researchers into these regions have been able to glean.

It is only natural that "the pilgrim panting for the life to come," after being stained and wearied by the battles, struggles, and anxieties in their sterner forms of this life, should long for and imagine it to be a state of repose, containing scenes of wondrous beauty, which will soothe and heal his jarred nature by their soft and charming influences. Even if heaven (some will say) is not so beautiful a place as it has been described, then it is nice and helpful to think it is so. Believing it, gives satisfaction and strength to endure oppressive burdens.

"Heaven," in the words of Hudson Tuttle, "is always what the mind most desires. The weary traveller in the desert, famished and dying with thirst, has no higher aspiration than the palm groves of the oasis, with its leaping fountains and luscious dates, where, sheltered from the sun's fierce rays, he can quench his thirst, satisfy his hunger, and repose in undisturbed quietude."

The human mind pictures the next state as an intensification of whatever is enjoyable and beautiful on earth. In doing that it has divined a sublime truth. The spirit-world contains scenes whose splendours, charming luxuriance, and exquisite richness, transcend anything experienced, or even conceived on earth. They cannot be described in mortal language. Scenery there however, just as here, can only be discerned and appreciated if the aesthetic faculty has been awakened, or the taste cultivated, to do so. The charm and beauty of nature's arrangement of colour, form and position of things can only be enjoyed by man in proportion to the development of his aesthetic nature. The combination of colours and sounds stir in us feelings of admiration and exaltation only when we have faculties that can be affected by and respond to them. A landscape, a painting, a block of sculptured marble, or a musical rendering, will contain to one person elements of beauty, charm, sweetness, and harmony; to another they will contain nothing save the bare sensations of colour, form, and sound.

Scenery is but one aspect of art. "Art," as E. Veron has well said in the introduction to his "Aesthetics," "is nothing but a natural result of man's organisation, which is of such a nature that he derives particular pleasure from certain combinations of forms, lines, colours, movements, sounds, rhythms, and images. But these combinations only give him pleasure when they express the sentiments and emotions of the human soul struggling with the accidents of life, or in presence of scenes of nature." Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters," shows clearly how art is but an expression of man's aesthetic nature. In describing the beauty of clouds and sky, he says that:—

"There is not a moment in any of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all, bright as it is, it is not too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food; it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential."

As the scenery, and whatever that evokes in us feelings of intense admiration in this world, depends for its enjoyment on our capacity, bodily development, and taste, so the glories of the next world also can only be discerned when the psychic body is properly developed and adjusted to it. If it is not so then a person is in a similar plight to the tourist in Switzerland who, when in the midst of it, asked where was the scenery? Our lives here have an influence for good or ill on our psychic body. When its faculties and organs have in any way been distorted by reckless living, then its coarsened and disfigured condition will make it impossible for its owner to be conscious of or to enjoy the charming things of the land into which death will transfer him. He will find everything dyed with the state of his psychic organisation, and, although he may be in the midst of enrapturing scenery, it will be practically invisible to him.

The spirit-world is a natural world. Natural laws reign supreme in it. The operations of these produce phenomena there that are varied in form. These in their turn go to form various changing scenes. Flowers and foliage of the tints and hues of earth grow there. Some are there that earth has not known, being richer and tinted with colours never seen here. They grow under conditions far more favourable than the flowers of earth enjoy. Their fragrance, as those who have been privileged to experience it at seances know only too well, is heavenly. Who knows but that some of these are the flowers of earth, arisen through death to the immortal regions, more beautifully garbed, more delicately coloured and endowed with richer fragrance, than ever they did when in mortal gardens? These are laid out and so arranged as to compose an imposing and an impressive scenery, charging the very atmosphere with their exhilarating odours, forming with their colourings that picturesqueness which stir the soul's deepest and gentlest emotional feelings, which prompt and inspire lofty ideals, giving it new hopes, and removing all feelings of depression or gloom by electrifying it with the softening thrills of spiritual exaltation.

Interblending with, and harmoniously related to, these are other forms of scenery. Indescribable in its splendour is the scenery of the firmament of the spirit-world. Those dwelling there are enraptured with the resplendent glory overhead.

Vast plains under foot are carpeted with verdant hue, interspersed with celestial gardens, where immortal flowers bloom, where trees and fruit grow. The carvings of sculptors and ideations of architects here express themselves in higher ranges, multiplied many times in grandeur and sublimity when compared with the highest attained here. Immense edifices, lavishly studded and ornamented with the rich metals and properties of the mineral kingdom of the spirit-world add to the splendours of its spectacular scenery. The musical intonations of rustling leaves and surging waters, the sweet and rhythmic cadences of running rivulets, the softening melody of cascades of water, and the undulations of hill and dale, contribute their charms to the enrapturing and prismatic scenery of the celestial world, murmuring to the ascending soul their angelic music, soothing its earthly-derived sorrows, gently influencing it to ascend above its common limits, and bringing about a collective expansion of its powers and faculties.

The following excerpt from "Through the Mists," gives in descriptive language some of the scenery of the spirit-world:—

"We reached the summit of the slopes, and I stood entranced by the scene which lay before me. From the foot of a gentle declivity clothed in grass of the richest, softest green I had ever beheld, a landscape stretched away on every side dressed in more shades of colour than I had power to estimate. I had gazed upon the skies of Italy, beautiful and calm, but the cloudless grandeur of their star-illuminated glories was like the cold placidity of death-bound sleep, in contrast with the infinite and vaulted dome of eternal energy beneath which I stood, involuntarily bowing before the baptism of life with which it bathed me. I had seen the magnificence of some Oriental landscapes, with the radiance of a legion of colours thrown in rich mosaics all around, but it were profanation to compare such hues and shades and tints with these before my eyes. Pulsations of visible vitality throbbed and trembled in stone and tree and flower, each of which poured forth its rhythmic quota to the harmonic proclamation which sounded from every side that death is swallowed up in victory, and over the threshold of the future,—reaching to the horizon of either pole—the legend ran—Life, life, eternal life."

In this helpful volume the author conveys through his medium, R. J. Lees, what he has witnessed after his death in the next life. He thus very truly describes the difficulty of adequately conveying to mortals the grandeur of immortal scenery:—

"But why attempt the impossible? Words never yet were able to convey an adequate idea of many scenes on earth; how then can they be used to tell the greater glories which the language of the soul has not the power to paint, but leaves the entranced beholder to understand by silent comprehension? Oh, hearts! the milestones of whose pilgrimage are lettered alternately with battle, defeat, and failure; ye outcast wayfarers, ostracised from all that once was dear; ye who are hungering for a look of sympathy, thirsting for a kindly word, groping for one ray of hope; ye crushed and mangled, maimed and tortured on the rack of social propriety; ye banned and banished from a soulless church, because your weary feet have stumbled by the way; ye martyrs to the greed for wealth, fame and power; ye, weary of life's struggle, all, yea, whomsoever will, sink down to sleep, and in the wild delirium of your dreams, give rein to all your phantasies; let your imagination conjure before you all you wish for or would dare to crave; picture to yourselves all you think of heaven; revel among the anticipations of what you there would find; then multiply the product a thousand times, and grasp the concept if you can. But even though you reach the height of this desire, you will not have caught more than a faint reflection of the provision made for the enjoyment of the righteous when their bloodstained feet have reached the goal of heaven."

Celestial scenery, as we have stated, can only be witnessed and enjoyed when the artistic taste has been psychically cultivated. No one desires

world. Yet that is what happens. The body is dwarfed and disfigured by a misuse of one's powers in this life. Those who have rendered their very being to profligacy, viciousness, corruption, and the various forms of vice, are unable to admire whatever scenery they will be in the midst of. The capacity to do so is not there. The heavenliest heaven will to them be tinged and coloured with the elements of their own nature and condition. The lives of tyrants, autocrats, and those who live only to amass wealth, do not tend to awaken the finer susceptibilities of the psychic body. This important organisation is affected by the thoughts and deeds of this life. They, sculptor-like, chisel and mould it into a semblance that coincides with them. It is advisable, therefore, to so conduct, so refine and purify, our lives, that at death the psychic body will be born into its sphere of activity—the spirit-world—healthy, well-developed and perfectly formed, and thus ensure inheriting there a rich and a meritorious spiritual harvest. We can with profit heed the words of A. J. Davis in *The Thinker*: "Do you yearn to feel a purer nature, and to be clad with a beautiful spiritual body at death? Then feed wisely upon better substances, drink of better fluids, and habitually think better thoughts. For everything which your digestive functions assimilate is, to some degree, manufactured into the fabric of your spirit-body; and every unworthy thought of your mind will long linger about and darken the vestibule of Wisdom's immortal temple."

Next month I shall treat of "Death and its surprises."



A PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR YOU.

(Suitable for Recitation.)

Whatever your doubts and whatever your fears,
There's a place in the world for you;
Despite all your worries, despite all your cares
There's a place in the world for you.
You may have had troubles, you may have had pain,
But haven't you battled them through?
And can't you for pity's sake do it again?
THERE'S A PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR YOU.

Keep still, when you feel that the stream's running out,
There's a place in the world for you;
Remember your birthright and stifle your doubt,
There's a place in the world for you.
You may have been waiting, it may have seemed long,
But others have waited too:
So get ready your smile and practise your song,
THERE'S A PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR YOU.

You have studied the law of Omnipotent things?
There's a place in the world for you;
You know what the dawn is, the brightness it brings?
There's a place in the world for you.
You know that SUCCESS all the sweeter will seem,
If you've fought, and stuck to it, too;
So please to remember, it's not all a dream,
THERE'S A PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR YOU.

And when, from the highway of life you look back
From the place in the world for you,
You will laugh when you see the old stones on the track
That made the road harder to view.
You will call to your fellows who struggle and fight,
You will say, "Come along, I've been through,"
You will give them your message, because you were right—
THERE'S A PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR YOU.

A Wizard of Wales.

By WILLIAM THOMAS, GORSEINON.

THERE have been various biographies of mediums appearing in your journal so I think it only fair to the people mentioned in this article that they should also be brought into the limelight. Firstly, I must deal with Mr. Cledwyn Davies, a sincere and able worker in the cause. He is a medium little known outside his birth-place, and Merthyr Tydvil, but his gifts are little known or valued simply because he does not advertise them. I first came in contact with him at the first seance I attended. He thereafter progressed in his development until he was "taken" on one occasion to diagnose the ailment of a sitter in the circle. His advice was timely and beneficial. After that other things cropped up which made us regard this young medium as something out of the ordinary. In the process of my own development, we worked together in some cases, and I must say I found him a person of remarkable powers, for any sensitive in his presence can feel himself vibrating strongly, as his magnetism is like a stream of fire running through one's body.

One case in particular brought to light his remarkable healing powers in dealing with the malady known as St. Vitus' Dance. This case proved to be a very severe one, and the state of the patient aroused much sympathy from all who saw her. As she was in a very weak state it was thought nothing could be done to alleviate her suffering. However, our "friends" took the case in hand, and after hard work and a good deal of patience a change for the better was noticed. I am glad to say she continued to progress. Another case of tuberculosis was brought to his notice. Unlike the majority, who are afraid of such diseases, he undertook

to do what he could to give relief to the sufferer. This case was very far gone, and although much benefit was given yet through the lack of confidence in the patient or some other cause nothing definite was accomplished. One of his "tip-top" cases has just come to my ears. A young miner, for purposes of coal-getting, had recourse to the use of blasting powder in his work. Owing to some mishap the powder exploded before time. The young man's sight was despaired of; in fact his medical attendant said he had lost it. Then our friend Mr. Davies was asked to take up the case. This he did, and with that patience which is a strong point of his, he gradually brought back the poor fellow's sight. Again there was the case of my own child, who suffered from chest-trouble. Working in harmony with my own guides Mr. Davies undertook the case. My wife was on a visit to my home at Merthyr Tydvil, and got into touch with Mr. Davies through my parents. Happening to call one day, he saw the child, and at once diagnosed the complaint and treated it in his own style. After several treatments

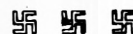
the condition of the child improved so much that he was out of danger. Now I must come to a purely personal testimony, which as everyone knows is the greatest proof of all. In July, 1914, I returned from a visit from Columbia, S. America, in which country I had contracted that dread disease known as dysentery. In September I was again taken ill, but thought little of it. In the early morning, which by the way was a Friday, a medical man had to be sent for. After examination he said that I was in the depths of pneumonia. My temperature registered 105°, so it can be seen that I was not on the safe side. However, on this day I was expecting visitors, and amongst them my friend Mr. Davies. They came and saw that I was laid up, so Mr. Davies at once set to work. He magnetised me several times during the day, but I could not say that I felt any better. The following morning he again magnetised me before going down to breakfast. Going on towards noon I felt I was getting stronger, so I asked for my clothes, so that I might come downstairs and enjoy the company.

I was not listened to, so I took it upon myself to rise from my bed. Imagine my friends' amazement when I asked for dinner, and imagine the look on the doctor's face when he came in and saw me eating dinner! It was a great proof to me of Mr. Davies' healing powers, and there are hundreds who will say the same. There is much we cannot understand in this phase of mediumship, but the little we do understand, we should not fail to give credit for where it is due. In my own development he proved himself a tower of strength, honest and true in all investigations, which is an asset to any circle. With myself he will agree that he has been

greatly helped by that great little woman, Mrs. Rees Powell, who has always been willing to help anyone to get to the bottom of, and root out, any ailment. At the present time I hear he is very busy with numerous cases. I can only hope those who have come under his treatment, and received benefit therefrom, will not omit to sing the praises which are due to him. He is a great pillar of strength to our cause. Such men are all too few and far between, for he is a Spiritualist in creed and action, always looking for an opportunity to do good, and never taking any monetary reward. This briefly sums up the personality of Mr. Cledwyn Davies, I feel sure all Spiritualists in Merthyr Tydvil will agree with me when I call him "A Wizard of Wales."



CLEDWYN DAVIES.



By mutual confidence and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done and great discoveries made;
The wise, new prudence from the wise acquire.
And one brave Hero fans another's fire.

Homer (Iliad).

Self Lost in Service.

Mag

By EVA HARRISON, Author of "Wireless Messages," etc.

"SELF lost in Service!" This is the essence of the Christ-life—the manifestation of the Christ upon the earth, and in spite of all the terrors and desolation caused by a world-war, yes, even because of it, this spirit is unfolding and developing in many a human soul to-day. "Self lost in Service," is the greatest antidote to all sadness and weariness the world ever has or ever can know. It is indeed a spiritual anaesthetic which soothes to slumber the restless heart-ache, while the great Angel of Pain probes and cuts and prepares for the greater healing which is to follow. And when to this loving service is added the knowledge that so-called Death is but an episode in Life—a great adventure for the spirit—and that communion is possible, and in some cases even easy, then indeed is the river of tears between the two states dried and the veil is not.

Two cases within my circle of friends illustrates this. A young girl, whom we will call Heather, is affianced to a brave young soldier. He leaves his love and his country, and yields up his life on the great sacrificial altar of the battlefields of France. When Heather hears the news, she is distracted, overwhelmed. Then she learns that spiritual communion is possible, and by chance, she is brought into contact with a sensitive who sees and describes to her her soldier lover. Soon she is invited to sit in a small spiritual circle, and to her surprise she becomes clairvoyant and clairaudient; that is, she sees those who have passed through death's portals, she hears their voices, and for her there is a new heaven and a new earth; former things have passed away—she has not lost her lover, death has not divided them. The consciousness of his presence lifts her heart and soul above the things of earth; she is still his and he is hers, and these two know that they are one forever, that theirs is a marriage made in heaven, which the cold blasts of earth can never chill, and now Heather looks forward to the day when her lover and herself shall work together in the great spiritual harvest-fields, and shall do such work as they might never have accomplished had he remained in the physical body. Daily he visits her now and informs her of his movements and his progress, and tells her how he attends lectures at the halls of learning, and studies at the colleges in the Great Beyond, and how one of the special subjects he is learning, and graduating for, is the different methods of controlling earth-mediums and the ways of efficiently guarding them from obsession.

Oh, how natural and sane is life beyond! This brave soldier lover is not a white-winged angel in some far-off state, neither is he in the orthodox hell, but he is just Heather's lover, working for her good, and learning the best means of communing with her and protecting her; and doubtless e'er long his studies will bear fruit, for he is a strong determined man of character and high ideals. He is years older than Heather, and she trusts him implicitly, and looks forward eagerly to the day when he will be able to use her as his conscious instrument upon the earth, when they both shall minister to the spiritual needs of the earth-treaders. So Heather does not now weep for her lost love. Faith has been crowned by knowledge, and both faith and know-

humanity. Truly as Tennyson says—

"The veil is rending and the voices of the day
Are heard across the voices of the dark."

Another girl, whom we will call Dot, loves a brave fellow who is no stranger to the facts of spiritual science. He imparts to her some of his knowledge. She is not particularly impressed with the average Spiritualist meetings. Mere phenomena, necessary as these are as stepping-stones, do not satisfy. She feels in her soul that there is something greater to attain to. The war breaks out. Her lover does what many other brave men have done, he gives himself to his country. In May of last year he comes home on leave; they are married; the young bride is left in her father's home. The very next month the husband is reported "wounded and missing." Does Dot give way to selfish repining and unavailing regret? No: in this state of life and beyond, she was and is—his, so there is no room for regret whatever may be his fate. But her intuition tells her that he has not passed into spirit-life, although from that fateful day in June last to this, she has had no word of him. What does she do? She sets to work to cheer up his own people, who grieve so terribly about his unknown fate, and then she thinks also of the "gifts of the spirit," and desires earnestly "the best." She starts sitting for automatic writing, and very soon gets many cheering messages; then she determines to develop her own spiritual gifts for service, and is invited to join our circle at "Sunlongta." She decides that if development is possible to her, she will not be used by any spirit to pamper the curiosity of a mere wonder-seeking crowd, but that the temple of her body, shall be a shrine consecrated to the use of angels who work in the service of love. The weeks go by, and Dot's unfoldment proceeds. Then a spirit who has guarded her for long, although unknown to her, speaks, and we are told that an intelligence of high degree, in response to the sensitive's appeal, wishes her prepared for his use. Soon, we are given to understand, that this lofty spirit will speak in public through Dot. Now, all Dot's spare time is given to her own preparation to become a link in the chain which unites highest heaven to deepest hell, to be a channel through whom waves of Christ-love may reach the earth and even outer states.

So here again "Self lost in Service" leaves no room for selfish repining. Thus are the lessons being learned which "The Mighty Angel of Tribulation" came to earth to teach. Thus are sparks of the divine being fanned into flame, and these shall kindle many another spark, until by degrees every spirit throughout the length and breadth of the Universe shall realise themselves as part of the Eternal Flame—that Power which men call God.

P.S.—I have permission to tell your readers that the writer of "A Summer Evening Reverie" published in your July number, and signed Agnes Hands, is the lady referred to above whom I have called Dot.

☞ ☞ ☞

Give, and thou shalt receive,
Give thoughts of cheer—
Of courage and success, to friend and stranger.
And from a thousand sources far and near,
Strength will be sent thee in thy hour of danger.

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Magic or Mafficking: The Choice To-day.

By LEO FRENCH.

WHAT is magic? It is the understanding of hidden operations, the knowledge of latent potencies, the power to produce specific results from given conditions. Thus, magic is the action of Life, through her children Wisdom, Power and Love. To employ true magic is the work of a master of spheral music—to sublimate "things human, till they rise to touch the spheres:" that impact is the work of magic. Magic itself lies about us in our infancy, beckons from the tomb. It is the scarcity of magicians to-day which has turned the world into a welter.

"Magic and moonshine" are often coupled. Those who use the phrase employ it as a term of contumely; but indeed there exists an intimate association between men. "The peace that underlies all strength" underlies them both; a knowledge that does not strive nor cry, "the devotion of something afar from the sphere of our sorrow."

There is a still white flame, at the heart of life, cosmic and human. A flame that flickers not, that neither flares nor dies. One flame, with three tongues, wisdom, power, love.

In materialism alone is bondage. For materialism represents the extremes of Scepticism and Superstition. Materialism bandages the soul's eyes lest it should see, ears lest it should hear, the vision and the song of life: repudiating passion and romance, exalting sensuality and its twin, sentimentality. Materialism worships the golden calf of success, or the clay-footed idol of custom: imprisoning all but the body; physical consciousness alone stalks naked and unashamed through its treeless arid land. Magic frees every force and faculty of Man and Nature, emancipates for the service of life. Life is shown as the goal for ambition, the inspiration of aspiration, the sole realisation of the three gods in man.

Existence is the polar opposite of life. For there is a great gulf fixed between the material and the practical. Only fools confuse the two. The material represents the tyranny of inertia, the worship of blind worms and deaf stones.* Life's sacred splendid secrets are true magic's lore. Thought and power stir within the mountain's mind and soul. Mid-ocean beckons to it. Materialism stands by, declaring "it cannot be done." Practical magic gets to work. At first it moves slowly and mysteriously. Then comes convulsion, with the converging psychological moment, and lo! the mountain is carried into the midst of the sea. Nature's magic is none the less mysterious because it moves to the music of hidden principles manifested as laws.

It is ours to choose to-day which we will serve, under whose orders. The wise and mighty ordinances of magic, the great white way of wisdom, or the counsels of those who darken wisdom with the blinds of party prejudice, and profane the assemblies of men with boasting, rancour, or the tyranny of "*idées fixes*?" (i.e. the idea that war being an evil in itself, can never be a necessary part in and of the Plan as a whole). It is never the action so much as the attitude that betrays the man behind it. There stand the Scylla of scepticism, the Charybdis of credulity, or the fighter at all costs, and the

peace-at-any-price combatants. It is not between men we have to choose. With both of these temperament is paramount, they act but as they must. We may belong to either or neither, it matters not.

When the dogs of war are unleashed, all worlds cry havoc. But man may well pause and ponder, to-day; may stand back from the strife, if only in thought. Is he not named "man the thinker?" Thought without action is paralytic, action without thought is daemonic. Paralytics and daemoniacs have but instinct and blind rage to guide them, man has wisdom, power, and love.

To-day, nothing but true magic can prevail to prevent a world-holocaust. Altars of carnage and destruction reek and smoke to their respective deities. Force is the gauge of power. A new code, which is but the law of the jungle, reinforced by the devil in "man the beast." Does the enemy commit a diabolic act? Imitate it. Imitation is "the swagger of the moment" in certain circles. *O tempora! O mores!*

Magic or mafficking? Which, for the man of to-day? Shall we destroy, or remake? Shall we redeem patient earth, groaning, bleeding, staggering beneath skies dropping fire and tempest, blood, tears, devastated by famine and pestilence, reverberating with thunder of gods and guns, while lightnings blast, while liquid fire emulates daemonic doom? Truly, the sun is turned into darkness, the moon into blood, earth full of sounds of confusion and garments rolled in blood. There is no answer to black save white. This is a truth scientific, ethical, aesthetic. Thought must reascend her move. Wisdom alone can undo the work of folly. Truth alone can redeem from error. Man must lift up his limbs as well as eyes, to the hills of thought, if he would not sink, submerged in the sands of time. This world-throe is no parochial scuffle between assentors and objectors, whether conscientious or otherwise. Do not let us throw dust in our own eyes. It is a struggle between the hero and the hun in man, the god and the barbarian.

Until we can *think* above the battle, how shall we cease from warfare? Party principles are naught, less than the dust of earth which baffles, blindfolds, and betrays the god in man. Yet even to-day, at the eleventh hour, it is not too late. This is an inner appeal "from the minds of one to the minds of many." Only by practical application of thought-power can this world-debacle end. Thought, universal solvent, alone can re-solve the discords, can lead forth from the wilderness of anarchy, the fetish-animism of autocracy, into the land of promise, where wisdom, power and perfection, beckon to the spirit with divinely-provocative rays. As a man, nation, world, universe, thinks to-day, so will they *be*, to-morrow. Red or golden sunset speaks its oracular message to the weather-wise. Give peace in our time, O Lords of Destiny! Let not Fate's tyranny usurp thy throne! May we fight on so long, and no longer, than till peace, not mutual annihilation shall end the strife. The worlds and all within are cast into the universal melting-pot. Thought is magic; thinkers are magicians; creative thought the architect; sound the builder; the world-citizens their instruments; from their magic what new world-fabrics shall arise?

* i.e., Materialism ignorantly asserts their respective

M (January, 1908) on this subject, says:—The theory of modern occultism is simply this: that the will is potentially king, not only of the House of Life, but also of all the forces of Nature, known and unknown, The foolish marvels which the word "Magic" connotes for the average man—the spells, entrancements, apparitions, divinations, etc.—are merely the side issues, not the main objects of the genuine science. In the will there resides, for the occultist, a force as powerful and as amenable as electricity. This force can operate in the "natural," i.e. sensual, plane, and also in planes not yet recognised as "natural." Beyond the world of sensual perception—or rather entangled in it—the Magus perceives another world, or aspect of the world, the unfortunately-named "Astral." His education is wholly directed towards an understanding of the laws of this world; he develops, by a discipline of his whole nature, and by the liberation of certain "subconscious" faculties, those forms of perception which in it are analogous to his sensual perceptions of the material plane. Hence clairvoyance, clairaudience, all non-fraudulent mediumistic phenomena, and prophecy; and, in the less developed personality, presentiments, intuitions, and veridical dreams. The forces of the astral plane are peculiarly susceptible to the directive powers of the will, whether deliberately or impulsively applied; and the result of such application is seen in telepathy "human magnetism," materialisations, evocations, etc. From the exercise of the will comes also magical therapeutics, the ancestor of Christian Science, for "toute la puissance du médecin occulte est dans la conscience de sa volonté, et tout son art consiste à produire la foi dans son malade," says Eliphas Lévi, the founder of modern magic. But the will must not only be trained, it must be put in the right mood; and here the ceremonies and external observances on which occultists have always laid great stress receive a plausible explanation. They are instruments for the direction and concentration of will-power, necessary in so far as they minister to this, but wholly subjective in their use and appeal.

The occultist, however, seems unable to rise above and do without these practices: and here his method is sharply differentiated from that of the mystic, whose interior way, once found, needs no external signposts. Mysticism, of course, has nothing to do with phenomena, nor with enlarging the boundaries of the phenomenal world. It displays no marvels, performs no miracles. It is "the quest of the Absolute," undertaken in terms of adoration and desire. Where the occultist is an investigator, the mystic is a lover. Strictly speaking, his science can only be understood by those who have tried it. These know and proclaim that it is "the one plank which bridges Infinity;" but the formulæ under which they try so hard to convey this truth differ enormously, and their divergences are only to be reconciled by other mystics, who, as Saint-Martin says, "all speak the same language, because they come from the same country." Newman's word, *cor ad cor loquitur*, is indeed the last word of the mystics: these see essential unity beneath differences of languages, and catch the accent of home wherever it may be heard.

This "hard saying" has been reiterated many times by those who have essayed the ungrateful task of explaining mysticism to the unmystical. The difficulty of such an explanation is, that mysticism, whilst it may or may not begin in a form which is amenable to that which Maeterlinck calls "super-natural psychology," certainly ends by transcending all human power of analysis. The deepest utterances of Plotinus, Ruysbroeck, Saint John of the Cross, awaken in our minds either an intuitive sense of uncomprehended truth, or the anger of a practical person to whom nonsense is being deceitfully addressed in the solemn periods of an unknown tongue. "I spake as I saw," said David; but Saul did not find his candour enlightening.

Now, it is curious to note that, in spite of the great popularity of "everything mystical," from crystal-gazing to the symbolism of the Catholic Church, this pure mysticism, the divine and impassioned science of ultimate things, has no professed adepts in the modern hurly-burly of beliefs. Self-seeking or curiosity—generally both—are the incentives which send present-day adventurers from the phenomenal to the invisible world. The disconcerting fact is that we know—as our masters did not—all about mysticism from the intellectual side. We can describe the differentiating marks of Purgation, Illumination, and Ecstasy. We know that the science which we desire is the very science of the saints. Our contempt for the materialist is magnificent and unbounded. Yet reading the books of modern mysticism, one is struck

by the fire which has to go out. That flaming rapture which made Saint Augustine cry out, "My God, my Joy!" and Saint John of the Cross,

"O burn that burns to heal!"

"O more than pleasant wound!"

and Ruysbroeck declare his one desire to be *in vastissimum divinitatis p̄lagus navigare*, seems to have died, and left only intelligent ashes behind it. The mystic of the present day, learning anxiety, has forgotten adoration; yet adoration was of the essence of his contract, as it must also be of the essence of the contract in all perfect earthly love.

The constant preoccupation with symbols, interpretations, forms of initiation, the outer and inner meanings of things, is indeed foreign to the whole spirit of true mysticism; which, having made the great surrender, is hardly interested in dissertations upon the sense of the infinite, methods of approach, and the rest. It *knows*, where its modern apologists only *know about*.

This is, perhaps, the explanation of a fact which must be patent to all students of this form of literature; namely, that all the interpretations, proclamations, and theories of the semi-occult school of mysticism, which is here under consideration, lack that note of peace, certainty, and satisfaction which Professor James finds as the mark of a mind that has "unified itself" in the course of its religious experience; and all mystical experience must be classed as religious, in the psychological if not in the theological sense. The immediate cause of this seems to be the importation of an intellectualist, self-confident note: the divorce of knowledge and love, the presence of an element of spiritual self-seeking, and the complete elimination of the essential element of surrender. The learned mystic of the moment is always a strong individualist, whereas the satisfaction which he seeks can only be obtained by the destruction of the barriers of personality.

In other words, the New Mystic seeks by will-power, self-suggestion, the use of Words of Power, and a modified form of occult discipline, to construct his own universe and attain union with the divine principle of his own life; with an indwelling, not with a transcendent, God. He seeks this union, as a rule, from strictly utilitarian motives, connected with his own physical health, comfort, or success. With what some persons may feel to be an excess of definition, he confines the presence of this divine principle to one particular spot in the body, namely, the Solar Plexus; the nerve ganglion which an old-fashioned and unmystical physiology had supposed to direct the operations of the stomach.

A religion such as this, which frankly declares that the first and only concern of the believer is with himself, with the prevention of his own ills, the increase of his own income, the recognition of his own Divine Principle waiting within his own solar plexus—which offers prompt and practical results, demands no charity and no adoration, and never mentions the Four Last Things—is sure, at the present time, to be popular. It is, of course, the antithesis of mysticism, as the mystics understood that science of love; but it shows extraordinary agility in its misquotations of their dicta, and in its re-handling of those eternal principles of occultism with which its connection is so much closer than might at first be supposed. Its object and its promise is indeed the same as that of magic: power, first over self, then over the world and fate, together with immunity from all agitation, poverty, disease. It is true that the appeal to curiosity is knocked out, but an even baser appeal to self-indulgence comes in.

The vices of this creed seem hardly to need insisting upon. Its outrageous individualism, its concentration upon the ideas of comfort and tranquillity, make its rapidly increasing influence a grave evil, whether looked at from the spiritual or from the social point of view. Its interest, to the observer of life, lies in the cunningness and perfection of its adaptation to a half-educated and over-sensitised community. Our selfishness, our unhealthiness, our conceit, our terror of pain and death, our love of long words and hatred of "anything dogmatic," are here traded upon in turn. From one point of view the spectacle is an amusing one: from another, and for those who take humanity seriously, it has its element of sadness.



There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.—R. L. Stevenson.

ber, '1917.

The Overshadowing Power.

By HANSON G. HEY.

A power overshadows thee! Oh, brave!
The spite of Hell is trembling to its grave.
What more there is to do is thine.—KEATS.

A GREAT truth is herein expressed by Keats, for truly all are overshadowed by a power which is not their own, which speaks through them, which acts through them its message to the world; giving, just as purely as the vessel through which it pours permits, that message. We walk in shadows, 'tis true, but how few care to reason out the cause of the shadow in our path. We all know that there can be no shadow without strong light, and that the intervention of an obstacle to the passage of the rays of that light causes the projection of a shadow. We most of us realise that the strong light of spirituality is shining ever on us, that the shadow before us is the outcome of an intercepting substance between that light and our path, and oft-times the shadow-thrower is in ourselves. The vain desires, the vaulting ambitions, the pride of place or power, are but a few of the outstanding barriers to our spiritual advancement which are in our natures, though often unperceived by us, and yet we wonder whence comes the shadow. When these failings become too insistent in their calls for our attention, when our mind becomes too engrossed with the pursuit of the fleeting things of time, we throw all unconsciously a shadow on our path, into which we plunge blindly, and like a ship rudderless, we meander on and on, perhaps achieving the baubles of earth but losing the eternal verities, the sheet-anchor of existence. This then, I take it, Keats means when he says what remains to be done is in thy hands.

He, who, conscious of that power in which he lies secure as babe in mother's arms reclining, lives out his days trusting to the goodness of the o'ershadowing power, if he does the right, and lives for truth, has always the bright light of the pure white ray to cheer him and to guide him on and up. What though he rises to no high estate, God's good men are to be found in every rank and station; and though the world may clamour after belted earls and knights in shining armour clad, the awakened soul sees in the poor outcast, who has kept his soul unspotted from the world, one who has made the best use of the opportunity which was given into his hands. For not by possessions will man be judged, not by what he *has*, but rather by what he *is*; he who has garnered much of soil and pelf in his pilgrimage may think he has made good use of that opportunity but he goes unto a sphere where the things of materiality are of no account. When asked for his spiritual acquisitions he will find that he, a millionaire this side the great divide, when viewed by those whose minds like his have become by shadows beclouded, on that side when viewed by those whose spiritual vision no earthly ideals can dim or cloud, he is a veritable pauper, for in his race after temporal possessions he had left his soul out of the reckoning altogether.

While he, who even here in the mazes of terrestrial existence realised the fact that the body was more than the raiment, and the spirit more than the flesh, spent his time in the development of his spiritual nature, in looking for the innerness of the things which came to him with enchanting outer appearances, and which on the surface seemed to be the very things he needed, but

when he essayed to find the kerne' too often the shell was empty, a gilded bubble, pleasing to the senses, but unsatisfying to the soul, will find on his transition that though in the eyes of men he was considered of little moment he has a harvest richer far than they, for his treasure was spiritual, was all-abiding, and he had made the best use of the opportunity each man has, by turning it to the end of finding himself, and finding God. For in himself he will find God, and finding Him, cultivating part of himself, he will grow daily nearer to the centre of Being, further from the circumference of appearances where sport the majority of mankind in sensuousness enveloped. Rising above these by the consciousness of the God within, he will become in tune with the infinite, and his at-one-ment with the Divine will be complete. To him all notions of world-termed honours gone—for now he sees no high, no low, no great, no small, but just the natural division into which Humanity falls and separates: those who serve the Lord, and those who serve themselves. The former walk ever in the track of light; for them is no shadow for in them is no thought of self to cast a shadow. The latter walk ever in the shadow, for their thoughts self-centred cast the shadow which beclouds and bewilders them, and in the vortex drawn they are whirled away further and further from that Power which would be their greatest asset if but they understood.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide, the great opportunity of renunciation comes to each one of us, let us hope that we have the clearness of vision when it comes to us, to choose aright, and thus justify the laying of the choice of the two paths upon us. Realise the immanence as well as the transcendence of that Power, which is in us, as well as o'er us, of which we are a part now and always, and live each day that passes as those who are conscious of the fact that they are giving expression to Deity, and all will be well with us.



LIFE'S VOYAGE.

Methinks, that life is like a little boat
In which I sit, and sail the sea of Time;
God holds the tiller, and He heads my craft
Toward the shore of Heaven's supernal clime.
But I, alas! am rowing, and the oars
Unweildy are in my unpractised hands,
Too oft I row against His steering—thus
We make slow progress t'ward the golden sands.
But God is patient! He rebuketh not;
He does not leave me helpless; still He steers,
Even when angry surges round us roll,
Filling my heart with apprehensive fears.
He helps me o'er the stormy sea, and waits
Till I shall learn to use my oars aright;
Until my feeble, floundering stroke shall change
To master-strokes that cleave the sea with might
I must attune my finite mind to His,
And ply my oars in unison with Him,
E'er I can make good headway towards the land,
Just seen upon the far horizon's rim.
When I can work in accord with His will
My barque will bravely breast the chilling tide,
Will weather every adverse wind that blows
And like a swan, upon life's ocean glide.

BEATRICE CHILCOTT.

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THE
International Psychic Gazette

All communications for the Publishing, Editorial, or Advertisement Departments should be addressed to—

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Psychical Research and Spiritualism.

MR. MAX O'RELL uttered a clever saying as to George Eliot when he said that in her great novels she had "dissected the human heart." But it was only a half truth, for George Eliot did not leave the human heart as a dead thing on the dissecting table—as a variety of disconnected items suitable for minute examination and study—but she represented it to the world as a vital, living, palpitating thing her readers could admire and love and pity and sympathise with. She was subtle and sure in her analysis, she laid bare the heart's inner workings and secret springs, but she did not stop there, she proceeded to create new syntheses which were as broadly human as they were severely conscientious. It has often been felt among Spiritualists that Psychical Research, however useful it has been to science and knowledge, has been so deeply absorbed in the purely critical examination of individual phenomena that it has never had a chance to arrive at any blessed haven of belief and assurance. It has lingered on in the restless shallows of doubt and perplexity, without concerning itself about arriving on *terra firma*. Perhaps Psychical Research has been deemed by many persons as a trifle more respectable than anything so whole-hearted as a rational belief, which so many ignorant people have jeered at. But surely Psychical Research, though a good thing in itself up to a point, and a worthy enough pursuit for intellectual people, can hardly be regarded as an end in itself. Were its work accomplished by the compiling of volumes of researches, Psychical Research would seem to us at least to stop short at the point of real utility. We admire the botanist who carefully collects specimens, labels them with their correct Latin names, and places them in glass-cases for our instruction, but we are more grateful to the gardener who carefully plants and tends the flowers, so that they may enrich us with their beautiful blossoms of many colours, and sweeten our atmosphere with their exquisite fragrance. We owe much to the analytical chemist, but his work would be purely of academic interest if it were not followed up by that of practical and synthetic chemists who can make use of his discoveries. Logic is an excellent study but it is an empty and formal science if not used in association with some substantial philosophy; for then it is merely the bones without the living flesh. So Spiritualists have sometimes been disposed to say to Psychical Researchers—"We are grateful to you for your painstaking and critical inspections, and your praiseworthy compilation of bulky tomes, but for heaven's sake do not merely immure yourself amongst your carefully labelled phenomena! Simpler minds may

your half-certainties." For Spiritualism is not merely a matter of phenomena which have satisfied some and not satisfied other critical researchers. It is a living philosophy enriching the whole outlook on life here and hereafter. It liberates men from false and crippling doctrines, it furnishes them with "a sure and certain hope," and it comforts and heals broken hearts. Scientific Research can ascertain something of its attributes and worth, but these belong no more to Science than any of the other facts of nature with which it deals. Science does not create the phenomena called psychical. It is well to state this baldly, for there is even at this time of day altogether too much stress laid upon defending Spiritualism and what it stands for, even to the extent of apologising for it as if it were some shabbily-attired not too respectable visitor who had intruded upon the invited guests in the drawing-room. We should do better to adopt the bold and whole-hearted attitude of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace who said—"Spiritualism has grown and spread continuously till, in spite of ridicule, misrepresentation, and persecution, it has gained converts in every grade of society, and in every civilised portion of the globe."

Mr. L. P. Jacks, editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, concluded his presidential address to the Society for Psychical Research, on June 28th, 1917, with a paragraph which we have pleasure in quoting in full as showing that the inherent incompleteness of the Psychical Research movement is beginning to be recognised within its own ranks and that the dawn of a truly Constructive Spiritualism is already coming into view. He says:—

"I will only say, in conclusion, that in this inquiry we are all too ready to 'take the cash and let the credit go.' The cash is the particular fact we are in search of—to wit, the fate of some individual whom we have lost and who was dear to us. The credit is the whole system of other facts with which this one stands in necessary relation. To these we give little attention. The emotional stress is often so great that the particular fact we are in search of stands out completely isolated in the mind, and nothing else is of any importance. So we take the cash and let the credit go. But science cannot look at the matter in this way. Her main interest is with the *credit*: with the bearing of this thing on all other things. I am afraid we have sometimes forgotten that. It is not easy to remember, especially at the present time, when so many millions are held fast in the grip of their private sorrows. But we must try to remember it. After all, the S.P.R., high as its functions are, cannot claim the highest function of all, which is that of administering consolation amid the tragedies of life. If that follows from our labours—well and good! But it is not for us to make it our object."

J. L.



PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.—Principal Forsyth, in an address on August 17th, at Hampstead Garden Suburb, on "Religion and Immortality," said he approached with great diffidence the question of prayers for the dead. He would not speak upon it if anyone in the audience would prefer he should omit it, but as his subject, strictly speaking, was "The Effect of the Belief in Immortality on Character," he thought the subject was legitimate. His own feeling was that we should pray for the dead, since such a custom brought us into practical relations with other immortals. He was not then speaking as a Christian apologist, but he maintained that there was nothing in the Christian religion against it, and a great deal in favour of it. Answering a question by a member of the audience with regard to the absence of any exhortation to this custom in the New Testament, Dr. Forsyth said that, strange as it might seem to say so, the Bible was never intended to be transmitted to us.

The Chimes of Eternity.—V.

By W. H. EVANS, Author of "Constructive Spiritualism," etc.

XIII.—LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE is the power which enables us to reveal thought. Without it civilisation would have been impossible. Limitation of speech is limitation of life. The higher we rise in the scale of being the larger becomes our vocabulary. Language becomes more flexible, more attuned to express the delicate shadings of thought. Language is the music of thought. It fixes the nebulous, and brings man into contact with the mantic realm. If speech fails to convey all we wish, it is because we have not yet realised its full power and capacity. And in the wide domain of nature, man is the only being who is endowed with that subtle power which enables him to express his thought in speech.

What is that wonderful connection between thought and sound? For language is the utterance of certain sounds arranged according to particular rules. Grammar is the musical scale of speech: an analysis and synthesis of sounds. A word is a manifestation of thought. And words are expressed in a variety of ways. Speech and writing are not the only modes whereby man expresses his thought. Every action that springs from thought is a word. The inspired John wrote, "In the beginning was the Word." Even God has a language. For we recognise that before there can be a word, there must be a thought, and this can only spring from mind. A word is a final expression of mind. The language of God is the outer manifestation of his presence. It is like Himself universal. The sacred speech is forever sounding about us. As Whitman sings:

"I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is signed by God's name,
And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'r I go,
Others will punctually come for ever and ever."

The speech of God is set to music. As another poet sings:

"All matter is God's tongue,
And from its motion God's thoughts are sung,
The realms of space are the octave bars,
And the music note are the Sun and Stars."

The Psalmist expresses the same thought in the 19th Psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." Thus Nature becomes for us the Word of God, His Holy Bible, wherein we may read the divine commands, which need no revision nor commentary.

Even so, language is not a gift from God in the scientific sense. Poetically it may be so, but articulate speech is a development depending upon organs specialised for the purpose. While animals and birds have a language—even insects are said to communicate with each other—man alone has risen to the height of communicating abstract thought by appropriate sounds. On the lower levels gesture and grimace may be called in to aid speech. Indeed a great deal can be conveyed from mind to mind in this way; among savages gesture is one of the chief means of communication. Articulate speech is a growth,

dependent upon an appropriate organ for its expression, and the development of mind. Doubtless this development has gone on concurrently. History does not tell us of a time when there was not speech, but science hints at it. But was there ever a time when there was no language? Gregariousness depends upon a language of sorts; a gesture, grimace, tone, and intonation; and we find this even amongst animals. The power to communicate a fear, or the discovery of better pasture, is necessary to gregarious animals. And in the animal stage man must have had a language, even if he did not have an articulate speech. How speech began we do not know, we can only conjecture. But the slowly evolving mind would naturally endeavour to supply the need for communicating simple ideas. And once the start was made, evolution would do the rest.

How much civilisation must owe to speech! Almost as much as to the hand; perhaps more. From uttered speech to the written word is but a step. The evolution of speech and writing is the evolution of mind. What will be the end? We write and talk over great distances. We use the telegraph and the telephone; what is the next step? Is it not probable that even now are being evolved greater powers whereby we shall not depend upon articulate speech? The power to conceive a thought may evolve a power also to convey it swifter than any telegraph? Telepathy is a fact in nature. There are subtle channels of communication of which many are aware. Men converse without speech. Those who are attuned are at one, and that at-one-ment is often expressed by a responsiveness of soul that is as astonishing as it is perfect. It is here that we shall find contact with finer realms which will ultimately destroy scepticism. The crude sign-language of the seance room will give place to one more expressive, more full and more rich. A rising of the evolutionary tide may well take the race into those subtler regions where the great questions of God and Immortality may be settled for ever: where the conscious communion with the Eternal One and the recognition of the divine word or speech will be so general, that all the blatant egotism of the Materialist will shrivel as in a consuming fire. It is a long way from the rude gesture of primitive man to this lofty idealism, but does not the evolution of language promise this? That magic word evolution promises so much, gives ground for such a lofty idealism, that the wonder is men have not gripped it. But we pause, and hesitate, and speak of things as final. There is no finality with the Everlasting: and man is of the Everlasting. What he has achieved is as nothing to what he will achieve. Time is nothing: a trickling stream, or a flowing river, conceive of it as you will. What matters is that eternity embraces it, and man is in eternity now. And as he has evolved speech, whereby he can communicate his sublimest thought, so will it go on and on until between him and the celestial worlds there will be a constant divine communion in the language of heaven.

XIV.—THE MORAL LAW.

Nature is one: the seamless garment of God. How often has this fact been overlooked. The scientist, in tracing the development of life, for

a long time saw nothing but a selfish struggle. For a moral order there was no sanction in nature. The altruistic virtues were considered by many to be in opposition to the general scheme of things. All the self-sacrifice, the vicarious suffering, with which the pattern of life is shot through and through, were as nothing in the face of what was thought to be the final pronouncement of science. And the being who made this pronouncement—he made it sadly enough—is himself a part of nature. His very being—animal, moral, and spiritual—are in nature. Out of nothing nothing can come. If there is a moral nature in man, if there has been an evolution of ethics, how could such have been possible if it was not in nature? The fact is, there are two strands in the rope. Man saw one—the struggle for life, the aggressive, self-regarding force, and seeing this he regarded it as the whole law. What he at first failed to see was, that in a large measure its operation depended upon, and is inextricably bound up with, the struggle for the life of others, which is the other-regarding principle in nature. I do not regard Nature as unmoral; she is essentially moral. She must be: it is imperative for her existence that she be so. Life in the higher sense is impossible without it; man would otherwise never have been evolved at all. The only expression of life then possible would have been the lower forms. The mothering principle which runs throughout nature is essentially a moral one. It exacts and demands self-sacrifice. Without it no moral order is possible. All the higher virtues are rooted in it. It is intertwined in all life, the golden thread which reveals so much of the meaning of suffering and pain. It indicates the rationality of the universe. And in its lowest, and oftentimes in its higher aspects, the higher animals obey it. Gregariousness is dependent upon a crude moral order, upon some measure of other-regard. Man being part of nature could not help but obey the moral law. And it is in man that we see the principle operative at its highest.

This regard for morality is evidenced right through human history. Even many of the revolting customs of past ages have some moral sanction. There was in the minds of those who subscribed to them an idea of their necessity for the social well-being. That we have outgrown it, and are no longer able to see it, does not prove such has not existed. We see many of these strange customs in their decadent stages; we rarely if ever see them in their beginnings. Thus our judgments are apt to be wrong. What is essential to remember is that every custom has been designed by man to serve some real or fancied purpose. He has seen a use for it. In the sphere of religion especially we are often shocked by the bestialities and brutalities of savage life. But as no condition of life is final, as the savage state is only a stage in the evolution of man, so we find that as man evolves his customs change, and gradually that which is bestial and brutal is discarded. The ascending spirit responds more and more to the higher ethic. And strikingly enough it is in responding to the higher ethic that he comes into conflict with the self-regarding principle. The ills from which we suffer in our social life are due to our not having learned to regulate his lower principle, making it co-operate with the other-regarding principle of life. Ultimately we shall do so, and then our social unrest and its attendant evils will pass away.

The roots of our idealism are in life. Pessimism

positive being. He has a profound regard for the verb "To Do." He must act; and his action produces results; sets in operation forces which are modifying factors in future developments. The man of to-day is the result of past efforts. If he starts on a higher plane than the savage, the savage has contributed to his development. He cannot repudiate the past. The changes of eternities are wrapped up in him. They may emerge at any moment and transform his outlook. A jostle in the road of life may give him a new view-point. A slight rise in the tide of consciousness may sweep him right into a new kingdom, bring into being new faculties and powers. For the tide is rising. It may ebb for a season, but its flow is greater than the ebb; it is a forward flow, onward to new countries and undiscovered isles.

We may bend our gaze to the ground, and study earth-worms. We may look at the stars, and make them our "book of fate." We may ignore either, and rush through life with a whiz and a bang, thinking we are doing something great. We may worship success, and bend every effort to achieve it. But one thing remains true: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness." That is the first essential. It brings us back to the biological foundation of ethics and religion. Life lives on service, is in fact itself service. Therefore "to serve" is to live. Thus if our ideals are narrow, our life will be restricted. We can make a fetish of success. We can go mad over a career; we can win the plaudits of the crowd, may even sway multitudes with the "word of our mouth," but unless we seek the truly great things, these will be as dust and bitter ashes. No, a man must not be subject to success, to a career, to an ambition; these must be subject to him. He must be able to discard these without a pang, feeling that he is greater than them all. Only thus can he live to eternity. Blessed is the man who can be himself. Strive then to be thyself and not the echo of another!

(To be continued.)

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VOICES.

"Drink, drink a deep draught from the chalice of Lethe,

And float in oblivion, dreamless as death"—

And I drank, but I dreamed of a great devastation,
Of wailing and woe,

And a vast conflagration

The War-fiend had lit with the blast of his breath.

"Drink, drink, speed away to the Land of the Lotus"—

I lifted the goblet, the red wine I quaffed;

And I sped, like the wraith of a Lost Soul that wanders,

Through France, and the East,

And through desolate Flanders;

And demons of Memory followed and laughed.

"Drink, drink" (yet a voice) "from the Cup that I proffer,

For solace is found in the Water of Life"—

And sleep came at last, and a joyous awaking,

And out of the mists,

Ever clearing and breaking

Peace rose, like a bird, from the ashes of Strife.

Some Psychic Impressions with Commentaries.

By S. E. HAGGARD.

IN the most ancient dynasties of Egypt, kings, we are told, served a seven year's apprenticeship to beggary, in order that they might be able to feel sympathy for the poorest in the realm, before they took upon themselves the reins of Government. How would a like humane proceeding be regarded at this stage of the world's history, when ease and luxury are looked upon as the necessities of civilisation? But are not bishops and archbishops largely responsible for our present travesty of true culture? Yea, verily, for in such matters the laity have always followed in the wake of the clergy, and had the clergy followed in the wake of the Christ this spurious state of things called civilisation would never have come to pass. Could anything be more opposed to the teaching and practice of the Christ than Christendom's attitude, in the supposed cause of Christianity, at the present day? The day of the Lord came as a thief in the night, and when we were weighed in the balance it found us wanting. May it leave us with a civilisation less unlike that of those ancient rulers who evidently understood the science of life as no generation since has done, except perhaps in the case of the Essene Jews. I think we may judge that the queens of those ancient dynasties did "their bit" by anticipating the behest of The Christ to gather up the fragments that nothing be wasted. Ah yes, for then God was King of Kings.

On the Saturday after I wrote the foregoing the *Hastings Observer* contained a report of a lecture on "Education in Ancient Egypt," which confirmed my surmise that the above had emanated from a spirit source.

The lecturer (Mrs. Percival Barlow) said that if Herbert Spencer's definition of education as a preparation for complete living be accepted, then the Ancient Egyptians were truer educators than we, and the minds of Egypt had still a most important influence on our modern education and life. Children of all ranks were then given a free education, which provided an open career for talent. In their schools the three r's and manners were taught, and diligence therein enabled a boy to become a scribe, and a scribe might aspire to any post, religious or civil, under the Pharaohs. Only a proportion of the scholars could become scribes; the rest received some technical instruction in the occupation they were going to follow in life. Each craft had its own quarter of the city, and this careful training tended to the high degree of excellence attained in many of the Egyptian crafts—e.g., glass making, working in granite, and fine linen work. Above the elementary public school came the military schools and the faculty colleges or universities in which a youth could follow on to an advanced stage in Medicine, Art, Architecture, Astronomy, Science, Mathematics, or Theology. The wisdom of the Egyptians was shown in all lands. The great College of Heliopolis was described and compared with our own universities.

Professor Henry Drummond has just said to me—"It should not be difficult to comprehend the law and the force of heredity in the light of the Jewish nation, who have borne the imprint of their remarkable characteristics throughout the ages since a nationality was assigned to them. These comprise the tribes of Judah, Levi, and

to spirit-spheres. The Anglo-Israelite theory, if true, is certainly a matter of heredity and destiny, as the British nation are realisers of the predictions pronounced upon Joseph, the only Christlike son of his father, who was born under the law of which love is the fulfilment.

It is not often that so many things combine in making evident a scientific truth as the following narration suggests. Mr. W. T. Stead, in one of his earliest spirit-communications, stated that a categorical mode of imparting knowledge to students prevailed in the schools and colleges of spirit-realms, and gave a specimen of the same. One of the questions was—"What is Matter?" The answer was—"consolidated ether." Now having been given, by inspiration, some time before, a poem containing the following lines—

"Art thinking of the dawn?
When focussed atoms, drawn from etheric space,
Did one by one consolidate
Until, under God's synthesis, the earths were formed,"

one could not help feeling glad that the poem had really expressed a fact, and was not merely fancy. Also, having witnessed a short time before, myriads of highly coloured lightning-like flashes in the atmosphere, about the size and form of the centres of the little globules called "electric lights"—excepting that there were red and yellow flashes which were nebulous, and somewhat larger in appearance than the rest—this phenomenon made plain to me the fact of electrons, or whatever else they may correctly be called, being rife in the air. To have looked upon the phenomenon as a disintegrated rainbow would have been foolishness indeed. Moreover, I afterwards heard a lecture by our late astronomer-royal, Sir Robert Ball, entitled "Our and other earths' beginnings," when there was depicted upon the screen those very electrons, attracted to a nucleus, and whirling round and round, at the same time by force of attraction drawing to themselves other electrons, until they assumed a huge feather-like form, with tip and stem conjoining. There were eight of these nuclei depicted, which Professor Ball denominated "our earth and her satellites." They were always whirling round in one and the same direction, which showed, he said, design in their movements, and this focussing of electrons, continued until they gravitated into a mass of consolidated ether, called matter, otherwise earth. Surely it would not be straining a point to surmise gold as being consolidated yellow electrons, such as were seen by myself in the atmosphere, and the other innumerable highly-coloured geometrically shaped electrons to be what are consolidated into "precious stones," found beneath the debris of the earth's surface. Futhermore, about this time a phenomenon of white electrons was witnessed by myself which, though too dazzlingly bright to gaze upon, yet had a most wonderfully health-giving effect. This phenomenon I have seen again and again.

Perhaps that which has been called by poet

of Godhead, as our earth and her satellites have around that orb we are accustomed to speak of as rising and setting. It would seem too that those "starry heavens," unlike our earthy abode, are not charged with such magnetic or gravitating force as keeps sojourners here from rising into space at will, or moving from place to place by merely an exercise of thought. Yes, when in the flesh we are weighted by an etheric power which when focussed could almost annihilate the earthly frame, such being the power of the gravitating force that pervades our atmosphere. From this it would seem the spirit spheres are free. "The Lord by wisdom founded the earth; by understanding He established the heavens."

Having experimented some few years ago in home-wine making, I am able to say, with almost certainty, that such beverages are non-intoxicating until kept at least six months, provided of course that no extra alcohol is added. Therefore if the Government gave strict orders that no beer, wine, or spirits be brewed or distilled in quantities over a six months' consumption, intoxication could in no wise accrue from the imbibing of such beverages. Hence The Christ's justification for turning of water into wine, as a sustainer of nerve force, and even as a quencher of thirst. Alas, how many of the Godhead's "good things" are despised or abused in the making or application. The Christ said, "I will not drink of the fruit of the Vine until I drink of it new with you in my Father's Kingdom."

Psychologists can be as unspiritual as they like and still be psychologists, but they cannot be Spiritualists and still be unspiritual, for Spiritualistic science implies more than Christianity. It implies Christ-likeness, not merely conformity to Christian doctrines. If the practisers of psychological arts, some quarter of a century ago had been called psychologists instead of Spiritualists, which in all probability they were far from being, it would have saved Spiritualism from much of the stigma that has been attached to it.

As an interesting point in Scriptural interpretation, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men" ought to be rendered, "Peace on earth to men of good-will."



The Immortal Life.

IN the "Letters from a Living Dead Man" written down automatically by Elsa Barker as she was influenced by an other-world inspirer, occurs the following interesting passage:—

"Last night I stood in a great church where hundreds of Christians knelt in adoration of Jesus. I have stood in churches on Christmas Eve when on earth as a man among men; but I saw things last night which I had never seen before. Surely where two or three are gathered together in the name of any prophet, there he is in the midst of them, if not always in his spiritual body, at least in the fragrance of his sympathy.

The angels in the Christian heavens know when Christ-mas is being celebrated on earth.

Jesus of Nazareth is a reality. As a spiritual body, as Jesus who dwelt in Galilee, He exists in space and time; as the Christ, the paradigm of the spiritual man, He exists in the hearts of all men and women who awaken that idea in themselves. He is a light which is reflected in many pools.

I wrote the other day about Adepts and Masters. Jesus is a type of the greatest Master. He is revered in all the heavens. He grasped the Law and dared to live it, to exemplify it. And when He said, "The Father and I are one," He pointed the way by which other men may realise mastership in themselves.

Humanity on its long road has evolved many Masters. Who then shall dare to question that humanity has justified itself? If one demands to know what purpose there is in life, tell him that it is this very evolution of the Master out of the man. Eternity is long. The goal is ahead for each unit of sufficient strength, and those who cannot lead can serve.

This thought came home to me with special force last night. I am not so bold as to say that every unit in the great mass is strong enough, has energy enough, to evolve individual mastership; but there is no unit so weak that it may not have some part, however small, in the work of evolving Masters out of men. It is sweet to serve. They too have their reward.

The great mistake made by most minds in wrestling with the problem of evolution is in not grasping the fact that eternity is eternity, that to be immortal is to have no beginning or end. There is time enough in which to develop, if not in this life cycle, then in another which will follow; for rhythm is sure.

If I could only make you grasp the idea of immortality as I see it! I did not fully understand it until I came out here and began to pick up the threads of my own past. My reason told me that I was immortal, but I did not know what immortality meant. I wonder if you do?

I know an angel who has done more, perhaps, than many prophets have done to keep that idea alight in the world. Until I met the one whom we know as the Beautiful Being I had not revelled in the triumph of immortality. There is one who plays with immortality as a child plays with marbles.

When the Beautiful Being says, "I am," you know that you are too. When the Beautiful Being says, "I pluck the centuries as a child pulls the petals of a daisy, and I throw away the seed-bearing heart to grow more century-bearing daisies," you feel—but words are weak to express what the Beautiful Being's joy in endless life can make one feel.

You forget the thing of flesh and bones which you used to call yourself when this hint of conscious immortality exults in its own existence.

When the Beautiful Being takes you for a walk in what it calls the "clover meadows of the sky," you are quite sure that you are one of the co-heirs of the whole eternal estate.

The Beautiful Being knows well the Christ of the Christians. I think the Beautiful Being knows all the great Masters, embodied or disembodied. They all taught immortality in some form or other, if only in essence.

The Beautiful Being went with me last night to the highest heaven of the Christians. Should I tell you all that I saw you might be in too great a hurry to go out there and view it for yourself, and you must not leave the earth for a long time yet. You must realise immortality while still in the flesh, and make others realise it.

I have told you about the minor heavens, where merely good people go; but the passionately devout lovers of God reach heights of contemplation and ecstasy which the words of the world's languages were not designed to describe. With the Beautiful Being at my side I felt those ecstasies last night, while you were locked in sleep.

Where shall I be next Christmas Eve? I shall be somewhere in the universe; for we could not get out of the universe if we should try. The universe could not get on without us; it would be incomplete.



WAITING.

Though still unseen and still unheard, yet we believe
That you are here;
We have not pierced the veil 'twixt life and death yet
That you are near. know
Your wider knowledge helps you through the waiting
I'll we may come, time
Our lesser knowledge blinds our eyes and to our ears
Your voice seems dumb.
Yet you are near us all where'er we be, and still
Our guide is you;
So we believe that when our passing comes, your hand
Will lead us through.

MALCOLM CRITCHLEY.

Phrenology : A Psychic Study.—IX.

By J. P. BLACKFORD, F.B.P.S.

HUMAN FACULTIES INNATE.

WHILST many theories have been advanced as to the nature of the mind, the soul, or the psyche, no one of them has yet gained universal acceptance, because of the lack of such incontrovertible evidence as is necessary to establish its truth beyond the shadow of a doubt. In a matter of this kind the scientist can only accept the evidence of his senses, and although these are admittedly very limited in their scope, as well as subject to occasional deception, yet their testimony is the only reliable authority he has for the acceptance of a presented fact as a veritable truth.

The mind in its nature, as an entity separable from the body, is invisible, intangible, impalpable, imperceptible. It cannot be seen, heard, or felt; hence to the physical scientist its very existence is purely a matter of speculation. To appreciate its existence, therefore, some other form of proof must be available, and this is presented to us in the mind's manifestations, through the mediumship of the brain. Without this medium it cannot manifest, for when the brain is asleep, or anaesthetised with opium, chloroform, or nitrous-oxide gas, or when its blood supply is stopped, then the mind or psyche ceases to have the power of expressing itself or of demonstrating its existence.

The manifestations of the mind, however, when given through a living healthy brain, are of such a character as leave no doubt about the existence of a power behind the brain. The only alternative is, that the manifestations are the result of molecular action in the brain itself. This is not even a plausible theory as the brain in itself is but an inert mass of nervous matter—sightless, mute, numb. It bears the same relation to mental activity that the church organ bears to music. This instrument is a marvellous arrangement of mechanism, of pipes, reeds, bellows, keys, pedals, etc., but of itself it emits no sound, and is absolutely incapable of producing the simplest note; yet when the bellows are inflated, the pedals are pressed, and the keys are swept by a master hand, the rhythmical music pours forth in tones dulcet and mellow, or swelling to floods of fullest, richest harmony, according to the desire and the skill of the player. The music dwells not in the organ's mechanism but in the soul of the musician; who, however, could not manifest his wondrous emotion, were it not for the instrument, which converts the passion of his soul into the marvellous sound vibrations which thrill and charm us. And so, the brain, as the organ of the psyche, remains pulseless and torpid, until at its master's bidding the latent forces are roused, and thought, reason, passion, affection, emotion, imagination, and all the physical powers spring into action, until the world has perforce to know that the master is there.

All our mental or spiritual faculties are innate. They are an integral and absolutely necessary part of ourselves, and have been so from the moment of our nativity. No person has ever yet been given, or acquired, a single faculty

person human. All animals possess all the faculties which constitute each a member of its species. Every dog no matter of what breed, whether it be the lordly mastiff or the tiny shrinking pet which is carried in its lady owner's muff, possesses all the canine faculties; every cat all the feline powers. It is the possession of these which makes them dog and cat; and it is the possession of all the human faculties which constitutes their possessor a human being. If any person had one more faculty than others, he would be more than a man; if one less, he would be less than a man. All human faculties are inherently possessed by all normal human beings, from the beginning of their existence; if it were not so they could not be human.

What then accounts for all the differences between men—the wise and the ignorant, the poet and the boor, the philosopher and the fool, the man whose wonderful conceptions lift him to the loftiest heaven, and the vacant, stolid, obtuse blunderer whose crass stupidity excites our pity? As I have indicated in previous articles the differences are not due to the number of the faculties possessed; but to the amount, or degree of strength of each inherited power; the extent to which they have been developed, and the quality of the medium through which they are expressed.

Let me illustrate the point. Every violin has the same number of strings, and from the corresponding strings in a number of violins the same note can be produced in pitch, as far as the number of vibrations are concerned; but what a startling variation there would be in the purity, sweetness and strength of the tones produced. The differences lie not in the number of the strings, but in the forms of the instruments, the qualities of the materials of which they are composed, and the skill or art of the makers whose knowledge or genius fashioned them. The parallel is obvious, and need not be laboured. Disease and malformation are abnormal conditions which frequently impair mental manifestations, but they do not subvert the general truth.

In this connection, recognising that our psychological powers are innate, and following upon the recent articles on "Heredity," it appears to be an exceedingly desirable thing to secure for every child born the best possible conditions, more especially as to parentage; and persons contemplating parenthood should see to it, that their selection of partners should be made with a due regard to their psychic combination in view of the heritable influence upon the children of the union. That the physical condition of each should be above suspicion goes without saying, as it would be almost criminal to cause the birth of infants doomed to perpetual ill-health, and consequent physical and mental incapacity. Parents who did this would certainly be morally culpable; and, as the world progresses, such parents will some day be held responsible to the law for any such infringement of the rights of the unborn.

The appeal to psychists is more particularly to that nobler sense of duty which would make the way easier for the development of the psychical

toned brain; such as will provide an ideal organ for the soul's operations, and give facilities for early and extended development. Such can only be done by a careful and studied consideration

A Grain of Comfort.

By DORIS SEVERN.

WHEN one looks at the widespread field covered with gallant young lives laid down on the altar of Liberty and Right, it is difficult to find a word to say to the hearts left desolate. Yet one would like to offer just a few thoughts to the fathers and mothers left by the empty fireside,—and with all tenderness, I would hazard the question—"Are you regarding the sacrifice from your standpoint or from his?" If from his, take comfort for it is promotion for him—one step upwards on "the great world's altar stairs, that slope through darkness up to God." He is yet alive in the truest and best sense, for many of them have told us after passing over—"I am more alive than I have ever been." In their spiritual body they are free from all trace of wounds or disease, free moreover from whatever trace of imperfection beset them here. The living heart is more full of love than ever; the intellect however bright it was here, is more brilliant. Think of it! magnificently alive in a perfected body—their future assured, their progress certain. And the separation from you is not nearly so complete as you imagine. Many a time when you are sitting grieving alone in the twilight they are with you, striving to make you conscious of their presence, calling you by the old pet names dating from their childhood, turning away after a time, saddened that you do not "sense" them near you. It is not necessary to actually see them, though to many of us even that has been granted. There exists a delicate ethereal sixth sense by which you can perceive them, to your great joy, and lasting comfort. I have said they are with you in your homes. Still more are they near you in the services of the Church, nearest of all in the Holy Eucharist. For they have not lost their Church membership by the act of passing over. They are with us when we commemorate the supreme act of Love and Sacrifice. They themselves having made the great surrender are drawn into one brotherhood of Love. One word more: they are safe from whatever "the world's slow stain" may have brought them in their years of earthly life. And there they will never grow old or cynical. Think of it! And every day is a milestone passed in the journey bringing you nearer to re-union.



PESSIMISTIC ASTROLOGY.—If astrologers can be considered prophets, the war may last until May, 1919. The great war eclipse of August 21st, 1914, which fell in the twenty-seventh degree of Leo, lasted for four and three-quarter hours. According to old authorities, says the astrologer Mr Llewellyn George, this would measure its influence in years. Another astrologer draws attention to the planets at the birth of the Kaiser. Mars was conjoined with Neptune in the watery sign Pisces, both culminating at the meridian. During July and August, 1914, Mars was transiting exactly opposite this fatal spot in the Kaiser's nativity.—*Daily Express.*

MR. JAMES LAWRENCE, President of the Wallsend Society of Spiritualists, was on August 19th presented by the members and friends of the Society with a handsome gold medal, suitably inscribed, as a token of their deep esteem and appreciation of his work.

of pre-natal conditions, of which a judicious choice of partner is a first and an imperative necessity. In this matter remember that Phrenology can help you.

"Be Not Afraid."

By NADA.

DEAR Souls, Men and Women.—The nations are at war, and from almost every home some loved one is fighting; and many have passed or are passing beyond. Men in the trenches are suffering from terrible discomforts; sometimes there is a sea of mud and they have to stand up to their knees in water. Yet we hear no complaints. Their comrades lie about them, dead and dying; and those who are alive are sore bewildered by the slaughter. At home too men and women are often beside themselves with fear for those out there who are dear to them. But be not afraid for are not these bodies of ours the temple of the Most High? In each of us, that divine spark is alive, and will never die. You men who go out to battle, keep your bodies therefore, as far as you can, a fit abiding place for that which is divine, and remember that should your body be shot, and what we call death takes place, you go not to Death, but onward to Life—a more wonderful Life than you have ever known before, a Life full of love, of work, of action.

And you who so pass can through Love lift the veil for those left behind on earth, and speak to them. We are all, in a way, fond of our bodies, and that is right. We shall not wholly lose our bodily form for after our sleep, we will awaken with a more perfect spiritual body.

Among those who go out to the battlefields, many will return having no hurt, but there will be others who will return maimed for life. Those who pass through hell, and return in body, should still remember the divine within them, and for the years they remain on this earth not forget that as much has been given to them so much will also be required. Let them bring back from hell, love not hate; and those who are maimed, may the whole English nation continue to give them love and care.

Therefore you brave heroic souls who have fought for king and kin and country, still "stand fast, quit you like men, be strong," for whether you live or die, the wonderful power of love on this earth-plane, and on the plane beyond, will wrap you about with a fire-proof coat of divine protection. And you women, who have been left at home, to wait and work, and long for some loved one's return, "be not afraid" for the age has come when even the dead return, not to live as mortals on earth as before, but to live on a higher plane, and to draw their loved ones upwards. The material has given place to the spiritual, and love has conquered Death. You need not be afraid to leave them in the care of that perfect Love and Wisdom which passeth all understanding



DAISIES.

Children of the morning,
With the star-like eyes
Dewy tears adorning,
Looking to the skies;
Drooping limp and cheerless,
Through the lonely night;
Rising fresh and fearless,
In the morning light.
Children robed in whiteness
From your hearts of gold,
Giving of your brightness,
To a world that's cold.
Giving, where no treasure
Would be sought, or found;
Giving in full measure,
Even to stony ground.
Children ever clinging
Near to mother earth,
Know ye, in your bringing
With you at your birth,
Hope, and joy, and gladness,
Met for every day,
Makes our paths of sadness
One bright starry way.

MARGT. NICHOLSON.

Automatic Script from Mr. W. T. Stead.

AFTER Mr. W. T. Stead came to the close of his physical life in the Titanic, Mrs. Annie Bright, the late editor of *The Harbinger of Light*, received from him by automatic writing a series of striking letters which she unhesitatingly published as "by W. T. Stead." The following is one of the series, and was printed in the May, 1913, issue of that excellent Spiritualist journal:—How to wake up people to a knowledge of the potencies and realities of spirit-life is the one desire of the spiritual conclaves directing this work. When I look back upon my earth life, the most remarkable thing to me is that I did not realise much more than I did, that we are surrounded by "a great cloud of witnesses," and that Milton's words—

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen ;
Both when we sleep and when we wake,"

are absolutely true. We repeat these things, and do not grasp their importance. Clergymen with the Bible in their hands—which is simply full of the appearance of angels, and relates such things as Peter being released from prison by an angel—generally denounce all the modern evidences of apparitions as untrustworthy, or, if well authenticated, as the work of the devil. All through the ages and in every class of literature down to the present day, there are records of ghosts, as they are called, although the genuine, not faked, ones are always those of some one who has passed over, and wishes to come back for some purpose. Just as in the ghost scene in Hamlet do these apparitions come, drawn to earth by some strong desire. Many books have been written lately with proof upon proof, corroboration after corroboration of apparitions being seen by two or more people at the same time. It is a great subject, and I want people to see the possibility of it, its reasonableness, and, above all, its great importance.

Most people investigate spiritual things from an entirely materialistic standpoint. In earth life I felt Sir Oliver Lodge's illustration, of our beginning to hear "the pickaxes" of those working on the other side of the tunnel that was to open up communication with the spirit world, as too material a thought. It exactly represents the attitude of most psychical researchers so afraid of being deceived that they positively block the way for the Light to enter their souls. Myers began in that way, then got his spiritual eyes opened, and found after ten years of spiritual development that while he was laboriously delving among earthly strata for evidence of existence beyond the grave, that all the while spiritual messengers were at hand, waiting for recognition. All his digging and delving to suit material minds might have been left undone, as far as his own conviction went. People want to start right, and the first great lesson to learn is that their bodies are simply the overcoat to the real man—the Ego.

All this is coming to the front by recent investigations in what is known as the "Double." It is not always spirits who have passed into the spirit world who show themselves to their fellows. In sleep and in times of deep abstraction, of great distress and anxiety, spirits are known to have made themselves visible at great distances from their bodies. Your books by latest authors are full of instances, corroborated by many witnesses. All of you who wish to get to the

bedrock of this subject should read what has been already written.

What an awakening it will be when they pass over ! Things they considered the most important of all are seen to be actually worthless. That is why, as I told you in one of my communications, I found on the walls of my home over here pictures of scenes in my earth life that had to do solely with my spiritual development. Important events in the eyes of my friends, or perhaps myself, were not represented, simply because they were of the earth, earthy. So from actual vision I can now testify that millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, and that when conditions are favourable they can show themselves.

It is the most natural thing that they should do so, and the nearer man approaches in spiritual stature to what he is intended for he will speak with spirits face to face. This spiritual world will no longer be the bourne whence no traveller returns. You will be in such tune with the infinite that all the wonders of the Universe will be open to your unclouded vision. You will not be barred out as now by materialistic thought that cannot get a glimpse even to the glories of the eternal verities. But remember, for your consolation, that they are all there waiting for your recognition.

Materialised forms are more common than most of you are aware. Some walk your streets and would not be distinguished from ordinary passers-by. Many sensitives see forms as real, as solid, with clothes that can be felt and handled, as if in the flesh. Do not scoff at this. Not one of you can say how this too solid flesh comes into existence—is formed. Those on the spirit side of life know and use this power, just as well as the Yogis can use the forces of nature to grow plants at your seances.

Your photographic plates can produce the forms that accompany a sitter. Sometimes they are taken without a camera. The knowledge that the real man is the Ego, and that it can on occasion be seen and photographed, is an indication only of this great corroboration of the reality of apparitions that will come in the near future. You are simply children at present in the lowest form, learning the rudiments only of a great store of occult knowledge that surpasses everything you pride yourselves on knowing in the earth life. Then will come the great awakening. Then will come the great Illumination ! Then will the earth be filled with knowledge that will change the whole future of the race.

Meanwhile, let your wiseacres declare as loudly as they like that ghosts are a thing of the past, that increasing knowledge has dissipated them into thin air. It is not true. Increased knowledge of psychical facts, increased study will bring all these things into the light of day, and leave all the scoffers far behind in the rear. Be of good courage ! Be steadfast ! And to each one I say that great strength shall come, great illumination, facts that shall break down for ever the obstacles that are raised between the individual soul and the great Centre from whence cometh all our strength. This has to come, even to us, your fellow-travellers in an upward path towards a goal beyond the ken of mortals, and which enfranchised spirits can at best but dimly apprehend. But this we know, that the goal is there, and that it is Love, Justice, Power *in excelsis*.

The Art of Doing.

By HORACE LEAF.

ALL truly great people have understood and practised the art of doing things. Had they not, we should never have known them. Here lies one of the principal values of life. People are remembered by what they have done. Socrates, Julius Ceasar, Shakespeare, Pitt, and thousands more, have written their names upon the scroll of fame because of the things they did. It is the only way in this world by which we can really judge anyone. True it is not the best method, but it is reserved for God to "read the heart of man."

The art of doing things properly rests upon a correct appreciation of the materials with which we have to deal, and foremost among them is one's self. Is not this a perfectly rational manner of procedure? What is the first requisite demanded of the person of whom an important task is committed, if it is not that he shall have a thorough knowledge of the subject? He cannot be too well acquainted with his business, the more he knows the greater our confidence. Now, no task is superior to that of living. All that we do and are and hope to be are comprised in that. Therefore, the first thing we must learn, if we would be artists in Doing, is to know as much as possible about ourselves.

If you are interested enough to ask the question, What am I? you will probably be interested enough to try and find out; and if you do that you will be surprised at the immensity and difficulty of the quest. But do not become disappointed and pessimistic and say

"with a long-drawn sigh,
My clay with long oblivion has gone dry,"

because you are only delaying the day when this task must be undertaken, and it will then be faced with a heavier heart. Let it not be said of you:

"Full many a flower of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
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Study the art of doing, and you may be sure that your will not be "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," but a man or a woman remembered for good deeds. It is a beautiful but undoubted fact, the more a person understands himself the nobler his life becomes. So natural is this law, that many great thinkers have concluded that evil is the result of ignorance.

You may complain that circumstances are against you doing some particular thing. You would if you could, but you cannot. God has been so wise in constructing us that he has given us the ability to over-ride all such difficulties, as the art of doing belongs essentially to motives. The proposition, so often analysed by eminent philosophers in all ages, resolves itself into this: I will do the best I can in any circumstances. No one is excluded from this law. It is the obvious duty of all. It is the only ground for success and failure; the only real failure is when one has not done the best he could; and the only real success is when they have done all in their power with the purest intention. So all-embracing is this law that it touches every incident in life. So self-contained, that it acts apart from the judgments of mankind: although so actual in its application to life that none can fail to mark and applaud those who act up to it. It governs in every detail the art of doing. It is the alpha and omega of life.

"The Angels of Peace."

HEAVENLY FORMS OR BEAUTIFUL CLOUDS?

A STRANGE spiritual obsession has laid hold of the minds of hundreds of persons in the little riverside town of Grays, who emphatically assert that for several nights past, about 9.30, while the after-glow of the sun suffused the sky, three unmistakable apparitions, angelic in form, have appeared in the heavens, with wings outspread, immediately above the training-ships in the river.

At first it was thought the supposed angels might be aeroplanes, but this theory was dispelled by their stationary attitudes, and the absence of the familiar sound of aircraft.

Eye-witnesses tell me that they could neither believe nor deny the evidence of their senses. Nor were they inclined to regard what they have seen as merely fantastic shapes formed by the clouds.

One said:—"I am neither a dreamer nor a believer in spiritual phenomena, but at the same time I plainly saw three figures outlined against a rainbow which answered in all respects to Gustave Dore's pictures of celestial beings.

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There they were, three of them, and, what is just as wonderful, many people say they could read the word 'Peace' in a sort of halo over their heads."

Such is the state of the public mind here that the "peace angels," as they are called, are talked of all over the district, and, while some are derisive and facetious on the subject, it is astonishing to note the earnest way in which the majority regard the matter, standing about in groups watching every sign in the evening sky.—*Daily Express*, August 20, 1917.

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TO AN OBJECTOR TO SPIRITUALISM.—You say that we preach a vague religion in place of a definite; a colourless gospel in place of one backed by a definite system of reward and punishment. Nay, nay. We are they who preach a definite, intelligible, clear system of reward and punishment, but in doing so we do not feign a fabled heaven, a brutal hell, and a human God. You are they who relegate to a far-off speck the day of retribution, and encourage the vilest to believe that he may enter into the very presence of the Most High sometime, somewhere, somehow, if he will only assent to statements which he does not understand, which he does not believe, and in the truth of which he feels no sort of real interest.—*W. Stainton Moses*.

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I HAVE called a psychic, but examined him years ago, he was one eye and only other. He was sensitive I imagine which would be sight in some part of a powerful way alone through avoids obstacles and finds the way entertainments; only sees actors male from female is unable to see with the failing sight developed. and in the evening latter occupation he found himself others what he said.

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William Small, the Blind Psychic.

A Glasgow correspondent has sent us the following interesting particulars as to a Scottish medium.

I HAVE called Mr. William Small a blind psychic, but he is not strictly so. When examined by an eye specialist some 20 years ago, he was told that he had no sight in one eye and only an eighth of the normal in the other. He was told by the doctor, himself a sensitive I imagine, that he had an inner sight which would be as good to him as the normal sight in some particulars. He can read by means of a powerful magnifying glass; and makes his way alone through the crowded city traffic, avoids obstacles or holes in a darkened ship-yard, and finds the way quite well to musical or dramatic entertainments at night, for he loves music. He only sees actors as dim spectres, cannot distinguish male from female except by their voices, and is unable to see their performance. Coincident with the failing of his natural sight his psychic sight developed. He was a labourer in a shipyard, and in the evenings was a lamplighter, which latter occupation he took to entirely. Later he found himself "seeing" things, and told others what he saw. In telling me of this he said—

"As far back as I can remember—I was only about eight at the time—I turned to the boy I was playing with and said, 'Your mother will die in the 'nick,' (meaning the prison). I don't know why I said it; but his mother did die in prison twenty years after. I often see this boy now, as a man. From that time to this, I have been able to foresee things. I now hold an article belonging to someone, and the conditions of the owners come over me. I can tell them where their bodily ailments are, and if they are happy or sad. I feel as they feel. Then I hear things clairaudiently, and tell what I hear. I have a Bohemian guide who speaks to me. Other spirits who come with the sitters speak to me."

"Are your prophesies generally correct?"

"With these I have been often remarkably correct. I used to give dates, but now I don't, as I find dates are not to be relied on, though I have had some striking successes. I am seldom wrong in facts, and not very far off as to times."

"How can you account for the errors as to the future?"

"It is this way; sometimes I get an impression of a person or thing or place or scene, or date; and I give it as I am impressed. That may be wrong. But when I get a vision of it, or see it clairvoyantly I know that I am right. I heard clairaudiently a voice say that J. — would come home in March, and he came then. I may get an impression that a person is dead or alive, and I may say so; but I never give it with the same assurance as when I 'see' the person. I know the character of the spirits from the different coloured auras round their heads—white, red, yellow, blue, and so on." understand what these auras are, but I see them, and also the spirit clothes."

"I believe you sometimes give advice about marriage, etc.?"

"Yes," he replied, "I do. I had a curious experience with a girl who brought me a photo, and asked about *him*. I said—'that man is a scoundrel; he is deceiving you.' 'You are wrong there,' she said, 'for we are to be married in a fortnight.' 'No,' I said, 'he'll jilt you, and marry another.' She abused me for saying so, but she had to tell me it all."

said. My forte, however is finding things. When I was a lamplighter people used to come and ask me things, and I told them, only half believing they could be true myself. But more and more things came true. People who lost things came to me, and I told where they were, and how they were lost. A girl lost £65 when in Glasgow buying fruit, and was in a terrible state about it. I said it had been found by a tramway man, and taken to the Southern Police Office. And there she found it sure enough. After that the police used to come to consult me, and many a one I've helped them to find, though they of course got the credit for it. I expect some of our modern Sherlock Holmeses have to thank mediums for their clever captures.

"A woman came up to me in the street in an awful state, and asked if I could find her little boy? She showed me, of all things, his wee kilt. I said, after taking the kilt into my hand, 'he's been drowned, in a little burn at Oban;' and I described the burn, and the side of the water in which his body was lying among a tangle. It was found to be true. I have found eight lost bodies altogether, and no fewer than about 800 missing people. That is really my chief gift.

"I'm not going into war experiences, but I would like to tell you a queer thing. A soldier handed me a watch to psychometrise. The minute I took it into my hand I felt the pain as of a sharp instrument passing through my head. I felt giddy, and for the time being lost my senses. Everybody was alarmed, and a doctor was sent for, who brought me round after some trouble. Well, this soldier had fought in the Boer war, and had a struggle with a Boer, who finally ran him through the head with his bayonet. He took his watch from him, the watch which nearly did for me.

"I'll just tell you another experience. I was in a big house and just for fun I was reading the tea cups of the servants. The butler especially was tremendously impressed; and what did he do but tell the people upstairs. They were having a party. So I was taken up. I told a lady that her brother who had been reported dead for 14 years was alive. I saw him in Africa surrounded by black people with spears, which they were whirling round him. I did not know exactly what they were doing, but I saw they were not attacking him. I told her she would hear about his return in December, and would see him in March; it was then September. Now it worked out he had been taken prisoner while hunting in Africa, and was worshipped as a god for 14 years. The tribe he was with fought with another tribe, and in the confusion he escaped. The rest was simple. She saw her brother in March as I said."

Mr. Small is used for trance-speaking by advanced spirits who give addresses on subjects of which he is entirely ignorant. Over and over again spirits unknown to any of the sitters have been described and incidents in their lives given, with names and places and other facts, which have been verified later. He is just over 50, stout in build, good-natured, fond of a joke, interested in politics, keen in an argument, and in every respect a normal human being. He lays no claim to being able to explain his gifts; he only knows he possesses them, and hopes to use them for the good of his fellow-men.

There is no question that we more frequently ask—perhaps not in words, but certainly in the depth of our souls—than the question, “Whither do our friends go when they pass from us in death?” We ask the question, and we often wonder that we do not get an answer—or at any rate an answer that is complete and satisfying. Whither do our friends go? What have they passed to when the last breath is drawn?

And a question, too, which many will persist in putting—a question to which some will give only a gloomy answer, but which we, who seek to rest in the Christian faith, will surely answer in a calm and even confident way—is the question, “Have we any ground for thinking and believing that the human spirit survives and continues to exist in a conscious way after death?” We know how we, as Christian people, have been accustomed to answer that question. We have taken the Christian faith as our guide, and we say confidently, in the Apostolic words, “We know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

Let us consider now, one by one, several grounds on which this, our confident persuasion, may well and reasonably be based. I will state, first, this ground—that our Saviour Christ declared that there was, and is, such an eternal home—declared it emphatically and simply—said plainly to men and women whose guide He was, and who hung and rested on His words, that death could do many things, but could not destroy the conscious life of the soul. The disciples to whom He was speaking were troubled indeed at the time He spoke. He was leaving them, and He said: “Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father’s house are many mansions.” And He went on: “If it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you.” Words like these have no doubtful ring; and the only valid or relevant question that you can put concerning them is, “What authority had the speaker? Was He empowered to speak thus with confidence?” We can only say that we believe He had such authority, that we have learned to know that about Him which makes us say with firmest assurance that He knew things as we do not know them, and that we can trust Him completely when He makes these simple declarations to us.

The second ground I would state for the conviction that the human spirit survives consciously after death is the resurrection of our Lord after His body had lain in the tomb three days. And the remarkable thing about the resurrection of Jesus is, that even the greatest unbelievers are compelled to acknowledge—perhaps it is against the grain that they acknowledge it, but they know that they cannot do anything else than admit it—that it was this belief in the resurrection of Jesus on which the Christian Church came to be founded—that the men who came after Christ did as they did, and wrought as they did, and endured as they did, because men and women they were intimate with, and with whom they had often conversed, had most verily and truly seen and touched their Lord after He had risen from the dead.

The question has been raised, “Are there other examples of men and women who have died appearing afterwards to their friends, and making communications to them?” What is called “Spiritualism” has existed in the world for ages. At the present time, it is a movement that flourishes in various quarters. You may not be aware of it, but there exist, in different countries Societies (among the members of which are scientific men of the greatest eminence)—that have published their transactions in numerous volumes—for inquiring into these spiritualistic phenomena, and this has certainly to be said, and freely admitted, that there are very well-attested facts of an extraordinary kind, although the question will always arise, “What is the explanation of these facts?” It is universally recognised that this Spiritualism is mixed-up with a great deal of consummate fraud and trickery; but it has to be added that scientific men of the highest character are completely convinced that many of the phenomena are perfectly real.

I have alluded to the two grounds on which may well be based the conviction that death can never destroy the conscious life of the human soul, namely, the words of Jesus Himself and His own resurrection from the dead. We may also, in addition, point to the yearning or instinct of the human soul after immortality. We feel in our inmost souls—we feel it most when we are best and strongest—that all our human striving would have no meaning, would seem to our eyes utterly purposeless, if all this life were utterly quenched in death. So

God put such yearnings and hopes into our souls if He meant to leave them unfulfilled?” Thus to destroy and lay low all that has been formed of human character—that all that has so been built-up out of strenuous life-experience should entirely disappear—that the lie should thus be given to our best and noblest instincts—would make every one of us feel that we were in the hands of a cruel and fantastic Power that was merely making sport of us. Would one who had in anyway the attribute of goodness deal with His creatures in that way? The best teachers and guides of this world have held and taught firmly their conviction that it is truest wisdom to trust here the deep yearnings of the human soul—their conviction that these yearnings would never lead any soul astray.—*Summary of Report in “Hawick News.”*



THE PINK CARNATION AND THE WHITE DAISY.

By MIRIAM ANDERSON.

THE carnation is a beautiful flower, of numerous colours and varieties. The Pink Windsor is a particularly beautiful species, and September is the month when we see many of its beautiful blossoms. Pink is the symbol of great love and devotion, and a great spiritual soul is one whose aura is filled with pink, drawing unto himself many friends through his spiritual influence, for the spiritual has much more power than any other quality. The perfume of this carnation is somewhat like the incense used in church, which is another suggestion of its spiritual quality. Also, its beautiful delicate petals resemble the fineness and beauty of the spiritual garments of God’s chosen people. The green trunk at the bottom of the petals is a symbol of the life everlasting. The stem which is rather long suggests to me the road or ladder we have to climb to the perfect life. The carnation grows slowly, giving forth a little green ribbon-like leaf up the stem to denote its stage of upward growth to the summit of perfection; then it spreads its perfect petals around, which give forth its fragrance of beauty and love. When will the people understand these flowers of God which He so freely gives to illumine the earth? They give comfort to those on beds of sickness, and give joy and gladness in sorrowful places. The carnation lives longer than most flowers because it takes longer to unfold. It also dies slowly, gradually fading away into the unseen without a struggle, like a child in decline who slowly passes into Summerland. This beautiful flower has then a wonderful lesson to teach us all. Evolution is a gradual process of unfolding of the inner self. We too will be like the carnation when we have unfolded and slowly pass into the fullness of life everlasting, with its love unchanging and everlasting fellowships, even with God Himself. We have with us now many of the beautiful flowers. The white daisy with its yellow centre is a beautiful species, coming as it does about the end of September. The long white petals are very lovely, and give us light in the dark foggy days we get at this time of the year. Its gold centre means to me the crown of glory at the end of the journey, as the yellow centre does not become perfect till the flower is well on in life, we might say nearing the end, and then it slowly turns into a green, which suggests to me the continued fresh life after death. When the petals are quite closed up and the flower seems dead, then the green is more perfect. That denotes to me that the perfect life is beyond with God Himself. This wonderful white daisy has truly a beautiful lesson for all. So you see these beautiful flowers have a true lesson of truth to teach us if we would only learn it; and it is so simple that even a child can understand it. I feel sure our little ones do understand them far more than many grown-up people. So we must cherish these gladsome flowers, which make the earth we live in so beautiful. Without flowers and birds, how grey and silent the world would be. They are always giving praise to the God of the Universe. Let us take their lesson and sing praises also.



THE International Club for Psychical Research will start its winter session with an interesting musical and social evening in the last week in September. Full particulars may be had on application to Miss Savage, 22a, Regent Street, S.W. 1.

BOOK NOTICE.

THE RETURN TO NATURE.

THE GOD IN YOU. A Selection from the Essays of Prentice Mulford. With an Introduction by Ralph Shirley. London: Wm. Rider & Son. Price 1s. net.

This book will be welcomed as an inexpensive introduction to the nature studies and New Thought of Prentice Mulford. It includes essays on The God in You, Positive and Negative Thought, Some Practical Mental Recipes, Self-Teaching or The Art of Learning, How to Learn, Love Thyself, The Art of Forgetting, Spells or The Law of Change, Regeneration or Being Born Again, The Accession of New Thought, and God in the Trees or The Infinite Mind in Natures. Mr. Shirley in his interesting and helpful preface says that the gospel of the Return to Nature is older than all the religions, and has been an essential element in all of them in the first stages of their existence. "Man is born natural and civilisation makes him artificial. He is born in touch with nature and life, under the open sky and in the green fields. Civilisation draws him to courts and towns. Mankind is born to liberty and equality; civilisation makes him either a tyrant on the one hand or a slave on the other." Mr. Shirley points out that after all the Return to Nature movements in the world's history there has been "a great uprising of the life forces of the nation or nations to whom it was preached. It acts on the generation which listens to its preaching like the winds of spring on the sap of winter trees." He explains this by a quotation from Prentice Mulford as follows:—"You are fortunate if you love trees, and especially the wild ones growing where the great Creative Force placed them, and independent of man's care. For all things that we call wild or natural are nearer the Infinite Mind than those which have been enslaved, artificialised, and hampered by man. Being nearer the Infinite, they have in them the more perfect infinite force and thought. That is why, when you are in the midst of what is wild and natural, where every trace of man's works is left behind, you feel an indescribable exhilaration and freedom that you do not realise elsewhere." The Spirit of Nature, Mulford maintained, is a Force of the Infinite Mind given out by every wild tree, bird, or animal, and is responsive to human love. "You are fortunate (he says) when you grow to a live, tender, earnest love for the wild trees, animals, and birds, and recognise them all as coming from and built of the same mind and spirit as your own, and able also to give you something very valuable in return for the love which you give them. The wild tree is not irresponsible or regardless of a love like that. Such love is not a myth or mere sentiment. It is a literal element and force going from you to the tree. It is felt by the spirit of the tree. You represent a part and belonging of the Infinite Mind. The tree represents another part and belonging of the Infinite Mind. It has its share of life, thought, and intelligence. You have a far greater share, which is to be greater still—and then still greater." Poets galore have voiced this sentiment, but Prentice Mulford "preached this doctrine as an actual truth to be accepted and acted upon, to be made a basis upon which to erect a practical manual on the subject of how to live most intensely, of how in short to be most alive while living."

OUR notice of "Mr. W. H. Evans' NEW Book" in the August number was headed by a curious printers' error as "Mr. W. H. Evans' WAR Book." We trust the mistake was so obvious that none of our readers' was misled by it. Fortunately, so far as the author is concerned, it only tickled his sense of humour!



READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A Balley (Yorkshire) Speaker: "I consider the I.P.G. one of the best and most helpful papers I have come across since I became a Spiritualist."

A Yorkshire Gentleman: "I had a copy given to me by a friend, and am so pleased with it that I wish to become a regular reader."

The President of the Edinburgh Spiritualist Association: "I consider this month's Gazette fully equal to any previous number. Long may it continue to advocate in such an able manner the cause of Spiritualism."

A Dumfriesshire Lady (whose son has just been decorated by the king for rescuing five men buried in a dug-out by shell-fire, and for putting out a gun on fire in a gun pit): "I wish you every success in all your good work with all my heart, and may God bless it and send the glad news of the Gazette on the four winds to the ends of the earth!"

Dr. J. M. Peebles, 3,409, South Hope Street, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.:—"Kindly note my new address as I could not well do without the monthly *International Psychic Gazette*. Its pages are always golden with fruit. I am enjoying good health, and speaking as usual to large congregations of Spiritualists on Sunday and frequently through the week. No ninety-six years of age should prevent anyone from arduous labour, and even self-sacrifice, in the grand field of Spiritualism." What an example the beloved "Pilgrim" is to us all!—Ed., I. P. G.

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The appeal that has been made by the Spiritualists' National Union for £2,500 has caused many people to gasp, as £2,500 seemed an impossible sum to raise.

The following suggestions are made to show how easily the whole sum, and probably more, could be raised by December, 1917.

Let us assume that we have 300 Societies, and that each Society would pledge itself to raise £5 by December, 1917, and you have £1,500 by that one effort alone (2s. per week each Society). There are probably many of the stronger Societies who would raise much more than that amount.

By entertainments, socials, whist drives, teas, meetings, circles, etc., to raise £5 in twelve months should be very, very easy.

And if we have 300 Societies, that means at least 300 platform workers. Now, if every speaker and platform worker would give four Sunday fees, or a minimum of 10s., another £150 is added.

Assuming we have 200 Lyceums, and they contributed £1 each by December, 1917, another £200 is added (and I believe the Lyceumists are going to play a real part in this agitation).

Then, assuming that out of the millions of Spiritualists in this country only 5,000 would pledge themselves to subscribe 5s. by December, 1917, another £1,250 is added, and that is only slightly above 1d. per week.

We have already a "Benevolent Sunday." Why cannot we have during 1917 a "Liberation Sunday," say the last Sunday in March, when all should join in giving service, and the whole collections be given to the fund?

Collecting books could also be issued, and if we could secure in every Society a voluntary Secretary, who would sell tickets or arrange to collect small subscriptions each week, it would help considerably. A Roll of Honour and list of workers could be kept, and would be a permanent testimony to the spirit of the Movement, and our children and children's children could read in detail the story of those who toiled and struggled to make them free.

The Secretary will be pleased to receive the names and addresses of such willing workers, also the names of individuals and Societies giving their pledges for the above-named sums.

E. W. OATEN, President.
R. H. YATES, Secretary to the Parliamentary Sub-Committee
25, Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield.

Notice to Subscribers.

A Country Reader of the *International Psychic Gazette* wrote us on May 15 as follows:—

"I have been unable to obtain my copy of the *Psychic Gazette* since February, as my news-agents inform me that they cannot obtain it, though I have had no difficulty in getting it previously, and the order was a regular one."

This is by no means an isolated complaint, and as all the regular wholesalers receive supplies from us, we can only account for any difficulty in obtaining the *Gazette* by the present depletion of staffs at the retail and wholesale newsagents, and the ordinary machinery of supply being somewhat out of gear.

To meet such cases we shall gladly post the *Gazette* direct from the office on publication, at the following rates:—12 months, 7s.; 6 months, 3s. 6d.; 3 months, 1s. 9d., payable in advance. Please make postal orders payable to International Psychic Gazette, Ltd., 24a, Regent Street, S.W.

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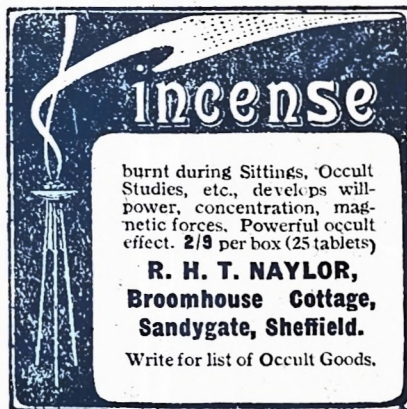
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