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The International Club for Psychical Research,

22a, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

THE PSYCHIC SOCIAL CENTRE OF LONDON.

Programme of Drawing Room Meetings for December, 1917.

MEMBERS ONLY.

Wednesday, December 5th. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture, entitled "Shall we Live on Earth again?" by Miss C. M. Codd.

Friday, December 7th. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, after which Mr. Thurkill Cooke will speak on "Psycho-Therapeutics," and give an account of some of his remarkable cures.

Wednesday, December 12th. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "The Great Gulf, can it be bridged?" by Miss Charlotte Woods.

Friday, December 14th. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, after which Miss Violet Burton will relate some of her Psychic Experiences.

CHRISTMAS RECESS.

The Club will be closed Christmas Day and Boxing Day, December 25th and 26th respectively.

Wednesday, January 2nd. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture, entitled "Brains," plus Character, plus Experience," by Mr. Alfred Hubert.

Friday, January 4th. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Demonstrations of Psychometry, by Mr. Alfred Vout Peters.

The W. T. Stead Bureau hold a Meeting at the Club every Tuesday Evening, at 6.30, to which Club Members are invited.

"Your Better Self Class," held by Miss Violet Burton, every Tuesday Afternoon, at 3.30 p.m., to which Members are cordially invited.

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Wednesday, January 9th. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "The Training of the Occultist," by Mr. Robert King.

Friday, January 11th. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Genius and Insanity," by Mr. Thurkill Cooke. Miss Scatcherd will take the Chair.

Tuesday, January 15th. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture, entitled "Folk Lore and Song," by F. Gilbert Webb, Esq. ("Lancelot" of the *Refered*). Singer, Madame Nina Field. At the Piano, F. Gilbert Webb, Esq. Chairman: Mr. J. Pugh Evans.

Wednesday, January 16th. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Materialisations," by Dr. Abraham Wallace.

Friday, January 18th. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Demonstrations of Psychometry by Mrs. Mary Gordon.

Wednesday, January 23rd. Afternoon, 4.30 p.m.
Inspirational Address by Madame A. de Beaurepaire.

Friday, January 25th. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "Prophecies Verified," by Mrs. Graham Harvey.

Wednesday, January 30th. Afternoon, 4 p.m.
Club Drawing Room Tea, followed by Lecture on "The Psychology of the War," by Mr. St. George Lane Fox Pitt. Lady Muir Mackenzie will take the Chair.

NOTICE.

Upon receipt of name and address, the Secretary, Miss N. Savage, will be pleased to send full particulars of the Club to any friends likely to be interested.

The Entrance Fee is taken off during the War, and Annual Subscription includes admission to all Lectures.

THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

No. 51. VOL. 5.

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PRICE SIXPENCE NET.

Our Outlook Tower.

THE PRESS AND SPIRITUALISM

WE had proposed to deal in some detail with the many recent references in the public Press to the subject of Spiritualism. Our pile of newspaper cuttings has, however, gathered so enormously, and our war-reduced pages have become so filled with more essential matter, that we can only briefly indicate some of the gropings and skirmishings of distinguished writers. These men are perhaps capable and authoritative in some special department, but on this great question of life after death they figure as mere "shallow pedants—blind to everything but very minor details" (to quote Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge in another connection).

MR. CLODD AND THE FOX SISTERS.

Mr. Edward Clodd, the author of "The Story of Creation," for example, stickles in the *Sunday Times* around the point as to whether the famous Fox Sisters of the Rochester knockings confessed long years ago that they were fraudulent and later recanted. That is surely a very minor detail, one way or the other, in view of the fact that such knockings through the wall from the world beyond have been heard by many thousands of persons since, under conditions where neither fraud nor hallucination was possible. They are a common experience to persons acquainted with the subject, but to admit their existence would knock the bottom out of Mr. Clodd's moribund Materialism, and that would never do. Better to die in the last ditch!

DO SPIRIT PEOPLE WEAR CLOTHES?

Then the editor of the *Daily Express*, whose front page we regard as a daily journalistic masterpiece, concerns himself vastly as to whether persons in that other world, towards which we are all journeying, wear clothes! He won't have it that they do, cannot conceive it even possible, and girds at Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who slyly suggested to him that modesty perhaps forbade that they should not! But this grave editor wants the spirits of our departed naked or not at all! It is a curious sort of taste. And, after all, this is surely a rather frippery detail for a great mind to worry about. People who attend seances know that persons in the spiritual body do robe themselves. Why should they not do so when they walk the streets of Heaven? They are not naked spectres, such as one might expect to see at a feast of skeletons in a Pepper's Ghost show! We have ourselves seen and felt spirit-drapery. Mr. W. T. Stead was once permitted to cut a piece from the robe of a manifesting spirit, and he tried in vain to get the material matched in all the great London drapery establishments. The experts there said they had never seen such material. It usually fades away, but Mrs. Duffus, of Elstree, has a small portion preserved under glass. Why it should be any more difficult to conceive of appropriate robes than appropriate bodies in the realm of spirit is not easily understandable.

MR. PEMBERTON'S FEEBLE INQUIRY.

The *Weekly Dispatch* was one of the first great London weeklies to give friendly hospi-

talities to such eminent Spiritualists as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, and Major-General Sir Alfred Turner. It recently commissioned Mr. Max Pemberton, the famous novelist, to make an independent inquiry into Spiritualism. A well-known medium placed himself unreservedly at his disposal, without fee or reward. Mr. Pemberton availed himself of this generous opportunity to form an unbiassed judgment by two short interviews of less than half-an-hour each! He possesses a prolific pen that adorns whatever he touches. Like George Eliot, he could write something that would charm us even on so prosaic a subject as a three-legged stool. And he began well. In his first interview the medium (who did not even know he was Mr. Pemberton) told him things which astounded him, relating to persons he had known but almost forgotten, who had long crossed "the great divide." In his next article he modified his astonishment. He had, he said, been receiving interesting, earnest, illuminating correspondence, with "stories of charlatanry which it is impossible to pass by." Mr. Pemberton's second interview was dramatically closed by German bombs falling in the neighbourhood! He has proceeded no further in his inquiry. Putting his hand to the plough, he has turned back. It is difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. It is equally difficult for a literary man with a reputation to lose to win his way through to the truth of Spiritualism in face of the fierce barrage of prejudice and obloquy that will inevitably assail him.

"IS DR. MERCIER CONVERTED?"

Then there has been a Dr. Charles Mercier making no little splash as a hostile authority on Spiritualism, in the *Hibbert Journal*, the *Sunday Times*, and in a book of his own. His capacity "for the job he took in hand" is thus indicated by Sir Oliver Lodge:—

"He (Dr. Mercier) is a novice in the inquiry which we have been conducting for so long. He says he was unacquainted with the subject till he read my book, and as he cannot accept our results, he considers that we of the Society for Psychical Research must be a lot of gullible fools, and does not hesitate to say so. . . . Combining ignorance and prejudice, he enters upon his task of caustic criticism with a result presumably satisfactory to himself, and probably satisfactory to some of the less thoughtful among his readers!"

Dr. Mercier replied to this that he was not really prejudiced against miracles, that he had lately been investigating some phenomena that appeared to be miraculous, that he thought he had found evidence for their reality, and that he "proposed to publish it as soon as the state of the paper market and of the printing trade permitted." The editor of the *Sunday Times* headed this unexpected confession—"Is Dr. Mercier converted?" He has at least advanced one step beyond that at which he "rushed in," and we may look forward with hope to his new and instructive disclosures—when the paper trade has become normal!

J. L.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE TO HIS CRITICS.—"I was disagreeable all round, and it was necessary—absolutely necessary. I wanted the thing to be a reality, otherwise it was no good. . . . Everybody thinks he can edit a newspaper or become a statesman without any training or experience! I should like to see some of these gentlemen here for five or ten minutes."—*House of Commons*, Nov. 20, 1917.

Striking Proof by Table Phenomena.

By WILLIAM THOMAS, GORSEINON.

ABOUT eighteen months ago we held a public meeting at this place (Gorseinon), and, seeing that everything psychical was new here, we announced it broadcast. We were prepared to receive all classes of thought, and welcomed them. One gentleman in particular I was pleased to see, and he was an Agnostic. How this meeting proved beneficial to him I shall try to tell. While clairvoyance was being given, the attention of the medium was drawn to this particular gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. A. A description was given him, which proved to be that of his brother, and a message was also given—that he was to sit at a table, where he would receive a message too private to be given in a public hall. This made some little impression upon our visitor, and at the close of the meeting he came forward and asked how he might proceed with the table. A member of the society offered to show him, and an appointment was made for the following evening. After sitting a little while the table got going, and when asked by Mr. A. who was there, the reply came, "Your brother." When he asked for other particulars regarding his brother's life, place of passing over, and family matters, he was answered correctly. Then came a bombshell, when the controlling entity gave him a message. It seems that our visitor had been accused of a certain action by his family, and that circumstances had seemed to point the accusing finger at him; but this brother said he could not believe he was guilty of that action. In the words of our investigator, this message "knocked him in a heap." He at once communicated with his family, and found that he had been thought guilty by his relatives, and it was only one in another sphere who believed him to be innocent. The greatest test in this particular instance was the fact that he had been under this cloud for about eight years, and he himself did not know of it. I am glad to say that as a result of this message all the trouble is cleared away now, and our visitor has received a good foundation upon which to build his further investigations. When he began investigating in earnest some people shook their heads and passed the remark that "they were sorry he was losing himself in this way!" But our friend heeded them not, for he said if the grass had been sweet at the foot of the mountain, now he was going to taste that which grew at the top. Keeping on with his table experiments, he, like everyone else, had chaff with the corn, but he was not discouraged on that account. Sitting one evening, he was as usual greeted by his brother, whom he had requested to search for the eldest brother of the family and, if possible, bring him to the table. This evening it proved that his request had been granted, and the eldest brother was present. This brother had in earth-life been in the army, and after finishing his time he had stayed on at Malta as a police-constable. However, he had passed over, and all that the relatives knew was that he passed away through pneumonia. No other news was ever obtained. On this particular evening Mr. A. was told that his eldest brother was there, and that while on duty he had been attacked one night by some natives and stabbed. The wounds he received had reached from the neck down the spine to the kidneys. From these he never recovered,

and, pneumonia setting in, he passed away, Mr. A. sent a statement home as soon as possible, giving this new information. Of course no one would credit the story, because they knew no different. But here is already the corroboration. Another brother, who was serving with the British forces at Salonica, received an unexpected leave. On his way home the vessel was torpedoed and all were transferred to another vessel. Shortly afterwards this also was torpedoed. However, she was run safely into Malta, and it was found that they would have to dock for a few days to repair the ship. This being so, Mr. A.'s brother thought it would be a good chance to hunt up the family of the dead brother, none of whom he had ever seen. Ultimately he found them, and heard from their own lips the manner in which they had lost their father. He was very much surprised, and in due course came home with the news. After reciting his adventures at the war and what he had seen, he told the family all he had heard concerning the death of his eldest brother, to which the mother said that she knew all about it. "Well, how do you know?" the soldier son asked. "Joe told me," replied his mother. "Well, how in the name of Heaven does Joe know!" he exclaimed. He was then told of the table message, received before he had left Salonica, and he was amazed, to say the least.

I think this instance does away with any theory of auto-suggestion as an explanation. During these satisfactory experiences Mr. A. has been cheered up a good deal, for before that he was rather melancholy, because when he was telling his relatives of these messages they put it all down to weakness in his upper apartment! However, this proof and other little things have set them thinking, and they have found out that Mr. A. has really a sound judgment and is not so feeble-minded as they thought. Not only did that message to Mr. A. do himself good, but it has done much to help others; and, as one wag put it—"They are now so happy in our village that the tables are dancing with joy?"



EVEN NOW YIELD.

Yield to the Voice of God, Who calls you now,
Calls amid pain and terror, wrack and storm,
Even on you, who come so late and slow
Solace to find, and duty to perform.

Can you not hear Him too, in the still hours,
Speak through His Christ, in tender, urgent tone?
Do you not know that all your spirit's powers
Are part of Him, and cannot stand alone?

You, who are working through the earth-life's test,
Yield of your stores of helpfulness, to those
Who have not been with your rich talents blest,
Soon you must deeply care which part you chose.

For the dear Father's Home is vast indeed!
Never within His universe a sigh
Is breathed, but instant in response to need
Swiftly the ministering ones will fly.

Yield up the dark, and you shall find the light,
Yield up the murky, and the pure shall be,
Yield up your spark, to make the flame more bright,
Yield up yourselves, to Love's eternity.

H. M. UNDERWOOD.

Remarkable Experiences in the Home of a King's Counsel.

WHILE we were chatting recently with a London publisher, he mentioned that a King's Counsel had been having some rather extraordinary communications from the Unseen World through his own children. We promptly asked if we might have learned Counsel's name and address, and these having been kindly given us, we wrote for an interview, and a few days later were favoured with an appointment at Chambers in the precincts of the Law Courts. Counsel explained that he might be called away at any minute, and consequently he plunged *in medias res*, without preliminaries, to tell us what strange happenings had been occurring in his home.

He said: I will tell you, first of all, how I had anything to do with the thing at all. When I was quite young, about twenty, and living in my parent's house, a lady who was an old friend of our family, and was by nationality an American, although she had been a great deal in England, had discovered planchette, and found that she could write with it. I remember her mentioning it to my mother, who said she did not like that sort of thing, and my own prejudice was against it. Later I questioned the lady, when my parents were not present, and she showed me she could get automatic writing with a pen or pencil without planchette. That is a long time ago, and I did not follow the matter up. I never saw a planchette at that time, or tried to write with one, and for twenty years or more I did not hear or see anything more of the subject.

A few years ago, however, I bought a planchette, merely by way of amusement for my wife and our governess at our country cottage. I had no belief in the thing myself, and did not touch it, although I said I had an open mind about it. Trifling things were written with it, but nothing of any value, and planchette was soon laid aside as of little interest.

In the winter of 1915-16 we were at my house in London. My two daughters, one of them fourteen and the other about eleven, began to amuse themselves with planchette after they had prepared their lessons for next day—about their supper time. Little things came through which I did not pay attention to. All of a sudden, when I did not happen to be in—I think on the 3rd of April, 1916—serious messages began to be received by my daughters. The first came from a person whom we had never known on earth, who signed himself "Hector." He started off with: "I, who write this, am one who wishes you all the best of good fortune in your present world," and he followed this up by separate messages to my wife, myself, and my daughters. Two evenings later planchette wrote: "Oh, how I wish I could visit you all in the flesh!" My wife asked who was writing, and the reply came: "Nelly S——." Now, Nelly S—— was a sister of my wife who had died many years ago, before any of my children were born. They had practically never heard of her. My wife inquired if it were wrong to communicate in this way, and the reply came: "I love to think you remember; it is such a comfort to me that I can see you all. . . . Darlings, I am fond of you all. Will you remember me in your prayers?—Nelly." When asked what she was

doing now, she replied: "I am putting thoughts of mercy in a human soul."

Following on this came a short message from my wife's mother. My wife was still doubtful, and used to ask the unseen writers for a token to show they were the persons they professed to be. She did so on this occasion, and received this reply: "Have you still got my brown comb?" Now, it happened that my wife had had a little brown fancy comb from her mother, but it had been packed away for years. I never recollect having seen it up to that time; my children had never seen it, and my wife had forgotten its existence.

My wife then inquired whether a young officer in the Field Artillery, who was killed early in the war, could speak to us? And he did, at once. I was present myself. We asked him also for a token, and he said: "Do you remember my hoop outside our house?" We had both forgotten it, but when we visited his parents for a week-end his mother pointed to a large iron hoop hanging on a nail outside, and said: "That is the hoop — had as a little boy, and I always keep it as a keepsake!" My children had never heard of it, and, remember, it was only their hands that ever touched planchette. They sat one on each side of it.

These messages continued up to about the beginning of May, 1916, and then for ten weeks they could get nothing—not a stroke, showing that they did not do it themselves. The messages began again in July, and have gone on ever since without any substantial breaks. In August my elder daughter found she could get messages without planchette, and from that time she has never used it. My younger daughter developed the same power some months later. Please notice that neither of them go into any trance or anything of that sort.

Quite recently, in May of this year, my daughter and I were sitting on a garden-seat on the lawn. It was a Sunday afternoon, and the weather was beautiful. She had a writing-block with her, to try whether she might get a message through. Now this, I think, is a most remarkable experience. She wrote things she knew nothing of, and what I did not know. She wrote several pages that were apparently in ancient characters, and some ancient figures were drawn. There was some Chinese sort of writing, done from the bottom of the page backwards, and I ascertained from men learned in the matter that some of the characters were perfectly accurate, though I have not yet been able to get the script interpreted. Straight away after that a sentence came through in Latin. (I was reading my own book at the time.) Here is the actual paper: The sentence you see is *Multi habent cruces, perpauci habent coronas* (Many have crosses, very few have crowns). Then she began to write some Greek. There were three attempts at writing the Greek. I think this was very wonderful, as she does not know the Greek alphabet, and never had a Greek book in her hands. To exclude any idea of thought-transference I should say that, although I have kept up to some extent my Latin, I have done no Greek since I left College, and I never studied it very much. I did only a little. The result is that when this writing was shown me I could not translate it. I could understand

some of the words, but I had forgotten the Greek capital letters, and was absolutely at a loss to understand the passage until, with the assistance of others, I found it in the 19th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. There were some slight errors in spelling, but the characters, and even most of the accents, were quite accurate. On a later day, when I was again present, some further ancient writing came, and a little more Greek, also with blunders; but still there it was. If my daughter had the alternative—even with my assistance—to write these things or perish, she could not have done them!

Let me tell you one other rather astounding experience. On September 2nd, 1916, we returned from the country to London. About 9 o'clock we suggested to our daughter that she might take her pencil and see if she could get some writing. The pencil began to draw instead of writing but we could not guess in the least what the drawing was going to turn out. When it was finished we found it represented a Zeppelin dropping bombs! About three hours later we

were aroused by the firing of anti-aircraft guns, and not long thereafter we saw the flare in the heavens from the falling Zeppelin destroyed at Cuffley on that date.

Counsel added that he considered his family had been very highly privileged by having received from the Spirit World numerous beautiful and remarkable communications, and he had felt it his duty to put before the public at least some of these communications in the form of a book which he hoped would be published very shortly.

Our interview over, we accompanied Counsel to the Courts, where after robing he took his place in the seats allotted to King's Counsel. We mention this trivial fact for the benefit of any doubting Thomases who may think it incredible that one of His Majesty's learned Counsel could possibly believe in Spiritualism, or that he could have received indubitable evidence of its truth within the circle of his own family without the aid of any professional medium.

J. L.

My Latest Message from Maria.

By M. E. H.

THE following message was received from one Maria Stebbes, who for several years has spoken to me from the Other Side. She was in this life a very humble personage, and passed over in a state of ignorance and misery; but she has grown gradually in wisdom and knowledge, and, whereas she once came to be helped, she now comes to give help to the medium to whom she was first brought. The "beautiful lady" referred to was a great personal friend of mine, to whom I had read some of Maria's messages:—

"I saw the beautiful lady when she came to this side, and, my! she shone right enough! She remembered Maria, too, and told me she thought I was a dear to talk to you. I thought she was a dear, I can tell you. We joined together in a service, a little Pal Service!—Maria and Mi' lady, and we kissed, because Love is just Love, and not only for the gentry to themselves and the poor people to themselves, but just Life, wherever it is.

"It was the same light that sprang up between us when we kissed as sprang up when He kissed Maria (referring to a previous message), only not so bright, of course, although it was like a beautiful jewel, and we both took it along with us. Remember that, little Pal, Love is a jewel that belongs to both, and both wear it. That's what Heaven's jewels are. No one has a jewel alone. Always it is born between two people, and they both possess it afterwards.

"You are wearing many jewels that have been given to you, and you don't even know about them yet. When you come here you'll see them, and say: 'These aren't mine,' but when you come to learn the language of the jewels you wear you'll find many of them come from love you have hardly known, and kind acts people did for you. They are all yours, but they won't shine properly till you recognise them for what they are, and by sending out your gratitude draw to you the giver of the jewel. Then you will see they, too, are wearing the other half, and the recognition will bring both to their full glory."

"You talk better English when you are telling me things like that, Maria," I said.

"Yes, I talk better then, because I've got away from Language into Being, and you catch the thoughts and put them into their proper dress; for which jewel of kindness Maria thanks you and says: 'The jewel of Love is on you.' Think of that! When you give love or kindness you give and retain a jewel for your crown in the spirit country."



A CHILD'S QUEST.

"But what is 'Religion'?" inquired the child;
 "There seem so many, and none the same
 As another, for each has a different name.
 So, what is 'Religion'?" questioned the child.

"It is not what we Think, or Believe, or Say,
 For to err is human, and hence the strife
 'Twixt Man and his Brother in earthly life
 Concerning the Truth, the Life, the Way.

"It is not much praying in church or street,
 Nor preaching nor hearing of sermons fine,
 Nor the breaking of bread and drinking wine,
 Nor bringing of babes to the Master's feet;

"Tis not in almsgiving for men's applause,
 Nor yet in much quoting of Holy Writ,
 Nor in fear of damnation in fiery pit,
 Nor in unctuous approval of Moses' laws.

"There is but one Religion for all mankind,
 And 'tis simpler far than man-made creeds;
 Its altars are hearts, and its service deeds
 That spring into birth from a Christ-like mind.

"So that 'Pure Religion and undefiled,'
 We learn from the Book in a symbol clear,
 Is to Be and Do Good, from a love sincere
 For all who are needing our help, dear child."

MILLY GAUNTLETT.

^a James, chap. I., 27th v.

Life After Death as Viewed in the Religion of Humanity.

MR. S. H. SWINNY, President of the Positivist Society, lectured on this subject to the Central London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, at Tavistock Square, W.C., on November 6th. We had heard nothing of the existence of the Church of Humanity for many years, though we used to hear a great deal of it twenty-five or thirty years ago, when Mr. Frederic Harrison was—as he perhaps still is—its leading prophet. George Eliot was claimed as a disciple of the Positivist Church, and her poem, "The Spanish Gypsy," was declared by Dr. Congreve to be "a mass of Positivism"; but, while she was strongly interested in this Religion of Humanity, she never accepted its doctrines unreservedly. Perhaps because her intuition and spiritual perception were able to view life with a wider scope than the purely intellectual disciples of M. Comte. For want of perception in the realm of God and Spirit they ruled these out, and worshipped an abstract idea of Humanity in their place. Their attitude to the question of a future life and immortality was considered to be fully expressed in George Eliot's noble lines:—

"The better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread for ever.
This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Rekindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense,
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

That is to say "life to come," "purest heaven," "the choir invisible," were all contained for the Positivists, in their idea that the influence of our deeds while in the body would go on through eternity, diffused in the minds and impulses of other persons, just as the ripples of a splash in the ocean are theoretically believed to reach the furthest shores. Continuity of life in a spiritual form after the death of the body was not acknowledged by them in any degree, and Mr. Harrison simply sneered at Spiritualism as "the nonsense about ghosts, telepathy, and table-turning."

Being anxious to know whether or not the Church of Humanity had made any progress on this subject, in view of the great advance of scientific knowledge in regard to the reality of life in spirit and the possibility of communication between those who are still here and those who have gone on, we eagerly grasped the opportunity of hearing what Mr. Swinny would have to give forth on the matter. He began by saying that when he happened to mention to a friend of his that he was going to speak on "Life after Death as viewed in the Religion of Humanity" his friend was rude enough to mention a certain reptile, called a snake, and further to refer to a certain geographical area—he spoke of the snakes of Iceland—and he (Mr. Swinny) feared when they heard his lecture they might think there was a slight relevancy in his friend's remark, and might consider that his views were rather like the snakes in Iceland! He had come, not because he wanted to come, but because he had been asked to come, and asked in a pleasant

way. He proposed to consider Life after Death as viewed in the Religion of Humanity, and to compare it with the two other principal views of life after death that had held the allegiance of great masses of men in historical times. These were—first, that life after death which was believed in by the Christian world and by the Mohammedan world, a life after death which had no previous life before birth, and in which those who enjoyed or suffered this life after death would know what had happened to them in their previous life, and would, as was generally believed, know what was going on in the world which they had left. That was the view familiar to our Western mind. Then there was the second view, of the Eastern mind, in which life after death was a continuation, not only of the life we are now living but of a long series of lives before birth, and in which, as was almost universally believed in the East by those who adopted this view, the person who was living anew in each life was quite ignorant of what adventures his soul had experienced during the long ages of the past. Then, thirdly, there was the view of life after death of another less personal kind, of the Religion of Humanity, that life after death consisted in the continuing effects of the actions men had performed during their life, their influence on those they had come in contact with, and through them on those whom they in turn should influence, and so on from stage to stage as long as mankind should last. In the Christian and Mohammedan worlds there was a strong belief in personality and a strong feeling of desire to survive as a personal entity. This was necessarily a self-regarding view, and tended to concentrate the thoughts of mankind on the future of each individual. In the second view of immortality, which was prevalent in India, in which there was a series of lives stretching back into the past and stretching forward into the future, and in which each one who lived this present life knew nothing of what he had lived in the past or what he would live in the future, there was not the same objection, for each person had only a general and theoretical connection with himself in other lives, for personality depended in the last resort on memory. In the Religion of Humanity men suffered or benefited by the actions of their predecessors, through whom their civilisation had grown up, and by whom they lived, and moved, and had their being. In his concluding remarks Mr. Swinny said he cared nothing for whether personally he was to live in a future life or not.

But surely the question of what the President of the Positivist Society cares for is less important than the truth of the matter. He was questioned by a member of the audience whether the Church of Humanity had no place for the idea indicated by Socrates shortly before his death. When asked by his friends where they would bury him, Socrates replied: "Bury my body where you like; but catch me if you can, for I am going on to the realms of the blessed." Mr. Swinny was further asked whether he supposed that evolution—the great law of Nature—stopped in the case of man with the death of his body, or whether he did not consider it possible, to use the illustration of Socrates of the caterpillar and the butterfly, that man would emerge into a larger and freer life at the death of

his physical body, and function in a spiritual body, as claimed by the Apostle Paul. Mr. Swinny, however, put these questions aside without remark, and contented himself by reiterating the Positivist view—that all that survives of men is their continuing influence! Positivism accordingly appears to be standing still, content with its fragment of truth and its mass of negations, oblivious of those higher and

greater phases of life and truth which have been revealed alike by mystical insight and modern science. As a practical religion it has at most expressed no more than Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and "humanity" in general has regarded it as so very incomplete and uninspiring a contribution to the great problem of life and death that it has by now almost totally ignored it.

J. L.

Animal Survival.

By DORIS SEVERN.

THE question of animal survival is one that has occupied attention in all ages, and, indeed, it is only secondary to that of our own. If we go on into that higher and happier form of being, are we not to have the company of the animals we have loved and protected here? The Greeks slew the war-horse of a warrior on his grave, that he might not be compelled to go afoot in the new life. The Indian, to quote Pope,

"Thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

I do not like the theory that only our love and remembrance keep the astral life aflame. Is it to depend on our caprice or on our memory?

Here follow three short true stories.

We were staying in a mountain health resort in the summer of 1908. There were many people in the hotel, but the only ones that attracted me specially were a family of three—father, mother, and little boy—who occupied a table exactly opposite to us, but with the width of the room between us. We never had an opportunity of speaking, so my interest was a silent one. There was another, but humble, member of the family in the person of a magnificent Borzoi, one of the most splendid dogs I have ever seen. Having been all my life a great lover of dogs, I rather envied the Z's the possession of this beautiful and faithful creature. These people had their car with them, and drove out daily, the dog sometimes running with them; always a dangerous practice. One day Hilary brought me in a sad tale. "The Z's have lost their beautiful dog," said he. "He was running with the car, and somehow, in swerving to avoid a car they were meeting, he was run over and killed." I felt quite depressed and wretched on hearing of the horrible end of this fine creature, and I wished ardently that I could comfort the owners by telling them that their dog was alive on another plane of being; but, of course, that was impossible. The accident happened in the morning. Neither mother nor child appeared at lunch, and the father came in very late, looking extremely sad. I glanced at him across the room again, wishing I could tell him the dog was not really dead. Presently a whisper from that sixth sense stole across me, and I said to Hilary: "Wait a moment, and then look across at the Z's table." He waited, and then looked across. "The dog is there lying on the carpet, by his master's side," he said. "How does he look?" I asked. "Exactly the same as usual!" After a very hurried lunch the dog's master left the room, passing quite close to our table. Again that curious sense made itself known, though I saw nothing. I looked at Hilary with raised eyebrows. "Yes," he said, "the dog is following close behind." But we could not tell the poor man, and so he remained uncomfortable.

Some years ago a friend of mine, who is only intermittently clairvoyant, revisited the home

of her childhood, which had passed into other hands. She was just going upstairs, after looking over the ground-floor rooms, and as she reached the first landing she turned and looked down into the hall. To her surprise she saw her favourite and long deceased dog lying in his old place by the hearth. It was only momentary, but she saw him distinctly.

This third story is communicated to me by a trustworthy friend: "Nellie was a brindled bulldog, nearly twelve years old, and deeply attached to me. She had been ailing for some months, and could only move slowly and stiffly. One bright Summer evening I left her lying on her favourite chair while I went into the garden with two other dogs. She was not inclined to accompany us, and I was rather struck by her exceptionally loving, yearning look as I left her. I had been out some ten minutes or so, and was standing on some rough ground where we usually took the dogs, when I saw Nellie galloping towards me along one of the paths from the house. I was astonished at the rate she was going and her vigorous appearance, and called out to her: 'Why, Nellie, have you come to join us?' When she was about twenty yards away from me she completely disappeared. I searched about for her, but to no avail; the other dogs did not appear to have seen her. Much amazed, I went indoors. Nellie's chair was empty, and the parlour-maid told me she had seen her go very slowly out of the open front door down into a thick shrubbery shortly after I had gone out. There eventually we found her dear lifeless body almost hidden under a rhododendron bush. I have no doubt that our mutual strong affection enabled her to appear to me as she passed away from this earth."

With a quotation from Father Stephano I close this little paper. I am sorry that it is impossible to ask his leave; he is beyond the Post Office! "On losing the animals you love do not despair, for you will see them again. They suffer, so do you; they feel, so do you. Theirs is the same existence, built on a different foundation of thought. They suffer because, like mortals, they are progressing to a higher sphere."



CURIOUS TABLE PHENOMENA.—A lady artist in Yorkshire sends us the following note of an interesting experience: "My friend and I were sitting, with our hands on a small table, in my studio. We had asked a few questions of our spirit friends, and were promptly answered by movements of the table. Suddenly the table began literally to walk across the room. It then bowed three times before a life-sized portrait of my father, which I had recently completed, and which I was most anxious to make a great success, in the best sense of the word. I then learnt by a table message that my brother, who died in infancy, had chosen this method of showing his interest and appreciation of my work. It was more emphatic than any automatic writing would have been, as it was entirely unexpected."

Two Stories of Haunted Bed-rooms.

By GERDA CALMADY-HAMLYN.

HAUNTED pieces of furniture are not, I believe, a special rarity among ghostly phenomena. The following facts (reported to me by a lady friend) formed part of the experience of a well-known American millionaire who bought a fine old place in England. The house was rather out of repair, and he immediately proceeded to re-build and re-furnish it, each room according to a different period—Tudor, Jacobean, Queen Anne, etc. For one large oak-panelled bed-room he hunted far and wide for a really good specimen of a carved oak four-poster bedstead. Such a thing is not easy to be obtained nowadays; but at length one of his agents wrote to say he had found the very article—a magnificent example, carved with tracery as fine as lace, and with a huge canopy. Entwined round the pillars that supported the canopy were carvings of quaint gargoyles, rams' heads, vine leaves, and bunches of grapes. So the matter was settled, and a fine Tudor four-poster duly arrived and was set up in the state bed-room of X—Hall.

Trouble, however, commenced when guests were sent to sleep in that apartment. Few occupied the bed for a night without making complaints in the morning. They declared that no sooner had they laid their heads on the pillows than mysterious voices began buzzing all around them. They sounded like a man and a woman quarrelling, first, very low, in faint, sibilant whispers, then gradually becoming louder, until they rose to a perfect tornado of wordy warfare and abuse. The words or sentiments uttered were not exactly coherent to the vastly-annoyed visitors, but the impression usually given was of a "curtain lecture" of a most violent and vituperative kind. If the guests sat up in bed to listen to it the quarrelling would more or less die away, but directly they lay down again the whole thing started *de novo*, as if two people were simply going hammer and tongs for one another. The woman's voice was that of a virago of the most shrewish kind, while the man's was surly and savage, as he was worked up by *dégrées* to the last pitch of criminal fury.

For one night only the American tried to sleep in the room himself. As he lay down he began to guess the possible history of the strange old bed—how many times it had changed hands, and who might have been its original owners—when the usual weird turmoil almost made his hair turn white. In the morning he said he would never again ask any of his guests to sleep in that bed; they'd go off their heads! So he turned the key in the lock of his Tudor state-room and left the ghostly quarrellers in undisputed possession. The lady who told me the story had been one of the guests.

My other story of a haunted bed-room is a far more terrible one. It relates to a well-known castle in Scotland, where my informant had often stayed, though she was not there at the time of the actual tragedy. Lady M—, her sister, the chatelaine of the place, had told her, rather unwillingly, the following details.

It was autumn, and Lord M— and his wife were entertaining many guests for the shooting. Most of these were wealthy folks, and brought their valets or lady's-maids. Thus M— Castle, though spacious, was pretty severely-taxed to find house-room for such a large con-

course of visitors. Precisely over the hostess's own bed-room and boudoir was another bed-chamber, rarely if ever occupied. The family used to call it "The Room with the Crease," because, though the room itself appeared comfortable enough and the bed it contained was quite a non-sinister-looking one, whatever coverlet was placed thereupon invariably showed right across the middle, from corner to corner cross-wise, a long, deep furrow or crease. No matter how one folded the counterpane, or how carefully starched or ironed it might be, the same deep mark invariably appeared. This autumn Lady M— decided that the room must be occupied. "I will put the Duchess of B—'s nice French maid there; she won't disturb me, and the servants' regular quarters are already over-full," she remarked to her husband. Marie Delaroche, the maid in question, appeared very much impressed by "Mi-ladi's" kindness in giving her such an imposing apartment. It was so convenient, too, being near to the Duchess's own rooms, whereas the other maids had to traverse a gallery and a long flight of stairs if they were summoned to their mistresses.

The Castle household retired to bed that night somewhere about eleven, and Lady M—, at any rate, slept soundly. Just after one o'clock she was startled out of her sleep, however, by a positively blood-curdling shriek of terror from the room just over her head. Then she heard the fall of some fairly heavy body, and after that there was silence profound. Her Ladyship thought: "That shriek must be Marie Delaroche's; no doubt she's been taken with nightmare and has tumbled out of bed! I wonder if I ought to go up to her. But the gallery outside is so cold. After all, there's a bell in her room that rings in the housekeeper's passage; she can use that if she's ill or wants to get assistance!" So Lady M— soon fell asleep again. But her heart rather smote her when, early next morning, her own maid, Parkin, came with a face as white as a sheet to say that she had found the French girl (at whose door she had knocked loudly to summon her to attend on the Duchess) lying stone-dead. She said she had found the maid lying crosswise along the bed from corner to corner, *precisely in the crease*, and on her face there had been a look of ghastly unspeakable terror. What it was that poor Marie Delaroche encountered there in the silent watches of the night no human creature knows.

Lord and Lady M— had the whole strange tragedy carefully hushed up. "The girl died of heart disease," they declared. But when, later on, Lady M—'s sister (the narrator of this story) was staying at the Castle, quite ignorant of what had happened, she remarked to her ladyship: "I say, Nita, I always understood it was a matter of principle with you never to employ foreign servants; yet you've started a French maid; such a pretty, smart girl, too!" Lady M— shook her head. "I've no French maid," she replied; "I abominate the whole tribe of them. Parkin is good enough for me!" "Well, all I can say," declared her sister, "is that this morning I noticed a girl, evidently a Frenchwoman, and she looked like a lady's-maid, come out of that room we used to call 'The Crease-Room.' If she isn't your maid, whose is she?"

The Chimes of Eternity.—VIII.

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

XVII.—WISHES.

IN the night-time my spirit passed upward over the world, and in the starry spaces sought the light that fails not. For this light gives the open vision, and he who has the open vision may see truth. And, seeing truth, he shall believe, and believing, he shall be free. This light I sought amongst the stars, in the Dream Garden, where men's fancies people the void and beckon them ever onward with the vision of the perfect day. Here among the starry spaces, where the sweetest thoughts of men companioned me, and where the "sweet-tongued ministers of grace" assailed my ear, I came to the land of "The-Wish-to-Be." In this land one can be whatsoever he wishes, and one can see whatsoever he will, and one can know whatsoever he desires, for the ashes of the past are swept away, and only the glowing fire of Memory remains to warm the heart and lift from it its load of care. I came into this land and wished, and this is what I wished:

I wished for harmony and poise, and abroad on the night the stars and the planets burned brightly as they wheeled in their orbits. And their rhythm was perfect, their majestic swing spoke of wondrous power, of divine order and harmony. Marvellously were they poised as they went spinning down the Halls of Time. And as I gazed upon this sight—so common in man's experience, yet so wonderful—I read my lesson, and with aching heart I wished that the harmony and poise here displayed might be translated into human life. And yet, I reflected, human life is part of the whole; and shall not the part be brought into harmony with the whole? And, like the chime of a golden bell, a voice far off replied to my unuttered thought, "It shall."

And again I wished. I wished for the Perfect Love; and as I wished I felt myself rushing through the night, until I came upon the planet Terra, where men toiled and spun the cloth of gold for their masters. And men rushed hither and thither, and women stood silent and tearful, and little children gazed with mute questioning eyes. For a disaster had overtaken the toilers, and many were entombed in the fiery mine. And men strong of arm and clear of brain were working. Down into the furnace went these men, seeking to save. And anon there came to the surface a few survivors. But where are those who went to save? And then the story went round—they had perished in their work, but these others were saved by their efforts. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." And again I said: "May not this love spread over all the earth?" Like the far-off murmuring surge of the sea, deep and strong, that voice replied: "It shall."

And again I wished. I wished for the Great Peace, the great white peace of human brotherhood. And the night was gone. The dawn smiled over a placid sea, calm and unruffled. Yet in its depths strong currents flowed and wound round the world. All was still and smiling. The sea laughed in the sunlight with joy and gladness. The beams of the sun were reflected back in glory. Yea, a golden path stretched across the sea to "the Land of Light and Glory." I hastened on this path, in the track of the Sun, until I came to the Smiling Land. Here were gay cities of light and beauty,

where the air was like wine, where every dwelling-house was a dream, where the children were Cupids, every woman a Venus for beauty, and every man an Apollo for strength; and in the eyes of all I saw the light of the Great Peace. For there was no squalor or misery, and every man served his fellow, and every woman companioned him, and every child was a dream of love. The mart, the workshop, and the fields, alike seemed to have caught the glory of the Great Peace. Even the wind seemed to bring echoes of merry laughter from over the world, and every cloud seemed a ship of pearl, an argosy of dreams from the Land of Delights. And freedom was abroad in the land. It was in the strength of the men, and in the beauty of the women, and it sparkled in the eyes of the children. I rejoiced, and was glad with an exceeding great gladness, and I cried, "O! that the world could be like this. Will the time ever come when such perfect peace shall dwell with men?" And from every corner of the heavens, gathering like the wind in volume, came a great voice, saying "It shall."

What could I wish for more? I lay still in the Land of The-Wish-to-Be, peopled with the fancies of men. And it was sweet to be there, and dream dreams and see visions. But presently across my consciousness came the sounds of strife, and a voice seemed to call, urgent and insistent: "Come ye to the labour, for there is work for the thinker to do. Speak to the world and give a new vision. Give a fresh light to men, and work for the coming time." It was the call of Earth. I arose, and, leaving the Land of The-Wish-to-Be, sped through the ether spaces, and came to rest on Mother Earth. And as I paused and listened in the night-time there came, borne upon the night wind, the hoarse cries of the wounded, the wail of the orphaned, and the weeping of widows. But as I looked up the vision of the Great Peace swept before me, and a voice echoed in my soul: "Courage, it shall be!" And I was strengthened and refreshed, and I pass it on, brother. Do you pass it on, for good thoughts are seeds, the harvest whereof no man can judge.

(To be continued.)



A CALL TO PRAYER.—The following is a message written under spirit influence by a lady in Torquay. Several clairvoyants have attributed it to Lord Roberts, and one clergyman has thought so highly of it that he has had 10,000 copies of it printed for free distribution.

"The Call of the bugle from the Motherland in her hour of distress and need has been answered by her children. They have come to her aid from India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the remotest corners of the earth, to give their life's blood for the Empire. The Call that comes to all from on high is the Call to Prayer. Down on your knees, ye men and women of the Empire! God wants your love; you need His help and blessing. Give your love as freely to Him as your children are giving their lives to save the Motherland. Offer up your prayers and love unto God, in your churches, before your shrines, in your homes; and may the echo of your prayers be heard by your brave soldiers and sailors wherever they may be on land or sea! The consciousness of your prayers will bring to them a sense of protection and spiritual exaltation in the hour of suffering and death. Harken to the Call from on high before it is too late! Ye men and women of the Empire, down on your knees in these hours of terrible strife and sorrow! God wants your love and you His blessing! You must give before you can receive! Therefore give unto Him your hearts and souls in prayer. Pray for His blessing upon your King, the Empire, and your brave lads fighting on land and sea. God bless them!"

Our Psychic Collaboration: A Human Document—III.

By HESPERIS (continued from page 32).

II.

INVESTIGATION AND DEVELOPMENT.

IT is six years since I began my psychical studies, and in that time I have met many mediums and many experienced investigators and I have read dozens of books, but I have never come across an exposition that exactly met the needs of the ignorant beginner. I remember how I went, blindly groping for light, first to one and then to another, and I have tried to put together some few guiding principles that will help others as ignorant as I was myself. There is nothing in what follows that will be either new or helpful to those who are already experienced. I have adopted the plan of headings for different sections for convenience of reference.

(1) MEDIUMS.

Mediums, or Sensitives, are of various classes. There is a very large group of mediums, possessing undoubted powers of clairvoyance and clairaudience, as well as psychometric and telepathic insight, who have no real touch with the spirit-world at all. These gifts are interesting and fascinating. They are quite worthy of careful scientific study as a separate matter, but they have nothing whatever to do with spirit communications. Mediums who have these gifts belong mostly to the fortune-telling class. They give readings of character and descriptions of the past, and often make remarkable forecasts of the future. Serious students who desire only spirit-communications should have nothing to do with this side of psychic investigation. Mediums should never be consulted as if they were sibyls or delphic oracles. They are usually, in their own proper persons, very simple folk with not much intellect or education, and, as it is by the light of their own intelligence that they interpret their visions and symbols, their advice and guidance should never be accepted unless it is very strongly backed by the opinion of some sane, sound, ordinary mind.

I know of two cases in which serious harm has been done through the advice of a foolish woman possessing remarkable powers as a clairvoyant. She had no critical or discriminating faculty, and misled her sitters probably quite unwittingly. In one case the person was made to believe that he had supernormal powers and would rise to the highest eminence in the land. The resulting "swelled head" made him incapable of managing his ordinary business affairs, and precipitated a financial crisis. It is well to avoid all the mediums who profess to give advice as to business matters or to foretell the future.

Another class of mediums is that which can get messages while in a normal state, either by clairvoyance, clairaudience, or automatic writing. In this case the mediums remain passive, but conscious, and receive and transmit messages as they are conveyed.

Trance mediums are those who go under "control" of some spirit, either a familiar spirit or "guide," or in some cases by the spirit evoked by the presence of the sitter.

There are a few points that should be noted by all novices. If the desire is for scientific investigation there should always be a second person present at the sitting to take notes, and preferably one who has already had experience

of psychic phenomena. But if the desire is solely for personal knowledge it is best to go alone.

The medium will generally ask for some article belonging to the person who has passed over. This is useful for psychometry, and a good sensitive will receive from any such object a very clear vision of the character and personality of the owner. But this faculty is not necessarily allied to mediumship, and it is better to get the messages without such help.

The sitter should be careful to give no clues of any kind. The best way to approach a medium is to say: "I am a serious inquirer. I have friends on the other side, and I believe there are some who may desire to communicate with me. I want evidence of identity, if possible. I don't want anything about my own past or my own future, or about myself at all, except in so far as it touches those who communicate."

The medium may very likely give descriptions of people other than those the sitter is anxious about. Sometimes grandparents, or even more remote relations, are the first to manifest. The sitter must not be disappointed, and above all must not fail to acknowledge any descriptions that are accurate. Sometimes these older spirits who have grown accustomed to the conditions come to show the way to the younger and newer ones. They do not come for selfish gratification, and they should always be greeted and thanked. It is a good rule in spirit intercourse, as in life, to put yourself in the place of the other person. Imagine how you would feel if you had undertaken a long and difficult journey to take a message for a friend, and if when you got to your destination you found the door shut in your face. I have seen that done myself at a seance where friends of mine were trying to get news of their son. A very clear description was given of the grandfather, and of another relation of the same generation, of one of the sitters. But my friends would have none of them. They did not want to be bothered with grandparents; they wanted nothing but their boy. So the slender thread was broken, and no message came of any value. If the sitter gets any clear indication that a friend or relation is present, let him regard it as the first precious link in the chain, and hold on to it until the next link is forged.

A normal medium will be able to decide for himself how long the sitting shall continue, but a trance medium is at the mercy of the sitter and the control. No ordinary sitting should last much more than an hour. The sitter can bring it to an end by saying: "Good-bye," and then waiting quietly until the medium comes back to the normal; and in the interest of the medium this should be done.

Another point to remember is that mediums are usually very highly-strung, nervous people. The term "sensitive" as applied to them is really descriptive. Great care should be taken to make the "atmosphere" right. It is best for those who are recently bereaved not to ask for a sitting unless they are sure of being able to exercise self-control. The attitude of mind of the sitter is always conveyed to the medium in some degree, and also to the communicating spirits. The sitter who brings to the inquiry the purest and loftiest ideals and the calmest mind

will get the best results. Excitement and emotion make bad conditions.

If the sitter should be so fortunate as to get quickly into touch with some spirit who has only recently gone over, it is best not to try at once for answers to questions that are intended as tests. The proofs of identity that will satisfy our mundane ideas are often very difficult to obtain. Many things that we attach importance to are non-existent on the other side. Names are often forgotten or only half-remembered. This need not surprise us when we reflect that shock will often mean loss of memory even in life, and that

there are absent-minded people who forget their own names and addresses.

The best way to select a medium is for the inquirer to go to some approved society, establish his *bona fides*, and ask for a recommendation. It must be remembered that there is a legal persecution of mediums at present, and that all sensitives are unwilling to entertain strangers. The fees of mediums vary according to status. Some only ask the modest fee of half-a-crown, and others are able to command a guinea. The quality is not always in proportion to the price.

(To be continued.)

The Welcome of the Hero.

By ONE WHO WITNESSED IT.

[The following letter is the first of a series of three which have been written by a grandfather in spirit-life to his grandson now fighting in France. They have been received inspirationally by the boy's mother, a Scottish lady, who has kindly sent them to us in the hope that they may bring comfort to some who are mourning hopelessly for their beloved. The letters are in the form of stories which might appropriately enough be entitled—"New Tales of a Grandfather."]

MY DEAR BOY COLIN,

Nearly three years ago, when this great war first began, a fine, splendid young hero came suddenly to our world. Many of them did, but this deals with one in particular. He was in a great battle, and in the midst of all the horrors of a heavy bombardment, when he was struck by a piece of shrapnel and knew no more. He awakened to find all quiet around him, for the tide of battle had retreated, and he thought himself lost. He felt curiously free from all feeling of strain and tiredness, and sat up and looked around him. Finally, he rose to his feet and felt himself all over, but no trace of hurt was there, and all around him was a wonderful stillness and calm. "It is strange," he thought; "where can all the boys have got to? and where are the signs of the fight? I must be hopelessly lost!" But as he thus reasoned a voice answered: "No, you are not lost, you have but come to your kingdom. Many friends await you here, and I have been sent to take you to the place where a glorious welcome awaits you." The boy turned and beheld a man (a soldier like himself, but dressed as were the knights of old) standing beside him, and holding by the bridles two beautiful horses. "Mount," said the stranger, "and let us away!" The boy could not understand the meaning of it all, but he was not able to resist the winning smile of his guide, nor the fascination of the beautiful horse offered him. So he mounted, and off they went, almost flying; and the glory of that ride—over hill and dale, and across the plains, away like the wind—till they came to a lovely city, lying amidst beautiful woods and groves, and with a broad, shining river running right through its heart. As they approached, they drew rein and moved slowly forward. A procession was coming to meet them from the city. First of all, children with flowers—no end of flowers—which were strewn on the path of the boy. Then a huge army of soldiers followed—soldiers, first of the time of his guide, and all of them dressed like knights of old. Then soldiers of later periods. And last of all, his own comrades, who had fallen before he had. "What does it mean?" he asked, and his guide told him that he had come home to the *real* world, and that all those who came to meet him were heroes also

who had at one period or another *died* for their country. And this was his "welcome home." So with shouts of joy and welcome from the assembled multitude he passed through their ranks and entered the city. Everywhere the people lined the route and cheered him as he passed, till the procession approached a beautiful building resembling a large hall or church. There they dismounted and entered. As they stepped inside a peal of triumphant music burst forth, and the refrain was taken up by those outside, till the air vibrated with the triumphant melody of it all. At the far end of the great building there was a raised platform, made in the form of a large pulpit, modelled like a huge bird with wings outspread. Under the canopy of those wings stood a warrior-priest, dressed in flowing robes of purest white and studded with diamonds. His sword and shield stood up behind him, and their brilliance reflected his upright manly figure, and cast a dazzling radiance around him. His face, lit at that moment with a smile of welcome, expressed strength, and love, and divine wisdom. He advanced to meet the boy hero, and led him forward to the altar. There, amid the silence of the vast crowd who had followed and taken their seats in the hall, he addressed him: "Son, you have come home to your inheritance, to the land where brave men come who have made the supreme sacrifice for the sake of right and liberty; and this first acknowledgment of what you have done is made you publicly by one who fell many centuries ago, also fighting, like yourself, to free and save his country from a foreign yoke." With that the warrior-priest took a wreath of laurel, which the pulpit bird held in its beak, and placed it on the boy's head. Thereupon the whole company knelt down and asked the blessing of the great Over-Soul upon their newly-arrived brother. And as they prayed a ray of golden light descended and streamed on to the boy's head. Again the unseen orchestra pealed out its joyous triumphant symphony, and the people quietly dispersed, leaving the boy and his guide alone amid the softening melody. As it died away the boy again asked: "What does it all mean?" And his guide answered: "It is the welcome prepared for all who, like you, have given their lives for the sake of others." Now we shall go to your personal home, where all the friends whom you knew and loved on Earth await your coming." So he led him to a beautiful home in this wonderful city, where awaited him all the dear ones whom he had loved and lost awhile. And with them many others who had loved him as a little child, and had come before him to the Summer Land,

The Case of Mrs. Mary Davies.

AN IMPORTANT DIVISIONAL COURT DECISION.

A DECISION of considerable importance to Spiritualists and psychic practitioners was given in a King's Bench Divisional Court on October 25th, on the point whether "intention to deceive" is an ingredient in an offence under the Vagrancy Act, 1824 (5 George IV, c. 83), section 4. Mr. Denman, the magistrate at Marylebone Police Court, had ruled in the case against Mrs. Mary Davies, who described herself as a "Spiritualistic Medium and Clairvoyante," of 93 Regent Street, London, that evidence offered on her behalf, to the effect that she honestly believed she had supernatural powers, was not relevant to the question whether she had an intention to deceive by her acts. According to the *Times Law Report* of the case,

The magistrate held that the question of *bona fides* in that sense was irrelevant to the issue, because the act of professing to tell fortunes, especially when done for gain, was prohibited entirely by the Vagrancy Act, irrespective of the intention of the person. He therefore proceeded to deal with the case on the assumption that the appellant might have honestly believed or persuaded herself that she had the power which she had claimed in her evidence, and he convicted her.

This verdict having been appealed against, the Divisional Court (Justices Darling, Avory and Sankey) decided by a majority, Justice Avory being the dissentient, that evidence as to intention ought to have been admitted, and remitted the case back to the magistrate to hear the evidence. This decision means a reversal of general magisterial practice in these cases, and ought to have considerable effect in cases where honest persons, whether they be palmists, astrologers, or spiritualistic mediums, are proceeded against.

Mr. JUSTICE SANKEY, in giving judgment, said that the words of section 4 of the Vagrancy Act, 1824, were "Every person pretending or professing to tell fortunes, or using any subtle craft, means, or device, by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive or impose on any of his Majesty's subjects . . . shall be deemed a rogue and vagabond." It appeared to him that the words "to deceive or impose on any of his Majesty's subjects" referred to everything preceding them, and that intention was one of the ingredients of the offence. The point had really already been decided in *Reg. v. Entwistle* (1899, 1 Q.B., 846), the headnote of which correctly stated the decision: namely, that to justify a conviction there must be intention to deceive; but that such intention need not be specifically alleged. In *Penny v. Hanson* (3 *Times L.R.*, 409; 18 Q.B.D., 478) there was the finding that the appellant told the fortunes with the intent to deceive. In his view the magistrate in this case had acted wrongly in refusing the evidence tendered to him, and the appeal should be allowed (*Times Law Report*, Vol. 34, No 2, pp. 24, 25).

Accordingly the case was again brought up before Mr. Denman on November 13th. Counsel for defendant said he proposed to call evidence to show that she had on other occasions given successful demonstrations of her mediumistic capacity, and that consequently she might honestly believe she possessed it, and had therefore no intention to deceive. Mr. Denman said he had before ruled out evidence of character, as he had been willing to assume that defendant was honest. A lady witness, who had consulted Mrs. Davies in January, was now called, and was beginning to give evidence as to what she had then been told by defendant, but Mr. Denman said this could have no relevance to the act defendant was charged with having committed in the month of May. If a man steals a purse

from someone, he said, it is not relevant to call a number of other persons to swear that he did not on other particular occasions steal their purses. He was not going into what happened on other occasions, because he would have to try that. Another lady witness entered the box, and was asked what view she had formed of defendant's character. She replied that she believed her to be a genuine psychic, a very earnest Christian woman, and one willing to help anyone in distress. Mr. Denman: "Do you mean a Christian woman in a technical sense?" Witness: "She cannot be a Christian woman unless she practices Christianity." Mr. Denman: "There were some questionable books found on her premises, called 'The Equinox.' Have you heard of that?" Witness: "I know nothing about them." Counsel said he would not call further evidence, and suggested that defendant had been operated upon by the police witnesses through thought-transference. The magistrate said there could be no thought-transference in the case. Defendant had shut her eyes and had pretended that she saw this, that, and the other. A woman told her she had a brother in the Flying Corps, and she wanted to know about him. She had, in fact, no such brother; but defendant proceeded to imagine all kinds of things that she said were happening, and she desired this woman to believe that her brother was suffering misfortune, a thing which did harm to weak persons' minds. To a second woman she had described her husband, but she had in fact no husband at all. The third case was even stronger, but he would not waste time going into it. What she said had no more to do with the real facts surrounding her interrogators than with the Man in the Moon. A more contemptible exposition of anything in the way of a show could not be imagined. Was defendant suffering from hallucination, or was she telling a lot of lies to impose upon these people in order to get from them a fee of 10s. 6d., when what she said was not worth a brass farthing? It was perfectly plain to him that the defendant's motive had been to put money into her own pocket by telling her clients things that were worthless, thereby deceiving and imposing upon them. His former decision would therefore be repeated, the penalties being £20 each in two cases, with 10 guineas costs.

NOTE.—We report the facts of this case, which has excited some public interest, to show that while it secured an important decision in law, it was not on the facts all that could be desired. It is clear that neither Spiritualism nor anything quite like it was the question at issue; but, unhappily, something of a different character, which no Spiritualist would either approve or condone. It is, perhaps, only fair to say, however, that the defendant may possess genuine psychic faculties (of that we have no personal knowledge), and that she was possibly improperly affected by the police spy-witnesses, who went to her assuming a deceitful role in order that they might entrap her. A mariner's compass can be deflected out of the true by the deliberate use of a magnet, and a hypnotised subject can be made, at the suggestion of another, to act in a ridiculous manner, quite out of keeping with his normal conduct. Similarly, sensitive and mediumistic persons can be taken advantage of by having false suggestions forced upon them by persons sent out by the police for a certain purpose. This process, as we have frequently pointed out, is not in keeping with either the dignity or the majesty of the law, which ought to proceed against offenders in an impersonal manner, and not by provoking or manufacturing crimes.—*Ed. I.P.G.*

THE International Psychic Gazette

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Christmas Legends.

CANON FARRAR, in his "Life of Christ," has told us that "all attempts to discover the month and day of the Nativity are useless; no data whatever exist to enable us to determine them with even approximate accuracy." The 25th of December is now universally celebrated as the birth-date of Jesus, but Christians in early times celebrated it in the months of February, June, July, August, or September. Authorities on the subject have traced no fewer than 136 different dates fixed on by different Christian sects. The 25th of December was adopted by Pope Julius I., in A.D. 357, for what seems a curious reason. St. Chrysostom, writing in the same century, says: "On this day also the birth of Christ was lately fixed at Rome, in order that, while the heathen were busy with their ceremonies (in honour of Bacchus), the Christians might perform their rites undisturbed." But there was a deeper reason than that for fixing on the 25th of December. It was a day sacred in many ancient religions, because at that time the sun reached the Winter solstice. It was "*Natalis solis invicti*," the birthday of the unconquerable sun on its annual re-emergence from the womb of Winter and setting out anew on its pilgrimage along the path of the heavens. Astronomically it was not the precise date of the entry of the sun into the sign of Capricorn, which is December 21st, but to the Ancients it was the day "when the sun perceptibly began to return northward." It is a most significant fact in the history of the world's religions that almost every nation of which we have any record held high festival at this time in honour of the birth of some Divine Being or Saviour, generally worshipped as the sun-god, while the adoration offered his mother invested her with the purity of a virgin. There is a great body of legendary tradition on the subject, and it is somewhat of a shock to find that our own Christian religion has incorporated that in a rather wholesale manner, though that fact does not, of course, throw any doubt on the historicity of Jesus, the son of Joseph the carpenter, or modify one whit the supreme nobility of His Sermon on the Mount.

Let us glance at one or two of these ancient legends, beginning with Krishna, whom Edward Schuré describes in his work on "The Great Initiates" as "This first of the Messiahs, this eldest of the sons of God." Krishna is regarded in India as "the very supreme Brahma, though it be a mystery how the Supreme should assume the form of a man." His mother was Devaki, a virgin, and his birth was of a miraculous nature. At the time of his birth his foster-father, Nanda, had come to the city to pay his taxes. Krishna was born in a dungeon, which was miraculously illuminated, and a chorus of angels saluted him. A wise man visited his parents, examined his stars, and declared him of Divine descent. By flight he was preserved from the cruelty of his uncle, Kansa (the Hindu Herod), who, in hopes

of killing the royal babe, ordered the slaughter of all newly-born male children in his dominions. As a child he astonished his teachers by his wisdom. He performed many miracles, was assailed by devils, and washed the feet of his Brahmin disciples. Barth, in his "Religions of India," refers to the points of similarity between the Christian legends and these earlier Indian traditions "in connection with a god whose very name has a certain affinity in sound."

In the Egyptian religion we find that the sacred Horus, the child of Deity, who was called Saviour, and "the Great God, loved of Heaven," had his birth celebrated on the 25th of December. He was believed to be a re-incarnation of his own father, Osiris, who was also called Saviour, and was born at the Winter solstice of an immaculate virgin, one of whose titles was the Mother of God. Osiris and Horus were each called "King of Kings" and "Lords of Lords." Angelic voices proclaimed the birth of Osiris, while all Nature hushed and stood still to listen. St. James, in his Apocryphal Gospel, says similarly that "at the moment of the birth of Jesus all Nature stood motionless, and a hush fell on the earth and its creatures."

In Babylonia the sun-god, Tammuz, was also reputed miraculously born, and was called Saviour. He was regarded as both the son and husband of his mother. "N. Williamson" (Scott-Elliott), in his work on "The Great Law," to which we are chiefly indebted for the record of these facts, asks: "Can it be that this old Babylonian legend is but an archaic version of the story of the Christian nativity—God the Son incarnating as Jesus Christ, while he is at the same time but another aspect of God the Father?"

In Persia the sun-god, Mithra, was born in a cave at the Winter solstice, and his birthday was celebrated with many rejoicings on our Christmas Day, for he also was called Saviour and Mediator. Zoroaster, another Persian deity, was "born in innocence of an immaculate conception of a ray of the Divine Reason, and as soon as he was born such a light shone from his body as illumined the whole room."

In ancient Mexico the inhabitants worshipped a Saviour, named Quetzalcoatl, miraculously born also, on our Christmas Day. He ruled and taught the people for a time, then announced that he had completed his work, and, entering a skiff, sailed towards the east, saying that his father had need of him, but promising to return again and reign.

According to the Chinese, Buddha was born of a virgin mother, owing to the overshadowing power of the Holy Spirit, and his birth was announced in the heavens by a Messianic star. He, too, is at once the Father and the Son, who of his own free will became incarnate, that he might remove the veil of ignorance and sin from the world.

It is unnecessary to further multiply instances. They all point to the universality of sun-worship among widely-scattered nations in past ages, and its accompanying celebration of the birth of Divine sons from Heaven at the season of the Winter equinox. Though these legends may rob us of our Christian pride in an exclusive and transcendent tradition, they may help us to remember, when we hear the musical chimes of Christmas Eve, that we are joint-heirs with all mankind of an even greater heritage than we had ever dreamt of.

J. L.

Important Interview

With Sir William Crookes, O.M., F.R.S.

RE-AFFIRMATION OF HIS BELIEF IN SPIRITUALISM.

By THE EDITOR.

ON November 7th we were accorded the great honour of a short interview with Sir William Crookes, who by universal consent is acknowledged as England's most eminent Man of Science. We had for years wished that we might have an opportunity of seeing, even at a respectful distance, the man who above all others has rescued from the hazy mists of superstition, and the angry turmoil of bitter prejudice, the glorious truths of personal survival and of actual communion between persons living here on earth and persons living in spirit on the next stage of life. But Sir William, who is now in his eighty-sixth year, is seldom seen in the busy haunts of men, though he still does invaluable active service for his country by acting in an advisory and consultative capacity on various War and Government Committees. So we wrote in the beginning of last month suggesting an interview on behalf of the *International Psychic Gazette*, and were delighted next morning to receive a letter saying he would be pleased to see us that afternoon, and thanking us for sending two copies of the *Gazette*, the articles in which he said had "interested him very much." On our calling at his stately residence, in Kensington, the door was opened by a homely servant, who had probably been in the family for many years. She said: "Now you won't keep Sir William long, will you? And you won't weary him?"

We promised, and were immediately escorted to Sir William's spacious library upstairs. Sir William received us with a gracious courtesy, his first thought apparently being to put us at our ease. After shaking hands and placing a chair for us by his inglenook, he ordered tea to be brought. In our fancy we had pictured Sir William as a tall, broad-shouldered, forceful personality, for he has never shirked a strenuous battle for new truths during his illustrious career; but, somewhat to our surprise, we found him rather slender in build, with a manner at once gentle and unassuming. Though his hair and beard were of pure white, his eye was clear (he does not require to use spectacles), and his intellect as acute as ever, though he mentioned that his memory was not always as good as it was. While we chatted during tea we could not help being reminded of the aged Cato (of whom Cicero has left us an imperishable picture in "De Senectute"), who bore with ease and cheerfulness the burden of years, and

discouraging genially to his friends, seated on the "hemicyclium" around his fireside, told them, with some pride—

"Nothing can be more void of foundation than to assert that old age necessarily disqualifies a man for the great affairs of the world. As well might it be affirmed that the pilot is totally useless and unengaged in the business of the ship, because, while the rest of the crew are more actively employed in their respective departments, he sits quietly at the helm and directs its motions. If in the great scenes of business an old man cannot perform a part which requires the force and energy of vigorous years, he can act, however, in a nobler and more important character. It is not by exertions of corporeal strength and activity that the momentous affairs of State are conducted; it is by cool deliberation, by prudent counsel, and by that authoritative influence which ever attends

on public esteem—qualifications which are so far from being impaired that they are usually strengthened, and improved, by increase of years."

After tea we asked Sir William if he would care to tell us of some of the experiences which had led him to a belief in Spiritualism?

"No," he replied, "I do not think I should care to do that, for whenever I have done so it has led to my receiving shoals of letters from persons I knew nothing whatever about, and that is very troublesome."

"Then, perhaps," we said "you would not mind giving a little message to the present times on the subject."

Sir William replied, with slow deliberation: "I HAVE NEVER HAD ANY OCCASION TO CHANGE MY MIND ON THE SUBJECT. I AM PERFECTLY SATISFIED

WITH WHAT I HAVE SAID IN EARLIER DAYS. IT IS QUITE TRUE THAT A CONNECTION HAS BEEN SET UP BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT."

"And that that fact has been scientifically established as truly as any other fact in science?" we asked.

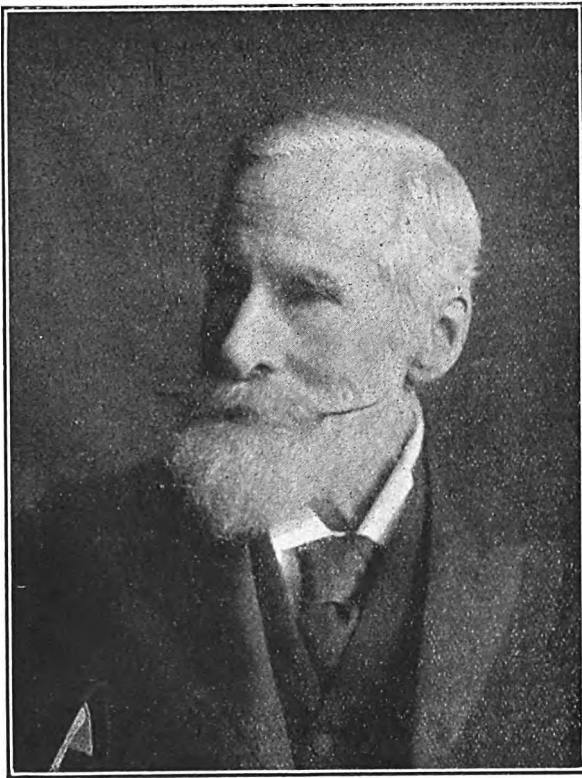
"Well, I feel so," he replied.

"I believe, Sir William, you used to see materialised forms of spirits in the light of day?" we asked.

"Materialisations," he replied, "were not quite the same as present-day materialisations. Miss Cook used to go into a room leading from the room in which I was sitting. There was a curtain hanging between the two rooms. She sat down there in the dark, and after I had waited some time the curtain would be drawn aside and someone else would come out."

"That was Katie King?" we asked.

"Yes, and I have seen them both together as well."



SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, O.M., F.R.S.

'Have you talked with Katie King, the spirit who materialised?'

"My recollection is not so good now as it ought to be, but to my idea then Katie King was a human being, who talked like anybody else, only her voice was quite different from Florrie Cook's. I never had any occasion to suspect Florrie Cook of cheating."

"That was in fact impossible, was it not, owing to the strict conditions you imposed?"

"I am quite sure of it."

Sir William, after a pause, said: "I don't know if you are aware I have had a great misfortune lately" (referring to the recent passing on of Lady Crookes).

We nodded affirmatively, and Sir William continued: "I have had communication with her direct. I don't think I should object to this being mentioned, with no very great prominence. I have received a beautiful photograph of her. I went down to Crewe and had my photograph taken by the mediums known as 'The Crewe Circle.' My portrait was a very good one, and on the same negative was a good, recognisable portrait of my departed wife just by the side of me.

Now, I had taken the packet of plates with me from London in my pocket. I bought them in this neighbourhood, and took the packet down unopened just as I had received it. And when I got to Mr. Hope's (the photographer) I went into his dark-room with him; he was quite willing. I then opened the packet of plates myself and took out one of them, which I marked with my initials. I wrapped up the remaining eleven plates in the paper they came in. Then I put my marked plate in the dark slide and put it in my pocket. We next went out into the room where Mr. Hope takes his photographs. I sat down in a chair, and when all was ready for him to photograph me I handed the dark slide to the lady who was with me, from London, and she handed it to him. Mr. Hope simply put the slide into the camera, opened it, took my photograph, shut it up again, took the slide out of the camera, and handed it back to the lady, who gave it to me. Thereupon I took it into the dark-room and developed the plate myself. I may say I am an experienced photographer. Mr. Hope did not touch the plate until after it was fixed. I brought it home here and printed from it.

"Now that, I think, is a very good test. I had only the one photograph taken. The Crewe people had no idea what I wanted. There was no one visible by my side, and the lady who accompanied me from London saw nothing there. Well, I shall show you the picture. Everybody who has seen it who knew my wife—not simply our relations and family—recognise it as her portrait. It is not like any other portrait I have. The expression is similar to that she wore during the weakness of her last illness. She was interested in the subject of Spiritualism, so there

would be nothing strange to her about this manifestation. I am practically satisfied that she does live on, because I have had so many messages through friends who are mediumistic, and these messages have had something in them which showed her personality."

We ventured to ask Sir William if we might have a copy of this convincing spirit photograph to reproduce in the *Gazette*. But the idea of its appearance in any public journal seemed to shock him. He said: "No, not that. It is too sacred. Remember, please, the subject; we were together for over sixty years." That was a painful moment we were truly sorry to have occasioned. Sir William, however, in a tone of marvellous kindness, said immediately: "But I have a beautiful portrait I will give you." He looked for it, and found it in one of the drawers in his writing desk, and, handing it to us, said: "I will tell you how I got that portrait. I know of a very clever lady artist in Italy who once painted an excellent portrait of myself from a photograph. So as soon as my dear wife left me I asked this lady if she could paint her portrait for me. She undertook to try, and so

I sent her many photographs of Lady Crookes, taken at different times, and from studying these the artist has painted a life-size picture in colours which really strikes me as being the finest portrait I have. It is much more true to life than any single photograph. I will show you the original."

Sir William led the way to his private laboratory, leading out of the library, and showed us there the painting, which seemed indeed a most vivid and brilliant piece of portraiture.

On returning to the library, Sir William was kind enough to give us a copy of his own portrait, and we asked:

"Is there any likelihood, Sir, of your work, 'Researches into Spiritualism,' being republished, as for

many years it has been difficult to secure a copy."

Sir William astonished us by replying: "I had nothing to do with the 'Researches.' It was simply published by someone gathering together the papers I had written and bringing them out without my knowing anything about it. I never saw the proofs, and did not even hear of it before it was published, and (with a smile) I never got twopence for it! I reaped, however, a great deal of abuse!"

"But that has pretty well died away, has it not?" we asked.

"I don't think the subject is much believed in yet by scientific men," he replied.

"This study has, however, killed the old Materialism of the scientists?" we asked.

"I THINK IT HAS," said Sir William; "IT HAS AT LEAST CONVINCED THE GREAT MAJORITY OF PEOPLE, WHO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE SUBJECT, OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE NEXT WORLD."



THE LATE LADY CROOKES.

The Phrenology of Jesus.—A Christmas Study.

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

CHRISTMAS is the one ever-memorable festival of the year to which everybody renders some form of tribute. One's mind is irresistibly drawn to the great central fact that its existence is due to the belief that it is the anniversary of the birth of the man who takes rank as the greatest in all history, because of the wonderful influence of his teaching upon the civilised and educated peoples of the world. The greatest intellects of the past 2,000 years have bowed to his authority. The world is full of the most striking and convincing evidences of the amazing sway of this marvellous being. To their reverence and adoration of him men have consecrated their noblest endowments. Philosophers have devoted their sagacity and reason to elucidate and reveal his teachings. Painters and sculptors have dedicated to his honour the most delightful productions of their exalted talent. Poets have laid at his feet their sweetest songs and made him the subject of their holiest inspirations. Musicians have found no loftier theme through which to give, in grandest harmonies, their masterpieces to the world. Orators have poured forth such marvellous gems of utterances in their exaltation and praise of him as, making the pulses thrill and the emotions throb, have lifted the souls of men to divinest heights, and tens of thousands, in fealty to him whom they acknowledge as Lord, have gladly given their lives in stake-fires and arena-butchery. Surely this is proof, if any were needed, of the marvellous potency of his wonderful individuality.

It is no part of my intention to deal with any point which will induce theological discussion, but with facts as I find them in relation to Jesus of Nazareth, the "Son of Man," as recorded in the Gospels, and purely from a phrenological standpoint. It is the usual practice of the phrenologist to infer the capacity of a man from the size, form and quality of his brain, but it is equally within his province to deduce the size, form and quality of the brain from the known character and capacity of the individual; an exercise to which I propose to apply myself in this article. The reason for my adopting this course is that there is no known authentic likeness of Jesus extant. There have been produced figures which are said to represent him, but I have seen no evidence as to their correctness.

Of course I must accept as reliable the testimony of the Gospel writers, as no other facts are available. These are very meagre, however, leaving much to be inferred. It is, nevertheless, possible to present to the mental vision a fairly accurate picture from the data given. Jesus was a Jew, and doubtless possessed the virile physique of that healthy and abstemious race. A working man, used to the exercises of the workshop, yet not enamoured of his trade, in all his discourses he is never once recorded as making the slightest reference to the work of the bench. Amid the scores of illustrations he used in his addresses there is not a single mention of bench, saw, plane, or other carpenter's tool. The conclusion is plain—he was no lover of his trade, and sought other outlets for his energies. His forte was in a moral and intellectual direction, and it is here that we must seek for his physical as well as his mental expression.

No evidence is given as to his having performed any feats of strength, such as strong men delight

in. The inference is that temperamentally his Osseous and Muscular developments were subordinate, though sufficiently powerful to keep him healthy.

The Nutritive temperament is well in evidence. He tells us he came eating and drinking, and there are many references to his engaging in this exercise. He was charged by his enemies with that he ate with publicans and sinners. His love of the open air, in which so much of his life is recorded to have been spent, stamps him as having the Sanguine temperament in full measure. The whole trend and tendency of his life, as shown by his preaching and other mental operations, leave no doubt that the Nerval temperament occupied first place. There are many evidences of this: for instance his extreme sensitiveness when he felt that virtue had gone out of him through a touch, and his intense emotions as expressed at Gethsemane. The phrenologist would class him as of the Nerval-Sanguine temperament.

Judging from the New Testament narrative, the two paramount lobes of his brain were the Frontal and Parietal. Of the others little need be said. The Temporal lobe was rarely in evidence; but there are some references showing it to have been comparatively small. In regard to Destructiveness he said: "I came not to destroy;" and, further, that an angry man was in danger of Hell. Obviously a weak organ, as was Combativeness, for he tells us not to resist him that is evil, to love our enemies, and to turn the other cheek to the smiter. The same may be said of Acquisitiveness, as when he urged his hearers not to lay up treasures on earth. The Occipital lobe was not much, if any, larger. He was a celibate and non-parent, and home instincts had apparently but little charm for him. There are no references to his home life, his mother and relatives being frequently treated as strangers. His love of children was not of the parental kind, and was undoubtedly due to his powerful Benevolence. The only organ in this lobe which was apparent was Adhesiveness. He loved his disciples as personal friends, and this faculty drew men to him, leaving homes, friends and employment to follow him. Of the influence of the Parietal lobe there is much more evidence. Firmness stands prominently out: "He spake as one having authority," "Ye have heard that it hath been said of old time, . . . but I say unto you," etc. He healed diseases by a word. His Self-Esteem manifested itself in self-reliance and self-control. His control of hunger for forty days, and his retirement from the multitude who would have made him a king, are proofs of this. Approbateness was weak. He never sought applause, and when men recognised the good he did his injunctions were: "See thou tell no man of this." He adjured men not to do their alms that others might see them, and not to let one hand know what the other did.

It is the frontal lobe, however, which is nearly always manifesting its power, though there are some notable lapses among the organs of that lobe. Among others Tune plays no part in his life. There is no reference to Music through the whole of his career. The faculties which were most prominent were Benevolence, Comparison, Spirituality, Hope, Veneration, Human

Nature, Language, Ideality, and Sublimity. Benevolence even to self-sacrifice, is so marked a feature, as in the healing of the sick, giving sight to the blind, and withholding condemnation from the guilty, that it is not necessary to dwell on them. And so with Comparison. Whoever, before or since, has used a tithe of the similes and metaphors which were commonplaces with him? Flowers, animals, fruits, trees, money, winds, rocks, rain, leaven, reeds, sparrows, light, darkness, motes, beams, lilies, pearls, etc., and a myriad other objects, were called upon to add their quota of wisdom to adorn his wonderful teaching.

His knowledge of men and their failures was remarkable, due to his large Human Nature. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone" is exquisite as revealing his acquaintance with human weaknesses. Of the other faculties mentioned it is not necessary to speak in detail. All readers of the New Testament will recognise them as powerful features in his character.

The temperaments and organs mentioned as being the most prominent will be represented in a head having light auburn hair, with eyes intensely dark, but large and very prominent;

a face inclined to pallor, but tinged with pink, which gets red as the result of physical exercise. Neck fairly long, and head set high on the shoulders. The forehead would be very high, and not broad except at the upper region, where it would be wider than just over the eye level. The top head would be well arched from front to back, but would fall off somewhat from the crown. A side view of the forehead would show prominent brows, and a beautiful convex curve above them continuing into the arch at the top of the head. The back head would be comparatively flat, whilst the width of the side head directly over the ears would be half-an-inch narrower than a measure taken two inches above the ears.

Of all the published paintings of the head of Jesus that I have seen there is not one which shows his three greatest mental possessions—Benevolence, Comparison, and Language—as indicated by phrenology. When will some painter or sculptor arise who will give us a scientific presentation of the type of head capable of doing what is recorded as having been done by Jesus of Nazareth? When?

The State's Need of Phrenology.

By J. MILLOTT SEVERN, F.B.P.S., Brighton.

The following address was delivered at the British Phrenological Congress, Essex Hall, London, on November 9th.

THE extent to which Phrenology may benefit the State has never been fully realised. Public authority has always been tardy in its acceptance and support of the science; yet the State's need of Phrenology is evidenced in nearly every department of governmental administration. The practical Phrenologist is daily advising and helping the working classes, and the business and professional classes, and the valuable services so rendered are constantly recognised and followed with successful results. If this can be proved, as it certainly can, by personal testimony and practical results, why may not Phrenology be applied to the higher functions of the State. In every important transaction that has to do with the engaging and employment of men, the economy of brains and ability, and the placing of the right man in the right position, Phrenology is absolutely essential and necessary if the best results are to be obtained. If Phrenology is successful in estimating the brain development of a child, and predicting its prospective abilities, its capacity for acquiring education and training, adaptation to pursuits and possibilities of success, while the brain is but little advanced beyond its embryonic state, then it should assuredly be an easy matter to diagnose the brain capacities of older persons, and to show their intellectual fitness for positions ranging from the lowliest to the very highest, including Ministers of State.

It should be insisted upon by the electors that every candidate for parliamentary, municipal, and other State and public positions, should be subjected to a phrenological examination, and the best fitted according to the formation of their heads and the volume and quality of their brains should be elected. It would save an immense amount of unnecessary competition, trouble, misunderstanding, blundering, and expense, I can assure you. I have tried it on some of the candidates for the Brighton Town

Council years ago with satisfactory results. Phrenology should be utilised in this way regularly in every town and city; and in the same manner it should certainly be applied to all candidates for parliamentary posts.

Organisers and builders of big business concerns have awakened to the value of brains as an asset in business efficiency. The State needs to be awakened to the necessity of brains in State efficiency. It is becoming common language now, in the daily newspapers and magazines, to talk about "brain capacity," "how the present war can only be won by the best brains, and consequently the strongest effort," "how the public waits for signs of growing grip and brains of the highest order at work on organisation—the brains of organisers of victory," "how to avoid putting square pegs in round holes," and other similar expressions; and yet, so far, all this pleading for the need of brain efficiency in statesmanship and public affairs amounts to little more than mere talk. The authorities and those in command have no scientific formula by which they can calculate a candidate's brain capacity or his intellectual grip and ability, nor will they ever have until the Phrenologist is called in to their assistance. Seldom is there a dearth of prospective candidates for governmental and official posts, many of whom may possess high-sounding credentials. These are frequently tried and found wanting, and others are installed in their places in rapid succession, while the efficiency of their department lags and suffers, to an irretrievable extent in some instances.

There is a remedy for this deplorable state of things, and that remedy is Phrenology; and the sooner it is recognised the better will it be for the State and the nation. Phrenology may be relied upon in the selection of the right man for the right place.

State Ministers ought to be chosen according to the formation of their heads, which is an absolute indication of their brain capacities and abilities, and not merely upon personal influence,

credentials, or reputation. Reputation is not always a sure indication of character or ability. A man may have a good reputation while his brains may be weak and his character quite unreliable, or he may be mentally fitted for something different. In our search for the cause of failure we find it in the fact that so few people are in their right place in the world. A man may be a success in some other calling who would be a failure in the one for which he is designated, and generally so haphazardly chosen. There should be State Phrenologists; and the services of the Phrenologist should be requisitioned for every department in the State in which large numbers of persons are employed, so that the best and most suitably endowed for the work required may be selected.

The value of vocational guidance has been recognised for some time both here and in America, but vocational advice lacking the phrenological diagnosis of brains and ability is incomplete. Phrenology is the most important department of vocational guidance, and it should be employed, not alone in business and State concerns, but also in the school. The practising Phrenologist is a valuable asset to every community. There should be at least one phrenological practitioner in every town and city in Great Britain, and in fact in every town and city of the world. Wherever Phrenology is honestly practised greater prosperity will prevail, because the existing mentality of citizens will be better known and more fully utilised. The municipal authorities and tradespeople and residents of every town should encourage the establishment of a phrenological institution in their midst, where they can take their children and know for certain their mental abilities or deficiencies, and in what they can best succeed. In cases of the poorer classes these should have free coupons from the local municipal authorities entitling them to free delineations; and the local authorities should undertake to subsidise the Phrenologist for services so rendered. The community would be amply repaid by the economy of brains and the better mental growth and services of its citizens. This will be done in America long before we adopt it, unless we soon commence.

It should be insisted upon that Phrenology should be taught in our schools. It has been suggested that it might be adopted in the place of German; it would certainly be more agreeable and fascinating, and much more useful. The utility of Phrenology in our educational curriculum cannot be over-estimated. It should be taught as a necessary subject along with science, the classics, and modern business education; and there should be a consulting Phrenologist attached to every school, to advise regarding the children's mentality and their capacity and adaptation to the different kinds of studies. We shall never make the best of our children mentally until we are rid of the idea that one and all can be taught the same and on the same lines. There is as much difference in children's mental development and their cranial capacity as there is in the vast accommodation of the palace as compared with the primitive cottage or a dug-out. You may standardise the nation's ships, and boots, and clothing, but you cannot standardise brains.

The authorities now recognise the need of the medical man, the dentist, and the oculist, in our public schools to inspect the physical

conditions, the eyes, teeth, and general health of the children. All this is good and necessary; yet there is a greater need of the mental specialist—the Phrenologist—to inspect the mental condition and advise regarding the children's aptitude, ability, and fitness for study and the educational tasks allotted to them.

The ravages of the present war having so depleted the manhood of the nation, makes the educational welfare, health, and mentality of the nation's children a matter of serious concern at the present time, and will necessitate still greater care and vigilance in all these matters in the near future. We shall have to take every possible care of our growing boys and girls; they are more than ever the most valuable asset the State possesses.

Phrenology would be immediately useful to the State in choosing the most efficient soldiers and sailors, army and naval officers, and doctors; in selecting the best mechanics, both for the army, naval, air or home services, munition workers, organisers, diplomatists, the best type of students for medical practice and surgery, chemists, dentists, State service, or scientific research. It would be helpful in a more satisfactory solution of the problems of the conscientious objector, in detecting the fraudulent from the honest, and in deciding the best and most suitable future occupations and careers for our home-coming physically disabled and blinded soldiers and sailors. In all these and many other matters materially affecting the State's progress and efficiency Phrenology could be beneficially employed.



ANY MOTHER TO HER SON.

R. F. C.

"Per ardua ad astra."

Dear Son of my love, the day is now dawning,
When far from the home-nest you'll take your first
flight,

Where the Earth lies below like a dream in the morning,
And nought is above you but vastness and light.

It may be that danger will seek to affright you,

But steady your nerves by the peace in your soul,
The care of Our Father, who guideth the swallow,
Can bring you unharmed to His infinite goal.

No perils must daunt you, O Son of the morning!

The wheel of your life the Great Pilot will guide;
From our weak human arms He has called you, rejoicing,
To be a Christ's-man, and to fight by His side.

As you fly toward the stars, Son, remember your
mounting

Can never once carry you out of Love's care;
Every breath that you draw will be laden with blessing,
And you'll pilot your plane through an ocean of
Prayer.

You'll be bearing our hearts, dear, wherever fate calls
you,

But they shall not weight you or hinder your flight;
Nay, rather I'll ask the dear Father, who loves us,
To let them take part with His angels of Light,

Who will watch you, and guide you, and never once
leave you,

Till your soul wings its way to its infinite Home;
So into His care I commit you, my darling—

With Christ as your Pilot no evil can come.

M. E. H.

The Significance of Numbers.—III.

By HINEMOA.

IT has been suggested to me that I should give a chart of the houses of the various numbers up to 9, and their relation to the three planes of Consciousness, with a view to a clearer understanding of my papers by new students of the subject. It is as follows:—

THE NUMEROSCOPE.				
3	6	9	- 18 - 9	} SPIRIT—Mental and Spiritual Plane.
2	5	8	- 15 - 6	
1	4	7	- 12 - 3	} BODY—Material and Physical Plane.

The method of arriving at any person's table of numbers may be learned from the following illustration. Supposing he was born on June 18, 1879, you find his figures thus: the 18th day of the 6th month of the year '79; that is, 18679, and you arrange them in their appropriate houses according to the above table, in this way:

	6	9
		8
1		7

The sum of these figures is 31, and these, when further added, = 4, which is called the digit.

Later on, when I have explained all these nine numbers and their significance in life, I shall fully explain the chart, the totals on each plane, and the ruling digit, with the vibrations of these three planes, which are connected so much with our journey through life.

In my last paper I dealt with the personality numbers 1, 2 and 3. Now we come to

THE BUSINESS NUMBER—4.

This number falls on the material plane, and occupies a most prominent place in anyone's life. It is the prosperity number, and has a vibration from the Sun, which brings brightness, giving the business man an optimistic feeling that things are going well. It also causes him to look up, and gives him a spur on to something higher and better. The business man looks at things from a square aspect. He looks round all sides of the place in view and at each corner, so that he may weigh up all the pros and cons and see the why and wherefore of the project in hand. To be successful in business one must have good health, and this number 4 has a vibration of green, which brings with it vitality and power. The earth is covered with a green mantle, which has a soothing effect on jaded nerves, and gives calmness and peace to the body; so we see that health and prosperity go hand in hand. If you have number 4 in your chart it shows you have good business qualities, and will succeed in your undertakings if you give concentration to your affairs; but if you have two 4's then it is not

nearly so good, as a vibration is thus brought in from Saturn ($4+4=8$), which causes loss, disappointment and trouble through speculation and gambling and risking too much. Number 4 is the number of completion and the manifestation of light. In the 4th verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis God divides the light from the darkness. This is, therefore, a number of order and understanding, and the key which will open many of the magical doors closed to the ordinary man. "Men of the highest order show themselves in thought like brilliant rays of light," says the magician. They correspond to this number 4. It is also the sacred number of the Pythagoreans, and is known by them as the straight line; and over this number they took their most sacred oaths. In the Highest Sphere 4 is the four letters of the Jewish name of God: "Yod, Hi Vau, Hi." In the Sphere of Intellect 4 is the four angels of the world—Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, and the four rulers of the elements—Seraph, Cherub, Charsis, Ariel. In the Heavenly Sphere 4 is the four triplicities of the signs of the Zodiac, and the stars and planets in relation to the elements. These are given as Mars and the Sun, Jupiter and Venus, Saturn and Mercury, the fixed stars and the Moon. Another grouping is Sun and Saturn, Jupiter and Venus, Mercury and Mars, the Moon and the fixed stars. In the Lower Sphere 4 stands for the four elements of man—spirit mind, soul and body; the four powers of the soul—intellect, reason, phantasy, sense; the four virtues—justice, temperance, prudence and fortitude. In astrology the square is evil, possibly because it is symbolic of the pressure of matter, in the same way as the cross of four points symbolises the pain of matter. The worshippers of Vishnu account a cross like the swastika, with the small limbs pointing to the right, very fortunate. The fortunate swastika of the old Jaina kings had the small limbs pointing to the left. But a swastika with small curved top limbs is not considered a fortunate emblem, as it is too like the scythe of Death. The Occult Symbols of the number 4 are the Emperor, the cubic stone, the key-bearer, the door of the East, the four cherubims on four wheels, the four sea horses of Neptune's chariot. The emperor is pictured seated on a throne, with the orb surmounted by a cross in his left hand and a trident sceptre in his right. He is in complete armour, with the signs of the Sun and Moon on his breast. He is bearded, and his expression is strong, yet kindly. "The Hebrews received the chiefest name of God written with four letters," writes Prof Barrett; also the Egyptians, Arabians, Persians, Grecians, Mohammedans, Tuscans and Latins write the name of God with four letters. In English we have Lord, in French *Dieu*, and in German *Gott*. According to quaballistical teaching all the race of man sinned in their parent Adam (four letters), for all are contained in him. Thus the children of Adam were condemned to clothe themselves in material bodies, and from these bodies they were to reach again the lost Paradise. When an Earth-life was passed the child of earth could proceed from Asiah, the world of appetites, to Jezikah, the world of passions, and on to Bhiah, the world of reason but he could not, unless purified from earth grossness, enter the sun-lit world of the angels, the Aziluth, the

spiritual life; and therefore he had to re-enter the earth again to begin his penance anew. Thus we see the philosophy of Re-incarnation is in harmony with the Egyptian, Greek and Indian philosophy. The Hebrew number 4 is *Daleth*. Its vibrations are solar, and it is always accounted a very fortunate number. Four is the number of endurance, firmness of purpose, realisation of hopes, and accomplishment. It contains a great deal of will power and concentrated thought, which brings forth success.

THE PSYCHIC NUMBER 5.

This number falls on the soul plane in the centre, and represents the solar plexus or magnetic Sun centre of the body. It has a most powerful psychic vibration, which is pink, signifying the love and devotion of the heart, for out of the heart are the issues of life. This great emotion is used for healing by the psychic, as the higher self, the ruler of the mind and body, uses this influence and vibration to do its work. This love healing is most effective and lasting, not like mental healing, which is only a cure for the time being. In this centre lies two divisions of the soul—the conscious and the sub-conscious, which latter is the storehouse of the memory and all the secrets of life on the material plane of consciousness, and of all other lives we may have lived from the beginning of time. This submerged self has to be cleared out by the higher spiritual self, and when this is accomplished we have entered into a new and higher vibration, called the re-generation life, which is ruled by the law of spirit and then the path of re-incarnation is finished with. The law of birth and death are then done away with, for this developed path is mounting in spiral fashion out of body or material into the soul realm, and from there into the spiritual; and when these three realms are formed together and work in conjunction we are renewed daily in the truth, and become spiritual; so that sin, sickness, poverty, old age, and death disappear from our state of consciousness. This number 5 has a swift vibration from Mercury. This is the realm of visions, which come in flashes of light; but the impressions must be carried out at once, else they fail. There is no occasion for reason to be employed here, there is no time for it; and there is only intuition, which is the natural knowing capacity of the soul, which can be relied on entirely. From this number come clairvoyance, clairaudience, and psychometry; but, of course, these gifts have to be developed and purified. If you have not number 5 on your chart, then it shows you have developed more head than heart, and if you have two 5's, then you have developed too much heart, and you will be very much inclined to be carried away on this emotional plane and lose balance and poise. Number 5 is a very erratic, peculiar, and magical number, and was used by the Greeks and Romans as an amulet to protect the wearer from evil spirits. It is usually considered a number of confusion and quarrel, for the vibration is so intense that only one who understands its import can become a true psychic. It represents irritation and the moulding of the mortal body to the great discipline of the spiritual. In the Highest Sphere 5 is indicative of the five letters in the name of God. In the Sphere of Intellect five are the superior spirits—the intelligences, the angels, the souls of heavenly bodies, the souls of the blessed. In the Heavenly Sphere 5 represents the five planets—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury. In the Lower Sphere

5 represents the five senses. The Pentacle, or five-pointed star, was always regarded as a talisman of protection and health, and it is said that Antiochus Soter carried it on his war banners, that were ever victorious. In India it is the emblem of Siva and Brahma. The length of extreme silence in the Pythagorean mysteries was five years. The occult symbols of the number 5 are the Magician, the Hierophant, Zeus, Nemesis. The Hierophant is pictured seated on a throne, from which show two columns, each with five points of flame. He is bearded and crowned. In his left hand he has a triple staff, whilst the fingers of his right hand are held with the first two bent, the next two straight, and the thumb is not seen. At his feet, with their hands in an attitude of supplication, are two men, crowned; one wears a black mantle, the other a red. The Rosicrucian, Kenneth Mackenzie (Kenneth II.), writes much regarding this number 5, and tells that "his clan are connected and associated with it, and their principal crest is the mountain in flames." Number 5 is an emblem of fire, and was employed in the Zoroastrian rites. It is a number of fire and struggle, competition and strife, hastiness and anger, light and understanding, faith, authority, power and will; therefore it has been regarded by the Re-incarnationists as the number of re-birth, and is referred to the fifth mansion of the heavenly map of astrology—the mansion of children, ventures, speculation, pleasure, etc. Evils, then, are but the necessary elements of filtration through which man is being passed to fit him for the higher realm of being—the spiritual. In the curious vision of Piers the Plowman the following five sons of Conscience are given: See-well, Say-well, Hear-well, Work-well, and Go-well. The Hebrew equivalent of this number is *He*. The vibrations are swift and powerful, and come from Mercury.

[Next month I shall treat of the Mind Number 6.]



REVELATION.

Before the worlds in glory rolled their vastness into space,
God—glorious, omnipotent—thought, dreamed, and
gave man place.

His first great Revelation was the thinking of a race
Growing daily towards Spirit, with His stamp upon
their face.

Then His second revelation came in Christ, who trod
the Earth.

Came to show to us the Father, and the need of second
birth.

To forgive the souls for sinning, and to save us from the
dearth

Of all life's highest pleasures, all of sanctity and worth.

There is coming Revelation through this thunder of
the War.

It was whispered in past ages and in many lands afar—
"Death shall be destroyed for ever, and the gate shall
stand ajar,

'Tween the earth-land and the spirit there shall be no
further bar."

Are we willing to receive it? Dare we shut our eyes
again,

When the dear ones there are beckoning? is their
trouble all in vain?

For those gates have opened inward, and no more shall
Death have reign,

Since God's latest Revelation means the triumph of the
slain.

H. A. W.

Our Dual Nature.

By HANSON G. HEY.

THE precipitation of spirit into matter, the meeting of the upward arc of animality and the downward arc of spirituality, typified by the interlaced triangles, gives to man two distinct and seemingly opposite natures—the one related to the world of substance, the other, the life principle, the Divine Urge. The first of these may be called his vehicle for expression in the world of Time, the other his power of expression in the world of Spirit, for, consciously or unconsciously, each of us is living in the two spheres, is functioning on the two planes, at once. We write our names upon the slabs of Time, we make our marks on imperishable pages of the Book of Life, in spiritual records, at one and the same time. The first nature is the means by which we bring ourselves into relationship with things of materiality, the other the means by which at times the least among us may transcend the bounds of Time and Space and Matter, and soar away into a more congenial clime, to enjoy bliss unobtainable in the denser sphere we are in normally. And in those flights how sweet the thrills which take the place of mundane thoughts! How impossible 'tis to translate into terms of earthly understanding the experiences thus gained, or the coldness of the fall-back into the drab, prosaic routine of terrestrial existence once again!

In all the aspects of life these two, the temporal and the eternal, are reflected. Duality may be seen in all walks of life; in every phase of thought it is apparent. And one of the many purposes of the life earthly is to mould these natures that we may make of them complementary and supplementary parts of each other. The blending and fusing of the twain is not to be accomplished in one effort, for they are wound round and round, intertwined and interlocked with each other so gradually, yet so closely, that few can see how deeply-rooted in matter spirit can become, or how highly volatilised the most seemingly earthly vehicle may really be.

The true function of this impregnation is that spirit, pure, free and fluidic, may learn something of the difficulties attendant upon the working with a denser material, which, while essentially the same in origin—for there is but one thing in the world, and that is God; all else is but the modes of manifestation He adopts—has been, by projection far from the centre, congealed, frozen, densified; and part of the mission of the precipitated spirit is to unloose the grip of the dense power which congeals matter, and let the warmth of the spirit thaw that congealed mass, that once more it may respond to higher impulses.

While, then, we wander in the wilderness of the World Order, cleaving to shadows, chasing bubbles as gleefully as little children chase theirs, though ours be fame and place, power and fortune, still shall we find at the last they disperse as did the soap-bubbles, leaving nothing in our hands. We remember the abandonment with which we chased them, drawn by the irradiate hues the Sun caused to play upon their surface, and we remember the dismay with which we gazed on our empty palm when we had, to our way of thinking, got the prize therein. So earthly prizes vanish before the dawn of Reality, for Edwin Arnold truly sings:—

Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams,
A false self in the midst ye plant, and make
A world around which seems.

And yet we are always, even in our wanderings, related to the Eternal Order from which we came at birth, to which we shall return at so-called death; so let us try and live according to our knowledge of that Eternal Order, and, be it much or little, live up to it. All advance is made spirally; no such thing as one straight onward rush carrying all before it. See the incoming tide at the seaside, for example. And even evolution works its way onward and upward in spiral waves of motion, and we can see through all history the magic wand of progress careering in spiral lines in and out of the mazes of motion by which the Divine Mind is working out its grand design.

Now, personal consciousness is rivetted down into its material base by "slow degrees, by more and more." It is represented by the downward triangle in the interlaced triangles. The ascent of spirit out of matter is just as slow and complex a matter as is its descent. It is represented by the upward triangle, the lighter, finer part rising out of and over the grosser, denser part by gradual unwindings and unlockings of the bonds which held it for so long a captive. The period of the outbreathing must always correspond to the period of the inbreathing, be it well noted.

We are now in the meshes of Time, of the World Order; but the germ of Eternal Life within gives us the power of transcending the shades of mortality and of ascending the "flowery stairway of Eternity," when once the magic union of the spirit, with its muddy vesture of decay, is dissolved and we—that is to say the real Ego—rises from the sheath which was its mortal guard into a realm to which it was allied, though oftentimes unconsciously, when here in the full vigour of lusty Earth-life.

We need more of the vision of the people who spake in parables and wrote in symbols, for, though their symbology is not so exact as are the text-books of Science, it is more forceful in its appeal to the heart, to the emotions. We need to realise more closely the relations betwixt Number, Sound, Colour, and Form; to see that Number, Sound, and Colour are the Trinity of Causation which produce Form. And as our thoughts more interiorly move we shall see that we are all of us daily engaged in the weaving "in the roaring looms of Time the garment of Transcendent Deity." For all things seen are but the outward manifestation (or garment) of an inner and unseen creative force. We each of us are in the hands of forces higher than ourselves; the world is ruled from highest to lowest by those higher forces which work through humanity wherever and whenever possible, for good or ill the instrument decideth.

As all great things are separated into divisions, so the epochs of our lives show the term of three years, the ever-present Trinity, and the term of seven years, are all-important ones in connection with the travail through matter.

(To be continued.)

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Mrs. ETTA DUFFUS, Penniwells, Elstree, Herts, gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following contributions for the Husk Fund: Emma £1, Mrs. F. W. Watson 10s., Mrs. Chubb 3s., Colonel Coghill £1 1s., Miss M. Simpson, £1.

A Reverend Editor's Investigations.

We have pleasure in re-printing from *The Young Man and Woman* part of an account of an honest investigator's first experiences with an equally honest Spiritualistic medium. The author, the Reverend Walter Wynn, is the Pastor of the Chesham United Free Church, and is also editor of the above-mentioned monthly magazine, in which he has with admirable courage set forth, not merely the fact of his having sought the truth as to Spiritualism, but also that he has found it in a most convincing manner.

I WISH to candidly confess that I was much impressed with the reading of Sir Oliver Lodge's book "Raymond." I came to the conclusion that (taken as a whole) the evidence justified Sir Oliver's belief that he had communicated with his son. Certain parts of the evidence, however, certainly struck me as "un-evidential," to use the author's own term.

I get so many letters on the matter of spirit-return that I determined to visit one medium, who was highly commended by the late Mr. W. T. Stead. His name is Mr. Vango, 52, Talbot Road, W. I told no one of my visit to him, and having satisfied myself that Mr. Vango had never seen me before and knew nothing whatever about me, I asked him to give me any evidence he desired that it is possible for "the departed" to communicate with us.

The first sitting was an unqualified fiasco. Mr. Vango sat in his drawing-room, and described certain spirits standing by me. I asked for their names, and got none. I recognised no one from the descriptions. I came away with a feeling that I had wasted my time. I treated the medium politely after the sitting, and he remarked: "You may have got nothing to-night. I got nothing for seven months. All I ask you to do is to come again to-morrow." . . . I had no doubt as to the medium's good faith; in fact, he seemed to me an earnest, good man; but I felt annoyed that I had wasted my evening.

On my way to London next morning I experienced the strangest sensation. I am not a sensitive, as far as I know. I have never seen anything supernatural. I am intensely sceptical concerning these matters. I must have *proof*. But all the morning a voice seemed to say to me: "Go again to-day." I could not get these words out of my head. In fact, the only way the voice ceased to speak was by my obeying it.

"You are quite sure you don't know me, Mr. Vango?" I asked.

"Quite."

"You have made no enquiries about me since last night?"

"None."

I once again sat with Mr. Vango in his drawing-room. Presently he seemed to become somebody else, who told me that many departed friends were there to meet me, and that they had requested one of their number to prove to me who they were.

"Will you ask them to kindly supply me with their names?" I said.

"Ah," said the "Control," "if I can hear them you shall have them. But names often sound like muffled bells in a long passage."

"Why?" I inquired.

"I don't know," said the "Control" (whom Mr. Vango calls "Sunflower"), "except that what I am told is by sign mostly. I translate the meaning of what the spirits *show* me. Names are hard to convey by sign. I have to catch them by sound, but what comes through I will tell you."

"Very well; go on, please."

"Well, the spirits present have chosen one to represent them. He says he was your greatest friend in the town where you live. I hear the name George. He says you never called him anything else. He says you visited him during his last illness. He was in bed 12 days, and at the end died suddenly. He takes me away from London and shows me a country town. It lies in between two hills. He shows me some water near your house; not the sea, but a sheet of water in what looks to me a field. A narrow river runs round the end of the town. Now he is taking me to a house by itself surrounded by fields, where he used to live—about a mile, I should think, out of the town. Then he takes me back into the town and shows me a factory. I cannot see what is made in it, but he sold the goods all over the country. He——"

"Could you ask him for his other name?"

"Oh! how strong you are for names! He says you *must* know him from what he has said. Do you?"

"Never mind what I know. I am not satisfied. I want his name."

"Well; if he gives it to me you shall have it. I know you doubt all I say; but the spirits are standing by you, and they mean to make you know who they are. They are all very delighted to see you."

"That's right; now give me proof that they know me. A name, please!"

A long pause.

"You are very sceptical! You don't understand. I will do my best. He shows me a part of your town. It looks new. Do you call it New Town?"

"Well; go on; tell me what he says, please. Don't put leading questions to me. Is he trying to tell me his name?"

"I don't know; he may be. Is it Newtown? Do you know the name?"

"I knew George Newton."

"Ah! that's it; you have it. But it seems to me there is a place called New Town where you live. Is there?"

"Yes."

"He shows me a church crowded with people, and he is sitting on the platform by you and the Vicar. I hear "George" something, again. This is the Vicar's name. The Vicar shakes his head. What does he mean? He points to you. He says you are the Vicar; but you are not a parson, are you?"

"Never mind what I am, please! Can you give me his name?"

"I will, if I get it; but this Vicar (he shakes his head when I use this word) points to you as the principal man, and says they were your two great friends in a dispute you had a long time ago in another church in the same town. I can't follow clearly what they mean, but that is what they say. They say they are with others who have passed over from the other church, and all of them now see that you were right in that dispute, and they are all working together to influence certain minds to right the wrong. But how can *you* be the Vicar? He is the Vicar. I hear the name "George" something again. He shakes his head again and points to *you*. You are the man at this second church. I don't understand."

"Never mind; I do. Are they both happy?"

"Yes, and both at work with others from the other church to heal the dispute."

"Have they anything else to say?"

"Yes; there have been meetings on the matter lately, and a final meeting will be held within two months. But I must go now. They want you to come again to-morrow, when others will speak to you."

A long pause. Medium rubs his eyes, and comes out as it were of deep sleep.

"Mr. Vango," I said, "do you swear you don't know me or a word you have been saying?"

"I swear."

"I will come again to-morrow at three o'clock."

Before recording the result of the next sitting, I need only say that Chesham people will need no explanation of the foregoing. In 1906 the Chesham United Free Church was formed as a result of a dispute over certain matters in connection with the Broadway Baptist Church.

A thousand men, women and children left the school and congregation there and founded the church of which I have the great honour to be the Pastor after eleven years' ministry with them. Mr. George Newton and the Rev. L. George Carter (who was a former minister of Hinton Baptist Church, Chesham, and always dressed like a Vicar) became two of my Elders. Mr. George Newton lived a mile outside Chesham at the time, in a house surrounded by fields, and afterwards took a boot factory in New Town, or rather Townsend Road, Chesham. They both occupied seats on the platform at every service. They lived and died staunch friends of mine. Every detail given was correct of both of them. I left 52, Talbot Road, W., with the strangest thoughts. I am certain Mr. Vango knew nothing of me, and will not know who I am until he reads this Review.

(To be continued.)

Brief Notices of New Books.

JOHN WESLEY'S GHOSTLY EXPERIENCES.

THE EPWORTH PHENOMENA and other Psychic Experiences of John Wesley. Collated by Dudley Wright. London: Wm. Rider & Son. Price 2s. 6d. net.

We have heard it stated that in the authorised edition of John Wesley's works all reference to his ghostly experiences have been carefully expunged. We have not had an opportunity to test this, but if it be true the present work on the Epworth Phenomena will make full amends. Southey's account of the phenomena, John Wesley's own account, Mrs. Wesley's letters to her son Samuel, Misses Susannah, Emily, Nancy, and Molly Wesley's letters to the same, describing and discussing the phenomena, have been collated by Mr. Dudley Wright, along with those of other witnesses, and make intensely interesting reading. The facts appear to be indubitable, but attempts have been made to discount them by referring to John Wesley's "love of the marvellous, and his intense belief in the reality of apparitions and of witchcraft" (Canon Overton). Coleridge, too, discovered in the Wesley family "an angry and damnable predetermination" to believe in ghosts! Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, was displeased with Wesley's failure to follow up the scent of a ghost story with proper spirit and perseverance! And that is, perhaps, why Mr. J. Arthur Hill (who writes an excellent critical introduction to this collection) says: "In fact John would have made an excellent member of the S.P.R.!" Wesley, however, had no reason to doubt that there were "spirits about." On the contrary, both he and his family heard in his house at Epworth, Lincolnshire, strange noises, groans, knockings, etc., in every storey. These seemed to come from under their feet, over their heads, or inside the walls. They heard sounds as of the smashing of bottles under the staircase when none were broken. And Wesley's man-servant, "who lay in the garret, heard someone come slaring through the garret, . . . rattling by his side, . . . and gobbling like a turkey-cock." Mrs. Wesley suggested "rats," but no species of rat was ever known that could make such a variety of hair-raising nocturnal noises. John Wesley called the disturber "a deaf and dumb devil," and his family called him "Old Jeffery." Communication was opened up with the—whatever it or he was—by means of knockings, and intelligence was at least evinced beyond that of any rat. But we need not go into further details when this new book is waiting to be read by doubting Methodists and believing Spiritualists. John has a true word for them both. "Certainly," he says, "it is as easy for a spirit to speak to our heart as for a man to speak to our ears."

REVELATIONS THROUGH A SCHOLAR.

GONE WEST: Three Narratives of After-Death Experiences. Communicated through the Mediumship of J. S. M. Ward, B.A., Late Scholar and Prizeman of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. London: Wm. Rider & Son. Price 5s. net.

The contents of this work are fully indicated in Messrs. Rider's advertisement on Page ii of cover. "Gone West," as everybody knows, is a soldiers' new euphemism, born of the war, for the depressing word "death." It suggests the sun setting in its glory to rise again on the morrow in the brightness of a new day—a much more beautiful idea, surely, than "dead and done with," and more expressive of the truth. "There is no death; what seems so is transition." Mr. Ward had a dream-

vision, in December 1913, of his father-in-law's sudden death, and the subsequent funeral, grief, and mourning. A month later, his prophetic vision was fulfilled in detail, with its accompanying sensations. . . . When his father-in-law had been "dead" a week, Mr. Ward dreamt again, and heard him say: "I have been trying to speak to Carrie (his daughter), but can't, so I have come to you. Tell her I am alive, more alive than before I died; that I am mentally clearer than I was for some time before I died." Thus began a series of most interesting descriptions of the life beyond, which Mr. Ward faithfully records. H. J. L., the father-in-law, says: "I feel like a schoolboy again. It's funny—I died on my birthday and was really born here on it." J. W., the son-in-law, asks: "Where are you? Do you come to me from somewhere else?" H. J. L., answers: "Not exactly. I am here all the time; our world impinges on yours. I hate similes, but I can best explain it by one. You know those 'Pepper's Ghosts'? Well, it is as if we were thrown on to *your* stage, *our* scenery, and our characters walking about you, but unseen by you. Just as a real man on such a stage would not see the phantoms which surrounded him, but the audience sees both him and them. . . . We are in the same world as you, but not subject to the same laws." It would be impossible in a brief notice to indicate the wealth of information as to the other life contained in this remarkable work. It is a book to be read from cover to cover, and handed round to inquiring friends. It would make an excellent Christmas gift in these days, when everybody is seeking for light on this great subject.

IS TELEPATHY A FACT?

TELEPATHY: Genuine and Fraudulent. By W. W. Baggally. With a Preface by Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Methuen & Co. Price 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Baggally, a member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, tells us in this book on telepathy that over forty years ago Sir William F. Barrett had made experiments in thought-transference, and read a paper on the subject at the first general meeting of that Society on the 17th July, 1882. "Since that date," he says, "the Society has carried out a great number of experiments which *tend to show* that telepathy is a scientific fact." No one can ever accuse this learned Society of impetuosity! For forty years it has witnessed images of drawings or diagrams, pictured in one person's mind (the agent's), transmitted to another person's mind (the percipient's), otherwise than through the ordinary channels of the senses; yet the Society still hesitates to declare wholeheartedly that such transmission is a positive fact! But *supposing* these things to be, perchance, true; certain theories have been put forward to explain them, and, says Mr. Baggally, "not one of these theories has been accepted as proved by the Society for Psychical Research!" Facts and theories alike are still in the balance! This new book in *tres partes divisa est*, namely, (1) genuine telepathy, (2) fraudulent telepathy, (3) The Zancigs. The facts narrated in Part 1 would, we think, be regarded as conclusive evidence in a court of law. The second Part describes trick telepathy by signals, and a trickster named Yoga Rama. The third Part tells about the "unique" telepathic achievements of the Zancigs, whom the author regards as genuine exponents. Mr. Baggally is himself convinced "that the telepathic faculty does exist, and that its detection is a genuine extension of scientific knowledge."

ZODIACAL SYMBOLOLOGY, and Its Planetary Power. By Isidore Kozminsky, D.Sc., etc. London: William Rider & Son. Price 3s. 6d. net.

This astrological work endeavours to fix the special planetary influence attached to each of the 360 zodiacal degrees. It also gives new symbols and interpretations of each degree, which astrological students may find interesting to compare with those of Charubel and Sepharial, already familiar to them. Dr. Kozminsky claims that the influences associated with each degree are so clear that the use of his book will assist in fixing the true ascendant at birth, when that is doubtful. It should also perhaps throw light on the M.C., and the positions of all the planets in any horoscope, for it should make a difference if, for example, Jupiter is found in a degree ruled by Venus instead of one ruled by Saturn. This work for the first time attempts to fix these planetary influences—how successfully must be ascertained by test and experience.

We have received from Messrs. Rider, Mr. W. J. Colville's posthumous book, "The Religion of To-morrow," which we shall notice in next number; also from Messrs. Cassell, May Sinclair's new novel "The Tree of Heaven."

"*Vox Stellarum*," "a loyal almanac" for 1918, is published, at 7d., for the Stationers' Company by Messrs. Cassell & Co. It is otherwise described as "Moore's Almanac, original edition, 221st year." It gives astronomical information and astrological predictions, and contains much information on a wide variety of subjects, including a provincial bank directory, lists of members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, etc.

THE REV. CHARLES L. TWEEDALE has published in pamphlet form his most instructive and trenchant essays on Religion after the War, Reply to Father Bernard Vaughan, and Reply to Lord Halifax's Criticism on "Raymond." The title of the pamphlet is "Primitive Christianity and Modern Psychic Phenomena," and it may be had for 3½d. from the author, at Weston Vicarage, Otley, Yorks. Mr. Tweedale is a doughty champion of Christian Spiritualism, and the wide distribution of this brochure will help forward our Movement.



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Like Patience, so let Silence do within
Thy harried heart her very perfect part;
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Till she accomplish what she works to win;
For in the silence, not met in the mart,
The speechless quietude of thine own soul,
Thou may'st possess the peace which maketh whole,
Which healeth ev'ry ache and ev'ry smart.

On wounds that wrong inflicted, giving grief,
God's hand, in silence laid, may so restore
That thou shalt feel their hurt and pain no more.
And find thereby a comforting relief;
Permit thy still, small voice, though mute it be,
Complete God's calming touch, O friend, on thee!

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We regret that several articles and poems in type have had to be left over for our next issue.

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