

# PHANTOMS OF THE DAWN

By  
Violet Tweedale

AUTHOR OF "GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN"

WITH A FOREWORD BY  
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



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# FOREWORD

BY

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

THE world may be divided into two classes, those who have psychic experiences but cannot write, and those who can write but have no psychic experiences. Every now and again it happens, however, that the two qualities are united in the same individual, as in the case of Mrs. Violet Tweedale. Whether as a result of her Northern blood, or from some inborn individual gift of her own, Mrs. Tweedale has the rare and wonderful power of clairvoyance. As to her narrative, if there is a better told story anywhere than her transcription of the clergyman's experience beginning with page 14 of this book, I should be good to know where I could find it. There are many most excellent narratives, but this one seems to me supreme in its atmosphere of romance and wonder.

Those who have read the previous book of the authoress, "Ghosts I have seen," will need no reassurance as to her powers of interesting the reader. There is no writer upon psychic subjects who excels her in this, and the reason probably is that there is no writer on psychic subjects who has herself, in her own person, got so near to the heart of the subject. It is a curious example of a hereditary independence of mind and moral courage for, as is well known, Mrs. Tweedale's grandfather was that Robert Chambers of Edinburgh who was famed in his day as a writer, and who was one of the little band of high-minded men who supported the great medium D. D. Home through all the persecutions of his latter years. The constant friendship of such men as Chambers, Carter Hall and a score of others is a sufficient refutation of the popular slanders upon Home's memory. It is time that the dirt was finally cleared from his grave, even if some of it has to be placed upon those of the men who persecuted him in life.

Mrs. Tweedale's present book differs from her former one in that the philosophic aspect of the subject obtains much

more attention. One may differ from her conclusions, but no one can fail to appreciate the reverence with which they are advanced or the wealth of reading and illustration with which they are supported. All of us who have concerned ourselves in the psychic movement must ask often, "Quo Vadimus?" and must, if we are honest, admit that we get an imperfect answer, for we are clearly in the early stages of that which has an enormous development in front of it—a development which far exceeds the grasp of our minds. I believe myself that by the time that development is completed the present theological views will be as extinct as the worship of Jupiter or Saturn, and yet that we shall find ourselves at the end nearer to the real Christ spirit than mankind has ever been since the first simple beautiful dawn of the new Faith. My own information, on which I may not at present enlarge, is that a great period of chastening trial awaits humanity, and that when this has passed it will be shewn that what we have done in our day and generation was to familiarise the world with those ideas which were to be the seeds of the universal simple undogmatic and practical religion of the millennial future.

Mrs. Tweedale has, I observe, given some account of a séance at which my wife and I had the privilege of being present. That account is a plain statement of fact which I fully substantiate, and I would endorse all that she says as to the character and powers of the medium Evan Powell. It was through him that I first came into contact both with my son and with my brother. Such powers as Mr. Powell possesses are the most precious things which the world contains, and it is a scandal that our mediæval laws stand in the way of the free exercise of such gifts which resemble in type if not in degree those which illuminated the early days of Christianity. It is to be hoped that an earnest effort will soon be made to eliminate the vile "Witchcraft Act" with its hypocritical pretended widows who are disguised police women and agents provocateurs, from that statute book to which it is a disgrace. There are many ways by which the public can be guarded against fraud without a law which tries to extinguish that which is the most precious of all things—direct evidence of eternal life.

One point in this Powell séance is worth noting. Mrs.

Tweedale has recounted how the medium insisted upon being bound, saying, "This is far too serious a matter to be trifled with, and there is no knowing what I might do whilst under control if I were not securely fastened." I have known him say the same words to me in my own house at an experimental sitting. Does not this precaution of an experienced and most genuine medium throw a clear light upon those cases where famous sensitives who had proved their true qualities on hundreds of occasions, have had their whole life's work discounted by shallow critics because they have once been found wandering outside the cabinet or away from their chair? Such was the case with Madame d'Esperance, with Mrs. Corner and with many others. Had they had the wisdom, or had their audience had the wisdom to insist upon control, the phenomena would not have been interfered with and scandal would have been averted, since it would no longer have been possible for the medium whilst in a trance condition to have unconsciously placed himself in so equivocal a position.

There are points in which Mrs. Tweedale is not to be taken too literally—nor, I am sure, would she desire to be. When she speaks of the surface of the earth being possibly the scene of the hereafter, she refers no doubt to the immediate hereafter of those souls which are so heavily weighted with matter—it can really be expressed in terms of gravity—that they cannot rise, and are earth-bound pending their spiritual development. It is true that the other higher ones come quickly at our call, but we who know the speed of a wireless message need not wonder that our loving thought can reach them, and their visit follow upon it, in a period which can be measured in seconds.

So too when she speaks of our want of knowledge of the *how* of physical phenomena, she is speaking of course of the ultimate forces at work. Of the immediate forces, the emission of ectoplasm and the way it is used we have learned much from the labours of Professor Crawford, Dr. Geley and others. As to the ultimate forces, we know so little of the real nature of gravity, electricity, magnetism and other great agents of Nature that it is hardly fair to demand that the youngest of the sciences should be clear where the older ones are obscure.

Mrs. Tweedale says many wise things about our own subconscious selves and the powers which may exist within us quite unknown to ourselves. Her story in Chapter IV. of her experience with Mr. Hill is a remarkable example of it, and presents a complex study for the Psychic student. But admitting the truth of the existence of this vague but powerful force, we must not push it too far, or use it with slovenly reasoning as an explanation for facts which are really quite outside its boundaries. Catch phrases such as telepathy, subconscious, cryptoesthesia and others have been used too freely and too indiscriminately as a camouflage of our own ignorance, and as an excuse for not admitting the true explanation upon which all these lines of evidence converge.

Let me illustrate what I mean by an example. Suppose that I receive an intuition that some line of conduct will lead me into danger, and that thereby I escape that danger. I think that this may quite fairly be put down to the prevision of my own subconscious powers. The other day, as I stood in a gully waiting for my opponent at golf to play his ball, I moved my position by a couple of feet without any reason. Almost at the same instant his ball thudded up against the bank immediately behind my head. I would claim no spiritual interposition in such a case. I should consider that it came well within the range of those intuitive warnings which arise from our own extended personalities.

But now let us take another case. Last week I sat with my wife upon the borders of a lake in the Trossachs. Suddenly her hand became strongly agitated, and upon my asking who was there (we are in the habit of receiving automatic communications) her forefinger inscribed "Os" upon the stone beside us. "Is it Oscar?" I asked. Three affirmative taps came from her fingers. Oscar was a nephew, killed in the war, who has often manifested to us since. I took out paper and pencil and handed them to my wife. "I love this place. I have stayed here" wrote Oscar, and then proceeded to tell us of the condition of his mother who had just passed over, together with other intimate details. When I returned to the hotel I searched the register but could not find Oscar. So far as I or my wife knew he had never been in Scotland in his life. I made inquiry in the

## FOREWORD

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family however, and I learn from his aunt that he had actually been in the Trossachs. If he was there he must have stayed at this, the only hotel. Now I claim that to put such a case as this down to the subconscious is not logical or honest. Even if the extended personalities of my wife and self could know that which we had no means of knowing, how can one suppose that one's unconscious self would proceed to dramatise itself as someone else and tell a series of thundering lies, mixed up with communications which, if not true, were to the last degree blasphemous. Such a supposition is opposed to all reason, while the spiritual explanation flows quite easily into the general stream of psychic evidence.

Mrs. Tweedale's remarkable book will of course receive the usual scornful denials from those who have never troubled to acquaint themselves with the facts. To all such she can answer with the retort of Schopenhauer: "Your denial does not argue that you have superior intelligence. It simply proves you to be ignorant of the latest acquisitions of knowledge." Year by year, however, this knowledge is permeating the various strata of society, and as the old obdurate materialists of the bad old Nineteenth Century type die away the new psychic teaching finds a less prejudiced audience among the younger generation. I am glad to note the severity with which Mrs. Tweedale speaks of the aristocratic portion of our population. Their record in spiritual matters has been deplorable and they will assuredly get their reward. Save the ladies whom she has mentioned, and the whole-hearted work of Lord and Lady Molesworth, one can hardly recall any who have aided the great psychic movement. The case of our rich men is even worse. We are straitened on every side for want of funds for propaganda, and the same small group of men and women are at the present moment finding all the money and doing all the work. When I find our poor workers mortgaging their houses to build a corrugated iron meeting house, and our old mediums starving on the dole, I read with some indignation of the luxuries and extravagances in the empty lives of those who misuse the power of wealth. There is need of some great readjustment—and it will come.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Crowborough, July 7th.



# PHANTOMS OF THE DAWN

## CHAPTER I

### THE SUPREME ADVENTURE

“STILL the years roll by. Before the last of them in this phase of endless life is unrolled and we pass ‘to where beyond these voices there is peace,’ we seem to hear, if we do not heed, a voice that cries :

‘Hearst thou this great voice that shakes the world  
And beats upon the faces of the dead?’—TENNYSON.

“ ‘The voice that beats upon the faces of the dead ’ triumphs all along the line in the beating down of obstacles and in the winning of acceptance for that which has been rejected and despised.’ ”—M. A. OXON.

As the year 1923 dawns I feel the urge to begin another ghost book, and as I take up my pencil I am conscious that my ghosts of to-day and to-morrow will be different from those with which I formerly dealt.\* They are more elusive. The psychic phenomena of to-day requires a language which psychologists are but slowly coining.

I am inspired to deal with the queer things that happen to me as reverently as with the soft

\* “Ghosts I have seen.”—Herbert Jenkins.

shadows that drift about me. The shadows we still call ghosts.

A friend said to me lately: "I am not so interested in seeing things. What interests me much more are the queer things that happen to me. What do they mean?"

The words set me thinking, and the conclusion I have come to is that those queer things are the things that really matter in life. They are milestones marking our spiritual development. They do more than hint of a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.

But we treat those queer things that happen to us with such thoughtless indifference in place of carefully recording and thinking them out. Yet in spite of the aimless drifting existence we lead, we do cherish the conviction of their reality. At moments we get glimpses of solar systems of mind, matching the sublime constellations of the heavens.

How numerous are the considerations that suggest hidden, transcendent realms of being!

Incredulity, involving great loss of valuable information is still rampant, but luckily it is mainly confined to the old. Youth is ready for the new revelation. Everywhere it is on the watch.

Lately, in talking over with a well-known dignitary of the Church some of the queer things that happen to one in life, he told me the following story. He vouches for the truth, but desires his name to be suppressed as he has no time for the correspondence its disclosure would entail.

"My old mother and I walked straight out towards the sunset, which was painting the heavens with a glorious blazonry of gold, and ruby, and

orange. We left our little bungalow nestling in the sand dunes, and its tiny, sandy garden fragrant with the bitter sweet herbs that flourish under the salt spray, and stepped out on the firm golden sands that the receding tide had left in exquisite purity.

“It was a lonely spot, that wide estuary through which the leaping tides rushed in and out with equal rapidity. Dangerous for those who took no thought for natural phenomena, but safe enough for those who knew the land and wisely chose their time.

“For several miles on either side of us lay the vast expanse of level golden shore, without stain or blemish—a glorious stretch of yellow sands, pure and untrodden by human foot.

“So far as the eye could reach no human being was in sight. Before us lay a firm mile or more of hard sand, at the extreme edge of which shone a tranquil ocean, no breath stirring its surface that warm summer evening.

“We walked on briskly towards the sea, not talking much, but both enjoying the quiet peace of the scene, which was only broken at intervals by the cry of a gull. Perhaps we were somewhat awed by the glory of the heavens, as moment by moment fresh banners of flaming colour were unrolled upon sky and land and sea.

“The place had a great fascination for me. There is something entrancing in walking upon virgin soil, in standing on a spot untrodden by the foot of man or beast. Though that walk towards the sunset was one I often took during my holiday, it never lost its charm, or the sensation of primeval loneliness. I never failed instinctively to note

that the only sign of life around me was my own foot-prints, running back behind me, so far as my eye could reach.

“To-night there were two foot-prints, and it was natural, somehow, that once or twice as we walked we should stop instinctively, and without speaking, look back at the track we had made, then resume our walk, our eyes looking wide out on the smooth glittering surface stretching in front of us for the half-mile that still lay betwixt us and the water.

“Suddenly my mother stopped dead with a queer little cry, and at the same moment I saw that which instantly arrested my own footsteps.

“In a petrified silence that held bewilderment and something more, we stared a few yards ahead. Rapidly we were questioning, doubting, analysing something we both knew to lie outside the bounds of the possible.

“On the unbroken surface there was a firm, clear mark—marks—coming from nowhere—from out the void. They had no connection with the earth—yet they were human.

“Graven deep into the hard sand was a naked human footstep.

“I remember clutching my mother’s arm to hold her still, though it was unnecessary. Neither of us had any desire to move a step onwards at that moment.

“There lay the mysterious human foot-print, perfectly impressed upon the smooth surface. Running the eye onwards that foot-print, which had come from nowhere, pursued a straight un-deviating course, so far as our vision could trace it to the edge of the water.

“ My mother was the first to speak, and her utterance sounded thick and unnatural. Glancing at her I saw that her cheeks had blanched milk white.

“ ‘ Boy! Are we mad? What’s the meaning of it? Where has it come from? It’s human! human! It’s neither bird nor beast! It’s human! It’s got no fellow and *it’s a left one!* ’

“ Again I strained my eyes upon it, and an awful, nameless panic, the mortal horror that guards the confines of the world we see not nor know as we know this world, stirred the hair on my head. I could feel it creeping on my scalp.

“ The foot-mark was the imprint of a left foot and there was no sign of a right foot. The naked left foot that had come out of the void walked on and on towards the sea, so far as the eye could reach, and it walked alone.

“ Were we going mad? I did not answer the question. I felt strangely shaken, and surely what we gazed upon would have startled anyone. I did not reason with myself for I was certain that I looked on the unearthly, and no argument could have destroyed that belief. Even had there been the track of a left and right foot, and I had suggested that the man had dropped from a passing aeroplane, I should still have known intellectually that the suggestion was nonsense.

“ Not a human being in sight. Not a sail upon the glassy mirror of the ocean that faded on the horizon into a gauze of pearly vapour.

“ We glanced fearfully around us. There was no mark of any description on the sands to right or left of us—only pure, virgin surface, and behind,

stretching back on the way that we had come, the clear engraving of our shod feet on the golden track. Before us, distant about seven feet, lay 'it'—that weird imprint of a naked human foot. There was silence for a few minutes, during which my mind worked rapidly but ineffectually. The evening was windless and serene, and only the low chanting of the still receding tide woke faint, hollow echoes amongst the distant sand dunes.

"My mother turned to me. Through the armour of ordinary commonsense had crept the question.

"Does the impossible sometimes happen?"

"Let us go home. I cannot bear the atmosphere. I feel as if we were in another dimension. On another plane of being," she whispered.

"Stand where you are and wait for me. I must look closer," I answered.

"Then I walked deliberately forward and stood beside the first footprint. Deliberately I tried to assure myself that here was a pretty case of hallucination. Such a preposterous freak of imagination simply could not materialise into reality. I closed my eyes telling myself that when I opened them again there would be no horror such as we had imagined. There would be nothing but my own footprints.

"All in vain! I was once more staring down on the impossible. The clear imprint of a naked, human, left foot—simply beginning—coming from nowhere—with no companion right foot or mark of crutch to help it on its way, as it moved westward to the red blaze of the setting sun.

"What explanation is there? None! I turned to my mother.

“ ‘ Walk back slowly, and I will follow after. I must see where this ends,’ I said, ‘ then I will join you again. I will walk fast.’

“ I saw her make the sign of the cross, then she turned her face landwards without a word.

“ Swiftly I walked, always alongside that unearthly footprint, so clear, so undeviating, that ran straight to the water’s edge.

“ In another ten minutes I had reached the confines of the empty, and deserted shore, where the tiny wavelets were leaving a waving ribbon of creamy foam.

“ Then I stood still and looked long and shudderingly at the naked footprint that had walked straight into the ocean and passed for ever out of sight into the breast of the retreating tide.”

No man can really believe a truth until he has grown to the extent which enables him to see it as truth for himself. The one final test of psychic phenomena lies in the psychic experiences of seers themselves.

This is why investigations into the realms of the spirit world prove unsatisfactory.

This is the cause of the apparent failure of the Society for Psychic Research. During the many years of its existence, it was founded in 1882, it has collected, and most carefully sifted, a vast mass of evidence proving super normal powers in the living, proving the return of the so-called dead. It can now be stated that the great scientists who have studied these matters are convinced believers, but this carries the general public no farther, nor can it carry the Society farther.

The abnormal occurrences in a haunted house are

studied by the most competent observers, but all they can do is to relate what they have seen or heard. They cannot lay hold of what they see. They cannot account for what they hear. Yet all this accumulation of evidence must not be allowed to stop and be forgotten. The essential need of a satisfactory philosophy of life is some understanding of what we call death, and it is only by a grim determination to keep up continuity that new facts will get rooted. Varied interpretations, and refusal to see in them sufficient grounds for belief in survival must be expected.

Knowing certain facts to be true, let us learn "to labour and to wait," and leave others to frame their own theories. In this life it is unlikely that we will gain clear theory or understanding. For our reward let us be grateful for continual evidence, and a heightened apprehension of the ineffable mystery of life in all its complexity, unity and worth.

The elusiveness of spirit life was brought prominently before me only a few months ago.

I was spending ten days in one of my London Clubs, and on the second night of my arrival I went to bed at half-past nine, intending to read for an hour or two before I slept. I arranged the pillows high behind my head, turned on my reading lamp, and sitting up I looked down the bed to the brightly burning fire beyond.

In the armchair, drawn up to the cheerful blaze, in the chair I had just vacated, sat an old lady. Her eyes were turned away from me towards the fire, and she gave me the impression of complete indifference to my presence. Her period was the present. There was nothing of the good old-

fashioned creepy, crawly, shivery, look over your shoulder ghost about this perfectly composed old woman. Here was a contemporary ghost who one could imagine looking with cold disdain upon the eighteenth and nineteenth century apparition carrying its own head, or the lachrymose lady wrapped in a winding sheet who wailed adown the draughty corridors at full moon.

My old lady ghost inspired no physical fear, and I began a long and leisurely study of her appearance. White hair parted above a wrinkled brow. A small shawl thrown over the back of her head, as a protection against draught, I concluded. Thin hands with gnarled fingers, clasped on a black stuff dress. Insignificant features and a pale, sallow skin. Could anyone look more uninteresting, and yet simply because she had passed through a door which I, in common with all humanity, must also enter sooner or later. I was thrilling with interest about her.

I wondered if she was conscious of my presence, and I coughed rather loudly to attract her attention. There was no response. She sat on, quite quietly meditating by the fire. She was so obviously thinking that I began to speculate upon the subject of her thoughts. Then it came to me that she had died very lately in this room, probably in this very bed upon which I lay, and she had not yet realised that she had passed over. She was resentful over something, possibly my presence in her bed, possibly because her own people had left her.

I often think it is rather hard upon those who have passed over to be treated as if they had vanished for all eternity to another world. Why not accept

what has been practically proved, and what is preached by the Bishop of London, and many others that the real man has only cast off his old coat and is as vitally alive as ever, and even more so ; having been relieved of the physical body ; and that he probably remains for long in, or in the vicinity of his old home.

But to return to my old lady ghost. As I lay contemplating her a great longing came over me to touch her. It would be so satisfactory to touch as well as see a ghost. Here was an excellent opportunity of making all sorts of tests, for this ghost was in no hurry, and the most pronounced sceptic would have scoffed at anyone so obvious being called an optical delusion. If she resented my familiarity I could apologise. In vain I told myself that it was out of the question to treat a total stranger in so unceremonious a manner, the longing became too strong for me, and I found myself slipping softly out of bed. I approached her very diffidently, creeping towards her on bare feet. I gained her side, and just as I was about to stretch out my hand to lay it on her shoulder she disappeared. The chair was empty. Then I did wonder for a moment if I had been the victim of an optical delusion, and I stalked back to bed feeling distinctly annoyed. But no sooner did I survey again the chair by the fire than I saw quite plainly that its former occupant had returned. Her position was slightly different, but there she sat as large as life and as plain as a pike staff. Sly old ghost ! No tests were to be obtained through her.

I suppose that for over an hour I tried to fix my attention on my book, but I failed. The fire was

beginning to die down, and I began to feel sleepy, so finally, with a long, last scrutinizing stare I settled down on the pillows and switched off the lights. One last peep. In the dying, fitful firelight she was almost invisible. Only her face and hands shone pale against the surrounding darkness.

I looked for her again the following night, but she never returned whilst I occupied the room. I learned that she had passed over ten days previously seated in her chair.

A ghost of this sort would provide no evidence worth having for the general public, even had a dozen accredited psychical researchers gazed upon her for an hour. Of course, I am quite aware how many of the greatest intellectuals now give testimony to the truth of psychic phenomena. Were I a disbeliever I should be profoundly impressed by the results of their investigations. I would be aware that they are the last men to be deluded, but the general public is not scientific, and knows little or nothing of scientific discovery, therefore I am certain personal experience is worth more than all else as a means to conviction. The whole trouble is that the ghost invariably commands the situation. No number of scientists could have hauled my old lady ghost before the club committee as evidence of survival after death. She would have slipped through their fingers as she slipped from under my hand. A ghost is a free spirit, free, certainly under very wide restrictions. A ghost laughs at locksmiths, and is at liberty to roam the King's palace or the wind-swept street at will.

Knowledge which seeks to penetrate beyond the limits of normal consciousness can only hope to add

to its store by what may be termed Revelation. Such revelation is of no value whatever to anyone but the recipient. Not only because he has no evidence to adduce but his own, but because there is no language as yet which is in any way descriptive of the finer and higher experiences of super normal consciousness.

Lord Herschell said, "The perfect observer will have his eyes, as it were, opened that they may be struck at once with any occurrence which, according to received theories, ought not to happen, for those are the facts which serve as clues to new discoveries."

The last fifteen years has brought about a tremendous change in the outlook of empirical science. That which was once rejected and despised as unworthy of serious consideration is now quietly accepted. Science has crossed the border and entered the world of spirit. It has been forced over by its discoveries, and is now in such a position that it must (to be logical), doubt the existence of ether, atoms, electrical energy and stay doubting, or it must accept the existence of transcendental or super-sensible realities.

The other day I had an interesting experience during sleep. I found myself on the other side discussing the structure of the atom with a short, dark young man. In the course of conversation he remarked: "I was the only chap on earth who ever counted the electrons of an atom."

I expressed the honour I felt at coming across so eminent a personage, and soon after woke up in bed. I remembered with great vividness my interview, I also remembered that I had known

previously that the electrons of the atom had been counted just before the war by a young man who fell in Gallipoli. So great a genius was far too precious to be risked in war, and the Royal Society moved to get him back, but too late—a Turkish bullet had laid him low.

Such experiences are far too fragmentary to be of any value. The connection or bridge between the two planes is wanting. Atoms have to be taken by us on trust. It is an underestimate to say there are as many atoms in a tumblerful of water as there are tumblerfuls of water in the Atlantic. Even smaller than the atom is the electron, which, as compared in size to the atom is as an inch to the mile, yet they have been counted by a man who thought it incumbent upon him to fight for his country. Such an achievement as this scientific discovery makes trivial all psychic phenomena we know of.

Scientists have been driven to the certainty that in the psychic phenomena brought under their notice there is something to be explained and investigated.

The attitude now adopted by those who are keen to disprove survival is to attribute to the human being powers so stupendous that they stagger the most vivid imagination and stretch credulity to breaking point.

Some psychologists tell us that all the evidence there is for survival is due to powers contained in the living. Upon the source of those powers, or the why or wherefore of those powers, science is dumb. It is unaware, or purposely blind to the fact that it has succumbed to the power of the

Second Coming now upon us, and which may be quite simply stated to be the dawning realisation of the primitive words: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within. Know ye not that your body is the temple of the living God."

This new attitude of science has brought about a curious alliance with orthodox religion. The Church is not yet disposed to admit the possibility of communion betwixt the quick and the dead. Though survival is the foundation of all great religions the Church is strongly against any attempt to prove it. All psychic phenomena are still, in its belief, the work of the evil one, not of "the Father within."

Even those clergy who accept the statement that the physical body is the abode of "the living God" are indisposed to permit that God to manifest in any manner suggestive of unfoldment. Many of them therefore stretch out willing hands to those scientists who assure us that what man imagines to be a Divine unfoldment within him of eternal life is nothing higher than his own sub-conscious mind.

The many whose religious experiences have proved to them the living reality of the indwelling Presence are quite unmoved by such efforts. An enduring and transcendental reality is at work within, actively breaking down obstacles, and in personal relation with man is aiding the unfoldment within him of the Divine.

What is that reality at work within every soul?

The Cosmic Christ.

The indwelling Christ, Who, according to the New Testament and the human experience of man produces Christian life.

Christ in you, the hope of glory.  
I live, and yet no longer I but Christ liveth in me.  
I am again in travail until Christ be formed in you.  
It is God Who worketh in you both to will and to work for  
His good pleasure.  
I am in My Father, and ye in Me and I in you.  
Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.

What is the meaning of those words. The Church virtually ignores them.

Surely we have here the Cosmic Christ as the immanent life and truth of all things.

He has a cosmic significance which goes far beyond His creative operation in human lives. The entire Universe, organic and inorganic, has its source in the Cosmic Christ, "Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of all Creation; for in Him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things have been created through Him, and unto Him; and He is before all things, and in Him all things consist."

And what of the physical body?

Is it not embosomed in the elements? Is it not cast back to them as to a sepulchre?

Its environment is the material, and its work to present us with experiences, not to experience them itself. "Search for Me hidden in your heart," says the Mahabharata," the final echo of the great doctrine "Brahma, the True God, is you yourself."

Meanwhile the Mystic, the diligent searcher after truth, is content to discard Being for Becoming, to remember that St. Paul entreats us to grow up into the fulness of His stature and respond to every level of human nature.

“Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds.”

This resounding command gives the everlasting lie to the view that a spiritual life is so much gas and water laid on to be tapped at convenience. One cannot tame or domesticate the super normal. The spiritual life is a tremendous adventure, but if you prefer, as so many do, to live under an anæsthetic, well, the Church is a very comfortable burial ground.

Growth is a terribly disruptive agency, and the unification of body with spirit must have proceeded far before it is possible for the body to endure the play of the vast Cosmic Life and consciousness of the Supreme Eternal God. If we are not yet ready for this high and last endeavour

“ . . . . . If thy thought  
Droops from such a height; if thou be'st weak to set  
Body and soul upon Me constantly,  
Despair not! Give Me lower service! Seek  
To reach Me, worshipping with steadfast will.”

To do this is to throw off the lethargic spell of habit, to realise that spiritual sustenance can be found outside the pale of the churches, to seek wherever and whenever one can for some manifestation of God in dream and in vision, and to strive to understand the meaning of what men call the Super-normal, the Super-natural. The track of the war storm is a blazed trail of blasted hopes. The holiest sanctions have been consumed, but war and peace belong to the eternal rhythm of existence, and evolution with its upward trend, is the Master principle of man's nature. He cannot

evade it if he would. He is a pilgrim of the Infinite, and he must be ready in dealing with great problems to keep his mind fluid, not fixed.

Even to those whose minds are fast set in concrete creeds there is dawning the knowledge, uneasy though it be, that

“ Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch,  
A fancy from a flower-bell, someone's death,  
A chorus ending from Euripides—,  
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears  
As old and new at once as Nature's self,  
To rap and knock and enter in our soul.”

## CHAPTER II

### INVISIBLE CURRENTS

IN this lovely, sleepy Devonshire town strange happenings are taking place. An underground spiritual swell is heaving, and unknown airs are blown from unseen, far off shores. The earth is starred with primroses, the exquisite scent of the white violet fills the lanes. Few echoes from the restless war-racked world trouble this fair and serene place; whose magic of colour remembrance brings ever back in dreams.

We look upon a land-locked bay, but the great ocean is very near. The limitless ocean of infinite force emanating from eternal thought is moving over the face of life's waters. Invisible currents are flowing strong, and bearing on their breast a human burden.

Countless people are seeking a way out of the fretful fever of their external life. Their hectic, feverish course has failed to satisfy them.

They realise that they have been living on the frothy surface. Now they long to harmonise the thought life, and seek truth for truth's sake at the call of spirit.

Scarce a day passes without some communication; either by visit or letter, telling us of startling and wonderful happenings. What is so profoundly interesting is this. The phenomena are taking

place in the business community of the town. Amongst hard-headed, practical business men, to whom such occurrences are stunning and amazing beyond words.

We feel that those glimpses into the unseen are very solemn and awe-inspiring events. It is not strange to us that for a time the seer is thrown off his balance. Though lip service is freely given to human survival we have always realised, through our intercourse with others, that actual belief in the immortality of the soul is confined to the very few.

Suddenly *to know* that it is true is a shattering experience. Suddenly to discover that we are not walled off from other realms, that no unspanable chasm separates us from the higher spheres of being which exist in the unseen, that an immortal soul can communicate with mortal man!

What a revelation is this to the ordinary, respectable citizen who fills a seat every Sunday in church, and sums up his weekly business in that peaceful interlude.

The man who touches Reality is filled with an awe that solemnises and liberalises all his being, for no matter who the experient is he has now material for religious certitude more valuable than any intellectual reasoning can afford.

Sometimes I am rung up and asked by a business man who is unknown to me if I would kindly grant him half-an-hour's private conversation. Sometimes the request comes by letter. I know what this means before his arrival, and I also know exactly how he will begin and what he has come to say.

“ I hope you'll forgive my troubling you, but I've always heard, and I gather by your books, that you know about the queer things that happen to some people. I felt I must tell someone of the extraordinary experience I have had. It has quite unhinged me, but I felt that you would understand.”

The speaker is generally very nervous and agitated, but on being assured that both I and my husband know the reality of those queer things far too well to laugh, or treat them lightly, he begins his recital in profound earnestness.

He throws off the protective mask in which he entered, and proceeds to lay bare very sacred moments of his life. He sees the force of a great event—for, indeed, incarnate spirit to meet with discarnate spirit is a very great event—a spiritual thing he believed to be but imagination has come to expression.

We listen in absolute sympathy and gladness, for we recognise that he has found a path leading to that spiritual atmosphere of the world which breathes Itself through any door ajar.

Oh! the wide diversity of those phsyhic happenings, and the wonder of them; and the unlikely people who experience them!

I am the South Devon repository, and into my ear they are all poured in a most confusing jumble.

It often occurs to me how interesting the situation would become in this town and district if I were at liberty to give away all the secrets I possess. How absolutely amazed many of the leading citizens would be if they could only know how many seers

there are amongst them, with whom they rub shoulders daily.

Last week I overheard, in a large shop, the part-owner warning a customer against spiritualism. I asked him afterwards why he did so. He was a man who, quite alone, had gone through wonderful experiences. His reply was,

“If she had experiences like I have had her brain wouldn't stand it. Spiritualism might break her.”

Who knows? Perhaps he was right.

Of course this mass of revelation is not confined to Devonshire, it is to be found everywhere now. The people need a recognised centre to which they can come, for many need guidance and explanations. I know some confide in the leaders of the spiritualist church. I know none who confide in their parsons. Several times I have suggested that they should do so. The answer is always the same.

“It would be no use. They wouldn't understand.”

Is there not something wrong here? Why is it that the clergy stand right outside this great wave of spiritual revelation? It is bound to react tremendously on the religious ideas of the time, and surely those revelations of a life lived beyond the grave would be of interest to them.

It is one of the hardest tasks for the thinker to hold on to the church. Its indifference seems so cruel.

Everyone is agreed that at the present time a wave of cruelty is sweeping over the world. The magistrates are blamed for their miserably inadequate sentences. The church is silent. Yet this moral hideousness surely concerns it?

With such a magnificent organisation, and the means of reaching millions of ears, it does nothing. It is terrible to think what it might do to form public opinion upon the horrors of cruelty. It remains silent.

I know that there are a few splendid men who, in defiance of their bishops, do wonders. But think what it would mean if the Church *en masse* suddenly became alive for even one week, and from every pulpit in the kingdom thundered forth denunciations against those who cruelly ill-use defenceless little children and animals.

A man standing for Parliament can ensure his message reaching every house in a great constituency. Think what it would mean if every church would copy for one week an electioneering campaign, hold outdoor and indoor meetings and carry its message into every home.

I attended a great meeting in London organised by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and a man in the audience suggested seeking help from the Church. The reply was :

“Quite useless. Once a year they put up a dud in the pulpit to preach kindness to animals to a congregation that wouldn't hurt a fly.”

Nothing will make me believe that any clergyman holds that the Almighty is indifferent to the cruelty practised in vivisection upon His helpless creatures. This abomination is said to be in the cause of science. What a travesty on what is called faith ! The Duchess of Hamilton in one of her books says : “It is really amazing that any human being claiming to be a Christian should, through indifference

or doubt, hesitate to condemn an organised system of torture on whatever plea it is instituted."

What horrible hypocrisy to preach faith in God whilst supporting or failing to denounce vivisection !

How can any clergyman pray for the sick knowing what is being done in the laboratories ?

Upon whom does the faith of the Church really rest ?

Upon The Almighty, or upon the vivisectors ?

I am quite sure that the church knows quite clearly that cruelty to God's creatures, *in any cause*, is a deadly sin. Then why does it not, as one man, denounce it ?

Many times, when working in the cause of animals, I have been met with the retort :

"The church doesn't denounce vivisection, why should you ?"

I reply : "Because the Church is a miserable, contemptible coward, is that a reason why I should be the same ?"

I always feel afterwards how thankful I ought to be that I am not a bishop. I have numerous undischarged duties on my own shoulders. I should sink, crushed under the burden of the many ignored responsibilities resting upon the shoulders of the "lawn sleeves."

The appalling moral cowardice of the Church turns the thinker sick with a profound regret.

The most glorious opportunity in the whole world is utterly thrown away.

I am constantly asked by young mothers what religion they ought to teach their children. They will have nothing to do with the Old Testament or the Church.

The reason they give is that the Church is useless for the formation of character and the big things of life. They say the boy scouts get a better moral training. They are taught kindness, helpfulness and God in nature.

The silence of the clergy upon the crying evils of this world is alienating all the young parents, and naturally so. I sometimes wonder who is to fill the churches when this generation passes away.

Wandering from one reformer to another, from one lecture hall to another, one is struck by the hopeless attitude adopted towards the Church.

“They won’t touch it. No use asking the clergy,” is the cynical, invariable retort, yet these reformers are struggling against crying sins! If sin be not the subject the Church ought to deal with, then what is their subject? I suppose it is a vain question.

I always remind those young mothers that the Church holds one priceless tradition.

The Sacrament of The Eucharist.

However dead to this world the Church may be, there is life there. Outside the precincts men strive after the living Christ they cannot find within, but “Do this in remembrance of Me” is an admonition never to be forgotten.

One day a man came to me to discuss his mental condition. He was very much disturbed and had no one but me—a total stranger—to turn to.

He told me that every night before sleeping he sat up in bed to say his prayers. Beside the bed stood a table with various articles upon it. Books, a clock, pencils, a pipe and tobacco, etc. His attention was attracted by movement on the table.

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At first he thought it was a mouse wandering about, but an electric lamp stood on the table, and there were no signs of mice to be seen in the bright light.

Whilst he watched the table he saw a newspaper partially open out, and "tings" came on the metal column of the lamp, as if someone flicked it with the finger nail. Once he heard a sound and glanced round just in time to see a pencil moving.

An ignorant person would have laughed at this, and bidden him go home and consult a doctor. Ignorant as I am, I was not so ignorant as that. I told him that in my humble opinion someone on the other side wished to say something to him of importance. Could he think of anyone lately dead who might desire to communicate with him.

He smiled wryly. Certainly there was someone lately dead, but he would be the last to wish to speak to him. They were enemies.

I replied that probably that was the very reason why communication was desired, and the spirit ought to be given a chance to speak.

My distressed friend went sadly away saying he did not believe in spiritualism.

I saw nothing of him for three weeks, then he returned. The bedside disturbances were worse than ever. What should he do. He was willing to try anything. I showed him how to use automatic writing, and explained the attitude of mind he must try to maintain. Once more he departed.

I had forgotten all about him when he turned up again. The world was revolutionised for him.

He had discovered by automatic writing, the means by which he had been defrauded out of a sum of money, and better still, he had been told how he

could regain this money. He had succeeded all along the line. His dead enemy was sufficiently alive on the other side to repent, and persevere till he gained the attention of the man he had injured. Luckily I was at hand to erect the bridge.

I do not even know this man's name, and I never questioned him. He invariably approached me whilst I was on public work.

This incident gave me a lesson others might benefit by. The most trivial little *unaccountable* sounds and signs ought to be noted, and not treated as negligible. They may lead to big results.

Psychic experiences come to the most unexpected people like a thief in the night. There is a story told by the present Earl of Warwick in his "memories of Sixty Years," which I think exemplifies this fact better than any I have ever read. He has kindly given me permission to reproduce it.\*

"Like many other very old houses, Warwick Castle is said to be haunted, but for reasons that are doubtless perfectly satisfactory, no ghost has ever honoured me with a visit. My mother used to hear strange and uncanny noises ; I never succeeded in doing as much as that. Archdeacon Colley, who was so well known in Africa, came to the Castle several times, and held séances in the oak bedroom, a dark and rather gloomy chamber in the same corridor as my own room. He brought a medium from Birmingham, and I believe they raised, or saw, a little girl carrying flowers. I can only hope they were satisfied. The Archdeacon was by way of being on intimate terms with spirits, and would show me photographs of people with vague and shadowy forms in the background. I, like the

\* Since these lines were written Lord Warwick has passed over.

sacristan in the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' 'spoke no word to indicate a doubt.' Indeed, I have often thought how interesting it would be to invite Sir Oliver Lodge over, or other sympathiser of equal eminence, if such there be, and ask him if he could establish communion with some of the great figures that have stayed in the Castle in the intervals of making English history.

"The Castle, though the town of Warwick lies by its side, is very quiet at night. No sounds were audible until, in the past few years, express trains passed in the distance over the Great Western and North Western lines. Every sound seems to have something akin to the quality of surprise, and undoubtedly some that are due to perfectly natural causes have been misinterpreted. I remember the mysterious rapping in Guy's Tower that was attributed to ghosts, until somebody had a brain-wave and discovered that it was due to the rapping of the halyard cord against the flagstaff! They say that at midnight a lady rides through the State Rooms on a white horse, while in the courtyard may be seen the ghost of the Dun Cow that Guy, Earl of Warwick, killed on Dunsmore Heath. There is an old book dealing with his many adventures, but I have been unable to learn from it why the ghost of the cow should still parade the courtyard. There is said to be another apparition in the form of an old woman who walks along the corridors by day. My wife has seen her twice. She moves slowly and with averted face, silent and intangible—she is gone almost as soon as seen.

"A couple of monkeys which my parents kept by the side gates increased the rumours of ghosts.

One used to drag his chain at all hours of the day and night. Finally he broke it, and made his way into the town, to slip down the chimney of an old schoolmaster's house, and appear in the sitting-room before the greatly startled pedagogue and his still more frightened wife.

“My father, though a very delicate man and much confined to the Castle when his health permitted him to stay there, never saw any apparitions of any kind and was decidedly sceptical. But once when he was away from Warwick, staying for his health in furnished rooms at St. Leonards-on-Sea, he had a very curious experience, and one that affected him considerably. He had gone to sleep one night rather early, and awakened at midnight to find a soft mysterious light in the room; a pervasive glow that seemed to come from nowhere, and to embrace everything. It lit the end of his bed, where there was a skeleton figure partly draped with a red scarf and holding what looked like a javelin. As my father gazed, the figure poised and threw the javelin. It passed through the wall above my father's head. Then the glow faded, and he fell at once into a deep sleep until his valet arrived to draw his blind and bring his hot water. He noticed at once that the man was looking very perturbed, and asked him what was the matter. ‘Something very sad, my Lord,’ was the reply. ‘The landlady's daughter, a young girl who sleeps in the room next to this, died suddenly in the night.’ To me the special interest of this strange story, which I had from my father's lips, lies in his eminently practical nature and mind. He had no fancies, he would not have permitted himself to

indulge in any ; sane, sober and serious, the supernatural had no hold on him, and yet, while the haunted Castle could tell him nothing, he had this strange and inexplicable experience in rooms at the seaside. I have learned to believe that if you are susceptible to influences and manifestations Warwick Castle can supply all you need, while if you are not responsive, you can pass the quietest of days and nights even in the oak bedroom that spirits are said to favour. My own inability to see things has occasioned me no regret."

What must have been Lord Warwick's amazement that night when he looked upon his grim visitor ?

I, who have lived all my life in touch with the spirit world, can imagine and enter into the stunning revelation it must be to the normal man of the world to have his first psychic experience. To learn that what he has formerly laughed at and declared to be nonsense happens to be actually a fact in nature that has come to him in such a guise that he is forced to look upon it full in the face.

"I thought all that sort of thing was only imagination," many of my confidants say.

"Imagination." No other word has passed through such a complete metamorphosis in my time. Formerly, and still to a certain extent, it was used as descriptive of delusion, or as a polite substitute for the word falsehood.

The place of imagination in the history of the human race has still to be written. It will not be an easy essay to write, since, like the air we breathe it supports the whole structure of our mental being. A beginning has, however, been made, and imag-

ination is now given a high place amongst the creative and interpretative functions of the mind. Some scientists speak of it as "The creative principle in nature," and Douglas Fawcett claims for it the whole work of creative activity throughout cosmos. Most of the great discoveries, before they saw objective reality, were imagined, and did not Ruskin say: "The power of imagination . . . is not a morbid faculty to be played with, but the healthiest and highest of all human faculties, to be most solemnly cultivated."

"They would only say I imagined it. Don't tell anyone," is a common remark I very often hear.

Then I try to explain the real meaning of the word according to science.

Those recipients of abnormal manifestations take them very differently. This morning I have been listening to the previous night's experiences of two prominent, practical business men. They both said to me :

"I am ready to go before a magistrate and swear upon the Bible, and before Almighty God that those happenings had nothing to do with human agency."

They are filled with moral courage, and speak everywhere of their experiences. They are tremendously uplifted and deeply serious. They are masters of the situation because

*They know.*

It will be some days before business gets hold of them again, and I try to exert a calming influence. Business must be carried on. They must learn,

as I have, to lead the two lives. It can be done.

If a man leads a clean, decent life of hard work his psychic life can be a great help to him. It will assist him to realise the immanence of the Divine Presence, and live in tune with the Infinite. He will henceforth know that *God is* and that material man is not all there is.

Another business man who has been receiving visits from a brother who passed over a year ago is full of fear lest others may discover his secret. He dreads ridicule. He cannot grasp the fact that countless others have had a like experience. He was half dead with fear when his brother first stood before him.

I asked him if he was afraid of his brother in this life ?

He stared in amazement.

"Why! we were the greatest friends," he cried.

"Then," I quietly asked, "what has your brother done since to cause you to fear him now ?"

He thought a moment then said : "I suppose it is because I know it is his spirit that now appears."

"But," I insistently argued, "what was it but this self-same spirit that appeared to you during his earthly life ? What are we all ? Simply spirit robed in flesh and clothes. The real breathing, thinking, speaking man is neither the flesh, nor the outer garments. That surely became obvious to you at the hour of his passing. What was left on the bed ? The flesh and clothes could neither breathe, think or speak, because the spirit, the real man, had abandoned the body. Why fear this self-same spirit now ? Try to believe that St. Paul's

words were true when he said : ‘ There is but one body and one spirit . . . one God and Father of all, Who rules over all, acts through all, and dwells in all.’ (Weymouth’s translation.) Try to realise that death is nothing more than the passing through a doorway into another sphere, interpenetrating ours and resembling it very closely. You never barred the door against your brother in this life. Why shut him out now ? ”

One hopes that such simple arguments sink in and that they give confidence and relief, and sometimes my husband comes in to add assurance, and the weight of his old experience. In reality it is all so very simple, so very natural, that one tries to divest such happenings of the abnormal atmosphere the seer wraps around them.

Women are less apt to come in contact with the unseen, and I attribute this to the severe hardening process they went through during the war. I do not mean that women are less interested than men in psychic phenomena, but they have far fewer experiences.

Women are distinctly more revengeful towards our former enemies than are the men who fought against them, and a lingering desire for revenge is, of course, fatal to spiritual development.

The sudden leap of women into liberty, with no previous preparation, has produced a crude materialism, which for the time being has eclipsed much of their former spirituality. Were another war to threaten the opposition to it would be more male than female.

Despite all women lost in the war they are not yet sufficiently attuned to their new position, nor

balanced enough to realise war's barbarities. Many of them are ready for what Herbert Spencer called "rebarbarisation." They have imbibed too much German Kultur. Time will evolve in them higher instincts, meanwhile the van of spiritual development carries mainly the male sex.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the great apostle of spiritualism has just been lecturing here to a massed and profoundly interested audience. I had heard that he had become absurdly credulous. I did not find him so. I found him convinced of survival, and the possibility of communication with the discarnate, but fully alive to the frequent existence of fraud. The Mayor of Torquay, Mr. Iredale, took the chair, though he is not a spiritualist. It was a tribute to Sir Arthur's literary career, and a fine demonstration of the true civic spirit all prominent public men ought to display in their dealings with the People.

On the following day we held a Séance in our house, and I much regretted that all present were convinced believers, and no one was present to convert.

The medium, unpaid, was a Welshman named Evan Powell, who is said to be the greatest materialising medium in Great Britain. He began life as a pit boy in his native town of Merthyr, and a year ago, at the age of forty-one he established himself with his wife in Paignton and opened a coal business. Health necessitated this change, and he is still delicate.

His personality is extremely sympathetic and absolutely simple. One only realises his depth when he stands up to address an audience with a

flow of picturesque and mystic eloquence which is beautiful. Instinctively one feels his honesty, it is very transparent. His boyish figure and fair face cause him to look younger than his years. It is always a great pleasure to us to welcome him to our house, even if our conversation rises to no higher plane than coal. He has known poverty, and it has softened him towards those in trouble now. There is a beautiful quality of soul in him that we gladly recognise and honour.

Our little party consisted of my husband and myself, Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle, and a friend of ours whom I will call Mr. Clark. A man who has travelled widely, is a great classical scholar, and a churchman. Six persons in all.

During tea the medium began to give evidence of his powers. He was seated on my left at the dining-room table, and began a conversation with a spirit, unseen by us, who hovered in the background.

Evan Powell described him as an old man clad in a dressing gown, and wearing a white muffler round his neck. His face was long and pale, and his hair white and straggling.

He stated that he was American, that he had passed over many years ago, but had developed a strong interest in me.

We tried to find out something more definite, but all we at first gathered was that he had been connected with literature and the name "Horace."

We could not place him at all, but as tea proceeded this spirit became more insistent, and conveyed to us through the medium that he had founded a weekly newspaper, a copy of which was

actually in the house, and that his portrait and full name would be found within it.

The size of the paper was somewhat similar to *The Graphic*.

At first this absolutely puzzled me, but later on, I suddenly thought of *The Saturday Evening Post*, an American paper with a huge circulation, to which we subscribe, but of its founder I knew nothing and perhaps cared less. I was aware that the last issue was in the drawing-room. I had not yet opened it, but I knew exactly where it lay under a pile of other papers on a stool behind a chair.

It is quite certain that the medium had no personal knowledge of this newspaper being in the house. He had no chance of going near the spot where it lay, and we were having tea in the dining-room. However, I said nothing regarding its existence at the moment, and we adjourned to the billiard-room, where we proposed to "sit."

I then went alone to the drawing-room and hunted up *The Saturday Evening Post*, carrying it straight to Evan Powell. We turned over its pages of advertisements until we came to the beginning of the subject matter, and there on the top of page twenty-two was a small engraving, about the size of half-a-crown, of an old man with a long white face and wearing a muffler. Below was written

"Founded A.D. 1728."

Printed beneath was the name,

"George Horace Lorimer, present editor."

An extremely interesting séance then took place,

and lasted about an hour and a half. We left the arrangements entirely to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and he deputed my husband and Mr. Clark to tie up the medium. Evan Powell insisted upon this work being thoroughly done, saying :

“ This is far too serious a matter to trifle with, and there is no knowing what I might do whilst under control if I were not securely fastened.”

After being bound, arms and legs to a chair, and cotton thread stretched between his thumbs, the chair was securely fastened to a pillar against which it was placed. The curtains were then drawn and we sat round in a circle holding hands.

The details were very similar to those met with in other genuine séances, the “ control ” was Evan Powell’s own familiar “ Black Hawk ” ; the spirits who came to converse with us would have no interest for the general public. There were, however, two points of great interest to me and Mr. Clark, as they were different from all our former experiences. We both very distinctly saw a dark human form pass several times across the light of the evening sky ; it was nearly full moon above the drawn curtains. They were drawn across, not round a wide bay window, and above the pole there was a strip of sky visible about a foot deep and twelve feet wide. This window lay about ten feet to the rear of the medium’s chair.

This human figure moved right up under the ceiling, it was not on the floor.

Another interesting detail was that whilst some bells were ringing, and touching Mr. Clark, who sat far out of reach of the medium, some spirit got behind my chair in a position no human being could

have reached, and whilst whispering in my ear kept patting my back as if to tranquilise me.

Whilst this was going on in the circle the deep heavy breathing of the medium could plainly be heard from the chair tied to the pillar, and Sir Arthur began a quiet conversation with his son, who afterwards came and thanked us for permitting him to meet his father. Lady Doyle also held converse with someone unknown to us, and we all heard a kiss exchanged.

The *value* of this séance lay in the fact, to which we all adhere, that certain phenomena took place which were outside the possibility of human agency. It is extremely satisfactory to me, a humble student and investigator, to be backed up by Professor Richet, a French scientist of European reputation. In his new great book, "Thirty Years of Psychical Research," the great physiologist emphatically pronounces to be proven fact the three leading phenomena for whose reality Spiritualists have stood for seventy years. Clairvoyance and Materialisations.

Professor Richet declares that he has seen a woman appear as an actual reality from the body of a seated medium. That limbs and bodies are shaped from the mysterious emanation or exudation that scientists term "ectoplasm"—a "stuff" that is actually seen coming out of the medium's body. Richet has been through the same experience I have just described as happening to myself. He has felt a hand stroke his face and his shoulders when no hand was visible.

He says "an immense step forward has been made. It has been proved that a whole world of

powers, sometimes accessible, vibrates around us. We cannot even suspect the nature of these powers. We can only see their effects. These effects are, however, so real that we can assert the reality of the forces."

Richet goes on to suggest the boundless world awaiting exploration.

"That a mechanical energy of an unknown kind should emanate from the human body and move a table or shake a piece of board is not entirely incomprehensible, but that this force should produce word-making sound, lights, and living human forms—this, indeed, goes beyond all our conceptions of the possible! A warm and living hand, a mouth that speaks, eyes that see, and thought that thrills like those of a human being, these are phenomena that put us to utter confusion."

They are indeed confusing, and whilst affirming these phenomena to be proven facts, Richet does not attempt to explain them.

In our present state of ignorance they are inexplicable.

Spiritualism is in its infancy. It is crude and embryonic as the beginnings of all great movements must necessarily be, but one could not feel towards this séance of ours as Hume felt towards the theories of Berkeley when he said: "They admit of no answer but produce no conviction." How is it all done, even if one is forced to affirm that the agency is spiritual? How can a spirit carry about a bunch of bells and produce floating lights, and stroke our knees, hands and shoulders? We don't know. There is no subject upon which we are more ignorant.

We are quite aware that clever conjurers can produce like phenomena, provided that they are equipped with their own paraphernalia. In this case there was no paraphernalia.

We were in our own room. Our feet rested on a parquet floor, over which no human being could have moved without sound. The medium wore stout walking boots. From first to last there was not the faintest echo of a footfall. My feet were stretched out in front of me. Nothing touched them, though my knees were often patted. A being came to my side and behind me, touched me firmly, and whispered in a space not wider than two inches, where no human body could possibly be. Invisible hands, and utterly silent feet, carried a bunch of ringing bells far out of the medium's reach, and lights about the size of sunflowers floated above us, drifted away out of the circle, and vanished in a spot we, who knew the room, could clearly locate. Attached to one of those lights we saw a mass of ectoplasm.

Ectoplasm is substance of materialisation which exudes from the body of the medium. It has been so called by the French scientists. Gustave Geley says: "We have seen these representations disappear, melt into the original substance, and be re-absorbed into the body of the medium."

I am of the opinion that true revelation comes interiorly, and that no outward signs and wonders can provide that certainty which comes to the inspired mind. Plotinus says: "To attempt to grasp the Infinite by reason is futile, it can only be known in immediate presence."

What constitutes a medium? I doubt if anyone

can answer that question satisfactorily. What is the real nature of the "control?" who uses the medium's body to speak through him and bring together living persons and their friends who have passed over? We do not know.

A priest is a medium, an interpreter of divine things, yet his office cannot be said to be a professional monopoly. Like genius it evades definition and is not transmissible, or coercible by ceremonial means, for it is certainly true that the spirit moveth where it listeth.

When the medium is entranced the "control" acts and speaks as an entity quite separate and distinct from him. All well-known mediums have their own "controls" as permanent companions, and it seems probable that such entities during earth life were deeply immersed in furthering communication betwixt the quick and the dead, and on passing over hastened to establish a fresh connection. Those interested in spiritualism who are now on earth are ever in search of mediums. Probably those of a like mind on the other side are engaged in a similar quest.

A good medium is very hard to find, as the scientists retain them all. Evan Powell could make a very substantial income if money was his object in life.

Many years ago a well-known writer discussing the evidence for spiritualism, said:

"If religion is to depend on external evidence, then there can never be a religion for the most educated men."

I had not met Lady Conan Doyle before. I found her a most charming woman. Very attrac-

tive to look upon, perfectly simple, despite unusual intelligence, and obviously an ideal mate for her illustrious husband.

They both believe that the paramount need of the world to-day is a clear demonstration of survival after death and the persistence of individuality. To this noble objective they propose to dedicate their lives. Travelling far and wide over the earth they carry the light and the truth to all who have ears to hear and eyes to see.

There are numberless avenues leading up to the one truth and doubtless spiritualism is one of them.

“On whatsoever road a man approaches Me, on that road do I welcome him, for all roads are Mine.”

Up this avenue an ever increasing throng is wending its way. The largest body of Spiritualists in Great Britain is the Spiritualists' National Union, operating mainly in the Midlands and Northern counties of England. It unifies and concentrates the working of some three hundred and seventy societies throughout the country, with a membership in round numbers of thirty thousand. This is excluding a vast number of independent societies, and investigating groups, also the countless private circles that, having established perfect conditions, keep religiously to themselves. For the younger generation there is a Lyceum Union. It represents two hundred and forty Lyceums with a membership of some thirty thousand young people. In London, Spiritualism is represented by the London Spiritualist Alliance Limited, founded in 1884.

Further, distinguished men have popularized Spiritualism. It is no longer mainly a trade pur-

sued by the charlatan ; it is the creed of honest men and women, taught by responsible scientists.

It was inevitable that the presence in their midst of so powerful a medium as Evan Powell should give Spiritualism a great impetus in Paignton, but it was something of a stronghold before his arrival. A very pretty church has been erected on the high road, and very shortly it will have to be considerably enlarged as a crowd fails to gain admittance on Sunday evenings.

The teaching given is the Christianity of the *Living* Christ. The prayers are beautiful, and touch human life at all points, and the atmosphere is deeply reverent.

I know that there is a belief in some minds that Spiritualists are not Christians. A greater mistake was never made. The same delusion exists regarding Theosophy, yet no one can be a real Theosophist who fails to accept the divinity of Christ.

Opponents of Spiritualism invariably state that all communicating entities are evil and ought not to be encouraged.

As "evil communication corrupts good manners," it would be well if such objectors were as careful to avoid evil spirits here as in the hereafter.

The Bible warns us to "try the spirits," and certainly there must be numerous evil and hostile spirits on the other side who have passed over from this earth.

I have always held that the powers of good are immeasurably stronger than the powers of evil, and I have never turned away from any spirit, good or bad, whether in the flesh, or out of the flesh. Certainly there are quite as many silly, trivial spirits

on the other side as there are on this, but that is simply in the nature of things. How could it be otherwise? A vast number of imposters have left this earth to go elsewhere, and we are probably more easily imposed upon than their new acquaintances.

The early Christians believed that they and their contemporaries lived amid a teeming mass of invisible spirits, mostly evil. Those malignant powers were held responsible for the various ills of human life. Now, we do realise more clearly that our troubles are mostly of our own making, and that to walk "in tune with the Infinite" is to be happy, prosperous and well. We see that

"There is so much good in the worst of us,  
And so much bad in the best of us,  
That it ill becomes anyone of us  
To look down on the rest of us."

If there is any truth in the statement that "there is a spirit in man which inhabits eternity, and death doth not touch it at all," then, surely the sooner humanity here and humanity over the border come together and co-operate for the benefit of mankind the better. It is dawning upon us that all mankind is really one. All the Scriptures of the world have but one meaning, and one service to bring to man—the Law of Immortal Life.

"There is one body, and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, Who is above all, and through all, and in you all." The people know this now, and they claim the religion of the spirit—of inwardness and freedom—

in opposition to the religion of authority. Nothing but this spirit of freedom and vital co-operation of man in God and God in man will ever solve the unsolved problems of crime, vice, poverty, prostitution, sleep and death.

We have all a common task. What finally rules? The answer which a man gives to this challenge will depend upon the extent of his confidence in the vitality of goodness, upon the measure in which he himself is good or evil. As he shapes his response he further shapes himself.

Spiritualism can never be repressed or suppressed, for love was its discoverer, and love will keep it alive.

All great discoveries arise through the passionate concentration of the whole life upon one particular flame that has kindled the imagination. The fervent love of the one left behind seeks to bridge the gulf, believing that beyond there is a reciprocal watching, waiting, longing to find some mode of communicating, to discover some rent in the thinning veil.

A friend who has just lost wife and mother in the space of a fortnight told me that his wife's death was kept most carefully from his mother. Yet, just as she was passing over the old lady cried out, "Ah! Dora, you have come to fetch me." Does that not look as if the wife on the other side had been watching and waiting?

Such incidents are very, very common; too common and well authenticated to be any longer relegated to "superstitious nonsense."

Who shall now deny that the quick and the dead can communicate if they choose? The church

may condemn, and brand the Spiritualist with the heretic, but all one can say—in pity—is—so much the worse for the Church. No one who hears will care. The time is passed for that.

Who shall set a limit to that holiest passion betwixt souls—love ?

“ For love is of God and everyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.”

## CHAPTER III

### SPIRITUALISM. TO WHAT END ?

“ Those who know the Voice of the Living God in the Living Son of present Revelation can never more become the followers of any Man.”

To what end is all this vast wave of Spiritualism tending ?

There is one stupendous result which is rapidly approaching, which may be said to be practically in sight.

Spiritualism is now the only means by which men and women, who have not the power to develop the Manifest through the Unmanifest, and who are anxious to prove survival after death, can do so to their own personal satisfaction.

It cannot be denied that religious teaching has absolutely failed to accomplish this prodigious result. Eternal life cannot be expressed in any teaching concerning it. If one could gain eternity through any one man then that man would be to us as God.

“ And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent.”

How are we to gain this knowledge ? How can we arrive at the realisation of the Unmanifest—the Very God ?

It can be done, but not through another, nor through any teaching. It must be gained through personal experience, and knowledge in the self. Not in one vision, nor in scattered experiences can one know it, but through much patient, continuous seeking to know, and then comes another hard task—to form the perfect fellowship of the heavenly and earthly life.

At our present stage of evolution this cannot be the way for all. The way of interior unfoldment is too subtle for the mass of men. Why seek to debar them from drawing inspiration from dear comrades left behind in Flanders, in Artois, and in Picardy?

We can see quite clearly that the failure to fill the churches arises from the fact that the majority learn nothing in them, and find no satisfaction in public worship.

One cannot draw any satisfaction from the few clergy who attract vast congregations. They accomplish this feat easily by their unique personalities.

Men like Studdert Kennedy, Vale Owen, and Fielding Ould have no trouble in filling churches, and in listening to them one understands why. Their strong moral courage, and their absolute fearlessness is immensely attractive to the vast majority who entirely lack those qualifications. There is envy mixed with admiration in the minds of their congregation, the secret longing to be the true self, and free from the chains of convention and the herd instinct. The crowd perceives that these men are filled with a luminous spirituality which has severed their bonds and set them free

from that ossification of the letter which kills the spirit of Christ.

I heard Kennedy speak on the living, imminent Christ and the brotherhood of man, without which the Fatherhood of God is pure nonsense. He pointed out in his own vigorous fashion that, until we can feel the need of brotherhood with all, it is obviously nonsense to speak of the Almighty as Our Father. Here was teaching to which the people could respond. One could see on every rapt face the silent entreaty, "Oh! please don't stop."

Alas! the great majority of the clergy have no sense of progressive Christianity, and so they are left to a lingering death.

It is here that Spiritualism steps in and calls to the disheartened to try the great experiment. It can but fail to convince. We soon learn to discount apparent untruthfulness, not, by the way, confined to spirit communications, but abounding in the law courts, Parliament, anti-spiritualistic circles and social life in general.

It may succeed in establishing a connection between the quick and the dead which will instantly banish doubt, and afford firm conviction in the goodness of God and the immortality of the soul.

It is true that Spiritualism is in a state of crude infancy. We have had only the merest glimpses of that which is possible, but to-day there is actually nothing else by which survival after death can be proved to mankind. A moral government of the world is unintelligible without a future life, and only this imperfectly developed movement called

Spiritualism bases its religious teaching directly upon the fact of living communication betwixt the world of Matter and of Spirit.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell has just publicly stated :

“ I hope I may fairly claim to know something of what I am talking about when I say that I am entirely convinced of the fact that communication between the living and the so-called dead, between incarnate and discarnate beings does occasionally take place. It is too late in the day for uninformed persons to scoff at the evidence for this, and write down as fools all those distinguished men who regard the evidence as sufficient.

“ Unfortunately, by its very nature, it is not evidence which can be produced on demand, and therefore it is liable to be discounted by those unacquainted with its nature and cumulative force.”

If I were a searcher into the truth of the spiritualists' claims, this statement, coming from such a source, would deeply impress me. I cannot conceive of any spiritual experience possible to man that R. J. Campbell has not probed. All his life he has been a most ardent seeker.

Was it actual knowledge, or merely a desire to ride in the van of progress that prompted the Archbishop of York, whilst officiating at the Duke of York's marriage, to observe, “ Before this host of witnesses, seen and unseen, you have offered your love to one another and God.”

After this, why ban as heretics those who seek to recognise the presence of the Unseen? Or is the Archbishop also now a heretic?

It is all very silly and childish at this time of day, this fierce opposition by a section of the Church to

truths their more advanced colleagues frankly acknowledge. The keeping of spiritual experiences in one cramped compartment is daily becoming less possible. The wide diversity of psychic life leads us away from any fixed point. We, who are seekers after the secret of the spirit are convinced now that God does not desire us to stand still.

“The whole of the puzzle (to sum up the matter  
Is, while  
Thou livest, to take what life lays on thy platter  
And smile.”

Spiritualism has another great work to its credit. It teaches men that the entrance to the spirit-world is here—in life.

Before birth—at birth—here—now—in the hereafter we are immortal dwellers in eternity, and eternity is here and now.

It is teaching men to realize and vitalise that belief in the unseen world; that communication between the two lives of which the Bible furnishes so many illustrations.

Massey says :

“Spiritualism apprehends Him (God) as the innermost soul of all existence, the living will, the spiritual involution that makes the physical evolution—the immediate and personal causation of dynamic force, no matter by what swift transmutations the creative energy is present, penetrating every point of space at each moment of time, effectuating His intentions and fulfilling His creative being.”

Orthodoxy teaches belief in a far-off spirit-world only to be reached through the portals of death.

Should a ray of light reach this earth the orthodox

draw down the blinds. Yet surely the work of religion is to help man to unfold his spiritual powers in order that he may become master upon all planes of being.

Spiritualism, when definitely established has another mighty work to accomplish. It will thrust the condition of being we call death one stage farther back.

The time is coming when the death of a dear one will no longer suggest loss and separation, but much brighter and closer intercourse than is possible on earth.

Let us suppose your son is in India. You do not think of him as dead. You communicate with him by letter or cable, and you look forward to meeting again when he returns.

Behind your mind is, however, always the fear that death may intervene. Something may happen, either to you or to him. You may never meet on earth again.

Spiritualism, scientifically established, as it most undoubtedly will be before many years have passed, will utterly banish this haunting fear. You will then know that if, during his absence, your boy passes over you will be able at once to establish much easier and closer companionship with him than was possible, whilst both of you were dwellers upon earth.

Should you be the first to depart you will be able to reach him immediately and take up your abode with him. Under present circumstances he is cumbered by his physical body, and can only reach you by taking a long voyage. His letters take as long to reach you as his material body does.

Under the new conditions that are rapidly being created by Spiritualism, should he pass over first, he can be with you as quick as thought, and he can remain by you until the day comes for you to join him on the other side.

That is briefly the prospect offered to the dwellers on earth by Spiritualism, and I regard it as a very big step onwards in evolution which will have prodigious consequences.

When the science of Spiritualism is generally accepted the undertaker's task will be simplified. We will cease to behave as if the passing over of our dear ones was a dire catastrophe. We will cease to wear mourning in token of our unwillingness to relinquish our friends to what we pretend is a sure and certain hope. Those who have gone before will not permit this blasphemy against the survival of the soul. They will force us to understand that if there is any mourning in question it should surely be for those left behind, and not for those who have attained freedom, rest, light, and the unspeakable happiness of being rid of the physical body. We take a curious way of showing our belief in immortality and the Divine Fatherhood when we exhibit every sign of grief and mourning for the departed.

Our old-fashioned custom of shutting away our dead and mentally placing them out of reach and beyond our ken was possibly a wise provision for a time when we were not ready for anything else. It practically nullified intercourse between the two worlds. A strong pull from the other side was hard to exert in the old days. It beat against a closed door, which, moreover was held fast. If by any

chance it stood ajar, and a spirit sought to peep through, it was angrily and fearfully banged close and bolted once more.

The War wrenched open this door and never more can it be closed. The barrier is swept away for ever, though much wreckage still remains from the violence of the assault. All about us we hear echoes from the unseen, and there is every reason to believe that the spirit-world rejoices at the coming re-union and is working hard to clear the road.

Our memorial services for the dead are the séances held by the Church. Who can doubt that they draw the discarnate very near? Once a year, on the 11th November, a massed séance is held for the people. For a few moments Great Britain stands still whilst we call upon our beloved dead and re-establish communion with them.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle throws upon the screen, during his public lectures, two wonderful photographs of the Cenotaph taken on November 11th, 1922, by Mrs. Deane.

The first photograph was taken a few minutes before the Silence, and gives a very good idea of the crowd; also it shows a bright light over the group of Spiritualists who were gathered, at the request of the late W. T. Stead, in front of the lodge, from the roof of which the photographs were taken.

The second photograph, taken during the Silence, was secured from the same position, and is one of the most remarkable psychic photographs ever obtained. Many spirit faces are plainly recognizable amongst the crowd. The massed host of spirits is clearly shown surging down upon and

around the silent living, who have come to greet their silent dead.

The strong instinct is now to build an enduring bridge which we can easily traverse. Henceforth the influence for good or evil exercised from the other side will be greatly strengthened, for surely we see before us a tidal wave of the Eternal now breaking on the everlasting shores of time.

At the present stage there are immense difficulties to be overcome in the science of Spiritualism. After years of investigation I am very sure of this, whilst convinced of its possibilities. I have sat listening to a spirit speaking to me, touching me, and occupying a space of not more than two inches betwixt my back and the wall. That convinced me the entity was disembodied. He spoke English, used the pronoun "he," and was, to all intents and purposes a normal human being without a physical body. I cannot tell if he was really the man he stated himself to be. I put no test. I was only out to establish once again to my entire intellectual satisfaction, that the disembodied can speak with the embodied. I cannot say that I have any desire to set up regular communications with the discarnate. I feel that my time is too fully occupied with the incarnate, but I do feel the powerful necessity to settle the truth of "can the dead return" once and for all on a personal experience which is purely, intellectually convincing.

I most strongly advise enquirers to begin by seeking proof for or against the return of the discarnate. Don't trouble at first about identity. Be satisfied firstly that you really are in communication with a disembodied entity. As a

beginning such a discovery is surely a tremendous experience.

Having established for yourself this fact the next question is :

How can proof of identity be obtained? How can you prove that the entity seeking to communicate is the being whom he asserts himself to be?

There is a tremendous difference betwixt an embodied and a disembodied being.

The former uses eyes to see with, a tongue to speak with, a brain to think with, and limbs to move with. The latter is bereft of all those familiar possessions.

How is he to be recognised without them?

By the evidence of identity he produces—by his moral characteristics.

Here is a stupendous difficulty somewhat akin to that of a blind man seeking to pick out his best friend in a dense crowd by means of his moral characteristics.

Could it be done? I doubt it.

How then is identification ever possible? I will return to this question later.

It seems to me that the first bit of important evidence before us is that the communicant is still a human being. The bare evidence suggests nothing else.

You may retort: "But his body lies in yonder tomb. He is dead. He cannot be human without a physical body. He has departed and gone to another world."

But has he? All evidence is against this belief. Let the evidence speak for itself.

Firstly, there is the use of language—French,

English, or whatever happens to be the national tongue of the communicant.

Through the medium he speaks or writes to us in our own tongue.

If an inhabitant of Venus were to address us in English or French we should instantly conclude he was *human*.

If the evidence we are scrutinising includes a materialisation, the personal appearance of the entity corresponds with that of a human being. Even the clothes are similar to those worn by the flesh. There are many volumes of strongly attested evidence of such manifestations in existence.

Again our communicant retains the distinction of sex. He uses the personal pronoun. He speaks of "he" or "she." This at once suggests that this so-called disembodied spirit stands, with ourselves, on a common biological platform.

The communicating entity emphasises his humanity by stating that he is *in time*. He speaks of to-day and to-morrow. He makes appointments in the future. He refers to the past.

He states that he feels fatigue and leaves the séance room when tired.

He sees without physical eyes yet recognises human beings by their physical appearance.

He talks of light, what light? From sun or moon, or is it a spiritual light of which science knows nothing? I have seen in our own room a medium produce lights as large as big sunflowers. We knew them to be neither electric light, gas light, candle light, or fire light. Can science tell us what they are? I found my smattering of science unequal even to form a suggestion.

Our spiritual entity evidently possesses the same mental equipment as we possess. He visits other lands, though he has no physical limbs.

Our minds have been trained to think of the discarnate world as a very different world to ours, but is it? All evidence goes to prove that it is very similar. Many readers were shocked by this similarity on reading "Raymond." They clung to their preconceived opinion that the world of the so-called dead is beyond and totally different to ours. They neglected the enormous mass of evidence which goes to prove the contrary.

We talk of "the other side," but is there another side? Again, all our evidence is against the term. To prove survival after death does not necessarily involve another habitat. Our dead may survive in this world. Our evidence points to this being so.

Providing another world for the dead is but a striving to justify a mental conception we have formed. It may be true or false. Keeping strictly to evidence, it is false.

If we adhere to the evidence we at present possess we would no longer suppose another world. We would simply enlarge the boundaries of this world. We would not seek to invest our dead with another world nature. We would merely attach far more profound importance to this world in which incarnate and discarnate all dwell together under one Divine law.

There is indeed strong evidence in Spiritualism for the *unchanged* entity. The utter triviality of most of the messages is natural in our present stage to the vast majority on earth. Do not let us, how-

ever, under-value the trivial message. It constantly brings confirmatory evidence.

A case came under my notice lately in which figured a pair of knitted boots. A mother had died unknown to her son, and in seeking to prove her identity emphasised the fact that he had brought to her in Australia a pair of boots which she minutely described.

The son, believing his mother still to be alive and knowing nothing of the boots, rejected the evidence, but on returning home his wife assured him she herself had knitted the boots and sent them to her mother-in-law through him. There was other equally trivial evidence which she corroborated, and wondering greatly, husband and wife retired for the night.

Next morning the post brought confirmation of the mother's death in Australia.

When we pass on to examine the messages delivered by men and women who on earth were possessed of fine intellects their faculties show no signs of deterioration. Their post mortem utterances are on the same lofty plane as formerly. They exhibit the manner in which trained minds would naturally work in a new atmosphere.

The meaning of the word "dead" in relation to the disembodied must soon take on a wholly new meaning. In fact, it must in future, mean to us the antithesis of the meaning now attributed to it. We cannot truthfully talk of our dead. The evidence that they survive is overwhelming.

What then are we to do with the word "survive"? Must it also be scrapped? I believe it must. We have no evidence for the statement

that the disembodied have passed through a door. Gone from one country to another, from one port to another harbour.

All we do know is that the body of the man lies in yonder tomb. We have no knowledge, no trustworthy evidence that the soul has gone elsewhere. No one saw it depart or arrive in another world.

All we have evidence of is that it has met with others previously known to it, finds itself in congenial and familiar surroundings, and is often able to get into close touch with friends still embodied.

How then can science reason upon the evidence available to it?

Firstly, science has established the fact that no fact is isolated. If you find a violet you know that it came from a plant which originally was a seed. Experience has taught you that the seed contains life. Behind that you do not go. You know that the violet plant must have grown in the earth, and that it must have been nourished by sun and rain. Similarly, if you find in the discarnate human characteristics such as sight and sex, the whole system of Divine laws and the relations in which it stands, in fact the whole biological system, naturally follows.

The individual bears with it the world to which it belongs.

Does not Plutinus declare: "All things that are yonder are also here below."

Does not all the new teaching based upon the evidence we possess seek to prove that there is no magical change at death? What a man is at death he will be after death, neither better nor worse, and the process of dissolution does nothing to assist

him in discovering that the Kingdom of Heaven, which transforms the life and the circumstances is within.

Where then are those priceless lessons to be learned? *In the here and now.* Jesus, the Christ, clearly stated the Kingdom of Heaven is in our midst, with us now. It is within each one of us, and when found and grasped, the life is transformed.

We are told of flowers, of trees, of gardens, and running waters in the hereafter.

We can only conceive of them as possessing roots, light, moisture as in this world.

If this be not so then they are things that bear no relation to flowers and trees as we know them. They must be re-named.

So then the eternal world is about us and within us whilst we live here. "Heaven is nearer to our souls than the earth to our bodies" is but another way of saying: "the Kingdom of Heaven is within."

I believe that for many years to come there will be comparatively few disembodied spirits who are desirous of communicating with those left behind. Those who disbelieved in the possibility will continue to be of the same opinion in the hereafter. The very old will feel that they have had enough of the things of earth and they swiftly lose interest in those left behind. The very active-minded materialists will at once resign themselves to the inevitable and plunge into fresh activities. Those who will develop the movement will be those interested in Spiritualism here and now. The loss of the physical body will but accentuate their desires for free communication, and they will rapidly get into touch with kindred spirits left

behind. Those who have only reached the stage of enquiry will be guided and aided by those who have attained to conviction and proficiency, so far as proficiency can be attained at our present stage of development. We are witnessing now this attitude of mind, these negotiations betwixt the "quick and the dead." Numerous Spiritualist Churches are arising and rapidly filling up with the crude and half-cultured masses. Highly-trained scientists, men of high mental culture are devoting their attention to the phenomena to be witnessed in the London College of Psychic Research, which has no connection with the S. P. R. There one can meet the greatest mediums from all parts of the world, and phenomena of the most amazing type and diversity are taking place under the severest test conditions.

I believe that mediumship, that loosely coordinated condition that permits itself to be used by an extraneous force, will give place gradually to Inspiration. Many of us are seeing, still afar, but ever drawing nearer, that time when we can be consciously under the control of our higher selves, the God within. When we can contact the God within we will be filled with Inspiration. Mediums will no longer be required. The truth will be revealed to us.

Some time ago I was glancing over a volume of the "Journal of the American Society for Psychic Research," and I came upon the record of the William James' communications, and that brilliant group of personalities including Hodgson and George Pelham, who were in touch with Dr. Hyslop.

Here we are in presumable contact with men who in life were possessed of brilliant intellects and who strove to gain some knowledge of the hereafter whilst they were still embodied.

It is much easier to accept those messages as simply genuine than to strain the point by using intricate explanations and suggestions. Their communications were in complete accord with their known conceptions of life, and they came through a medium of ordinary intelligence whose intellect was quite unequal to the fabrication of the messages in question.

This group of communicators is concerned above all to prove identity and the reality of their post-mortem existence.

“I am a real person with real faculties, and I desire to speak as a real man and not as a fleck of consciousness floating in space. I want you both to feel I am no secondary personality of the mediums.

“It is the spirit of a man which survives—all that makes up his day, his week, his years, tone, the quality—I desire to prove, and not to give you a sample of deteriorated or disintegrated capacity.

“I am divided between two desires. First to assure my family that I am still part of their human existence, to send greetings to my friends and speak of my surroundings, and second to make the record of identity clear and correct.”

Here we have the assertion that so far as the man is concerned he is absolutely human. The loss of the physical body has not changed the real man. He says to his embodied friends :

“I am still part of their human existence.”

He goes on :

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“The trouble with this work is that so many get excited over the fact that they can communicate that they want to tell all they know at once instead of thinking out one word at a time.

“Recollection of identifying incidents to meet an arbitrary command is difficult, unless the circumstances are such as naturally to revive the associations.”

How well in this life we know this difficulty when confronted with the question of evidence: “What were you doing at three o'clock the day before yesterday?”

Ask yourself this question. It is unlikely that the reply, if true, will be prompt. When it comes to dealing with incidents that occurred months previously your reply will be even more tardy. How human is the following:

“My recollection of the past depends on the situation and associations, as everybody's does. To sit down and recall events and affairs and people that are entirely disassociated with the present moment and companionship, is too much like gathering pebbles on the shore you visited last year.

“My memory is clear on past events but the recollection does not embrace each detail any more than yours does. In other words my memory is intensified or clarified by death. But neither is my memory dimmed. That is a point you and I discussed.

“It is not the purpose of any group of intelligent people on this side of life to spend energy or time in recalling small matters of identity, unless through that method the attention of the student body of

the world would be drawn to the truth of God's love made manifest amongst men.

“The whole purpose of the work is to save the world from its woe by letting the light of truth shine on its face. It is so dreadful and uncertain a state in which men dwell, as if they built their cottages on the slopes of Vesuvius and saw death in every cloud of smoke. We desire to have them built intelligently, and live where no cloud of death obscures the clear view of heaven.”

What a lofty purpose is here expressed. Is this nothing but sub-conscious fiction ?

Again this entity speaks :

“The moral and ethical development of the world hangs on this spiritual knowledge. It becomes an incentive for righteousness in its best and truest sense, and makes the brotherhood of humanity a real and dominant note in the progress of civilisation. Heretofore the world has risen to new powers on the neck of its fallen brothers, which at best is but volcanic progress. The emerging of one peak from the tumultuous sea of distress which sinks another portion of the fair land, is not drawing the world to God. It can never come until men learn the truth of immortality, the struggle for present-day power is so tantalisingly universal.

“Any open door through which a soul may come and go is a challenge to us and an invitation to service, and it is of little consequence what is said and done by those who stand outside our receiving line if the one to whom our message is given understands and is better equipped for the battle for the truth.”

Here, again, are some impressions of life after

death given by this group of great intellects. There is something very human in them. The real man is unchanged and adjusting himself to the loss of the physical body.

“ It is not difficult to see or understand you, but the power to extract the meaning and composition of the present state and make it comprehensible to you, is where the difficulty lies.

“ You may wish to know about my place of abode. It is more tangible and substantial than I thought, I can assure you.

“ I seem to be able to reason whilst at work and that pleases me.

“ It seems a little strange to return home and have no working power, but another power supplants the old so I do not miss it as one might think.

“ We have about the same capacity as when in the physical world, only, the psychic power is intensified.”

Again James communicates :

“ To tell you that I am happy in renewing old acquaintances and expressing the love of family associations is simple but important to me. It has no bearing on the evidential side of the work, I am aware, but those who knew me best know that the family ties meant much to me and that the joy of meeting my loved one is great and sincere. The pang of separation is softened by the joy of reuniting oneself with the lost of long ago.”

Surely all those on earth who can appreciate the brilliance and profound intellect displayed in the Gifford lectures delivered in Edinburgh in 1901 and produced in book form by William James under the title “ The Varieties of Religious Experience,” will

rejoice to read those words given by him from the other side of the grave to his friend Dr. Hyslop. Now, that strong and logical critic of Spiritualism and its opponents has himself gone to join his friends in the great hereafter.

Again we find James writing of his new life as "full to overflowing" with interest.

"I was greatly surprised when I came here to find the life so real and concrete. I sometimes forget that you are not perfectly conscious of all we are doing and saying. The whole thing is so natural that it is hard to believe that you are outside the gates of Paradise and only getting glimpses now and again."

I have merely extracted fragments from the mass of carefully sifted evidence contained in one volume out of very many.

What is to be done with the large libraries of records now in existence? I have quoted from a volume of the American Society for Psychical Research, which always interested me and whose works I have studied. The aims of the American Society are identical with those of the British Society. Both are supported by the greatest names attached to science in both hemispheres. Above all, the enquirer ought to grasp the fact that they are not out, as some people think, to prove the existence of ghosts and haunted houses. They are out to sift the evidence for and against such phenomena.

When investigation takes place no record is kept unless the evidence is strong and above suspicion. The investigators are trained scientists and persons of proved intellectual capacity.

The result of this great enquiry has given us a vast number of records, representing the patient toil for many days of persistent seekers after truth. Their labours cannot be contemptuously cast aside. Flammarion, the great French astronomer, has given to the world three large volumes of startling evidence, and "Thirty Years of Psychical Research," by Professor Richet, will undoubtedly be the first and final authority on the subject for many years to come. This book forms the most complete summary in analysis ever published of the most important and significant facts of psychical research. He never enters the realm of speculation. He states and analyses certain phenomena known beyond doubt to take place. Of such he gives no explanation. He honestly says: "I don't know." The whole work is, however, vitiated by the author's strong dislike to the belief in immortality. After thirty years of psychical research, he cannot support human survival, and despite all the modern contentions to the contrary, Professor Richet still maintains that mind is a function of the cerebral brain. He clings to the old materialistic theory whilst admitting all the facts upon which the new science of super-normal psychology exists.

Outside the S. P. R., all the world over, are vast libraries of records. They are steadily growing as the years roll by. Here is a prophesy from one of them, written before the Great War:

"I am here to give you peace, and the peace of the spirit passes the understanding of men. The days of materiality are doomed and will pass away, and the life and light of the spirit will supersede the merely intellectual authority of the men who strive

to lead the world to-day ; but the expressions and exhibitions of spiritual power will be intellectually perceived and comprehended and become the light of the world. The intellectual is but the channel which leads to the open sea of spiritual truth. How, then, is the mind of man the servant of God, and the more illumined the mind the brighter the glory which encircles the universe. So does intellect wait upon knowledge and knowledge serve truth, and truth reveal God.”

The last words of this message depict the attitude of all genuine psychic researchers. A flippant detail of evidence, an obstinate avoidance of what happens to be distasteful, the anathemas of the Church, the indifference of the multitude, can but retard the acknowledgement of truth. It cannot abolish it, nor can it stem the steady tide of revelation. That will continue until the average man, who has no historic perspective, gains a larger view of life, and perceives the underlying directivity of the evolutionary process.

## CHAPTER IV

### A HEEDED WARNING

THE Emperor Marcus Aurelius asked of himself :  
“ What art thou ? ”

The reply was : “ A little soul carrying a corpse.”

“ And to know  
Rather consists of opening out a way  
Whence the imprison'd splendour may escape,  
Than in effecting entry for a light  
Suppos'd to be without.”

I will not attempt to offer any personal explanation of the following experience. I will simply set it down as it happened to me.

The new Psychology, which is the science of mind, has begun to furnish us with suggestions that throw a certain amount of light on such abnormal occurrences. The old Psychology concerned itself almost exclusively with the feelings and thoughts of which we are conscious. The new Psychology recognises that the numerous mental processes of which we are *not* conscious are by far the most important. Their results are being constantly thrust upon us, but their actual nature remains obscure. The field of future investigation is illimitable.

To go into profound metaphysical speculations would not interest the ordinary reader. I will,

therefore, detail this experience and afterwards touch as lightly as I can upon some scientific suggestions which bear upon the case.

On the twenty-eighth of July, 1922, I was resident in my home in Torquay, leading my ordinary, very happy, peaceful life. My husband was also at home, and we had no guests at the time staying with us.

I came down to breakfast punctually at the usual hour, half-past eight, and from that moment until nine o'clock I never left the dining-room, nor did anyone enter it. I and my husband sat at a small table in the east window, breakfasted, discussed ordinary topics, and watched the birds enjoying their morning feed from the table erected for their use.

I felt nothing in the least unusual, and was, as far as I knew, absolutely normal and in excellent health and spirits.

At nine o'clock I left the dining-room and went into the kitchen to arrange the meals for the day. Afterwards I picked up *The Times* and going into the drawing-room I sat down to read.

At ten o'clock the telephone rang, and I went to it and picked up the receiver. Mr. Hill wished to speak to me. He is a well-known business man in the town, who has helped me greatly in philanthropic endeavours. He has discovered, somewhat to his dismay, that he is possessed of strong psychic powers, which he has no time to develop in a busy business life. The following dialogue took place. I give it in the exact words I wrote down immediately after I had replaced the receiver :  
“Hullo! Is that you, Mr. Hill?”

“ Yes, madam. Might I ask what you were doing this morning between half-past eight and nine o'clock ? ”

I at once suspected some psychic happening was about to be confided to me and I answered his question at once. I ended by enquiring :

“ Now tell me why you ask ? ”

The reply was as follows :

“ The most extraordinary thing happened to me between half-past eight and nine this morning. I was shaving in my bath-room when suddenly you were present, though I did not see you, and you told me quite clearly that my maid-servant had just stolen a one-pound treasury note out of a pocket in my clothes in my bedroom.

“ I at once jumped up and ran in there and found no one. My clothes were hanging over a chair, and I felt in my pocket for my money. I knew exactly how much I ought to find : four pounds, seventeen shillings and sixpence. Last night I went to the club with a five pound note, which I changed. I spent half-a-crown. I brought home four pounds, seventeen shillings and sixpence. Of that I am certain. Now I could only find three pounds, seventeen and six. A one pound treasury note had certainly disappeared.

“ The whole affair knocked me silly. I got dressed, then I boldly charged the girl with theft. This she stoutly denied, but the fact remains that I have lost a note.”

I told Mr. Hill briefly, remembering we were talking through the 'phone, that later on I was sure the girl would confess, but I could throw no light upon the occurrence. I was quite certain of my

movements during the half hour in question, and I had no knowledge of having paid him this visit. I said I would like time to think over the affair before venturing upon an explanation. I did think the matter over, in fact it occupied my thoughts during the entire day, but as I had nothing to go on, no recollection of having left my body, and the certainty that I felt quite normal, I could make nothing of the mystery.

Later on I ascertained from Mr. Hill that when I paid him this visit he did not see me, but by some interior power he became aware of my presence. He did not even hear my communication. It was dropped clearly into his consciousness. He never swerved in his account of the mystery, and I did not attempt to enter into the realms of Psychology and begin a scientific argument. The treasury note was gone. The maid who had been accused denied the theft and there the matter rested for three weeks.

Then Mr. Hill rang me up again. He said :

“To-day, when I was sitting quietly in the dining-room after dinner suddenly I felt that something was about to happen. Something did happen. The maid whom you said had stolen my treasury note came in and confessed to the theft. I forgave her and told her not to do it again.”

There are certain interesting points about this story which is absolutely true. Firstly, I would never have become aware of this visit I paid to Mr. Hill had he not told me of it, and all three persons concerned in it are alive now and living close to one another. I have never, to my knowledge, been inside Mr. Hill's private dwelling. I did not even know where his house was situated till he told

me the story. I have been in his office in the town many times on a matter of business, or about affairs in which we had a mutual interest, but of his private, everyday, family life, I know nothing. Beyond the occasional intercourse I have mentioned we see nothing of each other.

I have a great respect for his activities and a warm admiration for his qualities of heart and head, but he is a very busy man, who earns his own living, and is constantly in request by his many clients—the last man one would imagine to be the recipient of a psychic adventure.

Now it so happens that this was not the first time that I had manifested unconsciously to Mr. Hill, but I regret that the former occasion was of too delicate and sad a nature to be reproduced in print. Also, were I to try to write the former story I know I would utterly fail, simply because our language does not contain the words by which I would seek to detail the event.

The scientists are only beginning to compile a small vocabulary through which they can make themselves understood when writing or speaking on psychological mysteries, but as yet we have no language by which we can express the finer, more subtle shades of human experience. We are accustomed to deal almost entirely with objective life. When it comes to a case of subjective life the difficulties at once begin to gather.

I have no clue to the fervent interest a part of myself takes in Mr. Hill. I can only conclude that in a former life there was some very close link between us. We have been brought together in this life under widely different circumstances, but the

link in the eternal memory remains, and on another plane of existence we maintain our intimacy.

Where is that other plane of existence ?

There is no doubt that within us is an individuality of which we are not cognizant. There is the conscious self, representing the less important part of us, and the sub-conscious self, which constitutes the principal, and by far the greater part.

The conscious, everyday self seems to depend upon the ordinary functions of the physical body. The sub-conscious self is apparently quite independent of the physical organism, and it comprises force and intelligence. It is capable of perception and of action, and its activities are inaccessible to the immediate knowledge of the normal human being. *Within its power is complete disassociation from the physical body.* In other words it can function apart.

I gather, therefore, that it was my sub-conscious self that visited Mr. Hill, and it was his sub-conscious self that received my message and rushed it through to his ordinary working mind.

This complicated and obscure subject has been dealt with by innumerable scientists, and as yet it surpasses present analysis. It may be asked : "Then why trouble about it." The answer is that the evidence for the existence of the sub-conscious self is too overwhelming to be neglected by anyone who desires even superficial knowledge of himself.

The concensus of expert opinion is that our ordinary consciousness is only a limitation of a far deeper, greater consciousness, which is the real self—the permanent self in contrast to our apparent and transitory personality.

It will astonish some of my readers to be told that what they really know of themselves is extremely little, and that the greater, and by far the most important portion of the mental organism carries on an absolutely independent life of its own. This is the conclusion that science has come to after years of the most elaborate research. It is the conclusion of all thoughtful persons. My subconsciousness, having observed what went on in Mr. Hill's house, returned forthwith to its own house, and spoke through my lips and the 'phone, when it assured him the maid would confess to the theft. *It* knew all about the case. *I* did not. I was using my very limited ordinary consciousness which had been engaged in ordering dinner and reading *The Times*, whilst the far more intelligent part of me roamed abroad making observations.

This true story I have told is not a very uncommon one. Science recounts many such, and to account for them and other phenomena falling under much the same category, science has been compelled to accept the hypothesis of the subconscious self, as a foundation upon which to work.

Certain it is that one portion of Violet Tweedale observed a theft of money in a house a mile distant from her home, and warned the man who had been robbed, whilst another portion of Violet Tweedale was seated at breakfast in her own dining-room, blissfully unconscious of the fact that a portion of her was missing.

When did the missing portion return and slip into its old home? I cannot tell. I have no idea when it is in residence or when it has gone off "on its own."

I believe that premonitions of death are directly given by the sub-conscious mind. Facts connected with such premonitions remain very clear in the memory.

When quite a young girl I was wintering in Cannes, and quite close to my hotel stood a little villa owned by Miss Percival. With her was staying the late Duke of Albany. One day when speaking of the Duke she remarked :

“ He has the most unpleasant belief that his days are numbered. Something constantly suggests to him that he is about to die.”

In the course of a week or two I found that this premonition was no secret. He told several people in his immediate circle of acquaintances. One of those, my old friend, Miss Hawkins Dempster, writes in her memoirs :

“ He did not look ill, but was under a deep impression that his days were numbered.” He said to Miss Percival : “ One night my sister Alice appeared to me in my sleep. She was smiling. She told me not to worry, and that very soon I should be where no troubles could reach me. When we, of the House of Guelf, see each other out of the body, it is a warning that death is near at hand ! ”

The Duke confided also in the late Lady Goldsmid three days before his fall, and he was evidently convinced that his life was soon to terminate.

I do not doubt that the Princess Alice did appear to her brother, why should she not ? Probably she received the information that he would shortly join her on the other side, and she desired to break the news to him. The sub-consciousness, being a step in the right direction—nearer the Heaven

world than the ordinary consciousness—would be greatly stimulated by this intelligence, and would be enabled to force its wireless message through to the surface of the Prince's mind.

We all know that at moments, unsolicited by any mental action, feelings emerge directly from the dark womb of unconsciousness. Some inscrutable power throws into the mental presence some long-forgotten incident, some wholly irrelevant and vivid thought. The probability is that the scientists have hit on the truth. There is very little of us expressed in this world. The larger and more important part of our life is played behind the veil of normal consciousness and beyond our intellectual capacity.

We are conscious only of our sense impressions—seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling—and of these Lord Balfour says, in his "Foundations of Belief": "Our perceptions regarded as sources of information are not merely occasionally inaccurate but habitually mendacious."

We are coming more and more to hold with Plato that the ordinary world we think we see is only an image of the world of ideas existing in a much higher world. The objects that we see have only a borrowed existence derived from the eternal realities of the unseen. We focus our attention on a very few things that interest us. The sum total of our impressions never enters into our experience, yet all impressions, whether we are conscious of them or not, leave some stamp upon our personality. They are undoubtedly registered in the unseen depths of the hidden life where dwells the immortal spirit.

In good health our bodily organs carry out their

normal functions quite unconsciously to us. Apparently mind can also do its work without our everyday consciousness being aware of it. Consciousness is the light that illumines the activities of mind, but it is very significant to note that all those processes upon which our lives depend, such as the beating of the heart, the circulation of the blood, digestion in its chemical and physical process, are placed under the control of our sub-consciousness. Our normal consciousness has no say whatever in the maintenance of life. No power possessed by the normal mind can stop the heart from beating, or the blood from circulating.

The muscles that we consciously use very soon become tired; the muscles working in connection with our sub-conscious life never tire.

It is well not to permit our sense-immersed minds to regard the human body as merely anatomy and physiology. The body is spiritual, and has clearly been constructed for the use of mind, and to serve as the temple of the Holy Ghost. Man has discovered certain facts in connection with his organism, but he has not realised the intelligence by which he lives and moves and has his being because it is primarily related to his sub-consciousness. Take, for instance, breathing. In normal health nothing seems easier, yet the respiratory muscles do a work equal to the lifting of one ton to the height of twenty-one feet in every twenty-four hours.

Another example of the marvellous activity going on within us, and of which, in normal health, we are unconscious, is the rapidity of circulation. It has been demonstrated that the blood starting from the left side of the heart, works round through

the brain and back to the right side of the heart in thirty seconds. Blood makes a complete circuit of the whole body within the space of two minutes, going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

If the sub-conscious self can perform in each one of us such feats as these, my visit to Mr. Hill apparently drops back into utter insignificance, yet it has a tremendous significance after all for Mr. Hill. I will express it in one word—*awareness*.

If we are unaware of them what can it matter to us how great are the miracles being performed within?

We are enmeshed in matter. It masks us, and deprives us of that full self-consciousness which is the ultimate goal of all humanity. Mr. Hill's mask has got a crack in it which he will not seek to mend. He knows enough to be aware that he has won a long step, and a signal triumph on the long, long trail by which we all must pass to ultimate reality.

## CHAPTER V

### A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE

DOUBTLESS it is true that "all houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses"; what is so extremely interesting to the investigator is the discovery of the vast number there are in possession of well-authenticated apparitions.

Though many of the letters I receive containing accounts of hauntings are marked "private," there are others where no restrictions are imposed. It all depends upon circumstances. Some persons are in a position placing them above the fear of publicity. They own the house, have no desire to sell, and they and their domestics have become ghost-proof. They have discovered that an occasional apparition does no harm to anyone. It economises space as the maids do not insist on having a room to themselves, and no one knows enough about the subject to attempt liberation for the earth-bound haunters. It is quite possible, and the good and kind thing to do, to loose them and set them free, but few know the way to do it, and fewer still, if they did know the way, would care to put it into practice.

The general feeling is to give a ghost a wide berth as something unnatural and uncanny.

Unluckily, the owners of genuine haunted houses are very often obliged to hide the fact so far as they

are able. They fear that in the event of their being compelled to sell, the evil reputation will depreciate the value of their property. Often the most absurd and far-fetched explanations have to be brought forward to account for the disturbance or the visitation, and I have known cases where men and women hung on to the house month after month, though in hourly terror, simply because they had invested in it their little all, and evacuation would mean financial ruin. As there are many such cases at the present moment in full operation, let me offer a piece of advice to those who are thus afflicted.

Boldly advertise your house as a genuine haunted abode. Such an advertisement will prove far more attractive than the sweet inducements offered up in the house-agents' batch of slips or catalogue.

"Genuine haunted house to be let or sold" would instantly arrest the eye of the thousands who scan the pages of *Country Life*. I warn you, the rush for your house will be torrential. I also warn you that you must be prepared to deliver the goods to the successful competitor. By which, I mean, that you must have sufficient evidence to lay before the eager bidder to convince him that the hauntings are genuine and not illusory.

Though you cannot hope to "turn on" the ghost for his special edification, you can begin to collect signed testimony at once, and you will find that very shortly you will be possessed of quite sufficient material to enable you to carry through a first-class deal.

There is no trouble now in disposing of such a genuine article. Investigators swarm, and many are very rich. The trouble is that the supply of

such houses is not equal to the demand. Owners who wish to be rid of haunted property behave very foolishly in attempting to disguise the truth. Rumours get abroad, and those who are nervous of hauntings will not come near the place. Investigators, who would be likely purchasers, are deterred by the owner's angry or sarcastic denials. Thus he falls between two stools and his property hangs on his hands.

Fear of ridicule is dying out fast. We have advanced beyond the stage of laughing at what we do not understand. Nowadays such a vast number of people have "seen things" that the instant recollection of some personal experience, utterly inexplicable to normal intelligence, or the remembrance of that curious story "Brown vouches for on oath" forbids ridicule when the subject is broached.

Every day the Press brings the supernatural under public notice, and there is one point which now makes the subject trebly interesting—the great diversity of psychic experiences to-day. Their variety is infinite.

The grey lady and the headless man have apparently got tired of their age-long perambulations. They have withdrawn, or been withdrawn, into the lands to which they rightly belong. They have been succeeded by apparitions of a more fearful type which cannot be classified under any of the well-known categories of the psychic researcher.

The story which I am about to append is a good example of an unclassified apparition, and was published by *The Weekly Dispatch*, (to whom I am indebted for kind permission to reproduce)

December 24th, 1922, above the signature of Lord St. Audries :

One Sunday in September, 1920, a young Oxford friend of mine came to tea, bringing with him his brother, a clergyman, and a friend, Lord St. Audries.

During tea the latter stated that he would very much like to visit a certain haunted house in the neighbourhood as it was empty at that time, and the two men, who were with him, at once volunteered to conduct him to it.

What befell them is of a very extraordinary character, and they were good enough later on to write out for me and sign an account of their terrifying experiences. If all men possessed the moral courage of Lord St. Audries, psychic research would be considerably more advanced than it is at present. Luckily it does sometimes happen that when at length a man actually *knows* he becomes indifferent to the possibility of ridicule. He is too sorry for the scoffer to care what the scoffer thinks of him.

MY MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE WITH A "GHOST"  
*Mystery Room of Deserted Devonshire Mansion.*

By Lord St. Audries.

Do you believe in ghosts? Or are you one of those fortunate persons who have no fear of the unseen? Or, again, do you belong to the great majority who keep an open mind, but who like to feel on Christmas Eve that, after all, just round the corner, in the mysterious darkness, something *might* happen? . . .

I believe in ghosts, and not only on Christmas

Eve, for it was a perfect summer evening, in July, 1920, tranquil and moonlit, that the astounding experience befell me, which the editor of *The Weekly Dispatch* has requested me to relate.

I was staying in Devonshire with an old Oxford friend who had taken orders. I had been living a delightful, care-free existence in the open air, bathing and playing tennis, in fact, doing everything but think of ghosts.

### TESTING THEORIES

#### *The Haunted House*

Then one night at dinner the conversation turned, as it often does, to the psychic, and the usual discussion took place. Paul, my Oxford friend, had been reading stories by Algernon Blackwood, and was still deeply affected by the impression they had made on him. His brother Philip, a clever, cool-headed young man, who was spending his long vacation at home, openly scoffed at his foolishness, and a keen argument took place.

Finally Paul leaned forward and said: "Well, we have an opportunity of testing all these theories."

I asked him what he meant.

And then he explained. Not a mile away, on the farthest side of the hill, standing off the road in a desolate and overgrown garden, was a house which I had often noticed. We will call it Weir Court (not its correct name). This house has been empty for years. It had an evil reputation. Grass had grown thick on the deserted drive, bats had built their nests in the blank windows, the roof had fallen in, making the top floor unapproachable. But no workmen would venture to repair the roof,

and, though the house was for sale, no tenant could be found for it.

“Why not go there and see and test for yourselves?”

The question came from Philip, who did not believe anything he had not thoroughly tested for himself. And something in his tone of cool scepticism made me feel that I should like to take him at his word.

#### PRELUDE

##### *One of the Trio Collapses*

And so it came that eventually, at about ten o'clock, we set out. The night was very still, with that luxuriant beauty that one associated with a Devonshire midsummer. We must have looked a strange trio as we walked along the lonely road—Paul with a candle and matches in his hand and a crucifix in his pocket, Philip swinging a stick and whistling an air from “Mignon,” myself wondering what was in store for us.

“Here we are,” said Paul, after we had been walking about twenty minutes.

I shall never forget the strange and sinister appearance of that house. It stood back from the roads in a garden tangled with undergrowth, the plaster was falling from the walls, and not even the moonlight could give any glamour to its gaunt nakedness.

To enter the house it was necessary to climb a high gate, to go down some steep area steps, and to skirt the outside until one arrived at the front. It was then possible to enter by means of a window giving into the basement.

This we accomplished. The window was old and without a sash, and I remember that Paul decided to prop it up with a stick, "in case anyone wants to come out in a hurry." It was lucky that he did so.

We stepped into the basement, Paul holding the candle. Never was there such a scene of desolation. Plaster had fallen from the ceiling and the floor was littered with rubble, so that it was impossible to move one's foot even an inch without waking the echoes—a point I would ask you to remember.

"This way," said Paul, pointing to the stairs. We went up the stairs, which were rickety but safe, and found ourselves in a large hall.

Our first plan was to examine the house thoroughly. It was right at the beginning of this examination that what I may term the prelude to the adventure took place. We had been to the front room and had looked over every nook and cranny, Philip keeping up a running fire of conversation, which was, in some ways, rather comforting. And then suddenly he stopped. I looked at him. His face was dead white and over part of it there seemed to be creeping a shadow. Then he spoke, in a blank, expressionless voice :

"The candle—quick—the candle," and he staggered down the stairs. We found him in a state of collapse outside.

LIKE AN ANÆSTHETIC  
*Influence from a Small Room*

This is Philip's account, which he has written for me :

"To tell the honest truth, I was bored with the

whole proceeding. I did not believe in psychic phenomena, and considered it foolish to waste a wonderful evening in tramping round an old house. And so when we started to examine the rooms I admit that I treated the whole thing as a joke.

“When we came out into the hall I was thinking, to be quite precise, of the foreign policy of Queen Elizabeth, in which I was specialising at the moment. Then suddenly I felt what I can only describe as an anæsthetic. I have had several operations for my throat in the past, and each one has always affected me in precisely a similar way. That is to say, a black film has gradually stolen over my brain, *from left to right*. The right half of my brain remains active till the last; the left is gradually paralysed.

“To the smallest detail this was what happened then. It was so sudden that it took me completely by surprise. I had just enough presence of mind to get out before I collapsed. *For I knew that the whole trouble came from a small room on the right down the corridor at the end of the hall.*

“I have no explanations to offer.”

That is the account of Philip, the confirmed sceptic.

Naturally, after what had happened, we felt trepidation about leaving Philip. However, he affirmed after a few minutes that he felt perfectly all right “as long as he remained in the garden.” Nothing would induce him to go back to the house.

Paul and I returned with the candle in order to search the house from top to bottom. This we did with absolute thoroughness. Not a cupboard, not a crack in the wall escaped us. We paid particular

attention to the little room from which Philip said the evil influence emanated. It was bare, desolate, and unromantic, with a few shreds of dirty green paper hanging from the walls.

We, therefore, went out again, empty-handed. Then I determined, by what irresistible force I do not know, to return. Something called me. Philip's experience had made me feel that, after all, there were things to discover in that house. On the other hand Paul, I imagined, whether on account of his mentality or on account of the crucifix which he carried, was not a good "subject."

Of course they endeavoured to dissuade me. However, I persisted, and it was arranged that I should whistle from time to time to show that I was still alive, and that they should whistle back.

### BLACK FROM HEAD TO FOOT

#### *The Thing that Came at Me*

I took the candle and gingerly climbed back through the window. I admit that I felt a little creepy as I ascended the silent stairs and heard the voices of my friends drift farther and farther away. But as I entered the hall, a broken patch of moonlight fell on the floor through the cracked roof and reminded me of the sane, wholesome world outside.

I should here point out that not only was the house empty (our search had been meticulous) but that there was no possibility of anybody entering it without passing Paul and Philip, and, in any case, without making a considerable noise on the rubbled floor.

I sat down at the bottom of the stairs—it was the only place to sit—and waited. There was absolute silence. Opposite me were the two large front rooms, and to the right of them a corridor on to which gave the small room from which I had felt all the evil influences coming. The door of the room, which was some twenty feet away, I watched intently.

I buried my head in my hands and fell to wondering what type of people had inhabited this strange house in the past. Weird tales ran through my brain of some of the things which had been seen here which Paul had told me as we walked along, tales of a strange man who had been the last tenant, and who had never ventured outside, but had taken in provisions through the door with his white hands—long, thin, with fingers pale as death. And how those hands had been seen on the wall, tapping—tapping.

\* \* \* \* \*

I pulled myself together and thought of more cheerful things. I whistled again, the echoes resounding shrilly against the cold walls. From outside came the answering whistle. That reassured me and I turned my attention again to the little room.

Suddenly I felt that all was not well. Somebody, something, was trying to make me go away. The air was charged with a hostile influence. I knew I was not wanted. And I knew that the force came from the little room with the open door down the corridor which I was watching.

I leant forward and looked into the semi-darkness. As I looked I felt, as though it were a keen wind, this influence growing stronger and stronger. I summoned every effort of will power and tried to rise to my feet.

It happened. Out of the door, down the dark passage, something rushed, like an immense bat, towards me. I say something, because in the few seconds in which the episode lasted I had no time to see clearly. It was black from head to foot, and it seemed to be built in the form of a very powerful man. But two things made me know that it was no human being that sprang towards me. First, I could see no face. There was just a hideous blank, that was all. And secondly, though it came with huge leaps over the rough, rubble floor, *it made no noise*. There was absolute silence all the time.

Now, I am not a small man. As a matter of fact, I am six foot two in my socks, and I think I may say that I am built in proportion to my size. Moreover, I was in the best of condition, and seated as I was in a defensive position, I think I may say that it would have taken a pretty powerful man to knock me over.

### FIGHT ON THE STAIRS

#### *Sensation of Incredible Evil*

But when this thing dashed out I was struck backwards with an irresistible force. And as I fell I felt a sensation of incredible evil, as though the forces of Hell were conspiring against me. And with it something *warm*, not physically warm, but with a psychic warmth that cloyed and enveloped.

The rest is told in a few words. For a moment the whole world was blank, and then I found myself fighting, struggling with I know not what, down the steep stairs. Who or what it was, if it was one or two or a dozen, I do not know. All I know is that I saw nothing, and that I just managed to fight my way outside, where I sank down on to the grass.

The rest is best told by Paul, from whose written narrative I quote.

“When Lord St. Audries first went into the house we naturally felt somewhat anxious as to what would happen. After all, he was our guest, and after my brother’s experience I did not feel that I was justified in letting him go in alone. However, when he whistled I felt reassured. I whistled back and waited with interest but without fear.

“I think about a quarter-of-an-hour must have passed without anything uncanny happening. I was just about to turn to my brother to suggest that we should call him back and go home, when something so extraordinary happened that I must narrate it in detail.

### A HEAVY CRASH

#### *What Did the Cries Mean?*

“The night was absolutely windless. That is an important point. I noticed that a tall belt of poplar trees at the end of the garden were without movement of any sort. It therefore follows that what we heard and felt was, whatever else it may have been, not wind.

“With absolute suddenness, sweeping over our heads, something came. I could not call it a wind,

though I felt it. I could not call it a noise, though there was in one's ears a sensation of rushing. A second afterwards there came from the house one of the most terrible cries I have ever imagined, as though somebody had been violently stabbed in the back. It was Lord St. Audries' voice and was followed by the sound of a heavy crash.

"Aghast, I turned to my brother. He rushed to the entrance. Then we realised that we could not get in, for the place was pitch dark, and so blocked up that it was quite impossible to force an entry. A cloud had drifted over the moon, and it was impossible to find our way through the wreckage of the basement without a candle.

#### INDESCRIBABLE NOISES

##### *Tragedy of a Bathroom*

"We therefore ran at full speed to the neighbouring house, whose tenants I fortunately knew, in order to obtain a light. As we vaulted the gate the whole house resounded with violent shocks and shouts.

"We secured the candle and tore back. The noise in the house was indescribable. And then it suddenly ceased and we saw Lord St. Audries advancing towards us, covered with dirt and plaster."

That is Paul's narrative.

I offer no explanation for this story beyond saying that it is true in every detail. However, the following points may be of interest:—

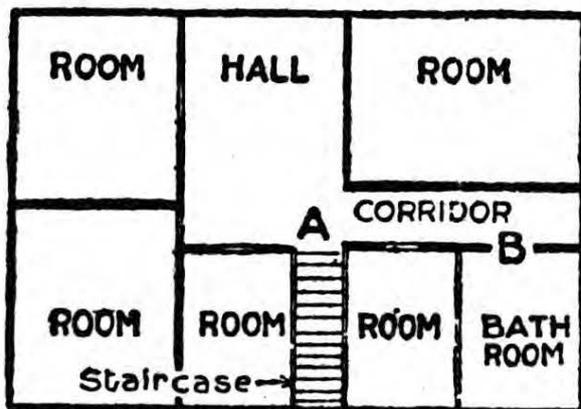
- (1) It has transpired that the small room which was the centre of the trouble was once a

bathroom in which some fifty years ago a particularly atrocious murder had been committed by a semi-insane doctor who had afterwards committed suicide.

- (2) No dog will venture into the garden of the house, and many refuse even to pass it.
- (3) On the next night to my experience (at midnight to be precise) the inhabitants of the neighbouring house, who are also confirmed sceptics, were awakened by the sound of a violent report which, they allege, came from "Weir Court."

The house is still standing there and it remains without a tenant.

**PLAN OF THE HAUNTED FLOOR.**



A is where Lord St. Audries watched..  
B is door from which "ghost" appeared.

Though this authentic and well attested story has already appeared in print I think it well that it should be recorded in something more lasting than a weekly paper.

There are certain points to be noted in this experience which differentiates it from the more ordinary ghost story.

Lord St. Audries described the figure to me as a human form, but of heroic size. Its strength was so great that, big man as he is, he was utterly powerless against it, and it made no sound. At the moment, in that violent contact, he felt that it was warm. What can an investigator make of those points? They baffle the imagination, yet such was the experience of three men who are considerably above the average in intelligence, and who through their work have proved their capacity in a practical manner to the world. They have also proved that they possess that exceedingly rare quality, moral courage. In physical courage the British stand second to none, but the moral variety is singularly lacking. These three men have the moral courage to proclaim the truth of their statement, and to affirm that for several days after they were possessed by sheer, unadulterated terror, added to which Lord St. Audries suffered physically from the effects of his crashing fall backwards into the debris of stones and mortar.

It would be hard to find three more reliable witnesses than the young peer, fully alive to duty and the thorny problems of life; the young clergyman, an original thinker and tireless worker; and his younger brother, now a brilliant journalist and author, a man endowed with great natural gifts. The only better evidence that could be produced would be personal evidence, but it is well to ask the question. If this experience had come to you what would it now amount to? Conviction for yourself, but only hearsay evidence for others.

One thing is certain. We have reached the stage at which such experiences are crowding in upon us

thick and fast. Behind us we have an enormous mass of evidence, careful observations, attested experiences, in a word, of phenomena of which many of us find it difficult to form any conception, but in which, whilst waiting for direct personal experience we ought to place rather more confidence than we have done, and by which we might very conceivably benefit by assuaging our fears and learning to understand something of the greater life, we live in the hereafter.

In days now past psychic phenomena witnessed by many persons collectively received no lasting record. Thirty years ago there was no centre for recording such incidents. The Society for Psychic Research was in its infancy and few realised that it existed.

Here is a case in point.

A Vicarage in the north of London was reputed to be haunted by the spirit of a child, who looked to be about the age of seven or eight. She was a little, fair-haired thing, dressed always in a white nightgown. Her feet were bare, and round her neck hung a fine gold chain to which a locket was attached.

She was seen constantly by the Vicar and all his household, and her favourite spot was on the landing at the top of the stairs. Through the banisters her little, pale face could be seen peering, her glance directed to the entrance hall below.

I called upon the Vicar, who received me most kindly, but he had nothing more to tell me than what I have written above. He had no explanation of the facts he simply stated. He had enquired about former residents in the house, but nothing

suspicious had been recorded. The last occupants were a husband, wife and two or three children, who had come from India, bringing an ayah with them. They had remained a very short time in the house. Their present whereabouts was unknown.

A year or so passed and numerous persons were privileged to see the little spirit flitting about the stairs and passages. The case became widely known, and the Vicar received more attention than he desired. He found that it was getting harder for him to concentrate upon his work, and he was becoming very perplexed and uneasy. Thirty-five years ago exorcism was almost unknown. Now it is more widely practised than most people are aware of. It never seemed to occur to him that this little spirit might be layed and given rest. The Vicar had a daughter who was about to be married, and at last the auspicious day arrived and numerous guests returned from the church to the Vicarage for the wedding feast. For the time being the little ghost was forgotten.

The hour arrived for the departure of the bride and bridegroom, and the hall was thronged with happy laughing people armed with rice and slippers.

The good-byes were being said. Good wishes poured forth on every side, when suddenly a voice called

“ Look.”

The hand of a startled guest pointed upwards, and all eyes turned instantly to the landing above.

There they saw a fair, fragile little child peering through the banisters down upon the assemblage ; a gold chain and locket shone upon her neck.

A thrill of awe ran through the company. Everybody saw her. Here was a case of collective observation. At least fifty people saw a ghost simultaneously.

So far as I can recollect it must have been a year later that the Vicar had occasion to order his water cistern to be cleaned out.

In it was found the skeleton of a little girl who still wore a gold chain and locket around her neck.

The remains were given Christian burial, and the child was never seen again. The murderer was never discovered, but the little victim was at peace.

I am unaware that any collective testimony of this story exists, yet at the time it made a considerable stir. I can remember it very distinctly, and doubtless there are those still living on earth who personally saw the little spirit. How glad I should be to hear from them.

## CHAPTER VI

### HAUNTED JEWELS—THE CURSE AND ITS POWER

“As long as man has faith in a blessing  
So long will he believe in a curse.”

BHISHMA, 15th Century, B.C.

THUS spoke one of the greatest of Hindu philosophers in the 15th century before Christ.

The culmination of what is known as the Dark Age, in this period of our evolution, came in the nineteenth century. At that time our earth had reached its lowest stage in materialism. From now onwards we are on the upward trend, gradually unfolding the spirituality which is the real, eternal ego in manifestation.

The occult forces of nature, “The Mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven,” and their modes of manifestation, have been known for ages to certain secret orders which have not deemed it wise to give their knowledge to the world.

As every mental demand invariably brings its supply; as numerous persons are making discoveries, and often ignorantly misusing the forces they are learning to use, the guardians of the secrets of Divine Law deem the times to be propitious for disclosing something of their nature to independent investigators who are sufficiently advanced to appreciate their power and grandeur.

As materialism grew in strength and density it

fell back upon "science." To science the public relegated all knowledge of God and His laws. Those of us who persisted in our investigations into the spiritual side of life were termed "superstitious."

Gradually fear gathered round the word. It was deemed wise to avoid the occult. Ignorance was infinitely less dangerous.

Early in this century Journalism became fully alive to the fact that the Public is awakening, and beginning to feel a keen desire to know something of the great Occult forces.

Lord Northcliffe realised the vast future awaiting spiritualism, and gave to the world the Vale Owen script. The result has most fully justified his courageous venture. The Press now seizes upon any incident invested with the mysterious, and elaborates it to the best of its ability. Reports of dreams that came true, haunted houses, curses on precious stones, and on mummies, find a place in our daily journals and are eagerly read by the Public.

The word "Superstition" is taking on a new significance and meaning. Some of us recognise it as the inward reflection of that eternal memory which dwells in us all. The reflection of some great occult truth known long ages ago to our immortal egos, but long since obliterated from our every day consciousness.

It is natural to find "superstition" most strongly developed in the simple minded, the ageless little children of God. The dwellers in lone moorlands and pathless forests. Amongst those who are exempt from the deadening touch of the World.

The Islanders off the coasts of Britain preserve second sight until they touch the mainland.

For a long time to come there will be two religions, one for the masses, one for the students. There will also be two sciences. One for the materialists, watered down for the masses. Another for the students of *Divine Science*.

It is to the latter I address the following pages of this chapter.

The reason why the mass of the inhabitants of our earth find it so hard to credit the supernormal is the utter inability to believe in immortality. There is a loosely held supposition that when we die we go to God and He keeps us amused for an indefinite period of time.

The belief of the student, that *The immortal Spirit literally is God and is therefore supremely powerful, that it therefore cannot have a conceivable beginning nor can it have a conceivable end; as no limit can be set to the life of God*, is beyond the grasp of the O.P. (ordinary person) included in all grades of society.

The O.P. is therefore incapable of realising the fact that some advanced beings have delved into "The Kingdom of Heaven within." They have discovered the Divine powers residing in themselves, "The temple of the living God" and they have utilised those powers, sometimes evilly (black magic) sometimes Divinely.

It is to the exercise of such supernormal powers we owe the curse on the Hope diamond and other inanimate objects. The curse set upon those who tamper with the remains of the great dead.

Very simple are the words of the curse, "may

*the person who unwraps me die rapidly and may his bones lie unburied.*" Simple words, yes! but when uttered and invested with supreme power of execution by one who used certain Divine laws and forces—how dread, how unalterable, as are all Divine laws.

"This stone has been consecrated to God. The profane who touch it shall die The death."

It is hard to believe that the most devouring cupidity could dare lay its grasp upon the sacred object, after so solemn a warning, yet avarice conquered fear.

Let us glance at the appalling disasters laid to the account of the Hope blue diamond after it was stolen from the brow of Buddha.

In May, 1919, the young son of Edward McLean, proprietor of "The Washington Post," was killed.

He was a boy of eleven years of age, named Vinson Walsh McLean. He was playing outside the gates of his father's house. A motor car driven by a woman knocked him down and so injured him that he lived but a few hours after the accident had taken place.

The boy was known to the world as "The hundred million dollar baby," owing to the vast wealth he would ultimately have possessed.

It was not on this account that his untimely death caused a cold shudder to run through the world.

His mother is the owner of the Hope diamond. That fact sufficed to stir the imagination of two continents to a vivid awareness.

Vinson Walsh McLean was said to be the best

guarded child in the world, yet he evaded his keepers and ran into the road. There he met his death, thus adding another link to the long chain of catastrophe that has overtaken families possessing the famous Hope diamond.

This child inherited an enormous fortune from his mother's brother, who was killed in a motor smash in 1905. Mrs. McLean, at that time Mrs. Evelyn Walsh, was in the car and she received such injuries that for over a year she was a complete invalid.

The boy's grandparents were John McLean, owner of "The Cincinnati Enquirer" and "The Washington Post," and owner of the lighting and traction system of Washington. His maternal grandfather was Thomas Walsh, owner of the Camp Bird gold mine in Colorado, which is getting richer year by year.

£30,000,000 was said to be an under estimate of the boy's wealth. There was no other child in either the McLean or Walsh families. Here was something money could not purchase for them. The nickname of this ill-starred little lad who fell under the pitiless curse of the Hope diamond was "The richest baby in the world."

The boy was reared as if he were a young monarch. His short life was passed in a prison of gold. When he was born the late King of the Belgians, a business partner of the child's grandfather Thomas Walsh, sent him as a present a rosewood and gold cradle. Surely symbolical of the eleven years he passed in his gilded cage.

At the time of the accident little Vinson's parents were absent at a race meeting at Louisville,

Kentucky. They rushed back by special train to the bedside of their beloved son.

Meanwhile brain specialists, and an army of doctors and nurses battled for the little life—in vain. Before his parents could reach him he had fled from his prison house to the freedom of God, leaving for ever behind him the horrors of a tragic curse, and the weight of gold which was strangling and crushing him body and soul.

Once before he had evaded his gaolers, and all America knew it. One of his pet birds escaped, and flew into the street, and he dashed after it. But a few seconds elapsed before his flight was discovered, and he was captured and brought back. The freedom of “the richest baby in the world” was not so long lived as that of his pet.

An army of guards was always around him, the houses in which he lived were surrounded with steel fences, and his perambulator was protected by a steel canopy. The lad owned a big collection of birds and animals. He adored them and distributed them amongst his properties in different parts of the United States.

He possessed a herd of ponies, two Great Danes, a Russian wolfhound, six terriers and twenty mongrels, fifty-six Shropshire sheep, and a flock of Brahma chickens and six motor cars.

One pities intensely the mother of the child who had so much to contend against in the rearing of her boy.

Such a weight of wealth is a burden no one man can hope to shoulder successfully. With a curse upon his house the child's outlook was indeed dark.

Greatly against her will, Mrs. McLean became possessed of the Hope diamond. Murder, suicide, madness, and many other dire misfortunes had pursued and destroyed its former owners, since the hour when it was torn from the brow of the Buddha.

Americans of that class are very far from being what is termed superstitious, but the passage of this stone through the world, as it passed from hand to hand, was strewn so thickly with violence, and fatal calamity, that when she heard its history Mrs. McLean refused to become its possessor.

At that time the stone was in the keeping of Messrs. Cartier, the New York jewellers. They kept it in Paris.

Edward McLean bought it for the sum of £52,000, but his wife, on hearing of the purchase implored her husband to refuse to complete the bargain.

So insistent was she that he consented.

Messrs. Cartier at once sued Mr. McLean, and ultimately he accepted delivery of the diamond for £36,000 in January, 1912. A short time afterwards his mother died suddenly of pneumonia and the heavy troubles of his life began.

I have seen pathetic photographs of Mrs. McLean wearing the ill-fated jewel above her forehead, and in her arms nestles the real jewel of her life, her little son.

The Hope diamond of sinister fame is a blue stone which looks to the uninitiated like a pale, brilliant blue sapphire. Its weight is  $44\frac{1}{2}$  carats, and it measures one inch by seven-eighths of an inch.

Its birthplace is unknown, but it was removed

from the forehead of an image of Buddha, belonging to a Hindu temple in India.

It carries with it a curse of dire misfortune or violent death.

Jean Baptiste Tavernier, Baron d'Aubonne, the great Belgian traveller and author, brought the jewel with him from the East and sold it to Louis the Fourteenth in 1668. He travelled as a dealer in precious stones, and Louis gave him "letters of nobility," and a year later he purchased the Barony of Aubonne near Geneva.

Misfortune fell upon him from that time onwards, and he died in utter penury in Moscow, in 1689.

Louis sent the gem to be cut by the famous William Fals of Amsterdam. No sooner did he commence work upon the stone than his prosperity failed him. Troubles fell upon him thick and fast: his son stole it, then killed himself, his fine business melted away like snow in summer, and finally he died a ruined man.

Mr. Edwin Streeter, the great stone expert, believes that the original blue diamond brought by Tavernier to France was manipulated by the cutter, one or more pieces being removed by cleavage.

There is in existence what is known as The Brunswick blue drop diamond, and Mr. Streeter says that it is identical in colour and quality with the Hope diamond, and he cannot avoid the conclusion that once it formed the triangular salient of the Hope Brilliant.

This portion of the stone has brought bad luck to the House of Brunswick.

Beginning at the battle of Jena, 1806, we find Duke Charles William Ferdinand mortally wounded.

His eldest son died.

His second son abdicated.

His third son, Frederick William, was killed at Quatre Bras.

The present Duke of Cumberland became Duke of Brunswick on the death of his kinsman, Duke William, in 1884.

His eldest son was killed in a motor accident.

He renounced his rights to the Duchy of Brunswick in favour of his second son in October, 1913.

This son married the only daughter of the ex-Kaiser of Germany. Shortly after their marriage the great war began, and the Duchy of Brunswick now forms part of the German Republic.

Louis the Fourteenth lent the diamond to Madame de Montespan, and from that hour the star of her fortunes waned, and she was finally superseded by Madame de Maintenon.

Nicolas Fouquet, Viscount of Melun, and Finance Minister under Louis the Fourteenth, was another victim.

Madly fond of display and magnificence, he borrowed the jewel from his royal master, and constantly wore it on his breast during the gorgeous and expensive entertainments he gave in honour of the King.

Fouquet was a man of great ambition, and he was desirous of succeeding Cardinal Mazarin as first Minister. His plans were brought to nought, for the King himself took the reins of power into his own hands when they slipped from the grasp of the dead Prelate.

He caused Fouquet to be arrested, and after a trial extending over three years he was sentenced to perpetual exile and the loss of all his property. The sentence was afterwards altered to life-long imprisonment in the fortress of Pignerol. In 1680 the wretched prisoner died in poverty and disgrace.

And what of Louis the Fourteenth, the actual owner of the blue diamond ?

All the world knows that he did not die until he had brought France almost to complete ruin. Success for a time attended the French arms, but reverses ensued, and war continued for years with varying success. In 1713 peace was signed at Utrecht after one defeat following upon another, and the utter collapse of France which was now at hand. Louis' son and eldest grandson died before him, but unbendingly despotic, yet broken by adverse fate, he yielded up his haughty soul in 1715.

The blue diamond passed into the possession of Louis the Fifteenth. His reign was noted for disaster, financial embarrassment and the misery of the people. His constitution was ruined by a life of vice, and finally being seized by small pox, the King, once called *Le bien aimé*, died unwept in 1774.

Again the blue diamond passed into the possession of a monarch, Louis the Sixteenth.

On the twenty-first of January, 1793, sentence of death was passed upon him, and he was guillotined in the Place de la Revolution.

Louis' wife, the beautiful Marie Antoinette, wore the diamond constantly, and frequently she lent it to her friend the Princesse de Lamballe.

The Queen ended on the guillotine, and her favourite de Lamballe was torn to pieces by the Paris mob.

Francis Beaulieu is next recorded as the owner of the gem during the French revolution. He was starved to death in prison.

For many years the stone disappeared altogether, then suddenly it emerged again and came into the possession of Mr. Thomas Hope, the wealthy banker, whose daughter was the mother of Lord Francis Pelham Clinton Hope.

Thomas Hope paid £18,000 for the stone, and it remained in the possession of his descendants till Lord Francis, after repeated misfortunes, sold it in 1901. Lord Francis is still alive, but his beautiful property Deepdene is now an hotel, and the tragedies of his life are well known to the world.

The maleficent career of the blue diamond was resumed when Mr. Samuel Frankel, a New York jeweller bought it. His firm at once fell into serious financial difficulties, and he sold it to M. Colet Broku.

This fool-hardy individual, just after selling it to Prince Kanitovsky, developed raving madness, and committed suicide.

An appalling fate lay in wait for the Russian Prince Kanitovsky. His mistress was Lorena Ladue, a beautiful young actress of the Folies Bergere, in Paris. To her he presented the Hope Diamond. The Prince at once developed acute insanity, and the first night that Lorena Ladue wore the jewel he secreted himself in a box in the theatre.

No sooner did the unfortunate woman appear

upon the stage, the diamond blazing upon her breast, than the Prince crept forward, and taking deliberate aim, he shot her dead through the heart.

In the wild excitement that arose over this tragedy Kanitovsky escaped, but not for long. Two days afterwards his house was entered by Russian terrorists, who fell upon him and stabbed him to death.

The next owner of the stone was a Greek named Montharides, who no sooner bought it than he was captured by brigands and thrown over a precipice and killed with his wife and two children.

Once more the diamond was lost sight of. It came again to light sparkling on the breast of a French woman, Salma Zubayba, the favourite of the ex-Sultan, Abdul Hamid, who had bought it privately.

Before presenting the gem to his mistress, the Sultan sent it to one Abu Sabir to be polished. Sabir swore he was not in possession of the stone, and he was imprisoned. The stone had disappeared, but was found again in the possession of the keeper of the dungeon. The keeper was promptly strangled by unknown hands. The stone was then stolen by a eunuch in the Sultan's palace, and he was arrested in Constantinople and hanged on a lamp post.

The Sultan then handed the fatal gift to Salma Zubayba.

The poor creature did not live long to enjoy her terrible possession.

The young Turk Party one night broke into the palace, and Abdul Hamid deliberately shot dead his Sultana. The young Turks tore the jewel

from the corpse and carried it off. They sold it to Mr. Habib. The Sultan was deposed and Mr. Habib was drowned at sea off Singapore.

The jewel had remained in France and in 1911 it passed into the hands of Edward McLean.

Probably it now lies hidden away in the darkness of some strong-room. The vainest of women would surely shrink in loathing from it now.

Is this terrible chapter of tragic events pure coincidence ?

Is it the natural result of the power of the curse pronounced upon all who own the diamond once sacred to The Buddha ?

Which is the simplest conclusion ?

Scoffing at superstition will not help us. Those who shrink from ignorant contempt are beginning to see the utter worthlessness of the fiat of ignorance. They have discovered that to be told a happening is all "Tommy rot" in no way alters, arrests or mitigates that happening. It is well when one can arrive at the stage of life when the epithet "credulous idiot" has the same effect as water on the proverbial duck's back.

In the gold room of the London Museum, St. James's, there are some quaint jewels preserved. They possess a history showing the power of the discarnate entity to attach him or her self to certain property still greatly cherished.

The jewels I refer to were unearthed some ten or twelve years ago by workmen who were excavating for the site of a warehouse close to St. Paul's Cathedral.

A broken wooden box was found containing about a hundred and fifty gold and enamelled

articles, rings, pendants unset stones, necklets, etc. The Treasury was informed and the collection was sent to the private house of an official of the London Museum to await arrangements. They arrived on a warm June evening and were placed in safety in a certain room.

That night, despite the high temperature, a deathly chill which was felt by all the family invaded the room where the jewels lay. A friend who called and who happened to be a psychic stated that he could see, standing over the jewels, a man clad in Elizabethan costume. A tall; slender man who appeared to be extremely annoyed.

After a period of quiet, and an attempt to gain impressions, the spectre contrived to convey to the seer the information that the jewels were his and that their present custodian had no right to them.

An attempt was made to appease the angry phantom, and the assurance that the treasure would be state property seemed to have a calming effect, as no further manifestations were forthcoming.

Eventually the jewels were deposited in the London Museum, where the original owner seems content that they should remain.

A spiritualist, just before the war, went to see the jewels, and promptly fainted. After her recovery she maintained that there was blood upon a necklet. The blood of a woman who had worn it and who had been murdered when robbed of the ornament.

The house under which the jewels were found

had the reputation of being haunted by a tall, thin man in "fancy dress."

Such authenticated stories could be multiplied indefinitely. In the West of England there is an abandoned house said to be haunted by a former heir who was murdered by a member of his family. At intervals he is reported to appear and assert that the property is his. Possibly now that it is deserted and he is left in quiet possession he may rest content, but this strong clinging to things temporal and seen is one of the commonest of psychic phenomena. One more proof that the man after death is as the man before death.

When we know a little more of post-mortem conditions, we will be better able to enter into the feelings of the departed, meanwhile to hearken to the scoffer is to ally oneself to his dark ignorance. Remember Schopenhauer's retort: "Your denial does not argue that you have superior intelligence; it simply proves you ignorant of the latest acquisitions of knowledge." Rather let us rely upon the statements of our great men of science and their illuminated minds. They have told us that secret powers have been preserved to modern times by a series of adepts who have handed them down from generation to generation in their entirety.

Catholics understand the subject more thoroughly than any other of their co-religionists in this country. Miracles have been vouched for which were due to the wonderful properties inherent in the relics of a saint. They have always used thoughts as weapons endowed with life. Do they not bless rosaries, water and other objects? Is it logical to believe that water, wood and stone

are receptive only to good? May they not be equally strongly vitalised with evil?

As often as not table turning is nothing more than wood vitalised till it is strong enough to move alone.

In the East I have seen stone gods who were said to have received animation. The gift of life is given in the ceremony of *Pran Pratishta*. The stone is changed into new material.

Ask a great scientist "Of what composition is an ordinary stone such as anyone can pick off the road?" Then fortify yourself against what is to follow by recollecting the words uttered on one occasion by our greatest chemist, the late Sir William Crooks: "Gentlemen, I know that what I am going to tell you is an 'impossibility' according to the established laws of nature. *Nevertheless it is true.*"

Your scientist will assure you that the stone is composed of myriads of atoms, moving with incredible speed in a sea of ether. Not one of those atoms collide, their structure is most complicated.

Or he might reply in other words that "matter consists of electrical ions which are in a dynamic state of whorling revolution at an exceedingly rapid rate." I happened to mention this fact lately to a young man of average intelligence. His reply was, to me, very illuminating:

"Well! really, if you can believe that, you can believe anything."

He helped me the better to understand the scoffer at superstition, for indeed the scientific statement of the composition of a stone is quite

as marvellous, perhaps even more so, than the power of a curse attached to a stone.

The key to the mystery is of course to be found in the statement of the scientist who invests the stone with the attributes of life. Energy, intelligence, motion, etc. Who shall limit the power of the indestructible atom ?

The innumerable stories of stones of power can no longer be discredited.

The late Lady Dorothy Nevill records that she was once the recipient of a Burmese figure of Buddha, which she placed in her drawing-room.

It seemed to find its surroundings uncongenial, and it took its revenge. From the day of its installation, disasters, financial and physical, fell thick and fast upon her family, and even upon a favourite horse and pet dog, both of which met a violent death.

Though scoffing at first at the suggestion of the Buddha having anything to do with those misfortunes, the fall of a heavy chimney, which wrecked a whole wing of her house, caused her to change her mind and present the figure to the India Museum ; where apparently it found peace. With its departure her troubles ended.

Another well authenticated story was told to me by the family to which it belonged.

An Indian Rajah presented the statue of a god to a friend who sent it home to his wife in England. There was one stipulation made with the gift—nothing must be done to desecrate the image.

The wife set it in a niche in the wall of her room, and for a time all went well. But later on it was fetched down to be exhibited to some

friends who were dining with her. Then the evil began.

She fell ill, and fought always in delirium with the god, whose name was perpetually upon her lips. Disasters literally poured down upon the house, till finally the god was returned to its original owner, and peace was at once restored.

Here was an inanimate object receptive to and imbued with an inpouring of force from without. It was probably the same force employed by the priests of Ancient Egypt at the burial of The Pharoahs, and until we are certain that our scepticism rests on a surer foundation than the statements of our great Egyptologists, we will do well to treat with reverence that which to our lesser minds is still the incomprehensible.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS

IN studying the history of a nation, the student must rely almost entirely upon experts who have made the story of that nation their special life work.

The man who desires to concentrate upon Egypt gathers round him the books written by the great Egyptologists, and he accepts their conclusions as expert, as the very best information to be had.

This is excellent as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. We have been given a wealth of hard, scientific facts, but the work of blending those facts with their occult significance has yet to be done.

The most advanced of our Egyptologists now believe that beneath the literal meaning of the inscriptions another and an impenetrable meaning is concealed.

Beneath the official religion taught to the vulgar there was another reserved for the priests, the initiates, and here the theory which the experts are compelled to entertain confirms the assertions of the occultists.

Since the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb, interest in Egypt has been enormously stimulated, and the "curse" controversy over the unfortunate death of Lord Carnarvon has drawn the attention

of the masses by the touch of mystery with which that sudden event was invested.

Lord Carnarvon was a member of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and presumably he was abreast in the progress of occult knowledge, therefore if malignant influences were at work to compass his undoing, ignorance of such possibilities can hardly be ascribed to him.

Those who have the charge of mummies in our museums can vouch for the fact that they are sometimes invested with some enormous power which defies time.

I am told by an absolutely unimpeachable authority that one mummy in the British Museum has shattered to atoms two thick plate glass cases.

There is nothing to be gleaned from the authorities, and one can hardly wonder. To admit of such a phenomenon would bring a "Wembley crowd" upon them, which would liberate every mummy in the building. Were I to give the name of my informant, a writer and scientist of European renown, he would be snowed under with letters, a vast number of which he could not ignore.

This is always the trouble when dealing with subjects deeply interesting to the uneducated public.

Why should one man be taken and another left is one of the many unanswerable questions constantly put forward. An enormous number of tombs have been rifled of their contents. Numerous mummies lie in museums all over the world, yet we have not heard that their despoilers suffered

loss of life in consequence. The public do not always hear how many meet death. So much a few of us do know now.

As a believer in the potency of curses and blessings, I attribute the immunity of some and the ill-fate of others who disturb the dead to the power or weakness of the individuals who pronounced the curse. Some mummies have no curse attached to them, though the corpse was always held sacred in Egypt.

By a determined concentration of the will, an otherwise inert object may become imbued with protective or destructive power according to the purpose directing. If a good thing can hold the powers of goodness, why may not an evil thing hold the powers of evil? One does not require to be scientific to understand the importance attached by the ancients to blessings and curses. Any one who reads our Bible will come across numerous instances of their supposed potency.

It will be well to bear in mind certain statements made by Sir Wallis Budge, Keeper of the Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum, and one of our greatest Egyptologists.

In his translation of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," he writes of mummies,

"There is little doubt that when the body was laid to rest in the tomb the priest pronounced certain words, or formulas, or prayers over it, and it is probable that the recital of those words was accompanied by the performance of certain ceremonies. . . . It is idle to attempt to consider what such words were, but we are within our right if we assume that they were addressed

to the God or Gods of the community on behalf of the dead, and that they contained petitions for the welfare of the departed in the world beyond the grave. . . . Certain portions of texts which have been incorporated into religious works of a later period shew that the life which the Egyptian hoped to live after death was one similar to that which he led on earth, and it is clear that he thought the preservation of his natural and material body to be in some way absolutely necessary for the attainment of this life."

Two points in this authoritative statement hint at danger being attached to the disturbers of those remains. We do not know what the words were that the priestly adepts uttered, but we do know that they were solemn words of power addressed to the Deity, and we also know that not only were the formulas of curses and blessings fixed, but the exact tone in which they were to be pronounced was specially taught. Also we know that the power of the spell remains until such time as it is broken by an antidote or exorcism. It is therefore no passing thing. In "The Priests' Prayer Book," in the possession of our Protestant clergy, there are prayers to be used by an exorcist.

Again, Budge lays emphasis on the fact that the Egyptian believed that the preservation of his physical body was vitally necessary to him in his future life.

Many of us, myself included, think nothing of the material body, but we may be wrong and the Egyptians may be right. We know so little. One fact instantly occurs to the student of occul-

tism. There are countless authenticated ghost stories where apparitions continue to appear until their human remains, hidden away in some part of the house, are found and given decent burial. The hauntings then cease.

It is one of the greatest puzzles to the psychic researcher why the departed should concern themselves so greatly over their abandoned forms of clay.

We do not now commit our dead to the earth to the accompaniment of elaborate ceremonial and ritual, but the mere fact that the Egyptian did invests his burial with a power it is rash to defy or tamper with.

Sir Francis Younghusband says of the body, "It is a marvellously complex system of groups of those ultimate particles of matter which are called electrons. These electrons are not inert specks incapable of activity by themselves. On the contrary, they act of themselves. . . . They act to all intents and purposes as if they had—each of them—a mind of its own. The body is spiritual to the core. It is a flame of spirit jetting out of that great spiritual whole, the Universe, and fired with the spirit of the Universe."

We have every reason to believe that the Egyptians held similar views, and their extreme care of the physical body after death is believed by some experts to arise out of their faith in its resurrection, in the gathering up again, as it were, of those electrons which being etheric cannot die.

Those electrons would in some way be available for the next physical body destined to clothe the reincarnating ego.

There is a growing feeling amongst occultists that we have been too hasty in refusing to accept the words "I believe in the resurrection of the body." Perhaps we do not understand their underlying meaning. Is there some power invested by the spirit in the physical body which cremation would destroy or scatter? Matter is indestructible. Are we seeking to destroy something required by nature for her future use. Something she desires to conserve?

Apply a piece of iron to a magnet. It becomes imbued with its subtle principle, and is capable of imparting it to other iron in turn. It neither looks different nor is its weight altered, but one of the most subtle potencies of nature has entered into its substance.

A talisman may be a piece of stone, a worthless bit of metal, a rag or a papyrus, but nevertheless it has been imbued by the influence of the greatest of all magnets—the human will—with a potency for good or ill just as recognisable and as real in its effects as the subtle property acquired by iron in contact with the magnet.

In the East the ancient power is still preserved by which an otherwise inert object may be saturated with protective or destructive powers according to the purpose directing. When one considers what our scientists tell us of the composition of matter, stones, etc., that they are really vivified by atoms showing intelligence, it is not so hard to suppose that the adepts knew the secret of adapting this form of intelligence to their own purposes.

The opening of Tutankhamen's tomb has spread

before us a chapter in history written in gold. It is a revelation of the glory and might of Egyptian art flourishing in the reigns of the kings of the eighteenth dynasty.

Tutankhamen was by no means great in himself. His is borrowed splendour.

He was grandson by marriage of Amonhotep the magnificent, and the objects found in his tomb are merely an art collection, samples of artistic wealth bequeathed to him by his great ancestors.

In 1907 the tomb of Tutankhamen's father-in-law, the son of the magnificent Amonhotep, was discovered, nearly 3,500 years after his death. This tomb contained the remains of Akhnaton who was one of the greatest spiritual figures the world has ever known. He founded a new religion.

From the worship of many gods, Akhnaton led the Egyptian people to the worship of the One.

At the age of nineteen he took his Queen, the beautiful Nefertiti, to live in the glittering "City of the Horizon" which he had raised upon the desert, and there he instituted sun worship. He conceived of the Sun God as the source of all life and energy, a God spiritually omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent.

There, in "The City of the Horizon," Akhnaton preached love, peace, truth.

"How manifold are all Thy works," he cries. "They are hidden from before us, O Thou sole God whose power no other possesses."

He goes on, "Thou didst create the earth according to Thy desire, whilst Thou wast alone."

Akhnaton may be described as the first great

international. His God was no tribal God, but "Father and Mother of all that He had made."

Like all Saviours he died a martyr's death at the age of twenty-eight. So passed away this great spiritual genius of the old world, and Tutankhamen, his son-in-law, reigned in his stead.

The stately, glittering "City of the Horizon" was abandoned to the beasts of the desert, and the bands of marauding robbers, and the worship of the One God passed away and for long was forgotten.

Le Page Renouf, one of the greatest foreign authorities on Egypt, states that according to the most moderate calculations the Egyptian Monarchy existed for more than two thousand years before the book of Exodus was written. In "The book of the Dead" we find phrases that belong to the New Testament. They are used in connection with the Day of Judgment, and experts state that they were graven two thousand years before the birth of Jesus, The Christ.

There is sufficient evidence available now to warrant the belief that the life of Ancient Egypt, which we have partially uncovered, was but the gradual dying out of the degenerate representatives of a very much greater era of civilization. It suggests a previous civilization, the duration of which might be numbered by millions of years. We get glimpses of those ages before the dawn of history, legendary ages of which we know nothing, but ever and anon comes a flash from that great mysterious river which flows beneath all faiths. Which bears them all upon its breast, from primary source to embosomed harbour.

What is the source of that great reservoir of wisdom we find flaming out through time? Science has no answer. It can but note that from the beginning men held that the essence of all things is one, and that the spirit is the source of all. Time after time we trace what appears to be the strangling out of this great secret, which is no secret, by a mountainous network of myths. What is myth but the poetic expression of dogma, and what is dogma but the scientific statement of religious truth? Through myth, which possesses the elasticity of life itself, we return to the original source symbolised by the circle, the serpent swallowing its tail.

The winged globe, which became the sacred scarabaeus of the Egyptians, shows the secret idea attached to it by its name. In the papyri the scarab is called Khopirron and Khopri from the verb Khopron "to become." It is an emblem of human life, and the successive reincarnations of the liberated soul.

The Egyptians believed, as do our scientists, that man was not simply a material being who could be in only one place at once, but that he included another self able to pass through all barriers, bound neither by time or space, and which might exist for thousands of years.

This self they termed the Ka.

At death this tenuous body could not be created out of nothing. It must therefore always have existed. They believed that the Ka, during physical life, existed alongside the physical body. It was not immaterial, but composed of highly attenuated matter, and its arteries converging

into the heart received nutriment from the blood of that organ.

After death how could it be supplied with nutriment? It is a consideration of this difficulty that explains why the consecration of food and water to the gods was so rigorously enjoined in the Egyptian, Hindu and other religions.

#### The Ab, or heart

was also deemed immortal. In common with the Occultists, the Egyptians believed the heart to be the seat of life, without the heart there could be no resurrection.

Present day occultists believe that the ultimate, the immortal atom is in the heart, and is the last particle of life to leave the physical body at death. It carries with it the seed of future immortality, and the records of pre-natal existence. Wordsworth writes :

“I guess not what this tells of Being past,  
Nor what it augurs of the life to come.”

#### The Ba

was a third self which corresponds best to our idea of the soul. It is usually depicted by a bird.

#### The Sâhû,

a fourth self figures as the swathed mummy of the deceased. The empty form having come from the Godhead could therefore at death return to it. The Sâhû was not truly mortal body. It was a new being formed by the reunion of earthly elements elaborated by nature, and in which the

soul was reborn to accomplish a new earthly existence.

That which was, for the vulgar, the resurrection of the physical body was for the initiate only the eternal renovation of nature. It must be remembered that those were some of the mysteries that had descended to Egypt from the beginning of time. The Christian religion lost them during the first century, and has suffered considerably in consequence. The old Egyptians thoroughly realised the most powerful argument for survival. The indestructibility of the spirit by any force known to man.

#### The Osiris.

By far the most important of these selves was the chief, immortal representative of man as a whole—his Osiris. Such was the name of the immortal counterpart of the mummy, and the equipment of the mummy was the equipment of the Osiris. The furniture, amulets, etc., all belonged to Osiris.

The Osiris of man has in the present day been revived in "Divine Science," "New thought." It is the teaching of the Cosmic, immortal Christ within.

Osiris was the greatest god known to the Egyptians. He had lived on earth as a benefactor, and died for man's good. He lived again as man's friend.

His birth was celebrated with cradle and lights. His resurrection was annually celebrated at the holy sepulchre, and His death was commemorated by the Eucharist after it had been consecrated by

the priests, and become veritable flesh of His flesh. Thus we see that four thousand years before the birth of Jesus the Christ the Egyptians were commemorating the death of their Christ in whom they believed they lived and moved and had their being. The papyri all refer to the deceased as one with Osiris, in death as in life. They believed that the body was the temple of the living God.

## CHAPTER VIII

### FUGITIVE TALES

THE following story is interesting, as it is continuing steadily to develop. The late owner of Grey Court, who furnished me with the details, writes :

“ If the house still belonged to my family I would not ask you even to leave out its name, but, as it is, you will at once understand that I feel we owe this amount of circumspection to the present owners.”

The present owner happens to be one of our best known politicians, whom I cannot conceive of as a seer. Nevertheless he now wants to get rid of his house, as he says it is haunted. I should have thought that he was ghost proof, but perhaps his wife is not.

Here is the story written down by the original owner :

“ The story which I propose to narrate to you refers to an old house which is no longer in our possession, and as some people have an antipathy to ghosts, the present owner might very reasonably object to my telling this tale, since, if he wished to sell the house, it might interfere with his obtaining a purchaser. Therefore I rely entirely upon your discretion.

“ Grey Court is a very old house, the more

modern parts of which date from the early Stuart period. It is credited with possessing many ghosts, and I believe rightly so. But it is not of those spectres which are well known that I write you, but of one, which one might say does not appear in the official category of the supernatural census.

“About 1910, or thereabouts, my father was in Egypt on business, and my old nurse, who was thoroughly reliable, and who did not believe in phantoms, slept in his dressing room, which led out of my mother’s room.

This arrangement was made in order that my mother, who was nervous, should not be alone at night, for the servants slept at some distance, on the other side of the house.

“My father’s dressing room had two doors, one leading into the passage, which ran practically the whole length of the house, the other led into my mother’s bedroom. The former was invariably locked at night.

“My nurse’s story was that one night she woke up suddenly, just as the figure of a very beautiful woman came through the locked door, that this woman came up to the bed, lifted the bed clothes, smiled at nurse, replaced the clothes, and that, having regained the locked door, the vision vanished through it.

“No one believed this story. Everybody said it was either imagination or the result of indigestion, and the matter being allowed to drop was quickly forgotten.

“Some time afterwards my father sold the house. It was certainly very unlucky. Many

people came to look over it whilst it was up for sale, and amongst others a man who had taken the place as a hunting box several years before we began to live in it.

“When he came to this dressing room he enquired of my father whether or not he had seen the ghost.

“My father had forgotten all about my nurse’s story, and absently demanded what ghost he meant. For, as I have said, that particular room was not supposed to be haunted.

“Our visitor replied by repeating nurse’s story almost word for word. He said they used, for the sake of designation, to call the ghost ‘Flora.’” It is always interesting to meet with a thorough-going sportsman who is a believer in the supernatural.

Through the courtesy of the *Weekly Despatch* I reproduce a story told by D. L. A. Jephson, one of our best known cricketers. He played for Cambridge in the nineties, and captained the Surrey XI. from 1900 to 1902. He says :

“My belief in ghosts, an unshakeable one, is based on the fact that I lived for nine years in a haunted house. It was an old-fashioned lonely grange, no ancient-ancestral hall, but a small house in a town, partly modern and partly ancient, a patchwork house of various dates. It consisted of two stories. On the ground floor there was a small hall, and above this a large room for dancing, originally forty feet long, which had been divided by plaster partitions into three ‘compartments’ the middle one being used as a bedroom, the two others as sitting-rooms.

“The ghost was no black spectre in rattling chains, no headless hermit, no wailing woman in blood-stained garments. She was simply a pretty white-veiled girl of eighteen or so, with a happy, smiling face!

“My mother saw her, and conversed with her on many occasions, usually in the bedroom between the two sitting rooms. The first time that she appeared was at twelve o'clock at night.

#### THE SMILING FACE.

“A large collie invariably slept on my mother's bed, and she, thinking that his nose had touched her, for she felt something cold, opened her eyes to see at the foot of the bed the white-veiled girl. ‘I've come to tell you that your son reached Perth at twelve o'clock,’ she said, then vanished. I need not, perhaps, add that twelve o'clock was the exact hour at which I arrived in the Scottish town.

“Her appearances were nearly always confined to the central bedroom, but at times she showed herself in other places. One evening, about eight-thirty, there was a scream—I can hear it now—and a fall. We rushed out of the downstairs room to find our servant girl in a dead faint at the foot of the stairs—she had met the ghost and fallen down half a flight.

“On another occasion a lady was seated at tea in the dining room downstairs. Without a word of excuse or apology she suddenly made for the door and fled into the street; naturally to the great surprise of my mother and her other guests.

“ We learned afterwards that she saw the face of a girl in the glass of a picture, smiling at her, and, being one of those strange individuals who believe that anything supernatural must be the Devil’s work, she absolutely refused to enter the house again.

#### TRYING TO CATCH IT.

“ For three years we had living with us a Peterhouse (Cambridge) man, Percy Joy, who occupied the small sitting-room (adjoining the ghost-chamber), and a bedroom down three steps leading from it. The wall between the two was three feet, six inches thick. He was an individual who had no belief in the supernatural, and tried in vain, not once but a hundred times, to discover the other curious happenings in the house.

“ For instance, as the clock struck twelve at night the door bell was pulled violently. He would stand with his hand on the knob, waiting. At the moving of the wire he would charge into the street on to which the front door opened directly. The street was invariably empty and on either side there was no ‘cover’ for anyone ringing the bell. Mice, rats, and a dozen other solutions were offered, but no mouse or rat ever pulled a heavy door bell six inches from its socket!

“ Another unexplained incident was the hammering in the fireplace in his sitting room. He would leave the latter in absolute silence, and before he had descended the three short steps a very pandemonium broke out in the grate, as if two strong

men were hammering for a wager with poker and tongs on iron kettles! He would rush back in a second—to silence. Nothing seemed to have moved, and yet the sounds were clearly heard in the street.

#### SURPRISE FOR A VISITOR.

“Another Peterhouse man, a well-known writer, came to stay for a week-end—he stayed one night. He was placed in the ghost chamber. The three of us had a late sitting, chatting of the old days, and it was about one a.m. when we went to bed. Suddenly, as Joy and I were finishing our pipes, a wild, dishevelled, pyjama'd man rushed into the room—it was Hadath. ‘I’ll never sleep in this—house again.’ He never did, and he never would tell us what he saw or what he heard in the ghost chamber.

“It is said that two hundred years ago the house was an inn. Was there a murder committed there? And if so, why should the face of the ghost, seen by many people, be happy and smiling?”

A weekly newspaper is not a very enduring record of so interesting a story, and I am very glad to afford it greater permanency. It is in a very different category to the following story, which is sworn to by an Admiral. Here is an account of something that happened which must be classified under the words of the late Sir William Crookes.

“I am going to tell you something which is impossible according to the laws of nature, but it happens to be true.

“In the days of my youth we sailors went to

sea in sailing ships, and my weird experience happened when I was lieutenant on a brig belonging to the training squadron at Spithead.

"We were due to sail for the Mediterranean the following Wednesday at nine-thirty, and it was reported that an A.B. named James Jarvis was absent.

"We sailed punctual to time without him, leaving the proper authorities to deal with his case, desertion.

"We encountered very dirty weather off Ushant a violent gale was blowing accompanied by high seas. It was the month of January, and after a very cheery Christmas leave, spent with relatives I liked, the discomforts of the ship in storm seemed worse than ever.

"We were crossing the Bay, thirty-five miles west of Finisterre, when I went on deck to take middle watch, 12 to 4 a.m., on a particularly dirty night, with a north-west wind blowing half a gale and the decks awash. The steering wheel on my ship was aft, the after hatch on the poop had been battened down, so I came on deck under midship hatches.

"As I passed under the main mast what was my amazement to hear a voice sing out from aloft,

" 'Stand from under.' "

"Instinctively I leaped aside and stared aloft. Who could be up in the main mast on such a night? I could see nothing. Driving spray and rain obliterated every object that was not within a yard or two of one's face.

"I at once reported to the officer on watch, whom I relieved, that there was a man in the cross-

trees, but he was frankly incredulous and too keen to get below to argue the matter with me. For the time being the incident passed from my mind.

“ At 4 a.m., when I in turn was relieved, the whole puzzling business was revived, for on passing under the main mast to go below again the voice from aloft sang out through the howling storm,

“ ‘ Stand from under.’ ”

“ This time I felt thoroughly scared, and diving below I tumbled into my bunk, hoping that a good sleep would clear my brain of what I now told myself was a horrible delusion, and very soon I was in the arms of slumber and oblivious to all hallucinations, pleasant or disagreeable.

“ By daybreak the weather had become considerably worse, and it comforted me to think that the poor devil in the cross-trees was nothing more than an illusion of the senses, and I banished the whole thing from my mind. I did not even recollect my scare when next morning I tumbled out into the icy blackness at 4 a.m. to take the watch.

“ Habit is a rum thing. As I passed under the main mast again I leaped aside, for loud and clear above the howling wind sang out the warning from aloft,

“ ‘ Stand from under.’ ”

“ The captain was on the bridge, and without pausing to consider I staggered to his side and reported my weird experiences.

He heard me with obvious incredulity, and pointed out that in such weather it was most improbable that a man had been sent aloft, but I suppose something in my manner must have

impressed him, for he immediately decided to investigate the matter. Together we descended to the well deck, and gaining the main mast stared aloft.

“It was with a sensation amounting to satisfaction that again I heard that uncanny voice ring out,

“ ‘Stand from under,’  
and saw the effect it had on the captain.

“Lurching aside, to avoid what might otherwise crash down upon him, he gave vent to some strong remarks, betraying a combination of utter bewilderment and anger. Shouting to the officer on the watch, he shrilly demanded to know what man had been sent aloft.

“Gaining no satisfaction from the reply that there was no man aloft, he ordered both watches to fall in, and sending for the ship’s corporal, ordered the seamen part of the ship’s company to be mustered.

“I cannot say I felt any astonishment when the roll call was over, and the ship’s corporal reported that no man was missing save James Jarvis, the deserter left behind at Spithead. I suppose my subconsciousness knew all about it, and silently informed me, but something infinitely more startling was about to follow.

“No sooner had the ship’s corporal finished speaking than high above the tempest rang out the now familiar cry,

“ ‘Stand from under,’  
and almost simultaneously a heavy body came hurtling from aloft and crashed down on the deck in our midst.

“The captain and I stooped to examine it. An awed silence fell upon the whole ship’s company collected there, whilst we examined the body.

“It was the corpse of James Jarvis, the deserter, and right down the length of his spine ran a long deep gash.

“The captain’s orders rang out shrill, yet with something scared in the violent force of his voice. He ordered the ship’s corporal to remove the body on to the hammock nettings to await burial.

“The man stepped forward to obey orders, and stooping down strove to move the huddled form. It yielded to him not an inch. It appeared to be rivetted to the deck.

“The captain’s nerves had received a nasty jar, with a volley of oaths he ordered forward two more men to assist. The result was the same. It was a strange sight to see the whole ship’s company, in twos and threes attempting the task, and all failing.

“Finally it came to the turn of an A.B. named Longmore, and with wild defiance he refused to obey the order.

“Violently pushed forward by his excited companions, struggling and fighting, he was thrust nearer the corpse.

“Then came the most fearful sight I shall ever witness.

“The corpse of James Jarvis suddenly reared itself up, and hurled itself on the struggling form of Longmore, and before we could stir from the trance of horror that held us all in thrall, the corpse and its captive had disappeared over the

the side, and were lost in the darkness of the boiling sea."

\* \* \* \* \*

A friend of ours, Mrs. Swan, wife of Brigadier-General Swan, vouches for the following story. I reproduce it in her own words. It is an excellent example of the psychic power of vision owned by some human beings whilst others in their immediate vicinity remain blind. Why some should be possessed of this extended vision, whilst others, whom one would expect to be more highly developed are without it is still an unsolved problem.

#### B HOUSE, QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND.

"In February, 1904, my husband was appointed M.O. at Queenstown, Ireland, and we took over as nurse to our baby a middle-aged woman, who remained with us for 6½ years—so we had plenty of opportunity, under varying conditions and different parts of the world, of knowing what kind of woman she was.

"She was an unemotional, prosaic kind of person, highly experienced and hospital trained, and the last woman one would accuse of being imaginative or nervous in any way. She came of a respectable family of post office officials and school teachers, and had been head nurse in several very responsible situations. I give these full details about her to show she was not a flighty or highly strung type, and one could rely on what she experienced at Queenstown being genuine.

"On February 10th, 1904, we went to live at

B. House, the M.O.'s quarters at Queenstown. It was a good-sized detached house in a large garden, and with fields all round it. When we arrived I didn't much like the look of the place, which was in rather a state of disrepair outside. However, inside it was comfortable enough, but curiously built and rambling, as though it had been added to from time to time. Behind the wall of the drawing room, which had two doors, was a passage from the hall to an inner hall. In the passage was a glass door leading to the garden.

"Our bedroom was over the drawing room and passage, but a curious thing about it was that a partition had at sometime been erected in the room, so that the portion over the passage had been cut off, and made into a little, long narrow room.

"When we had been in the house a month or so we had the first experience.

"It was part of the nurse's duty before going to bed to see that the fire in my room was made up, and every night soon after she had done so I went upstairs, and had a look at baby before going to bed myself. The night when I went into the nursery about 10 o'clock I found nurse sitting by the fire, and looking rather queer. I asked her what was the matter, and she—being a woman of few words—said 'Nothing.'

"I said there must be something wrong (she was looking so white and scared), and I asked if she had had bad news.

She still insisted that nothing was the matter, and tried to pull herself together and not show she was upset. But I persisted. She was in charge of

my baby, and I felt nervous at the curiously terrified look on her face as I walked into the room.

“After a lot of persuasion she owned that she had had a fright when she went in to see to my fire. The fire was quite good, and after stirring it so that it burnt brightly, she turned to leave the room, when she saw standing by the bed a tall woman in a black gown, and round her neck what looked like a string of coral beads. Nurse was not startled at first, as she thought it was me. I was wearing a black tea-gown that evening, as I often did, and the woman was about my height and build. Nurse was going to say something, as she hadn't before noticed anyone in the room, when she suddenly realized it was not me. The figure then moved in front of a table and chest of drawers towards the window, and suddenly vanished. Nurse hastily left the room, and it was a few minutes later that I came upstairs to bed.

“In the usual way—when one has heard nothing about ghosts in a house—I rather pooh-pooh'd her story, and said she probably imagined it out of the shadows cast by the firelight on the wall paper, and I told her in future when she went into the room at night she had better take a lamp (there was no electric light or gas in the house), so as to be sure there were no creepy shadows about. I made her promise me faithfully not to speak of it to the other servants, and I know she obeyed, as she was not a gossiping person, and did not make friends easily—also she had all her meals upstairs, and was so completely devoted to the baby that she never wanted to go out or make

acquaintances. I saw nothing in the room when I went to bed, and hoped nurse had 'imagined' it.

"A few nights later the second experience took place. Nurse had always been careful each evening since the first appearance to have a lamp set on a table between the door and the fireplace when she went into my room, so that no shadows should cause her to imagine she saw the ghost. She had quite recovered her equilibrium, though she never questioned that she had really seen something abnormal. However, on the night in question as she turned from the fireplace to leave my room, she beheld 'the woman' standing on the other side of the bed, just between her and the door, and close to the lamp which shone full on her. Again nurse was struck by the likeness of the apparition to me, but the 'coral beads' of the first appearance looked on this occasion like a cut.

"On this second occasion she was really terrified, as she didn't know how to pass the ghost to get out of the room. As it didn't move she made a dash for the lamp, seized it, and went straight for the door. As she reached it the ghost vanished.

"That night I again noticed how bad she looked, and taxed her with it. She told me what had happened, but it never struck her to call out or leave the baby; her chief fear was that the thing might come into the nursery and frighten the child—which it never did.

"I told nurse then that the next time she saw it she was to try and stand steady, and knock on the floor, and we should hear and would come up immediately. The next experience was from a different quarter altogether.

“I was having afternoon tea alone, and the parlourmaid had drawn the curtains and gone into the passage to shut the glass door leading to the garden. Suddenly I heard a piercing scream, and rushing out found the girl, Collins, nearly fainting, and only able to say ‘the woman came through the door.’

“Later, when she was calmer, she said that as she was closing the door, which stood wide open, she saw a tall woman in black coming hurriedly towards it. For some reason she got frightened, and shut the door in her face. Then the woman passed right *through* the door, and passed Collins, who shrieked in terror. She remarked that the woman looked like me, but that she knew I was having tea in the next room.

“I tried to think this ‘appearance’ was due to Collins’s reflection in the glass door, as it was dusk outside, but of course this was not a satisfactory explanation, as Collins was short and thickset, and moreover was wearing a cap and apron. Also the thing she described was just like nurse’s description. I saw nurse and asked her if she had told Collins of her experiences, and she emphatically denied having done so. Collins also assured me later that nurse had never mentioned any experiences of the kind to her.

“On the evening of May 14th, 1904, my husband made a note in his diary, ‘our ghost on view.’ He only makes the briefest notes in it as a remembrancer. The occasion he alluded to was the following :

“After dinner we were sitting in the drawing room, when we suddenly heard a violent knocking

on the floor above. I said immediately, 'It's Nannie, she sees the ghost,' and calling out that we were coming, we ran up the stairs. In the bedroom near the fire stood nurse. The room was quite light, and she was staring in the direction of the place she had first seen the apparition (*a*). She kept her eyes fixed on it, and I said, 'Can you see it now?' She replied, 'Yes, distinctly, she is beside the bed.' Neither my husband nor I could see anything.

"Then my husband held a candle to nurse's face, and noticed the pupils of her eyes did not contract. Otherwise she was perfectly normal. It then struck me to ring for Collins, and see what happened. So having told nurse to keep her eyes on the apparition, I got between her and the door. We rang the bell, and Collins came up. Directly she entered the room she started and glanced towards the window. It was quite a spontaneous movement, and it was obvious she saw the ghost. We then arranged the two women side by side, facing the window, and told them to look at the ghost. As we were watching them we noticed the eyes of both of them following something round the room to the fireplace. Directly it reached that spot, nurse said suddenly, 'It's gone,' and Collins immediately replied, 'Yes, it's gone.' All this time neither my husband nor I saw anything abnormal.

"After that the ghost was constantly seen by nurse. Once or more on the stairs, and once in the morning in the small room cut off from ours. On one occasion nurse came into my bedroom to fasten an evening gown for me, and I saw her

reflection in the glass over my shoulder. As she was walking across the room she started back, saying, 'The woman is between you and me just behind your back.' I looked round, but saw nothing. Another time I was ill, and nurse was bringing me a glass of milk in the morning. As she came round the bed to reach a table beside me, she gave a start and stepped back, spilling the milk, and said, 'It's standing just beside you in front of the table.' When I put out my hand 'it' disappeared.

During May that year my husband's niece, Olive Swan, a girl of 13 or 14, came to stay with us, and one afternoon she was in the garden near the house listening to the band that was playing down in Queenstown, at the Yacht Club. The cook was out that day, and the parlourmaid went into the garden to speak to Olive. Nurse and the baby were out for a walk; my husband was at the club I think—anyway he wasn't in the house—and I was in the drawing room. Suddenly I heard Olive's voice, 'All right, Aunt Muriel, I'm coming.' I then heard the child run along the passage and up the stairs, saying 'Yes, what is it?' I called out, 'I am down here, Olive,' and she came running down to ask what I wanted, and remarked how quick I had been getting downstairs. I made some trivial excuse, for I hadn't called her at all. Afterwards I spoke to Collins, who had been with Olive in the garden, and she said, 'Miss Olive looked up and saw you beckoning from your window. I saw too—your hand was on the clasp of the window, and you were leaning down and beckoning with the other hand—but I knew it

wasn't you, but the ghost.' I gave her strict injunctions not to repeat this to Olive, who I did not want frightened. Olive has no idea to this day she saw the ghost at B. House.

"Several times bells rang about the house, but this was always put down to rats.

"My husband and I made a lot of enquiries about the house, but got no satisfactory story. The people about us had two legends regarding the house. One was that a woman in black was often seen rushing from the nearest house to ours, some distance off, and apparently in great distress. It was not a live person they assured us, as it happened over a long period, and was looked on as a ghost. The other story ran that the daughter of a former owner had cut her throat and thrown herself from the window of my room, apparently when the house was not a Government quarter, but I could never trace the truth of the story or get names. So it remained a mystery. I never saw the ghost myself, but I knew when it was in the room, as I often felt its presence, though it didn't make me at all nervous."

\* \* \* \* \*

This is what is termed by science a subjective vision. When a phantom is seen by two people only, two or three others present seeing and hearing nothing, the phantom is not objective in the ordinary sense, let us say, as a post office pillar box is objective, and here comes in the tremendous difficulty of experimenting in haunted houses. All one really gets is evidence dividing hauntings

under two heads, subjective and objective, we classify as the former phantoms who move no objects and cause no noise, and who are seen by one or more persons. The latter are those who cause disturbance, who move and throw about objects, yet even this classification cannot be arbitrary, for they frequently intermingle.

It is a curious fact that, of the commonest of all phenomena, science knows least. Research, scientifically conducted, on haunted houses has yielded most unsatisfactory results. No experimental analysis of the phenomena seems possible. The diversity is bewildering, and there are well attested cases of hauntings supposed at first to attach to a certain house, and which are afterwards proved to be attached to certain persons. A phantom may be nothing more than the astral body of a deceased human being, or it may be an intelligence belonging to an order of evolution other than ours.

We begin to see how utterly foolish it is to assert that in this vast cosmos man is the only intelligent being. Richet writes, "That there should be intellectual powers other than those of mankind, and constructed on a wholly different plan, is not only possible but highly probable. It might even be said to be certain."

Thirdly, a phantom may be an emanation from a certain object. There may be some mysterious energy that can be stored up in a room, as the voice can be stored up in a gramophone record. This energy might impress itself upon a sensitive.

Certainly there are many extraordinary powers vibrating around us that we absolutely fail to understand. We cannot even conceive the nature

of those powers, we can only record their effect. I am quite convinced that the greatest of all Powers has decreed that for the time being, and until the world is more worthy to understand the great mysteries, we will receive no more light. Science will continue to record that of which it has undeniable proof, phenomena which wring its heart to record, but which are founded upon such rigorously conducted experiments that theories, chance, fraud and illusion must be eliminated.

The depths to be sounded are so deep, the heights to be scaled are so stupendous, but we are always led on and sustained by fugitive gleams of superb powers transcending present conception, of vast worlds penetrating our own, thus, though ignorance is abysmal our hopes are infinite.

An extraordinary dream has been recounted to me by Miss Watling, of Hayling Island, but as so often is the case it could not be turned to its obviously intended use, owing to the material conditions obtaining at the moment. She writes: "I had gone to bed early, as I was tired after packing, and I had to start at nine o'clock next morning to visit a cousin, whom I had promised to be with before lunch.

"My night was not, however, a peaceful one, as no sooner did sleep come to me than I entered into a thrilling dream I here narrate. I found myself wandering round a curious old room whose walls were entirely of stone. The light was dim, and a stone archway gave me the suggestion that I was in some religious establishment. What heightened this suggestion was the presence by my side of an old monk. He was robed in a long dark

cassock, his waist was girded by a rope, and over his shoulders hung a cowl. The top of his head was shaven, and a fringe of white hair surrounded the bald patch.

“He appeared to be in a highly agitated state of mind, and as we moved side by side round the room he kept on urgently repeating the words, ‘You *must* tap. You *must* tap.’ I had a perfect understanding of what was required of me, and I passed on sounding each stone in the walls that I could reach, whilst the old man kept on repeating like an automaton the three words,

‘You *must* tap.’

“In my dream I observed that the room we were in was of a very unusual shape. It contained besides the archway, numerous alcoves, two specially deep ones being situated on either side of the fireplace. It was on reaching the alcove situated on the left side that my efforts were at last rewarded.

“Hitherto I had been tapping solid blocks of stone in an obviously solid wall, suddenly my knock sounded hollow.

“The effect of this upon the old monk was quite extraordinary. He became a different person, full of animation and life. He reached up to the hollow sounding stone, and drew it out, though it was not noticeably loose, and from behind it he produced a small rectangular box. The object of his search was clearly attained. He opened the box, which I saw was made of iron, and I had only just caught a glimpse of papers within when I came back to waking consciousness with a rush. Further sleep was impossible. My mind was full

of the vivid incidents of my dream, and at day-break I arose, utterly unrefreshed, and dressed for my journey.

“It was not a very long journey, and in due course my cousin welcomed me, and said how glad she was that I had come early, as after lunch she proposed to motor me to see —— Vicarage, a curious old house about twelve miles distant.

“I willingly fell in with her plans, and on a delightful afternoon we set out for our drive through a very picturesque part of Hampshire. I regret I am not permitted to give names. All I can here say is that a vicar had lately died, and the clergyman, Mr. A., who kindly received us, was merely doing duty till the arrival of the new vicar, who had just been appointed.

“We were shown into the drawing room, where sat his old aunt, a lady of over ninety years of age, and his son and daughter.

“As we conversed with Mr. A., he stated how fond he was of the old place, and apologised for the ugliness of the drawing room. It had only just been added, and was certainly not an attractive bit of architecture. After a short time, tea was announced, and we were invited into the dining room. Immediately on entering I found myself excitedly exclaiming,

“‘Why! this is the room.’

“Needless to say the little company regarded me in amazement, believing I had taken leave of my senses, and it was not until I had carefully narrated every detail of my dream that suspicion as to my mental condition subsided. I explained that though it was perfectly easy to identify the

present room with that of my dream, changes had been made. It was no longer walled in stone, and a door had been placed in the formerly open archway.

“I observed that Mr. A. looked deeply interested in my story, and taking up a knife he led me to the wall, and forcing apart two boards of rough, ugly panelling, he showed me the stone walls of my dream lying behind. He explained that the late vicar had caused the stone walls to be boarded over as he felt them cold. He also closed up the archway. Mr. A. was quite aware that the walls were all of stone, and that long ago what was now a Vicarage had been a Monastery.

“I begged and implored of him to remove that portion of the panelling behind the spot which I pointed out as the resting place of the iron box. To my bitter disappointment, and doubtless to the sorrow of the old monk, who was probably listening intently to our argument, Mr. A. refused my petition. The new vicar was expected very soon, and without his permission nothing could be done.

“I really believe that Mr. A. regretted his limited power as much as I did, for he himself had a certain amount of corroboration for my dream in a curious incident that had taken place on his arrival.

“On coming to the Vicarage he had ordered a keg of ginger beer, which was placed in the dining room immediately under the spot where the box lay hidden. At supper time, on the first evening, the son and daughter attempted to fill their glasses, but the tap refused to turn. Everyone in the house tried, but meeting with no success, they

concluded there was something faulty, which would have to be rectified before any ginger beer could be obtained.

“On coming down to breakfast next morning the family were horrified to find the tap turned half on, and the ginger beer trickling over the floor. The tap was easily turned off, and seemed quite amenable to ordinary usage, but at lunch time it had become obdurate as ever.

“Greatly puzzled over this, they were again compelled to leave the keg alone, but later in the afternoon some one had occasion to enter the dining room, and once more found the ginger beer running over the floor in all directions.

“Again the tap was turned off, but it was proved impossible to turn it on again, yet after tea it was found that the same thing had happened once more.

“It was Mr. A.’s old aunt of ninety and more who threw light upon the puzzling situation. She stated that with her own eyes she had seen an old monk enter and turn on the tap. My description of my old monk exactly tallied with the description she had then given of the monk she had seen. The ginger beer was removed to another part of the room, away from the alcove where the box was hidden, and from that moment there was no further trouble with it.”

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Prejudice, perhaps utter lack of interest on the part of those who could prove or disprove the existence of the iron box, has blocked the natural evolution of this dream. Yet the vision of the

monk seen by the old lady, and the fact that the dream room and the waking room were so alike as to be instantly recognisable, surely provide a sufficient foundation for investigation.

Repeatedly one finds science defrauded of valuable information owing to foolish fear or ignorant indifference.

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The following story was told to me by Lady Swinfen, a charming woman and a highly developed psychic, who is good enough to permit me to print two out of her many experiences.

She was staying with some friends in Norfolk, and one evening there came to her a very strong feeling that she was needed at home, and that all was not well there.

She told her hostess how very anxious and uncomfortable she felt, but agreed for the time being there was nothing to be done, as the hour was late, and the last train from the nearest station had long since departed.

On retiring to bed, Lady Swinfen was perfectly aware that someone at home was calling her, but finally she fell asleep.

All night long she dreamed of burglars and burglaries, and woke up in the morning very anxious and unrefreshed.

At breakfast she told her unpleasant experiences to those assembled at the table, and no sooner had she finished doing so than a servant entered with a telegram for her. It ran, "Return at once. A burglary has been committed."

This story reminds me of a curious warning that

happened to me before I married. Such curious incidents impress themselves indelibly upon the memory.

I was at that time living in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, and that night I was dining out. It was in the middle of winter, and before dressing I took a hot bath to warm myself. Whilst I was in the bath I suddenly heard my mother's voice calling to me in deeply agitated tones. I knew her to be in the South of France at Nice, and as she knew that I was in London, I at once jumped to the conclusion that there was something very seriously wrong with her. Six times did she insistently and urgently call to me, in a voice that sounded no further away than the adjoining room.

I did not hesitate a moment. A clock had just struck seven, and I dried myself rapidly, and explained to an astonished maid that I wanted travelling clothes not evening dress. In a little over an hour I was on my way to Dover. It so happened that earlier that day a friend had started with her two children for the Riviera, and was sleeping the night at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover. As I had no sleeper, and the rapid trains were made up of nothing else, I determined to join her, and try to find a corner in her compartment. She had secured one that contained three berths, and most kindly she allowed me to occupy a corner of it next day.

On my arrival at Nice I found my mother in a most critical condition, and very thankful for my unexpected appearance on the scene. After a few days she was out of danger, and I was able to return to London in due course.

She told me that she had not actually called me, but believing that she was dying, she had longed intensely for my presence, and undoubtedly her thoughts had possessed sufficient strength to reach me and impress me in London.

This is no more wonderful than the wireless we are all quite accustomed to now. The power of thought is a well attested fact, which is receiving great attention all over the globe. Probably the burglary taking place in Lord Swinfen's house whilst his wife was absent was communicated to her by vibrations (energy is transmitted by vibrations) impinging upon her subconsciousness. The same may be said of my experience, but in our present state of ignorance we do not know what kind of vibrations act thus upon us. We are all aware that messages can be transmitted through space. It is not therefore impossible to conceive that there exists some analogous but invisible medium which can impinge upon our consciousness though we perceive nothing either of the transmitter or the receiver.

It is proved beyond doubt that our mental mechanism has means of awareness that escape analysis. To dismiss such phenomena as being only telepathy explains nothing. What is telepathy? Science does not know. It may be the merging of two consciousness's separated by a thousand miles, or it may be a faculty of knowing which is outside the order of normal faculties.

Again, such warnings as I have described may have been given by discarnate entities.

It is a pathetic fact that Professor Richet, in his great book, fights hard against Spiritualism in

his efforts to disprove immortality, yet he tells us that "it is a minor matter whether the fact of supernatural cognition is manifested by raps, automatically written messages, by direct writing, by voices heard, or by words spoken, provided that the bare fact itself is duly proved. Now this fact has been established by so many unquestionable proofs that it is surprising that it should have been disputed or denied. Indeed, those who deny it are those who have neither experimented nor read, nor studied, nor thought."

Again he writes :

"There are three possible hypotheses (a) Everything comes from the mind of the medium. (b) The mind of a deceased person intervenes. (c) A non-human intelligence is conceived, an angel, a demon or some other power.

"On subjective data alone, the first hypothesis is certainly the most likely, since the admission that the human mind has mysterious powers of cognition covers the ground."

But does it cover the ground? In thousands of authenticated cases certainly it does not.

What of those innumerable cases where no medium is present? Where the phantom of a dead man appears to his friend to announce his decease. What of the phantom of a soldier who has been dead some time, who walks through the messroom and is seen and recognised by all his brother officers present? If there is no survival, what is it they see?

Another interesting story told to me by Lady Swinfen is as follows :

One year she and her family were occupying,

during the autumn months, a haunted house in the West of Scotland.

One night a young lady guest complained that she had been through a most unpleasant experience.

She was roused by the sound of heavy trunks being moved in a room next door to her own. Someone appeared to be dragging them about, and thumping them down on the floor.

Whilst she was listening curiously to those sounds, not usually heard in the dead of night, she became aware that she was not alone. A woman, dressed in grey, was standing in the doorway. She recognised the figure at once as being that of a former mistress of the house, whose full length picture was hanging in the drawing room.

As she looked at the apparition it raised its arm, and beckoned to her, then it gradually faded out.

The next morning it was apparent that someone or something had indeed been occupied during the night with the trunks. They had been pulled out into the middle of the floor, where they remained.

The affair was wrapped in complete mystery, as no one in the house could account for what had happened. No one had entered the box room.

At the time of those occurrences a big coal strike was in full swing, and the trains were greatly disorganised and many withdrawn. The arrival and departure of guests was therefore a difficult matter, and necessitated a constant shifting of plans, and it brought about a situation which is not unusual, but causes much uneasiness to many sensitive people.

The party was now composed of thirteen at table.

Lady Swinfen, knowing well the prejudice against sitting down 13, consulted the wishes of her guests as to the best method of correcting the situation. They one and all agreed that it was really a matter of indifference to them personally. It was a question solely concerning their hostess, as convention decreed that she must rise from the table first. If she had no objection to doing so under the circumstances then the subject was closed.

That night, when the time for the withdrawal of the women had arrived, Lady Swinfen made a move, but at that second her attention was suddenly claimed by the man on her right, and although she had given the signal she was still seated.

The girl to whom the apparition had appeared had, however, jumped up on seeing the signal from her hostess. She was therefore standing up first, and for the moment alone.

In six weeks she was dead.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE TWO SKULLS

LONG, long ago I possessed two human skulls. I possess them still, and it is the story of one of them I now reproduce in practically the same words I penned long, long ago in recording the vagaries of conduct displayed by one of the pair.

One ran away.

It went on a journey all by its lone self, but I found it again and brought it back to its companion.

This story may shock some of my readers, but I hope they will kindly bear in mind that to me a dead body is of no more value than an old coat. The Almighty has ceased to animate it, and when the Divine Spirit has departed I don't think the discarded tenement of clay is worth spending a farthing upon. When I discard my old coat I trust my friends will realise that I have gone elsewhere, and present their flowers to the living poor who are not privileged, as I will then be, to enjoy all the beauties of creation without money and without price.

The two skulls I possess were given to me by the late Dr. Cameron Lees. They came from St. Giles' Cathedral and were selected out of a vast mound of skulls because they had bullet holes through them. Two neat round holes behind pierced the bone.

I carried them home—we were then living in North Berwick for the summer months—and placed them on my writing desk, but objections were raised by various persons to their occupying so conspicuous a position, so finally I put them in a drawer which I locked. I did not lock them up out of any fear that they would be stolen. The housemaid had refused to do the room whilst they were there, and no one in the house would have touched them save under violent compulsion, so I considered it wise to bow to popular superstition and hide them in a spot where they could not be discovered.

A couple of weeks after I had occasion to go to the drawer, when to my amazement I discovered that one was missing.

Of course I hunted high and low for it, knowing perfectly well that I should not find it. I questioned everyone in the house, though I knew the futility of such questions, and in my annoyance I was rather glad to see what a disturbing effect my loss had upon the domestics, who spoke in awed voices of the skull that had “got loose” and speculated upon the certainty of its turning up in someone’s bed.

Several months elapsed, and I had ceased to trouble about the matter. We were making a rockery in the garden, but in my opinion it had one great defect. The stones with which it was built all looked too new. I thought longingly of a discarded heap of very old carven and moss-grown tombstones, the sort that have skulls and cross bones carved upon them, that lay in a far corner of the old Kirkyard, about a mile away.

Very few people were buried there then. It was no longer fashionable. The more up-to-date people preferred a nice trim piece of ground in the new field where they would be surrounded by all the rank and fashion of the town. Where no expense would be spared on the quality and quantity of marble upon which their numerous virtues would be inscribed for the edification of posterity. Naturally, one does not expend a big sum on a big headstone unless it be to record what a very superior person one was in life, and naturally one wants to avoid a spot wept over by ancient yews and cypresses, thereby effacing the interesting testimony.

So the old Kirk standing amidst its rolling green sea of graves was practically abandoned, save by a few very old people, who crept in there on Sabbath evenings in the summer to lay a sprig of Southernwood and Sweetbriar upon some unnamed resting place, by them never forgotten.

It is thirty-five years since I last stood there. Possibly modern villas now rest upon the old abode of peace, but the early scenes that are as landmarks to the heart are not so much loved for their own sakes as for the associations with which they are connected.

Strange it is how the memory hovers in the leafy hearts of familiar woods, like birds in the trees. Some sweet, some sadder than death, cherished thoughts, golden beads strung on the rosary of memory.

I can remember as if it were but yesterday the ancient elms that shadowed over the quiet

graves, and an old apple tree that scattered its petals over the heaving turf. A very old urn-shaped tomb occupied one corner, once richly carved, time had worn away the clearness of outline. An angel's head with but one wing lay near, and a sculptured skull which once filled a niche lay half hidden in the long dank grass.

The church was even then a dismantled ruin, but the old square tower with its weight of four hundred years still stood erect. The oaken door was studded with great nails, and the interior was blocked with débris and the sexton's tools. The oval windows festooned with fleecy webs showed the walls to be about four feet thick.

A fluttering, rustling sound came from the jackdaw's wings high aloft, and the guttural coo of the pigeons in the belfry. I loved to climb the worn-out spiral stair that led aloft. Many of the boards were gone, and one could look below, others creaked ominously beneath the infrequent tread. Reaching the belfry, the walking was dangerous, the floor was worm-eaten and the planks between the beams were rotten and loose, but I climbed there very often to watch the golden west slowly pale into the gloaming. The tombs of every shape and form loomed weirdly out of the gathering dusk. The stillness deepened, the elms cast a darker shadow, and softened the outlines of those symbols of death and immortality. How well I can remember the thrill that always ran through me on seeing the first star of evening, pale and white, and afar in the north, and later on in the south my favourite star, Antares, glim-

mering red and dull through the afterglow which lingered on almost till the dawn.

I was great friends with the old Sexton, who was retained rather out of philanthropy than because he had any work to do, and I decided to approach him on the subject of the coveted stones for the rockery. I went to the Kirkyard one sunny summer day and found him ruminating as usual over the graves and smoking his short black pipe.

"Yes! they're just rubbish," he said. "You can take them for the carting of them away. They were thrown down there over eighty years ago and left lying there ever since. They must be hundreds of years old. I'm eighty, and they were there in the corner when I was a wee laddie and my father was sexton here afore me."

As we talked we strolled along to the far corner of the Kirkyard where the stones were heaped, and my eye, from afar, caught sight of something white and round shining on the very top of the mound of stones.

"So that's where you've gone to," I thought. Aloud I said:

"That white shining thing looks like a skull on the top of the stones."

The sexton stood still and stared. "Whatever can it be?" he questioned anxiously. We walked on; there was the skull sure enough, crowning a stone carved with angels' faces, and with wings springing from each full-blown cheek.

"That is my skull. I lost it two or three months ago. It's got holes in the back of it," I informed the sexton.

He expressed no feelings on the subject one way or another.

“Well, take it away. We’re not needing any more here,” he retorted.

“But how did it get here? Haven’t you any idea?”

He shook his head despondently.

“There’s some that active they can’t even lie still and wait for the last trumpet to sound. I mind about forty year ago there was a body called Miss Fanny Hope lying in that vault over there.”

He nodded his head towards a massive, ivy grown table stone with broken steps heaped in a hole beside it.

“A year after we went down to lay her Mother beside her, but she hadn’t waited. She was gone and her coffin was empty.”

“But someone must have stolen her,” I insisted.

“Who’d steal her?” retorted the sexton, with cold contempt, “and wasn’t I always here? Wouldn’t I have seen the grave had been opened when I came back next morning? But it wasn’t opened, that I’ll swear to.”

“How do you think she got out?” I asked in an awed whisper.

“I take it she just slipped in one night and fetched out her own bones. She’d learned the way to do it up there.”

The Sexton threw his dim eyes skywards and let the matter drop. It was beyond me.

This little story reminds me of a remarkable event that created a great sensation in Scotland in 1881.

The body of the twenty fifth Earl of Crawford and eighth Earl of Balcarres was stolen from his tomb in the family vault at Dunecht, Aberdeenshire, on the second of December, 1881. On the eighteenth of July, 1882, the body was recovered.

The Earl died on the thirteenth of December, 1880, at Florence, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, and his remains having been embalmed by an Italian chemist, were brought back to Scotland and deposited in the family mausoleum at Dunecht.

This mausoleum was only built during the previous year in connection with the new chapel, the lower and underground part of which it formed. At the death of the Earl this mortuary was scarcely finished, and on the morning previous to the interment it was consecrated by the Bishop of Aberdeen. The body of the deceased peer was therefore the first to be deposited in the new burial place of the Lindsay family. This terrible act of sacrilegious theft was not discovered till some months after it was perpetrated. The family were absent abroad, and an anonymous letter sent to the house stating that the body had been removed was entirely disregarded.

It was at the end of May and beginning of June that the servants began to perceive a strong odour apparently proceeding from the vault, but they were persuaded that the unpleasantness was caused by decaying flowers which had been strewn in profusion on the Earl's coffin at the time of the interment.

Steps were taken to prevent this unpleasantness

by cementing the slabs at the mouth of the tomb and the matter was forgotten.

The actual discovery that the outrage had been committed was made in the first week of December, 1881, by a labourer, who, proceeding to his work, had his attention directed to the mouth of the tomb. He observed that the turf and slabs were displaced in such a manner as to suggest that the vault had been entered. On examination the truth of this became at once apparent. Information was instantly sent to the police, and no one was permitted to approach till their arrival.

An extraordinary scene met their eyes when in company with the Earl's commissioner the police entered the rifled tomb.

The body had been encased in three coffins. These had been pulled some distance forward on the slab on which they rested, in order to facilitate the operation of opening the outer case of carved oak with silver mountings. The shells of zinc inside were cut through, and the body had been drawn out at the lower end. Bits of the coffin, removed in the process of opening lay about on the ground, but nothing further was disarranged.

The night before the theft was discovered was wild and stormy in the extreme, and by the aid of a dim moon the thieves had an excellent opportunity for carrying on their work. The young man who had succeeded his father as twenty-sixth holder of the title and Premier Earl on the Union Roll of Scotland, was travelling abroad, but he was at once communicated with and returned home immediately.

Footprints of three persons could be clearly traced, but no arrests were made, and a fruitless search for the body began all over the country. Only two motives for the theft could be conceived of. That of malicious mischief, and that of ransom.

The latter was believed to be the most probable. On december thirteenth the widow of the deceased Earl issued an exceedingly noble statement to the country, which ran as follows :—

Florence, December 13th, 1881.

I have been informed by those who know best, that if, in order to recover the beloved remains that have been so cruelly stolen away from their resting place, we yield to the natural desire to offer a ransom for their discovery and restoration, we shall be creating a precedent that may lead to repetition of this cruel and almost unheard of crime, and that success in this case of obtaining (what could be the only object of those who committed the crime) a large sum of money, would encourage them to carry out in other cases the same horrible and sacrilegious work.

I should indeed be unwilling, by any action of mine to expose anyone to the sorrow and grief and exceeding pain that this outrage has caused to myself and my family. I have therefore made up my mind, with what reluctance and difficulty I will not say, to refuse to offer any ransom so far as I myself am concerned, and to request my son equally to do the same.

I know in acting thus I am only carrying out what I know would have been my husband's wish, for with him duty was a paramount obligation.

No one who knows us can for a moment doubt the love and reverence we both felt for him that is gone, or the readiness on the part of each to make any sacrifice, of whatever kind, for the comfort of once more restoring the body, but wherever it may be laid, God has it in His own good keeping, and some day I humbly trust it may be restored to me. Meanwhile I leave my cause in God's hands.

If perchance at some future time a feeling of regret or remorse should enter the heart of one of those who have so cruelly torn from his resting place the body of one who passed his life in doing good, and whose kind heart would never willingly have injured a living soul, he may be induced to give such information as may enable us to restore once more our beloved dead to his resting place, awaiting that day when no secrets shall be hid.

The tender and kindly sympathy manifested by high and low throughout the length and breadth of the land, and which I gratefully acknowledge, will enable each and all to appreciate the motives which have overruled my wishes, and have induced me to come to this determination.

(Signed) MARGARET CRAWFORD and  
BALCARRES.

Such a letter showed forth the noble and resolute character of its author, and aroused a profound sensation throughout all Scotland, but the mystery connected with the theft remained unsolved.

At the end of December the Government issued the following statement, fifty thousand copies of which were scattered far and wide :

£600 REWARD. WHEREAS the body of the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres has been taken from the vault at Dunecht House, Aberdeenshire, a reward of £100 will be paid by Her Majesty's Government, and a further reward of £500 will be paid by Messrs. Alsop, Mawn and Co., Solicitors, Great Marlborough Street, London, to any person other than a person belonging to the Police force in the United Kingdom, who shall first give such information as will lead to the discovery and conviction of the perpetrator, or perpetrators, of the offence, and the Home Secretary will advise the grant of Her Majesty's gracious pardon to any accomplice not being the person who actually committed the offence, who shall first give such information as shall lead to a like result. Information to be sent to the Director of Criminal Investigations, Great Scotland Yard, London.

Time went on, and to the reward thus offered there was not the slightest response. The police were utterly baffled and a number of arrests of innocent persons were made, the victims being speedily liberated. Rumours of a sensational

nature were constantly set afloat, only to be rejected later. Anonymous letters signed "Nabob" offering to restore the body for the sum of £6,000 were received by Lord Crawford's agents, but no public notice was taken, though the hand-writing was thought to be a valuable clue. The family solicitor came from London to Aberdeenshire in February and began enquiries, but without result.

Meanwhile Mr. Peter Castle, a Commission Merchant in Aberdeen, was quietly and confidently conducting private detective operations in the interests and with the full authority of the family. In June his investigations enabled him to telegraph to Lord Crawford that he would "force the finding of the body," and one day early in July he was able to telegraph to Lord Crawford's London Solicitors stating that the finding of the body was "a question of a few hours." He added, "All I asked for is now accomplished, and it is not for me to pursue the deluded men who were influenced to do this deed."

Entirely through the ceaseless efforts of Mr. Castle, Charles Souter, aged forty-one, who followed the occupation of a rat-catcher, was taken before Sheriff Comrie Thomson, Aberdeen, and subjected to examination. In consequence of information supplied by Souter, a final search of the Dunecht Woods took place, and terminated in the discovery of the corpse.

A body of twenty men armed with sharp pointed steel probes was assembled at Dunecht House, and orders were given them to scour the woods

and test the nature of any substance lying under ground of a suspicious nature.

The search was conducted under very different circumstances from those which obtained in the beginning of December, when the theft was first discovered. The ground was then bare of the rank vegetation of summer, and appearances of newly upturned soil were then readily recognisable. Undoubtedly, but for the precise information given by the man Souter, the actual locality where the corpse was buried would have remained undiscovered.

It was about noon, after some eight hours' beating of the woods, that the head gamekeeper came to some undergrowth at the foot of a tree about six hundred yards from the house. He made a close scrutiny of the soil and struck his steel rod into the midst of the thicket. It rebounded, as if it had come in contact with something elastic.

Assistance was at once called. The soil was removed, and the body of the late Earl was found, wrapped in a blanket and bearing few traces of decay. The process of embalming had been well performed, and the features were recognisable even some twenty months after death.

There was no room to doubt the identity of the body. Apart from the preservation of the features, the funeral trappings gave sufficient clue. The Italian drapery in which the corpse had been wrapped during the process of embalming was an unmistakeable proof that the remains of the de-

ceased had been found, and had those marks of identification been wanting, the coronets sewn into the cloth removed all shadow of doubt.

Thus ended an extraordinary case to which considerable mystery will always be attached.

Souter was tried in Edinburgh for the crime in October, 1882, before Lord Craighill, and was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

In 1898 we were living in Aberdeenshire at my husband's place, Balquholly, and we were invaded by a plague of rats. Something had to be done, and we were informed that James Souter was the only man who could cope with the invasion. He had performed wonders on other properties in ridding the land of the scourge.

His method took three days to carry out; therefore, he had to be accommodated in the house, and we rather shrank from this close proximity with one who had spent five years in prison, and who bore so evil a reputation. Our neighbours, however, reassured us, and believing that his identity was unknown to our household, and that the years intervening had obliterated the history of the crime, we saw him arrive without trepidation.

His appearance was "the height of respectability." A portly, venerable elderly man, with large gold-rimmed spectacles and good country clothes. We were assured that his discretion would not belie his appearance, and that the household would remain unaware of the identity of the man.

The next morning I was told that a most thrilling evening had been passed in the servants'

hall. James Souter had told them the whole story from beginning to end. Doubtless his ghoulish embellishments were so appreciated that when he left us—rat free—his absence was deeply regretted by the household.

## CHAPTER X

### MYSTERY HOUSES

Most people understand what it means to feel the atmosphere of a house. Is it agreeable or disagreeable? Few people pause to enquire of themselves what gives rise to the sensations of pleasure or repulsion. All they know is that such feelings do not arise out of the material conditions prevailing. A house may lack all modern conveniences, it may be a most laborious place to run, yet it may possess such a fragrant atmosphere that its occupant feels it to be adorable, and would not exchange it for the perfection palace of a multi-millionaire.

Another house may be equipped with every sort of labour saving contrivance, it may be lovely without and within, and yet to live in it may be sinister, depressing and unlucky, the word commonly used to describe the malignant influence some houses possess for those who dwell in them.

Our entire life includes more or less the elements of suggestion, and the senses are not stationary in their latitude of experience, but range beyond and beneath their normal level. There are many people who possess such an excess of sense susceptibilities that in truth they live in another sphere of being. Perception is the manifestation

of consciousness, and we no longer believe that consciousness only manifests itself through the human brain.

Psychic perception, which is a matter of feeling, is becoming every day more strongly developed in the human race. There is nothing mysterious about it, and there is nothing conditioned in it, save the instrument through which it is expressed.

The truth is that the world is a vast field with celestial fire everywhere hidden in it, a vast field, with everywhere something sown in it.

Matter is not so dead as some people suppose. Spirit runs through the universe as an essence runs through a substance, as light runs through water, as soul through the kingdom of the body.

Man is a cloud involved in mystery, an endless spirit with the fire of eternity and the fourfold life burning and living in him. The Universe is a house full of fiery energy arranged in perfect order and subject to the Divine law of Measure.

Pythagoras affirmed that the doctrine of numbers involved all wisdom.

How comes it that one can sense atmosphere in a strange house? Because man is related to something that he cannot see, something that refuses to be defined. The physical senses leave the soul unexplained to herself. Though ever with us, though the endless sights, and sounds and occupations of material existence tend to bury her in utter self-forgetfulness, there yet abides within the soul a certain ineffaceable impression that she belongs to another sphere and is destined one day to inhabit it.

One of the most curious forms of haunting

is that of perfume—or a distinctive odour—agreeable or disagreeable. Sometimes a room becomes impregnated with some strong smelling essence which renders it impossible for human habitation. Such a room was shown to me recently. It was an empty bedroom, one of eight bedrooms in an old manor house in Devonshire. One family had lived in it for over three hundred years, and its history was well authenticated.

The ordinary events of human life had followed each other down the years with singularly little tragedy to mar their tranquillity. In that empty room birth and death had alternated, and about fifty years ago a daughter of the family had taken possession of it and inhabited it up till about ten years ago. At that time she was forced to abandon it. The furniture and hangings were removed and the room locked up and left severely alone.

This woman had never married, but had always lived very happily in the old home. Her life might have been considered desperately dull by many, but it satisfied her; and its remoteness from the world surrounded her with an atmosphere of wonderful peace.

She told me that very, very gradually the room had become unbearable, and that she had only abandoned it with the greatest reluctance. The first unpleasantness was a creeping sensation of fear which was utterly incomprehensible. She had slept in that room for the last ten years, and loved it. She was in rude health, and did not understand what nerves meant, and she had little or no interest in the occult and the imaginative side of life.

Imperceptibly the creeping fear grew stronger. It awakened her in the night and clutched her in an icy terror. Often in broad daylight it would meet her on the threshold, as if to bar her entrance, and she would actually turn away and use some other room rather than encounter the dread sensation.

A maid servant was the first to observe a peculiar perfume. She was an old retainer, and she objected to the scent.

"I don't like that new fangled scent you're using, Miss Margaret. It reminds me of death," she said one day.

"Scent! Death! I don't know what you mean," replied Miss Margaret.

Then suddenly she did know. She smelt the perfume and liked it.

"Oh! but it is delicious, and where is it coming from? It's stephanotis or gardenias!" she exclaimed.

"It's the smell of the flowers they put on coffins and I hate it," retorted the maid, sombrely.

Miss Margaret said nothing, but she exhausted every effort to discover from whence the perfume came. She herself possessed no scent except a small bottle of lavender water.

She realised that subconsciously she had known of this perfume for some long time, and in some way it was connected with those spasms of terror which now assailed her with greater frequency than ever.

The maid grew mysterious, and then obstinate over the phenomenon. She became convinced that Miss Margaret was innocent, and she ransacked

the room, pulled up the carpet and some of the boards, and did everything in her power to elucidate the mystery, but nothing came of her search.

The scent at times was insupportably pungent, and produced a sensation of faintness and "muzziness in the head" as she expressed it. At other times it was very faint, but it was now always perceptible.

Slowly the belief grew upon Miss Margaret that her room must be abandoned. There were early dawns when fear and the perfume roused her from sleep and she felt as if she was being robbed of her senses and drugged by some fiend.

Her strong common-sense and resolute disposition began to fail her, and the day came when she made up her mind to give up the battle and retire, routed.

That was ten years ago. Whatever the invading force was, it had held undisputed sway during those ten years. No one had ever slept in the deserted apartment, the door was kept locked, and the furniture had been distributed amongst the other rooms in the house. No trace of the mysterious perfume was ever discovered outside that locked door.

When the room was shown to me, the scent was quite strong and very pleasant, a scent of gardenias. It was quite unmistakable. The place looked sad and deserted enough, but that was natural seeing that it was forlornly empty and shrouded in dust. The blind had not been lowered, and at intervals the window was thrown wide. It gave on a pleasant old fashioned garden down the centre of which ran a roughly paved path.

It ended at a finely wrought iron gate, and beyond lay verdant meadow lands, where the cattle, dear to Miss Margaret's heart, grazed peacefully.

There is no explanation of such phenomena, and they are by no means uncommon, though the perfume produced in such cases is usually repulsive. A clairvoyant, had so modern a production been permitted to enter, might have seen something or sensed some presence. I felt only a repugnancy which I could not materialise. I am sure that had I slept in that room, that strange terror would have attacked me. I could feel it lurking, lying in wait for me. I experienced that little shiver that runs through one on entering certain rooms. How often it is said :

"I feel there is something here. I don't like it." Then we glance round apprehensively. The slumbering instinct which the soul possesses of invisible and eternal things awakens instantly, and awes with the impression of unseen company. We feel as if something which does not appear was ready to appear. As though in a moment the hidden world might disclose itself.

In reality we are all extraordinarily sensitive to impressions, though few of us are aware of it.

"It is such a depressing place. I dislike going there."

Why? We can rarely tell. The impression arises from some hidden source, and the invisible is the seat of all power and motion. The invisible bodies itself and goeth in its own form, otherwise it could never be known. The house of power is a hiding place, and that which is seen is only the shadow of that which is unseen.

Behind the Manifestation lies the abyss.

I notice that the houses in this neighbourhood which possess strong atmospheres are constantly changing hands. People cannot rest in them.

I went lately to a sale of furniture taking place in a charming villa near here. Much money at one time had been expended upon it, but no one had settled long in it. Directly I entered the open door I sensed an unpleasantness. I know that in very many cases sleep would be impossible within those walls.

The incoming tenants remained only a few weeks. Quantities of furniture were moved in, then moved out. The inmates could not sleep, yet Devonshire is a very sleepy place. The house now stands empty.

Such atmospheres have a very distinct character of their own, pleasant or unpleasant.

I have just visited one of the most noted haunted houses in England. The atmosphere is conducive to sleep. Five minutes after passing the threshold the senses are attacked and become dreamy, blunted and robbed of all vitality. It felt as if a strong anæsthetic was closing down from the gaunt bare walls, and one of our little party at once left the house and sought the fresh air in the neglected garden.

Amid lovely scenery, and the riotous beauty of mid-summer the old house is dreaming away its life. It has been finally abandoned to damp and decay, and wears a profoundly sad and forbidding aspect. As I moved about the long echoing corridors and empty rooms, it struck me as absolutely extraordinary that so beautiful a

property should be abandoned solely because a ghost could not be laid to rest.

For years, whilst the owner occupied it with his family, they were constantly subjected to visitations of a peculiarly unpleasant nature. Everything that could be done was done, and the assistance of the Bishop of the diocese was freely and intelligently given. All was of no avail; the persecution continued.

I have read a letter written by the late owner to his Bishop, imploring help, and stating that he could not endure many more days of the terror.

Two gaping holes in the floor of the haunted room remain as witness of the efforts made to elucidate the mystery. Nothing was found. Nothing was altered. The trouble continued. Then the family in despair deserted the dwelling, and left it in silence and alone to the rule of the supernatural.

The keys of the house are kept in a neighbouring cottage, and I enquired of the kindly woman who showed us over how she accounted for the noises. She replied "Rats."

It never seems to strike such people that even rats must live, and as there is no sustenance of any kind whatever in that house, I do not believe in the rat theory.

She had slept in the house and had never seen anything, but she said the family talked openly of what they had seen.

No doubt the old house could be turned into workmen's dwellings if the property was not situated in so remote a corner. A workman must live near his work, and the nearest town is about

twelve miles distant. I know of a working class couple who occupy the basement of a well-known haunted house in a town, and they told me that they decided, in view of their quarters being so comfortable, to become ghost proof. They said that to all noises they turned a deaf ear, and when phenomena began at night in their bedroom they faced the wall and shut their eyes tight. If they "saw anything" in the passages or on the stair they instantly turned back and allowed some minutes to elapse before trying again.

This I look upon as a really sensible attitude to adopt, but no such attitude was possible to the owner of the sad old manor dreaming away its life in a green fold of the gently sloping hills where the deer lie basking amid the bracken. One can live with a shy, elusive ghost who shuns material existence, but it is quite another matter to live with a ghost who fiercely resents one's presence and is powerful enough to do one bodily harm.

On the sunniest day this house is full of brooding shadows. I stood in the middle of the floor and tried to locate them, to trace their form and their origin. It was impossible. They were constantly changing, shifting. There was nothing material to cast a shadow, yet shadows were there, thick and hostile. Hostility was the key impression. Some unseen but very distinctly hostile presence crept after us through the rooms, resenting our visit, warning us to be gone. There was nothing to do but go, and leave the old rooftree to its invisible possession, its heavy silence and overpowering gloom.

What are the facts men know compared with those they do not know ?

They often desire to know more of the things they see, but how few desire to know more of the things invisible, yet in which they believe.

Truth is that which is—but all that man can see is that which seems. Seeming is the ground of all our reasoning. The knowledge even of facts is too often a dogged suppression of truth. Varied and great knowledge is often a veil. The truth of the inner kingdom is resisted by the outer and inferior kingdom.

It is sometimes the case that a certain piece of furniture is the cause of all the trouble in a house.

Lately I was offered a haunted bed, a stately four poster. I have not become possessed of it. That would indeed be asking for trouble, but it would be useful to a serious researcher, as it had a splendidly attested record of terror attached to it. The owner found it too troublesome to keep. The original owner who had been dead for quite a hundred years, clung to it pertinaciously, and objected to all other occupants. Only the other day, in a grand old house I was shown just such another bed. There was nothing the matter with the room. The trouble resided solely in the bed, and I suggested its removal to a distant lumber attic. It seemed a pity to hide away a lovely old example of Elizabethan work, yet the owner of that bed, a confirmed sceptic, had been compelled to abandon it.

Luckily, all houses that are possessed by invisible occupants are not evil. Some are very beneficent,

and the newcomer soon suspects that he is entertaining an angel unawares. Lucky are they who are worthy to own such a dwelling, for they will be watched over and protected, and their lives will be full of peace.

I know of such a dwelling near here, a place of tenderness and lightly woven dreamings. The moment that I pass the threshold my senses are soothed and harmonised by the fragrant sweetness of the atmosphere. I feel that I could develop spirituality very rapidly within those walls, and I could concentrate and mediate very easily. Every mystic and truth seeker will understand the value of that.

Old women lived in it, till one by one they dreamed away their lives. They had a romance to tell of every old treasure that lay about the long low drawing-room. The lovely glass that carefully treasured had survived so long in lacquered cabinets. The carvings brought to England from China nigh on two hundred years ago by a great grandfather, the scraps of exquisite needlework wrought by hands long crumbled into dust, and the shadowy portraits on the walls, all had their intimate family history. When last I entered that house the chapters of those lives were closing fast.

It was the quiet waiting time after sunset. Through the silence a few leaves were falling softly one by one. Already, as a memory Summer was lying on the heart of earth, by the window sat an old woman telling off the hours, the beads on her rosary of life.

Her calm eyes were set upon the lingering

wine colour in the sky, which faded slowly behind a majestic cedar. The great tree was dreaming some perfect dream in harmony with the woman by the window. A poem of peace was whispering a requiem to the closing day. Conversation did not come easily. The words of Plato kept creeping into the heart. "Beloved Pan, and all ye other Gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and the inward man be at one."

Even to-morrow the change might come and careless young hands, so heedless of the eternal verities would appraise the ancient treasures. Some would be sold, others cast aside as worthless. Who would pause for just a fleeting moment to saturate the soul with the priceless possession of peace?

The world now cares nothing for peace, yet lies prone under the crushing misery of strife.

How can one define mental atmosphere, that pervading subtle essence that is always with us, a force as powerful as any in nature. In order to live we require a physical atmosphere to breathe. In order to maintain a healthy mental condition, we must live in a healthy mental and moral atmosphere. There is the atmosphere of place, of habitation, of personality.

The former can be hard, selfish, commercial, a terrible atmosphere to dwell in. The second may be self created, one of gentleness, love and peace. The third can be one of gloom and mystery, of profound melancholy or sunny happiness and joy. This is the atmosphere we make for ourselves. It is the reflection of our inner world.

Hauntings in their many varieties may make a very strong atmosphere. It is a subject we know so little about that one can only form conjectures.

These unseen intelligences unconnected with the human kingdom, which Professor Richet falls back upon to account for phenomena, may often make experiments on our plane, and their operations may at times break through our physical density and become visible or audible.

Poltergeist phenomena, the movement and smashing of common objects without any visible cause, are exceedingly common, and as often as not take place in quite new dwellings. We really know nothing of their origin. That they occur through the mediumship of some occupant of the house has not been proved. It is quite likely that the disturbance and destruction proceed from some natural force we know nothing of, or again they may be directed by some astral intelligence, for a purpose we do not comprehend.

There is, however, one common form of haunting which is rarely recognised as being what it actually is.

A haunted person, not a haunted house.

There are people who move about this world accompanied by their own particular ghost. The apparition is supposed to belong to the house, but it really belongs to one individual who inhabits the house. This individual may be perfectly innocent of the fact and see nothing herself, or she may see the apparition and have no conception that it is attached to her own person.

I came across just such a case not long ago,

of a middle aged woman living alone in a plain, uninteresting house. She was a very well dowered widow who was extremely fond of gathering around her the young members of her family.

It so happened that a nephew of hers named Ralph, a sailor, was a bit of a seer, and constantly observed the figure of a man hovering in close attendance upon his aunt.

Without mentioning this to anyone, and wishing to avoid the unpleasantness of being ridiculed, Ralph contrived to bring to the house a friend, also a sailor, whom he knew to be psychic. Before two days had elapsed the newcomer confided to his friend that the house was haunted. He went on to state that on several occasions he had caught a distinct glimpse of a man passing through the room he was occupying, and on the previous evening this man had hovered persistently behind the chair of the hostess.

"I actually watched the butler pass right through him," declared this intrepid young sailor.

The description he gave of the man's appearance tallied exactly with the form Ralph saw so constantly. A tall, worn looking man, exceedingly pale and emaciated, with dark, dank hair hanging over sunken dark eyes. He appeared to be clad in khaki.

By the end of the week, when the sailor friend took his departure, both young men were talking constantly together and comparing notes on these very frequent and mysterious appearances. Each time the apparition seemed to them to have grown more solid, so that it now resembled a good

materialisation. Its first appearance had been ethereal, though quite distinct.

Before parting, the friends agreed upon a plan which would not solve the mystery, but might conceivably carry it a stage further.

After much manœuvring Ralph prevailed upon his aunt to go to a photographer who was renowned for obtaining spirit photographs, or to be correct, "extras," on the photographs of his patrons. As he anticipated, when her photograph was developed the "extra" was there clear enough. It was an excellent likeness of the pale, dark man who was so constantly hovering about the sitter, and now appeared photographed by her side.

In this spirit photograph there was no difficulty in "making out" a face and form. The woman in the flesh and her companion in spirit were equally clear, and Ralph was able to enquire with perfect assurance :

"Who is your friend, Aunt Mary?"

Aunt Mary was very agitated and inclined to be not a little frightened. She had recognised immediately an old lover who had died in a German Camp during the war. She had not cared enough for him to marry him, but they had kept up a friendship, and before his death he had written to her a letter which had been duly forwarded, and was now in her possession.

Very wisely her nephew kept from her the knowledge that the dead soldier was now her constant companion. It was quite obvious that she had no conception of the fact that he hovered constantly about her, and had made her dwelling his own.

After all, we know nothing that can prevent a discarnate entity from attaching itself to a human being in the flesh. As I have said in a previous chapter, the weight of evidence goes conclusively to prove that the majority, if not all, remain in touch with this sphere of earth for a very considerable time.

The question constantly asked at séances,

“How do you account for ‘him’ or ‘her’ being present to-night? How did he know we were ‘sitting’? And how did he find his way here?” could be answered by the reply,

“He came here with me. He rarely leaves me.”

Again spirit photography could be accounted for by the same conditions.

In the case of two persons deeply devoted to one another, it is very improbable that the first to pass on would abandon the other left on earth. This would account for that extremely common experience of a death bed vision. The first one to pass on returns for the dying loved one. Is it a return? Very doubtful!

The watchers by the bed seeing that joyful recognition, often hearing words of ecstatic bliss and gratitude, wonder how the returned one knew that the adored one was about to join him on the other side.

“How did he learn that the hour of passing was so near?”

The most probable answer is:

“He had never gone away.”

There have been cases, I personally know of one, where the pull from the other side has been so strong that, with all the will in the world, to remain

has been impossible. The incarnate has been forced to join the discarnate on the other side. After a certain amount of resistance the struggle was given up, and the young wife joined the young husband. Now that the veil drawn betwixt the quick and the dead has worn so thin, such cases will undoubtedly become more frequent. The one left will be actually haunted by the other gone before. As we come to a better and clearer understanding of such cases, there will be re-adjustment. The one left, if desirous of remaining on earth, will be armed with protective knowledge. At present the vast denial of and indifference to such hauntings leaves humanity a helpless prey to its own ignorance and foolish scepticism.

To one who can "see," if only occasionally, it is most interesting to learn how very close to us are some of the departed.

Yesterday I had a most instructive morning (December 2nd, 1923).

I went to church. It was a lovely, mild morning, almost like a breath of sunny spring amid the rigours of a particularly cold, stormy winter.

Immediately in front of my seat, and looking towards the altar, lies a small side chapel, the outside wall of the church on its left, and on its right the choir.

Yesterday there happened to be no one seated in front of me, and the chapel was empty. I at once noticed a very beautiful silver veil hanging suspended from the roof to the ground, and behind that veil something was moving in the chapel. It was a boy who crossed from right to left and disappeared.

The choir, men and boys, were singing lustily, quite unconscious of the picture that unfolded itself. It instantly reminded me of the transformation scene in the pantomime of my youth, when one glittering veil after another is drawn up, and shadowy forms become more and more distinct.

Yesterday the silver veil hid no exquisite fairy, it merely veiled an ordinary street or road on the astral plane, and backwards and forwards strolled ordinary human beings.

A friend, to whom I described what I had seen, at once suggested that before the church was built there had been a street or road on that spot.

There was no fading out of this vision; I left it there when the service ended.

A constant stream from left to right, from right to left of ordinary individuals, sometimes alone, sometimes in pairs. Once or twice a little group formed, appeared to converse, and then part to go their several ways.

When the sermon began I resolutely turned aside, but on sitting straight again, and looking before me, there they were. Those beings we call dead were all very much alive. It was like looking out of a very wide window on to a road which was slightly shrouded by a silver fog. Just sufficiently veiled to prevent identification of personalities, but sufficiently transparent to make the sex of the promenaders perfectly clear.

It would be useless to tell me this was all delusion. I know better, but probably only those who have had similar experiences will believe me. When this book is published, and my readers get

well under way with sheets of correspondence, I will learn once more how very many seers there are the world over. I love getting those letters from the uttermost end of the earth, wherein my books seem to worm themselves by some occult method of their own, and force me to open my atlas.

A well known priest who came to Torquay lately on mission work, told me an interesting experience he had been through personally.

Amongst his flock was an old sea captain, who had been a great collector of curios, and for this collection he set apart an empty room, and had shelves erected all round it, upon which he laid out his treasures.

The captain's wife died rather suddenly, and in the night of the day on which she had been buried the old man was awakened by strange noises in the curio room. The sounds suggested that some one was busily engaged in removing the objects from the shelves, and placing them on the floor.

At daybreak the captain went down to see what had happened. He carried with him the door key, as he always kept the room locked. It was still locked, and on opening it he found that what the sound had suggested had not been delusion.

Every one of his curios had been removed from the shelves, and carefully placed on the floor. None were broken. The window was still fastened on the inside.

The deeply puzzled and perturbed captain replaced his treasures on the shelves and retired, re-locking the door and removing the key.

That night exactly the same thing again hap-

pened, and the morning brought the same discovery. The old captain then decided to consult his priest.

That night Father C. told me that he himself kept watch outside the door of the curio room.

At first there was complete silence. Then the noise began.

Father C. had unlocked the door some time previously, and had provided himself with an electric torch. For a few moments he listened intently to some one in the completely dark room moving about, and placing the articles from off the shelves upon the floor.

Then suddenly he threw open the door, and flashed his light full upon the interior.

No human being was within, complete silence fell, but the work had been begun. Before beginning his watch, Father C. had made sure that all the articles were on their shelves. There was nothing on the floor. Now about half the curios had been removed from the shelves, and were neatly placed on the floor.

Standing there alone in the little lighted room, Father C. prayed for the repose of this troubled soul, who chose such a curious and futile method of manifesting its continued existence in the unseen. He had no doubt as to who that soul was. It belonged to the old sea captain's newly buried wife, and he there and then assured her that masses would be said for the repose of her soul, and that she might be at peace.

From that hour all disturbances ceased in the house.

Here again, in this absolutely true story related

to me by one of the most saintly men on earth, we come up against the old unanswered questions. How can a disembodied spirit make a noise ? How can it remove material objects from one spot to another ? Well, we don't know, and that is the only answer to those questions.

Such phenomena occur. That is at present the extent of our knowledge.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE SILENCES

THE poet Browning was right in his doctrine of the great, eternal moments. Hours of destiny are also hours of discovery when the whole life seems packed into a single second of revelation.

The silent forces are the most powerful in the universe, and sometimes at the end of long, wistful vigils the unseen drops the veil.

The old Hebrew prophets and seers realised this to the full. They understood the supreme law of cause and effect, the relation of outward happenings to inward thought. National successes or disasters they attributed to the dominating desires of the people. They knew that wars, pestilence, famine, were the result of wrongly directed thought forces of the multitude. These psychic forces which culminate in destruction or resurrection.

I shall always look back upon those ten to twenty minutes betwixt the warning "take cover" and the first muffled roar of London's defence against invading air craft as the greatest psychological moments of my life.

I had lived to an age when the hope of receiving any fresh impressions was exceedingly faint. I have survived to see and hear something which has never been seen or heard before, something that will never recur in that particular form again.

I went to London for the purpose of witnessing three air raids. I realised the pure uniqueness of the spectacle, yet there were countless individuals who, feeling neither fear or curiosity, went quietly to bed. They had no interest in watching what was undeniably the most sensational and dramatic display London ever witnessed or will ever witness again.

The first raid I saw was a Zeppelin raid. I beheld what looked like a gold cigar motionless against the velvety blackness of the night sky. Amid an appalling din the people, unaware of their danger, thronged the streets. The coming of the Gothas changed all that.

I had never known before how profoundly impressive a great city can be. Never before had London fallen into a breathless, palpitating stillness. We have lived through several mighty silences. The listening silence before a raid. The speaking silence when every soul obeyed the word of command,

“Halt! whilst the dead go by.”

Such was the last silence on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of All Hallows and the Holy Souls.

The hush before an air raid, whilst the great city crouched, waiting for the sounds of the Gothas' approach, was to me a marvellous experience.

I went out and stood on a balcony overlooking the street, and waited.

The night was full of shadows and splendours. The remote turmoil of the city languished in futile stirring, and the sky's black pageantry of gloom was studded by a myriad stars.

The house I inhabited, like all others, was plunged in darkness, and I had to feel my way through the room to reach the window. When I passed out and dropped the curtain behind me I was able to see, hear, feel London falling into that profound, waiting silence that had such a quality of awe and mysticism.

It was as though all that had been clear and true had receded into the remote hint of a vast invisibility of inexorable darkness, causing the brain to reel with the instability of things.

At first there were sporadic, isolated sounds. A taxi tearing for cover. A private car rushing for home. A woman's shrill hysterical laugh. A solitary man or woman running swiftly, lightly with bent shrouded head.

If anyone spoke it was in a whisper. No human intonation betwixt a shriek or a whisper passed the lips. A maid or man-servant would creep softly up from a basement, whisper together, then stealthily disappear again. Within five minutes of the warning the street was swept clear of life.

The atmosphere became sinister. The pall of the preternatural, the ghastliness of the inexplicable mingled with some protean darkness and strangeness within.

On either side rose the black bulk of the houses, draped in silence, utterly lifeless. Every vestige of vitality, every sign of sentience seemed exterminated.

Though many of the windows were open to the warm night, no glimmer, no sound came from them.

Within that darkness, in a vice of silence, crouched thousands of human beings, listening,

waiting. The heart stifled in a nameless disquiet, sickened at the crumbling precipice of uncertainty beneath the foothold. Of what were those misshapen fears, horrible because of their impenetrable ambiguity?

The stupendous concentration of millions of brains developed an atmosphere of appalling tension. Seven to ten millions of people crowded together, concentrated as one mind, on one subject, created a massive thought form of stupendous weight and potency. It was like unto the shadow of some baleful thing, some pitiless, monstrous enigma, that overtook the great city in a blighting, sickening sense of ineptitude.

Objectively I saw it as a dense thunder cloud of ashy grey, shot through with turgid fire. The grey of sullen hate. The fire of fierce anger interpenetrating it, whilst jagged streaks of abject fear flashed through the murky curtain of gloom.

At times ragged fleecy clouds drifted across the livid disc of the moon, and again a broad splash of silver fell athwart the hushed darkness of the street. The hoarse roar of traffic had died away and away, like a spent torrent, till it fell to little more than the sighing, faint echo the sea shell whispers to the ear. At moments there was no sense of any sound that one could localise or describe as sound. There was only the muteness of London breathing.

Such moments are unforgettable. One did not think of anything. One only felt and lived intensely. Even in the normally quiet hours of life, two to four a.m., there is always the echo of some sound, but here was a stillness that palpitated in

the heart of millions, and from far below the tumultuous surface of the ocean of mundane existence the heart-throbs of life itself were muted. Mid the stress and storm of war's agony, through the strain and struggle for pallid existence, men, women and children crouched to listen and wait.

"Of what did you think?" I asked a man, and he answered,

"I was conscious of nothing but time. It composed my existence; there was nothing to distract me from it. That is why it is so frightful. Time is nothing, and yet is all that can do anything to us. It is as if one were in the grip of some baleful thing. It is ruthless, pitiless, tireless in its measuring out of hours that nothing can stop. I realised somehow that time could not cease, yet it could make nothing but graves."

"Graves!"

"Yes. Graves. Everything drops into the hour-glass of time. I listened to my heart-beats dropping one by one into the jaws of time. All my senses were hushed before they were born, waiting on those strokes of time. They were terrible, inevitable. Then time laughed with a stunning crash, and passed on the even tenor of its way. It had made me two graves."

Silence! Waiting! We think of those two states as inaction, yet all mental activity may be termed concentration. Concentration is a mighty force possessing an intense reality. In normal existence our minds are whirlpools. There is no coherence, and little else but a continuous coming and going of floating fragments. Now the brain

of London was specialised into one state, converged and fixed upon one point, one centre.

There were those who tried to read during a raid, who knitted, played cards, who went to bed and possibly to sleep in defiance of the turmoil, but with all their mental faculties fiercely alert, in acute awareness.

We know that concentration, as an individual experience, is a force which it is wise to cultivate. Its potency is recognised. What must therefore have been the potency of such massed thought on such nights as those ?

At such mystic hours all things seemed possible. One passed behind the veil of sense, and caught a glimpse of other world vision. The material world dissolved in the solvent of pure sensation, and the soul stood forth in its naked and pristine elements.

In those cavernous depths of silence one understood the possibilities this life holds of bringing the impossible to pass. Some stupendous force rushes forth to challenge and amaze the startled consciousness. Some unsuspected God of life, or was it death, some Prince of Power of the air, walked abroad. Some dweller on the threshold left his lone solitude, and crashing through the void betwixt the quick and the dead asserted Himself ruthlessly, remorselessly.

It was with a wild thrill that the straining ear wirelessly the first detonation. The heart beat faster, the whole mental force was absorbed in the ominous roar drawing ever nearer.

The outer ring had been passed, the terror that flies by night had evaded the far flung ring of defence and was over London.

The scene had suddenly changed. The profundities of that eerie, brooding silence flashed in to one of superlative grandeur and terrific din.

Vivid gleams of lightning from the guns played hide and seek with the broad, dazzling searchlights, that darting hither and thither probed the clouds with their fiery fingers. Thunderous crashes rent the air, and the house shook and trembled with the terrific vibration.

Silence fell again. One breathed once more in long, quivering gasps. A little sighing wind whispered down the street mournfully, like a lament. Then came broken intervals of noise, more distant. A fire engine flashed past. Ambulance men, with muffled tread moved swiftly. Gnomelike creatures crept out of houses, and searched in the road for trophies of shrapnel.

Suddenly the moon was darkened. One lone wing fell athwart it, and instinctively one shrank back against the wall of the house as hell was let loose upon the silence.

Again the walls rocked and trembled like drunken things. A machine gun rushed forth from nowhere, and below the balcony belched forth death and destruction. Though invisible from where I stood, I could trace the progress of a fearful combat right overhead.

The growling curses of men mingled with a thin shriek; they were drowned in a thunderous crash that woke every echo of the great city, and there arose a silvery, tinkling melody from vast expanses of shivered glass. In the near distance, gaining volume every second, arose a hoarse roar of human voices, demonised, bestial with ferocity.

Still the street stood erect, still trembling under a more distant onslaught. The darkness still shrouded its thousand crouching souls.

An hour afterwards London stood erect again, and the penned-in crowds poured forth into the streets, and went in search of disaster. There were others who went quietly to bed, thanking God they were still alive and could lie down in safety.

On another night I went out into the street to see the rush for shelter in the Tubes.

Throngs of people tore past me, whole families in flight. All seemed alike, bewildering herds of strange and soulless faces, a chaos of flying fragments. Everywhere incoherencies, everywhere blank darkness which was not darkness, but the maddening concealment of a vivid, living terror.

Everywhere a flying multitude whose only law was life, life frenzied, unleashed, lawless, delirious, rampant, asserting itself against all perils, against all frustrations, against every menace of death.

Life, with no aim save physical life! How hideous and abominable it was.

In doorways, and under arches crouched shadows, mere blots of negation. Some were slim, gnarled, crooked, others huge, shapeless, blunt with faces gnomic, mocking, peering slantways out upon the ebb and flow.

Whirling faces revealing terror-stricken souls, featureless masks hardened to stony immobility, concealing gaunt fear in a grin, a snarl, a sneer. Tears drowned in ribald laughter, shrill shrieks strangled in gasping throats. All trampling, crushing, pushing, and wrestling in the frenzied battle for safety.

Life at all costs, more life. Man "a god who is afraid" jostling, bruising, trampling under foot in one insane desire for life, more life, lest tomorrow there be—nothing.

I gazed on life only as it is seen in some sanguinary triumph. Surmounting all wreckage, sapping every obstacle, ruthless, incoercible, with no purpose, no goal save salvation of the body. Terror had cut them adrift from every faith, every hope, every dream, and flung them into a Satanic combat betwixt the voracious flesh and the vanquished stricken soul.

Then there crashed down somewhere, on the city of darkness, a thunderbolt, and shrill screams, demoniac laughter and growling blasphemies rose mockingly to Heaven. Fear deepened into panic as the turgid, hectic stream of life tore by to save its life if only for a few hours more.

There was one week more trying than all others for London's workers. A week of nightly warnings of danger which did not come. Night after night the warning cried down the streets of the great city, and the sleepless haggard-eyed people crouched in silence, and went forth to their work in the morning reeling with fatigue. Upon the great squares and streets this trial did not weigh so terribly. Their occupants, apart from nervous strain, could rest in comparative security.

To the dwellers in slumland, and jerry-built houses, the strain was appalling. Their roofs and walls fell about their ears, shattered by the vibrations, and thousands lost their reason.

Latterly the bombs the enemy dropped were capable of penetrating the strongest roof, and

descending to the cellars. Few became aware that the basement was no safer than the roof.

Let it not be supposed that the science of silence is for the mystic alone. Silence is a rock mid sea, an oasis in a desert, and he whose mind is stayed in silence for but two minutes in the day may sleep in peace and toil without care."

"The silent living greet the silent dead."

There is a science of silence. Its mantram is

"Be still and know that I am God."

It is being taught to students throughout the world in numerous schools, and it has no need of thought. It substitutes realisation. When the mind has gained poise by patient practice, it enters the silence to seek unity with the One, where alone the One abides in perfect harmony.

It is possible thus to have actual communion with the Divine Spirit of the universe. The body is the house of the Living God "in Whom we live and move and have our being."

To enter into the silence is to draw power from within outwards, to receive knowledge into the mind straight from its original source; to establish the connection between our personal consciousness, and the First Cause at the base of all.

"There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

To our King was given the inspiration of the Great Silence. It is such inspiration that prompts a man to declare mighty truths to a nation, and enables that nation to open its heart to the spirit in which the truth is revealed.

Thus, by the inspiration of the Almighty, proceeding through the deathless within, the King cried,

“Halt! Peace! Whilst the dead pass by.”

The world stood still with bowed head during two minutes.

The vast, throbbing heart of an Empire missed two beats.

An unseen hand touched mighty cities till their voice was dumb.

Even so, as the hearts of sorrowing millions communed silently with immortal youth behind the veil, from the depths of the unfathomed self arose the rapture of the inward vision. From the serried ranks of the unseen pealed forth through the silence the triumphant assurance

“There is no death.”

And what the benediction, when that creative silence ceased?

“Be still and know that I am God,” for here in the silence is life eternal, where storms never strive, where conflict never arises.

“I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.”

## CHAPTER XII

### MASTERS OF WISDOM

“The object of all religion is alike. All men seek their beloved, and all the world is love’s dwelling. Why talk of a mosque or church ?”—HAFIZ.

“There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling ; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father in all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.”—EPHESIANS.

“If the Creator dwells in tabernacles, whose residence is The Universe ?”—HINDU (KABIR).

IN old days students of the occult, and all who sought to pursue the Path of Spiritual Attainment, were assured that at the psychological moment the Masters would make their presence known to their Chelas or pupils.

Many of us, years ago, gave up all hope of seeing the face of the Masters in this incarnation. Possibly, probably, in their wisdom, they were fully alive to our existence, and even carefully noted our progress. Perhaps we held spiritual commune with them on “the other side,” whilst our physical bodies slept on this side, but to meet face to face in the flesh ! No ! that was, alas ! more than we could possibly expect, no matter how earnest and assiduous we were.

But gradually, of late, it has begun to dawn

upon many of us that we were wrong. *We have* met after all in this life. We have actually conversed with a Master, or Masters, though we may not have realised this at the time.

As a matter of fact, the bodily presence of certain Masters who walk this earth keeps us as a human family from utter despair and annihilation.

It is owing to the fact that each one of those Divine teachers have numerous followers and disciples that the light of God and the teachings of Christ are kept alive in a world that definitely rejects both.

Those Masters who function at the present time on earth are undoubtedly of different grades. They stand at different altitudes, and on different rays, and there are quite a number who can be named, and who are physically accessible to mankind.

I will only deal with two by name. That number will suffice to point the moral of this chapter.

No one who has had personal touch with Rabin-dranath Tagore, and who understands the spiritual meaning of the word "Master," can doubt that he is one. Even to the uninstructed he is recognised at once to be no ordinary man. His following is enormous and profoundly devoted. His influence literally extends all over the earth. In 1913 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, which is of the value of £7,500.

There are great writers of fiction whose works travel all over the world to be read by millions. Such writers have no influence whatever upon the *lives* of their readers. They are but absorbing pastimes.

The works of Tagore penetrate to the deepest sources of those who are ready for the Divine baptism of such inspired teaching. They are vitally alive with a quality which has no descriptive word in language. They go deep down and stir the silent, hidden pool of the soul, and open out the way to infinity.

“At the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart loses its limits in joy, and gives birth to utterance ineffable.”

It is this birth to “utterance ineffable” that Tagore brings to light in his students. He is the way, the truth and the life. A Master and leader of men who has become so pure a channel that the light supernal can flow through in unimpeded glory and power for a whole world to bathe in.

His gospel is love, and all creation is included in his songs, yet there is nothing alien, nothing strange in them. The common kinship of men, the universal Father Motherhood of God seems sweetly natural to us in his words, for the meaning of them is purely spiritual. They are charged with boundless vital growth, which carries a message of individual meaning and value to each human soul.

The followers of Rabindranath Tagore can now be counted by the million, and such students know that for them there can be no going back to what they formerly were. Their outlook on life has totally changed. They have drunk from the waters of life eternal, and a dozen of them scattered about in a hall filled with a thousand souls could create an atmosphere powerful enough to sway the entire audience. The vibrations of the mind are very much stronger than those of words.

“Gitanjali” was given to me by a nursing sister, “my little sister,” in 1918, when I was lying ill and depressed. For ten consecutive nights I never slept, but I walked with the Immortals. I waited for sleep to fall upon the household, and then, in the silvery silence of lovely summer nights Rabin-dranath Tagore led me in a very ecstasy of joy straight to the feet of God.

I abandoned myself to what I realised was no ordinary experience, and as I read the Master's words I became conscious of his presence. I knew that he was one of those Saviours who are permitted to use on earth some of the stupendous powers possessed in the spirit world. I recognised one who works on exalted levels, yet who keeps a tabernacle on earth. A Master of Wisdom incarnate amongst us.

We now know that such men, living but perfected, exalted, immeasurably above ourselves, are no figment of the imagination. We can testify to them through personal experience. They teach us through the subtle spirit of their literature, which is so ordered as to be acceptable only to those who are ready, and sufficiently advanced to recognise its depths; and though, in comparison with the mass of humanity, their numbers are infinitesimal, the mental atmosphere they create is a stupendous force permeating the stoutest defences.

I was much struck by an example of this which occurred lately in this vicinity. It was an incident of really no importance, but straws show the direction of the wind.

A well attended anti-Socialist meeting was being

held, and addressed by two popular public men. As every one is aware, such meetings are largely attended by those in sympathy with the speakers. The public prefer to hear its own opinion endorsed. This meeting had gone strongly with the platform, till, towards the close, a few words threw a cold douche upon the audience. I was not present, but I have not yet ceased to hear echoes of what took place. The words, emphasised by the local press, were reported as follows :

“ Personally I don't care how soon Germany and the German people are swept off the face of the earth.”

The words have no significance for me, because I knew they were uttered by a young soul. One does not blame a child of two years old because it is not ten years old, but their effect was quite out of all proportion to their cause which arose out of a silly spirit of revenge against a vanquished enemy.

Now, to understand the psychology of this incident, it must be remembered that, with very few exceptions, every man and woman in the hall was strongly anti-German; yet one of those strong anti-German supporters of the speaker described the effect of those words “ as if it had rained ice.” Another said: “ It was deeply offensive.”

Why? Surely such sentiments were akin to the audience?

The words were offensive, not because anyone had a soft spot in their hearts for the Germans, but because a number had a soft spot in their hearts for Christianity, and the statement was so coldly, deliberately hostile to the Christ.

Consciously and sub-consciously the audience, putting aside the childish vulgarity of the words, felt that they were blatantly anti-Christian, and resented them accordingly. Perhaps this feeling was intensified by the knowledge that the speaker was a pillar of the Church.

The shock those words administered, and the deep offence they produced upon the body of people who were utterly out of sympathy with kindness to Germany, showed how far the teachings of the Masters had penetrated amongst the unconscious masses. It is doubtful if amongst that audience there were a dozen souls who had even touched the fringe of spiritual teaching, yet the meeting, as a mass, was shocked and offended, even down to the reporters for their own side.

Here again was an instance of the power of Christianity to gather new strength out of what might appear a deliberate attempt at its destruction.

Again we hear the public cry of indignation over Lord Birkenhead's rectorial address at Glasgow, in which he said self-interest ought to be the main-spring of human conduct. The Bishop of St. Albans, speaking at a memorial service, said :

“ In plain English that means that the doctrine of Number One is to guide us as a nation politically. It means my country, right or wrong, every time, and the devil take the rest. It is the doctrine of get, grab, and keep. It is the doctrine of Kaiserism, preached by the ex-Lord Chancellor to the young men of to-day. It is the doctrine of the jungle.”

“ Lord Birkenhead says the age of idealism is the age of sloppy folly.

“ I think this man forgets a good deal about

human nature and history. He forgets the lonely hills outside the insignificant city away in the East, and what took place there some 1,900 years ago. He forgets the 'sloppy folly' of supreme sacrifice.

"He forgets the 'sloppy folly' of the fields of Flanders, Suvla Bay, Africa, Mesopotamia, and of Jutland. He forgets the 'sloppy folly' of the men who made England safe for me and for you and for him, that he might live in peace and plenty and enjoy what, no doubt he has earned, his pension of £5,000 a year as ex-Lord Chancellor.

"More cruel principles I have never had the misfortune to read from the lips of any public man. It is indicative of the ideas of the stupid men who have not yet learned the main lessons of the war and the five years since."

Speaking at a National Peace Council meeting at the Essex Hall, Mr. C. G. Ammon, M.P., said Lord Birkenhead's address was one of the most disgraceful ever delivered by a public man. Never was the gospel of forces of evil more eloquently or more disastrously proclaimed, and the heads of the university should on the spot have repudiated the devilish doctrines that Lord Birkenhead preached to the young people.

The Rev. Dr. John Clifford said that a more unworthy utterance had never fallen from the lips of one who claimed to be a legislator.

The Bishop of Kingston, Dr. Herbert, speaking at Chiswick Empire, W., said they were told that idealism was a form of megalomania, and that the basis of all relationship must be self-interest. "I say it is blasphemy," declared the Bishop, amid

applause, "to the memory of the men who gave their lives, not for self-interest but for ideals of honour, right, and truth. . . . ."

I do not forget that all Divine teaching is to be found in the Bible. We have been familiar with it all our lives, but we have never realised it, applied it, or lived it. Men fail to follow those teachings, but to-day when a speaker publicly repudiates them he creates a deep sense of offence.

Underlying the careless indifference of the world to Christianity, there is a strongly held sub-conscious belief in its truth and value. Even those who affirm that it cannot be lived resent any public slight put upon it.

"Entering my heart unbidden, even as one of the common crowd, unknown to me, my King, thou didst press the signet of eternity upon many a fleeting moment."

Here we see Christianity as a spiritual life working in ways we cannot trace.

Certainly we live in times which contain specially disintegrating forces against Christianity. Our social, economic and commercial life seems to justify pessimism, but there are men living to-day in this world—the Masters—who keep alive the flame, and will carry forward the redemptive purpose to ultimate perfection.

Public opinion is now very strongly divided, and the work of the Masters in the world is bearing fruit.

Following hard on the little story I have related comes the Duke of Northumberland's attack at a public meeting upon the League of Nations and the Bishops who support it.

The Bishop of Durham, Dr. Henson, replies in *The Times* :

“ His Grace is a man of great name and high promise, but his position in English politics is not yet so assured that he can afford to offend the conscience of the people and to affront their intelligence. By denouncing the League of Nations, and holding it up to ridicule, I believe that he does both.”

How refreshing it is to hear the voice of the Church, usually dumb, raised in condemnation of rank materialism. Would that the high dignitaries of the Church more often asserted the living faith that is in them.

There is nothing strange in this awakening process towards the Creed of Christ, of which the Bishop has evidently become acutely aware. It is not that the conditions of life are new, but the realisation of their nature is new. The thinkers' attitude is changing fast, and demands a higher standard of conduct.

All reform movements begin when a number of persons become aware of some social condition that is repugnant to them. They stir themselves in concert to change it. The movement consists of the concerted stirring, but aroused conscience is the original cause of the movement.

What then is this stimulus? What force stirs the pool of man's indifference? How is this awakening to be explained? It has not come about by means of religious conviction, nor yet by intellectual advance. It has come by *feeling*, by a psychological process, the roots of which dwell within. It is spiritual evolution.

The work of the Masters is to train and stimulate this unfoldment.

In 1888 Madam Blavatsky wrote in her great book, "The Secret Doctrine" :

"In century the Twentieth some disciples more informed and far better fitted may be sent out by the Masters of Wisdom to give final and irrefutable proof that there exists a science called Gupta Vidya. Hidden science, and that like the once mysterious source of the Nile, the source of all religions and philosophies now known to the world, has been for many ages forgotten and lost to men, but is at last found."

How shall I describe the Murshid (Master) Inayat Khan, whom I have the honour of knowing personally, and whose teaching I try to follow ?

He is the head of the Sufi Order in Europe. The British headquarters are at 54, Above Bar, Southampton, where the literature can be bought. The Master himself lives outside Paris.

The word Sufi is not the name of a certain sect or religion. It is the name used for the essence of all religions. It teaches that religion cannot be confined to one creed, and that in every aspect of life, tolerance, love and sympathy must be developed.

There are three aspects of work in the Sufi Order. The main aspect is the esoteric side, which one enters by being received into the Order by an initiation. This is for those who are seeking after the deeper realisation of life. Another aspect is the exoteric side, which is often called "The Church of All," where the scriptures of all religions are held in esteem, and where the teachers

of all faiths are respected. The third aspect of the Sufi movement is the work of promoting the ideal of Brotherhood, so much needed everywhere to-day.

Even as I write, I am conscious of knowing nothing of Master Inayat Khan. The Spirit in him is so dominant that I feel as if I were in the presence of a flame.

Yet I can look at the saintly, gracious exterior, the human frame, "like a lance at rest," the pale delicate features. The dark eyes ablaze with light, and I can experience the exquisite courtesy and refinement of the Master, as man.

In a crowd he gives the impression of being utterly alone, so far as the human beings surrounding him are concerned. His composure, his serenity are the result of perfect self-mastery.

When sitting alone with him I asked him, why he had come to England. He replied :

"A few were ready ; I came to gather them."

The words of his teaching are beautiful. The Christ words of the Cosmic Christ, but the deepest teaching is all conveyed in the silence.

He says :

"The earnest feelings of one heart can pierce the heart of another ; they speak in the silence, spreading out into the sphere, so that the very atmosphere of a person's presence proclaims his thoughts and emotions. The vibrations of the soul are the most powerful and far-reaching ; they run as an electric current from soul to soul."

One sits silently by the Master's side whilst wave upon wave of illumination bathes one in a sea of glory.

There are times when I feel his power shattering. That is in a crowd, but when alone with him, he tempers the force to the capacity of the disciple. He says :

“ I have not come to change humanity ; I have come to help it on. I work simply, not troubling about results. My satisfaction is in accomplishing the work which is given to me, to my best ability, and I leave the effects to the cause.

“ At the moment when I shall be leaving this earth, it is not the number of followers which will make me proud ; it is the thought that I have delivered His message to some souls, that will console me, and the feeling that it helped them through life that will bring me satisfaction.”

Two years ago I developed a violent attack of bronchial pneumonia whilst I was dwelling in a very remote part of England. I was nine miles distant from a doctor, a chemist, a post office and 'phone, and there was no means of communication. I had not a single remedy of any sort.

About nine o'clock one night, when I was wondering if I should get through the night, or gasp out my life, I became suddenly aware that the Master, Inayat Khan, was present in the room.

I had not been thinking of him. I knew he was in France holding a summer school, and now I did not see him, but I felt quite unmistakeably that he was with me.

I wondered if this meant that he would help me in passing, or had he come to heal me ? Knowing there is no such thing as death, it did not much matter to me, whichever way it was, but I began to breathe more freely. I fell asleep, and in the

morning I was very much better, and I made a rapid recovery with no aid save his.

Undoubtedly such Masters possess an enormously extended consciousness, and they are able to watch over their disciples. They keep in mental touch with them through an extension of consciousness we cannot understand.

Yet if we really believe that the Almighty is omniscient, it is logical to conclude that those exalted agents and messengers He sends forth to guide a distracted world must possess a power of consciousness enormously greater than we can at present make use of. As Builders and mental Architects such august teachers use the form of man to infuse the Universal Christ Spirit in the hearts of their devotees.

Master Inayat Khan says :

“The Christ uses the souls of those who have reached the state of Perfect Flowering, of Perfect Bloom as His representatives on earth, for only through man can the knowledge be given to man of His Divine heritage, His royal birth, the knowledge that He alone of all created beings has been made in the Knowledge of God.”

The rise and fall of nations, and the fact that we have passed the lowest rung, and the stream of tendencies is upwards, gives additional point to the presence of the Masters in our midst.

No nation can pursue a wrong course without the evil re-acting on itself. The nation that sets itself a low standard of life ceases to attract the higher type of souls to incarnate in it. The low grade egos swarm in, and their masses bring down the nation. For instance, a fairly civilised nation

that calls to its aid thousands of its coloured peoples from out its African possessions is bringing utter ruin upon itself. Such egos are utterly unsuited to reincarnate in a country peopled by egos millions of years ahead of them in evolution. It is too great a step, for evolution is essentially a gradual unfoldment.

Scattered all over the earth there are groups of students, their name is legion, who live by the teachings of great spiritual writers, many of whom are American. Such writers are undoubtedly inspired by the Masters, whose servants they are. A leader arises who teaches from one particular author, such, let us say, as James Allen or Troward; he or she collects a number of students, who find in those authors a sympathy of inspiration which is deeply satisfying to their unfolding spiritual nature.

Mrs. James Allen keeps very much alive "The Epoch," founded in 1902 by her late illustrious husband. The works issued under her own name are also most helpful, and written in a very simple and attractive style. Mrs. James Allen has a charming personality and a great gift for platform speaking. Her lectures are deservedly popular, and thus she holds "The James Allen Library" always before a large and appreciative public, who draw constant spiritual nourishment from pure Christianity thus presented to them.

The late T. Troward was a brilliant writer, whose teaching is only suitable to advanced students. "The Edinburgh Lectures" on mental science. "The Dore Lectures." "The Creative Process in the individual." "The law and the

word," are the final statements of his beliefs, after long investigation and profound study in the field of mental science.

Troward's writings are universally recognised as classics in the metaphysical field. They are beautiful in their sustained clearness of thought and style, and are now included in the curriculum of all societies and classes devoted to the study of mental science.

By far the most scholarly and thoughtful of our *living* British writers on divine science is William Kingsland. "Our Infinite Life" is a condensed edition of his grand book, "Scientific Idealism"; and though he ranges over a very wide field, he never loses his masterly grip of the latest philosophic arguments upon which the inner life of man is founded. There is nothing orthodox in Kingsland's work, yet it is profoundly spiritual, and extremely clear in the exposition of those great currents of thought which are shaping the spiritual destiny of our time.

Again there are numerous schools devoted to the purpose of spiritual development. Henry Hamblin's "Science of Thought Institute" has its headquarters at Chichester, and its ramifications extend all over the civilised globe. His press gives out much valuable literature, including a monthly magazine. The teaching is quite simple, and kept on a high level of spirituality.

Dr. Julia Seton, who is American, and a host of others, have a great following, and the variety which marks their services and lectures has done much to empty the orthodox churches. Their teaching is all founded on the New Testament,

and the words of Jesus, the Christ, and whilst keeping strictly to the letter, I am obliged to say that they present the Christian's faith in a much more attractive form than the churches do.

The modern teachings which have appealed more to me than any others are those of Adela Curtis, Sister Maranatha, a pupil of Porter Mills, the American writer.

Miss Curtis instituted a "School of Silence" in Kensington, London, and her book "Of Meditation and Health—a Text Book for Beginners," is excellent. Another of her works, "The Way of Silence—Studies in Meditation," has influenced me more than any other book has ever done in my long life. I welcome this opportunity of expressing to her my deep gratitude for the inestimable blessing her work has been to me.

Personally I have not the smallest doubt that she is a God-appointed messenger. Her writings carry with them that subtle influence which make the simplest statements radiate and scintillate with spiritual truth and divine inspiration.

I doubt very much if America yet realises what she has already accomplished in advancing spiritual evolution in the world. The land of the dollar and the dime, of shrewd scepticism, of resentment against authority, of impatience with sentiment. America, the richest country in the world, so far as stored gold is concerned, has also become by far the richest in spiritual wealth. There is nothing in any other portion of the globe to touch her output in the loftiest spiritual teaching, which, without the smallest doubt, will revolutionise the world.

There are multitudes of persons who still believe that all the American mental science writers are on the "get-rich-quick" stunt. Nothing can be further from the truth, which baldly stated is this :

The Americans, unhampered by stultifying tradition, have discovered a higher order of consciousness which can be utilised in every-day life, and this discovery is the foundation of all the varieties of mysticism that America develops in her mental science literature.

She has taken the words "The Kingdom of God is within you," and upon this structure she has reared a magnificent edifice from which she proclaims to all the world that Western resignation and Eastern non-resistance to sickness and lack of all kinds is wrong. America calls to all men and women to look *within themselves* for "the way, the truth and the life." Let us acknowledge at once, and with gratitude, the truth, that the kingdom of spiritual knowledge has been radically changed and enormously quickened by America's "New Thought Movement."

Soaked and saturated as I am in American and British literature on Divine Science (a very good comprehensive title as God is Spirit, and can only be apprehended by mind in man, therefore all mental science is Divine Science), I cannot fail to trace America's great discovery in all British writers and schools. Practically all the teaching pouring in on the old world from the new world through thousands of books has for a foundation the teachings of Mary Baker Eddy in "Science and Health."

This fact ought to be generously acknowledged.

There is now a vast literature issuing from the pens of highly cultured writers which is simple "Christian Science." I have no doubt that if Mrs. Eddy was with us in the flesh she would recognise the fact that all great teachings must be progressive, and "Science and Health" would be brought into line with proved scientific discoveries. This, however, does not obliterate the fact that the foundations of New Thought, or Divine Science, or Mental Science, whichever name is preferred for the one aim and object, is based on the teachings first given to the world in popular form under the signature of Mary Baker Eddy.

She still entirely satisfies several million persons, and there is no spiritual cult growing with such rapidity as Christian Science.

The "Unity School of Christianity," Kansas City, Missouri, gives us much useful teaching, and "Lessons in Truth," by Emilie Cady, has a big sale. This school also sends forth an excellent monthly magazine named "Unity."

Paul Ellsworth, publishing in Holyoke, Mass., gives us wonderfully suggestive and helpful books. "Health and Power through Creation," and "Direct Healing," are both excellent.

Then there is that great little man, W. John Murray, and his equally wonderful wife, Mrs. Van Allen Murray, who leave their Church of Divine Science in New York every year to delight their numerous students and disciples in the old world. "The Astor Lectures" and "The Realm of Reality" are but two out of several very fine works issued by "The Divine Science Publishing Association," New York City. From Long Beach,

California, comes to me once a month George Chainey's exquisitely written "Universal Standard." The supreme purpose of this lofty little publication is to teach, under Divine Illumination, the Law and Redemption of the body from death, through the acceptance and practise of the Universal Standard of Life.

Of enormous help and full of inspiration are the books of Basil King and Henry Victor Morgan, but though I could fill many more pages with this American outpouring, enough has been said to prove that "The Lost Chord of Christ is being sounded, and millions of loving hearts are responding to the call." And the words of Browning :

"I but opened my eyes—and perfection, no more or no less, in the kind I imagined, full fronts me, and God is seen in God. In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod."

Is there any one particular class, the world over, that is rallying conspicuously to the new call? Undoubtedly there is! What class is it?

A very simple question to answer after a week's stroll round the lecture rooms and schools of Divine, or if you like, Mental Science.

The class that is avid for spiritual education is the respectable middle class, shopkeepers, tradesmen, their wives and families.

Look around those lecture halls. It is most unlikely you will see anyone who can vulgarly be termed "in Society." Society is occupied all afternoon with its bridge and sport, and at night with its dinners and dancing. With a very few brilliant exceptions, such as the Duchess of Hamilton and Viscountess Grey, etc., "Society" cares

nothing for mental culture. It has dropped right out of this tremendous movement which is going to revolutionise the world.

“Society” in London and elsewhere takes a certain languid interest in “Phenomena,” but it won’t study. Those who fill its ranks are obviously not of those who are destined to lead humanity in the future.

The rising generation, bred of the great middle class, who are hungry for spiritual truth, will find themselves, on attaining middle age, divided mentally by a great gulf from those who in Victorian days were called “the upper ten.” The moral to be drawn from this is too obvious to require expression. The writing is on the wall. By the time that the babe of to-day has arrived at maturity, honest criticism of the church will practically have died out. The arguments from miracle and prophecy will lose all force when the supernatural elements in Christianity have been proved by science to be natural, and the Kingdom of Heaven is *known* to be within.

“Society” and the church, as we know it, will have dropped into the category of interesting survivals. The former is very clearly not destined to march in the van of spiritual progress, and the latter, by its obstinate refusal to face realities, will continue to sink into a peaceful death.

To those who have paid serious attention to the great spiritual awakening, the great Advent of the living Christ within, there can remain no doubt of the future fate of that which rejects Him.

The Kyrios Christos and His Spirit founded the Universal Church which is destined to triumph.

It may occur to some readers to wonder how it is that though those men on earth, whom I call the Masters, are of Eastern birth, they can preach Christianity in place of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, etc.

In the "Gayan" of Inayat Khan there is a prayer, used constantly by his disciples, which embodies the "New Thought" view of the Christ. I use the term "New Thought" for public utility. Needless to say its teachers are the oldest on earth.

## SALAT

"Most gracious Lord, Master, Messiah, and Saviour of humanity. We greet Thee with all humility. Thou art the First Cause and the Last Effect, the Divine Light and the Spirit of Guidance.

## ALPHA AND OMEGA

Thy Light is in all forms, Thy love in all beings. in a loving Mother, in a kind Father, in an innocent child, in a helpful friend, in an inspiring teacher.

Allow us to recognise Thee in all Thy holy names and forms; as Rama, as Krishna, as Shiva, as Buddha.

Let us know Thee as Abraham, as Solomon, as Zarathustra, as Moses, as Jesus, as Mohammed and in any other names and forms, known and unknown to the world. We adore Thy Past; Thy Presence deeply enlightens our being, and we look for Thy blessing in the future.

O Messenger, Christ, Nabi, the Rasoul of God! Thou whose heart constantly reaches upward. Thou comest on earth as a dove from above when Dharma decayeth, and speakest the Word that is put into Thy mouth, as the light filleth the crescent moon.

May the Star of the Divine Light shining in Thy heart be reflected in the hearts of Thy devotees. May the Message of God reach far and wide, illuminating and making the whole Humanity one Brotherhood in the Fatherhood of God.—AMEN."

It will at once be seen that this wonderful prayer instantly wipes out all the semi-atheism so rampant in the church, which looks on Christ as no more than a highly spiritual, or perhaps divinely, inspired man. This prayer is addressed to the Eternal and Universal Christ, who lives as a mighty spiritual presence in the world, guiding and sustaining His people. It acknowledges Him as Messiah and Saviour. As Alpha and Omega. It falls in with the words of the Christian creed. "Begotten of His Father before all worlds. God of God. Light of Light. Very God of very God. Being of one substance with the Father."

Now here we come face to face with the wide divergence between the "New Thought" and the old thought which still dominates the churches.

The orthodox churchman is conscious of Christ coming for the first time to earth two thousand years ago. He thinks of that Advent in the womb of Mary and the cradle in Bethlehem as a solitary incident in history. He virtually denies that the Christ spirit dwells in any other faith save his own. His missionary activities prove this to be so.

New thought draws its main inspiration from a vivid faith in the eternal Christ, the Living Christ. It seeks not to commemorate a Christ who lived two thousand years ago, but to serve as a channel, as a tabernacle for the living Christ who said "Lo! I am with you always." "Before Abraham was I am."

Sometimes one reads of "The Second Coming," but this is a very misleading phrase. Our extensive readings of the world's great scriptures give every encouragement to the belief that the Christ

has taken flesh, and visited this world before the Advent of two thousand years ago, which we commemorate. We believe the words "Lo! I am with you always" to be true. We believe He never leaves us, though it is very probable that many times again His Spirit will overshadow and completely ensoul some tabernacle of flesh when the Divine purpose requires a human manifestation.

"Manifold the renewals of my birth  
Have been, Arjuna! and of thy births, too!  
But mine I know, and thine thou knowest not.  
When righteousness  
Declines, O Bharata! when wickedness  
Is strong, I rise, from age to age, and take  
Visible shape, and move a man with men."

St. Augustine says "That everything which is now designated the Christian religion was in existence amongst the ancients, nor was it absent even from the commencement of the human race up to the time when Christ entered into the flesh, after which true religion, which already existed, began to be called Christian."

Certain it is that every religion in the past looked for and must have possessed a revealer, a Messiah, a Buddha, a Mahdi, and the cross appears as a religious symbol many centuries B.C.

"New Thought" believes that the Christ has been with us from the beginning, and that He will remain with us until the end of the world. We speak of Him as the Cosmic Christ, for we cannot sufficiently enlarge His sphere. Being very God of very God there is nothing outside Him. He is universal, and "in Him we live and move and have our being."

The Masters therefore offer Brotherhood to all nations and creeds, believing that though life exhibits many forms, the one God dwells in all. To confine the indwelling of the Christ to those who profess the Christian creed, would to them be equivalent to discriminating in the work of the Creator Who made all things. We are taught that there is no point in time or space in which God is not. We are taught to sing with Arjuna :

“Thou God of Gods, Life’s dwelling place and rest !  
Thou of all souls the soul !  
The comprehending whole !  
Of being formed and formless. Being the Frammer ;  
O utmost One ! O Lord !  
Older than old, who stored  
The worlds with wealth of life,  
O Treasure claimed.”

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE MYSTIC AND THE CLIMBER

“From the murmur and subtlety of suspicion with which we view one another—give us rest. Make a new beginning, and mingle again the kindred of the nations in the alchemy of love. And with some finer essence of forbearance and forgiveness—temper our minds.”—ARISTOPHANES, 400 B.C.

THE mystic is born, not made, and what constitutes a mystic it would be hard to define. The true seer can foretell the destinies of nations and worlds more accurately than the destinies of human beings. The knowledge is acquired in no supernatural manner.

The truth is that the psychic faculties tend rather to universal than particular views. The swing of the mental orbit is wider than that of the orthodox materialist, and imagination, the foundation of every great discovery is studiously encouraged and cultivated. The truth of the part imagination really plays in the evolution of man is slowly beginning to be understood. The mystic looks, not at the puny activities of the ant man working out the various ant heaps of earth, but rather to the significance of those broad washes of sullen colour that sweep continuously from out a cimmerian gloom across the face of the whole Cosmos, to those great gales of collective feeling that rush resistlessly round the world. Gathering impetus as they go, they drive nations before them

like drifts of withered leaves, till at length arrested by an invisible hand, they are tossed into a whirlpool, whose depths none can plumb, whose velocity none can stay.

There is wonder and absorbing reverence for the mystic in marking the different pieces of the world mosaic being thrown together to re-create a hemisphere. The Master Mason, with His compass, plummet, oblong and square, is beating out with the hammer of Thor the fragments of shattered nations for their future re-grouping according to Divine plan.

How weird and ghost-like is the chaos of Europe. In one broad flashlight vast armies loom for a few hours from out the mist of some far horizon, only to disappear again into oblivion. The tramp of a million armed men comes ringing out of the far East, but scarce have they materialised than they vanish to give place to another evanescent multitude in the near East. In turn they flit away ere their place can be marked.

The names of kings are spoken, and straightway forgotten by the fickle memory of man. Their figures strut across a day, and die into obscurity by night. The truth of the morning is a fable by night, and frontiers fade out and races form and reform only to dissolve into chaos once more. Government is an *opéra bouffe* played to vast millions by an orchestra of machine guns.

One night I waked to full astral consciousness on a battlefield in the East. I stood on a high plateau overlooking a vast plain upon which struggled thousands of combatants. Great clouds of lurid smoke hid portions of it. At moments

they shifted, disclosing a writhing mass of agonised humanity and tortured animals. Above, the sky bent down in quiet serenity, studded with countless worlds.

Beside me, one on either side, stood two great entities robed in majesty and ineffable calm. I was conscious that I had been brought there under their protection, and there was an absence of all fear, though great shells were bursting around us.

Immediately before us, about fifteen feet distant, were placed two huge guns. They were being served by a group of half-naked soldiers, and to the left of us I saw a number of horses tied to shattered trees, and watched over by a number of men.

For a time I stood looking on the scene in awe-struck wonderment, yet no horror. I seemed to know that what I looked upon was a world of unreality, created by the ignorance of men. An inferno projected into consciousness, a hideous evil created not by God, but by the distorted mind of humanity. Behind this hell of agony I knew there lay reality, complete, perfect. The world of God which is slowly coming to birth in evolution, and I knew that evolution as we think of it has no place in reality. It comes not from without, but is the ages long unfoldment of Divine perfection which is with us here and now.

Virgil has written :

“ One life through all the immense creation runs,  
One spirit is the moon's, the sea's, the sun's ;  
All forms in the air that fly, on the earth that creep,  
And the unknown nameless monsters of the deep—  
Each breathing thing obeys one Mind's control,  
And in all substance is a single soul.”

The noise was terrific. Bursting shells lit up the scene with broad flashes of multi-coloured light. The shriek of wounded animals mingled with the frantic roar of maddened humanity.

Suddenly I saw a shell approaching us. I heard it emit a wailing, moaning cry as if it loathed its destiny. It fell upon the guns in front. Then came another.

Something in me ceased to function. I could no longer see, feel or hear. Then came an imperious word of command from the Great Ones by my side,

“ Look ! ”

My sight was restored. I obeyed, and turned in the direction indicated. I saw a mob of horses, interspersed by many men, fleeing from the battle-field ; and I knew that they were all dead, and a great thankfulness rose within me. Their forms were intact, but they were now pure transparencies, and they shone like burnished silver. Pure white forms rushing furiously out of the hell on earth that man had created, into safety of that plane which knows no physical body.

Entranced I watched them fade out into the encircling darkness.

“ Look ! ”

I turned my sight back to my immediate surroundings, and saw that guns, men and horses had vanished. Only mounds of quivering blackness were scattered over the ground.

I felt no horror, no pity. My thoughts returned to that fleeting mob of horses and men, swept out of inferno into the quiet arms of God.

From “ The Wisdom of Solomon ” we read,

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“The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die, and their departure is taken for misery and their going away from earth to be utter destruction. But they are in peace.”

The vividness of this astral experience never leaves me. I was shown that the night of the body is the day of the soul. That consciousness in us never ceases to function actively, and that whilst the normal everyday consciousness is at rest during sleep the subconsciousness functions in a vastly more extended realm than we dream of.

Still into the witches' cauldron the nations are being tossed. The brew is bubbling, but it will not yet boil over. The roar of the battlefield has died down, and been succeeded by a violent peace. Some stupendous force is still throwing into the world's crucible the body and soul of Europe.

Perhaps some such drastic convulsion is still required in the scheme of spiritual evolution to quicken the sluggish indifference of Demos. How much do we realise of the devastating cataclysm passing over us? Is it wonderful that the mystic hears the echo of far away voices ringing out of illimitable time?

There are now a vast number of persons who believe that the evolution of nations is not left to chance. There is guidance and direction under the supremacy of the Great Creative Power. Those who guide are called the Masters of wisdom. They are those whom St. Paul speaks of as Angels, Principalities and Powers. They are living men who have, through aeons of earthly experience, arrived at exalted heights of spirituality. They

are true adepts who have become so by mastering the Divine laws of the universe.

For ages they have been the compassionate lovers of men, though when incarnate they pass as ordinary individuals, and outwardly express little of their mighty purposes to the physical world. A knowledge of their existence is fairly extensive now, and the life of a Master has even been dramatised in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

The mutual aim of the Masters of Wisdom is the union of all nations, faiths and peoples into one harmonious whole. They work by various powerful influences to bring mankind to salute the world's flag, in place of the colours of their own particular little homeland. They seek to lead humanity towards universal brotherhood.

Those who have so gloriously laid down their lives for love of country, who have attained to superlative fearlessness will in future lives fight as gloriously in the army of spiritual progress. They will have learned that one Great Power moves the universe, and to follow in its path brings peace and happiness. To cross that path brings sorrow and trouble.

How far we still are from the ideal of world unification and universal brotherhood may be clearly seen in the conflict raging against both aims. Yet the very fierceness of that conflict seems to be the method by which the high Gods keep alive their ideals. The more strenuously they are combated and opposed, the wider abroad is their message flung to all mankind.

Myriads the world over have caught up the far-flung challenge to the powers of evil, and avid for

spiritual life, and sick to death of hatred and bloodshed, are feverishly beginning to climb the Ladder of Jacob.

Ardently they crave to be the servants of the One Great Power that moves the universe. They are receiving guidance. Their endurance is being tried in the world's furnace, and the path of discipleship lies before them.

Such climbers must prepare quietly to accept condemnation, misunderstanding, and oft-times scoffing contempt. Above all they require moral courage and an absence of all sensitiveness to the labels their fellow men tack on to them.

The man who truly sets out to serve the Almighty and further the brotherhood of humanity, must feel no resentment when called pro-French or pro-German. He must strive to hold an equal balance between both. It is no longer for him to take sides.

“Guide Thou my feet upon the path which lies between ‘the Desert and the Sown.’ Make me unconscious of either, that in that silence I may hear the Voice of the Beloved.”

Such must be the daily prayer of the climber.

Again, he must clearly understand the meaning of brotherhood, and the futility of calling upon God—our Father—in the Lord's Prayer before he can honestly say he accepts all men as brothers.

There can be no Fatherhood of God without the Brotherhood of Man, nor any Brotherhood of Man without the Fatherhood of God.

This realisation is not easy whilst propaganda in daily life is so active as at present, but to the

climber balance is a vital necessity and a big step up in his progress. He will find it much simpler if he steadily aims at truth, and remembers that his objective is the journey's end.

To find truth the climber must clear his mind of all prejudices.

If God is Father to one man He is Father to all men, and the climber must realise that he blasphemes in calling upon God as his Father so long as he spurns some members of the Divine Family.

Let him firstly enquire of himself if he really believes that Divinity dwells in every man's breast? If his answer be "Yes," then he must realise that in hating his fellow man he is hating a fragment of his Creator.

If his answer be "No," then he must remain on earth till he is more highly evolved. He is not yet ready for the first rung of the ladder. Indeed he will have no need for deep self-examination. His feelings on reading this chapter will disclose to him exactly where he stands. The ethics I deal with are not original. They are to be found in the Scriptures of all the great religions.

The determined climber will find his path strewn with pitfalls and boulders, purposely prepared for him by the world he lives in, but once he realises the object of those obstacles he can avoid them.

He will discover that, as yet, there is no such thing as sound social judgment.

There is no collective good sense.

The herd instinct still predominates, and the herd can very easily be stampeded. Upon this

fact the Press of the world plays any tune that suits its purpose and its pocket. Competition for circulation in the Press operates upon the passions of the multitude, and confirms and inflames its prejudices.

The Press is not out for Brotherhood, but for dividends on capital which runs into millions sterling.

When up against public opinion the climber must clearly understand how it is formed, and make allowances accordingly, also he must realise its consequent worthlessness to him.

There are a few papers that make a speciality of dealing with the whole truth and both sides of the question, but they are not read by the masses. The public enjoy a newspaper which confirms its prejudices. It dislikes having its manufactured opinions upset, and in the race for circulation the lowest passions of humanity are studied and supplied with stimulating food. The Hearst Press of America, the Rothermere Press in England, would rapidly drop in circulation did they faithfully record both sides of the burning questions of the day.

The climber may say, "I cannot feel brotherly towards the Germans. They were such brutes during the war. It can't be right to condone such crimes."

The climber must ascertain facts that will acquaint him with the truth. If he succeeds he will find that the same brutalities were committed by our Allies. That is war. The crime lies in the fact of war, which turns quiet, peaceful citizens into raving beasts. War cannot be successfully

waged without unspeakable barbarity. It is not God but man who makes Heaven and Hell, who makes happiness or misery. God is peace, light, love, and He sends His rain upon the just and the unjust.

The newspapers who published German atrocities, true and false, did so with a purpose, to inflame public opinion against the enemy. All the combatants published atrocity books. That is war, and the best way to conduct war.

When the people cease to tolerate war, it will end. When the public ceases to endure the atrocities of our civilization, what is right in theory will become right in practice.

The British were greatly angered against the Germans for destroying the French orchards. They would greatly have resented the reminder that the British destroyed the Boer orchards, and burnt down their farms during the last South African War. Again that is war. There are times when men proclaim the rule of war, darkness and hatred in place of God's peace, light and love.

The climber, if discussion is forced upon him, must keep ever in mind the words,

“Vengeance is mine. I will repay saith the Lord.”

This must be the keynote of his life, and he must remember,

“There is a path between the field of joy and the field of sorrow. It is on this path that the Beloved walks, and only in the silence between the ‘Desert and the Sown’ can His voice be heard.”

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If he quietly considers argument he will at once see the fundamental absurdity of agitating himself over big Karmic questions, such as at present are agitating the world. "The keynote for which he must listen is the Christ note, and when he can hear this through all the discords surrounding him on every side, he will have mastered that ocean and be able to walk upon the waters with his Master."

Above all the climber must know that to feel hate and desire revenge is a violently disruptive force that injures the man or nation who harbours such emotions infinitely more than the man or nation towards whom the emotion is directed.

The Almighty is perfectly capable of managing His Own affairs.

"The great Initiator tests and initiates each homing soul."

We have already certain strong lights thrown upon this truth. We have learned something, though perhaps not very much.

We have found that war no longer pays. The victor is left as badly off as the vanquished.

We find that if one part suffers the whole part suffers.

Those who make war and those who wage it are learning in a stern school of misery that existing facts will not suffer them to believe what they like. The purpose is in the Universal Soul, not in the individual soul.

We have seen in the last ten years all those men swept into oblivion whose names were household words during the war.

The name of the man who we were assured won

the war (surely a stupendous achievement) has dropped out of usage. Perhaps he did not win the war? I am not sufficiently instructed to say, but it is obvious that, for the time being at least, the public has no desire for his services.

Perhaps the "ordeal by battle" was too terrific to permit the survival of those whose names blazed in the limelight of the conflict. They are dashed from their pedestals, broken idols, almost forgotten, and the desire of the people seems now to be for those who had no share in the conduct of the war. For those who had nothing to do with the disastrous failure of the peace.

We are realising that those who, like the German rulers, make high claims to power, defeat themselves, because the existing world will not suffer them to be fulfilled.

The hour has come when man is ready to understand that no human being can live to himself alone. That every being is a fragment of the Creator, and thus cannot be separated from Him.

The oneness of human life in the Divine is beginning to be revealed.

The climber would do well to study the following passage from the public declaration of General Smuts on his signing the Treaty of Peace. He signed under protest, and declared judgment upon it.

"The promise of the new life, the victory of the great human ideals, for which the peoples have shed their blood and treasure without stint, the fulfilment of their aspirations towards a new international order, and a fairer, better world, are not written in this Treaty, and will not be

written in treaties. 'Not in this Mountain, nor in Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth,' as the great Master said, must the foundations of the new order be laid. A new heart must be given, not only to our enemies, but also to us; a contrite spirit for the woes which have overwhelmed the world; a spirit of pity, mercy, and forgiveness for the sins and wrongs which we have suffered. A new spirit of generosity and humanity, born in the hearts of the peoples in this great hour of common suffering and sorrow, can alone heal the wounds which have been inflicted on the body of Christendom."

The climber, who can whole-heartedly subscribe to those words, knows something of the reality into which all must be born at last, the co-operative life between individual spirit and the infinite spirit of the living God. He perceives that the goal to be reached is the equal good of all.

The mystic lives to-day in wondrous times. Each line made by the potter's thumb is marked, and the waves raised by the hand of the Lord are moving with majestic power over the face of the waters.

The hand of the Masters of Wisdom can be clearly seen in this gory baptism, which is the sacrament of our redemption. Through stress and anguish we faintly discern glimpses of higher possibilities, for what is it that drives us on towards the demand for a hitherto unimagined goal but the God of the ideal speaking through fire and cloud, prophesying the utmost fruition of racial aspirations. The same voice whispers to the restless human heart of ultimate attainment.

We are caught in the vortex of a world crisis of so shattering an order that we can but fearfully believe that its outward significance must reflect some equally stupendous re-birth in its inner significance. Has there developed amongst the nations of the earth a group soul which revolts against the animal passions of hate and blood lust that hound the people on to war? Is there any sign of a conscious unity which is determined to govern in future from a world inclusive standpoint? Is there any glimmer of the truth that we are all integral units involved in a vast cosmic process rather than merely members of a nation, family or church? Is there indeed a seed lying somewhere hidden in the heart of the universe that may consciously germinate and grow into a fruitful tree of life?

No physical force, however stupendous, could impose upon the world true peace. That can only come to pass when the soul of the masses is born, and is strong enough to function in grand collective waves. There are signs of this advent. International sympathy is the seed which eventually will blossom into democratic world government.

Until the peoples of the earth, as apart from their rulers, make a serious attempt to get into touch with each other, and to make allowances for the different standpoints, there can be little hope of amelioration in the world's misery. The movement has begun. There is an ever increasing tendency to sympathise with the foreigner. The condemnation meted out to the man who sympathises with what is still called an enemy country

is not so pronounced. It is slowly being recognised that we are simply part of a great whole, and that sympathy with peoples other than our own, whilst their rulers and ours are still at enmity is not a crime but a reaching out to universal brotherhood. We begin to see that the blunders of the rulers are the cause of war ; that in the cosmic scheme there are no specially favoured nations, and that the ultimate must be absolute justice for all.

The war has proved a valuable education for the Labour leaders, many of whom have travelled extensively and come into close touch with foreign democracy. A small group of newly-elected Labour members have a unique grasp of world problems. The despised and rejected peace-mongers have all been sent back to Westminster with big majorities. A few brilliant Churchmen, and the great majority who lead science, art and literature in Great Britain, are members of the Labour Party.

There is an old group of Internationalists, who are strongly anarchist, who are despised and hunted down by those in high places. No other fate could be theirs, for they are at war with the world, as well as with all the forces of oppression and slavery. They are disrupted and disorganised, and the vast majority know nothing of them. Some of the members are fighting with the sword, some with the pen, for their different countries. Some lie in prison, others in hiding. Those who take note of them fear them. They are rightly classed as dangerous, because they proclaim the revolutionary ideals of Jesus the Christ, *without His love.*

The angel of revolt is classed with the powers of darkness. She gives men wondrous dreams which never come true, for such dreams are very old, and lost in the womb of antiquity. Yet still will they be young when God begins once more to resolve this planet into star dust, and its place in Cosmos knows it no more.

Such men and women are deeply to be pitied, for they are the offspring of a tragic heredity. They are bred from priestcraft, the knout, and economic slavery. They are responsive to the wholeness of life on this planet, and they may yet develop successors fitted for the high estate of citizenship, in that world federation which undoubtedly one day will evolve into a material reality. They know their probable fate. The angel of revolt whispered into their ears a warning. There are no crosses, pensions, decorations for you. There is only the union, the knout, the quicklime grave. For your family there is only the cell, the empty grate, the empty stomach, the rat-ridden den. You will be despised and rejected of men. You will be a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and you will never be released from my service, for I dwell in the land of visions, and it shall ever be the country of your soul.

Internationalism is a word that is anathema to thousands, yet it is doubtful if ten out of those multitudes would oppose the desire that all nations should settle down together in harmony and mutual goodwill, could the real meaning of the word be cleansed from the red fog of war.

The hand of the Masters of Wisdom can be clearly discerned in the new sense of responsibility

springing to life on every side. Man is awakening to his duty to the State, to the racial responsibility which, by the stream of forces swinging in the balance of eternity, will make him one with all mankind.

Emerging majestically upon the world's horizon great facts confront us. We may refuse to look at them, but their violently revolutionary consequences we will be powerless to evade.

One of these facts is, we are no longer an island. Nothing we can ever do can give us back our isolation. The era consecrated to the Gods of the air has arrived. The mighty problem of human flight has been solved.

Another mighty fact is,

On Good Friday, 1917, "The Mayflower" came home.

Comparatively few realise that the coming in of the mighty nation beyond the seas must alter in time the whole course of our national existence. Not only in war but in peace America has shown us some magnificent gestures of international greatness. One action, taken alone out of many, affords us a glimpse of her superb idealism.

In 1921 America began to feed the famine-stricken population in Russia through the American Relief Organisation. They have completed two years in active service of the Russian people, and when they began they found the children dying like flies. *On one day* no fewer than ten million and a half souls were fed!

But for the work of the Administration some nine or ten million people would have been broken

last year, and at least five millions would have died.

Four hundred and eighty ships, ranging from 7,000 to 11,000 tons, conveyed the supplies. The Mission spent in two years about seventy-five million dollars.

This was a free gift from the American people.

In addition to the relief side of the work, there has been another, less spectacular, but equally grand and important,

During the critical period of distress, doctors, teachers and other professional people not only received food, of which they stood in desperate need, but received help and encouragement on the professional side, which infused them with fresh courage to carry on in the face of appalling difficulties. Doctors, who were in utter despair for lack of instruments, medicines, bedding and the simple necessities for hospital work, and teachers who required books and school appliances, took new heart when America came in and at once supplied their needs.

There is still a great work to be done in caring for the vast number of waifs and orphan children in hospitals, and in the rebuilding of the famine-stricken regions. There are at least three million children to be cared for, who are housed in institutions owned by the Soviet Government, but supplied by America. During the past two years America has trained the personnel for their work, which is now left to the Russian Government. The Americans also fed millions of starving people in Europe, and are continuing to do so at the present hour.

Had it not been for American relief, Poland, Rumania, Austria, and other Continental countries would have been a vast desert.

I know all about the farmer in the Middle West, but his case does not detract from the glory of the achievement.

What a giant's task completed !

Here is one of those broad washes of brilliant colour that from out a cimmerician gloom sweep across the face of Cosmos.

America reports that the 1922 harvest in Russia is sufficient for her needs. The 1923 harvest is a bumper one, with two million tons surplus for exportation.

This is but one of several glorious acts the Americans have carried through for the help of suffering humanity. Those of us who are really instructed are perfectly aware that but for the help of America we must have lost the war, and however deeply we regret her present isolation we can understand it when we look upon the dying condition of Europe.

The thoughtful soul, pondering over the splendid aid given to the suffering of a nation with whom she had not even resumed diplomatic relations, feels the throb of renewed hope in humanity.

In one day ten and a half million souls were given bread !

Such God begotten love cast upon the waters of life must flow back to the donors in some glorious thank-offering from Heaven's onlookers.

"For as much as ye did it unto the least of mine ye did it unto me."

The Cosmic Christ knows how to reward His own.

Happy indeed is a nation possessing such hearts. Their light streams far beyond the desolation of Russia. Even in this far-off little island there are hearts responding to their warmth. We know that so long as such deeds are done there is still hope for a distracted world.

This pouring of new wine into old bottles will in time revolutionise Western Europe. As individuals we are joining in a new fellowship of many millions. In learning to understand America in a spirit of gratitude and sympathetic valuation our conception of the Divine orbit must be drastically revised. We have learned to think imperially. In the days to come we will learn to think universally. For the ripples on our pool, wide though they be, we must substitute ocean tides, and a line embracing earth's farthest limits. We have yet to realise the wholeness of humanity, and that our part in existence can never be restricted to a building up of honey in the cells of our private hive. The perennial source of life supply must come in the universal sense from outside our walls, and from remote circumferences, from obscure and far-off fields.

Our crying need has long been for the development of a deeper social consciousness and a vastly wider sympathy.

“Destroy the sense of separateness. With everything, whether it is above or below, remote or near, visible or invisible, thou shalt preserve a relation of unlimited love, without any animosity or without a desire to kill. To live in such a consciousness whilst standing or walking, sitting or lying down till you are asleep, is living and

moving and having your joy in the spirit of Brahma." Thus says the East, including the world with the man in one great truth.

We must cease to believe in a private universe in which we ring off nation from nation, tongue from tongue. We must cast off that foolish mistrust and suspicion of all that lies beyond the barriers we have built, and against which the outside world has to fight to gain recognition.

Rather must we move with the stream of progress which flows ever to where the immortal ideal lies embossed, and whoso loves humanity is part of that world poem that sways the outward progress and recession of the human race.

For us and for all men there ought to be but one home, the Universe. Jesus the Christ had not where to lay His head, and it will be the same with humanity, until through peace and goodwill to all mankind, man comes at length to proclaim himself a citizen of the world.

In years to come the Masters of Wisdom will find statesmen who can fashion international relationships out of the web of Christian ethics, nay, out of the mighty loom of the world's great faiths. The mystic sees that still far off time in which all nations and racial distinctions will be smoothed down to extinction in the warmth of mutual intercourse and mutual understanding. Thus will come the effacement of religious intolerance. The indestructible spiritual values of the great world faiths will be generalised, and the chaff winnowed from the wheat. We will see the golden rule and the Sermon on the Mount belong to one universal church, and its catholicity extended to all men.

Utopian ! But how much less Utopian to-day than yesterday. Can anyone doubt that when the present heads of the Church have passed away their successors will be very different men ? Already we can mark the advent of a great awakening among the younger clergy. When the present generation of potentates and statesmen have gone the way of all flesh, the rulers of the nations will be cast in a very different mould.

Evolution moves in cyclic laws ; such vary according to past experience. We know something of astronomical cycles, of those minature cycles represented by the recurring seasons, night and day, sleep and waking, birth and death, but as yet we know little of national cycles and their laws, of autocracy, tyranny, democracy. Such cycles are clearly required to quicken man's education in self-government, the final earthly goal. However titanic be the forces in the world drama, the latch of Heaven is unloosed by such experiences, for humanity must at times be brought to bay by such supreme misery that it turns and fights for peace, stability and order. Stern lessons learned by men on their self-chosen pathway drive them back on those strongholds which cannot be shaken, to those schemes of value which are immutable, and which are writ in the scriptures of the world.

The Masters of Wisdom think universally, and in centuries, not in months or days. They look to the spiritual evolution of the world as a whole, and their guidance of humanity is ever upward. Only they understand the mighty upward arc of the cyclic laws, and their bearing on mankind.

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It is those Masters of Wisdom who, as humble servants of the Lord of Life, work with deliberate intent, alike through the dark and golden ages, preparing the soil of earth for the reaping and sowing through thousands of years to come.

It is not easy to picture to ourselves a being who has left behind him all the frailties of human nature. We can understand the position of those who stand below us, at a lower stage of development, but it is not so easy to comprehend the life of a saint. The higher can comprehend the lower, but the lower cannot comprehend the higher. How difficult it then is to realise the altitudes reached by those who have attained adeptship, and become world teachers, world rulers, world saviours. "Remember, O disciple, that great though the gulf may be between the good men and the sinner, it is greater between the good men and the one who is on the threshold of divinity."

"The threshold of divinity." Yes, this, and nothing short of this is the quest of humanity. St. Paul made this clear when he used the term "Christ" as the mystic expression for soul-development in man. "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you."

The man of seventy is very different from what he was at seven. Half a decade changes an individual out of all recollection. What will endless aeons do for him? The tree bears no similarity to the acorn from whence it sprang. If we are indeed immortal we shall develop into beings of an inconceivably superior order. Trees to our present acorn.

John of Ruysbroeck says, "He goeth towards God by inward love and in eternal work, and he goeth in God by his fruitive inclination, in eternal rest. And he dwelleth in God, and yet he goes out towards created things in a spirit of love towards all things, in the virtues and in works of righteousness. And this is the most exalted summit of the inner life."

## CHAPTER XIV

### PHANTOMS OF THE DAWN

“Do you know,” asked Lammenais, “why man is the most suffering of creatures? It is because he stands with one foot in the Finite and the other in the Infinite, and is torn asunder, not by four horses but by two worlds.”

No thoughtful person will refuse to-day to acknowledge that our little world is shuddering on the brink of some stupendous movement.

Is it that all is exhausted, that we have reached the end of all things, or is it the dawn of that glorious vision which has always haunted man with gleams of fitful splendour? Are we about to plunge downwards, into rapid extinction in the charnel house of dead worlds, or are we on the verge of an upward leap into untrodden ground, which will widen out on the way for undreamed progress? Surely the latter!

Those Phantoms of the Dawn which continuously flit across our limited horizon are but shadowy gleams of ultimate relations. Even though this speck of star dust we call our earth be still without form and void, the fiat has gone forth:

“Let there be light.”

Though we have not yet reached the morning and evening of the second day, those Phantoms of the Dawn tell us that far, far beyond our ken the

eternal laws hold sway. They pass from our sight, but surely not into oblivion ; for they have whispered in our ears the Divine message. The meaning of life is only intelligible as the avenue to another life, and the yearning to know something of that future life is deep and natural.

“ We are being torn asunder, not by four horses, but by two worlds.”

What are those Phantoms of the Dawn but new forms becoming manifest, and closely following the evolution of spiritual forces ? They are forces which have entered this world in order to compel us to accept one of two courses. We are being driven to step up on to a higher plane of civilisation, or be overwhelmed, as nation after nation, civilisation after civilisation has been overwhelmed before.

There is no standing still. The East groweth white with the dawn when the Immaculate conception shall take place in the hearts of men. Now is the appointed hour for mankind to drive out the animal passions from the manger, and make way for the Christ child to enter in.

Our choice lies before us. Upon whom does it depend ?

Upon the number and quality of those who have learned certain lessons. Upon those who have outgrown the parochial view point, and have sighted a gleam of cosmic consciousness.

We have got free will, but within limits. We are travelling towards a determined destination, and we are quite free to move about in the mighty chariot of God which is conveying us hence.

True, we are impotent to change the route or

curtail the speed, but in that chariot there is room for all men to live their own lives and form their own futures.

History tells us that at times, the Drivers, the Lords of Life and Destiny, throw out from the chariot on to the dust heap of universes the refuse of dead and decaying worlds.

Within limits we possess free will, but "do what we may the mills of God grind on regardless either of our aid or our hindrance."

The wheel of life is grinding on remorselessly, and beneath it our very foundations shiver and surge in the inexorable grip of that command.

"Choose! You have free will! Shall this struggle revivify you, or convulse you in ruin?"

What are the lessons set us to learn in this school of adversity and success, joy and misery we term "the world?"

The first and greatest of these is that the Creator is not the author of want and misery. The Almighty did not create vice and disease, injustice, cruelty and crime. Man is the builder and maker of his own world. All our agonising miseries are the work of man, who does not know that bodily health follows mental health, and health of mind is love. No cure for the ills that flesh is heir to equals an understanding of spiritual laws, and no greater blasphemy is ever uttered than those prayers which attribute to the inscrutable decrees of Providence, and the folded hands of God, the agonies that rack this earth.

The Creator has supplied food in abundance for all—more than enough for all. Man deprives his fellow man by various criminal means of the Crea-

tor's gifts. Fish is thrown back into the sea, or sold for manure. In a million shops all over the kingdom, food is deliberately destroyed every Saturday night, and on Sunday the destroyers and the clergy petition God to relieve distress. Man creates his own poverty. There is food for all, but no legislation to forbid wanton destruction.

Despite this revolting blasphemy the Creator continues His beneficent work of increasing the bounty that men may enjoy. The laws of matter are being ceaselessly revealed, and under our own eyes we have seen the fertility of nature enormously increased; and the secrets of the power of steam and electricity have been revealed.

After all, what is two thousand years but a watch in the night, and the day must break, and with it man's development upon a higher plane towards union with his source—God, who is Spirit. Judged by our standards of time we have learned very little compared with what we still have to learn, but one vastly important fact is being burned into us; it is this: We can never succeed in doing anything good and permanent unless it be in co-operation with Nature, the forces of Nature which constitute the immutable laws of God. As we master conditions on the lower physical plane, we gain knowledge of those spiritual laws through which we develop harmoniously towards higher experiences.

There are now certain tendencies which can be discerned pointing to the forcing into operation of more advanced laws. Those periods of arrested development which nations and individuals both experience would seem to be due to the operation

of "that law which executes itself." By the development of will power the spiritual forces are restrained pending the growth or unfoldment of higher desires.

Signs are already well above the horizon that point to the re-distribution of land on a grand scale taking place. Thousands of great landowners during the last ten years have broken up and sold their estates, and not unwillingly.

Economic pressure has made them eager to dispose of their superfluous lands, and whereas in the past one has possessed four or even more estates in England, that man to-day possesses but one. Even that one has probably shrunk to quite modest dimensions, after the outlying acres have been sold in small lots to those whose labour has placed them in a position to acquire a little home of their own.

In Scotland alone, during the last five years, six million acres, representing about one third of the area of Scotland, have changed hands. The turnover of money involved has been something like seventy millions sterling.

Over and over again in history, in opposition to man's obstinate refusal to take heed of the Phantoms of the Dawn which warn him that man's need is God's opportunity, we see forced reforms in operation and deliberately brought about by Divine intent. Such reforms are always consistent with justice. They will always be practical of application; and they will accord with all other tendencies of social development, and open the way to grander, nobler advances in civilisation.

If the progress of society is to continue it must

be towards equality, not inequality. The time is still far our of sight, even if it be eventually intended, when we can say, "all men are equal," but equality of opportunity for all at the beginning of life is an ideal *now*, and may develop into objective existence before we are all very much older.

Thus we see growing up before us a forced reform in actual operation. The right of the people to the soil of their own land is on a fair way to being granted without any needless shock to present habits of thought. No landlord has been dispossessed. Rent has been taken by the State in the form of taxes, and this has enabled the community to participate in the advantages of ownership.

So many powerful and overwhelming events have swept over us since 1918, when the franchise was granted to women, that its extraordinary spiritual significance has been ignored, and is still unsuspected by the great majority.

How did it come to pass that 7½ million women were enfranchised in the teeth of a furious opposition, which up to this hour is as hostile as ever ?

There is no doubt as to the fact that the vast majority of males are opposed to women exercising the franchise. They will never in this life become reconciled to the thought. One of the new women M.P.'s, the Duchess of Atholl, was an implacable opponent. The House of Lords still contrives to exclude women, and the House of Commons is overwhelmingly against their presence at Westminster ; yet there they are, few in numbers but very strong to-day in intellectual power.

How did this great reform ever pass into law ?

By the irresistible power of Divine transference

which all through history comes eventually to the aid of those who prove worthy, who hold the rights of others to be as sacred as their own. All great reforms have been accomplished by a union of psychic force. The vote has been given to women in order that the spiritual and eternal side of life may be uplifted. In order that moral and spiritual questions may be insisted upon, and their banner raised above the dust of the Party platforms. Women are determined that no longer will they submit to government by talk. They are out to get things done, to replace Talk by Real Values.

Benjamin Kidd has written :

“ It is not in the fighting male of the race ; it is in women that we have the future centre of power in civilisation.”

The General Election of 1923 which has just passed has given the politician in and out of Parliament an opportunity for displaying their unconquerable aversion to the woman voter. “ It is the women who have done this,” cries the defeated Conservative and he is answered in *The Times* by the first woman M.P., Lady Astor, who has retained her seat, though a Conservative.

She agrees that the women voters are mainly responsible for the downfall of the Conservative Party. Then, with a few uncontestable facts she puts her finger on the spot.

“ I have been shocked,” she writes, by the “ attitude of hostility of many Conservatives to questions of welfare affecting women. This year, just before the election, the Conservative Conference turned down my proposal that boys and girls between 14 and 16, who could not get work should

be given training and discipline. A year before the same Conference tried to shout me down when I advocated housing. The Conservative Party is the only party which opposes the leaders of all the Christian Churches on temperance.

“ In Parliament the main attack on Bills to keep juveniles out of public houses, or to protect young girls from criminal assault, or to give women equal rights of guardianship over their children, or to appoint women police has come from Conservative M.P's.

“ These considerations . . . . turn thousands of progressive women into active Liberal and Labour workers, and make hundreds of thousands of plain, honest women voters feel that the Conservative Party is the party of reaction, and the other parties the parties of progress. The moral, spiritual, and domestic forces of this country are becoming more powerful every day. Any party which offends them must suffer.”

Here is a woman with vision. No truer words were ever penned. The great spiritual forces operating in this world placed women in power, in the teeth of the most violent hostility, and the leaders know it.

Reaction must always come to grief for it is in clear opposition to the laws of spiritual evolution. Parliament has just been purged of most of its reactionaries. Have they learned their lesson? I doubt it. They are masters of their own fate. Cease reactionary obstruction, or go under. That is the choice.

There are forces working at a much deeper level than those demands voiced by the various candi-

dates from the various platforms. If any doubt this, let them read the concluding words of the Labour Manifesto issued on November 17th, 1923.

It is an "appeal to all citizens to make a generous and courageous stand for right and justice, to believe in the possibility of building up a sane and ordered society, to oppose the squalid materialism that dominates the world to-day, and to hold out their hands in friendship and goodwill to the struggling people everywhere, who want only freedom, security, and a happier life."

Here is an ideal for accomplishment which it is hard to gainsay. The two older political parties have made no effort to mitigate under-lying causes. They have failed to interpret the universal Labour demand for *equality of chance*, for an enlightened people.

We have seen most of the great European nations plunged into bloody revolution as the result of turning a deaf ear to progressive appeals. Would it not be better *now* in place of trusting to "the rusty sword of prerogative" to explore the causes of unrest and deal fairly with them? To wait for brute force to compel us to set our house in order is surely an indication of utter incompetence to govern a great nation.

Another hard lesson given to us to learn is that "War, in the form of brute force, does not pay." Before our eyes lie the results of the Great War. The equal exhaustion of victors and vanquished. The standard of life in Europe and the British Isles has fallen so greatly that many talk of a return to barbarism.

Warfare is the negation of co-operation, and

co-operation is the foundation of progress. The history of the world shows us civilisation advancing where men are brought into co-operation, and civilisation at once deteriorating when co-operation is broken up. The first realization of this fact is the striking vision of Brotherhood which is inspiring the many to-day.

The falseness of that ancient belief in the clashing of individual and national interests which marshal force against force, and which has just brought Europe to the edge of ruin is demonstrated to all who have eyes to see.

All religions have taught internationalism. "Are we not all children of one Father? Has not one God created us? Who hath made as one all nations of men to dwell upon the face of the earth."

All religions teach "The Golden Rule." The Christ says "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even unto them."

The Jew teaches "Whatever you do not wish your neighbours to do to you, do not unto him."

The Buddhist says, "One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself."

The Zoroastrian preaches "Do as you would be done by."

The Chinese "What you do not wish done to yourself, do not unto others."

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to put into words the stark stupidity of war.

If war was sheer cruelty it could easily be abolished. Sheer, ignorant stupidity can only be driven home to the heart of humanity by the suffering and ruin it brings in its train. Never again in this Manvantera will war bring triumph

and success to the so-called victor. The time in evolution has passed beyond that stage.

There are still those who pathetically ask: "Why does God permit such horrors?"

The answer is that man possesses free will, and his ignorant stupidity can only be raised to the bedrock of common knowledge by bitter experience.

Teach a child that fire burns, show a man that certain actions bring him misery, not happiness, then he may turn and pursue another path.

Have we learned that war does not pay?

The masses undoubtedly have. Is it mere coincidence that whenever they were given the chance the People selected as their political representative men who are the antithesis of war, the "conscientious objectors." There are sixteen of those men in this Parliament, men who suffered imprisonment for the faith that was in them, and a dinner has been given to them in the House of Commons. Two of the new women M.P's have, I believe, qualified to attend this commemorative feast. The last member of the new Parliament elected for the Welsh University, is Mr. Davis, who was confined in Princetown during the war. The Welsh University is said to contain the most advanced thought in the land.

To many this Phantom of the new Dawn must seem very terrible, yet it has materialised into stern reality and must be faced. These last years tell us that we must throw our vision far, far further afield, beyond the life of the nation, beyond family unity, and civic unity, and local social unity, and devote ourselves to forming a strong public opinion

founded upon an honest responsibility for clean government, for things pure and of good report. The revolt of the People against war is strong and clearly expressed, and though they have chosen a mode of expression that many of us detest, let us remember that they seized upon the only means they possessed of emphasising their abhorrence of bloodshed.

For how many thousand generations has man's chief occupation been to plunder and kill? The primordial passions have persisted since the dawn when animal consciousness began.

What is war but the crude implement of the unevolved savage? This is a plain statement of acknowledged fact.

Millions of men who know nothing of the origin of the conflict, who have no animosity towards one another, are hurled into brutal action of the most devastating order. Though the avowed object of each individual is to kill as many of his fellow men as possible, his real ulterior aim is to save his own life. Incidentally another aim is to ruin and destroy everything that belongs to the enemy which is beautiful, everything in art and handicraft that has been created by man through his God inspired mind. It is universally known and acknowledged that the ultimate end of the conflict can only be ruin to victor and vanquished. All the combatants in the Great War were fully alive to this fact, and in order to rouse the needful degree of hate, propaganda costing millions of money had to be manufactured. If these facts are considered for a moment it will be seen that the ignorant stupidity of war is a million times worse than its wickedness.

The nation which in 1914 forced us to grasp this implement of stark barbarism has been shown that the world will no longer tolerate such crude and cruel stupidity.

Germany now lies prostrate, and utterly bereft of her former splendid prosperity. No more striking lesson has ever been taught in history.

When a nation transgresses and sins against light and knowledge it must suffer. Evil does not pay for the nation any more than it does for the individual. The laws of righteousness will, in the end be vindicated, even though the triumph of might over right may seem victorious.

There is always cause behind every effect, and no change, whether wrought by insurrection or war can be without a meaning in the life of a people. The cause of the German preparedness and declaration of war was patriotism gone mad. An excess of the tribal spirit which is patriotism writ large.

The strength and weakness of the government of a People is simply the strength and weakness of the governed. Their consent to it is their willingness to endure it. This unvarying law brings home responsibility alike in national and individual affairs. The People find their punishment or award to be the consequence of their own acts.

How well the words of James Russell Lowell in his "Ode to France" might apply to the present state of Europe :—

Writing of the French Revolution he says :

" As flake by flake, the beetling avalanches  
Build up their imminent crags of noiseless snow,  
Till some chance thrill the loosened ruin launches  
In unwarned havoc on the roofs below.

So grew and gathered through the silent years  
The madness of a People wrong by wrong,  
There seemed no strength in the dumb toilers' tears,  
No strength in suffering, but the past was strong;  
The brute despair of trampled centuries  
Leaped up with one hoarse yell and snapped the bands,  
Groped for its right with horny callous hands,  
And stared around for God with bloodshot eyes."

No nation can permanently hold in subjection the soul of a People, therefore one must sorrow most over those who, in this life sow actions that must bear bitter fruit. The enmity in Central Europe, and its consequences overshadow every other, problem in world politics.

The soul of a People, the creative power of mankind is not separate, but one with the nation which, in itself is but an aggregate of men.

Life, and its first born child, Desire never stands still. The whole Creation works ever at top speed, from the mightiest planet to the tiniest atom. Nothing is ever exactly reproduced by the pulsing evolution of Divinely seeking Life. The impulse is always towards freedom.

An appeal, with every outward appearance of success can be made to the God of Battles, to the God of the biggest battalions whose strategy is so constantly at fault, but in the ultimate the balance is re-adjusted by "that law which executes itself" and which man is powerless to thwart. It teaches the illusion of Shadows.

The operations of finance and commerce are international, yet it is still a question whether two more civilisations shall mingle with the ashes of the past and be submerged, not in a wave of barbarism

but in a fog of stark stupidity and violent reaction.

A nation that determines to hold another in the dust must remain there herself and share a common fate.

We have reached a stage in evolution in which our behaviour to God's creatures committed to our care must be radically changed if we are to continue to progress. It is beginning to dawn upon thoughtful people that something is very wrong with our treatment of the animal kingdom.

Those who are in touch with the great teachers in the world are assured that our callous indifference to animal suffering is greatly retarding our progress in evolution, and is having a very serious effect, in more ways than one, upon humanity in general. Whenever we separate ourselves in consciousness from Infinite Life we become the sport of a multitude of warring elements. *We are deliberately drawing upon ourselves a retribution which is expressing itself in malignant disease.* "With what measure ye mete it is meted unto you."

There is a lesson to be learned by the vivisector and all who support him. The vivisector hopes that through experiments upon live animals he may discover how to cure certain diseases of the human body, also through inoculation he hopes to immune humanity from certain diseases.

No vivisector pretends that his experiments are for the good of the immortal soul. He frankly concedes that he is a materialist. He is out to cure man made disease, and thereby enable humanity to continue with greater impunity its present ignorant course of living.

Does God send disease ?

If we answer " Yes " then it is utterly useless to vivisect an animal or pray for a cure.

If you answer " No " you acknowledge that man brings disease upon himself, and your business is to attack the cause and not the effect, to amend your mode of life and adopt the laws of health in place of sickness.

Vivisection is an acknowledgment that God does *not* send us disease. It also states its conviction that no help is to be expected from God, who is either annoyed with us for being diseased, or utterly indifferent to the fact.

Subconsciously we are always aware that the responsibility for sickness lies with us. We would never " catch " anything if there was not within us something akin to the wrong conditions about us. How often we hear it said of a friend's illness " I am not surprised, for a long time he has been so depressed." Inherited diseases are but dead men's legacies which, if we would but realise the truth, we can accept or reject according to our desires and our power of thought building.

We really do know that disease comes from a perverted mode of living, from breaking the Divine laws of nature.

Sickness is the result of ignorance, some form of sin, though not necessarily moral sin. Sometimes ill-health is actually enjoyed. At other times it is accepted with resignation, a form of disease in itself. Sometimes a sufferer cries " would I not gladly throw off this sickness if I could ? " He does not see yet that he cannot help himself in the condition he is expressing.

What can be the thoughts of The Almighty Ruler of the Universe upon vivisection? Let those who practise it, let those who support it ask themselves this question, *if they dare*.

No vivisector can have any belief in a God or a hereafter. He may indignantly retort that he believes in both.

Then ask yourself if it is in the very least likely that any believer, outside Bedlam, would so deliberately and certainly jeopardise his future for the sake of keeping alive for a few weeks longer the old coat we discard at the grave.

Would you do it?

Would anyone in their senses, who believed in a future life, so terribly offend the Creator as to torture, for any reason whatsoever, the work of His hand, the form that contains the Divine breath?

Ask yourself, is the human body really so precious that we can afford to risk the punishment we are promised? Is it probable that the Creator will aid you in this attempt to prolong life?

What is life? The breath of God which animates all creation.

Can you really be foolish enough to imagine that God is going to give you an extension of His life through calculated cruelty practised on his helpless creatures?

Surely the very fact that your faith is in the vivisector and not in God will absolutely debar you from any benefit you may hope for.

*What vivisection really does is to increase disease a thousand fold.*

God is not mocked, and humanity has now reached a stage in evolution when it is being called

upon to pay for its revolting cruelty to the animal kingdom.

A plain law of nature is "What you sow you reap." Sow disease and your crop will be heavy. "An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth."

In practising cruelty and acquiescing in cruelty we deliberately invite The Law to pour down sufferings upon our heads. The Golden Rule gives us ample warning. You who practise or acquiesce in vivisection do you believe the words:

"With what measure ye mete it is meted unto you."

If you do, then, cease to complain that the world is racked with malignant disease. It is simply our due. We can alter it when we choose.

If you do not believe, then prove to the world that you are stronger than Almighty God, and can prevail against Him, but make haste. Malignant disease is terribly on the increase despite vivisection.

"God has created man with liberty to choose between the higher and the lower, until, if he so wills he is free to make himself sick with sin. But just as God cannot defeat Himself, so, having made man in His own image He has not invested man with the power to defeat His Maker."

No vivisector will ever discover a cure for cancer. That can only be found in an amended way of life. The Almighty has never yet, and never will permit humanity to benefit by evil and cruelty, and malignant disease will only begin to die out when men and women turn from their wickedness to God—The Only Power.

You may say "I don't believe in God or a future life, but your disbelief does not alter facts. It

cannot save you from the consequences of your actions, nor can disbelief save you from your indifference to the actions of others. "Vengeance is mine. I will repay saith the Lord," and those who have caught a glimpse of life after death are left in no doubt as to the carrying out of this fiat.

When are we going to cleanse ourselves from the shame of the traffic in worn out horses, the shame and cruelty of our slaughter houses ?

What are we doing with those responsibilities shared equally with all ?

I do most urgently appeal to all women voters to make those subjects of stern account at election times. There are thousands of us kept outside The League of Nations' Union, because of the fact that vivisection has crept in. A League which outwardly appeals intensely to all lovers of peace and humanity is vitiated at its source for us. Alas ! that it should be so ! Could it but be cleansed of this rank impurity how joyfully would we not join in our thousands and help it onwards with all our might. As it is now, vitiated by the curse of vivisection, we can see no blessing descend upon its work.

For a long time to come women electors and M.P's will find that any question which is thought to border on the spiritual side of life will be scorned as of no account in the political life of this world. It is " up to " women to prove that the life of the spirit is the only life that matters.

Spiritual values are the prizes women must struggle for, if the world is to be saved from submersion in a welter of cruelty, ignorance and crime.

The New Heaven and The New Earth of the

Apocalypse are in process of creation. They are not material but spiritual. Our little personal world that we peopled with our dreams, our hopes, our fears is passing, as all worlds must, but the silent, unseen Law, the Divine weaving of the web of life, lives on and works tirelessly. Such forces are immortal, immutable, and all else is but dust in the balance when we recognise those edicts for what they are—the outposts of Infinity.



fishing town of Brixham throw long shadows out on to the quiet waters, and running round the wide sweep nestle Paignton, Preston and the coral cliffs that divide them from Torquay. The great beauty of this incomparable view never palls, it ever changes under the splendid variations of sky and cloud, of the recurring seasons of sunshine and storm, of light and darkness.

I have also a French window opening on to a wide balcony, and on the morning of January 3rd it it was thrown wide to the divine, deep souled dawn which was slowly breaking in the cloudless East. In front of the bay window, in a sky where the rose of dawn was invading the deep purple of night hung in radiant clearness the silver crescent of a dying moon, and further East one great scintillating jewel, the morning star.

Not a breath of wind stirred to waft away the joyous song of a thrush. Its clear, liquid notes beat against a silver wall of dewy silence. Then the thrill, sweet note of a robin joined in the salute to the dawn. By the 19th of January we found his nest with three fully fledged youngsters, surely a record in early bird nesting.

On the last day of 1923 the wood pigeons were cooing at 8 a.m., and the blackbirds and thrushes were in full chorus in the gardens. A sweeter, sunnier New Year was surely never known.

I have also a window to the East, and behind the grand outlines of the old cedar on that 3rd of January the sky was paling from crimson to gold. The dark pluming top rising to Heaven like a prayer of calm, patient strength, its green fringed boughs sharply cut against the glory of the East.

## PHANTOMS OF THE DAWN (*contd.*) 287

My room was suffused with a blending of moonlight and dawn, a pale silver radiance, an atmosphere of delicious quietude which carried the soul out of the land of morning to the dawn which I love so well.

I never draw a blind by day or night, the sky with its sunshine or clouds, its starlight and sombre darkness mean so much to me. Surely all old people must love the dawn. It is a miniature breaking of the greater dawn which draws so near.

Down in the Bay a cluster of red-sailed fishing boats loomed through the veil of pearl and rose. The shadowy horizon slowly emerging as if in a mirage, dotted by glowworm lights from cottages and tranquil harbours fringing the water. With the winds asleep there was nothing in view but an inlet of perfect peace.

Lying meditating in the calm of the dawn my eye caught sight of something stirring and, lo! before me a female figure, clearly outlined, stole into full view.

She passed across the room very slowly, very dreamily, as if in deep thought. There was time to take in all the details, grey floating drapery, a head slightly bent and shrouded. A tall, slim, reedy form, every movement suggesting a studied quietude.

There was no time to feel nervous, no suggestion of fear, but there was time to wonder if she would turn her head towards me and allow me to see her face.

But, no! She was utterly indifferent to my presence, or perhaps unconscious of it, another second and she had drifted by my desk and was

nearing a small wardrobe where I keep my hats (banal fact) then she seemed to fade, to become more rarefied, till there was nothing left but a wisp of pale grey vapour. Slowly, that also vanished.

She was gone! Where? I don't know.

Who was she? I don't know.

To an old woman who has "seen things" all her life this Phantom of the Dawn signified nothing. She was just one of a vast number of discarnate shades, some joyous, some sad, that have passed and re-passed through my life in a long procession. The things that matter are the unseen, the eternal.

Left alone again it came to me how utterly futile is this clamour for decisive evidence. If a hundred people had seen my pale grey phantom at that break of dawn they could have told us nothing more than I have written here. Most of us talk over scientific facts which we can never hope to verify. Not having studied astronomy I accept the knowledge given me by the experts. It would be useless for me to attempt verification as I have no aptitude for figures. It is the same in occult science. Some persons have the aptitude for gaining first hand knowledge, others have not that gift and must either leave the subject alone or accept the statements of experts; added to which the study of occultism is not advanced from without like astronomy. It is a development of the inner senses which is a very slow and laborious task.

It is at such moments, in the silent hush of the dawn that illumination comes, that the inner voice can be heard telling us of those radiant truths the mind cannot grasp in the full flood of day, the tongue cannot tell when all the world is speaking.

The unfathomable beauty of God in His creations is more clearly revealed to us at such moments, in a deeper, truer reality, than the evidence of the senses. It gives us a glimpse of that Peace which passeth understanding.

Divine mind is mans' instrument of advance. Mental power is the motor of progress. All incentive to progress arises out of desires inherent in human nature. Such desires grow by what they feed upon, and can never be satisfied short of infinity.

Earl Balfour says in his book "Theism and Thought,"

"I do not argue that because certain beliefs are inspired therefore they must be true. I argue that because they are true therefore they must be inspired."

I am sure that all the knowledge we acquire which is worth preserving comes to us by way of inspiration. Such knowledge cannot be eradicated or scoffed out of existence, and it is capable of infinite expansion and unfoldment.

"Who is there," he asks, "reflecting on the mental epidemics which may afflict a whole generation, on the eager subservience shown to the fashion of the hour, on the swaying humours of a crowd, on the overwhelming waves of national emotion, on the influence, silently, even unconsciously exercised by certain individuals, who is there reflecting on these familiar things who is not haunted by the suspicion that something more is happening between human souls than even the most admirable system of external signalling will wholly account for."

Yes ! Indeed something more is happening. The

greatest of all lessons is beginning to be taught to humanity, the "admirable system of external signalling" is but the spiritual truth of this lesson in process of being brought into objective existence.

We are learning how the Christ within re-unites the world to God.

In thought conference, or what is commonly called Telepathy we get a fugitive glimmer of how this takes place. The theory that one mind can send a message to another mind living at a distance, and that the message can be caught up correctly, is now supported by such a weight of trustworthy evidence that it is established as a scientific fact. A more scientific explanation of such phenomena is now given to us based upon a universe which possesses no empty space, a universe which is universal Spirit, a universe in which The Creator is omnipresent.

We can now think of Telepathy, not as thought transference, but as thought penetration. Two minds are fused and become temporarily as one. Two consciousnesses unite and merge. The one then becomes conscious of the other.

We understand nothing as yet of the laws, we only know that what is called thought transference is an established fact.

Personally I believe that this thought penetration, which suggests a force coming from without, will ultimately be proved to be a power contained and unfolded from within. It is a potentiality of universal awareness which is beginning to creep over the horizon and emerge upon the field of objective consciousness.

Going a step further we have a mass of evidence

to prove commune, or telepathy betwixt incarnate and discarnate minds. The law of Telepathy seems to hold good for all mundane existence, and does not stop at incarnate life. It is commune which is voiceless. Although thousands of miles extend betwixt those in commune the presence of each can be felt. Spirit speaks to Spirit.

Very faintly as yet we are discerning the potentialities of this spiritual commune betwixt our thoughts and the mind of The Christ. It is a manifestation not beyond our aspirations and is clearly a state of being which it is the Divine intention to evolve in us.

Surely this is the true at-one-ment. The Divine birth in the heart of man, the human manger out of which the beasts of the sense world must be driven. Surely this is the dawn of the sure and certain belief that in the living Christ we have the bridge of at-one-ment which unites man with his Maker. Further, is it too much to hope that when this at-one-ment is consummated it wipes out iniquity; for what is sin but separation from God?

Telepathy is therefore one of those Phantoms of the Dawn of Life Divine which embosoms the greatest hope of humanity—re-union. The home-coming of the Soul to its source. So far it is but a fugitive phenomenon, a phantom gleam without form or void, but it is a manifestation of nature (which is God) which is slowly but surely unfolding its power and suggesting the grandest of all possibilities.

If we take into consideration the world wide movement, the enormous outpouring of literature teaching Divine Immanence, and the Christ within;

if we link up this vast stirring of the spiritual life of the world with the developing telepathic powers unfolding in so many human beings; if we add to these the great spiritualist movement which consists mainly of Telepathy betwixt incarnate and discarnate beings, then surely we are justified in attributing some profound significance to those converging streams.

The new teaching urges us to let that mind be in us which was, and is now in the Christ, to form a telepathic commune with the Father within, to bear ever in mind that "In Him we live and move and have our being." Just as here and now we can accept or reject telepathic development with an incarnate friend, so can we refuse or accept mystical commune with the indwelling Christ.

I do not see the need for a new Christ, a second coming in the flesh, for it seems to me that when we have assimilated the teaching we possess will be the time to ask for more. Spiritual development is such a very slow process. One sees quite clearly and unmistakably, by the light of the knowledge we have, what can be done, but it takes much time and infinite patience to accomplish a very little.

Hitherto we have been taught Christianity without a Christ. Now we are receiving Christ without what has previously passed muster for Christianity. Surely His revelation of the spirit of truth which is being continuously unfolded in all hearts ready to respond is sufficient for the day.

What interpretation can one put upon the Christ words stating that those who follow in His steps shall accomplish even greater works than he accomplished? Surely this is an assurance of the growth

of the Christ Power. Surely the evolution of the Christ Ideal is just as much a fact as the evolution of the Ideal of God.

“And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them, they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.”

We possess one Healer whose only stock in trade is love.

#### The Healing Christ.

Day by day he is demonstrating to the multitude that “it is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing.” That the power of healing by union with the Christ is a Divine Truth.

Here we can indeed argue from personal experience that because this is true it must be inspired. Slowly the church is beginning to realise her responsibility, and there is a healing movement which is having a blessed response, but we are still very far from ideal conditions, a healing circle attached to every church. I understand that female healers are not yet recognised within the fold.

The Lambeth Committee Report has just been issued, and as perhaps was to be expected it relies primarily on medical means for bodily healing. It does *not* put the power of the Spirit first, consequently the clergyman's function is subservient to the doctor. The church acknowledges that the power to exercise spiritual healing is taught by Christ, it acknowledges this power to be the natural heritage of Christian people who are living in fellowship with God. It acknowledges healing to

be a part of the ministry of Christ through His body, the Church, but here it falls pitifully to earth. The Church has not the faith to put complete trust in God.

The Committee declares that while "disease, like other forms of evil, is permitted by Him to exist, it is in itself an evil" which can be "over-ruled for good." It is a great advance to find the church agreeing that disease is not directly sent by God, but the Committee still lacks the faith boldly to declare for the omnipotent power of the Christ. It still places man before God in its declaration that "no sick person must look to the clergyman to do what it is the physician's or surgeon's duty to do."

The report makes it plain that the church will continue to support vivisection. It has not yet realised that in torturing the animal it is torturing God. It does not yet know that The One Divine Life is in and through all. Reading such reports as that issued from Lambeth tempts one to throw the church out of one's mind as a quite hopeless institution incapable of learning from God or man; but there are individual clergy who have sufficient faith to believe that the Almighty *is* using them as His divine channels for healing. Already they are voicing their bitter regret for the institution they serve, let them take heart.

The teachings of Jesus The Christ on spiritual healing are clear beyond all possibility of doubt or misunderstanding. Let them rely on the words of Our Lord and ignore the Church's pathetic lack of faith.

Let us all hope that next time the ecclesiastical authorities will base their examinations on the

Gospels, and that in time they will gain sufficient belief in God boldly to acclaim that He is the only power.

St. Paul proved that healing was to be the mark of true discipleship, and on sending out His disciples on their first ministry Christ said to them "and as ye go, preach, saying The Kingdom of God is at hand, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils. Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth in Me the works that I do shall he do because I go unto The Father. And He sent them forth to preach the Kingdom of God and to heal the sick."

The independent healing circles which had hoped for co-operation with the Church must, for the time being, work on alone, the Church's lack of faith would be fatal to them in amalgamation, but I acknowledge that it is often irritating to reflect upon the wasted opportunities of so great and wealthy an organisation as the Church, and what it might have done for the healing of the nations if only it could have developed sufficient faith in the God it professes to serve.

This finding of the Lambeth Committee will give a tremendous impetus to Christian Science, which was founded for the very purpose of re-instating primitive Christianity and its lost element of healing. It claims authority from no other source than the Bible, and its accomplishments ought to give some backbone and spiritual courage to the Church.

At present the demand for healing is far greater than the supply of healers, and the common reason given for this lack is that healers are born not made.

I am sure this conception of healing is wrong. Certainly there are persons who possess a healing magnetism, but such a reply postulates that the healer is mainly concerned in the cure.

The only healing in which I place any faith is done by The Father, The Christ of the Cosmos Within. The human healer is nothing more than a channel through which pours the force. The wine is not the bottle. The healer must lose herself in a clear realisation of the presence of God. "The practise of The Presence" must be her constant occupation.

The responsibilities and obligations resting upon the leader of a healing circle are heavy and obvious, and the state of her soul is of far more importance than her strength of will. In my own circle I have the help of many Theosophists who are invaluable as healers and for this reason.

The very foundations of Theosophy rest upon implicit belief in the Divinity of The Christ, and the students who enter the Esoteric Section are mainly engaged in developing—through meditation a conscious relationship with The Divinity within. They practise "The Presence." They have learned how to harmonise and move "in tune with the Infinite." The going into the Silence at the command "Be still and know that I am God" brings them as close to the God consciousness as it is possible at this stage of our development to reach.

Those of us who have advanced in the course of our lives believe that the Creator *thought* the universe into being. If that be so then the Divine Ideal exists here and now, as expressed in the words "Whatsoever things ye ask believe that

ye have them now, and they shall be granted unto you."

Our work in prayer is therefore an effort after at-one-ment ; an unfolding of the Divine perfection existing in all.

Our healing is done in the Silence after we have consecrated ourselves aloud to the Service of God. No money whatever passes between healers and patients. We give our services free. Our cases are, many of them, the incurables whom doctors and hospitals have discharged as hopeless. No case is hopeless to us. We believe that it is as easy for the Absolute to cure a case bedridden for years as a case of sudden seizure.

If a patient lives at a distance it makes no difference. The Absolute is not conditioned by time or space. St. Paul living in the divine atmosphere of invisible power said " If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead, dwell also in you he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you."

The healer who realises the consciousness of the Spirit of God working in humanity has no need of suggestion or hypnotism, with Emerson she can say :

" Meanwhile within man is the soul of the whole, the wise silence, the universal beauty to which every part and particle is equally related, the Eternal One."

I purposely refrain from writing of the cures we effect, as I hold that any action that tends in the slightest degree to offer credit to the human healer is most strongly to be condemned and avoided. Healing should be conducted in the quietest and most

unostentatious way possible, and outside the Circle cases ought never to be discussed. The patients ought to be severely cautioned against giving thanks or credit to any healer, other than the Divine Healer. All healers should keep constantly in mind the fact that the work of healing is in tune with The Infinite, and in perfect harmony with Divine law.

If there is one thing we do know about God it is this, God or Nature if you prefer the word—heals. God works all the time, healing, healing, and the man or woman who strives to heal works with God towards that end. “Leave it to nature, and it will heal itself” is so common an expression that its profound significance is ignored. When we speak of “nature” what do we mean? Nothing human! Can man bring new atoms, new tissues, weave them together, flood them with life and fill up a wound? This is what nature does, and considered in this aspect nature is a Divine law demonstrating to all Creation that healing is in consonance with Divine will. “Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven (the Divine Spirit within) is perfect.” The intense activity of the Divine Healer is everywhere, and at all times in evidence, leaving no possibility of doubt to the hollowest thinker that healing is essentially God’s work, the object of one of His greatest and most glorious laws.

“But” it will very pertinently be asked “what of the numerous cases where the healer fails? What of the many failures of nature to heal?”

The reason of all such failures is lack of co-operation and human ignorance. Healing is in its infancy. We do not yet know how, in all ways, we ought to co-operate with nature.

Those of us who use the inner vision are in full awareness of this new power of life dawning upon the world's horizon, and we recognise it as the slow unfoldment of that Divine Life which has always been the fountain of our being ; and the realisation of which is now being speeded up. It is a recognition of the fact that man creates his own destiny. He has the power to make cruelty, vice and disease, or harmony, peace and happiness. The cure for all our evil conditions is—*stop making them.*

Emerson says : “ There is no thought in the mind, but it quickly tends to convert itself into power, and organises a huge instrumentality of means.”

The patient has his part to play in healing. He must cease doubting, which has obviously not helped him, and take God at His word. He must strive to understand something of the power of mind over matter. If a man is convinced he cannot be healed he is rendering the Divine law impotent, and Divine laws are immovable rocks upon which we may either rest secure, or dash ourselves to pieces. We possess free will, and if the will is directed to failure in place of success, failure is bound to triumph. Above all

“ Talk health. The dreary never-ending tale  
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale ;  
You cannot charm, or interest, or please  
By harping on that minor chord disease.  
Say you are well, or all is well with you,  
And God will hear your words and make them true.”

Though we constantly see around us the great achievements wrought in the world by human intelligence, though we praise the brilliant creations

of genius the superhuman power brought to bear in the accomplishment of great purposes, yet we are still far from attaining to the full spiritual mastery of the body. We freely recognise the right of mind to dominate matter, yet we still await the control of human life by its highest power-spirit.

To-day in the numerous healing circles all over the world we are witnessing the gradual development of this supreme power, this invincible spirit of eternal union with the God within.

When we discover that we are standing upon the firm threshold of a new epoch it is wise to realise more seriously than usual that we are all engaged in making history. The 21st January, 1924, was a red letter day, the last of an old time, the beginning of a new. A milestone in our social and political history has been passed and the country remains calm in its habitual acceptance of the logic of facts.

All great reformers, all experienced social workers, are aware that the most potent cure for crime and evil generally is to convince the criminal and evil doer that his actions are utterly unworthy of his true self. I cured a confirmed wife beater and drunkard by the constant suggestion that he really was a cut above that sort of thing. I assured this unspeakable ruffian that he was far too superior a fellow to wallow in the public house, and that he was wasting his fine intellect in prison. I simply record the fact that the day soon came when he told me I was the only person who understood him, and he developed into a most respectable family man and hard worker.

I am sure if we could only bring this system of uplifting into public life it would be of enormous

benefit to the whole community. It is the system of making the best instead of the worst out of what seems to us adverse conditions. Our habit of attacking the inevitable in place of seeking for the good in it is a very foolish practise and invariably recoils on our own heads. We have at present an excellent example of this folly. Thousands of our people expect the worst from a Labour Government, and openly say so. Such a Government was inevitable as all political students know. It has been placed in power by the People, and no intelligent person believes that it will ever grow less powerful than it now is. In place of making the best of the inevitable, and recognising a perfectly intelligible move forward in the evolution of the race we assure those new and untried men that all we expect of them is ruin and damnation.

What deplorable philosophy we have here! Do we realise that by this attitude of mind it is really we ourselves who are creating such conditions? Also, there must be some men in the Labour Party who, reading our terrified abuse of them say, "Well if that's what they expect and think of us, we'll live up to our reputation."

It is of vast importance to us that the mass of the Nation remain quite unmoved and unperturbed, and that the leaders of Labour are extremely intelligent men who can afford to smile at the "die-hard" threat to march the Grenadiers into Westminster and clear Labour out by the sword. Had Labour made such a threat we would all have been warned that peaceful sleep was henceforth impossible, and householders would be seeing to the breechlocks of their weapons, but the People know that the old

“die-hard” ravings are swan songs and they don't pay serious heed. “Let's get a move on, if one Government won't, another will,” is all their reply.

In such times the instinct of the mystic, the spiritual climber, is to turn a deaf ear and keep out of politics, yet we cannot altogether neglect political and economic questions. They are moral and spiritual issues, Phantoms of the Dawn that refuse to pass unnoticed.

Neither soulless abstractions nor flaming hearts can solve the industrial problem. Industry to-day is an international not a national question, and intimately concerns all Brotherhood movements. The chasm betwixt brawn and brain is nearly bridged. We want to get back to the unity of the front when the order was :

“Over the top altogether.”

No class, or section of a class, existed there and then. Where is the lost spirit that carried us through the War? One never now hears the word “reconstruction” because multitudes have learned that the real seed of the future is a hope, not an organisation, that a strengthening of the inner life is more potent than a programme.

The world is awakening to find its heart and purpose changed. There has now emerged out of the red fog of war a mass mind that is preparing to embark on the greatest adventure of all time, the great adventure of belief in God, and His power to rule His own world.

Multitudes are asking is God's way force or love? and they recognise that the world belongs, not to us but to its Maker; and it is now worth considering

whether or not He will permit us always to rule by our methods instead of His.

They look out upon our old methods with agonised eyes and they see nothing in them but failure to bring happiness to the world. Can any statesman hold higher ideals than the happiness of the multitude over whom he rules? Our present chaos is the struggle to throw up such a man, and chaos will continue until he is found.

There are multitudes now who have learned the lesson voiced by the heroic Edith Cavell as she stood on the verge of eternity. That we must have bitterness in our hearts to none. "*Patriotism is not enough.*"

What did she mean by that last utterance omitted so often by us when her words are graven or quoted.

It has always seemed to me that they could only mean one thing. Before patriotism comes the way of The Christ, and there is often a choice to be made. Lord Grey has said:—

"Hatred is never going to do good to the world. I don't mean by that, that you ought not to hate what is wrong . . . but when hate becomes the dominant motive . . . your action will be destructive not constructive."

It is not in our power to alter edicts which we believe do not accord with the Christ ideal, but we need not countenance them through public support. We have been governed by men who take no heed whatever of the question: "What would be the Christ way?" and we have suffered accordingly. Two of our most prominent politicians openly scorn such idealism, and the People have rejected their services unhesitatingly, perhaps in anger against

the wasted lives in Gallipoli, the millions of money thrown away on the desert sands and the Russian White Armies. Had we these millions to spend for the benefit of our own people, how enormously the home situation would be eased.

R. L. Stevenson has said :

“The demand of the soul is that we shall not pursue broken ends, but great and comprehensive purposes, in which the soul and body may unite like notes in a harmonious chord.”

Nations must choose for themselves whether they will have reform or revolution, and in the constantly changing Phantoms of the Dawn ; which no man's hand can stay from breaking into full daylight we have the conditions of the Powers battling for mastery.

The Masters of Light and Wisdom are on the side of union and brotherhood. The dark forces are striving to restrain the evolution of the world by division and hatred. There we have the real simple test.

Will you strengthen brotherhood and victory and aid the Sons of Light, or will you cast in your lot with those who preach the sword, coercion and hatred ? Man has free will. Choose which path you will tread.

## CHAPTER XVI

### PHANTOMS OF THE DAWN

“And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light.  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly ;  
But westward, look ! the land is bright.”

SEVENTEEN hundred years ago Marcus Aurelius wrote :

“There is but one light of the sun, though it be scattered. . . . There is but one common substance, although it be divided. . . . There is but one soul, though it be distributed among countless different natures and individual forms. There is but one intelligent spirit, though it may seem to be divided.”

Science to-day is briskly engaged in re-discovering these truths.

Every intelligent mind will admit that there are countless things in heaven and earth that cannot be tabulated or systemized in any philosophy. However wide be the view there will always remain an overplus of meaning that evades us, of fact which cannot be accounted for, perhaps never will be accounted for.

I have dealt with many such facts in these pages, and I make no apology for failing to supply plausible explanations. The man of science knows how far beyond his ken are the ultimate relations, and

that knowledge of the spiritual is no mere affair of the intellect. What folly it would then be for a writer of my modest calibre to attempt to define the undefinable? I hold that our relation with The Absolute is a matter not for argument but for the working out in our own lives.

I believe in a supernatural revelation because I have experienced it. I believe in a spiritual revelation for the same reason. The Universe does not need to be explained to me in words, I know it as the expression of a supreme all embracing spirit, and I can dispense with formulated creeds which are only useful for gaining obedient acceptance to defined doctrine.

I am frankly unorthodox. The world moves and always has moved, and I try to move with it. Orthodoxy is stagnation. The Apostles and their Master were innovators, as the Prophets were before them. The evolution of the Christianity of Christ shows us that truth has no limit. I am an adventurer into the Infinite, and to me the only obedience which is worth a straw is obedience to the call of the Higher Self—The God within.

A new supernaturalism is now dawning. Men have suddenly discovered that religion cannot be taught because it turns out to be an experience. It is as easy to teach religion in a church as it is to teach love in a school.

For years we have been confronted by new facts to which we can attach no meaning. Something has unaccountably broken in on what we believed to be a set order of nature. The meaning of a fact that has puzzled us more often flits across the limited outlook of our horizon. Moments come

when the entire meaning of a thing suddenly becomes transfigured. An unforgettable sanctity descends and brings a new understanding.

What is it that has changed? Certainly not the face of the earth and its reiteration, but the spirit which looks out upon it has rent a veil from the heart, a film from the eye, and for the first time the Divine significance of reality has floated into our being, through that connection of our life with the All Life ether encircling and interpenetrating it. It is the spiritual awakening of the meaning and glory of existence. It is the passing beyond seeming to that which is. It is the drawing forth of the Eternal into time, a lifting up of experience of time into the Eternal, into the heart of Being where dwells celestial rest.

I have just been reading a masterpiece of beauty and reality. "The Book of the Beloved," and it seems to me to crown that host of printed revelation which floods the world to-day. None can doubt that this book is inspired. The Author, J. H. Johnston, is a Post Office superintendent engaged in dry routine work. The Beings who are using him as a channel to spread the light are of loftiest idealism, and here is but another proof that the time has arrived for them to descend into the public arena and broadcast their truths to the world at large. To outward seeming they use the humblest, the most unlikely instruments, but the things unseen are those which count in evolution, and the spirit is veiled and contained in a multiplicity of forms. As day succeeds day, bringing to me always some evidence of the Divine outpouring, either by post or personal interview, I stand amazed at the

activity of the Holy Ones who are animating Humanity.

Sometimes comes a sheaf of simple poems that have a distinct message for a certain section of our people. Sometimes comes the typescript of a little book just to be carried in the pocket, but of inestimable worth when committed to memory. Again, comes a work of superlative grandeur, "The Book of The Beloved," who is the Cosmic Christ. From the humblest homes, from the common lodging house, from the railway inn of the constant traveller in material goods comes flowing forth this one universal message, conveyed by so many different roads all stretching forth to the one goal, the one far off Divine event.

As they pass through my hands and I do my best—alas! that it should be so little—to speed them on their way I wonder just what all those different human beings mean in my life, for I have long been convinced that they are sent to me with a purpose. Are they those who were my brother and sister pilgrims in a former existence? Are they those to whom I owe a debt, or am I a humble channel through which The World Spirit externalises His mighty ideals, reproducing in matter that which exists in Spirit, supplementing our consciousness by a more powerful inrush of His own?

I do not believe that we are mere driftwood thrown together by the world's rushing stream. I am sure that the true epochs in our pilgrimage are not the dates of our births, deaths and marriages, but the deep influences known only to the self that shape the destiny, and point the way and manner of, the pilgrimage.

## PHANTOMS OF THE DAWN (*contd.*) 309

Perhaps the deepest sign of our progression, the most significant sign-post in the world to-day is that which points to our eventual complete power and control over every organ in the physical body. When there flits a phantom across the dawn-lit sky of such a consummation we catch the analogy in one of those mysterious natural processes which we have always known of.

An excellent example is that of the pregnant woman who possesses the power to alter the formation of the offspring in her womb. For instance, a sudden and violent fright can turn it into a monstrosity. There are thousands of such cases known to medical science. Everyone is aware of the necessity for providing the pregnant woman with the best, the sweetest and most harmonious mental surroundings possible.

Now comes a phantom thought dawning upon the world that this truth can be extended, and, as Armstrong says in his book "The Mystery of Existence,"

"Deep down in the lower strata of the subliminal (sub-consciousness) we may have all the local guiding power needed for the making and conservation of every organ. If the woman's own spirit is not actually, though unconsciously forming the foetus how can any impression made upon her spirit influence its formation?"

Those of us who for years have been studying such subjects know that this is true. We know a little of the power of the subconsciousness and we realise its undeveloped might.

We who note with eager anticipation those Phantoms of the Dawn attribute to them a Divine

prophecy of what is to be, and we take no heed of criticism. With Bacon we say :

“ The enquire of Truth, which is the love making or wooing of it : The knowledge of Truth which is the Presence of it ; and the belief of Truth, which is the enjoying of it ; is the sovereign Good of human nature.”

The science of criticism is not yet even in its infancy. To be a good critic one ought to know the law, the facts of the case and how to apply the law to the facts. Who is capable at present of criticising the signs of the times, the Phantoms of the Dawn, the secrets of life and death, of eternity and infinity ?

Let us therefore go forward fearless of criticism, and devote ourselves to the only criticism that is of any value at present—self criticism, which is the development of self consciousness.

The deeper we penetrate into the dark caverns of self the more do we discover there is still much to learn. Something more than a suspicion assails us that our quest debouches on infinity. We discover the minuteness of objective existence, and the apparently unlimited subjective life.

What countless others before our time have halted when face to face with the pathless unknown !

“ Have the older races halted ?  
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there  
beyond the seas ?  
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,  
Pioneers ! O Pioneers !  
All the past we leave behind ;  
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world !  
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labour and  
the march.  
Pioneers ! O Pioneers ! ”

The old criticism has passed away. There is a constant fluctuation of standards, and we must face the fact that life in 1925 will have changed again. Knowledge that seems final, to-day will prove no guiding star, but the shadow or phantom we have groped after and elusively glimpsed.

The inner life of our pilgrimage is too delicate and impalpable for speech. It cannot be criticised. It conforms to no known law. No one can materialise the spiritual or make gross the impalpable, therefore it is folly to heed scoffing unbelief, for our knowledge dwells in the wordless silence of eternity; and our staff of pilgrimage is not fashioned by mortal hands.

It can truthfully be said that we are all naturally addicted to criticism, but let us ever remember that in criticising others we pass judgment on ourselves. We expose to the world the narrowness or width of our minds, the warmth or coldness of our hearts, and the range and extent of our intellects.

Self criticism is the safest and best, and that which is ideal is greater than that which is actual. Let us brush aside the limitations of the actual and aim at the highest, the universal standpoint in its relation to spiritual and eternal realities.

Have we any proof, it will naturally be asked, that an intelligence underlies those Phantoms of the Dawn that to many of us appear to be so replete with meaning?

No man has ever seen God, and it is mere waste of time to speculate upon a Being so very far beyond our ken. We can however sense, with comparative ease, ample evidence of intelligence in the world in which we are placed, and this intelligence we conceive to be the work of "the

Rulers" of this earth, of those exalted servants who serve under The Absolute.

Very many people to-day conceive of a vast army of workers on the other side. Exalted angels who govern the Cosmos under the laws of its Creator. Below them, on the Jacob's ladder of life, are ranged the lesser powers, each with a mighty aim in view, a stupendous task to carry out. Reference to such "Rulers in high places" are to be found in all the Scriptures of the World, and there is a great amount of knowledge to be gleaned which can actually be verified by those qualified to study such obscure subjects.

The Bibles of all peoples tell us something of the Occult Hierarchy of this world, and we find them composed of a triple division; namely "The Rulers," "The Teachers" and "The Forces." In Occult study one always meets with triplicity, just as in the Christian religion we are taught of God, The Father, God, The Son, and God, The Holy Ghost. St. Paul teaches of Body, Soul and Spirit, and the analysis of mind recognised by Western science is again a triplicity.

In the great Bibles of the East we read of four great Beings presiding over the four points of the compass, named "The Four Kumaris." They stand above the Rulers of the World, those mighty Beings who have to do with nations, races, cataclysms and the distribution of land and water. They are characterised by Will Power.

Next in the triplicity come "The Teachers" characterised by Wisdom, Knowledge. They are the founders of all great religions, and supply the great teachers of all faiths. It is to their activities

we attribute the great wave of spiritual teaching that is flooding the world to-day.

Hosts work under their directions, from the Great Masters in the flesh and their Chelas or pupils, down to the humble teachers in countless home circles.

Lastly come "The Forces" so called in Occultism for want of a better name. Their characteristic is energy, activity. They bring to pass all the activities on this earth, all that Divine unrest which marks the transition of one civilisation to another, all those troublous years which are inevitable in order that the evolution of humanity shall proceed.

Sometimes their activities are carried out through an almost imperceptible transition into a loftier condition of being, but, again, sometimes their activities must take the form of destruction, such as in the Great War. The wheat must be winnowed from the chaff. Those splendid souls who cared for an ideal rather than for self, the splendid youth of all the nations was required to bring about vast changes, to form a new race which is coming to birth, but yet to be born.

Looking thus behind the outer governors to the inner governors of the world, the power and principalities of the Unseen who adjust the balance of world power so that nothing worth preserving shall be lost, we can dimly trace their workings.

Even the most unimaginative are inclined to see something strange in certain recent events. Even those who see prevailing everywhere in life certain tendencies, not easily discernible to ordinary minds are roused to momentary wonderment when incidents occur that seem curiously significant of an

unknown working, the character of which cannot be gauged.

We are witnessing old things being swept away, either to destruction or to transmutation, by the tide of evolution and the power of spiritual law. What significance does the student of Occultism attach to recent events which even the Press describe as "singular coincidences."

Having taken note of the stagnation and deadlock in the political events of 1923, the student has been on the outlook for some violent change. The times were such as to preclude a continuance of utter inactivity. Pressing events were forcing an issue.

It came in the extraordinary election at the end of the year, extraordinary, inasmuch as there was no apparent compulsion to go to the country.

The Occult student expected Labour to come into power, as it anticipated the rule of what is called democracy; knowing that in turn democracy must emerge later on into the Socialism of Love, not that of hate as preached by Marx. This attempt must be made. The higher Socialism must be "tried out." That is where we stand at present, and we cannot say which way the scale will turn.

Stagnation was ruining the world. For seven years the bloody tyrant Lenin had held millions in subjection. Other Governments rose and fell, rose and fell. He held Russia against the world.

"The Forces" of the unseen universe intervened. Lenin was removed the day Labour took up the reins of Government in Britain. The Prime Minister at once offered friendship to Russia.

The unseen Rulers of the World had sown a seed which drooped and languished, the League of

Nations destined to grow into a mighty federation of the world, a tree whose leaves would be for the healing of the nations must be revived e'er it perished. So we see a man placed in power at the head of the British Nation whose highest ideal is to awaken the League to a sense of its serious destiny. The student anticipates the inclusion of Russia and Germany in the League, as the next significant move.

Woodrow Wilson was the sower chosen to sow the seed. America's greatest Ex-President, whose name will now, by sentimental reaction, become a legend, has been released from his five years martyrdom, and his passing will stimulate his followers to a greater devotion to the sacred legacy which in honour they will live to carry through.

Criticism is hushed at his grave, passion and opinion lie slain by Woodrow Wilson's death for humanity.

Lincoln gained immortality by his untimely passing, so will it be with Woodrow Wilson who preached a new gospel to those who personify the spiritual side of life. His aim to unite the nations, even at its failure, was a glorious inspiration to millions.

But did he fail? It is too soon to answer that question. The High Gods alone can answer.

General Smuts has said :

“ It was not Wilson who failed. The position is far more serious. It was the human spirit that failed itself at Paris. Only a man of his great powers and influence and dogged determination could have carried the covenant through that Peace Conference. Others had seen with him the great vision, but his was the power and the will that carried it through.”

“The covenant is Wilson’s souvenir to the future of the world. No one will ever deny him that honour.”

“It was the human spirit that failed.”

Undoubtedly this is true. The People were ready. Their leaders were not. It was they who failed the world.

Woodrow Wilson came to Europe as a Prophet, acclaimed as its salvation by suffering millions. Gradually the splendid vision faded and clouded. The sun of his lofty convictions sank slowly, until it dropped down behind the bloody pall of Europe’s agony.

He returned to Washington a broken man, a recluse, a martyr, and like other martyrs he was forced to walk alone and carry his own cross.

But though despised and rejected by millions of his own countrymen there were other millions who held him in profound reverence and love. Millions who also saw the vision, and remembered what Edmund Burke said: “that obloquy was a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory.”

A strong process of rehabilitation had begun long before his passing. Year by year his mental martyrdom diminished as his bodily frailty grew. Year by year the orbit of his influence enlarged, the pilgrimages to his dwelling increased in numbers and enthusiasm.

When attending the burial of the “Unknown American Soldier” at Arlington he was acclaimed by a great non-partisan demonstration as “a wounded soldier of the World War,” and that in truth was what he represented. I regret he has not been laid to rest in Arlington. As I stood amid its

graves not so very long ago Woodrow Wilson was always in my mind, and I strongly felt that he would be honoured and vindicated in death, as for years past he had not been honoured in life. I know that his memory will be a very potent influence in the country he loved and served. His power, exerted from the other side will be a far mightier lever than his living voice.

So passes a very great American, whose body has been laid to rest in the Cathedral upon the hill overlooking the City. The full national salute of 48 guns, one for each state in the Union, boomed throughout the day whilst the thousands gathered in the streets. Then at 3 p.m. came the mortal remains of the great War President, passing in the utmost simplicity and without eulogy betwixt the weeping multitudes. As the body was lowered into the Crypt a deep silence fell over the mourning city, and I have no doubt that then the prophetic voice of Woodrow Wilson spoke to the listening thousands. Then from every church tower tolled out a requiem.

Does such a concatenation of momentous happenings come about by pure chance ?

The student of Occultism believes that they are really a transmutation which will bring about a new orientation in world politics. The deadly inertia that had fallen upon so many nations has been broken up.

The passing of Lenin and Woodrow Wilson, the advent of Labour to power, each one of these events taken singly is of tremendous import to millions of human beings. Each one will bring change for good or evil into the lives of millions of people.

David Gow writes most truly in "Light."

"Mr. MacDonald and his Party, or any other leader of organised Labour, or of any other Party, can retain political and social power only by obedience to the Divine Mandates proclaimed in Cosmic Movement and Evolutionary Law, which are plainly operating to a destined unification of the nations and races of this earth ; under which supernal powers all human institutions and wills, small and great, must ultimately bend or break."

Obedience to evolutionary law !

Eyes open to the Phantoms of the Dawn ! Ears open to listen to the Voice of the Silence ! What more is needful to bring Heaven down to Earth ?

"And he that sat upon the throne said :

'Behold, I make all things new,' and he said unto me :

'Write, for these words are true and faithful.'"

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