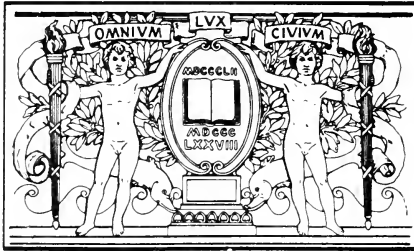


# SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS



A  
BRIEF RECORD  
OF MY OWN  
EXPERIENCES  
BY

SIR WILLIAM EARNSHAW COOPER  
C. I. E.



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“Quod petis hic est.”  
(That which you seek is close at hand).

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EXETER: W. J. SOUTHWOOD & Co.  
Printers to The Order of the Golden Age.

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# SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

## A BRIEF RECORD OF MY OWN EXPERIENCES.

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**I**N recounting to friends certain psychic phenomena which it has been my fortune to experience during the last few months, I have been urged to place on record all that has occurred to me for the benefit of those interested in the study of spiritual manifestations.

On giving the matter due consideration, I am confronted by several questions that seem to require careful thought before I commit to writing, and therefore, possibly, to eventual publication, certain events in my life of a nature which most men regard as being sacred and inviolable.

To review the past is not altogether a painless process to most people, but to re-open one's life for public inspection at one of its most painful pages is a task that all would shrink from. Nevertheless, it seems to me that unless there be some purpose underlying the extraordinary manifestations of spirit power with which I have recently been favoured, these phenomena would probably have been either withheld altogether or would have assumed other form.

Bearing in mind the nature of these revelations, and never overlooking the fact that their commanding feature seems to be the revealment of certain truths which mankind generally are apt to regard as of no moment to their lives, it becomes apparent that the *establishment* of these truths is what is aimed at by those friends from 'Beyond the Veil.'

The establishment of a truth is difficult enough in respect to any of the moral, social and economic conditions which environ the purely *material* life of mankind, but to seek to set up certain truths in respect to man's *spiritual* condition, and especially to his life in the Hereafter, is to essay that which seems, at the moment, to be an almost superhuman task.

“What *is* Truth?” demanded Pilate of the Christ, and the question has been asked by men of all countries and of all creeds during countless ages.

The world was old before the Saviour's advent, and it is older to-day, yet Pilate's famous aphorism is ever upon the lips of men. Christ Himself stood for Truth; was, indeed, its very incarnation. His Apostles affirmed it; the early Christian Fathers died for it; prophets, seers and sages have expounded its principles these many thousands of years, and even to-day do those spirits, from what men term the ‘Shadowland,’ come to declare it to spirits yet incarnate, but still man doubts, as he always has doubted.

If, then, the publication of such revelations as have been manifested to me will assist, even in the smallest degree, in establishing the truth in regard to the Life beyond the grave, which most men believe in but which few care to investigate, I readily and unhesitatingly submit these pages to the hands of the printer.

To those who, unrestrained by the narrow tenets of an unsatisfying form of creedal belief, are free to recognise and accept the direct and unmistakable evidence of those discarnate spirits from beyond the ‘Border’ who are permitted to communicate with the sons of men, these pages will appeal. To those who are still sceptical of the potency of spirit power, the message will convey no meaning.

I would only add that, in recording the following



manifestations of the activities of spirit life, I am actuated by no desire to convert men to any of the occult sciences which may be summed up in what is known as 'Spiritualism,' because I am not in any sense a missionary. I am, on the contrary, what society calls a sane man of the world who, once convinced of the actuality of spirit life, entered upon the study of these psychic manifestations rather with the purpose of practical investigation than with the idle curiosity of a *dilettante* or the emotionalism of the *exalté*. As such, I merely place before those friends who are desirous of reading these pages, certain actual experiences that have recently occurred to me during what I may safely regard as one of the sanest periods of my life.

I have added nothing to, nor substracted anything from, these experiences, but record them word for word, as far as I can remember, just as they occurred.

For these reasons, as also for those I am about to give, I deem it advisable to make known these manifestations.

Here are a few other considerations which urge me to this course :

1. I find that a vast number of people, while desirous of knowing something of psychic phenomena, are deterred from undertaking personal investigation partly because of the ridicule which they surmise attaches to those who seek for the Truth ; partly because of some degree of charlatanism which attends certain séances ; and partly because of the lack of literature on the subject of a nature that, while fundamentally simple, might yet be highly instructive.
2. Because I regard the study of psychic force as essential to man's existence and a necessary

equipment for the battle of life. I go further and affirm that psychic force should not be regarded as a corollary of physical energy, but that matter, relegated to its legitimate domain, should be recognised as a result of psychic power. This view of the case has been adopted by many of our greatest living scientists.

3. If physical energy be the *result* of some greater force, it follows that that productive energy, whatever it may be, should be regarded by man as something with which he would do well to link up his life's forces, provided it lay within his power to do so; and further provided that, in utilising this potential energy, he would not be acting detrimentally to his own interests in this life or, as far as we may be permitted to ascertain, in the life after this. For this reason alone it is necessary that man should be attracted towards, rather than repelled from, the investigation of spiritual science.
4. That as many of the great men who have moved across the world's stage during the last few thousand years have been richly endowed with psychic powers of a nature that enabled them to "walk very near to God," it would be a pardonable ambition if the sons of this age sought to emulate those great heroes of ancient times. The greatest of these was Jesus the Christ; and, although He performed works the like of which the world had never beheld, yet He laid claim to no powers that others might not possess. We have the Master's word for it that the possession of great spiritual power was but a question of faith, of belief. "He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father."

Further on we have the dictum of the Apostle Peter: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; But in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."

If these plain words of the Christ and His apostle mean anything it is this, that, irrespective of race or creed, he who is possessed of a whole-souled, convincing, all-compelling BELIEF, will be in a position to develop and maintain an amount of psychic force, or spiritual power which, to the uninitiated, uninstructed, and worldly-minded sons of a degenerate race, will be regarded as—superhuman.

To such it would be futile to point out that these so-called superhuman powers have been possessed and freely exercised by an innumerable company of men in all ages and in many countries, because they would exclaim--"Ah! these men were especially chosen of God for certain purposes, but He does not work in that way now."

So specious a method of reasoning would not only satisfy the speaker, but, as a rule, his hearers as well, and so the Word of God would thus lightly be set aside and His plain purpose foolishly ignored. The words: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you" have no more meaning to the vast majority of the human race to-day than they had to those to whom the gracious message was uttered nineteen hundred years ago. Unbelief is the rule now, but as there is 'a silver lining to every cloud' so is there a hope dawning upon the horizon of doubt and scepticism that promises to break into a glorious floodlight of

Truth, enabling men to see clearly and not as now, 'through a glass darkly.'

For this reason I hold that he who can assist his brother to a realisation of the Truth should withhold nothing from him, even at some hurt to himself.

5. Lastly, as I plainly perceive that the investigation of psychic phenomena, or the quest after Truth, not only does not take a man one step away from God and His Christ but, on the contrary, brings him many steps nearer to Him—"Straight into the Everlasting Arms"—it follows that *this* fragment of the Indestructible Truth should also be carefully gathered up, preserved, and built into the great structure of God's mighty purpose towards mankind. "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost" was the Master's command, and, if men would but perceive it, this fragment of the everlasting verities might be rendered very precious indeed.

I would state that, although I never attempted to investigate, till quite recently, that domain which lies beyond the ken of most men, I have always had a predisposition towards the occult. I have, moreover, never disbelieved in the practicability of spiritual manifestations, for the very good reason that if we believe in the Book which lies at the very root of our own religion—the Bible—there cannot possibly be any room for disbelief, because, from cover to cover of the volume which men regard as "Holy Writ," spiritual manifestations are recounted on almost every page.

To one, then, who regards spiritual communications as lying within the sphere of human possibility, the experiences I am about to relate can only be looked upon as the operation of a natural law, one of those

universal laws incessantly at work, but which men in their blindness fail to perceive.

The principle here operating is the "Law of Everlasting Life." For thousands of years man has been told by prophets, philosophers and wise men, and by Christ Himself, that he is immortal, and yet he will not believe, or, if he believes, it is only in a halting, flabby, half-hearted way that carries him as far as the grave, but not beyond it. He is sure that the mortal part of him lies in the grave after death, but, as he has no clear conception what becomes of his immortal soul during the period lying betwixt death and what is termed the "Day of Judgment," he may possibly possess the idea that it exists in a dormant condition, somewhere in that vast Unknown which stretches from Time to Eternity.

In other words, the incessant giving-off of spirit-essence by the souls of men becoming discarnate, and the prodigious accumulation of spiritual force as a necessary result of human dissolution, is—wasted. Think of it! Think of what it means! On the one hand we have knowledge of the ceaseless energy of the Productive Principle always operating, always constructing, eternally evolving and ever energising, and, on the other, the antithesis of it all in the waste, or, at the most, in the non-utilisation of that stupendous spiritual power for ever being given off by the process of discarnation.

This unspeakable force, being accumulative, necessarily assumes—during the immeasurable period covered by the birth of the human race and this "Day of Judgment"—proportions of which the finite mind of man cannot conceive, and yet, in that inconsequent manner which characterises him, he foolishly consigns these potent, awe-inspiring forces—this wonder-working

part of God's own Indestructible Essence—to senseless oblivion or prodigal waste.

A little common-sense here would do no harm to those who have formed so imperfect a conception of God's purpose towards mankind.

Here is a reasonable solution of this problem, or rather of this vast error, which has done incalculable harm by inducing a false conception of God's purpose:—

Life, whether on the earth-plane or the spiritual-planes beyond, is one continued pilgrimage; the soul forces ever unfolding, the spiritual nature ever developing, and the real Ego of man ever soaring onwards and upwards towards the Infinite. But, whether in its incarnate or discarnate condition, this Ego is answerable Here, or in the stage of existence which—for purposes of illustration—may be termed the “Hereafter,” for deeds done in the flesh. In these two phases of the soul's state must expiation be made and full compensation rendered for every sin of omission or commission while in the carnal condition.

Man, through that immortal part of him known by the name of Conscience, not infrequently becomes his own judge, even in the flesh, warped, constrained and entirely subdued as it often is by earthly considerations; but, freed from the trammels of its gross material body, and purged of its carnal covering, by passing through the mists of death, the imperishable spirit stands revealed.

It is then that the real work of expiation, of redemption, commences, because every disembodied spirit carries with it the mark of its own sins or the measure of its virtues. Conscience can no longer be stifled nor remorse put aside, and the soul thus automatically judges itself. There is no other judge or jury, nor is there any other ‘Day of Judgment’ save that which the spirit

finds in the soul state immediately following the earth-life, namely, *the awful necessity of becoming its own judge.*

This is the law which cannot be set aside even by God Himself, because to do so would be to destroy His own immutability.

But this intelligible plan of God's Purpose involves no waiting—perhaps for millions of years—for the “Day of Judgment.” It further becomes apparent that once the soul be purged of its earthly impurities it will be drawn into God's great Redemptive Scheme and utilised by Him for some wise purpose.

Admitting, then, that in God's perfect scheme of Creation and Redemption nothing is wasted, nothing lost and nothing forgotten, it follows that He could not possibly fail to utilise these countless myriads of discarnate spirits gone over to the “Great Majority.” It further follows that, as this spirit power cannot be “wasted,” the Ever-watchful One may conceivably use part of it in furtherance of His great Redemptive plan by establishing simple yet perfectly natural lines of communication with spirits still incarnate—if it pleases Him so to do.

That He has, aforesaid, so used part of this spirit force in manifesting Himself in a similar manner to the sons of men, through His chosen spiritual instruments, history freely testifies.

That He similarly manifests Himself to the human race to-day, by and through the means of those who have developed their clairvoyant and clairaudient powers, is beyond dispute or doubt.

That He has manifested Himself to me during the last few months by His chosen spiritual messengers, through the medium of a spiritually guided man, is also beyond dispute.

This now brings me to the bare narration of certain

experiences which have occurred to me during the last six or eight months.

In May or June last <sup>1909</sup> I had to meet in London, on business, my friend Mr. Sidney Beard, who introduced me to his younger brother, Mr. Percy Beard. I had met the elder brother on a few occasions previous to this, but had never met the younger one.

After a brief conversation Mr. Sidney Beard, having business to transact elsewhere, left me to converse with his brother Percy. We had been engaged in conversation for perhaps about ten minutes when my new friend, who seemed to be looking into and beyond me, suddenly exclaimed—"I see about you a number of spirit-forms who are desirous of attracting your attention." He then proceeded to describe quite a number of them, some of whom seemed familiar, while others seemed to have no meaning for me. I confessed to being astonished at so remarkable a turn to what I regarded as an ordinary conversation on topics connected with the business about which I had called, and ultimately asked the meaning of it. Mr. Beard replied—"These, no doubt, are those who, when in the body, entered into your life at some period of your career, and are now anxious to remind you of their friendship and goodwill, or to express gratitude for help of some kind or other afforded to them by yourself during their lifetime. They desire to demonstrate to you that memory of your kindly actions really exists after the change called Death."

I made some remark to the effect "Is it possible that such things can be?" and my friend replied—"Certainly, there is no doubt that acts done in this life live on, and that their results are visible and well understood in the next life."

My friend then said:—"Among the many spirit-forms I see about you is one apart from the rest." He then



described a beautiful female figure, her features and form, and added "Does this convey anything to you?" I said "No! I can only think of a sister who died years ago." He at once replied "No! No! this one has been in the land of Realities a long time, as her shining garments and radiant presence signify; besides this, she shows a luminous cross above her brow, denoting her emanation from a higher sphere. I take her to be one who takes great interest in your life, and is desirous of helping you with the others who come with her."

This fresh manifestation astounded me more than ever, and I said something to the effect that I was so astonished as to be unable to make fitting comment.

Mr. Beard then said, "There is an elderly female form quite close to you, looking at you with loving eyes, and anxious to attract your attention." He then described her form, features, the colour of her hair and the way it was arranged, as also her costume. He added: "She is now calling my attention to a cap of peculiar shape she is wearing. It is flat upon the head, with large, long and broad ribbons or lappets falling from the sides of the cap to the shoulders. I have never seen a cap like it. She is still pointing to the cap as though desirous of impressing its shape and appearance upon my memory. She is now showing me an ornament of some sort, probably a brooch, fastening a shawl or mantle she is wearing on her shoulders; she seems anxious that I should carefully remark this ornament." He then added: "Do you recognize this friend by the description given?" I replied, "God bless my soul, you have accurately described not only the features of my dear mother, but her head-dress and attire as well."

Naturally enough this additional proof of what to me, at that period, appeared to be a manifestation of superhuman power was astounding beyond measure,

particularly so as it occurred to me that the only costume or articles of attire, head-dress or what not, that I remember my dear mother ever wearing were, singularly enough, the very cap with its peculiar flat shape and broad ribbons or lappets at the side falling to the shoulders, together with the mantle fastened at the throat with its brooch or some round ornament.

I should here add that I should not have remembered even these articles of attire were it not for the significant fact that they formed the principal and most prominent articles of her costume on the only occasion on which she had her photograph taken, away back in the "forties."

This fact is impressed upon my mind because the son of one of the village tradesmen set up what he called a "studio," and, more for the fun of the thing than, perhaps, anything else, my brothers and myself induced our dear mother, after a lot of persuasion, to have her photograph taken. These photographs were tiny affairs, the bust being scarcely larger than a shilling, but the fact that I still have a couple of them in my possession, *with the peculiar cap with its broad side lappets and the mantle fastened at the throat with its round brooch*, has enabled me to maintain a vivid recollection of the very articles with which my dear mother attired herself on that occasion.

I would further add that were it not for these photographs I should have been as profoundly ignorant of the nature and style of my mother's mode of attire, the shape of her caps, or indeed of any single item of her dress, as I am of the costume worn, at this moment, by an Esquimaux woman.

These photographs formed the only possible link with the past in respect to my mother's costume, and *it was therefore necessary for her to appear in the very articles of attire she wore on that single occasion sixty years ago, in order to establish her identity.*

In other words it should be borne in mind that spirit-visitants, realizing the necessity for establishing identification, necessarily appear to the clairvoyant in some familiar garb easily recognisable by their friends on the earth-plane with whom they wish to communicate. This momentary clothing in the memory of the past is produced by the concentration of the will of the spirit-visitant on that of the Sensitive or Medium, and is a well known feature in spiritual manifestations.

It is true that my friend, who was describing these events to me, most clearly delineated my mother's form and features, particularly a somewhat remarkable feature, my mother's eyes, which were large, brown and liquid and full of love and pathos, and which he described as "stag-like" eyes, full, clear and brown; but as it is difficult for one person to convey to another an accurate description of form, feature and expression by the mere process of delineation, however well it may be done, it is clear that my dear mother, fully realizing this difficulty, would not rely alone upon a mere description of her person, but appeared before the Medium, for a brief space, arrayed in the very articles of attire she wore on the memorable occasion of having her photograph taken. She knew these items of her attire on that occasion were well remembered by me, for the reason that one or more of these photographs, with the very costume she was taken in, were still in my possession, *and that this peculiar costume, and this one alone, is the only one I remember her ever wearing.*

I must here interpolate that neither of these photographs was on my person at the time, but both were in Bournemouth.

This somewhat lengthy description of what might strike some minds as being a comparatively trifling circumstance becomes necessary to enable the interested

reader—the seeker after Truth—to understand the enormous potentialities underlying the means of communication with the spirit-world, revealed by this single manifestation, which will be more startlingly shown as this narrative proceeds.

On receiving this convincing proof of my mother's presence I said, "Has my dear mother any message for me, does she wish me to do anything, to perform some office?" or words to that effect. Mr. Beard said, "She is now standing beside you, with her hand on your shoulder, looking down and into your face with a tender, loving expression; her hand is now upon your head, and she wishes to convey to you her love and goodwill, and to assure you of her watchful regard in the future as in the past."

In reply to this I clumsily and inadequately expressed my gratitude, and the form of her I loved most of all women immediately faded from the vision of my new-found friend.

Following immediately on this, to me, supernatural phenomenon, came another startling discovery. My friend said, "I see another female form. She is of a taller and fuller presence than your mother; a handsome, commanding woman with a full open brow, large, clear, blue-grey eyes, straight nose, beautifully shaped lips and mouth, and a full, rounded chin. Her hair is luxuriant, dark brown, streaked freely with grey, and worn so as to show a high forehead. The most conspicuous part of her costume is some white thing she is wearing upon her head, and falling over her shoulders. It is a white, cloudy looking thing, as though made of some light, soft material, such as wool or silk, and she seems particularly anxious that I should call your attention to this because she is not only handling it but pointing to it as something that you will remember.

She has suddenly placed both hands to her side, her face has assumed an expression of suffering, and her whole attitude denotes considerable pain and bodily distress." "Now," continued the Sensitive, "I am actually taking on, in my own body, her physical sufferings when in the flesh, and they are most acute and distressing. I feel extreme pain in the side, considerable pressure and pain in the heart, difficulty in breathing, with a most distressing, choking sensation as though I am fighting for very life!" After a brief space my friend said, "These symptoms have passed, although I still feel their temporary effect. This spirit is again calling my attention to the white cloud-like thing upon her head, as though anxious to impress this particular article of her attire upon your mind. Does this picture convey any meaning to you?"

I exclaimed, "Convey any meaning? Why, you have accurately described my late wife, not only in presence, form and features, but as to the very nature of her physical troubles, which played so important a part in her earth-life. Every symptom which you describe as having temporarily taken on in your own body, is identical with those which attended my wife, and with which I was so familiar during her life-time. The white thing you describe as forming the one article of attire which the spirit-form of my wife is anxious I should remember, is a favourite white "cloud," made of some fine soft silk and wool material she often, or perhaps always, wore on her head on those many occasions when she suffered from attacks of neuralgic headache, or other ailments demanding warmth or protection to the head, and which I remember so well. Indeed, you have presented to me a picture of a portion of my married life so true in detail, and so accurate in every respect, that I am more than ever astounded at

the truth underlying Spiritualism, and am utterly confounded by such revelations."

I would here add that I was so "taken aback," in common parlance, that I had no fitting word to say, and I fear I let my dear wife drift away, so to speak, without asking any questions. At any rate I cannot remember if I said anything or what I said, beyond the reply above given in response to Mr. Beard's question: "Does the picture convey any meaning?"

So that this manifestation may become more intelligible I would explain that, during her lifetime, my wife was continually suffering from certain ailments, chiefly nervous disorders, which induced exactly the symptoms in her physical body which she so marvelously assumed in her spirit body, and which she even more marvellously, but temporarily, transferred to the body of Mr. Beard, so that the evidence of communication being established with the spirit-world should be more complete and convincing.

Distressing fainting fits, preceded by severe pains about the region of the heart, and followed by struggles for breath and fighting for life, were of fairly frequent occurrence during the twenty-four years she was my wife, while she was constantly complaining of severe pains in the side. Neuralgic headaches were also of frequent occurrence, and during the last years of her life she invariably used that white "cloud" about her head whenever she suffered from these attacks.

This particular "cloud," I should mention, plays an important part in the case, because, being a favourite with my dear wife before she passed away, I especially selected it from among her little belongings after she died. Since I came to Bournemouth I placed it in the top drawer of a chest of drawers in my bedroom, so that

for the last ten years it has lain within a couple of feet of my pillow whilst I slept.

Obviously there was a most excellent reason for the spirit-body of my wife making this "cloud" assume so prominent a part in her manifestation of actual existence, and, although the connection between this article of attire and her earth-life was perfectly intelligible without this added information, *with* it the evidence becomes not only clear but startlingly vivid.

I will pass over a number of minor manifestations of the actual existence of several other friends included in that number of spirit-forms which my friend told me were about me when he first informed me of their presence, for the reason that I have so much to relate that, unless I confine myself to but one or two of the more prominent features of these spiritual manifestations, I shall prolong this narrative indefinitely.

Connected with the appearance of these spirit-friends I was struck with the remarkably practical course they invariably took in picturing some incident in our joint earth-life, which they had good reason to know I should remember. One of these was a country scene in India. Two horsemen were standing beside a horse which had evidently met with an accident; the saddle, which was lying on the ground, was damaged, the girths were broken and one of the horsemen was more or less hurt. The features of both horsemen were obscured by the large sun-hats they wore. This picture then faded and gave place to another. I only mention this one instance because it is a well-known scene out of my own life. It occurred to me in India on Christmas Day, 1866 or 1867, the particulars of which I need not relate. I would add this is the only incident of the kind in my life which exactly fits the picture. It is memorable to me because I nearly lost my life on that occasion. The friend

who came to my aid on that occasion died several years ago.

On resuming conversation with my new-found friend I expressed great astonishment at the phenomena with which I had been favoured, and he expressed himself as being pleased with the satisfactory result, because it was evident that these spirit-friends were desirous of establishing communication with me, and it was gratifying to him to know that the evidence afforded by them was clear and intelligible. He added—"You are fortunate in getting such clear evidence of the actual existence of your mother and wife on another plane of life at such an early period of your psychic experiences, because such evidential testimony does not, in all cases, stand out so clearly as in this, and it is evident that the "conditions" are very favourable. I am only thankful that I have been the means of bringing you together, and if I can be of further service to you at any time you may command me."

Questioned as to the meaning of these, to me, miraculous manifestations, my friend explained that there was nothing superhuman or supernatural about such phenomena, which are, in reality, nothing but the operation of one of God's natural laws, as yet but imperfectly understood by man. Each one of us, he said, possesses, whether he knows it or not, a psychic aura in which such spirit experiences as those just referred to can and do take place, and which are perfectly visible, under certain conditions, to those who have developed their clairvoyant powers. To many clairvoyants the psychic aura of quite a number of persons is capable of being penetrated and laid bare to this clairvoyant power, and when the "conditions" are favourable, that is to say, when the spiritual affinities of the incarnate and discarnate spirits are attuned to perfect harmony, each, in other words, prayerfully desirous of communication



being formed, the part of the clairvoyant becomes comparatively easy.

This was what happened in my case. I was ever a believer in psychic power and always desirous of some manifestation. I had, in short, determined upon a line of action which would enable me to establish some kind of communication with those dear ones who had joined the "Great Majority," and the thoughts thus given out were as surely received by those on the spiritual-plane as the telephone message is received by those at the other end of the wire. The meeting with one endowed with clairvoyant powers offered the opportunity, and the rest is herein depicted.

This power of thought-force is becoming better understood day by day, and when it is perfectly interpreted it will be found that THOUGHTS are the real, moving, active, living forces of the universe, and that Matter is but a—RESULT. This will, no doubt, prove a severe blow to many a preconceived idea, nevertheless, it will have to be recognised as a living TRUTH sooner or later.

The "conditions" in my case were, then, favourable; and, in obedience to the law "Ask and you shall receive," the desired testimony of the existence of our dear ones, on a plane of life interplaning with our own sphere of existence, was at once given.

Not being possessed of clairvoyant powers, or rather, as I have since learned, not having developed those clairvoyant, clairaudient, or other spiritual gifts which it is conceivable are immanent in *every* human entity, the evidence I earnestly and reverently sought for had necessarily to be communicated to me through a Medium who had developed his own power, in precisely the same manner that those who have not learned to become telegraphic operators have to employ a medium to

dispatch the message which they themselves, for this reason, cannot send.

As a little practice at the telegraphic instrument would enable each one of us to dispatch or receive the telegram, so would an earnest attitude in respect to the question we are considering enable us to dispatch and receive psychic messages, aye, even with greater freedom than the telegraph clerk operates along his comparatively clumsy system of wires, posts and cables.

The etheric or magnetic current, or whatever the medium of communication may be between incarnate and discarnate beings, presents no obstacle to free, unrestricted, and instantaneous intercourse, and this truth is becoming more manifest every day to an increasing number of thoughtful people, as also to many scientists.

I have been careful in recording these dicta in regard to psychic phenomena, not only because of prevailing ignorance on a subject which is now regarded by scientists as of so much moment in the economy of life, but also because there is more relevance than most people imagine between the system of transmitting telegraphic messages from one friend to another in different parts of this planet, and that of thought-transmission and thought-transference between friends either in the flesh or in the spirit. Unfortunately, however, there are so many abstruse terms, such as "Sub-conscious and active personalities," "subliminal consciousness," "psychometry," "subjective bodies" and numerous other allied perplexing expressions in the air to-day, that the brain is becoming bewildered by a multitude of scientific terms which are being cast around the subject. But when the ordinary mind breaks away from the 'isms and 'ologies in which scientists love to indulge and divests the mantle of Spiritualism of that elaborate broidery of ornate, obscure vocables which the

members of the "Research" Societies have woven into its texture, it will become apparent that communication between spirits incarnate and spirits discarnate is simply the operation of a natural law, and, therefore, well within the possibilities of everyday life.

It will, moreover, be discovered that this power, although latent to-day, will change its potentialities into a mighty, compelling, living force which will do more to uplift the human race than anything that has heretofore transpired in its long history. It is a power that, throughout the ages, has always been held by the few, but when man realizes that it is part of his mortal heritage, that it belongs to every human being, and that each individual entity can claim it as his right from Him who is but too willing to yield it into the hands of those who will wisely use it, then will he learn that this law, like all the laws of the Eternal, is so simple in its operation as to become intelligible even to children.

I will now bring the scene of the narrative to Bournemouth.

About six weeks, perhaps, after my first experience in London, Mr. Beard visited me at my house just for a week end, arriving on Saturday afternoon and leaving early on Monday morning.

After dinner on Saturday evening Mr. Beard was soon under the control of one of his Guides, who poured forth, through the lips of his Medium, a flow of eloquence lasting perhaps for ten minutes or more. I will not attempt to recount what was said, because I shall relate further on an account of what took place on a more recent occasion, which I better remember. I would merely say that, like all the spirit utterances with which I have been favoured, the language was beautiful, measured and stately, and poured forth in unbroken melody till the end. It was an exhortation to purity of

life, nobleness of effort and ceaseless energy in the upliftment of others. LOVE! was the key-note of the address, the Eternal Love of the Father and of the Christ. It was very simple, but very perfect and convincing, like all the Everlasting Verities.

On assuming his normal condition, Mr. Beard said: "There is an Eastern figure standing behind you near the piano. His complexion is dark olive, I should call it; his nose is clean cut, aquiline; he has beautiful clear eyes of, I believe, dark grey. His chin is full and prominent, the hair falling from under a head-dress, which is a small neat kind of what I believe to be a turban; it is white, as also is his moustache and beard. I call it a very handsome face. The dress is white, like a white robe, confined at the waist by some kind of white girdle. The breast of the robe seems to be open and cut square, showing what seems to be lace or white embroidered muslin. The sleeves of the robe are long, wide at the wrists and falling down like the open sleeves of a lady's dress. Here, too, is showing the same embroidered lace-like looking muslin. On the hand of this figure there is a large ring with a broad flat stone which looks like a great seal, the colour of the stone is red, and this friend is pointing to it so that I may be particular in calling your attention to it."

Mr. Beard then said, "Is this intelligible to you?" I replied, "I think it must be the spirit of my old Khansamah, of whom I was very fond." Mr. Beard at once said, "What is a Khansamah?" I replied, "A butler or head servant." My friend at once said, "No! this is no servant, but one in a higher position; one who was your friend. I say this because I know it from our visitant."

I exclaimed, "God bless me, I know who it is." Mr. Beard then added, "He is now showing me a

curious animal which I take to be a cow, although I have never seen its like before. It has large, spreading horns, with a large thing growing out of its shoulders which looks like a hump or some deformity. He is particularly anxious that I should call your attention to this animal for some reason which I cannot quite understand. Does this picture appeal to you?" I replied, "Perfectly! I quite understand what my old friend means by showing me the cow, and I quite recognise who our visitor is. I can only express my astonishment at the manifestation."

On this visitor withdrawing, my friend said, "Your mother has come again and is standing close to your shoulder. There is the same intense, loving look in her eyes, and she wishes me to convey to you her gratitude for having rendered the last year or two of her life less hard, as also for having removed from it, some years before, a haunting dread which, up to that time, was ever present with her. She desires me to make you understand that what you did for her removed a heavy burden from her life and enabled her to pass it, till the end, in comparative peace and contentment. She is particularly anxious that I should make you realize this because it meant so much to her during her lifetime, and this is the first time she has ever been able to remind you of it," or words to that effect.

I was now becoming accustomed to these manifestations and expressed less astonishment. I merely replied—"Thank my dear mother for her presence and for her gracious message which is perfectly intelligible to me, even to the letter, and add, I too am grateful for having been enabled to afford the necessary help on both the occasions referred to, and to learn that, with my assistance, her life was rendered more endurable."

I then added—"Can my dear mother give me some

evidence of our parting on the occasion of my leaving home for India. It was the last time I saw her on earth, and as there were peculiar circumstances connected therewith, it would be interesting and convincing if she could show me some of the incidents."

Mr. Beard said "Your mother is showing me a scene of your parting in a room in which there are several people besides yourselves. The parting is a sad, sorrowful one enough, but she has mentioned the name of "Elizabeth," which she is anxious I should remember, because she keeps repeating it. She is now showing me the house of this "Elizabeth," and I gather that it played an important part in the scene of your leave-taking."

I then asked Mr. Beard, "Can my mother show me any other feature in the scene of our parting, because it has certain peculiar characteristics which are, no doubt, as fully remembered by my mother as by myself?" My friend almost immediately replied "Your mother is now showing me something which appears in the form of a triangle; at least that is the nearest form I can think of. I believe this peculiar shaped thing is intended to convey to you that she parted with you at one point of this triangle, and afterwards at another. If this manifestation has any meaning for you I shall be glad, for this is all I can get from your mother on this point."

I thanked my mother for what she had endeavoured to show me and said, "I quite understand what my mother intends to convey, and, although the meaning is clear, I hope she will be able to give me further evidence," or words to that effect.

After several attempts to get further information Mr. Beard said "The power is not so strong now, and I fear further evidence will be difficult." I replied, "Do not do anything further; the evidence, so far as it goes, is quite conclusive."

Many more clear manifestations were given of the ease with which communications can be opened up with what men erroneously call the "Hidden World," but as this narrative would become too lengthy by their narration, I propose to confine myself practically to the development of the two cases I have just referred to in their sequential order—that of my Eastern visitant, and of my mother. I will explain the meaning of these last manifestations later on.

A few weeks after this I again invited Mr. Beard down and, on resuming our investigations, I was again favoured with even more conclusive evidence of the continuity of life on the plane beyond this, but which indubitably interplanes with it.

Mr. Beard was in his normal condition, and, after sitting in the music room for a few minutes in silence, said, "There is again your Eastern friend standing near the piano and he is looking at you with friendly, loving eyes." He added: "Your old friend is saluting you by placing his hand upon his brow and bowing towards you; evidently some form of Eastern salutation. He is repeating these salutations so that I may call your attention to what he is doing." This form of salutation is the well known Indian "salaam," and never did my old friend enter or leave my presence without punctiliously performing the ceremony; indeed, to omit it would have shown a lack of respect.

I said "I am very glad, and I should now like him to show me in what way he was connected with me in the past; in what business, for example."

Mr. Beard promptly said "He is showing me what I take to be an immense room or warehouse, with quite a number of pillars in it. On the floor, all over this great room, are large heaps of some material of which I am ignorant. This curious looking stuff seems to consist of

some cob-webby looking material like thread ; its colour is of a light greyish hue or greyish yellow. It seems to be in bundles or knots of some kind, and I am now feeling it on my hands, arms and feet as though it is of a clinging, cob-webby nature. Your spirit-friend is evidently anxious that I should get some clear idea of what he is showing me." He then went on "I am now shown, in the same warehouse, but at the back, an immense array of great bales piled one on the top of the other, stretching right across the back wall and reaching to the roof of the building, and I am particularly anxious to take note of this, because I gather that this is the business with which your friend was connected with you during his earth-life."

The Sensitive continued, "Your old friend is particularly anxious that I should express to you his gratitude for something you did for him during the last few years of his life, which was not only of immense service to him personally—by preventing some great misfortune which would otherwise have overtaken him—but which enabled him to live out the remaining portion of his earth-existence in comfort and comparative peace. I gather that the misfortune he refers to was of a financial nature. He is careful that I should impress this upon your mind for some very good reason, no doubt." Mr. Beard then remarked, "He is again showing me the cow to which he draws particular attention, as also the ring on his hand, to which he is pointing as he holds it up for my inspection," and added, "Is all this quite intelligible to you" ?

I replied, "It is not only intelligible, but wonderful ; but could my old friend tell you of some peculiar term he invariably used in speaking to me, or of me, to others ; a term or name of his own choosing ? I should regard this as being exceptionally clear evidence, if you



could but get it." Mr. Beard promised to try. After a few minutes of silence he said "Omra" or "Homra," yes, that is the word he gives me—"Homra." (N.B., this word in Hindustani is pronounced like "Homera.") I said "Yes, perfectly intelligible, but there is something else." Mr. Beard added: "He is now showing me five separate letters, the first two of them are clear and they are—S A. The other three are obscure. I am trying to get them shown more clearly, but our visitor appears to have difficulty in this."

After this the Medium said, "He is showing me the last three letters, but as they continue somewhat obscure I hear the complete word which I take to be 'SAHIB.'"

Mr. Beard then informed me that my wife was present and standing quite close to my old friend. I said I was glad to hear this because it indicated that if my wife, a Christian, were found in the same heaven, or spiritual condition, as a Brahmin, God's veritable heaven must be of a different nature from what orthodox Christians are led to believe. I added, "There is one singular feature about this appearance of my old friend and it is this. I have, strangely enough, forgotten his name, although I was connected with him in business for over twenty years, and know his name as well as I know my own. Can you get it for me?" Mr. Beard almost at once replied, "He is showing me—G. O. D; these three letters, and wishes you to understand that his name is particularly connected with GOD." Mr. Beard remarked, "It seems so strange a suggestion that I am still trying to get his name, but he keeps showing me the same word GOD! GOD! I fear I can get no further answer. Does it convey any meaning?" I said, "None whatever," nor did it. Mr. Beard then surprised me by saying, "Your Eastern friend is now talking to your wife and he is tapping his

own forehead and pointing to you, and wishes me to convey to you his regret for your lapse of memory. Both of them are now looking at you and smiling at your perplexity."

I confessed astonishment at this because, just for a moment, it appeared as though a sense of the ridiculous, or any indication of amusement among spirit-people seemed so unorthodox and incongruous as to amount to levity, but second thoughts suggested—Why not? Why should it be all solemnity over in the bright land beyond? What right have we to assume that amusement is only intended for us, and not for the inhabitants of other spheres? My first position was obviously untenable and had to be abandoned.

However, my old friend's name continued to remain blotted out of my memory. All Saturday night and all Sunday I tried to recall it, but to no purpose. On Sunday afternoon my friend, Mr. Beard, walked with me to the pier, and on returning through the gardens, near the children's "Paradise," the name of my old friend—LALLA MAHDO RAM—was projected into my brain like a flash. The first word of his name is but a prefix signifying a condition of life. 'Mahdo,' 'Mahdeo,' 'Mahdeva,' however, are but different ways of spelling one of the names of the Hindu deity—the god Siva; while 'Ram' or 'Rama' is an incarnation of Vishnu, one of the great deities of the RAMAVANA. Of itself 'RAM' generally signifies—GOD!

My old friend of the 'God-like' name had very good reason for showing Mr. Beard that his name was peculiarly and intimately associated with—GOD, and although this conveyed no meaning to my mind, so long as his name remained blotted out of my memory, it assumed a meaning of significant importance the moment the name of this friend was given back to me.

Now let me proceed to produce the key to the riddle, or rather, I should say, to supply the other links in this chain of evidence.

1. The appearance of the spirit of an Eastern figure whose form, features and peculiar costume, even for India, exactly tally with those of an old and valued friend, a Hindu gentleman who was connected with me in business in Cawnpore for over twenty years.
2. The wearing of a ring which I remember perfectly, and which I had ample opportunity of remarking upon during our long friendship and business connection. This ring, described by Mr. Beard, is identical with that constantly worn by my old friend in his earth-life.
3. In confounding this figure with that of an old "servant" I was at once authoritatively told that—"this is no servant but a friend." This turned out to be true, but how did the Sensitive know?
4. I was shown a curious looking animal believed to be a cow. This animal was regarded of sufficient importance to necessitate re-introduction on the second occasion of my old friend appearing to me. Why?

The answer is this—Fourteen or fifteen years ago a movement was started in India to protect the cow (regarded there as a sacred animal). Money was collected almost entirely among the natives; homes and hospitals were built, and the movement 'caught on' and created some stir. As a man of influence, my old friend asked me to join it. I did so, and was, I believe, the only European supporter of the movement in Cawnpore. By and by some wiseacres fancied they detected a deep political motive, hostile to the British Raj, underlying the

affair, and some of my friends, among whom was one of the Directors of the Company of which I was the Chairman, and my old friend the agent for the sale of its cloth and yarn, tried to dissuade me from giving the movement further support. I, however, declined, and continued to encourage it, because I was convinced that mercy, compassion and altruism were the source of the movement, and not political intrigue. My friend the Lalla was grateful to me for this and never ceased to show it.

The introduction of the *Cow* into the arena of spiritual manifestations, which, without the key, was quite unintelligible, now assumes an amount of interest of the utmost importance and of startling significance.

5. In asking for evidence as to the way in which this Eastern spirit-friend was connected with me in business, a spacious room or warehouse, with a number of pillars in it, on the floor of which were large heaps of strange looking material unfamiliar to Mr. Beard, was at once shown. The warehouse, with its multitude of iron pillars supporting the girder roof, the great heaps of yarn in hanks, scattered over the floor, with the immense stock of baled goods against the wall in the background, are simply a reproduction of a daily scene in the sorting or store room of the Muir (Cotton) Mills in Cawnpore, of which Company I was the Chairman, and my friend the Lalla, the Company's agent, as I before explained.

The fact of the spirit-visitant causing conditions which produced the effect which Mr. Beard described as of a "cob-webby," "thready" nature to cling to his hands, arms and feet, so that he might realize the quality and substance of the

material he was being shown in this spirit-picture, must be regarded as evidence of exceptionally high value, and absolutely inexplicable by any known laws of physical science.

Indeed, to the uninitiated, it seems incredible that such powers as these can possibly be; while to the "scientist," who would enter upon the investigation of psychic phenomena in what is termed "the spirit of scientific enquiry," such manifestations as are herein described, being determinable by no recognised material laws, that is to say, *of any laws known to him*, might probably be regarded as a series of clever spiritualistic tricks."

But, as Shakespeare wisely said, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," so will these physical scientists, who necessarily weigh, measure, and determine all phenomena that enter the arena of their investigations by such physical standards as man himself has set up, have to admit, soon or late, that psychic phenomena can no more be determined by physical standards, and weighed in the scales of human invention, than can the mighty waters of the deep be confined in a fishing net. The thing is impossible. To measure the infinite by the finite, as many of our modern scientists are endeavouring to do, is simply—IMPOSSIBLE.

6. The gratitude expressed by this spirit-visitant was for some service I had rendered to him, *partaking of a financial nature*, and this was correctly described by Mr. Beard. Lalla Mahdo Ram was the principal member of a native firm which for years had held the important position of sole agents for the disposal of the entire manufactured produce of the mills.

It was suggested that this firm should be invited to retire from the position, but as the reasons given did not appeal to me, I, as Chairman of the Board of Directors, opposed the scheme. I understood that the Lalla's firm was in financial difficulties at the time, and it is certain that the loss of the Company's business at such a juncture would have resulted in the firm's collapse. My old friend died shortly after this, and his firm either failed or became heavily involved in difficulties. The business of the Company was withdrawn. This, then, was the reason for this display of spirit-gratitude.

That my old friend had never ceased to remember, even in his spirit-state, what I did for him, affords not only evidence of immortality but of life's continuity. It, moreover, proves that we carry with us into the Hereafter all our remembrances of the Here. To say that we enter upon a fresh life in the 'Beyond' is only true in a sense. It would be more correct to say the life is the same, but the conditions environing it change. The spirit, which is our real Ego, changes not. Life with all its pleasure and pain, its joys and sorrows, its omissions and commissions, its good and its evil, knows no change, nor is it discontinued, even for a brief moment.

"He is careful that I should impress this upon your mind, for some very good reason, no doubt," said the Sensitive, and this is further corroboration that, in the state beyond the earth-life, the same thoughts, considerations and recollections influence discarnate-spirits as move and sway the impulses of life on this plane.

But, be this as it may, this much remains clear—an act done in the flesh is not, and cannot

be, forgotten in the spirit-state. Moreover, the power of expressing gratitude is not confined to the human entity in his state of spirit-incarnate, but may, and does, extend to the state of spirit-discarnate. The evidence on this point is conclusive.

7. The extraordinary evidence in regard to the Lalla's pet name for me is also of remarkable significance. Not only was the name given correctly, but in an Eastern language with which Mr. Beard was totally unacquainted. But the most singular part of this link in a chain of evidence of connected strength is in the way the single word "Homra," used by the spirit, was pronounced. The term used by the Lalla in speaking to or of me was "Homra Sahib," meaning "My own or very own Sahib." The word really is "HAMARA," the middle 'a' pronounced broadly like 'ah,' but the Lalla, although a perfect Hindu scholar, slightly 'mouthed' a few words, and this was one of them, which he pronounced like "HOME-RA" in English, or sometimes like "OME-RA," with the aspirate omitted.

It will be remembered that he first gave the name as "OMRA" and afterwards as "HOMRA" which, while being in itself a startling manifestation of spirit power is, moreover, of enormous importance, in that it affords another proof of the fact that, although these disembodied ones are divided from us by the curtain mists of Death, nothing, even of a comparatively trifling nature, is lost, not one single deed, word or thought done or expressed in the earth-life is forgotten, or *permitted to be forgotten*.

This is evidently but the working of one of God's universal laws. Those who seek the Truth will not fail to note this.

8. The only remaining point that need be referred to in this synopsis of events is that of the Lalla's name. It will be remembered that, for some inscrutable purpose, my old friend's name, which was as familiar to me as my own, was blotted out of my memory during the time he was manifesting himself, so that in the end I was forced to confess that I had forgotten it. Instead of giving his name directly to the Medium, as the other evidence of his power shows he might have done quite easily, he took what seemed to be, at the time, the dubious course of speaking in parables. Had his name continued to remain a blank in my memory the name of "God," which he persistently affirmed was closely associated with his own name, would have remained an irrelevant and meaningless premonition, but the moment memory gave back his name, this particular manifestation was immediately invested with tremendous significance.

In the first place it has to be asked—"Why was the name of my old friend wiped out from my mind, as the pencilling on a slate is wiped out with a moist sponge?" "Scientific" investigators will simply reply—"For the same reasons that many another matter is forgotten or wiped out. The human brain is by no means a perfect registering instrument, and can no more record all the thoughts of a lifetime than a barometer can register all the past changes in the weather."

In the circumstances, however, such a reply would not harmonise with prevailing conditions at the time, which were those of strong psychic influence.

The Lalla, whom I take to be a spirit of considerable power, when asked for his earth-name—



which, it should not be overlooked, might conceivably have been given with even greater facility than he gave his own pet name for me when in the flesh—chose rather to prefigure it by a symbol than to speak of it in a more direct manner. This method of divination, although familiar enough to the seers and prophets of old, is practically a lost art to-day. But this particular incident forcibly reminds us that, though the men of this age have carelessly thrown aside such prophetic modes of symbolising coming events as of no practical value in this essentially commercial age, those who have thrown off the mortal coil still regard parabolic utterances and symbolisms as possessing a high potential value in the conduct of *their* life's affairs.

The Lalla knew that I had forgotten his earth-name and took his own way in recalling it to my memory. It may be that he was instrumental in causing the forgetfulness, but, be that as it may, his method of writing his name once more on the tablets of my mind was certainly more efficacious, more startling, and, therefore, more belief-compelling than had he simply given his name in response to my question. In his supernal wisdom he knew the more convincing method was the one chosen, and he took it without hesitation.

It may safely be contended that the Lalla chose this parabolic method of giving his name to negative the theory that the Medium drew his information from me by telepathic means. Men for ever fight against the truth in respect to the possibility of establishing communication with friends on the plane of life next ours, and those who persist in reducing all spiritual phenomena to the comparatively low standard of material existence, naturally contend

that such mediums as have developed their clairvoyant attributes possess the power of reading the thoughts of others. In this particular instance I was profoundly ignorant of the Lalla's object in choosing this roundabout method of restoring to my memory the lost name, and therefore the Medium could not possibly have read thoughts which did not exist.

Before proceeding to the consideration of further manifestations, I should like to say a few words in regard to this thought-reading theory, thought-transference, telepathy, or whatever the correct term may be. Some who profess to be able to offer a solution to what they term 'psychic problems' maintain that the human brain, being a self-registering instrument, has the singular power of recording every thought given out during life. It is then contended that a clever Medium, skilled in thought-reading, can detect and separate from these voluminous thought-records the particular thought he wishes to decipher and play upon it to suit the occasion.

This is an ingenious theory, but is it more than a theory?

It has been affirmed by scientists that the human brain gives off on an average about sixty thoughts per hour. Taking but twelve hours out of the twenty-four for the purpose, and the life of a man at sixty years, it will be found that during this period the brain would give off and automatically register 15,768,000 thoughts, a goodly number for an expert Medium, however skilled he may be, to select from.

In my own case, my age being nearer seventy years than sixty, the Medium would have about 18 million thoughts to select from.

I only refer to this as an instance of how prone men are to fight against the truth. Spiritualism, for example,

may have many a truth of high importance to the human race in its keeping, but instead of opening the doors of the mind to the incoming tide, man endeavours to shut it out, to his own detriment, by all sorts of ingenious devices. Truly the human entity is a veritable enigma!

To all who regard this narrative as that of a sane man of the world, and not as the emotional outpourings of a visionary, the manifestations recorded so far, and their results, are plain enough.

I will now take up the other manifestations which took place on this second visit of Mr. Beard—about the end of July, I think.

After this Eastern visitant had retired, Mr. Beard said: "I see your mother is again present, and her hands are folded together as in supplication. She is now leading forward an elderly man with grey hair and side whiskers. His head is bowed as though in great sorrow. She desires me to say that because of your unforgiveness he has not been able to rise; your unforgiveness for what he did in his earth-life is keeping him back, and, until you forgive him, he cannot rise or change his condition. Her hands are again raised to you in supplication, and her beseeching looks plead for mercy and forgiveness."

I at once perceived that this picture was that of my father, and that my attitude of anger and unforgiveness—which I had assumed towards him in his earth-life, because of his having failed to realize his responsibilities and obligations, both as husband and father—had, as my dear mother put it, "kept him from rising."

On perceiving how terribly my unforgiving, hostile attitude had operated against my poor father in his discarnate-condition, I at once said "Assure my dear mother of my full and unreserved forgiveness, as I myself hope to be forgiven, and say how sorrowful I am

that my anger and unforgiving attitude against my father should have been the means of causing him pain or punishment," or words to that effect.

As this episode is full of significance I propose to give the facts, although to do so will re-open a painful page in my life, and lay bare certain family secrets which most men shrink from. In the interests of Truth, however, I will undergo the pain.

My father's nature was unsympathetic, selfish and hard. He had a large family and rarely did he ever speak to his children or say a kind, loving word to them. There was no bond tying father and children together, either of love, goodwill, affection, or confidence, nor did he take interest either in his children's welfare or their future. His attitude to his wife was no less cold, unsympathetic and hard, and outwardly his children could discern no little acts of kindness, thoughtfulness, consideration or affection. Added to these forbidding characteristics was the predisposition to drink. Although not an habitual drunkard he would, nevertheless, yield to the vice sometimes for weeks together, drinking hard during the day and coming home drunk at night. At times he would be in the grip of *delirium tremens*, and on such occasions he was not infrequently unkind to my dear mother.

One way and another my father was not *persona grata* with his sons and daughters, and I went, perhaps, further than the rest and contended that a man of such a nature, who would repudiate all duties to both wife and children, had no right to marry. Then his unkindness to my mother, chiefly I admit during his drunken fits, induced me to adopt a watchful, hostile attitude towards him, which culminated in my making him understand that if he showed further unkindness to my mother, he would do so at his own peril, as I should, in that case,

take the law into my own hands. I would add that never after this was my father violent towards my mother. Such a condition was, however, obviously conducive to a feeling of hostility to my father, and, although I never positively hated him or even wished him harm, I nevertheless assumed an unforgiving attitude which I never altered, even after his death, because I hold that death does not, and cannot, sever undesirable ties, or wipe out the evil effects of a misdirected life.

This, then, is the meaning of the gratitude which my mother wished conveyed to me for—"having removed from her life a haunting dread," referred to on page 25.

The expression of gratitude for—"having rendered the last year or two of her life less hard" referred to some alteration in the domestic arrangements of my home which I had suggested, thus rendering her own household duties less onerous.

Briefly, these are the facts connected with this particular episode of my life, and those who seek the truth, in this as in all things else in this existence, will be struck by the fact that "everything changes and evolves by the continual play of life and death, but nothing perishes." Not only does the good word or deed live on in the Hereafter, and its effects return to us as a reward, but the evil or thoughtless act also endures to confound us with its punishment.

When my mother, then, led up a repentant spirit-husband and informed me that *my* unforgiveness had "kept him from rising" the horror of what I had done possessed me. For over forty years, since my father died, I have been asking my God daily to "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," with the sin of an unforgiven trespass against myself in my own heart. Truly we are weak, witless, frail creatures at the best, and the danger of setting ourselves

up above our neighbours, or of judging others, becomes more apparent each day of our lives.

For over forty years has a soul-discarnate been doomed to a stagnant condition of, perhaps, hopeless misery and despair because of the ignorant inconsideration of a living mortal. A whole generation of punishment—as men count time—has been meted out to one who once was mortal, because in our blind folly, or worse, we permit our unforgiveness to pursue our fellow-mortals beyond the portals of the tomb.

This single manifestation will do more to refute the “telepathic” theory than anything else I know of. The Medium, being a stranger to me, knew nothing of my family; had never met any of my few remaining relatives, and had no opportunity of obtaining information of my early home life, for the simple reason that *none of my friends are acquainted with its incidents.*

Then my father, and the part he played in the family drama, was neither in my thoughts at the time of the manifestation nor at any other period during these investigations, so that the Medium could not possibly have tapped thoughts *which did not exist.*

To those who uphold this telepathic theory, or the power of drawing thoughts from others, this statement of facts, it is to be hoped, will strongly appeal!

To those who would discern the tremendous meaning underlying this single manifestation will come the knowledge that the awful truth of the incessant operation of these universal laws, which may not be evaded, has been kept back from the human race too long, and that the time has come for its revelation. Through ignorance man has erred towards himself and his fellows for many thousands of years, and he has waited in vain for knowledge and wisdom. Those who should have led the way; those who were ordained as “spiritual leaders”

of the people, have themselves been blind. The great "theocratic institution" which envelops all peoples, creeds, and countries, has produced a priesthood which, although well enough versed in the cold, unsatisfying science of the various man-made theologies, is, with some rare exceptions, notoriously deficient in that subtle spirituality which attracts the soul of man with magnetic power. The Church has failed in its mission, while its ministers, for numerous reasons which need not be mentioned here, are drifting further and further away from the great spiritual-life of the people.

Meantime, then, indeed until the priesthood can be brought to see eye to eye with those whom men to-day call "Spiritualists," the human race must necessarily draw its spiritual truths from—Spiritualism. But this spiritualism, although it may in the process of time receive another name, will be found to be the only source of knowledge, wisdom and power, because it is, in itself, the Living Truth.

Theocracy will, no doubt, die hard, and Theology will endeavour to justify its unsatisfying coldness; Dogma will maintain its arrogant pretensions, while Doctrine will continue to fling abroad its principles of belief; but, above all and through all, the everlasting truths manifested by spirits from what we call the "Other World" will eventually break in upon and envelop the souls of men, as the sunbeams fall upon and envelop in turn all the countries of the earth.

Then will error cease and knowledge and wisdom prevail. Then will the "Brotherhood of Man" be a well understood quality and not, as to-day, a far-off idealism which may never be reached.

May the Great Giver hasten the epoch!

On the closing of this painful episode I said to Mr. Beard, "I have mislaid the portrait of my mother,

and, although I have searched everywhere for it, have failed to discover its hiding place. I must have put it aside years ago in some safe place, but cannot find it in any of my desks or drawers. Will you ask my mother if she can show you where it is?" Mr. Beard, after a few moments, replied, "Your mother is showing me a large piece of furniture which is neither a chest of drawers nor a tallboys; it is about five feet high, very long, and has a curious shaped top. I can hardly describe the article, but it has drawers on either side and she is pointing to the left-hand top drawer." I said, "Do I gather from this that the missing photograph will be found there?" Mr. Beard at once replied, "She is still pointing, or again pointing, to the top drawer on the left-hand side of this same article of furniture."

I thanked my mother for her loving assistance and this scene closed.

That night, on retiring, I searched the top drawers, both left and right, of every piece of furniture in the upper rooms, but failed to find the missing photographs. On Monday morning, after Mr. Beard's departure, I searched every piece of furniture in the lower rooms, which I thought might contain what I was seeking for, but to no avail, and, although I never failed in my belief as to the wisdom and power of spirit-visitants to do at least so much for us, I confess to a feeling of disappointment, as though I had received a "set back."

Some days after this I was leaving my library when something impelled me to come to a standstill in front of a large roll-top American desk, standing against the southern wall of the room. Some power suggested—Search! I opened the desk and pulled out the top left-hand drawer which was a book rack, and not a drawer in its ordinary sense, and it was empty. The next drawer—which was in reality the top drawer



proper—contained a number of articles belonging to my late wife, placed there years ago. I took them all out one by one until there was nothing remaining but an ordinary cigar box, containing several small trifles. One of them was a small wooden box about 3 x 2½ x 1 ins. tied up in a silk pocket-handkerchief. I must confess to absolutely no recollection as to how and when I placed it there, nor do I recollect ever having placed it in that box, but that I must have done so years ago becomes evident from the fact that, when I untied the handkerchief and opened the small wooden box, I found another small cardboard box with an inscription on the cover in my own handwriting—"My dear mother's photograph."

I would here remark that this is not only clear evidence of spirit clairvoyant power, and proof of the contention that matter offers no obstacle to the penetration of psychic-force, but marvellous testimony to the prescience of spirit entities at the same time.

In respect to these photographs it will be borne in mind that on the first occasion of my meeting with Mr. Beard in his London office, he, after a few minutes' conversation, surprised me by saying that I was surrounded by quite a number of spirit-forms, and after a little while he described one whom I recognized as my mother. He was particular in describing a peculiar cap with broad lappets this spirit-form was wearing, as also a mantle, or something over the shoulders, fastened with some round ornament or brooch. This peculiar cap was, it should not be overlooked, impressed upon Mr. Beard's attention more than once by my mother, and so was the brooch, and, strangely enough, these two articles of attire, *and these two alone*, are the only distinguishing characteristics of my mother's photographs in the small box, so—what might be termed—miraculously restored to me.

It will be observed that, right through these manifestations, runs a chain of sequential events. The cap and brooch, without the photograph, would have conveyed no meaning. The photographs were in existence, but were mislaid or lost. These photographs were recovered by the aid of spirit-power in quite a dramatic fashion, and, when compared with the Medium's description of my mother's features and head-dress, mantle and brooch, all were found *to tally precisely in every detail.*

It should not be overlooked here that Mr. Beard was a stranger to me and had never seen the photographs, nor had I ever talked to him of my mother, nor of the fact that I possessed certain photographs of her. He could have had no opportunity of talking to any member of my family because, except an elder brother who lives in comparative seclusion, I am the only living member of it.

I would add that Mr. Beard is not known to any of my few relatives; nor was he at the time acquainted with any of my friends.

Then it is unlikely that I, who regarded the part my father played in the family life as its bitterest experience, would have willingly opened the book at a page I had, as I thought, for ever turned down. Family secrets, such as these, are, by all men, jealously guarded and kept inviolable, but, as this painful page of my life has been re-opened by spirit-influence and, as I believe, with some wise purpose behind it, I have now no hesitation in submitting it to the scrutiny of those who are seeking in these pages for a living truth.

# SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

## PART II.

I will now pass on to the third visit of my friend to me at Hume Towers, and I will here narrate certain manifestations of psychic-power under conditions differing from those hitherto recorded.

The following manifestations commenced with the Medium, Mr. Beard, becoming controlled by what I regard as a spirit from a higher sphere than are those discarnate-spirits of my dear ones and friends whom I had known in their earth-life. I had, as before mentioned, already been addressed by these higher influences, but, being somewhat startled by the suddenness of this, to me, unwonted communication, my mind was a good deal disturbed and confused, and I failed to remember what was said. I was, indeed, more struck with the marvel of being brought into actual contact with those whom most men regard as beyond the possibility of communication, than with the words uttered, but in this instance my mind was less disturbed and, therefore, in a better condition to receive and record the wise exhortations of my spiritual-visitants.

I therefore propose that the following narrative shall stand apart from what has hitherto taken place, although certain parts of the manifestations are but a continuation of previous communications.

I designate the experiences as :—

A FRAGMENTARY RECORD

OF CERTAIN COMMUNICATIONS FROM FRIENDS 'BEYOND THE VEIL,'  
WHO MANIFESTED THEMSELVES TO ME THROUGH MY FRIEND,

MR. PERCY BEARD,

AT HUME TOWERS, ON OCTOBER 23RD AND 24TH, 1909.

I have learned to realize, even in my limited experience of spiritualistic manifestations, how difficult it is to remember the loving words of those spirit-helpers who come to us from "Beyond the Veil," partly because of the unbroken flow of the address, and partly because of the even beauty of the language. It is a well known fact that not one of the least difficulties of communication between spirits in the flesh and those from "Beyond" is in suiting the supernal beauty of their language to mortal intelligence; the physical ear is neither attuned to, nor aligned with, the language of higher spheres; and, although the diction of our spirit-visitants transcends the speech of man, yet their words are chosen rather with a view to being intelligible to our fleshly ears than with the purpose of confounding us with their transcendent beauty. In spite of this effort to ensure simplicity, our celestial friends, nevertheless, speak in language that as far transcends human speech as the sun's light transcends that of the moon.

The remarkable thing about the language of our spirit-guides is the even flow of their periods and the beauty of diction which proceed uninterruptedly throughout the discourse. Man, as an orator, finds difficulty not only in maintaining an even flow of language, but in selecting suitable words wherewith to adorn his discourse, and if he indulges in metaphor, or strings some jewels of speech on his thread of eloquence, it is certain that such gems are few and far between, and appear as conspicuous objects in his great sea of words.

These bright gems of thought are strung so closely along the narrative thread of our celestial-visitants as to touch each other like beautiful pearls on a necklace; and one who has had the privilege of listening to their elysian utterances must have been struck with the unbroken outpouring of verbal melody.

The difficulty, then, of translating into human language the messages of our helpers from over the borderland of what men call Death, becomes apparent, and the following narrative must, therefore, be regarded as but an imperfect attempt to place on record, in a fragmentary manner, certain communications made to me on the nights of Saturday and Sunday, October 23rd and 24th, in my music room, through my friend and brother-helper, Percy Beard.

After being favoured with much clear manifestation from some of my dear ones who have passed over, and a visit from my radiant Guide—"Maira"—a celestial being of Eastern origin—which I will refer to later on, the Medium became under the control of some potent influence and presently a voice commenced to speak in slow, measured tones, low, yet perfectly clear.

This noble Guide began with a powerful exhortation in which I was first told that he, among others, had been watching over my life for many years and, although I knew it not, I had been guarded and protected by spirit influence, and was still surrounded by vigilant watchers and active helpers who were always ready and willing to lead me with their spirit hands along the paths of rectitude, honour, and truth, to enrich me with their spirit thoughts, and help me with their spiritual wisdom.

I was particularly enjoined to press forward and, by prayerful hopefulness, to develop those spiritual powers which I, in common with all men, possess—if mortals would but recognize the truth—and never cease to use

them in the service of my fellow-men and to the Glory of God.

I was told that already many had been influenced by me, and I was never to cease in my efforts to spread abroad, but always with discretion and judgment, the living truths in respect to spiritual science so that others might be comforted by hope, and cheered by those warm rays which ever proceed from that never-failing source of God's protecting love. It was pointed out that, although many were still far from Him, all would be gathered in so that none would be lost; the work of redemption was going on and, although man was doubtful of the value of the work done, and to be done, yet the Everlasting Intelligence knew that, in His good time, the harvest would be full and every ear of corn safely garnered.

It was then pointed out that neither Here nor in the Hereafter was a thought ever lost; that my thoughts, for example, found their counterpart elsewhere, and attracted exactly those thoughts, ideas or desires which corresponded to my own condition. "Like attracts Like," affirmed my Guide, and this, he explained, is but the operation of a universal law applying with inexorable inflexibility to every sphere of God's Illimitable Creation.

So faithfully is this law carried out that all spirits, on the plane of life immediately removed from our own, are clothed in robes of distinctive colour, which not only denote their particular sphere but their thought-condition as well, and it thus becomes apparent that such a law must, in its comparatively simple operation, automatically render promiscuous intermingling of uncongenial natures impossible. "Like attracts Like" is the LAW, and the Ever Merciful accordingly sets up a simple law for the comfort and for the protection of His creatures which cannot be broken or set aside.

I would here add that this Law is more fully described in "Through the Mists."\*

When I was reading this work I was especially struck not only with the beauty of the idea but with its simple effectiveness. Realizing that there can be no "law breakers" on any of the spiritual-planes, it at once becomes evident that the simple plan of adopting a distinctive colour, denoting the condition of the wearer, must prove completely effectual. This term "condition" means, however, much more on the spiritual than on the earth-plane. With us it would simply denote a man's place in society, the nature and extent of his worldly possessions, his trade or profession; his social, financial and political influence, and perhaps to what extent he might be exploited by professional donation and subscription hunters in aid of the particular institution in which they might, for the time being, be interested. Society, being willing to accept such a standard of measurement, naturally concerns itself not at all about a man's ethics, his spiritual state, or his *thought-condition*. In other words, a man on the earth-plane may clothe himself in the garb of the "sporting gent" and yet cover the golden heart of the 'Cheeryble Brothers,' or be clad in respectable black broadcloth and hide a 'Pecksniff,' a 'Stiggins,' or a murderer. Here the garb, while partly covering the physical body, hides the real man, the spiritual—Ego.

On the spiritual-plane it is clear, from much evidential testimony, that such an irresponsible, orderless state would be impossible, because it would be opposed to that ever present law of rhythmic harmony which is an essential principle of God's mighty universe. The

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\* Robert James Lees.

garb there hides not the man, but rather reveals his Ego; the thinking principle of the spirit entity stands declared by the robe's colour, and the concealment of secret thoughts thus becomes impossible.

Such a condition must automatically render the operation of the law that "Like attracts Like" a certainty, and must, moreover, make its application universal. Since nothing can remain concealed under such a law, it is obvious that the impure could not mate with the pure; nor the elemental with the transcendental, and thus God, out of His abundant wisdom, provides a simple yet perfect system of protection for each one of His myriad spirit-entities which inhabits those boundless realms of the Everlasting Beyond. "Like attracts Like" is the unchangeable law, and throughout that measureless infinitude, soul is drawn to soul by the simple affinity of—COLOUR.

This slight digression is pardonable, since it leads to evidence of much value. I said I had been particularly struck with the beauty of the simple yet perfect plan which God had set up, whereunder soul might know soul, so that each spirit-entity might have no difficulty in finding its appointed sphere in the illimitable Beyond. The "colour" thought had, indeed, been running so much in my mind that when the Guide mentioned it as forming part of God's Great Scheme in the broad expanse of the etheric-plane, the fact that "no thought is ever lost, Here or in the Hereafter," struck me with remarkable force. My own thoughts, then, had gone forth and had rolled on and on and had reverberated throughout the trackless realms of the Infinite so that one of God's many Messengers, returning for a brief space to speak with one of the sons of men, had brought back their counterpart. The "Colour" scheme, and the law that "Like attracts Like" had been of late one of my



strongest thoughts, and this celestial Guide, who was near by, caught the echo of it and gave it back to me developed and enriched by the verbal melody of spirit speech.

My celestial brother then proceeded to point out the coming conflict of man with man. He affirmed that he and his compeers on the spiritual-plane were watching with keen interest the development of the struggle, and he gave me the assurance that every worker on the earth-plane might confidently rely upon the necessary help from the spiritual-helpers who had succeeded in establishing communication with us. The struggle, he affirmed, would be long and arduous; there would be clashing of forces, turmoil and unrest, the foundations of existing things would be shaken, yet out of it all would proceed—Peace.

I was to play my part in the struggle and fight on fearlessly for the—Truth. I was enjoined not to cease in my efforts to impart knowledge and sow abroad the seeds of wisdom and truth. I was a teacher, and I was enjoined to improve my talents. My work, it was affirmed, was being watched and helped on by my many brother-workers from the spiritual-plane, and I was never to cease sending out my thoughts to them for guidance, help and counsel, and I was enjoined to believe that, as “no thought could be lost” so could no thought, wish or resolve, having for its purpose the good of the human race, ever be disregarded. I was to send out my thoughts freely, constantly, and in the full belief that they would be received and answered, and that all would be well with me.

Then I was told that there was no limitation set to man’s possibilities or powers in regard to his spiritual development, because limitations form no part of God’s Great Plan of Life. The law that “Like attracts Like”

being universal, no limitations to spiritual development, to the soul's progression, can possibly exist, or this great Law would be stultified. God cannot stultify or deny Himself, nor does He set limitations. Man sets his own limitations, not God. In this manner I was to understand that the development of my powers was in my own hands. "Ask and you shall receive" is the law, and there can be no abatement of it. Man receives exactly what he asks for and—no more. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," is part of the same law, and it knows neither change nor abridgment.

My work being undertaken for the upliftment of mankind, naturally attracts to it the sympathy and active co-operation of fellow-workers on the spiritual-plane, and the more my efforts for the amelioration of those hard conditions, which to-day environ human existence, increase, the more will my spiritual development proceed, and thus attract, as of necessity it must, the sympathy and co-operation of higher spirit-influence exactly corresponding with my own expansion of spiritual-power.

Much more instruction and sage counsel were given to me, but those who have listened to the even, melodious flow of spirit language know how difficult it is to garner in memory's storehouse the abundant harvest of lingual fruit which celestial visitants bring with them from Spirit-land, and so much of it is, alas, lost. I am conscious that the greater part of what was said to me is lost in the profound depths of memory's oblivion, and, although I may never recover these lost pearls of speech, yet a faint reflection of them still remains, only to remind me of what I have lost. "Farewell, brother!" were almost the last words I remember, and these took the form of a benediction, coupled with the promise that, as he had been one of my helpers in the

past, so would he come back to me to help me in my work and give me that advice, counsel, and protection which it was his privilege to bestow.

I then remarked there was a brief silence on the part of the Medium, who remained quiet and passive. After the space of, perhaps, a minute I noticed a certain disturbance in the body of my friend, who apparently received a somewhat violent shock, after which another voice commenced to talk in a more rapid, commanding manner. The voice was different from that of the previous speaker, and I was puzzled to account for the change. This Guide commenced by referring to the Medium, to whom he paid some tribute which I could not quite understand. He then proceeded to state that it was his privilege to help me because of my work in the interests of my brother-man ; that my efforts in the cause of Truth had been watched and helped on by many a spirit co-worker ; that I should never fail to receive that support and co-operation from him and from those on the spiritual-plane, whose mission it was to assist those on the earth-plane, and that I was to proceed fearlessly in my work.

He told me that my career had been watched over by many a friend in the Beyond, and often had the many perils and dangers, which had threatened me at different periods of my life, been averted by spirit-influence, and even now was my life watched and protected by ever-ready helpers, who were always present to render me needed assistance. To them was I to apply, at all times and seasons, and in perfect assurance that nothing I could ask for in the true interests of humanity could be refused, because to give what is asked for is but the obedience to one of God's universal laws. "Ask and you shall receive," "Seek and ye shall find," are the Christ's injunctions, and His promise must be fulfilled.

He declared that my spiritual development was known and was a source of joy to many friends on the plane beyond this, and that, as the psychic atmosphere of my home had done something to open the understanding of my friends to the great truths underlying spiritual phenomena, I was enjoined to lose no opportunity of developing my own soul-forces so that I might exercise more powerful influence over others. I was then given to understand that there are many helpers in the spirit-spheres ready to co-operate with their brothers in the flesh, as soon as communication be established, and that I need never fear for lack of encouragement and support.

Here again I fail to remember all that this Guide said to me because, as I said before, of the rapidity of the utterance, the beauty of diction—which could only be reproduced provided the discourse were taken down in rapid shorthand—and the unbroken flow of language which men would regard as superhuman. I regret, therefore, that I am only able to give an imperfect and fragmentary account of what really took place.

On this Guide leaving the Medium, and the latter assuming his normal condition, I asked—"What Guide came through?" He replied—"‘Pilgrim’ is the one who has just left; the former Guide was unknown to me." (Pilgrim, I should mention, is a Guide who often controls the Medium). He added, "He (the Eastern Guide) is standing near your left shoulder now, and he is a man of noble presence and evidently of Eastern origin."

He described his features and general appearance, including his dark complexion, white hair, and long, flowing white beard. He told me he wore robes of shining texture and of a beautiful blue colour, or pink and blue, enriched at the waist with a flashing girdle of a golden colour which sparkled and scintillated and

threw out from itself brilliant rays of light, while his whole presence coruscated with brightness. The Medium added—"I judge that this Guide has been on the spiritual-plane a long time, no doubt for many centuries, and that he is from a higher sphere than that which is immediately beyond the earth-plane."

I said, "I wonder if it is possible to ascertain the name of this spirit-friend"? The Medium said "He who is standing close to you gives his name as "MYARAJ." I said "Would you ask again, as this does not sound like an Eastern name, and I am anxious to get it correctly." Almost immediately the Medium said "MYARAJ," "MEARAJ," "MAHARAJ," and then repeated the latter name two or three times, as if to make sure of it. "MAHARAJ!" "MAHARAJ!" I said, "I quite understand; the word is—MAHARAJ." This word is Hindustani with a Sanscrit root, the A's pronounced hard like—AH, and it means Great Ruler, Maha—Great, and Raj—Rule, Dominion, State.

In getting the name so clearly and unmistakably I thanked this benign visitant from beyond the Border Land devoutly for his gracious and kindly act in coming to my aid, and in opening the windows of my soul to the wondrous possibilities before the spirit of men incarnate, and the Medium said "This radiant being inclines towards you in acknowledgment of your tribute to his beneficence," or words to that effect.

I should now relate that before this Eastern Guide assumed control of the Medium, that is to say, when the Medium was in a normal condition, he described to me a female form of great beauty and of Eastern origin, who showed him a series of landscape-pictures symbolical of my life. He afterwards told me that this was the same form which came through on the first occasion I met him; she who brought me into the first realization of

spiritual phenomena by aiding my mother, wife, and others to show themselves to the clairvoyant in my aura. On both occasions she was clothed in the same shining robes and wore on her brow the same brilliant star or cross, denoting her emanation from the Christ-sphere.

The first picture she showed was a long row or rows of kneeling female forms, all facing in the same direction towards some building, probably a temple, evidently in the performance of some sacred ceremony. Their bowed heads denoted reverence, adoration or supplication, but, on being asked if this symbolical picture had intelligent meaning for me, it at once disappeared, on my replying in the negative.

Although this picture may appear to the ordinary mind as irrelevant it has, nevertheless, a deep meaning. It has already been shown how the spirit-visitants prefer, at times, to prefigure their meaning by what men might term unnecessary mysticism, yet it is evident that this method of divination may prove more convincing than the more direct methods better understood by man. The manner in which the Lalla preferred to give back to my memory his forgotten name is a case in point. The radiant 'Maira' prefers to declare herself to me in the manner chosen. At the moment I understood little beyond the fact that she belonged in her earth life—which may have been lived thousands of years ago—to some Eastern race, but of this I am sure that the thought-picture shown to the Medium, although but a symbolism to-day, will, in God's good time, become perfectly intelligible. 'Maira's' picture was but a prefigurement. I shall understand it in time.

The next picture was that of a fair landscape over which the sun shone with warmth and brilliancy. The earth was beautiful with nature's bountifulness in tree and plant and flower, while the fields were teeming

with the richness of the kindly fruits of the earth. Suddenly over the scene descended a dark, lowering cloud which enveloped the landscape as with a mantle of the deepest gloom. When this pall of blackness partly lifted it was seen that the fairness of the scene was disfigured by some destructive influence, and the fields were stricken as with a deadly blight.

The scene suddenly changed to a quick flowing river, on the turbid waters of which was seen a swimmer battling with the flood. Further down the swift rolling tide was a bank of dangerous rock, towards which the swimmer was being carried with great rapidity, and it seemed as though he would surely be dashed against its rugged sides, but, strangely enough, when destruction seemed imminent, he was miraculously carried past the danger, either by some supreme effort of his own, or through some influence beyond his own control. For a space the waters became smoother, and the swimmer swam on, but again the river became swollen and angry, and this solitary human waif was tossed on its surface and carried rapidly towards further dangers that loomed ahead. Straight in the swimmer's course stood out bold jagged rocks against which it seemed inevitable he must be hurled, and, as he approached the perilous point, he was conscious of his danger and struggled hard with the boiling tide to avoid being carried to certain death, and again he won through and was carried into the peaceful waters beyond.

Still the solitary swimmer sped his way down the waters of the broad stream, and again and again were perils encountered, only to be overcome by some inherent power in the man himself or by some controlling influence of which he may, or may not, have been conscious.

On asking Mr. Beard what these scenes meant, he replied, "They are but symbols of your own life; you

will know if they are faithful representations of certain periods of your life," or words to that effect.

As a matter of fact these thought-pictures faithfully depict a few momentous events in my life. I will not weary the reader with more than one of them.

The descent of a dark, lowering cloud over the fair landscape of my life denoted a period when Atheism swept faith from my heart and left, for a time, the deadly blight of unbelief in my soul. At that time I took a kind of savage delight in denying God and decrying Christ. By God's goodness the cloud lifted and light returned once more to my life, after a brief period of darkness.

After these pictures were blotted out another symbol was shewn to the Medium. This took the form of the reading of my own Aura, which lay around me in oviform shape, beginning at the base with the deeper tints representing the physical-plane. The Medium went on to describe the colours, immediately above, as blue and rose deepening into cobalt and ruby of the mental plane; continuing he mentioned the pink and purple of the psychic, and violet and gold of the spiritual-planes. The Medium suddenly said, as though commanded to do so, "'Maira' is the name of the Guide." On questioning Mr. Beard as to the meaning of this last manifestation, he explained that the human Aura symbolised by colour the past life and notified the state of progression or development. I, however, know so little of this part of spiritual science that I would prefer to leave it just where it is until I can speak from greater experience.

I have already said that this 'Maira' was the same form which came through on the first occasion I met the Medium, who, at that time, was a stranger to me. With 'Maira' appeared, at that time, my mother, wife and a numerous company of others, some of whom I recognised, others I could not recognise. I mention this because, after



'Maira's' withdrawal, the same phenomena of a number of absent friends appeared, denoting that this Guide is acting as a means of communication between my spirit and those discarnate ones who love me and would wish to join forces for the furtherance of God's good work.

My beloved mother was prominent among my spirit-friends, and I was desirous of getting from her some further evidence of my last parting with her on the occasion of my leaving home for India, referred to in Mr. Beard's previous visit. This was the last time I saw my mother, and the memory of it has never faded from my mind. On a former occasion she showed the Medium a house quite close to our own, where dwelt one—'Elizabeth,' to whom it was shown I went, on saying farewell to my mother. After this she showed him what appeared to be a triangle or a triangular piece of ground, and wished to convey to him that she took her final leave of me at one point of that triangle, and afterwards at another. This was all the evidence of the actual scene of our parting that I could get at that time.

On this occasion, on asking for further evidence, she showed the house occupied by 'Elizabeth' and partly described the interior accurately enough, but the most interesting feature of this manifestation of psychic power is that the Medium was shown a pond, access to which by horses and carts was evidenced by cart tracks leading to and from the pond, which was apparently used by passing vehicles for watering the horses. After this scene a railway station and a waiting train were brought to his notice, into which the Medium felt he was being impelled to enter. The word 'Elizabeth' was again given to the Medium, as though my mother was especially anxious that this name should be impressed on my mind.

I would here explain the nature of the parting

between my dear mother and myself, on my leaving my home for India in 1863.

I said farewell to her at my home and proceeded straight to my Aunt Elizabeth's house a little farther up the village street. On bidding her, my aunt, goodbye, I found that my mother had entered the meadow adjoining our house, and had followed me along the village street, but inside the meadow, the upper part of which was within 50 yards of my Aunt Elizabeth's house just across the road. From that point my dear mother had witnessed my leave-taking with my aunt, and I waved her another farewell. A hundred yards up the street, towards the railway station, was the village pond, and it was at that point I again turned and saw my beloved one watching me, her youngest born, on his way to that far-off country to which he was bound. I again waved her a farewell from that point, and that was the last I saw of her whom I loved so well on earth and whom I was never destined to see again in the flesh.

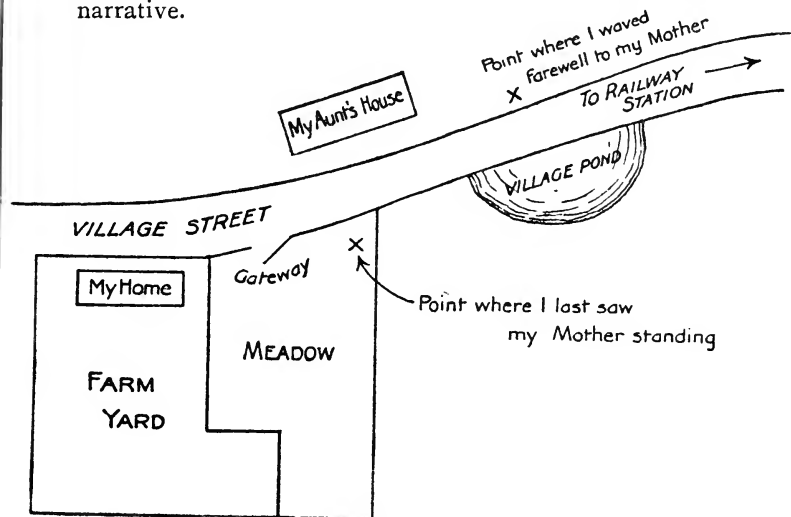
Young, adventurous, full of ardent hopes and ambitions, I am conscious now of thinking more of my own plans at that time, than of her who loved me so well, and whose tender mother's heart must have been crushed by inconsolable grief. My thoughts of her were neither cold nor heartless, nevertheless, there were not in my heart at that period those feelings of bitter, crushing sorrow which should have been there at the supreme moment of agony in my mother's life. I do not presume to say I was her favourite child but, being her youngest, there was a tender yearning love for me which was evident, and on that June morning, so full of dread for her, that loving maternal heart must have been wrung with unspeakable grief and anguish. It was this condition of exquisite pain that I neither realized nor felt, and it is this fact that now causes the remorse—a fitting reward!

I afterwards learned from my brother and sisters that my dear one knew she would never again behold me on earth, and it was this knowledge that added to the poignancy of her grief and rendered the pain of parting indescribable. Dear mother, how I wish I had shown her more tenderness! But the parting is over, and I am justly bearing the consequences of the inexorable yet equitable law: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

This is not only a digression, but a confession. It has to be made, because I feel that introspection is good for the soul's welfare.

After waving the final farewell to my mother I proceeded up the street, entered the railway station and there found the train waiting, just as it was shown to Mr. Beard by my mother; the carriage doors were open and I entered one of the carriages on my way to London, *en route* for India.

The accompanying rough sketch indicates the relative position of the points referred to in the preceding narrative.



It will be noticed that the account of the parting manifested to the Medium corresponded so accurately in detail to what actually took place 46 years ago as to leave nothing incomplete. The only point about which there may be some doubt is the shape of the meadow, which, on the first occasion, the Medium thought appeared to be something in the shape of a triangle, but as I cannot myself remember the exact shape of the piece of land in question, it is possibly more like a triangle than I have sketched it. This cannot, however, invalidate the testimony of the other evidence in connection with this particular case, which must stand as a clear proof of communication with those "Beyond the Veil" having been established.

Another piece of evidence is that of my brother Fred, who died  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years ago. His was one of the spirit-forms introduced by 'Maira.' The Medium said, "I am now shown the form of a well-knit, broad-shouldered man who, before he became emaciated by disease, must have been a robust, athletic figure. His brow is broad and open, rather prominent cheek-bones, large, fine brown eyes, well shaped, but broad nose, hair dark but strewn with grey; moustache full and large, and beard irregular and unkempt, as though the wearer was not in the habit of wearing a beard, but had permitted it to grow owing to stress of sickness.

The peculiar point about this visitant was his extreme emaciation, and he took particular pains to impress the fact upon the Medium by pointing to his body as evidential testimony. This fact being established to his satisfaction he then laid his hands upon his abdomen, and, immediately Mr. Beard experienced a sensation of exhaustion, of weariness, and a draining of life-forces, rather than of actual pain, and it was this

condition that our friend from the "Beyond" was anxious for the Medium to take on.

Mr. Beard reported to me what was taking place, and described the extraordinary feeling of exhaustion and extreme weakness that he himself was experiencing in the lower portion of his body, and asked me if this phenomenon conveyed any meaning for me. I replied, "You have described my brother, who passed away 3½ years ago, as also the disease of which he died."

I then said to the Medium, "Has my brother a message for me; is there anything he would wish me to do?" Mr. Beard said, after a few minutes, "Your brother is now leaning upon a stout staff and wishes me to convey to you that it symbolises life is continuously progressive, and that he is rising to higher spheres—to a higher spiritual-state, at least, that is apparently what your brother intends to convey." In response to my question if I could do anything for those he left behind, or if he had any message for her he loved on earth, he made it quite clear that he was aware of what I was doing for his widow and seemed content to leave the matter in my hands. He was sensible of, and grateful for, what had already been done.

The Medium's description of my brother's person is most accurate. My brother died while I was in India. On my return to England I heard full particulars from my brother's widow, and from other relations of my own family of his condition and illness. His beard was allowed to grow, and, owing to his severe illness, it was irregular and unkempt, a fact which is not explainable by either thought-reading or telepathy. He was extremely emaciated and his hands were continually placed upon his stomach which was the seat of his malady. It was thought, at one time, that he was suffering from cancer, but it was eventually discovered there was

neither cancer nor internal growth of any kind. All his organs were sound, and his medical advisers could discover no cause of death. The patient's mind was centred on his stomach; he felt the same exhausting weariness communicated to Mr. Beard as though the stomach were drawing away the life-forces and he believed he would never recover. There was no acute pain, nor, indeed, hardly a pain of any kind, even upon severe examination resulting in considerable pressure, to find, if possible, a growth of some nature. The Doctor who attended my brother is my own medical adviser, and he vouches for these surprising conditions, as also confirms the fact that my brother was extremely emaciated towards the end. Briefly it may be said that the Medium accurately described my brother's personal appearance, his extreme emaciation, and the extraordinary malady which killed him, and which was centred in his stomach or lower part of his body.

I would repeat, the Medium is almost a stranger to me, was totally unacquainted with my family, never knew that I had a brother, could have seen no photograph of my brother because I do not possess one, nor do I think there is one in existence, and was totally ignorant of every circumstance of his life and death.

On the withdrawal of my brother several other forms pressed forward, but one amongst them was most eager to communicate. He was described as a man under the middle height, dapper and careful about his dress, which was neat and showed evidence of much attention. His features were not very clear because of the almost feverish haste he displayed in forcing his condition on the Medium. This friend at once directed Mr. Beard's notice to his illness, which he described as being in the upper part of the body, including the throat. The Medium at once took on the

conditions of this new friend. He described his condition as being that of a man suffering from heart trouble, with considerable inward disturbance and great difficulty in breathing. The life-forces were low and strength was ebbing, but the strangest symptom was a confused feeling in the head, as though the mind had given way, and that mental disease, or at least lapses from full mental vigour, was part of the malady which sent the spirit beyond the border. This condition was removed, and, on my asking the name of the visitant,—“Robert” was at once given in the same rapid, eager manner which characterised all this spirit’s demeanour.

The next thing my spirit-friend did was to show the Medium a letter which he held up in a prominent manner and pointed to it as though it was of the utmost importance. Not knowing what it was intended to convey I asked for information, and to Mr. Beard was at once shown a young fair-haired girl sitting at an easel. I then remembered that the letter had a distinct meaning for me and I said: “Is the letter connected with the girl at the easel”? The reply was a thought-picture of a second girl with her head bowed over her arm in great grief. I said “If this is the girl with whom I am to connect the letter show me what her tastes and accomplishments are.” The Medium was at once shown a small room filled with books and literature of various kinds, with writing materials, as though its owner were fond of literary pursuits and writing. I said I quite understood the meaning of the communication and asked if I could be of any service to those he had left behind, or if he had any message for me or them? The Medium said “He is again showing me the young girl with her head still bowed over her arm as though grieving, and pointing to the letter which he still holds in his hand.” I thanked my spirit-friend for his communication, said

it was quite intelligible to me, and that I would not forget to do what I could in the matter.

This friend, when in the flesh, was a close friend of mine, living in the town of ——, who passed away during last year. He had but one Christian name, and that was Robert. He suffered from heart-trouble for about two years before his death, and not infrequently was subject to that dread form of the malady—shortness of breath and choking. This battle for life was most distressing, and many a time his family thought he could never survive his struggles for breath, for air. But there was a peculiar feature about certain periods of his illness which I, and other of his friends, could never understand. For somewhat lengthened periods he would remain invisible, save to members of his family and his nurse; and the reason for these periodical withdrawals from the social circle was never explained. Whether mental troubles of a temporary nature were added to my old friend's physical sufferings I know not, but if they were, the fact that his spirit caused the Medium to feel mental distress, or a temporary lapse from full mental vigour, offers convincing proof of the verity of the saying that "Spiritualism reveals much that is hidden."

When my friend died I took an early opportunity of visiting the family to offer such consolation as lay in my power. I did not see the mother, but had a long talk with the girls. They were aware of my belief in spiritual phenomena and the deathlessness of the spirit, and I pointed out that, as there is, and can be, no death, save for the fleshly envelope—the body, their father had but changed his condition, and that his spirit, freed from its outer-shell, was living and thinking, helping and loving them at that moment.

I said I had long been a believer in the vast power which underlies and intermingles with our lives, but



which mighty force man persistently ignores. I added, "I am the more convinced of this because certain spiritual manifestations of spirit-power have recently been made to me of a nature that I could not possibly disregard. Scenes in my own life have been so faithfully reproduced by benign spirit-agency; so many evidences of beneficent spiritual aid have been rendered to me, and so much testimony has been offered of the inter-blending of the spiritual and earth-planes, and the intermingling of spirit-life with our earth-life, that to ignore it would be to deliberately cultivate an unbelief that would be foolish and wicked. The fact that what we call the 'dead' live on, and continue life in that spirit-condition which is constantly in touch with our earth-bound state, is now established beyond doubt, and this being so, Paul's jubilant cry, 'O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?' becomes intelligible."

Much more to the same effect did I expound to the girls, and they both expressed themselves as greatly comforted and strengthened by my visit.

A few days afterwards I took over to the elder girl one of Robert Lee's books, "Through the Mists," hoping it would lead her and her's to the living truths that centre in Spiritualism. In two days she returned it with a note to the effect that she had read the book and did not believe in it at all, that such things as the writer claimed were impossible, and regretted that she could not "follow me farther down the road to Spiritualism." She added: "Belief can no more be compelled than Love can"!

I was, of course, grieved to receive such a letter from the girl because it implied that I was trying to lure her away from her own particular convictions or creedal beliefs in regard to the Here and the Hereafter, and trying to *force* those beliefs or undermine her faith. My

object was to lead her own steps nearer to God and His Christ through, and by the means of, spiritual communication with those dear ones on the plane immediately above the earth-plane which interspheres with our own. Nevertheless, I admired the girl's pluck in not yielding to what she erroneously considered to be an attempt on my part to entice her away from that path along which she had hitherto travelled. I, however, felt annoyed that she should have doubted me, and should have questioned my *bona fides*.

In the circumstances I determined that my young friend should hear nothing further from me about the spiritual truths which are being revealed to mankind every day, and which are pearls of great price to those who value them at their true worth. Further, that she would, so far as I am concerned, have to work out her own redemption on those narrow, unsatisfying conditions which a world-wide theocracy has set up in all countries and for all creeds, instead of drawing the truth straight from the Fountain of God's Spirituality which is always flowing freely between Him and His sentient creatures.

"Come unto *Me*," said the Christ, "I am the Bread of Life," and this being so, whence the necessity of this immense theocratic institution which has enveloped the world with its sweeping folds, enmeshing the souls of men as a fowler nets his birds?

The road that leads straight to the Christ is the shortest and best, and it is that road along which I endeavoured to lead this young girl, but she was frightened and shied, and so—she must find her own way.

Her father's spirit-discarnate, being freed from its gross material covering which hides the Truth from the incarnate-spirit, as the curtain of mist hides the blessed sunbeams, discerned his daughter's danger, and being anxious and eager to undo the harm to her spiritual

welfare which her hasty, ill-advised letter to me is calculated to do, evidently took the first opportunity of communicating with me. His meaning was clear and his purpose unmistakable, and if the opportunity be given me, now or in the future, the poor child shall have what assistance I may be able to render, with the love and goodwill which must ensure God's blessing.

The chief interest in this case is the remarkably faithful reproduction in my aura of actual experiences which had happened in my own life a short while previously. The Medium, who throughout these manifestations, was in his normal condition, saw the spirit-visitant just as he was in the flesh, with his eager, quick, alert manner almost amounting to impetuosity. His disease was not only faithfully depicted but actually taken on for the time being by the Medium, so that the evidence might be more conclusive; while the two girls shown to the Medium, one with the easel and the other with her room full of books and writing materials, are exactly described as to their respective tastes and occupations. The younger of the two is a painter, the other fond of, and engaged in literary pursuits. The episode of the letter, however, must be regarded as the most remarkable, as also the centre of interest, because in it the discarnate-spirit of the father discerns the danger to the incarnate-spirit of the daughter, while out of it may, and probably will, be evolved the spiritual emancipation of an incarnate soul from the narrow tenets of a priest-made religion and a faith hindered and warped by the thousand limitations set to it by widespread, pitiless theocracy and man-made dogmas. For these reasons, as also for many others which the penetrating vision of the earth-discarded spirit of the father clearly discerns, but which are hidden from mortal sight, the father is anxious for the child to an extent as to cause an amount

of eager impetuosity, even in the spirit-condition, which is usually lacking in those spirit-visitants who are so favoured as to be able to communicate with their brethren on the earth-plane.

This last proof of the ease with which communication between discarnate and incarnate-spirits may be set up now becomes vividly interesting.

Not only do we find that the intermingling of spirit life on the two planes is, under certain conditions, not difficult of accomplishment, but that it may even enter into the domesticities of our daily life. If a parent, a few months after his translation to another state, can find means of again entering into the domestic circle of those he has left behind in the flesh, for the purpose of correcting, improving, or directing their moral, social, or religious life, the numerous potentialities underlying such spirit-forces are necessarily stupendous.

It has been said of Spiritualism:—"Underlying these occult sciences there is a mighty power which, when it becomes well understood by the human race, will shake the foundations of existing things and develop in man those latent forces of which he is ignorant to-day"

That this prediction is correct is being vouched for every day, by men and women of all conditions, and in all parts of the world, although one need not go farther afield for proof than the solitary case just cited.

Personally I regard this manifestation as one of the most important pieces of evidence hitherto vouchsafed to me from friends on the spiritual-plane, and I subscribe these words in loving gratitude, first of all to my Guide 'Maira' in having brought these dear friends into my life, and then to those loving spirits who, of their goodwill to those spirits still incarnate, are desirous of broadening the scope of their spiritual vision so that many things, now obscure, may be made manifest.

I also tender heartfelt thanks to those wise spirits, "Maharaj" and "Pilgrim," who, by their loving care and wise exhortations, have done so much to comfort my mind and open the windows of my soul, so that the great lights of God's Eternal Truth may stream in to illumine my way and light my path so clearly as to remain well defined and unmistakable before my eyes. I also hope, and believe, that the light may not only continue but that it may grow in fervid brilliancy until the way be so clear that I may find it without the aid of my gifted friend, who has placed his services so ungrudgingly and so lovingly at my disposal.

One remarkable incident that I have failed to record is the fact that both my Guides, from what men call the "Shadowland" are of Eastern origin.

"Maharaj" is unmistakably Indian, but the racial origin of "Maira" is not so clear. The picture of rows of kneeling women, engaged in some act of worship, would denote that some Eastern country, other than India, claims the birth of "Maira's" physical body, this form of worship being unknown in India, but of this I know nought to-day; the future may, perchance, unfold the truth.

Besides these two beautiful and loving spirits, my dear old friend, Lalla Mahdo Ram, has revealed his presence on several occasions in former sittings, but I propose (D.V.) to treat of this, as also of other phenomena, in another paper. Indeed, I do not think it would be right to permit these manifestations to fade away and disappear from human ken, as the bright, beautiful cumulus of the summer sky vanishes into the blue vault of God's overhanging canopy.

With the exception of members of my own family, and some dear personal friends, my most prominent visitors from the spirit-world have been of Eastern origin

—Why? God's purpose is so unerring, so immutable, that there must be good cause for this regular communication with these exalted ones of Eastern origin. Surely this must be so, otherwise such visitations would have no meaning and would, therefore, bear the semblance of incongruity.

I am a Christian of a Western country where extreme orthodoxy prevails, and where narrow, intolerant bigotry finds safe lodgment in the minds of, perhaps, the vast majority of my fellow-countrymen.

To send to men, holding such restricted creedal beliefs, spirits of a Pagan race, a race considered by many to be outside the great scheme of Christian salvation, would be to call in question the sanity of God's plan of Redemption, particularly so as many Christians hold that this saving-grace applies to them *alone* and not to all nations and to all peoples. Many a good Christian dubs all these peoples as—Heathen!

It thus becomes clear that if God desired to communicate with the incarnate-spirit of an intolerant Calvinist, or a hard, bigoted Presbyterian, He would, in His wisdom, choose the discarnate-spirit of a Christian rather than send the spirit of one of a Pagan race whom our narrow-minded friend would, of a verity, regard as an emanation from the devil.

To those whose creedal belief is as broad as heaven itself, and who understand the meaning of Christ's words: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw *all* men unto Me," the idea of God making use of the discarnate-spirits of Eastern people is not only not repugnant but quite intelligible, fitting and just, and in accordance with Christ's promise and God's eternal laws.

God's way are always sound and intelligible, although men cannot at all times discern this. He could not possibly err in judgment. He could not err, for example,

in forcing uncongenial spirits to commingle, in linking up antagonistic natures, or in bringing into affinity spirits that are as far apart as the poles. In God's illimitable universe, "Like attracts Like," and this is a law that knows no change.

Personally I think God's great scheme of salvation includes the peoples of all nations, and that not one of any language, creed or colour can possibly be left out or forgotten by the Supreme Intelligence.

Moreover, I have long recognised that from among the peoples of India, China, and other eastern countries, God has gathered in many a saint, and that even to-day among the races of Hindustan, from the countless millions of Buddhists in China and elsewhere, as also from among the followers of Mahomed, does He continue to draw a goodly company of faithful souls, to whom comes the glad message—"Well done!"

I am, moreover, a firm believer in the broad sweep of God's mighty Redemptive scheme, and have long contended that His House is full of innumerable courts wherein abide those who, through the countless aeons of time, irrespective of race or religion, have so played their part on Life's stage as to ensure fitting habitation in one of the Father's "Many Mansions."

To such an one may fittingly come those discarnate-spirits of an Eastern people whom he not only believes in as forming one link in God's endless chain of events, but loves for their gentle goodness, their childlike simplicity and, in numerous instances, for that beautiful purity of life which is, alas, not too common a characteristic of Christian people.

My mind, indeed, often dwells upon the simple beauty of the life of many of the Indian people, and my soul is therefore attuned to, and in affinity with, their souls. This being so, it would be passing strange if

their spirits failed to speak with mine. "Like attracts Like" is the Law, and if it failed to operate here it would not be a LAW, but a caprice. That it is a Law and not a mere chance is demonstrable the world over, and nothing more need be said than that it *must* operate in this case, as in all others.

I would but add that as the East was the cradle of the human race it is not difficult to understand that the ancient representatives of Eastern peoples were more highly evolved in the spiritual-plane than those of the West.

This admitted, it becomes understandable that as many of the Eastern races have never lost touch with the power that links up the physical and psychical planes, the evolved spirits of such, having far less to unlearn in the spiritual world, may conceivably guide us with greater wisdom than the evolved spirits of Western peoples who, till quite recently, scoffed at the idea of communication being possible between the two worlds.

Here, then, is not only a fitting reply to the question—"Why should the spirits of an Eastern people be sent to spirits-incarnate in Christian bodies?" but another striking example of God's unerring wisdom.

Knowing my predisposition towards Eastern peoples; my firm belief in their inclusion in the Father's Redemptive scheme, and my individual love for many an Eastern friend living and dead, it becomes clear that God's Purpose might be better served by sending to me Messengers of Eastern origin, and presumably of a creedal faith differing essentially from my own, than had He chosen them from among discarnate-spirits of my own race and of my own religious belief.

This single question, which to many persons might appear an unimportant one, or even to bear a somewhat inconsequent aspect, becomes invested with something



like miraculous properties the moment its inner-meaning be realized.

Had God's purpose been to show me but one picture of the After-Life ; to give me but one brief glance of what men regard as the 'Hidden Future,' He could have done so by simply permitting my mother, for example, to manifest herself to me. That His Purpose meant more than this is made clear by the additional evidence which it was His will to reveal to me. I believe in His Omnipotence and He confirmed my belief. I believe in discarnate-spirits communicating with spirits-incarnate and He permitted the communication. I believe in all Eastern peoples, Christian or Pagan, sharing in His Redeeming Grace, and He showed me that it is so. I believe in the Master's injunction "Ask and you shall receive," "Seek and ye shall find," and I have got what I asked for and found that which I sought.

Summed up serially the following paragraphs represent the case :—

1. In my predisposition towards Eastern races and my love for individual members thereof, He confirms the law that "Like attracts Like" by sending to me those whose souls are attuned to mine, and whose spirits move on the same plane of affinity.
2. In making the communication of the spirits of an Eastern race prominent features in the manifestations, He is affording irrefutable evidence of the soundness of my belief that *all* races, languages and creeds are included in His mighty Plan of Redemption.
3. In using these spirits of Eastern origin as instruments of His Divine Purpose, and making them speak through the tongue of the Medium words of an Eastern language of which he is totally ignorant, He is but affording further evidence of the incessant

operation of another of His universal laws—BELIEF!  
“Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?”  
“Believe ye that I am able to do this? They  
said unto Him Yea, Lord.” Then touched He  
their eyes, saying, “According to your faith be it  
unto you.” And their eyes were opened.

Jesus knew the law of the Father and perfectly interpreted it during His lifetime.

The creature cannot or will not understand the laws of the Creator, and so fails in their true interpretation.

With belief “Nothing shall be impossible unto you,” said Jesus, and this is the LAW.

Personally I believe in this Law, and God has justified my belief by certain manifestations of His Omnipotence.

But my belief in the boundless possibilities of this Law extends much further than the present measure of its justification. I have said before, I am neither *exalté* nor emotional, nevertheless I plainly discern in the spiritual manifestations, described in these pages, premonitions of the waxing of a mighty compelling-power which, once understood by man and utilised in the way intended by the Creator, will completely revolutionise life on this planet.

General belief in the occult sciences is practically an unknown quantity to-day, yet there are isolated cases here and there proving its justification and demonstrating its potency. In out of the way places, amid unlikely surroundings, may these instances of the tremendous power of Belief occasionally be met with. When so encountered the Psychic simply and gratefully recognises and acknowledges the existence of spiritual dynamics, while the Physicist measuring, or attempting to measure, spiritual force by the unsuitable and impossible standards of physical science, naturally fails to arrive at a determination of any educational value.

Science, however, through some of her best exponents, has at length admitted that behind Matter there is a moving, propelling-power exercising enormous influence over it. But once she gracefully acknowledges that the great dynamic reservoir of the universe will be found where spiritual force is conserved, and lays her tribute to this mighty power on the altars of Truth, and, moreover, teaches the doctrine in her schools, Belief will accomplish the rest.

Belief to spiritual dynamics is what the powder is to the bullet. Without Belief, spiritual power necessarily remains inoperative. Without the powder behind it, the bullet would remain inert in the gun-barrel.

In the name of common-sense, then, let us not throw aside and waste Belief, but regard it as one of our choicest possessions and carefully cultivate and conserve it, for of this we may be sure that out of it spring all things. It is also certain that whatever man has accomplished in this world, whether for good or for evil, it has been accomplished by and through—Belief.

Many persons regard manifestations of the kind referred to in these pages as impossible. To such, demonstration of the truth will remain impossible.

To those who regard manifestations of the nature herein described as neither impossible nor supernatural, but believe in them with a whole-hearted, unshaken, and unshrinking faith, such revelations, while assuming quite normal proportions, will come not once but often; not sparingly and with niggard doles, but with plenteous over-flowing measure.

I would again offer my warmest and most heart-felt thanks for the great kindness of my dear friend, Percy Beard, who, by his patience and self-abnegation, has led me one step nearer God, and I thank him in the name of the Master.

“QUOD PETIS HIC EST.”







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