

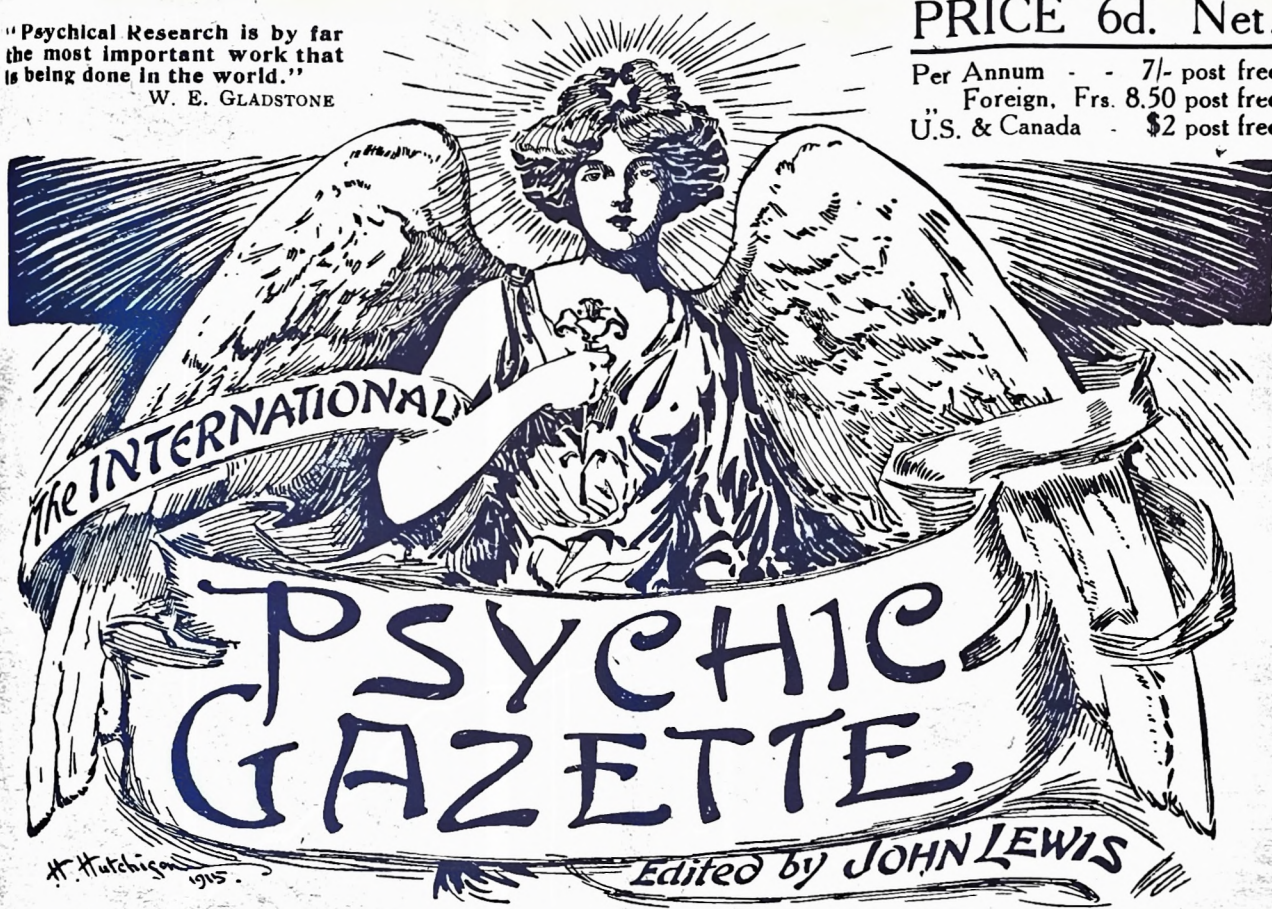
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THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE.

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Our Outlook Tower.

THE "WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL CHRONICLE" AGAIN!

IN its last month's number, the *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle* pleads:

"Perhaps the *Psychic Gazette* will now admit that our profession of fair-mindedness was not made without reason."

We should be delighted to make this desired admission, for we have no wish to deal with our distinguished Catholic contemporary otherwise than in a fair, courteous, and friendly spirit. But the editor of the *Chronicle* must himself see that it was scarcely adequate for him to "correct" certain incorrect figures by merely substituting other incorrect figures, especially after he had been made aware by ourselves that both sets of figures were egregiously erroneous. It will be remembered that the *Chronicle* printed for the information of its readers a statement (credited by the *Daily Sketch* to Dr. A. T. Schofield, of Harley Street) that—

"Spiritism is possession by an evil spirit and it is estimated that there are to-day 100,000 cases in our asylums caused by this most terrible cult."

Dr. Schofield advised the *Daily Sketch* that he had said "10,000" not "100,000," and that newspaper printed the new figure with an insistent scare-heading that thousands were being driven mad! But what are the true facts of the case? Dr. Schofield was held up by the *W.C.C.*: as an eminent doctor who had reason to know and to weigh his words, but it was found that he had no personal knowledge whatever as to the figures! He had simply quoted them without verification from a forty-year old pamphlet, afterwards retracted by its author. They referred to cases of lunacy, not in this country to-day, but in America at a particular period long ago. The American official statistics of that time showed that there were neither 100,000 nor 10,000 cases, due to Spiritualism, but only 4—"attributed to Spiritualism"—in all the state asylums of that great country! We duly apprised the editor of the *W.C.C.* of this fact and supplied him with the reference to the true figures as quoted in the *British Medical Journal*. Now it seems to us that a true "fair-mindedness" would have unflinchingly set down the truth of the matter, however disastrous that might be to the view of Spiritualism being put forward. But the editor of the *W.C.C.* ignored the plain facts and satisfied himself with reprinting the *Daily Sketch's* reduction of the 100,000 to 10,000! He now says in justification—

"The correction was made on the authority of and in the same measure as that of the journal from which we copied the original mis-statement. We could scarcely be expected to admit the statistics claimed by the *Psychic Gazette*, unless the *Daily Sketch* itself acknowledged their justice."

What the *Daily Sketch* might do or omit to do did not relieve the *Chronicle* of its own responsibility in stating the actual facts of the case when it

reasonably probable that these 45 persons had been leaders of the cult!" In the name of all that's "fair-minded" where in the world does it get that? Spiritualism appears now to be making satisfactory progress in the Roman Catholic Church itself. (See Mrs. Munro Faure's articles in this and August number.) This is, after all, the best, frankest, and fair-mindedest avowal of the truth and blessedness of our doctrines! For imitation is an exceedingly sincere form of hearty approval!

J. L.



"SOUL SCIENCE," by Franklin A. Thomas (reviewed in our August number) is published in London by Messrs. Foyle, 121 Charing Cross Road.

MRS. DUFFUS'S famous Shetland ponies have scored another huge success at the Highland and Agricultural Show at Aberdeen. "Huzzoor of Penniwells," "Mayflower," and "Maybloom," won championship honours in their respective classes, the first-mentioned receiving the Society's medal for the best male Shetland on the ground. These "shaggy beauties of the Northern Isles" have during this year again asserted their remarkable supremacy in the principal show grounds of the country.

WE regret to record the tragic passing of Mr. W. J. Crawford, D.Sc., Belfast, the well-known psychical researcher, and author of "Experiments in Psychical Science," and "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena." His body was found on the rocks near Bangor, County Down, on July 30, and a coroner's jury found that death had been caused by poisoning. He had previously suffered from insomnia and acute depression, but had been recently in London making arrangements for a lecturing tour and for contributing magazine articles. Much sympathy is felt for his widow and young family, and a fund for their benefit is being collected by Mr. Julius F. Gems, 4 Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

A LADY SPIRITUALIST'S WEDDING.—Miss Violet M. Vango, the beautiful daughter of Mr. J. J. Vango, was married at Paddington on July 30th to Mr. Arthur George Smith of Ashford, Middlesex. After the wedding breakfast at Mr. Vango's residence in Bayswater, the handsome and happy couple, who both stand about six feet high, left for their honeymoon, which was spent in the island of Thanet. On their return on August 12, a reception was held, and was attended by a large assemblage of the bride and bridegroom's relatives and friends. After inspecting (and adding to) the fine array of beautiful presents a bright and festive musical evening was spent. The health of the young couple was proposed by Mr. Vango, who spoke of his pleasure in welcoming Mr. Smith into his family. From his close acquaintance with Mr. Smith he knew him to be a thoroughly well-principled and straightforward young man, and as for the bride all he could say was that if she proved to be as good a wife as she had been a daughter there would never be any reason to complain. After some kindly words of paternal counsel to the young pair, the toast was drunk with enthusiasm. Mr. Smith, who is a fine linguist and saw much active service in various parts of Europe during the great war—still carrying an unwelcome souvenir in the form of a piece of shrapnel in his leg—briefly replied, and mentioned that since he had lost both his parents he had come to look up to Mr. Vango with affection as his second father. Mr. Vango's health was also proposed by Mr. Roberts and was cordially honoured. The reception room was filled with a gay profusion of flowers, kindly sent by friends.

MEDIUMSHIP.—E. W. Wallis, in his "Forty Years of Mediumship," says: "Mediumship, rightly understood and exercised, has saved a great many more from the madhouse than it has sent there. While I admit that there are difficulties, temptations, and dangers associated with mediumship I deplore the tendency to exaggerate them and, by enlarging on them, to increase rather than diminish them. Will anyone tell me of a walk in life—business, profession, occupation, or employment, not excluding those of the priest and the journalist—in which there are no neuro-

By DORIS SEVERN.

WE shall perhaps never form even a relatively correct estimate of the amount of teaching given to us from the Other Side until our own transition is accomplished and we tread the green lawns of the adjacent life with elastic tread and joyful hearts. The difficulties of communication with us are very great, in some cases unsurmountable, as in my own case where the delicate instrument which registers seems to have been permanently injured. In such cases, the friends who wish to teach and help us, adopt a different method. They cause us to dream a vivid dream in which we move and speak exactly as we should in waking hours; the circumstances convey the lesson required. I am sorry to refer to my own case so constantly, but have no other means of illustrating my point:—

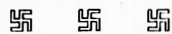
Lesson No. I.—I had felt that with my psychic training it was hard I had not been present when my husband woke from what he himself described as "a sublime sleep" in the spirit-hospital where he was put to bed, with spirit-doctors and nurses in attendance. He lifted his head, recognised that he had passed over, and said, "Oh, that's all right!" He was assured, "Yes, it is all right, but you are tired; put your head down again and have a good sleep." Now I felt that with the great love binding us together, and the fact that we were both psychic, I ought to have had the privilege of attending him in his waking. Months after the passing I had this vivid dream:—I was standing by a bed on which lay the form so lately vacated by the beloved spirit. I knew that he had passed, and was only standing watching. Suddenly to my amazement both arms were stretched straight forward and so remained. I thought, "this will never do, they will stiffen in that position." I bent forward, and took hold of the wrist nearest me, expecting to feel the icy chill of death. Imagine my sensations when I grasped instead warm living flesh! The thought tore through my mind, "he is not dead at all, it was coma." I gently laid the arm down again, and still stood watching. I felt no excitement; all thought of self was extinct; I was more like a nurse in my attitude. As I watched, the immobility of the face began to break up, the eyelids fluttered, the eyes opened—he sat up! I leaned over him, being very careful not to touch him (and perhaps startle away the newly returned life) and said, keeping my voice level and calm, "Had a good sleep?" "Pretty well," he replied, as entirely without emotion as if awaking to earth life. Then he got out of bed, and began looking for his things. I said, "I am so sorry dear; you will have to get a new rig-out; I gave all your things away." "Where are my boots?" was the next question. I suppose I answered it in the same way, but cannot recall doing so. My one idea was to get a doctor, for I thought after such deep coma simulating death, medical help was urgently needed to prevent collapse. I pressed what appeared to be an electric bell at the head of the bed, and passed into a kind of ante-room in which were several people who seemed pleased. One resembling my mother came to me and stroked my hand. I said, "Will someone go at once for a doctor, please? He is not dead; I knew it all the time in the back of my head" (this last clause quite incorrect). Then I woke. Now this dream was designed to teach me that I was in my rightful place at the side of his bed, when he awoke. The small details I have mentioned are of no consequence, and may be interpolations.

Lesson No. II.—The apparent cruelty of a sudden death has added enormously to my grief. Teaching on this point was conveyed to me as follows:—I dreamed I came into the hall of a hotel, and was met by a nurse in uniform who said, "The doctor gives him ten days." I knew she referred to my beloved, and that he was ill upstairs. I said, "Can I go to him?" She replied, "No, the doctor is with him now." So I turned into a reading-room on the ground floor to wait. There was someone there, to whom I said, "Can you tell me of a good nursing home?" For the idea had come to me, "If the hotel people know he is dying they will not let him stay. Where can I take him?" Presently I found myself upstairs in his bedroom where he was sitting propped up in an armchair. I went up behind him, and leaning my cheek on his hair I said, "Darling, would you like to go into a hospital?" In a surprised tone, he said, "No!" then with a cold terror running like iced water through my veins, again the thought came, "If the hotel will not keep him, where can I take him?" Then I woke.

The teaching of this is, I think, that awful as the shock

was the agony might have been even greater had I been forced to take him in a dying state from door to door seeking shelter. The callous point of view which compelled the taking away of the earthly casing from the room which was paid for, within less than three hours of the death—there being nothing infectious or dangerous—gives the keynote to the possibility.

So the friends teach us, if not by direct communication, then by these vivid dreams, and I am grateful to them for the love and tender thought that prompts their action. I ask the devout among the *Gazette* readers to pray for me, that the blessing of direct communication with my beloved *still withheld*, may be granted me.



WISDOM.

By E. WOODBRIDGE.

WISDOM is a knowledge of the inmost workings of the mind, and a perception of the great motive power of love. It teaches us how to act so that our lives may flow in unison with those around us. It teaches us how man is united to the great soul force, and how, by the proper working of our own forces, we may work harmoniously with the great divine plan with its motive power of Love, and thus live in peace and concord with those around us. When speaking of Wisdom it is rather difficult to define it. Wisdom and Love are so closely allied that in speaking of the one we are uniting the two. Wisdom gives a peculiar grace to all, because it enhances peace, joy, happiness, goodness, and all the virtues the soul possesses. Strive earnestly to acquire this wisdom which comes from God, because it will bring you into the realm of goodness, and the relationship of God to Man. Thus will you come into your own kingdom, wherein no man can dethrone you. Each one must of himself acquire this great gift, which is of God. Even the angels or ministering spirits are not able to give unto you this gift. It is drawn from the Great Source of all goodness, power, reason, and love.



PARADISE ON EARTH.

This poem, by a Devonshire young lady of sixteen, vigorously reminds us of the glories of Nature all around us. Her interest in "heaven's glories" is not yet awakened, but she may be certain they are also the handiwork of the same Great Architect!

Tell me no tale of Heaven's glories,
Sing me no song of Heaven's joys,
In this sad world there yet remaineth
One pleasure that never cloys.

Let me but roam o'er the sweet scented moorland,
Let me but lie on the grey shingle smooth,
Bask in the rays of the great golden Sun-God,
Hark to the sound of the wild waves that soothe.

Give me to wander, free and untrammelled,
Through the world's places of beauty untamed,
Through the dark pine woods, lofty and towering,
Past tiny hamlets alone and unfamed.

Grant me to rest on the green shimmering cliff-tops,
Swayed by the breezes that ceaselessly blow,
Watching the gulls that sweep over the ocean,
Hearing the roar of the surges below.

Then shall my heart, made mad with its happiness,
Pour forth its praise of the beauty around;
In this old earth of ours, wrapt around with sadness,
Glory and grandeur and wonder abound.

K. KERGEN.

The Art of Meditation.

By RUTH IBBOTSON.

"On all sides God surrounds you, staring out upon you from the mountains and from the face of the rocks, and of men, and of animals.

"Will you rush past for ever insensate and blindfold—hurrying breathless from one unfinished task to another, and to catch your ever-departing trains—as if you were a very Cain flying from his face?

"As long as you harbour motives so long are you giving hostage to the enemy; while you are a slave (to this and that) you can only obey. It is not You who are acting at all.

"Brush it all aside.

"Pass disembodied out of yourself. Leave the husk, leave the long long prepared and perfected envelope.

"Enter into the life which is eternal, pass through the gate of indifference into the palace of mastery, through the door of love out into the great open of deliverance;

"Give away all that you have, become poor and without possessions—and behold! you shall be lord and sovereign of all things."

[From "Towards Democracy."]

IN days when the struggle for existence is much keener than it used to be, and when broken-down nervous systems are filling asylums and nursing homes, how many people realise that the remedy for these troubles and the abnormal conditions of life lies in their own hands? Within each of us there is latent a power awaiting only our discovery. Utilised, it will restore harmony in mind and body and environment, and will prove the Open Sesame to the kingdom of our aspirations.

In the East the power is well known. In the West it has lain dormant through the ages, silently awaiting our recognition. Yet anyone can reach and develop it through the practise of Meditation. But most people regard this as the occupation of dreamers and visionaries, and say: "Ah, wonderful no doubt, but I've no time to go in for that sort of thing."

It is not a question of time. It saves time. One who has mastered it gets through more work with far less effort than anyone who has not. Given the will to meditate, the only requisites are perseverance (plenty of that), a little solitude, and a little time—to begin with, one hour out of the twenty-four.

First and foremost, it is a recognised means of spiritual development—of freedom from the personal self, with all that implies. But its influence operates on all the planes of consciousness. Mentally, it gives insight, alertness and vision. Psychically, it is impossible to gauge what its results will be; they may vary according to the psychic capacity of the individual. Physically, it brings healing and harmony.* If the body needs rest, one finds it to be the only perfect rest. Sleep it gives generously. As for the little worry-devil—he simply curls up his tail and runs! After all, what is any devil but an incitement to put forth power, and prove itself to be a little god in disguise? But that is for one who is achieving mastery. And perhaps the most direct route to mastery is the way of meditation. "To command these tracts of consciousness in such a way as to be able to enter in and make use of them at will, and to bring them into permanent relation with the conscious ego, will, I think, be the method of advance in the future."—(Edward Carpenter.)

Now, the first absolutely indispensable condition to Meditation is the mastery of thought. By attaining the power to kill it—kill it instantly—we release ourselves from the fearful tyranny of thought, from the limitations of the ordinary personal self; and we enter a region of consciousness where limitations are no more. This sounds a rash statement, but one can, in fact, place no limit on the power which is awakened. It is infinite, for it is God. The practice of voluntarily stilling the conscious brain opens the mind to the access of a Life, an Intelligence, a Power as far transcending our ordinary mentality as the light of the sun transcends that of a feeble rushlight.†

"This sounds very attractive and desirable," says the practical person, "but how is it to be done?" And we reply that the method is simpler to explain than it is easy to compass.

* For works dealing specially with this aspect of the subject, see "Practical Metaphysics" by Anna Mills, (Fowler); "The Way of Silence," and "Meditation and Health" by Adela Curtis (Watkins); and books by Dr. Porter Mills, (Elfield).

† A wonderful book giving the rationale, the practice, and the effects of Meditation is "The Art of Creation; Essays on The Self and its Powers," by Edward Carpenter.

Let nothing interfere with the habit of retiring into solitude three times a day (or twice, if the third time is impossible). Take a chair in which the body can rest without lounging—the Buddha attitude is the correct one: the back should be upright but supported, the hands placed on the knees and the feet placed together. (The need for this attitude will soon be perceived when practised.) Choose some sentence the spirit of which meets the need of the moment—preferably it will be one from the Bible or from some inspired writer. (For a beginner "Be still and know that I am God" or "I and the Father are one." etc.) Then deliver up, eject from the mind, as it were, every thought, every feeling, every image. The clearance must be absolute. Not a shred of the ordinary self-consciousness must remain or it will spoil all. Let the chosen sentence repeat itself over and over again, but *leave the feeling behind the words to come without thinking.*

If this is faithfully done, even for an instant, one feels differently afterwards. Later, one can extend the instant to a minute, to five minutes, ten, and finally to half an hour. By the time this is accomplished, the unruly self-conscious mind being thoroughly subjugated, the whole life is transformed. You have discovered the nature of the True Self. No longer the victim of circumstances, you become master of your fate. You move upon your own axis. Events, which hitherto have conspired to harass and crush you, now hasten to serve your purpose—provided that it is not a selfish one.

It is true that everything worth having is bought with a price, and meditation is not easy at first, to many people. The mind has had its own way for the natural period of our life, and, like a spoilt and unruly child, it objects to being suddenly called to order. Some people take years to learn to meditate, others learn quickly. But the object of meditation, like that of all experience, is *regeneration*—the regeneration of the *whole self*—"of mind, body and estate." So that whether results follow late or soon matters not. One does not work for results. One is crowding into the space of a few years the necessary discipline of character and progress towards mastery, which otherwise would take aeons of pain and suffering to effect. And when at last the sense of immensity, of love, of power, of the Not-Self dawns on the amazed neophyte, any initial effort is rewarded a million-fold.

Eventually it will become a simple matter to enter the Holy of Holies at any time and in any place, whether in the crowded street, before an audience, or elsewhere.

Physiologically, the process is apparently simple enough. Everybody knows about the two central nervous systems of the body—the cerebro-spinal, or brain consciousness; and the great sympathetic system, the organ of the feeling of sub-consciousness. Now the subdual of the conscious mind (which, in the rush and competition of self-conscious life has become far too dominant) enables these two systems to act in unison, to vibrate synchronously. Once this is attained, we enter a region of consciousness where discord, fear, disease, personality, all tend to drop away and finally disappear. One finds in their place, Illumination, Immortality, Health.

Yes, even that unruly member, the body, must come into line. Not the least important feature of meditation is that it is the source of true healing, both of soul and body. Many remarkable bodily cures have been effected through it. Indeed, this method of treatment has signal and priceless advantages over the habit of relying on drugs and outside remedies. One of these is that it teaches the principle of self-help. Some may find it necessary to have assistance from another healer at first, and in many cases this is advisable. But as health is an *effect*, of which harmony and purity are the cause, there is no permanent healing which does not come from within. Health is not a fortuitous condition which can be imposed by outside factors alien to oneself. These only drive the physical trouble further in by doctoring it on the outside with palliatives. Spiritual healing attacks the difficulty at the root and clears it out.

There is not a shadow of doubt that these are the lines which the art of healing will follow in the future. There are many schools of metaphysical healing and all are good, being adapted to the varying needs of different individuals. When will the medical faculty learn to cure disease by taking away the *cause* of it? When will patients learn to eradicate these causes for themselves? It may mean some effort of self-control, some adjustment in the balance between work and play, some elimination of luxuries which nature never intended us to have.‡ It will certainly mean an effort to restore the harmony between body and soul

‡ Poisonous substances such as meat, and tea and coffee, for instance.

(between the two great nervous systems) which has been hopelessly dislocated since man began to consider his own interests at the expense of other people's.

But the result is more than worthy of the effort. When doctors stop administering poisonous drugs, and begin to treat the body as a wonderful intelligence instead of as a machine; when they cease torturing trusting, helpless animals in search of cures afterwards to be discarded as useless and dangerous; when they reform our insane way of living and delve deeply into the psychological constitution of man for the causes and cure of disease—then the human race will find itself on the road to health. At present, diseases are multiplying at an alarming rate. Before there can be any even slight or permanent improvement, there must be a great simplification of life and a deep spiritualisation of thought. So far from salvation being found through the torture of the nerves of highly sentient creatures, this will bring a terrible Nemesis in its train for the human race. (It is doing so already in the form of the diseases—and it is said that cancer is one of them—which follow in the wake of inoculation.) No. The real root of disease is psychological, not physiological at all. How then can we discover it by dissecting bodies, alive or dead?

"All health," says Carpenter, "whether of mind or body, resides in one's relation to the central Life within. If one cannot get into touch with *that*, then the life forces cannot flow down into the organism. Most, perhaps all diseases, arise from the disturbance of this connection. All mere hurry, all mere running after external things, inevitably breaks it."

Thus far the effect and use of Meditation in its relation to soul and body. In a brief article it is impossible to do more than touch upon the infinite possibilities of the subject; to indicate its powers of inspiration and recuperation, of enlightenment on all problems, spiritual and material. To some, perhaps, the effort may seem tedious at first; but for all who persevere, whether soon or late, it is crowned with joy and splendour indescribable. To derive help from it one must practise long and patiently. And as an illustration of the actual practice of it, we cannot do better than conclude with the words of one of the masters of the Art:—

THE LAKE OF BEAUTY.§

"Let your mind be quiet, realising the beauty of the world, and the immense, the boundless, treasures that it holds in store.

"All that you have within you, all that your heart desires, all that your nature so specially fits you for—that or the counterpart of it waits embedded in the great Whole, for you. It will surely come to you.

"Yet equally surely not one moment before its appointed time will it come. All your crying and fever and reaching out of hands will make no difference.

"Therefore do not begin that game at all.

"Do not recklessly spill the waters of your mind in this direction and in that, lest you become like a spring dissipated in the desert.

"But draw them together into a little compass, and hold them still, so still;

"And let them become clear, so clear—so limpid, so mirror-like;

"At last the mountains and the sky shall glass themselves in peaceful beauty,

"And the antelope shall descend to drink, and to gaze at his reflected image, and the lion to quench his thirst,

"And Love himself shall come and bend over, and catch his own likeness in you."

§ § §

A VISION OF THE "OTHER SIDE."

By JESSIE FREEMAN.

ON the summit of a hill I sat, viewing the scenery before me. How beautiful was the world! Below in the valley were woods, the young green leaves and the rich copper of the beeches reaching up to the blue above. Miles and miles of country stretched before me, ending far off in a hazy blue line; then, banked up on the horizon were clouds like colossal mountains, gold tipped by the sun. The breezes whispered to me, and a little brook tinkling far below crooned a soft tender lullaby. How peaceful everything was! Even the bees and butterflies must have been dozing, for no living creature was in sight.

Suddenly, those distant clouds seemed to take shape; gradually they flattened out, until a great plateau stretched high up in the sky. There were many paths on this plateau, some wide and some narrow, some temptingly restful, others dull and gloomy. Along these paths many figures glided, the colour of their robes matching the brightness or darkness of the roads they traversed. One road I noticed in particular. It seemed to me that the rays of the afternoon sun shining on it turned it into a pathway of pure gold. I gazed spellbound. Walking up this golden pavement were bright-robed figures. Swiftly they moved, seeming to glide rather than walk, and as I followed them with my eyes, wonderful though it may sound, I could see all they did, even from this great distance.

This golden path wound through shady lanes and sylvan glades, where bright and perfect flowers bloomed, and where sparkling streams made music sweet and wonderful. I saw magnificent buildings and gorgeous gardens; beauty and grandeur everywhere, all perfection, and at the end of it all mountains nestling in the shade of many trees, in the branches of which wonderfully plumaged birds sang, the colouring of their wings surpassing in beauty any foreign bird I had ever seen.

This was the last and widest road, the golden road, where the brightest angels dwelt, and wondering what it all meant I glanced at the first pathway on this colossal plateau. Along this, dark-gowned spirits hurried; stumbling over the great stones, and often falling by the way. It led through arid wasteland, where there was no beauty, no wonderful colouring, but simply a desolate stretch of desert. Round and round it wound, the hot sun burning down upon the travellers, for there was no refreshing shade here. It ended at the foot of those same hills, but instead of wooded slopes and song-birds, hewn out of their side was a deep dark cave which led down into what seemed the bowels of the earth, where all was crime and misery. Shuddering at the horror of it all, after the perfection I had before seen, I closed my eyes. When I opened them again I saw the Vision gradually fade, and in its place, towering up into the azure sky were great banks of clouds, like snow-clad sun-kissed mountains.

§ § §

IMMORTALITY.

"What proof have we of immortality?"
Sceptics will ask and, asking, smile as if
Life were a pleasant dream, a phantasy,
A transient vapour, or a passing whiff.
O fools! that see my body old and stiff,
That note the hoary head and wrinkled skin,
But miss the soul behind a failing glyph,
Investigate yourselves, who are my kin,
And find the proof—as I do—hidden deep within.

The stirring bee his craving satisfies,
And every creature takes of its desire;
Does He, Who gave of instinct, not devise
A means of granting that we most require?
That we, in spite of matter, should aspire
To life unshadowed by a lifeless end,
Itself foreshadows deathlessness entire.
Impossible that creatures should transcend
In mental faculty beyond their heavenly Friend!

Some Personal Recollections of Jesus of Nazareth.

AS PSYCHICALLY TOLD TO RICHARD PHILLIPS.

FOLLOWING on "The Memories of Slathiel" in our August number, we print below the psychically-written recollections of Malakha and Alamah, two Nazarene women who claim to have lived in the time of Jesus and personally knew him. A further note by Slathiel is interpolated, giving additional sayings of The Master. A Nottingham correspondent having written us asking how Hebrew spirits could communicate in English—had they been learning that language since they passed into the other world?—we sent his letter to Mr. Phillips who replied as follows:—

The Editor of the *Psychic Gazette* has forwarded me your letter of the 3rd inst., asking me to give you some information as to the ability of these ancient controls to express themselves in modern English. This has puzzled many and will continue to do so. It has puzzled me. I am told that it is the thought that is given me, and that this translates itself in my mind into the language I am most familiar with, without any effort whatever on my part, as I write it just as readily as I do the communications of an English control. In this case there would be no need for them to go to the trouble of learning modern English, which they would be consequently unable to speak audibly, and my own acquaintance with Hebrew, etc., would be insufficient to enable me to understand were I to hear them clairaudiently speak in their own language. This may not be a satisfactory explanation, but it is the only one that I can give. The names I probably receive clairaudiently, as they are mere sounds, and so incapable of translation. The thing is a mystery to me as well as to others, but the frequency of the phenomenon has familiarised me with it, and taken off the edge of the wonderfulness. In the introductory remarks to the "Life Stories from the Ancient Past," in the February number of the *Psychic Gazette*, I have given some information as to the manner of the reception of these messages.

THE MEMORIES OF MALAKHA AND ALAMAH

I, Slathiel greet thee. I have brought one who knew the prophet of Nazareth better than I did.

I am a woman of Israel, who knew him you call Christ. I was a native of Nazareth, and dwelt there all my days, and beheld him many times, and knew his parents and brothers and sisters. My name is MALAKHA. I have heard of thy desire to know more of this man, and I will tell thee what I know.

He was a boy of fifteen or sixteen when I first became acquainted with him. He then wrought at his father's handicraft of a carpenter, making things of wood for husbandmen and householders. I thought him a very quiet youth and not as others of his age. He was the eldest son, but he had sisters who were older than himself. I knew them all by sight. He lived at Nazareth. He was born there. He followed the business of his father till he began preaching. We thought he would be a clever man. His manner of speaking showed he was thinking of the matters of our religion. He had no knowledge of Greek. Very few of us had. I was older than he, and I lived till after his death. His father died before he began his public preaching, and his brothers and sisters lived with their mother, as he had done. After his death she lived with some of these still.

I have heard him speak in the Synagogue where he used to go very regularly. When he began preaching we all thought he would become popular, because he had a very attractive manner. We heard that he wrought many wonderful cures. We never heard of his doing any in Nazareth. We heard about his doings when he went about the country. I have been told that he made people who were sick whole, by a word or a touch. I saw him several times after he left Nazareth, as he used to come back to his home there. I thought him a very pious young man, and a very beautiful speaker, but I did not think of him as the Messiah we all expected. We none of us did in Nazareth. His mother died a few years after her son's death. We saw less of him in Nazareth when he started to preach. It is now so long ago that I have a difficulty in recalling these things. I cannot remember any of his sayings.

I feel that I have not added much to what you have already been told. I know the stories that were told long after his death about his being the son of a virgin mother, but we heard nothing about this in our day, and we do not believe it. This was done after they had made a God of him, and wanted to make him different from others. He

had a few believers in Nazareth, but not many. I mean there were a few who thought he would be Messiah, but when he was put to death they all left off to believe in him. I have told thee all. Would that it were more. Let me depart!

I am Malakha. I wish to tell you that I heard Jesus say that his heart was where he had his treasure. He also said—"Give to the needy, for thou mayest some time be in need," and "Never take the least advantage of any man's ignorance or weakness, for this is displeasing to the righteous Father." "Pay all thy debts to both God and man, and thou shalt be rich, although poor, for the treasure of heaven is for those who do well."

My mother knew his mother when she was a girl, and they were friendly together. I said he was the eldest son. He had two sisters older than himself. He had long black hair and a short beard, and was somewhat tall but not unusually so. He took notice of all children who came to hear him. He told them to walk in the footsteps of the good. If I can remember anything else concerning him I will inform thee of it.

SLATHIEL:—I have recalled some things which I had forgotten. When Jesus first came to Capernaum he told us that he was sent to set up the Kingdom of Heaven, by which we understood the reign of God instead of a foreign rule. This greatly pleased us, for we desired nothing so much as deliverance from the Romans. But as he took no steps to bring about this deliverance we began to doubt his being the destined Messiah. He told us that God could bring about his purposes in ways we could not forecast or imagine, and we fully believed this purpose would have been brought about by miracles. Our expectations were vain. He was a teacher of righteousness and not a revolutionist. I think I have told you all I know or can recall.

I, Malakha, greet thee! Peace be to thee from the High God and from his Messengers! I come to tell thee that I have remembered other sayings of the prophet of Nazareth:—

Give to the needy and thou shalt be succoured in thy need.

The heavens are above all, and God is over all.

Take heed to thy speech, and thou shalt be considered wise even though thou be not so.

There is more virtue in a good deed than in a long prayer.

The best way to serve God is to help his children.

Put thy trust in heaven and thou shalt never be deceived.

My work is to bring men to a knowledge of God.

ALAMAH.—Grace and peace to thee! I am one who lived in the days of the Prophet of Nazareth, and I have seen him and conversed with him. Truly he was a Man of God and a great Teacher, a greater than ever arose in Israel. I was then a lady of Nazareth. My name was Alamah. I heard him and I became an ardent believer in his teaching, feeling in my soul that God was with him. And the teaching of our expounders of the law became a weariness to me, for they were but empty words to me, whilst his were full of life and grace. I learnt from him to regard God as a tender Father. But our people were subject to the Romans, and hated their yoke and desired a deliverer. And they were misled by their scriptures and those who expounded them, and they desired political freedom rather than righteousness.

I knew Malakha, and I knew his mother and sisters and brothers. When he left Nazareth I was greatly grieved, for I could not accompany him in his journeyings to and fro about the country. My heart was saddened, but I treasured his sayings and learned from others more regarding his doings in other places. My life was lived in Nazareth, where I continued to dwell. Vainly I try to recall the words that so moved me—they have vanished from my memory. Now I depart!

MRS. MARY INKPEN IN VANCOUVER.—We have had an interesting letter from Mrs. Inkpen, formerly a highly esteemed medium and lecturer in this country, who has just founded a new Spiritualist Church at 2436 Yukon Street, Vancouver, British Columbia. It is called the Vancouver College of Psychic Science, and its meetings have already created a sensation in the province, especially since Sir Oliver Lodge's visit aroused so considerable a wave of psychic interest. Mrs. Inkpen (who is now known as the Rev. Mary Inkpen) hopes to organise and develop many branches of the college in other localities. She has a strong executive committee and a large general body of members behind her in her efforts to extend the knowledge of Spiritualism in new districts. We wish great success to this promising movement in the far-off North-west of Canada.

THE
International Psychic Gazette

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24a, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1

Historic Send-off for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

THE Royal Venetian Room of the Holborn Restaurant was on July 29 last the scene of an event which must rank as historic in the records of Modern Spiritualism. Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle, now speeding across the high seas to Australia and New Zealand, were sent off at a complimentary luncheon by British Spiritualists, with a great volume of enthusiastic and affectionate good-will, on their missionary tour to the Antipodes. Formal expression was given to the company's feelings by a richly-illuminated address (showing an angel drawing aside the veil between the light of heaven and the gloom of earth) in the following terms:—

WE, the undersigned, present at the Farewell Luncheon to SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE and LADY DOYLE, desire to record our feelings of admiration and affectionate regard towards them both.

To you, SIR ARTHUR, we offer our gratitude for the heroic and self-abnegating work you have carried on so long as the MISSIONARY of what you have well termed the NEW REVELATION, the message of Spiritual Consolation and Enlightenment divinely inspired at the beginning of the new epoch of the world's history.

To you, LADY DOYLE, we offer our tribute of appreciation and regard for the able way in which you have supported your husband's work, always at his side, with true devotion to him and to the cause he so devotedly serves.

We wish you both every happiness and success in your journey to Australia and New Zealand, there to carry on the great mission to humanity, and earnestly hope that we may give you all our congratulations on your return.

Our good wishes and most affectionate thoughts go with you.
 London, July 29th, A.D. 1920

About 300 guests, presided over by Dr. Abraham Wallace, were assembled, gathered together from all parts of the country. They represented every shade of state and condition of life from members of distinguished noble families—such as Lord Glenconner, Viscount and Viscountess Molesworth, Count and Countess De Verneuil, Lady Waterhouse, Lady Effie Heath, the Dowager Lady Oakley, the Hon. Mrs. Gerard, the Hon. Mrs. Broughton Adderley, Major-General Sir Robert Henderson, and Sir Frederick William Smith—to those honoured possessors of rich spiritual gifts which are bringing into close touch the world that now is with that which is to come—such as Mrs. M. H. Wallis, Miss M'Creddie, Mrs. Cannock, Mrs. A. Boddington, Mrs. M. A. Stair, Mrs. Buxton, Mrs. Bloodworth, Mrs. Neville, Mrs. Etta Wriedt, Mrs. L. Chapman Knight; Mr. J. J. Vango, Mr. A. Vout Peters, Mr. W. Hope; and many others. The Church of England was represented by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, whose automatic scripts are now known all over the world, and by the Rev. Charles Tweedale, whose pamphlet on "Present Day Spirit Phenomena and The Churches" was recently distributed by the Archbishop of Canterbury among all the Bishops who met at the Lambeth Conference. The great newspapers were also represented, and their reports evince a new note of high respect!

It is now three years since Sir Arthur decided that he would spend the remainder of his life in proclaiming the truths of Spiritualism. He has carried his torch from end to end of the land, and brought light to many sorrowing hearts and

communities. He keeps a map beside his bed with a red splotch on every town he has addressed, and it has now assumed the appearance of a highly volcanic region! He has spoken to 150,000 people and stirred these to talk to hundreds of thousands more; he has awakened the press and the priests everywhere to searching thought and discussion. And now he has gone forth to the ends of the earth, accompanied as ever by his equally enthusiastic and gracious partner, Lady Doyle. May they return richly laden with many sheaves from their harvesting! Sir Arthur has more than any other single man broken down the stolid conventional wall that divided Spiritualists from "other people"; now he is acting as a great unifying force bringing together people of all creeds, or none, in a vivid recognition of the Fact of Immortality, hitherto vaguely dreamt of and crudely imagined, but never before so vividly and joyfully realised as now.

We give below the two main speeches of the event, and a graphic photograph of the scene:—

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing the toast of "The King," said that Spiritualists were all loyal subjects, and though the law of the land said that those who practised spiritual gifts were "rogues and vagabonds" that did not prevent everyone wishing long life and good health to the King. The toast having been heartily honoured (in a bumper of ginger ale!) Dr. Wallace gave the toast of the afternoon, "Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Lady Doyle," in a happy speech. He said Sir Arthur and her Ladyship were on the eve of a voyage across the seas to tell the people of Australia and New Zealand what Spiritualists were doing in this country, and to carry with them the splendid message of "The New Revelation." Though Sir Arthur had at one time been a materialist he had appreciated the value of the work of such distinguished pioneers of Spiritualism as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace and Sir William Crookes. Approaching the subject with an open mind and a truly sympathetic insight, his own personal experiences had brought to him absolute conviction of the truth of Spiritualism, and he had proclaimed this truth with splendid courage. The history of their movement had always shown that whenever intellectually honest men and women had devoted sufficient time and earnest attention to the subject of Spiritualism they had emerged from the inquiry as firm believers. Some of Sir Arthur's critics did not seem to realise that he was not merely a writer of important historical works and an inventor of clever detective novels but an able scientific man trained in medicine at Edinburgh University when it was at the very zenith of its fame. His training in exact science and medical psychology had given him high qualifications for being a capable psychical researcher. Sir Arthur had proved himself to be an attractive lecturer and a great debater, and his name would go down to history as a great missionary of Modern Spiritualism. In the prosecution of this missionary enterprise he was soon leaving these shores for the Antipodes, accompanied, supported, and encouraged by his gracious partner, Lady Doyle, (Cheers). He would prove himself to be one of the great benefactors of our English-speaking race as bearer of a wonderful message of comfort and joy to their colonial friends who had suffered bereavements through the great war, as they themselves had suffered. He (the Chairman) therefore asked that assemblage of Spiritualists of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales to honour with enthusiasm the toast of Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle. (Great cheering).

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, on rising to respond, received a great ovation, and, apparently deeply moved, he said he could not address that audience in conventional terms, he must call them friends and comrades (Cheers). They were comrades in the greatest mission that ever set forth in the history of the world. That mission was to convey to the human race that the time had come when men must uncover once again those old foundations upon which religion was originally built, which had become so overgrown by the jungle of theology that they were lost to sight. Their mission was also to turn faith into knowledge. It was to abrogate, as far as one could, all terror and fear of death, and incidentally it was to open up entirely new fields for science. He did not exaggerate when he said that all these purposes put together constituted the greatest purpose man could undertake. And their aim was to try to fix their eyes on the distant object and go forward unflinchingly, feeling like the Psalmist that if the Lord were with them it was no matter who was against them. He had been touched by the Chairman's reference to his

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xx At foot of these pillars Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle.—xx



Photo by Fradelle & Young, 37, High Street, Notting Hill Gate, W.11.

wife. It was very easy for himself to set out for Australia, because he loved travel and did not object to contention in a good cause; but in the case of his wife she did make sacrifices, for to accompany him she had for a time to break up her household, part from those she loved, take the children from school, and generally give up those domestic felicities that were so dear to a lady. She was ready to do so because she had encountered in her own person the consolations of Spiritualism and would stick at nothing in order to convey the same to others. He had received invitations to go to America, but their great chief (Sir Oliver Lodge) had well covered that ground. Australia, however, was remote and somewhat neglected by their lecturers. The Spiritualists there were anxious to have a lead and had asked him to help them, which he was very glad to try to do. Both Australia and New Zealand had done such splendid work for the empire, and had shed their blood so lavishly, that there must be almost as many desolate homes in these countries as here. Therefore it seemed both to himself and his wife that if they could bring a little comfort to these great Imperialists over yonder it would be indeed a privilege to them to do so. It was understood that they were not going out to bolster up any sect but simply with a wonderful message that applied to every man, woman, and child; and they were going to talk straight to the Australian public. The whole world at present needed comfort. It was worried, flurried, and peevish, and what it needed was comfort, and Spiritualists had the comfort to give. So far as he could see they were the only people who had. They had got it and could offer it not with vague assurances or conflicting faiths but with actual experience. They could tell people that the dead were very near, and the veil between very thin, and also that they were most accessible. Lady Doyle and he had counted eleven dead relatives that they had spoken to face to face, hearing their voices and talking with them as they would have talked with them in this world. To him the religious aspect of the question was everything. He was interested in the psycho-physical powers which had come into evidence and which had put them into the position of knowing more about the mysteries of matter than the Materialists knew. But the high teaching, the religion, the philosophy, taught them by those who were supposed to be dead, gave them definite hopes and made them realise that God was not merely all-powerful but all-good. This was the real "New Revelation," casting a searchlight from heaven down upon the darkened roads of earth.

Sir Arthur then passed on to comment upon the gathering he saw around him. It included, he said, every shade of Spiritualists, from the Fathers of the Church to these little children (pointing to young members of his own family, Masters Dennis and Malcolm and Miss Jeane Doyle), who, he hoped, would carry on the tradition, and

remember what they had seen and heard that day, when most of them had passed away and were digging on the other side of the tunnel. He was honoured by the presence of many distinguished journalists, like David Gow and John Lewis, and of all-round splendid workers like Oaten, Yates and Blake, and so many more that it would perhaps become invidious if he went on to mention them. But especially would he refer to Ernest Oaten because he had been his comrade in many a scrap. He looked upon him as half bull-dog and half apostle, and every form of activity—from editing a paper or going into a trance, to building a church or arguing with a chief constable—came alike to him. Percy Street was another man of the same type and a glorious fighter for Spiritualism. In Harry Engholm they had thrown up what the movement needed—a great organiser. Then they had among them great authorities on the subject, like his friend A. P. Sinnett, and a large number of professional mediums who in the days of the country's sorrow had used their fine gifts to comfort the people, notwithstanding that owing to the barbarous state of the law on this subject they lived always in the shadow of the police.

Now occurred the most dramatic moment in Sir Arthur's address. He said he had spoken of his own and Lady Doyle's communion with their dead, but he wanted every man and woman in that hall who knew and could swear that they had been in living touch with their departed dead to stand up. Instantly about 250 out of the 300 persons present rose to their feet, and Sir Arthur, surveying them said—"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen; I believe that is the most wonderful demonstration that has ever been seen in London. I do not think, in my whole life, I have ever seen anything so dramatic or so extraordinary. Believe me, I never dreamt there would be such a response. I thank you in my wife's name and my own for your extraordinary hospitality. You send us forth in good heart, and if we do not do our part well on the other side of the globe your hands at least are clean." (Prolonged cheering.)

Mr. HARRY ENGHOLM, in a graceful speech then presented the very beautiful illuminated address signed by all present; the Rev. WALTER WYNN submitted the toast of "The Spiritualist Societies here and overseas," and Mr. ERNEST OATEN replied in a rousing oration in which he said that Sir Arthur had been a unifying force in their movement, who had brought together all branches and phases in a spirit of fraternity which would be perpetuated in the future. In the name of 300 Spiritualist Societies at home and abroad he offered Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle their heartiest send-off, hoped they would do as much for the cause abroad as they had done in England, and return rejuvenated in strength and faith for a still greater work in this country.

J. L.

The Inspirations of "Leon."

AS TRANSMITTED BY WILLIAM HAND.

THE following are some further scripts received by Mr. William Hand, the Lyceum Conductor of Hanley Spiritualist Church, from one "Leon," a spirit said to be well-versed in science. Mr. Hand was a materialist until 1914, when the death of a child of six, "the light of his life," led him to make a searching examination of his beliefs. At the first Spiritualist meeting he attended he was awakened to a knowledge of spiritual facts, and he soon developed gifts of "semi-conscious speaking" and automatic writing. Other scripts, and an interesting account of the conditions under which they were received, may be found in our July number.

THE LIMITLESS LAW OF PROGRESS.

February 22nd, 1920.

Why is the operating Law of Life such a stupendous fact? Because its manifestation is clear to all who have the eye to see. Evolution is the key to all science. It is variable in many degrees. It embraces all the Universe. It is the key whereby nature unlocks itself to the human mind. Its operation covers every form of life, seen and unseen, known and unknown. Yes, we say known and unknown. Because human consciousness knows not the limit of the law of progress, and when we come to the fact that much that is known is not understood, this should enable you to form some conception of what human consciousness has to evolve to. Yes, the limitless law of progress opens out the floodgates of boundless knowledge to the human mind. Ah! what is the human mind? It is the life germ which operates on human organism, and according to its evolution so it manifests. Ah! what a glorious expression is the life germ. How boundless. How stupendous. We say, Man, who art thou? What is thy construction, what art thou for, what is thy life purpose, from whence didst thou come, to where dost thou go, to whom dost thou belong, what is thy achievement? Hast thou learned the law of thy creation? If not, why not, if opportunity has come thy way? Dost thou know thou hast neglected the supreme fact of thy creation which will tell against thee in the beyond? To all, we cry, who aspire to spiritual things, search, think, examine thyself. Know thou art a unit of the universe, constructed for a definite purpose; to evolve to higher stages of intelligence and purified expression. Thy progression is boundless. Thy achievements limitless. Give thyself to the highest expression of consciousness, and thy evolution will be a revelation of glorified progression. Our keynote is "Watch and Pray for thou art of God."

GOD-CONSCIOUSNESS.

February 29th, 1920.

We often speak of the God-consciousness of the human individual, the power which will free the human soul from earthly dross, the glorious expression which illuminates and purifies the inner consciousness, and enables the soul of man to soar into higher realms of thought, which strengthens him to endure the weakness of the flesh and to ever keep before him the knowledge of his superior self. Yes, the self, the life, the strength, which emerges triumphant over the physical organism. The consciousness which will eventually open out a glorious light. Yes, the purpose of creation shall be revealed unto man in the flesh when his evolution has attained to a higher standard of intelligence. He must understand that his body of flesh is only a means whereby he manifests to his present environment, and as the environment of earth is for a purpose he has to learn the laws of life, and according to how he intelligently expresses himself, so he creates his future environment. No human soul is held responsible for that which they understand not, but according to their light, and the use they put that to, are they responsible.

Now let us pass on to man's misuse of God's laws. What are they? Lack of insight into Spirit. He looks at Spirit with a blind eye. He fails to understand the manifestation of Spirit. He misses the true revelation of infinite intelligence. He creates a mass of useless formulæ, and thinks he can ascend to God through this expression. He endeavours to harmonise his theological conceptions with Spirit. It cannot be. He shall be compelled to revolutionise his thought and learn the laws of his creation. It is only a matter of degree of time and this is always triumphant.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

March 7th, 1920.

Every exponent of the science of life must have a clear basis, and that is the life principle. Evolution evolves lower forms of unconscious organism to conscious organism. As this expands and develops you have an intelligent consciousness evolving itself into a higher expression. What is the higher expression? It is the spiritual consciousness endeavouring to dominate the physical organism. What is the spiritual consciousness? It is your superior self. How did this come into existence? It has evolved from unseen powers, under the control of a spiritual law for a definite purpose, and that is to evolve a purified expression.

What controls the spiritual law? A super-law, which we will call the infinite. Yes, the super-law is the secret of creation. It controls every form of life, seen and unseen. Its magnitude is beyond conception. It is an expression of super-intelligence. It breathes and has its being in all the Universe. It is the power of infinite purity, which will evolve every soul into an expression of purified glory. The glory of life shall be revealed unto all. Every human soul shall feel this power penetrating into its consciousness. The plan of life shall unfold itself. Yes, celestial glory for every being. All that is needed is the aspiration for a purified knowledge. Learn to grasp this stupendous fact of the purpose of life. Seek into the unseen, and consecrate thy consciousness to the higher. Fear not the darkness of earthly mortals. Unfold to them the message of truth. Point out the law of life and its consequences, if they express themselves not in harmony with its purpose. No word of ours can convey to you the suffering of mental anguish through which the human soul is compelled to pass if it has lived to the flesh. And to those who have the light and reveal it not theirs is indeed a condition of mental poverty and darkness.

But yet the law of progression reveals itself to these and opens out to them a path to light. Yes, the divine law of life, achieving its purpose. Every human soul evolves to the higher expression. Our Infinite Father, or the Super-consciousness, moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform. Spirit is the triumphant unseen power which will evolve for you a state of celestial glorified consciousness if you allow its operation to be quickened, while in the flesh. Fear not and fail not to point this out.

THE REALITY OF THE INVISIBLE.

April 1st, 1920.

We speak again of the lower order of intelligence. We call it this when it is limited to physical or material matter. All human consciousness which recognises not the invisible planes of activity is unscientific. The materialists' conception of life is as unintelligent in its theory as the religious theologians' who refuse to recognise the manifestation of the invisible. To the eyes of the invisible world they are infants in mental development. One is misconception of matter because they see not the spiritual force which has evolved it. The other is misconception of Spirit because they have missed the true interpretation of God's revelation, and understand not the natural law which links the two worlds together. Yes, both are the results of mental blindness, or shall we say lack of insight into Spirit.

The greatest fact which human consciousness must recognise is the existence of the invisible forces, also how they operate, and for what purpose. These are vital questions which affect every human soul. And why? Because they are each an invisible force to themselves, they cannot see their own conscious self, but they feel this power directing their physical activities, and according to its unfoldment so it operates on human organism.

And the purpose behind it all is to evolve to the highest unfoldment. Yes, creation owes its existence to the natural law of evolution. This is the true science of life, it evolves all universes, seen and unseen. Yes, it is the unlimited law of expression. It is the power, the force, the operating law of life. It is the power which reveals the naturalness of the manifesting invisible world. It is proving that the invisible is a visible reality to all who open their unseen self to its inflowing power.

Yes, it proves that organisms are subject to change, and for this purpose because it is a natural requirement that the invisible self should function on higher planes of activity. And while it expresses itself in one organism, another is being evolved for its expression on the higher planes. Conscious of this, open thy conscious self, and understand the law of life! Yes, and the science of life shall evolve thee to God.

"Arise, Shine, for Thy Light is Come!"

A SERMONETTE, BY ANNIE M. MARCH.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee."

THESE two verses, taken from the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah, are commonly supposed by the orthodox faith to refer prophetically to the time of the second coming of the Christ or Messiah. Be that as it may, they may well apply to our own time, for listen, "Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people," and then, what happens? "The Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall cover thee."

We may take up the Bible ever casually, ever so indifferently, yet we cannot fail to observe how those two words "darkness" and "light" form the principal avenues of thought, the principal avenues of instruction, symbolic or otherwise, throughout the whole book, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of the Revelations. We read, that in the beginning the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of the Lord moved upon the face of the waters, and God said—"Let there be Light." Again, John speaking of the heavenly Jerusalem, declares—"There shall be no night there, and they need no candle neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light."

So then, first and last it is "light," as distinguished from "darkness" that is the material force, the material blessing, the material need; so also is it a spiritual force, a spiritual blessing, a spiritual need, that is the True Light that, emanating from Almighty God, lighteth every man that cometh into the world. How is it that man with his divine heritage, born with the eternal spark of the light of God nourishing his soul, has proverbially loved darkness. "Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." Does not darkness cover the earth now? The darkness of Anarchy, of murder, of strife, of greed, of agnosticism, of jealousy, hatred, pettiness, uncharitableness. Christ said, "The light of the body is the eye; if thine eye is evil thy whole body is full of darkness." That is the gross darkness referred to. How many living in sin have lost all sense of proportion, of right and wrong? They scarcely realise they *are* living in sin, they do not know they are in the dark. Alas! how great is that darkness, surely a darkness to be feared.

"And the Spirit of the Lord moved upon the face of the waters." The Spirit of the Lord is moving now, upon the face of the waters of selfishness, of unbelief, of sin; and the voice of His Love is crying aloud to those who *know* by His Spirit, to those who have been *taught* of His Spirit, to those who have *received* of His Spirit, to those who have communed *in* the Spirit with the Spirit-world by His Spirit—"Arise, Shine for your light has come!" Is this not our lesson? Aforetime we were, perhaps, groping in the darkness, indifferent to our spiritual welfare, indifferent to God. We had heard of old that if we became converted we should go to heaven, but if we remained unconverted we should go to hell, and somehow, neither heaven nor hell appeared real to us. We began to wonder if, perchance, the whole of theology were not a myth and a delusion. And then the Spirit of the Lord moved upon the face

of the waters, a shaft of light sped earthwards and parted the darkness, and we heard a voice, as the voice of an angel crying "*There is no Death!*"

Christian, in the Pilgrim's Progress, was asked by Evangelist, "Do you see yonder shining light?" And when he replied that he thought he did, he was told to *keep that light in his eye*. This, then is what we must do. The light from the Spirit-world, the glorious knowledge that has been given us that we can commune with our dear ones who have passed beyond the veil, that there is no barrier to our intercourse, no deep gulf fixed, that they are the same to-day as they were yesterday, only stronger, happier, better—this knowledge must be to us as our guiding star, to brighten and illumine the pathway of life. And not only our own pathway but the pathway of others. Let your light shine before men! We are not to be ashamed of our faith; we are not to be ashamed of being Spiritualists; we are not to put our light under a bushel; we are to let it shine before men. We all remember the little hymn we were taught as children—

"Jesus bids us shine, with a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle burning in the night,
In the world is darkness, so we must shine
You in your small corner, and I in mine."

We have all little candles to burn, and small corners to burn them in, and sometimes it would almost seem as if our own corner was too insignificant to bother about, but "it's many a mickle makes a muckle," and don't let us forget that one day all these little candles of ours will make a great big blaze that will light up the whole world. But that time is not just yet. At the present moment "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not:" The light of Spiritualism is shedding its rays over the world to-day; how many comprehend it, how many see it, how many understand? "Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee."

This then is what we are to look for, to expect. We are to throw off our apathy, we are to throw off our indifference, we are to arise and shine. We have a message to deliver, let us see to it that we do deliver it. Each one in his own small way can comfort the sorrowing and bereaved, can whisper the message that "there is no death," can tell of the continual presence of our beloved ones. Let us remember that "God looks down from heaven, to see us shine—you in your small corner, and I in mine."

A young brother-in-law of mine, as he was passing from earth, suddenly murmured, "I see things differently, very differently now!" My sister bent forward and said, "What things?" But one who was present said, "Hush! don't call him back, he is just away." Many years afterwards I asked him (in spirit), "Do you remember when you were dying saying that you saw things differently, what did you mean?" "I remember perfectly," he replied. "When I was in the world I saw everything from an earthly standpoint, a material standpoint. Life was an enigma, and God, the Supreme Being, appeared to me, in His dealings with His creation as a whole—at any rate in many instances—hard, unjust, nay even cruel. And then as I lay dying, a veil seemed torn from mine eyes, a great white light burst upon my soul, and I saw things from the spiritual standpoint, things as they really were. No make-believe, no pretence; the light of God was shining, and the things of earth were as tinsel and dross."

On another occasion he said to me, "I have just come from helping to convey a beautiful soul home. She was only a woman in humble circumstances, and her life had been a life of toil and hardship, but she lived in the light of God, a beautiful example of fortitude and courage to those around her, exemplifying the precept, 'The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' I shall never forget her joy and astonishment when she was shown the beautiful home that had been prepared for her. 'This for me! No, no, it cannot be,' she exclaimed. 'It is the reward you have gained for yourself,' we gently assured her, 'for your life on earth of patience and love.'"

So then let us do our part, let our light shine along the pathway God has chosen for us, then will His glory manifest itself. "His glory shall be seen upon thee." "Lift up thine eyes round about and see; they all gather themselves together, they come to thee." So shall it be with Spiritualism. One day it shall become the universal religion. All will look to its teachings for joy, for sustenance, for comfort, for hope. In that blessed day "violence shall no more be heard in the land, nor destruction within the borders, but the Lord shall be unto us an everlasting Light, and our God our Glory."

The Old Language of Trees.

By ELLEN CONROY, M.A.

(Continued from Page 166.)

THE quality of endurance is one that leads to victory and to righteousness. This quality is expressed by the cypress.

Once through an alley titanic
Of cypress, I wandered, with Psyche,
With Psyche my soul.

This idea of endurance probably comes from the belief that cypress wood was one of the most enduring woods. It has been used most successfully in building houses bordering on a low marshy coast. The resin it contains helps it to defy the attacks of water and damp, while insects are said rarely to eat it. The coffins of mummies were made of cypress. The doors of St. Peter's of Rome were made of cypress and they lasted over eleven hundred years in good condition, when Eugene IV decided to have brass ones. Many people say that the mysterious gophir wood of Noah's ark was cypress wood. The cypress was often called by the Persians Mithra's tree, that is the tree of the Immaculate Soul who endured until the Day-Star awoke in his heart. Probably for the same reason painters are fond of placing the Virgin Mary in a garden containing cypress trees. The cypress plays a most important part in the designs of old Persian carpets. I can see one such beautiful carpet now in my mind's eye. It has eight cypress trees, two at each corner, while inside is the Tree of Life, with its twelve branches, surrounded by all the birds and flowers of paradise. The quality of endurance is often built out of sorrow and pain, and this grief is symbolised by the dark appearance of the cypress. Thus we have such legends as those of Cyparissus, who having killed his favourite stag is changed to a cypress and mourns eternally; or of Daphne lamenting under a cypress. It was sacred to Pluto, the god of the dead, and hence it was put into coffins as a sign that life was still enduring, however dark and gloomy and mysterious the way of death was. The cypress, as well as the pine, has distinctly good health-giving properties and thus has an extended symbolism of health and love. It is used in this sense by Solomon when he makes the bride say—"My beloved is to me as a cluster of cypress."

In the true soul there must be strength and endurance, but there must also be plenty, and the love plentiful. No mean soul enters the kingdom of heaven. "Give all thou canst," says Wordsworth, "high heaven rejects the love of nicely-calculated less or more." To give splendidly is an attribute of the gods. The myrtle tree and the pomegranate were emblems of this. First take the myrtle. It was the tree of Venus Aphrodite. Hence Sir Walter Scott says, "The myrtle bough bids lovers live." It was and is used in the marriage-service as a sign that love never dies, and also, since the tree takes all the nourishment from the soil near it, as a sign that true love occupies the whole mind or being of the person in whom it grows. The Hebrew name for Esther was Hadassah, which means myrtle, that is the abounding love for her people that is able to save them from their enemy. Isaiah says that "instead of the brier shall come forth the myrtle tree," that is, instead of death there shall be life, in all its fulness of sweetness and plenty. Zechariah, speaking of his vision says, "And I beheld a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle trees that were in a shady place."

And the Lord answered this angel with good words, even with comfortable words. "I am returned to Jerusalem with mercies, and my house shall be built in it. My cities through prosperity shall yet be spread abroad and the Lord shall yet comfort Zion, and shall yet choose Jerusalem." Such a message is the expected message of an angel under the myrtle trees. In the Elysian mysteries, the "mystae," or probationers, were crowned with myrtle before being initiated into the greater mysteries. "Mystae" really means "veiled." They were to take their thoughts from worldly matters, but their great glory was to be in love and kindness. Shelley, in "Prometheus Unbound," speaks very beautifully of the myrtle—

"golden spears,
With tyrant-quelling myrtle overtined,
Emblem of heaven and earth united now,"

And then the pomegranate. Hera, the wife of Zeus, is depicted holding the pomegranate, a symbol of full enduring life. The Greeks fabled that Persephone ate of the pomegranate, and that was the reason why the pomegranate symbolises life even in the next world, or life in apparent death. Persephone is sometimes said to be the harvest year, which seems dead in winter but if we wait its appointed time it will return with vigour and strength. Solomon, who gave abundantly to the temple, commands that its chapters shall be covered with pomegranates. The children of Israel were commanded to put blue pomegranates on the borders of their garments, for the abundance of truth is necessary to the chosen of the Lord. When Saul dwelt under the pomegranate tree he was in the vigour of life, victorious and well-armed. We must not forget Botticelli's great picture, "The Madonna of the Pomegranate," where the Virgin, filled with almost sad mystic thought, holds the infant Christ, who has a pomegranate in his hand. By some the pomegranate is said to be the emblem of the teacher. This is true in the sense that all true teaching leads to more abundant useful life.

The hyssop always reminds one of the Passover and the necessity for purity. "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean." The hyssop is not a tree, merely a shrub. It was used largely in the Mosaic ceremonies for the purification of leprosy. At the Cross the soldiers filled a sponge and put it on hyssop as a sign that Christ had drunk his cup of bitterness to the end. John, true mystic that he was, knew this old symbolism so well. He is the only gospeller who tells us this particular detail.

(To be continued.)



OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A Montreal Reader: "Your Best of all Occult Papers—'Splendid' hits it right on the nail!"

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Spiritualism as F

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IN continuing our Roman Catholic add two more mir Liseaux.

Mgr. Nicolas Gian studied very deeply interested in the mirr vent at Gallipoli. J January, 1910, and anniversary celebrate any researcher into I mind to test the pow of his visiting cards. Thérèse had said to t ance at the convent *trompée*. This he p envelope, which he e strong English paper his own private seal, asking her to enclose sums of money had be convent on the appoin the envelope out of th présence, when there lire, two of 100, and On touching the note fragrance of roses. T to 800 by a spirit is vo but by a grave Cathol ful than the miracle o mouth.

Searching inquiry v by Mgr. Bishop Mulle examining the witness yond reproach, came was under the protect ently procured for th the source of which when the nuns were fir that she inspired the devotional life.

The French soldier I aged 29 years, who v children, went to the v powers of Sister Théré image round his neck. o'clock in the afternoo raging near Rheims, he shells. One of his feet hands, and thigh, were but in the cool of the with confident faith— He immediately saw th saint, who held a large other tenderly raised this moment, which he much better, and was distant. Despite his te he never suffered any went to Lisieux, and g; Convent an account of returned to the war. states that he is a ma

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that has hitherto been and other social reforms will your sons and your latent faculties, on new alike the sceptic and t will give freshness to Man will live literally patriarchal age because contact to the divine so miracles are the harn forces. The child nurtu the "wisdom that com native purity and innoc and erring into paths of lion will lie down with tl will beat their swords in

Spiritualism as Part of Present-day Roman Catholic Belief.

By M. R. MUNRO FAURE.

IN continuing our researches into Spiritualism in the Roman Catholic Church of to-day, I should like to add two more miracles attributed to Sister Thérèse of Lisieux.

Mgr. Nicolas Giannattasio, Bishop of Nardo, who had studied very deeply the life of Sister Thérèse was much interested in the miracles occurring at the Carmelite convent at Gallipoli. The first took place on the 16th January, 1910, and the Bishop resolved to have the anniversary celebrated at the convent in 1911. He, like any researcher into psychical phenomena, made up his mind to test the powers of the little saint. He took one of his visiting cards and wrote on it the words Sister Thérèse had said to the rev. Mother on her first appearance at the convent: "*Ma voie est sûre, je ne me suis trompée.*" This he placed with a note of 500 lire in an envelope, which he enclosed in a larger one, made of strong English paper. He then carefully sealed it with his own private seal, and gave it to the Mother Superior, asking her to enclose it in the casket where the previous sums of money had been found. The Bishop went to the convent on the appointed day, and the rev. Mother taking the envelope out of the casket, opened it in the Bishop's presence, when there was found therein one note of 500 lire, two of 100, and two of 50, totalling in all 800 lire. On touching the notes, the Bishop smelt a pronounced fragrance of roses. This miraculous increase of 500 lire to 800 by a spirit is vouched for not by a mere Spiritualist but by a grave Catholic Bishop! It is not more wonderful than the miracle of finding a piece of silver in a fish's mouth.

Searching inquiry was also made into these miracles by Mgr. Bishop Muller, of Gallipoli, who, after carefully examining the witnesses, whose integrity was held as beyond reproach, came to the conclusion that the convent was under the protection of Sister Thérèse. She apparently procured for the nuns important sums of money, the source of which was unknown, and at periods when the nuns were financially distressed. He also found that she inspired the nuns with a nobler ideal of their devotional life.

The French soldier Roger L., of the 224th Infantry, aged 29 years, who was married and the father of two children, went to the war with complete confidence in the powers of Sister Thérèse. He wore a medallion with her image round his neck. On the 17th September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in a terrible battle which was raging near Rheims, he was severely wounded by bursting shells. One of his feet was nearly shattered and his face, hands, and thigh, were laid open. He lost consciousness, but in the cool of the evening he revived, and cried out with confident faith—"Sister Thérèse, come to my aid." He immediately saw the beautiful and compassionate little saint, who held a large crucifix in one hand, and with the other tenderly raised him, smiled, and disappeared. At this moment, which he says he will never forget, he felt much better, and was able to walk to a post 400 metres distant. Despite his terrible wounds and many operations, he never suffered any pain, and when convalescent he went to Lisieux, and gave the prioress at Sister Thérèse's Convent an account of his marvellous escape. He then returned to the war. A priest who knows this soldier states that he is a man of strict veracity.



The Aquarian Age.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

"He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God, for God giveth not the spirit by measure unto him."—Bible.

WE are living in the days in which the Festival of Spirit is an accomplished fact. Living in the Spirit in this Aquarian Age, its outcome will surpass all that has hitherto been dreamed of. Soul culture, health, and other social reforms are foregone conclusions. Not only will your sons and your daughters prophesy, etc., but the latent faculties, on new lines of development, will startle alike the sceptic and the credulous. Mighty discoveries will give freshness to the laurels of inventive genius. Man will live literally in deeds and years, reaching a patriarchal age because of his walk with God—his closer contact to the divine source of life and energy. So-called miracles are the harmonious adjustment of spiritual forces. The child nurtured on ambrosia, and embued with the "wisdom that cometh from above, yet retaining his native purity and innocence, will lead the undeveloped and erring into paths of righteousness and truth. "The lion will lie down with the lamb," and contending nations will beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, fully realising that he who conquers

self is greater than he who taketh a city. Life will radiate, broaden, and uplift, from the basis of a divine, inspiring love permeating the whole of humanity, for in that day "God will be all in all."



Prayers are Answered.

By GEORGE ESHELBY.

THERE is one important thing in this world of ours which certainly deserves more attention than what is generally given to it and that is prayer. To the Spiritualist prayer should be one of the chief items in his religious life, and the home circles where sincere prayer and harmony are practiced are the best places for the unfolding of psychic gifts.

Prayer is a great power in this world, and no prayer uttered, if really necessary, ever goes unanswered. Your prayer may not be answered in just the way you want it to be answered, but the response will come to you most certainly. It may come to you through a relative or friend or through a letter or newspaper, or in some other way. Yes, the help does truly come, and many people can bear witness to this fact.

It is not in our happiest moments that we see the need of prayer, but it is in times of great difficulties and troubles when we are weighed down with them, not knowing which way to turn from them. Then it is we think of prayer to God as a way out of our difficulties. Oh! that we could get a helping hand then! And how the mind is immediately uplifted after a prayer when uttered at such times!

Yet we find that there are such people to be found in our midst who tell us most candidly that they see no room for prayer in this world. Their view of things must be a very narrow one indeed. Go and purchase the best text books of science, and read them through carefully, and you will find, as I and others have found, that they give you information only about the surface of things and very little of that too. The tree in springtime breaks forth into leaf, then into flower, and afterwards into seeds and fruits. Much the same thing occurs in human, animal, and bird life, yet we know nothing about how it is all done. The more we advance in knowledge the more do we see that there is more hidden away from our view, and that we live in the midst of great mysteries. What is going on "behind the scenes" in organic life is a mystery to us. We know so little about it, and knowing so little about it, what right has anyone to assert that there is no room for prayer in this world?

Yes, prayers are being answered every day, no matter how some may scoff or sneer at them. Without prayer human life would indeed be a poor thing to contemplate.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.—Tennyson.



When men have once acquiesced in untrue opinions, and registered them as authenticated records in their minds, it is no less impossible to speak intelligibly to such men than to write legibly on a paper already scribbled over.—Hobbes.

THE BISHOP OF SOUTHAMPTON ON THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE:—Speaking at the dedication of a war memorial at Chale, Isle of Wight, Dr. Macrathur, Bishop of Southampton, remarked that in these days all were more or less familiar with thought transference or telepathy. People no longer expressed surprise when it was suggested that thoughts could be transferred from one to another even though they might be far apart from each other. Therefore it was not surprising if there should be something corresponding to this thought transference between those who remained in this earthly state and those who had passed into the other condition of spiritual existence. He didn't think it was improbable or unreasonable to suppose that they in this earthly state having thoughts which influenced them very deeply might have them transferred to those who had passed away to the other state. One could not say that it actually took place, but there were many passages in the Scriptures which bore out the idea that those in Paradise did know what was going on in this world. For instance, he did not think it impossible for them to have some knowledge of what they were doing that day, and of the thoughts which they cherished in their hearts towards their loved ones. If this were possible, they must realise that it was an exceedingly comforting thought, and one which they should cherish with feelings of great thankfulness.—*Evening Standard.*

THE QUEST OF THE UNSEEN. Spiritualism in the Light of Christianity. By G. R. Dennis. London: John Watkins. 1s. net.

An interesting brochure, shewing the aims and ideals of Spiritualism, claiming that the subject is worthy of the consideration of thinkers, and especially of the clergy, whose duty it is to look beneath the surface of the movement and recognise that the Spirit of Christ is at work in it. Quoting Dr. Dearmer he says, "The danger for the Church is that she may oppose to psychical science the same unreasoning blend of enmity and fear with which so disastrously for herself she met physical science in the time of Darwin." The fact that Spiritualism has demonstrated the truth of survival, and destroyed the fear of death, should alone give it a strong claim on every Christian.

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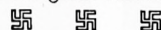
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