

The Harbinger of Light.

Edited by W. Britton Harvey : AUGUST 1st, 1925. Author of "Science and the Soul."

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The Editorial Chair.

Reason versus Orthodoxy.

This is essentially an age of Reason. Men and women—or, rather, the more thoughtful among them—are insisting upon being satisfied in their minds before subscribing to any particular form of religious belief. It is no longer sufficient to say—"This doctrine is orthodox and that doctrine is not." Orthodoxy has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It lies maimed and prostrate upon the theological battlefield and the latest diagnosis pronounces it "a hopeless case." It has given us a material hell of fire and brimstone, a hideous-looking personal Devil, the damnation of unbaptised infants, eternal torments in inextinguishable flames, the grave as our gloomy resting-place until the breaking of a far-off Resurrection Morn, a fearsome Judgment Day that has weighed like a terrible nightmare on the timid hearts of millions of our fellow-beings, an arbitrary and exacting Judge who will ruthlessly separate the sheep from the goats, the literal resurrection of the physical body, a fixed condition after death in contradistinction to spiritual progression, an infallible Bible, and a Heaven in which we are to pass the unthinkable æons of eternity in manipulating harps and singing monotonous hymns.

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No spiritually-illuminated mind entertains any one of these beliefs to-day, and the Church itself is fast ceasing to present these doctrines for the acceptance of the people. But they have all been strictly "orthodox" at some time or other, and some of them may possibly be orthodox to-day. We say "possibly" because it is very difficult to ascertain in these days what is orthodox and what is not. The Church itself is floundering in the billows of doubt. Its condition is one of flux and instability. Every minister seems to have his own doctrinal catalogue, and for this reason there is naturally a lack of consistency in the teachings of the pulpit on some of the points we have named. Christian sects are numbered by the hundred, and they are still increasing. There is, in fact, nothing but confusion all around, and "the man in the street" looks on with puzzled expression at the pitiful conflict of theological dicta.

This disintegrating element within the Church itself has tended to undermine ecclesiastical authority, for when experts differ who is to decide? A particular doctrine is no longer accepted simply be-

cause the Church proclaims it. The Church may be right in its view, or it may not. It has often been wrong in the past, and consequently it is not regarded as infallible in its teachings to-day. Every thinking man and woman is, therefore, bringing every creed and every dogma to the bar of Reason. This is the only tribunal that can give them satisfaction, and it is the only tribunal before which all such issues should be tried.

* * * *

Man has been endowed with the faculty of Reason to enable him to solve his doubts and arrive at what to him is Truth. And, after all, there is no fixed form of Truth. That which is Truth to one man may represent error to another. The series of beliefs enumerated above has spelt "Truth" and nothing but the "Truth" to tens of millions in centuries past. But to-day such doctrines represent Error to all enlightened minds. They were the natural and obvious products of spiritual darkness. That darkness, however, has since been partially dispelled. The revolt of Reason cleared the horizon, and we are seeing the Truth more clearly to-day than ever before.

And what was the instigating motive force that lay behind this great revolt? For our part we believe it to have been directly due to the tremendous impact upon the minds of men of vibrations from the spiritual world. The fiat went forth from the Most High—"Let there be Light," and immediately the messengers of God, directed by the Master, the Christ, sped on their mission, and commenced to substitute for Error, the Truth that shall "make us free"—free from the bondage of superstition, free from misconceptions of God and the nature of life and death, free from all the influences which dwarf the growth of the soul, free from the traditional chains that have kept the race in spiritual slavery, free from dependence for our salvation on outward forms and a substituted sacrifice, free to live the real life and to enjoy the radiant light of Truth that flows direct from the Central Source.

It was this resistless urge from the spirit world that ushered in the dawn of Reason. Men were raised up, as of old, to proclaim the Truth from the housetops, and to emancipate mankind from the thralldom of erroneous teaching. Hence the advent of Modern Spiritualism—modern only in the sense that its manifestations became more marked than for centuries previously, and consequently attracted the attention of the world. Behind it was the power of God, and in spite of jeers and taunts and persecution it has continued to progress, and must still advance, because no human agency can thwart the will of the Omnipotent.

* * * *

As the direct outcome of this new revelation we now know for a surety that there is no such thing as death—that it merely represents a transitional stage ushering the righteous-living man into a realm of continued existence immeasurably superior in every respect to this temporary mundane habitat; that theological creeds and dogmas are non-essentials that often cramp the soul and impede the development of the real man within; that character is the only thing that counts in a Land of Realities where "there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known"; that our condition on arriving Yonder will be determined

with unerring exactitude by the nature of the life we have lived upon earth; that we have literally and, in very many cases, by arduous effort, to work out our salvation; that spiritual progression is the glorious counterpart of the Law of Evolution on the physical plane; that there is within us all the germ of divinity, and that we shall go on unfolding in spirituality, beauty and grace until, in the illimitable roll of the ages, we eventually become one with the Father and participators in the ecstatic joys of the highest Heaven.

Contrast these revealed truths with the crude and wholly erroneous doctrines enumerated at the outset of this article, and then ask yourself which of these two pictures appeals the more to your reason and is the more in harmony with the attributes of a God of Justice, Wisdom and Love! Yet there are purblind people who still ask the fatuous question: "What has Spiritualism taught us that we did not know before?" Let all such carping critics delve into Church history and study the creeds and dogmas hitherto labelled "Orthodox." They will therein find the answer.

Wayside Notes.

Major Colley and the Ring.

Truth is sometimes very much stranger than fiction. A striking exemplification of this very trite saying was recently related by Major Colley, son of the late Archdeacon Colley, in the course of a recital of personal experiences before members of the British College of Psychic Science.

He stated that when quite a child he was "put to bed," and remembered seeing absolutely clearly, as he lay in his cot, a beautiful hand stretched over his head "as if in blessing or protection." He mentioned the incident to his father at breakfast on the following morning and told him it was "a nice hand with that ring on it," pointing to his father's finger. It was a signet ring and was an heirloom in the family.

Like most children, Major Colley revelled in making mud-pies, and one day he managed to get possession of the ring to make impressions of the crest in the mud. [His father arriving on the scene unexpectedly, the scared youngster buried it in the mud, and although diligent search was made, it could not be found. His father was deeply grieved at the loss of a family treasure and never really quite forgot the incident.

In due course the Archdeacon died, and a few months later, when Major Colley was sitting quietly in his room one evening, the identical ring dropped on his table and was so hot that he could scarcely hold it. Major Colley still wears the ring. How are we to account for this phenomenon? Did the Archdeacon carry forward with him the memory of this missing family heirloom which he never ceased regretting having lost? And did he succeed in finding it shortly after his arrival on the Other Side and restore it to the only survivor of the family? It looks very much like it. Anyway, if this is not the explanation, we should like to hear of some more feasible solution of the problem.

It may be added that it is characteristic of metal "apports" to be warm on arrival, due apparently to the action of some chemical law in the process of dematerialisation and rematerialisation of the object. It is all very wonderful, of course, and for that reason alone the sceptical will probably scoff at this story. But mere scoffing does not explain and does not obliterate facts. It is just a shallow-minded way of dodging a difficult problem.

Things that may Happen.

We are among those who are inclined to believe that within the next few years there will be such arresting manifestations of spiritual power that the whole world will resemble a bewildered man just awakened from a profound slumber. Whatever forms these evidences of spirit-life and activity may take there will be no mistaking their origin, and the sceptic will be stripped threadbare of all his opposing hypotheses. Nothing short of this is likely to move a large proportion of the people. They are so steeped in worldly affairs that it will require a series of startling "miracles" to raise their thoughts to higher things.

For nearly 80 years—that is, since the advent of Modern Spiritualism—the higher Powers have been endeavouring, by a multiplicity of phenomenal developments, to convince a perverse and stiff-necked human race that the material and spiritual worlds interblend and that man cannot live by bread alone. But the progress has been very slow, the pioneers were persecuted and the present-day champions of spiritual realities are either condemned or ridiculed by Press and Church and often laughed at by "the man in the street." This treatment, in our opinion, will not be indefinitely tolerated.

Increasing evidence will soon be forthcoming that the much-derided Spiritualist has truth on his side and must, therefore, prevail over all his adversaries. The barrier between the two states of existence has already been worn very thin—so thin, in fact, that the spiritual forces may make their final onrush before even the most optimistic believer anticipates. The spiritual currents that would be set in operation by any such development would probably react on the magnetism of the earth, causing earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and tidal waves which would play a potent part in the accomplishment of the end in view.

This would not mean "the end of the world," but the beginning of a new age and the ushering in of the reign of Truth. For that reason it should be welcomed when it comes.

"Calling up the Dead!"

Those uninformed people who never tire of accusing Spiritualists of "calling up the dead," and thus disturbing the serenity of their immortal souls, need to be reminded that the initiative in communication was not taken by man, but by the spirit people themselves. It was they who founded what is known as Modern Spiritualism. They utilised the Fox sisters for this purpose in 1848, and have been using innumerable other Sensitives ever since. It is, therefore, they who are doing the "calling-up" and they are doing it more persistently to-day than ever before.

The most ardent Spiritualist is not nearly as anxious to hold converse with them as they are with us. Every investigator knows that. At every successful "sitting" they crowd in as though the only thing they lived for was to let us know they had survived the ordeal of death. We have at times had them go by in quite a procession, each allotted just sufficient time to announce their names and convey a salutation. We had not even thought of them, much less "called them up." One remarked—"You may well be surprised to hear from me!" That in itself indicates there was no "calling" on our part. This particular relative came to make a confession and ask our forgiveness. She had been calling us up for nine years!

Another friend only succeeded in breaking through the barrier after repeated trials extending over thirty years. She was linked to us by a very close tie of affection, and it was with genuine de-

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Another friend only succeeded in breaking through the barrier after repeated trials extending over thirty years. She was linked to us by a very close tie of affection, and it was with genuine de-

light that she ejaculated—"I am so pleased to see you have my photograph on your desk!" The medium through whom that message came had never seen the photograph and had certainly never heard of the communicating friend who gave her name correctly and talked in a markedly evidential manner.

It is, therefore, sheer ignorance to talk of "calling up the dead," and many of the chief offenders in this direction are to be found in the ranks of the clergy. The newly-departed are not only desperately anxious to get into touch with loved ones left behind, but are often deeply disappointed because, after making effort after effort, they have failed to make their presence felt in the home.

Sometimes they appeal to a "sitter" at a seance to "tell mother I want to speak to her." In such cases, therefore, it is the mother who is "called up." But very often the message is disregarded, the mother does not respond, and the one on the Other Side is left lamenting. These are among the saddest cases of all—"He came unto his own, and his own received him not!"

The Mystery of the Ether.

Like many other mysteries, the ether has a fascination for many people. Leading scientists are convinced that it exists, although they cannot offer evidence to conclusively prove the truth of the dictum. It is the only hypothesis, however, that accounts for some of the phenomena in Nature. How, for instance, are wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony to be scientifically explained unless we postulate a "something" that carries the waves through space with the rapidity of the lightning's flash? And how are we to account for the travel of light unless this "something" is utilised for transmitting the rays of the sun of the earth?

This inscrutable "something" is designated "the Ether of space" by Sir Oliver Lodge, and in his latest work, "Ether and Reality," he deals with the subject in a very lucid and illuminating manner. He describes the Ether as "a link between the worlds, a consummate substance of over-powering grandeur" and goes on to say: "By a kind of instinct one feels it to be the home of spiritual existence, the realm of the awe-inspiring and the supernal."

Speculatively and intuitively we feel to be more in direct touch with the Ether than with Matter. How we can act on Matter is a mystery. How we have constructed and how we move our bodies we do not know. We are apt to identify ourselves with our bodies. But there is evidence which shows that we are really independent, that we continue in existence, and can leave our bodies behind. Matter is not part of our real being; not of our essential nature; it is but an instrument that we use for a time and then discard. Probably we do not act directly upon Matter at all. Our will, our mind, our psychic life, probably act directly upon the Ether, and only through it, indirectly, on Matter.

There is much food for thought in that quotation. According to this hypothesis the whole universe is immersed in Ether—it interpenetrates everything and fills the bewildering immensities of space. "It is the primary instrument of Mind, the vehicle of Soul, the habitation of Spirit. Truly it may be called the living garment of God." And yet it possesses definite physical properties. "It is not Matter . . . but it is the vehicle of both Matter and Spirit." It is a consummate substance" and in it we live and move and have our being.

In the light of this reasoning it may be conjectured that the environment in which we shall find ourselves on passing from this mundane sphere will be a world of Ether, and that the bodies we shall inhabit there will consist of this sublimated substance.

To the eye of the Spirit it may be visible and tangible and appear relatively as solid and substantial as does Matter on the physical plane. This conception harmonises with the information so often received from the Beyond, that the spiritual world is a very real and natural world and that its denizens feel as substantially formed as when manifesting in mortal garb.

It all sounds very rational, and is certainly very fascinating. And one could scarcely desire anything more transcendently satisfying than to find one's body, and all the objective realities of the spiritual world, formed of a substance which the great British physicist so poetically describes as "the living garment of God."

Jenny Lind and the Fox Sisters.

Nearly sixty years ago James Parton wrote a biography of Jenny Lind, the world-renowned Swedish vocalist, and incidentally he relates an incident of peculiar interest to Spiritualists. She first visited the United States of America under contract with P. T. Barnum, in 1850, and at that time the "Rochester Knockings" were a topic of popular interest. Horace Greeley, the greatest editor of his time, had visited Hydesville, and received evidence of spirit return through the Fox girls which he regarded as indubitable. He called upon Jenny Lind in New York, and several other distinguished guests were present. He and N. P. Willis were discussing the spirit raps, when Miss Lind, overhearing their remarks, asked for particulars, and ended by wanting to know if she could witness the manifestations.

"I answered that she could do so," to quote Mr. Greeley's own words, "by coming to my house, as Katie Fox was then staying with us. She assented, and a time was fixed for her call; at which time she appeared, with a considerable retinue of total strangers. All were soon seated around a table, and the 'rappings' were soon audible and abundant. 'Take your hands from under the table!' Mademoiselle Jenny called across to me in the tone and manner of an indifferently bold archduchess. 'What?' I asked, not distinctly comprehending her. 'Take your hands from under the table,' she imperiously repeated; and I now understood that she suspected me of causing, by some legerdemain, the puzzling concussions. I instantly clasped my hands over my head and there kept them until the sitting closed. I need not add, this made not the smallest difference to the 'rappings.'"

This occurred more than seventy years ago, and every attempt during the intervening time to explain the "rappings" through the Fox girls, duplicated by many other mediums, without acknowledging the basic truth of Spiritualism has utterly failed.

THE NEXT LIFE.

There are six things revealed to us about the life after death:—

1. That a man is the same five minutes after death as he was five minutes before it, except that he has passed through one more experience in life.
2. That his character will grow.
3. That he has memory.
4. That he may become a Christ in paradise.
5. That there will be mutual recognition.
6. That he will still have great interest in the world he has left.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

THE PASSING OF SIR WILLIAM BARRETT.

A PIONEER IN PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

A gap has been caused in the ranks of Physical Science and Psychical Research by the passing to the higher life of Sir William Fletcher Barrett, F.R.S., who died suddenly at his residence, Devonshire-place, London, on May 26th, in his 82nd year. Although not prominently identified with the Spiritualist movement, he was in full sympathy with the tenets of the cause and did not hesitate to proclaim his conviction that communication was possible with those in the Beyond. He, in fact, left on record the following emphatic declaration:

I am absolutely convinced of the fact that those who have once lived on earth can, and do in some cases, communicate with us who are still "in the body pent."

His active interest in the subject however, was mainly confined to the region of psychical research. He was one of the coterie of scientists who founded the Society for Psychical Research in 1882, and for over half-a-century was one of its principal investigators and a frequent contributor to its Proceedings. He was, in fact, returning from a meeting of the Society on the day of his death, when he was seized with a sharp heart attack, a trouble from which he had suffered for a considerable time and which terminated his earthly career.

He was one of the first to direct scientific attention to the problem of telepathy, in the possibility of which he was a thorough believer, and only a few weeks before his departure from this realm of time and sense, the following comments appeared from his pen in "The Times," London:

As regards telepathy, even the most sceptical (if they will take trouble to read the evidence already published) will agree with me that it cannot be explained: (1) by any exaltation of the ordinary channels of sense perception—conclusive results having been obtained between subjects several hundreds of miles apart; nor (2) by chance coincidence; nor (3) by any faculty at present known to psychologists. The evidence all points to the phenomena of telepathy as being due not to any physical transmission across space, but to a purely **psychical** process. It thus affords strong presumption of the existence in our personality of an immaterial entity, a soul or transcendental self, which is not limited to the confines of our body, or conditioned by matter, time, or space. Here and now this self lies below the threshold of consciousness and apparently comes into touch, and can interfuse, with other souls; whilst our conscious lives emerge like peaks from a dense mist, a mist that covers and hides the vast plain which unites all sentient beings with one another and with the Universal.

His researches in "dowsing"—the designation applied to the faculty of finding water by means of a divining rod—are too well-known to require comment. As far back as 1905 he expressed the view that a dowser could often find water more successfully than a geologist, and in a series of papers read before the Psychical Research Society he advanced the hypothesis that the genuine dowser possessed a real supernormal perceptive faculty.

He was the author of several works dealing with various phases of psychic phenomena, his best-known and most widely-circulated book being "On the Threshold of the Unseen," which is a standard work of reference, whilst his contributions to the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research would fill a volume in themselves.

In the domain of the physical sciences he was, in his early years, an assistant of Professor Tyndall at the Royal Institution, and when only 24 years of age lectured before the Royal Dublin Society on "Sensitive Flames," the refraction and reflection of sound waves being then for the first time

demonstrated to an audience by means of a sensitive flame. This lecture led to his appointment to the Chair of Experimental Physics at the Royal College of Science, Ireland, in 1873, and a long and distinguished career followed. It was while working with Tyndall that he met Faraday, who held the promising young chemist in high esteem and apparently recognised that a brilliant career lay before him.

Sir William was a regular reader of "The Harbinger of Light," and in our correspondence with him he more than once made gratifying reference to its contents. He has now passed to a fuller and even more active life, and with outstretched hands across the seas we tender our fullest sympathy to Lady Barrett, who freely supported her husband in his investigation of the problems associated with Psychical Science and frequently accompanied him in his attendance at the meetings of the Society for Psychical Research.

THE PASSING OF A GREAT SOLDIER.

MYSTERIOUS DIPPING OF FLAGS.

A few days prior to his death on May 22nd, the Earl of Ypres—more popularly known as Field-Marshal Sir John French—who commanded the "contemptible little army" during the retreat from Mons at the outset of the Great War, was removed from hospital, at his own request to Deal Castle. On the day upon which he passed away the Deal correspondent of the "Daily Express," London, sent the following message to that journal:

Two flags, one of them the enormous Union Jack that floats over the outer fortification of Deal Castle, fell mysteriously from their fastenings at the very instant of the death of Lord Ypres in a chamber of the castle. A policeman on duty at the drawbridge saw the Union Jack sag and fall to the foot of the mast to which it was attached, and, thinking that this was the signal of the end, went in to inquire. He found to his astonishment that no one in the castle even knew that the flag was not still flying. It was found that at exactly the same instant a large "Stars and Stripes" flag hanging in the Armoury Hall had also fallen.

Was this simply a coincidence or something more significant? The reader must form his, or her, own opinion on the point.

Writing in a personal strain in the "Sunday Express," the editor, Mr. James Douglas, states:

I happen to know that French was an enthusiastic Spiritualist, and was addicted to the innocent habit of attending seances. His love of mediums throws a pleasant light upon the perplexing riddle of his paradoxical character. He seemed, for instance, to be the incarnation of soldierly commonsense and practical ability. But there was a dreaming mystic behind the man of action or inaction. Here is a clue to the apparently insoluble riddle. It explains his loveliness, for his was a marvellously lovable personality.

This information will be news to many of our readers not previously aware that the departed Earl was as zealous as a Spiritualist as he was unquestionably courageous as a soldier.

WATCH FOR THE RED DISC!

Those of our Readers who receive this issue of "The Harbinger of Light" with a RED DISC embellishing the wrapper, will be good enough to understand that it is intended as a reminder that their SUBSCRIPTION for the current year is now due.

All Subscriptions are payable IN ADVANCE and unless those concerned forward their remittance promptly, we shall be forced to the conclusion that they do not desire to continue.

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CULLINGS FROM MY PSYCHIC DIARY.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY SUMMARISED.

THE LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE.

By EDWARD C. RANDALL, Author of "There is No Death" and "Frontiers of the After Life."

Some thirty years ago, investigating psychic phenomena, I discovered that conditions could be made that would enable me to talk with people in the after-life, which unusual privilege I have since enjoyed. Many men, that the world calls dead, have discussed with me some of the fundamental laws of the universe, explained many great problems, and taught a new psychic philosophy.

Some of Nature's truths gathered this way, I herewith reproduce.

* * * *

Is death the end? Is that sleep so deep it never finds its day? This has been a problem of life ever since men came out of savagery, of greater importance than all other aims, ambitions, and desires combined.

Long ago, free from prejudice, I began a search for the truth regarding the change called death. I heard a whisper from that land whence it is said no traveller returns, and with it a hope was born, that has ever since been watered by desire, and nourished with effort.

As one comprehends a little of Nature, there comes a limited conception of its immensity and grandeur; and knowledge begins in wonder.

Death is like birth, with this exception: In death one takes with him the knowledge acquired in this material existence, which we are told is a period of preparation for eternity.

All life has intelligence; all intelligence has language; all language, expression.

* * * *

The Psychic sphere is still unknown, unmarked; only the borderlands have been explored.

One who does right and has the courage of his conviction will find in the after-life a radiant happiness, and the censure of this little world will fail to sting.

There is not a cubic inch of space in all the universe that is not filled with life.

Force, the breath of Nature, wherever found, or however expressed, is life.

We are beginning to realise that it is the invisible that is the real, and that the seen is only the effect of invisible causes.

What to us seems space is filled with intelligent and comprehensive life, governed by laws as fixed and immutable as our own.

Origin and destiny are no longer beyond the grasp of the human mind.

God is universal good, and dwells in the heart of mankind. These are the times when we are akin to Nature, when our spirits are uplifted and strengthened, and we feel the heart of the universe beating close to us.

* * * *

Thought is a wonderful force, and we cannot grasp its magnitude, nor understand all its power. It is a living, vital thing.

A thought born in your mind is for good or evil, a thing to be reckoned with again in the after-life, when it will confront you face to face, and claim you as its author.

A thought can have many branches, but the parent stem is planted deep in your own soul, and

only your hand can remove it.

You can truthfully say that thoughts are different notes of sound.

Do you not think that the great intelligence that planned millions of worlds, and made them move with perfect harmony and precision, that peopled them, that fixed and marked each one's course, and lighted its pathway in infinite space, knows what is best?

* * * *

The sun touches the mountain tops before it does the valleys. It never penetrates mental caves, where ignorance and prejudice dwell.

Suppose that here and now the secret thoughts, motives, selfishness, greed, and desires of men could be photographed, suppose a camera would make character visible, how startled the world would be.

There has never been, and never can be, a secret in the world; our every thought is visible to the inhabitants of the invisible world.

Into the dull face of superstition we throw the shining lance of reason; in the darkened room of prejudice we light a torch.

Around and about us are great forces of occult power. Vast influences are continually at play upon the well-being of man. Research is making this field classic. It is no feverish excitement or vain ambition that leads men to this thought; it is a higher feeling, a holier motive a desire to understand and to comprehend the economy of Nature, and to grow wiser and better through that knowledge.

* * * *

Death is natural. In the change we only work along new lines, learning new laws, and how to apply them; the condition there is a perfectly natural one, just one step beyond. It is only good-night and good-morning.

Nature has always been revealing herself, not through a single book, but through all perfection and beauty. In every tree that grows and fruits, in every seed that flowers, and in every birth, there is a revelation.

Early training can develop a small virtue and kill a vice.

At dissolution, each sense is quickened, and all that fills what we call space is visible to the spiritual senses and tangible to spiritual touch and brain. Space must then take form, substance, and reality—a world of thought, boundless and endless.

Progression is unlimited. It stretches away into the vast future. One may climb and soar, but never reach the end of all that can be done to make oneself a perfect being.

* * * *

Nature is God, is always good, always smiling, even in her storms Nature is but fulfilling her promise of future plenty, as a mother goes through the storm of childbirth that she may replenish the earth.

Nature is natural in all her changes. The God-spirit is breathing through every fold of the rose, every leaf and ear of corn.

The rains will come when they are timed. They will replenish the green of the harvest, and make it richer. The storms of life may beat upon you, but you will find they only break down the dead branches, and you will be more straight and fair for their passing.

This Earth is yet young. When it came into being and was first peopled, millions of other planets, teeming with life, were growing old.

This soul of ours was first a part of the universal spirit of the Exalted, which man calls God. It was

an atom, which at the instant of conception impregnated and entered receptive matter, which, clothed with material, became individual, and commenced its journey back from whence it came.

* * * *

I see good in every act of kindness, in all the words of tenderness that fall from human lips, and to me the universal sum of all the good in all this world is God.

All Nature's laws are natural laws. Those things that to mortal minds are mysterious, are called phenomena. But Nature never made anything phenomenal. Things seem so to the undeveloped mentally.

In the forest deep, Nature's mirror of the waters reflects the forms of rocks and trees, the glorious shine of sun and stars and journeying clouds, only less divine than man.

We are as leaves tossed on the broad river of life, sometimes lying in the small dark shallows near the shore, until a breeze or ripple quickens us to action, and then we are carried toward the ultimate end of all, the great Ocean of Exaltation. Wise are they who seek the faster current, avoiding the stagnant pools.

The span of earth-life is pitifully short, and one's deeds are mighty in comparison.

God is love, and permeates every condition of Nature; love yields to the higher, turns the bad to good, and it is good, because love has touched it.

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In the presence of dissolution, faith, belief, and creeds wither and decay. In such a presence acts and deeds burst into perfect form, and we feel what speech cannot tell, and hope that what seems night here is somewhere else a dawn.

Little at best can be comprehended of the after-life, so boundless its scope; yet enough can be learned, while in the body, to dispel the awful fear and to lighten the sorrows that fill the human heart, and make men lead better lives, because they can live more intelligently, and so enrich the world.

The bridge of death no longer rests upon the clouds of hope, but upon great piers of knowledge. Every act is the product of conditions, and the heart applauds the brain when one works to increase the force of universal good.

* * * *

The so-called dead live here about us, know our sorrows, and grieve with us; our happiness they share; our hopes and ambitions they know, and, by suggestion, through our sub-conscious brain, they influence our daily conduct.

All about this material world of ours, exists, in fact, the psychic or spiritual universe, more active and real than this, peopled with all the countless dead, who, no longer burdened with a physical body, move at will within the boundaries of their sphere, in what appears as space to mortal man.

The highest duty of every man is to contribute what he can to the prosperity of the many, who, rich in worldly goods, are mentally poor in a land of opportunity.

(To be Continued.)

THINGS TO COME!

PROPHECIES OF SCIENTISTS.

By the Rev. STANLEY BEST, Kogarah, N.S.W.

Prominent geologists claim that about a million years ago a vast continent called Lemuria covered all the land once occupied by Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, Samoa, Pago Pago, Hawaii, India; also that Japan and China and New Zealand and

South America were connected by a mountain range that completely formed a bridge between Australia and America, for New Zealand and Australia were then one continent. It is claimed that this Lemurian continent was mostly destroyed when Atlantis sank and that the strip between Australia and South America, being very high, only settled a short distance below the sea-level.

One geologist says that in about twenty years, from 1925 to 1945, a vast area covering New South Wales will be lifted very high, as the Blue Mountains were the former mountain range, the principal one of Lemuria, and the former level of that ancient continent will then constitute the lower valleys of the new resurrected continent. He declares that about the year 1927 hieroglyphics would be found in the Blue Mountains predicting that the brotherhood of man would be established.

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The Bible tells us of wonderful things to happen in the latter days. If the following prophecy of a great professor is true, we are about to enter these "latter days." Dr. Milton Nobles predicts, about 1926 or 1927, a series of earthquakes along a "Death Belt," which he has drawn through Italy, Dalmatia, Asia Minor, Persia, India, Japan and Siberia, indicating the various points along this belt.

Within the next 10 years Dr. Nobles expects tidal waves, engulfing all Europe, half of Asia, part of Africa and part of North America. He also envisages the appearance of new lands—possibly whole continents, the linking up of America, Australia and New Zealand by new land, thus making the western hemisphere double its present land surface. He anticipates a shifting of the earth's axis with a new North Pole in Siberia and a new South Pole in the Pacific.

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Another astronomer predicts the greatest earthquake ever experienced, to take place in 1926 or 1927; and this to be but the beginning of a series of disasters which are destined to assail our planet and its inhabitants, or such of them as remain from the harvesting. He says: "Doubtless our Lord held this period of our world's history in mind when He predicted 'a time of tribulation such as was not since the beginning of the world,' and the same must have been within the vision of the prophet of Patmos when he foresaw 'a mighty earthquake such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great.'"

The same writer says: "By perfectly natural means, the prophecy of St. John regarding the 'new heavens and the new earth,' could be brought about by the shifting of the axis of the earth, whereby all climes would be suddenly changed, and men in all parts of the world would look out upon new heavens.

But we must not lose sight of the fact that there are other great troubles foretold in the Scriptures: storms of unprecedented fury, plagues and fires. To these horrors we must surely add those of human origin such as revolutions, wars and massacres—easy enough to the heart of a world that has lost all count of God's place in the universe.

And why all this tribulation and suffering? Because perchance mankind is getting too near to the Tree of Life and measuring his imperfect knowledge and puny strength against that of the Almighty, thinking to himself: 'We have become as gods,' knowing good and evil, and within measurable distance of the secret of life. Perhaps, too, we think to know better than our Master, Who said: 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.'

August 1st, 1925

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PENALTY

BY EVA HARRISON

(The incident related is uncommon. The children listened to similar tales whether the responsibility that is the truth, and close fear of material consequences—is so great bearable in the life be a traitor to God but to all men an offence cometh.—E)

This story is only for the light might have had

Our seer has the spirit form circle of his v be weighted d opportunities. and when the ing, this cler gathered arot crowd. This p feelings of tl then allowed and these we

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A CLERGYMAN IN THE BEYOND.

PENALTY OF INFIDELITY TO TRUTH.

By EVA HARRISON, Author of "Wireless Messages from Other Worlds," Etc.

[The incident related by our contributor is by no means uncommon. The conductors of most Rescue Circles have listened to similar expressions of remorse. It is questionable whether the clergy generally realise the tremendous responsibility that is theirs. To deliberately shut one's eyes to the truth, and close one's mouth to its proclamation, through fear of material consequences—as was done in the case under notice—is so great a sin that the results are well nigh unbearable in the life beyond. To be a traitor to Truth is to be a traitor to God. This applies, not merely to the clergy, but to all men, and woe be to that man through whom the offence cometh.—Ed. H. of L.]

This story shows how we are responsible, not only for the light we have, but for that which we might have had.

Our seer had been conscious for some days of the spirit form of a clergyman, keeping within the circle of his vibrations very closely; he seemed to be weighted down with gloom and remorse for lost opportunities. We extended to him our sympathy, and when the night came round for our weekly sitting, this clergyman and others of his profession gathered around the circle amongst the usual spirit crowd. This particular man conveyed to the seer feelings of the utmost despondency. The guides then allowed him to speak through their Sensitive, and these were his words:

"I feel the weight of the condition I now find myself in almost unbearable. I will confess! I have realised since I left the body, the responsibility I incurred in the charge I held. I might have known something of the grand truths which you have learned but I would not. I threw it from me, I smothered my inner consciousness. Ah yes, I knew—I knew—and yet I would not know! I was afraid of displeasing my Bishop, (he to whom you spoke a short time ago). Oh, if I could but undo the work of my life, I would defy all for the sake of Truth."

* * * *

"Well friend," said one of the sitters, "you have now to do the only possible thing—work out your own salvation."

"I know, I know," he answered quickly, "I also know that I must remain in this hell until I have accomplished my work. Could Justice have it otherwise? Nay, nay; it is because it is Justice that I would speak and warn others."

"Oh, that a door could be opened, that I might speak to those upon the earth who teach as I taught. Oh, if the veil could be rent, that I might speak now, if but for a moment, that they might hear my voice and recognise me, and that I might tell them something of what I now know. But I must needs wait until they, too, pass to this plane of life, I have tried to whisper to some, but they cannot hear me."

"What would I not give to see my time upon earth over again? Indeed I would risk all so that I might be found true. When I ponder over my present condition, and think of the task before me, I am overwhelmed. Some whom I have misled are already on this side; these I have to meet and bear their reproaches, others are coming from your side to this, and I must meet them all—all those who have depended upon my word."

"Think what it means! I have to wait, wait, wait in this condition for them all to arrive, for without them I cannot progress further. Together we must go forward into fuller light. This much have I learned,

"I now see that it was because I had the opportunity of further knowledge given me, and because I spurned the light for the sake of ease and position, that I am where I now stand. I see that had I stood for inner Truth, I should have received and handed that Light to others, and they again would have distributed it still farther. Indeed our acts do not end with one generation; they descend to many; thus it is with the errors I have taught."

* * * *

The Seer and others of the circle spoke sympathetically to this returning prodigal, and bade him waste no time in useless regrets, but step out towards the light now, helping and encouraging those in his surroundings while he was awaiting the others yet to come.

"How shall I help others, seeing that my whole life upon earth was a lie," he exclaimed bitterly. "Do you understand? I saw when I was upon the earth, but I would not see! Oh I must tell you—it will be a relief."

"Well do I remember one day, when I was alone in my study, a bright light appeared and stood by my side. It spoke, and warned me that if I did not heed I should suffer. But I did not heed; I knew that I should lose my position in the Church if I attended to the voice of the Angel, so I cast the warning away. Ah me! From that moment I became hardened, and as the years rolled by and I tottered towards the grave—that grave which seemed so cold and dark as I neared it—I began to realise that my whole life on earth had been a lie, for the sake of position—for the sake of mere earthly gain!

"Tell me, tell me; having committed this great sin, and refusing the offer I had, can I ever rise? Is it possible to reach Heaven, or am I drifting further away? Tell me truly; give me no soft words and promises like those I gave to others. If I could but hear that voice and see that form again, I would listen, I would heed, I would do anything—anything in the name of Truth."

* * * *

We assured this poor distraught one that Heaven, or happiness was before him; but could only be gained by degrees, as he unfolded his spiritual senses and gifts and used them in Love's service. We also suggested that he might try to impress some of his brethren in the same profession he had been in on earth—impress them with thoughts of desire for Truth; telling him how he should frame positive thoughts and direct them by concentration of will, where he desired them to find lodgment.

To this he replied: "Yes, I have tried to do it, but as yet I feel I make no impression. I must learn. I have a hard task. I thank you for the ray of light you have given me. Bless you, bless you! Think of me. I must leave. Good-night."

HOW TO KEEP THE FLAG FLYING.

Has it ever occurred to you that one way in which you can help us to keep the Flag of Spiritualism flying in Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand is to purchase the Books we stock for your edification and enlightenment?

Should you desire to help by this means, send for the New Catalogue now ready at the office of "The Harbinger of Light."—post free on application.

THE RETURN OF SIR WILLIAM CROOKES.

A CASE OF EXTRAORDINARY MEDIUMSHIP.

For more than fifty years of his earth life, Sir William Crookes was keenly interested in Spiritualism and it was to be expected that his interest would continue after his passing to the unseen. Evidence tending to show that this is the case has been forthcoming. His transition occurred on 4th April, 1919, in July of which year he purported to manifest through Major R. E. E. Spencer's home circle at Walbottle Hall. An account of what took place was published in "Light," 1919 (pp. 256, 302), without, however, giving Major Spencer's name, which appeared—with fuller details of the seances—in an article by Mr Fred Barlow in "Psychic Science" (the organ of the British College), Vol. 2, pp. 221-229. It is important to note that the Crookes' communications concerned the production of diamonds, a branch of research and experiment with which Sir William Crookes had actively associated himself (see "Light," 1919, p. 253).

In his memoir of Sir William Crookes which Sir William Barrett read before the Society for Psychical Research in Steinway Hall on December 9th, 1919 (see Proc. S.P.R., Vol. xxxi., pp. 28-29), he said that Crookes was apparently trying to communicate with us. As reported in "Light," 1919, p. 397, a test word had been given by the soi-disant Crookes, namely, "Klipdam," but the word was unknown to anyone present. Enquiries among the Crookes family threw no light on it. Finally, Sir William Crookes' daughter found two photographs taken by her father in 1896, when he visited the diamond mines in South Africa, and on one of them in his own handwriting was the word "Klipdam." Sir William Barrett on this occasion (December, 1919) promised that at a later date he would give more particulars if any further satisfactory evidence could be obtained.

That promise Sir William Barrett carried out in a Paper he read at a private meeting of members of the Society for Psychical Research, on Wednesday, May 6th last. It was entitled, "Cryptesthesia versus Survival; an Enquiry into a Remarkable Case," and will be published in due course in the Society's Proceedings.

* * * *

We are only at liberty to say a few words at present, but the evidence adduced appears to show that, as soon as Crookes had recovered from the long illness which closed his earthly life, he was on the look out for some means of making his continued existence known to his friends on earth. For, on May 9th, a month after he had passed to the unseen, a lady who was engaged in religious and rescue work, who knew nothing of Crookes, and had no interest in (but rather an aversion to) Spiritualism, had a clairvoyant vision of a spirit form she did not recognise; then a message purporting to be from Sir William Crookes came through her hand, and in answer to her question she was told that the figure was Crookes, who said, "I want your help, your gift is wonderful, you can help science and the world. I have much to say to you."

The lady, Mrs. W., then received a number of messages (in automatic writing) apparently from Sir William Crookes, giving information, which after enquiry was found to be quite correct, but of which Mrs. W. knew nothing beforehand. Remarkable physical phenomena also occurred in full light with Mrs. W.—the "direct writing" of elaborate music. She was evidently a most gifted medium, in spite of her dislike to the subject.

Subsequently long messages were automatically

written by Mrs. W., containing abstruse chemical formulae which could not have been derived from the medium's sub-consciousness. These messages were sent to Sir William Barrett, who found they were quite correct from a scientific point of view, and related to Crookes' own work on diamonds.

* * * *

The proof of Crookes' identity seemed complete, but later on Sir William Barrett discovered that the whole of the messages, and the name "Klipdam" (with a copy of Sir William Crookes' two photographs of the place) were taken verbatim from a little book upon Diamonds, written by Crookes and published in America before his death. After searching enquiry Sir William Barrett found that this book was utterly unknown to Mrs. W., nor was it possible that she could have had any means of copying extracts from it. Her clairvoyant powers were then tested and it was found that she could write long passages from books that she had never seen. The result was that she proved to be a medium, even more wonderful for her clairvoyance than those who have given the book tests.

The question then arose, was Mrs. W. simply a clairvoyant medium and did the phenomena clearly demonstrate Professor Richet's theory of cryptesthesia or was Crookes himself really the communicator? This question was fully discussed in Sir William Barrett's paper; our readers must decide for themselves when they are able to read all the facts in his paper, which when published by the Society for Psychical Research is sure to arouse very widespread interest and prolonged discussion. In the physical phenomena which occurred with Mrs. W. and in clairvoyance her mediumship resembled that of Stainton Moses, and, had she lived, would probably have rivalled it—"Light."

SPIRITUAL AND MENTAL HEALING.

Of late years, the Psycho-therapeutic treatment of disorders, both physical and mental, has received much attention by thinking people of all classes and denominations, as evidenced by the advancement of Spiritual healing under the name of Christian Science, The Immanuel movement, The Brotherhood of Healers and other organisations, as well as the interest of the clergy.

The successful treatment of functional and nervous disorders from War injuries, has also led to much scientific investigation and developments, so that to-day many of the most advanced medical men are firm believers in this mode of treatment for a large number of the ills human flesh is heir to.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we hear of a course of lectures on this subject being delivered in Melbourne by Mr J. Macdonald-Moore, D.Sc., one time lecturer to The Psycho Therapeutic Society of London and other similar organisations. From the syllabus before us, we cordially commend this course of instruction to all who may be desirous of acquiring up-to-date knowledge on this most interesting subject which embraces alike the influence of Spirit and Mind on the general well-being.

The series commenced on July 7th, and any others wishing to join the class can obtain type-written copies of the previous lectures free of charge. All interested should write Mr Macdonald-Moore, 270 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

CORRESPONDENTS AND POSTAGE.

Will correspondents requiring a personal reply to their letters be good enough to bear in mind that they must enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the purpose. Otherwise the letters will be acknowledged in our columns under the heading—"Replies to Correspondents."

EDITOR.

THE NUTSHELL PAGE.

As untiring as ever in his propaganda enterprises in the cause of Spiritualism, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle addressed meetings in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, on May 13th and 14th and was accorded a splendid reception. On the second night, in particular, the Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity and many were unable to gain admission. Sir Arthur was accompanied on the platform by Lady Doyle, who was presented with a magnificent bouquet of flowers, and among those who attended were many clergymen and representatives of every class and profession. In his first address, the speaker dealt with the various phases of the subject and on the second night exhibited his unique collection of psychic photographs. His remarks were frequently applauded, and at the conclusion the cheering developed into quite a gratifying demonstration.

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The chairman of the first meeting addressed by Sir Arthur was the Rev. R. W. Seaver, M.A., B.D., who said that religion, as formerly understood and practised, was simply not holding its own, and people should ask themselves if God might not thus be pointing out the source from which change might be looked for, to the advantage of their various churches. Materialism essentially meant human life regarded and lived from the opposite point of view. He was content to stand in this matter alongside Bishop Welldon, Sir Oliver Lodge, Archdeacon Wilberforce, and the Rev. Arthur Chambers. In his closing remarks he said that the speaker had given them a new idea of God and that Spiritualism was largely Christianity as it ought to be, rather than Christianity as it is!

* * * *

From "A Naval Scrap Book," by Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, we cull the following extract relative to the sinking of the warship "Victoria" during naval manoeuvres in the Mediterranean many years ago: "On the day that the 'Victoria' was sunk a number of torpedo officers, myself included, were lunching at the works of Messrs Whitehead at Weymouth. . . . After lunch we were discussing the morning's work when a wineglass that was standing on the table broke through the stem without warning or anyone touching it. Someone, I forget now who, remarked 'that should mean a big naval disaster.' Allowing for the difference in time, owing to longitude, the glass broke just about the time that the 'Victoria' was rammed."

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Don't forget the RED DISC please!

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In the course of a lecture delivered at the Practical Psychology Club of London on "Proof of Immortality," Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said: "Among the many misstatements I continually have to meet is that it was the death of my son in war-time that converted me to Spiritualism. . . . Frequently I have seen the same thing alleged concerning Sir Oliver Lodge. Twenty-five years ago I met Sir Oliver, and we had a strong conversation on the subject, and I found that at that time he was actually more advanced than I was. I can only say that I began to study Spiritualism in 1885, and in 1887 I wrote about it, and thus put myself on public record. Since then I have lost no opportunity of reading about it and experimenting upon the subject."

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The "Edinburgh Evening News" announces that the Princess Walewka, an Indian seeress, has been persuaded to publish a book, "Lifting the Veil," revealing many secrets of psychic phenomena.

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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, commenting in the "Daily Express" on a recent Spiritualistic libel case, in which the defendant admitted that he was well paid for libelling Spiritualists, observes: "It is difficult to imagine why a cult like ours, which proves, or endeavours to prove, that which all religions assert, should excite bitter antagonism in certain creeds, but it is notorious that it does so, and every Spiritualist of experience is aware of a hidden hand which strikes the movement when it can. It is not often, however, that we get such direct public evidence of it as in the words which I quote."

* * * *

Ruins of an ancient city have been found by divers submerged 30ft. below the surface of the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Tunis. The divers report that many large stone buildings were visible, outlined in dim shadows on the sandy bottom, and that fish swarm in and out of crumbled doorways. Archaeologists are preparing to make further explorations. Additional interest is attached to the

discovery by the fact that the city lies in waters described by Virgil and near the "Isle of the Lotus Eaters," of which Homer sang.

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The "Daily Express" of the 22nd May, referring to the fact that this date was the sixty-sixth anniversary of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's birthday, remarks that "since his doctoring days Sir Arthur has figured as journalist, pamphleteer, criminologist and leader of Spiritualism. That, of course, does not exhaust all Sir Arthur's activities, and we think that the history of the future will not fail to reckon him as a great philanthropist and social reformer, a work for which we hope he will be spared to see many more birthdays." It is not too late, perhaps, for us to cordially endorse these sentiments in the name of the Spiritualists of Australia and New Zealand.

* * * *

He that knows not and knows not that he knows not, is a fool—shun him;

He that knows not and knows that he knows not, is simple—teach him;

He that knows and knows not that he knows, is asleep—rouse him;

He that knows and knows that he knows, is a wise man—follow him.—From the Arabic.

* * * *

On the subject of Healing, R. Acland Troyte, in the "Commonwealth," London, writes: "The regular practice of these three habits—the habit of thinking health, the habit of daily laying ourselves open to the inrush of the life-giving spirit, the habit of making our communions with a definite intention of securing physical health will, I venture to believe, be found to be a wonderful and blessed help to maintaining a healthful condition of the body."

* * * *

Mr T. C. Austin, of London, has conducted a successful week's work at Belfast under the auspices of the Belfast Psychical Research Society. Seances were held daily, and at almost all the sittings lights appeared moving within the circle. At some of the sittings the light developed into a luminous cross plainly visible to all the sitters. Direct voice manifestations were also obtained and very evidential tests of identity were given to different sitters.

* * * *

Regarding the treatment of Spiritualist mediums who come up against the law, in a recent lecture on "Proof of Immortality," Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said:—"They are arrested by ignorant policemen and brought up before ignorant magistrates. The time will come when it will be recognised that these men and women—not the dishonest ones, of course—will be looked upon as the priests and priestesses of a new religious dispensation. This is really religious persecution."

* * * *

In a report of Miss Louise Owen's recent lecture in the Farringdon-street Memorial Hall, the "Yorkshire Herald" quotes from her address: "I want everybody to be as happy as I am. My venture in Spiritualism has only been a few months, but it has provided me with such happiness that I could not keep it to myself. Thousands and thousands of people are seeking after something which is missing from their lives." Miss Owen was for twenty years private secretary to the late Lord Northcliffe.

* * * *

According to the "Montreal Gazette" of the 1st inst., Houdini at a luncheon of the Kiwanis Club delivered an address attacking Spiritualism, in the course of which he said "there were fifty million people who believed in communication with the unseen world through so-called mediums who were frauds. It had been predicted by one of these mediums that he would be dead by next December, but no fake medium could do him harm, and if it should happen that he were gathered to his forefathers by next December he hoped to be in far better company than any of these fraudulent Spiritualist people." There, now!

* * * *

"Those who have lived a holy life, when they are freed from this earth, and set at large, as it were from a prison, will arrive at a pure abode above, and live without bodies through all future time. They will arrive at habitations more beautiful than it is easy to describe." Thus wrote Plato. But he forgot to put the word, "physical" before "bodies."

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THE WESLEY FAMILY AND PHENOMENA.

Hauntings of Two Hundred Years Ago.

By Rev. John Wesley, the Founder of Methodism.

[A new subscriber to "The Harbinger of Light" wishes to know if it is true that John Wesley, the honored founder of Methodism, had any experience of remarkable phenomena similar to those associated with Spiritualism and Psychical Research of the present day. Readers of his Letters are, of course, aware that this is so, and that he placed on record the following testimony to his belief:

"What pretence have I to deny well-attested facts because I cannot comprehend them? It is true that most men of learning in Europe have given up all accounts of apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it, and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against the violent compliment which so many that believe in the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. They well know (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up of these apparitions is, in effect, giving up the Bible, and they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with spirits is admitted, their whole castle in the air (Deism, Atheism, and Materialism) falls to the ground."

Furthermore, the subjoined narrative was written by John Wesley himself and published in "The Arminian Magazine." From this it will be seen that some of the members of the Wesley family were subjected to all sorts of annoyances similar to those recorded in recent times.]

When I was very young I heard several letters read, written to my elder brother by my father, giving an account of strange disturbances, which were in his house at Epworth, in Lincolnshire. When I went down thither, in the year 1720, I carefully enquired into the particulars. I spoke to each of the persons who were then in the house, and took down what each could testify of his or her knowledge, the sum of which was this:

On December 2, 1716, while Robert Brown, my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids a little before ten at night in the dining room, which opened into the garden, they both heard knocking at the door. Robert rose and opened it, but could see nobody. Quickly it knocked again and groaned. "It is Mr. Turpine," said Robert. "He has the stone, and used to groan so." We opened the door again twice or thrice, the knocking being twice or thrice repeated. But still seeing nothing, and being a little startled, they rose and went to bed.

When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs he saw a hand mill, which was at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. When he related all this he said: "Nought vexed me but that it was empty. I thought if it had been full of malt, he might have ground out his heart for me." When he was in bed he heard, as it were, the gobbling of a turkey-cock, close to the bedside; and soon after the sound as one stumbling over his shoes and boots, but there was none there; he had left them below. The next day he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily and said: "What a couple of fools are you! I defy anything to frighten me."

"SHE RAN AWAY FOR LIFE."

After returning in the evening she put the butter in the tray, and had no sooner carried it into the dairy than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several puncheons of milk stood, first above the shelf, then below; she took the candle and searched both above and below, but being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray and all, and ran away for life. The next evening, between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly—then about twenty years of age—sitting in the dining room reading, heard as it were the door that led into the hall open and a person walking in that seemed to have on a silk nightgown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her, then to the door, then round again, but she could see nothing. She thought: "It signifies nothing to run away; for whatever it is, it can run faster than me."

Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter and the lid of a warming-pan. Next the latch of the door

moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into her bed without undressing, pulled the bedclothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till next morning.

"THE HOUSE SHOOK FROM TOP TO BOTTOM."

A night or two after my sister Hetty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard someone coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs. And at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. She told this to my eldest sister in the morning, who told her: "You know, I believe none of these things. Pray let me take away the candle to-night and I will find out the trick." She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened downstairs to the hall where the noise was; but it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round it was drumming on the outside, and so always on the side opposite to her.

Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it; but nothing was seen. As soon as she had shut it the knocking began again; she opened it again, but could see nothing; when she went to shut the door it was violently thrust against her; she let it fly open, but nothing appeared. She went again to shut it, and it was again thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again; but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair.

WESLEY'S MOTHER TAKES A HAND.

The next morning, my sister, telling my mother what had happened, she said: "If I hear anything myself I shall know how to judge." Soon after she begged her to come into the nursery. She did, and heard, in the corner of the room as it were, the violent rocking of a cradle but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced it was preternatural, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hours of retirement, and it never did. She now thought it was proper to tell my father; but he was extremely angry, and said: "Suky, I am ashamed of you; these boys and girls frighten one another, but you are a woman of sense and should know better. Let me hear of it no more."

At six in the evening he had family prayers as usual. When he began the prayer for the king, a knocking began all round the room, and a thundering knock attended the "Amen." The same was heard from this time every morning and evening while the prayer for the king was repeated. As both my father and mother are now at rest and incapable of being pained thereby, I think it my duty to furnish the serious reader with a key to this circumstance.

The year before King William died my father observed my mother did not say "Amen" to the prayer for the king. She said she could not, for she did not believe the Prince of Orange was king. He vowed he would never cohabit with her till she did. He then took his horse and rode away, nor did she hear anything of him for a twelvemonth. He then came back and lived with her as before. But I fear his vow was not forgotten before God.

TIMID VICAR AND THE PISTOL.

Being informed that Mr. Hoole, the Vicar of Haxey (an extremely pious and sensible man), could give me some further information, I walked over to him. He said:

Robert Brown came over to me and told me your father desired my company. When I came he gave an account of all that had happened, particularly the knocking during family prayer. But that evening (to my great satisfaction) we had no knocking at all. But between nine and ten a servant came in and said, "Old Ferries is coming" (that was the name of one that died in the house), "for I hear the signal." This they informed us was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was toward the top of the house on the outside, at the north-east corner, resembling the loud creaking of a saw, or rather that of a wind-mill when the body of it is turned about in order to shift the sails to the wind.

We then heard a knocking over our heads, and Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, said: "Come, sir, you shall now hear for yourself." We went upstairs, he with much hope, and I (to say the truth) with much fear. When we came into the nursery it was knocking in the next room; when we were there it was knocking in the nursery. And there it continued to knock, though we came in, particularly at the head of the bed (which was of wood) in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley, observing that they were much affected, though asleep, sweating and trembling exceedingly, was very angry, and, pulling out a pistol, was going to fire at the place whence the sound came.

But I caught him by the arm, and said, "Sir, you are convinced that this is something preternatural. If so, you cannot hurt it, but you give it power to hurt you." He then went close to the place and said sternly: "Thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou frighten these children that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me to my study that am a man!" Instantly it knocked his knock (the particular knock which he always used at the gate) as if it would shiver the board in pieces, and we heard nothing more that night.

WESLEY'S FATHER RECEIVES A BUMP!

Till this time my father had never heard the least disturbance in his study. But the next evening as he attempted to go into his study (of which none had any key but himself), when he opened the door it was thrust back with such violence as had like to have thrown him down. However, he thrust the door open and went in. Presently there was knocking, first on one side, then on the other, and after a time in the next room, wherein my sister Nancy was. He went into that room, and (the noise continuing) adjured it to speak; but in vain. He then said: "These spirits love darkness; put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak." She did so, and he repeated his adjuration; but still there was only knocking, and no articulate sound. Upon this he said: "Nancy, two Christians are an overmatch for the devil. Go, all of you, downstairs; it may be when I am alone he will have courage to speak." When she was gone a thought came in, and he said: "If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray,

knock three knocks and no more." Immediately all was silence, and there was no more knocking at all that night.

I asked my sister Nancy (then about fifteen years old) whether she was not afraid when my father used that adjuration? She answered she was sadly afraid it would speak when she put out the candle; but she was not at all afraid in the day time, when it walked after her, as she swept the chambers, as it constantly did, and seemed to sweep after her. Only she thought it might have done it for her, and saved her the trouble. By this time all my sisters were so accustomed to these noises that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bed head usually began between nine and ten at night. They then commonly said to each other, "Jeffery is coming, it is time to go to sleep." And if they heard a noise in the day and said to my youngest sister, "Hark, Kezzy, Jeffery is knocking above," she would run upstairs and pursue it from room to room, saying she desired no better diversion.

CLAIRVOYANT DOG SEES APPARITION.

A few nights after, my father and mother were just gone to bed, and the candle was not taken away, when they heard three blows, and a second and a third three, as it were with a large oaken staff, struck upon a chest which stood by the bedside. My father immediately arose, put on his nightgown, and hearing great noises below, took the candle and went down; my mother walked by his side.

As they went down the broad stairs they heard as if a vessel full of silver were poured upon my mother's breast and ran jingling down to her feet. Quickly after there was a sound, as if a large iron ball was thrown among many bottles under the stairs: but nothing was hurt. Soon after, our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter between them. While the disturbances continued he used to bark and leap, and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days he used to tremble and creep away before the noise began. And by this the family knew it was at hand, nor did the observation ever fail.

NO SLEEP FOR NOISES.

A little before my father and mother came into the hall it seemed as if a very large coal were violently thrown upon the floor and dashed all to pieces, but nothing was seen. My father then cried out: "Suky, do you not hear? All the pewter is thrown about the kitchen." But when they looked all the pewter was in its place. Then there was a loud knocking at the back door. My father opened it, but saw nothing. It was then at the front door. He opened that, but it was still lost labour. After opening first one and then the other several times he turned and went up to bed. But the noises were so violent all over the house that he could not sleep till four in the morning.

Several gentlemen and clergymen now earnestly advised my father to quit the house. But he constantly answered: "No, let the devil flee from me; I will never flee from the devil." But he wrote to my eldest brother at London to come down. He was preparing to do so when another letter came, informing him that the disturbances were over, after they had continued (the latter part of the time day and night) from the 2nd of December to the end of January.

"In Converse with Angels.": This wonderful narrative of angelic ministry by Irene Hallam Elliott, wife of the Rev. G. Maurice Elliott, has been unprocurable for many months, but a supply of the new edition has now come to hand and copies are obtainable at the office of "The Harbinger of Light." The lady has seen and heard and spoken to angels, and in our advertising columns will be found several arresting tributes to the inspiring contents of the book.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

PROPHECIES OF GREAT DEVELOPMENTS.

[The following extracts are culled from two trance addresses delivered last May through Mr Samuel Cottam of Auckland, at one of a regular series of private circles of six sitters, including the medium. We reproduce them because of the exceptional character of the prophecies they contain.—Ed.]

Soon now the direct voice will be heard in the Churches, in the homes and in the streets. The gates of Heaven will so open whereby this stupendous truth (evidence of human survival) will shake the very foundations of the orthodox Church. Those recently-translated will take a more intimate part with those of the physical, and will work through those in charge of affairs of State, as well as through those of the Churches. Thus will man see the falsity of much of the religious teaching launched down through the ages.

There are those who have passed during the last two centuries, named as "infidel," yet it is their voices which will sound from the pulpits; and man will know of the true facts associated with the origin of Christianity. He will see how the churches have gained ascendancy over the minds of men until fear of God has practically blinded reason, so that they have seen but as "through a glass darkly."

The way is now being sought through various circles to give this grand reality to man, so that he will realise something of the great Father-Mother God—realise that he himself is a spark of this greater mind-essence.

From north, south east and west millions and millions of spirits will manifest to mortals, and there will be no fear of such things coming to pass as in the middle ages when "witches" met their death through fire and water.

Subjective Spiritualism will become merged with orthodoxy, but objective Spiritualism will still be given to man through the wide-open gates of the heavens. Man will indeed realise he is a god in the making.

* * * *

It is from the hermetic heavens that they seek to combat war and bloodshed, to see mankind living the higher life, to see superstition cast to one side and myth and fable cast into the waste-paper basket. They seek to establish the truth that the great Deific Light shines in the souls of all men.

There are those who, with flowery language and the voice of culture, would seek their god in works of hoary antiquity. Far better is it that one who has passed for only one short year should return to give the positive proof of survival. And this great influx of proof will come, not through men of culture, but through the illiterate.

All the legions of Lucifer, or man's lower self, will be unable to withstand the work of the hermetic initiates. It remains for us, therefore, to assist if only with our thought, this task of establishing the kingdom of God on earth.

* * * *

There are records in Paris to-day which will throw light upon the falsification and interpolation of the Scriptures in early times. They can be interpreted by the mediums of your earth plane. Man is not so credulous now as during those times, and it goes without saying that truth will always uncover falsity and error.

It is through the budding spirituality of the Occident, rising in ascendancy over the dying spirituality of the Orient, that the truth will be made known to all people.

The works of the Almighty can only be interpreted through the soul-essence. He who seeks from

the depth of his being can become magnetically en rapport with those who have passed to discover these things

These records in France will give to man, through the mediumistic faculties, the true interpretation. Then will the Christian turn and realise the Saviour as an Elder Brother who came with a message for all mortals.

We have seen the gradual undermining of the churches—they have broken away into sects and creeds. Why? A divided house must fall. Ye who hold aloof, in circles, seeking wisdom for truth's sake shall receive it. You are few in number, yet your time is not lost.

And the revelations to be given to man will be more astounding. The man in the street will be spoken to from these spheres, that he will turn around to see whence came the voice. Then will he know that the gates of Heaven are surely open. Indeed, you move in stupendous times, when the truth will be given to all men.

THOUSANDS WISH TO ATTEND SEANCES.

Interviewed by a representative of the "Evening Standard," London, Mr. Valiantine, the medium employed by Mr. Dennis Bradley in his Direct-voice seances, stated:

During my stay here, over a hundred well-known people have attended my seances at Mr. Bradley's home, and nearly 7000 applications have been received for accommodation at one or other of the seances. . . . During the past three weeks some of the most important results we have yet had have been obtained. The most interesting perhaps have been the spirit voices obtained in open daylight, where the possibility of any trickery is absolutely ruled out.

Much interest is being manifested in the medical formulas for cancer and consumption which were recently obtained from spirit sources. These are now being studied by the doctors to whom they were dictated by a spirit voice at the seance. I am told that they are entirely new to medical science, but are obviously upon lines likely to commend them to enlightened medical practitioners.

A PRINCESS AS SEERESS.

The Press of Great Britain is daily showing a marked tendency to treat psychic phenomena of various kinds in a much more respectable manner than heretofore. It is beginning to realise that there is something in these happenings after all! In commenting on a recent date on the wonderful psychic powers possessed by the Indian Seeress, Princess Wahletka, the "Edinburgh Evening Dispatch" states:

One thing seems clear. It is too late in the day for even the ultra-conservative mind to try to dispose of all such cases as being merely frauds. The telepathic or clairvoyant powers recently exhibited by Prof. Gilbert Murray, and witnessed by well-known men, whose testimony cannot be brushed aside as unworthy of attention, must have convinced even the least nimble of minds that there are occult powers either in the mind or outside of it, which are possibly too dangerous for the ordinary man to tamper with, but which nevertheless represent a field of knowledge, which ought to be explored by those specially fitted for the work, if it be only for the sake of being in a position to warn those who are tempted to venture on to the uncharted seas of the occult of the very great risks they run.

A HIGHER STANDARD OF SERVICE.

THE QUESTION OF FLOWER READINGS.

By CHARLES ELMORE, Murrumbena, Melbourne.

The news of the registration of the Spiritualistic Churches of New Zealand should be a source of gratification to all true-hearted Spiritualists and others who have the cause of Truth at heart. The individual Churches which hitherto have functioned as separate organisations, are now merged in one body corporate, and have now the same legal status as the denominational Churches of the Dominion.

This latest achievement by New Zealand Spiritualists marks the beginning of an epoch in things spiritual, and must lead to greater efficiency and a more effectual and rational presentation of the

The members of the Council of the new Church of truths of Spiritualism.

New Zealand are to be commended for the firm stand they have taken at the outset to secure an all-round better service for the new organisation. Their determination to limit demonstrations of spiritual clairvoyance to 15 minutes is a wise measure and one that should be emulated by the leaders of our Victorian Spiritualistic Churches. The general rule in practice at most of the Sunday evening services of these churches is to give about an hour to readings from flowers and other articles after the address has been delivered.

Would it not be much better to devote the whole of the afternoon service to these readings? This service could be a means of much spiritual enlightenment to enquirers and a source of comfort and help to those needing medical advice and demonstrations of clairvoyance, the mediums and psychics giving their whole time and thought to the work of this afternoon service instead of encroaching on time allotted for the evening service.

* * * *

The Sunday evening service should be wholly devoted to the exposition of the science and philosophy of Spiritualism, music and song, and kindred subjects tending to the mental and spiritual enlightenment of the audience. A distinctly devotional and spiritual atmosphere, generated by quietness and reverence on the part of the congregation, should characterize this evening service.

Let us remember the reproof given to the multitude by Jesus: "Ye sought me not because of the miracles . . . but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled. Labour not for the meat that perisheth". May not this reproof apply to many who frequent the Sunday services of the Spiritualists—seekers after the loaves of material phenomena and often encouraged in their desire for the sensational and phenomenal by over-zealous leaders?

Flower readings and demonstrations of psychometry are not to be ruled out entirely, for these demonstrations carry great evidential value to a certain type of mind, but the time and place for these demonstrations should be wisely chosen by those in authority.

* * * *

The spiritual tone of most of these Sunday evening services is high, the music well rendered and the singing harmonious and inspiring. The addresses, on the whole, are good; but much more care and thought might be given by the leaders in the preparation of the subject matter of their discourse. The good effect of the first portion of the service is partially, if not wholly, neutralized by the flower readings that generally follow—diagnosis of all manner of physical ailments, advice about business and financial matters, forecasts of future events and one or two spiritual messages, the general effect

of which is to leave the mind confused, unsettled and unsatisfied.

Man is a spiritual being and needs spiritual food, and thought that will tend to the unfoldment of his latent spirituality. And surely it is not asking too much of the leaders of the Spiritualistic Churches to devote the whole of the short period of all Sunday evening services to quiet meditation and instruction in things spiritual.

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.

By T. W. BROCAS, Rawene, New Zealand.

I have just experienced an instance of how wrong it is to belittle the statements of others, however foolish they may seem to one at the time, especially in connection with spiritual matters.

Some time ago, it must be several years, I remember seeing in "The Harbinger of Light" a communication from someone giving his experiences when pruning a rose tree, how the tree "complained," each branch, when cut off, causing the tree to emit a squeaking sound of protest. I remember at the time of reading the item that I felt vexed that it should have been given publicity, as it seemed to me to be rather ridiculous and apt to give material for the scoffers to use. I have altered my opinion now as to the possibility of it being a fact.

Last Spring I was in want of a stout post to support some grape vine trellis. Looking through a patch of bush, the only one suitable was a white tea-tree with a thick bush vine growing round it. This special vine has large quantities of very sweet smelling flowers and I have always been reluctant to destroy it. This one had an especially thick stem, probably one-and-a-half inches through, but as the vine had grown into the bark of the tree in one place I had to cut it through about a foot from the ground. Noticing that the sap was pouring forth from the butt I stooped down to work at it and could hear the sap rushing out with a slight hiss like escaping steam. But quite distinct from the hiss of the sap was given, at intervals, a plaintive squeaking sound, exactly similar to that given by a baby mouse when picked up before its eyes are open. It was not a mechanical sound, as given by the sap. It was a living sound, with a protest in it; in fact, so strong that I almost felt like apologising for having cut the vine. Would this be the "spirit of the vine"?

This opens up a different view of Nature. Do trees feel? And if the spirit, or life, of the tree, can emit a protest at being destroyed, what is the form of that spirit when released from the timber encasement? Has any medium ever seen the spirit of a tree? Since writing the above I have seen the following in a daily paper which, I think, is further evidence that my belief that the vine emitted a protest may be true:

"Sir Yagadis Chunder Bose, the founder and present Director of the Bose Institute in Calcutta, has made particular studies of plant life and has invented many remarkable instruments to register the response of plants to electric and other stimuli. Perhaps his most remarkable discovery is an apparatus that automatically records the life-story of a plant, it being possible to obtain records showing exultation, depression, death-spasm, etc., etc."

"The Northern Whig," in an article on "Belfast and Spiritualism," apropos of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's recent lectures at Belfast, says: "Sir Arthur, by the way, is one of the Wexford Doyles, and thus a relative, though a distant one, of the late Sir Francis Doyle, Bart., who was Professor of Poetry at Oxford in the '70's' and has left behind him some vigorous, fugitive verse and a volume of far more entertaining reminiscences."

OUR PREJUDICED OPPONENTS.

REPLY TO BIASSED ATTACK.

If we were to attempt to reply to all the prejudiced and misleading comments that appear in the Press concerning mediums and the phenomena produced in their presence, we should require an extensive staff of stenographers to whom to dictate our rejoinders and even then would be quite unable to find space for their publication. These biased opponents must therefore be allowed to run their course.

Now and again, however, it is, perhaps, desirable to take note of what is written, if only to save certain sections of our readers from being woefully misled. A case in point is a lengthy article which appeared in the "Adelaide Advertiser" of July 10th, reproduced from an American paper to which it was contributed by one Percy N. Stone. It traverses familiar ground, and even goes so far as to state that "old as is the belief in spirits, there is no person in the world who has shewn that he can establish communication with them." All the scientific and other shrewd and intellectual investigators are thus swept aside at one fell swoop. This extreme attitude at once discounts all the critic has to say. It stamps him as being either completely ignorant of the facts or so irrationally prejudiced that no weight can be attached to his declarations.

Further evidence of his complete lack of qualification to write on the subject is to be found in his unqualified assertions that "every automatic writer who has subjected himself to careful investigation has been exposed," and "no self-styled medium anywhere has been able to prove himself genuine." Neither of these statements is true.

* * * *

Nor is there any warrant for the implication that "Margery"—the wife of Dr. Le Roi G. Crandon, of Boston, and who was investigated by the Committee appointed by "The Scientific American"—is other than genuine in her mediumship. It is true that the finding of the Committee was inconclusive, but not one of the members, with the exception of Houdini—who declares that all mediums are frauds—ventured to cast the slightest suspicion on her honor. Dr. Hereward Carrington—the most expert experimenter of them all—is convinced that genuine psychic phenomena were produced at the seances, and his conclusion is supported by Mr. Eric Dingwall, the Research Officer of the British Society for Psychical Research, who subsequently conducted a series of independent seances with "Margery."

The medium whose services were requisitioned by Mr. Dennis Bradley—Mr. Valantine—and whose powers for the production of Direct-voice phenomena are related in convincing detail in "Towards the Stars," is referred to as one whose "trick is hard to catch," and much is made of the boast of Houdini that "never had he seen anything in a seance chamber which he, as a prestidigitator of many years' experience, is not able to reproduce through physical means." The writer very conveniently overlooks the fact that, although some of the phenomena may be successfully simulated they cannot be reproduced under the conditions under which the genuine manifestations occur. That makes all the difference!

The alleged exposure by the "Daily Sketch" of the last Cenotaph photograph taken by Mrs. Deane is also served up afresh, but no mention is made of the fact that the allegations of the paper named completely fizzled out when Sir Arthur Keith, the great authority on comparative anatomy, declared that

there was no similarity between the spirit faces depicted in the photograph and the faces of certain well-known footballers and boxers still in the flesh, with whom the psychic "extras" were said to be identical. In fact the "Daily Sketch" subsequently backed down by modifying its original charge and stating that the faces in the picture were "uncommonly like" the aforesaid footballers and boxers—a very different thing!

We presume that Spiritualists generally are by this time used to reading all sorts of misleading statements concerning certain mediums and the phenomena produced in their presence but it is, perhaps, just as well to draw attention to the misstatements in the article under notice, and thus let the public know there are two sides to every picture. One story is good till the other is told, and we are more than ever convinced of the wisdom of the advice frequently tendered by us to our readers, not to place any reliance whatever on any adverse criticism that may appear in the Press in respect to psychic phenomena.

A WORLD EXPECTANT.

By LADY DRUMMOND HAY.

A learned Arab tells me that Islam is expecting the near advent of the Messiah. This, he says, is no idle thought, but is based on ancient tradition.

When the Kaiser paid a state visit to Jerusalem the Turks were so afraid he would fulfil the ancient prophecy of the Conqueror of Jerusalem entering the Sacred City on foot through the South Gate that they made a special road for the Kaiser and his retinue knocking down a portion of the walls of Jerusalem to avoid such a contingency.

When Lord Allenby, known to the learned Arabs as Ali El Nebih, or Ali the Prophet, entered Jerusalem on foot, through the South Gate, at the head of his victorious armies, the first part of the prophecy was fulfilled. The second part was that the waters of the Nile should be drunk in Jerusalem. This actually occurred, when during British occupation a pipeline was laid from a sweet-water canal to Jerusalem for the British troops. The third part was that the Jews should be restored to Palestine. This, too, was fulfilled.

The fourth part of the prophecy was that Egypt should be given her independence, and the fifth part that the way having been prepared, the second Advent would be due, namely, that the Messiah of the Christians, the Messiah of Islam, and the Western Buddha of the Far East, is, therefore, now expected to appear, and, according to ancient Arab traditions, when He appears, He will unite all nations as one, and join Christianity and Islam into one perfect faith. The Prophet Isaiah is often quoted by Eastern mystics in connection with this event. Chapter xix. verse 25, reads: "Blessed be Egypt My people, and Assyria the work of My hands, and Israel Mine inheritance."

The great Moslem, Baballah and others are supposed by their followers to be overshadowed by the Spirit of the coming Messiah, Who, through them, is preparing Islam for the coming changes. In the West, social, political, and industrial upheavals are similarly preparing Christendom for the Great Event. . . .

This all sounds like a beautiful dream, by my informant could not tell me when it would happen, as he did not know himself. I asked him if this meant the end of the world, but he said "No, the beginning of a Golden Age."

AUTOMATIC WRITING IN HIERATICS.

HARKING BACK 7,000 YEARS.

By Sir William Beach Thomas.

[Sir William Beach Thomas, the well-known War correspondent, has just published a book entitled "A Traveler in News," which contains details of a remarkable incident that puzzled a great archaeologist and which we reproduce below as it will doubtless be of considerable interest to the general body of our readers.—Ed. H. of L.]

Soon after leaving the Hawaiian Islands the captain of our good ship, the "Makura," showed me a letter that had reached him in Honolulu. It contained the sequel to the most singular story in the region of psychic things that ever I heard or imagined.

Honolulu itself had taken us back to the "golden days of good Harounal-Raschid" surprised us with its wonders, but the captain's letter touched a remoter date—a more surprising miracle.

A British lady, Mrs. B——, who lives with her family in one of the Pacific islands, where her grandfather was a missionary, has received within the last few years strange communications from persons who lived in distant lands and in a remote century.

In the summer of 1922 she was a passenger on the "Makura," and the captain of the ship, hearing some rumor of her psychic powers, asked her if she would care to make an experiment before him. She agreed to try, and one day sat down at his desk with a pen in her hand. While her husband and the captain sat together looking at a book on Samoa, she waited for her hand to be directed without any greater concentration than, say, the wireless operator when he prepares to receive a message.

After a while she ejaculated with irritation, "What a nuisance! I have got back to this Eastern writing."

Lately on several occasions she had found herself writing a strange script—it is largely in straight lines set in abrupt angles—which vaguely suggested to herself and others something Eastern. After writing for some 20 minutes she gave the manuscript to the captain, who determined to seek an interpreter and probe the mystery.

The first people he showed it to were some Indians, who had come on a political mission to Fiji; but they could make nothing of it. When the captain reported his failure to Mrs. B——, she expressed disappointment, adding: "I suppose there is nothing in it."

A little later, Professor G——, one of the great archaeologists of the world, was a passenger on the same ship, and the manuscript was shown to him, without comment. He at once poured out excited questions, and then gave his surprising verdict.

The writing was a very good example of "Hieratics," which was the popular form of the Hieroglyphics used by Babylon priests. It prevailed up to about 5000 B.C. in Asia Minor. Only a handful of people now alive can read the script, and the Professor did not think that anyone could have written the document in the short time taken by Mrs. B——.

The message began by thanking the lady for having got into communication, and went on to describe how differently people travelled now and then, giving a quaint picture of the contrasted motions of a camel and a ship. At the end was an accurate description of the captain's cabin, and of the state of sky and sea at the moment.

* * * *

The letter delivered to the Captain on this voyage contained a further communication in the same script, and this, too, has gone to the Professor for translation. He is, also, with the help of books, ac-

curately and in detail, translating the first manuscript. I saw the second manuscript and heard the story, with the full names of the people concerned.

The evidence has been sifted in a scientific spirit, and none of the three in any sense of the phrase, is professionally psychic—neither the Professor, who is a man of science, nor the captain, who is a Scottish New Zealander, with no psychic prejudices whatever, nor the lady, who is the mother of a large family, and deprecates any claim to supernatural powers. She has no conscious knowledge whatever of Hieratics.

What does it all mean? It surpasses fiction, is more surprising and dramatic than even Kipling's "Finest Story in the World." For myself it is the only story of the sort that so much as inclined me to belief, for the very simple reason that it is difficult to find any possible loophole for incredulity.

MY VISION!

The way is dark and there are many rough and stony pathways for me to tread, and my spirit fails and falters by the way. And my one desire is to leave it all and to go back to my ordinary way of living, but there is something within that tells me I must not, that I have a work to do and a mission to fulfil, but I put it away, and as I sit and wonder why it is I am called upon to have so many trials in my life, there comes to me a beautiful form in white; the light in which it comes is so bright it dazzles my eyes that I can only sit and gaze. Then, suddenly out of the stillness there comes to me a voice:

"My friend, why so sad and downcast! Come with me and I will show you what He who was upon your earth plane so many years ago came to do, who, like yourself, had trials and difficulties, and who suffered, but who, through it all, rose triumphant and is living to-day, and if you would do the same you must be prepared to suffer in the same way."

With those words the light began to fade, and I lost the form, but some invisible power drew me and I stumbled on over rough places and there was utter darkness all around me. I knew and felt there was something I could not understand, and when I wanted to turn back I could not. Then, out of the darkness there came a light, and I gazed around in horror on the scene that was before me. All the wickedness of the world seemed to be there and I could not escape, but a voice spoke and said: "Be not afraid; this is your work—to try to uplift humanity." All at once the frightened feeling seemed to pass away, and I felt a great power within me and said aloud: "Lord, I will try to follow in Thy footsteps and do the work that Thou has given me to do."

And several of those I was amongst came around me and said: "Why so long in coming? We have been waiting for you." And I said: "Why wait for me when there are many others?" Then an evil-looking man came and, standing in front of me, said: "See what your world has made of me! Because I sinned once I was made an outcast, till I became what I am to-day. What we need here is purity and Truth, and a loving spirit to help us to rise."

All the downcast feeling and the trials I have borne myself fade away in the background, and I know, as I stand and gaze around on what I see, that here is my work, and that even as Christ suffered when on the earth, if I would follow in His footsteps, so I must do the same, and I see myself going into dark ways and alleys and am not afraid, for ever with me is the beautiful form urging me onwards to victory for the upliftment of humanity and the proclamation of the Fatherhood of God,

PERSONAL.

A propaganda tour of the Commonwealth and New Zealand will shortly be undertaken by Mr. Stephen Foster, of the Occult Lecture Society, Sydney, in the interests of Spiritualism. Commencing at Brisbane in September, and travelling round the coast by motor car, via Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth, he will call at all the intervening provincial cities en route and will also visit inland towns within a reasonable radius of the capitals.

Tasmania, of course, will be included in the itinerary, and we are asked to suggest that all Societies desirous of securing his services should communicate with him as early as possible. To assist in making arrangements for Victoria he has placed himself in touch with Mr. Edgar Tozer, President of the Victorian Council of Spiritualist Churches, and all Societies in this State wishing to co-operate should notify Mr. Tozer accordingly.

Mr. Foster is well known among the Spiritualists of Sydney as a fluent and effective speaker, and in his endeavour to arouse a greater measure of popular interest in Spiritualism we wish him the fullest measure of success.

* * * *

An exceptionally attractive concert of vocal and instrumental music will be held in the Assembly Hall, Collins Street, Melbourne, on Monday, August 3rd, commencing at 8.15 p.m. It has been organised under the auspices of the Victorian Council of Spiritualist Churches as an expression of practical sympathy with Mr. F. G. Wallace, who was very seriously injured, together with his wife and child, in a motor-car accident in Melbourne some time ago. The injuries sustained necessitated prolonged treatment in hospital and it will be some time yet before they are fully convalescent.

In token of the sympathy felt towards them, and also in recognition of the services rendered by Mr. Wallace to the cause, a general wish was expressed that these sentiments should assume a practical form. The concert was accordingly arranged, and members of the various Societies in the city and suburbs are cordially co-operating in ensuring a very substantial result. The programme will be of a high-class character, and will be sustained by a number of talented artists who have generously proffered their services.

Further particulars will be found in our advertising columns, and to our expression of sympathy with the friends who have been overtaken by such dire misfortune we would add the hope that the Spiritualists of Melbourne will rally in full force at the concert and thus comfort and cheer the invalids along the pathway of ultimate convalescence.

THE MELBOURNE LYCEUM.

BEQUEST OF £1000.

The members of the Melbourne Progressive Lyceum were highly gratified during the past month by the receipt of the information that £1000 had been bequeathed to the institution under the will of Mr. Petterson, of Manly, New South Wales. The money is to be added to the Terry Memorial Building Fund. The fund had previously reached substantial proportions, and by the bequest under notice has been increased to about £3,000. We understand that consideration will shortly be given by the trustees concerning the next step to be taken in connection with the project and thus reach some concrete result as early as practicable.

BEATING THE PRESS!

FRENCH AIRMAN REPORTS HIS DEATH.

An exceedingly interesting article on "The Strange Other-World Experiences" appears in "Nash's Magazine" for April from the pen of Alice M. Williamson, who tells how one evening she was asked to join a Circle for table manifestations:

Now, I had mixed feelings about these table "turnings." I would be somewhat thrilled at the time, but later I would question their genuineness. To-night, after some not especially interesting "talk," the heavy bridge table we used began to move in an unwonted manner. It seemed as if "hands" moved it, but not our hands. The room was brightly lighted. The agitation of the table brought us to our feet. There were three of us. If one had cheated, the others must have seen.

"Who is here?" we asked.

"Guynemer," the raps spelt out.

Guynemer, you will remember, was the greatest of all French airmen, their "ace of aces," and though he had said he would "soon receive the wooden cross, the one decoration he still lacked," he was, so far as we knew, alive and well.

But no, the table said. The message was that Guynemer had just been shot down and killed, across the border in Belgium. He came to us because of Miss Elsie de Wolfe. He knew that she was going to Compiègne, with her Ambrine. His parents lived there. He wished Miss de Wolfe to tell them that "all was well" with him.

We were excited, but incredulous. "If you are Guynemer," we said, "the great flier, you can make this table come off all its feet at once. Do so!"

Instantly the heavy table obeyed. It seemed that we could have counted "one, two, three!" while it was in the air. And again the same thing happened. Next day, the papers contained the news of Guynemer's death. He had been shot down across the French frontier, in Belgium.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

They are not dead—our dear ones gone,
From out this life, beyond the bourne.
They are not dead, they live and sing,
Their voices sweet with gladness ring.
All joy is their's, all full delight;
All gladsome day; no gruesome night.

They, too, shall welcome us in white,
When dawn succeeds this sombre night,
When sorrow, pain and sin have fled;
There are no Dead! There are no Dead!

The song resounds with clarion ring,
Angelic hosts join in and sing
With loud acclaim, this song sublime,
Which reaches on through Space and Time—
"There is no Death!" they sweetly sing,
"There is no Death" the echoes ring.

There is no Death! Oh, thought sublime!
No Death, but Life through endless Time;
Through endless Time, throughout Eternity—
LIFE!—LIFE DIVINE!—for you and me!
Oh, blessed thought—our Anchor, Guide—
The DEAD we mourn have NEVER DIED.
—E. J. ATKINSON.

An old Scotsman, who was lying grievously ill, and had been prohibited from partaking of any liquid refreshment, called his wife to his bedside. To his earnest request to her to carry out certain posthumous acts, she readily assented, and inquired what they were. "Weel," said Sandy, "I thocht it would be nice if ma freen's had a drink afore the funeral." His worthy spouse agreed that it would be. "An' efter they returned," Again she agreed. "I suppose," he added, with a sly grin, "as I winna come back I micht get baith mine noo."

PASSING THOUGHTS.

Let your purpose in life be lofty and unselfish; then, though you may fail to attain it, you will not have lived in vain.

Dying is just like going to a new home where many loved ones have preceded you, and wait to welcome your arrival.

If we can truly say with the Psalmist—"God is our hope and strength," we possess a fully-paid-up Eternal Life Policy.

Don't trouble about creeds, for character is vastly more important, as it is the only possession we can take with us to the next world.

To those who are living in tune with the Infinite, death is like falling asleep when sick and weary, and awakening to glorious health and vigour.

When, from a mistaken sense of duty, we err, some consolation may be found in the thought that it were better to make a blunder than to disobey the dictates of conscience.

The atheist regards death as the end of all ambition, and knowledge; while to the believer in God it is the starting point for uninterrupted and limitless attainment.

Do not restrict your prayers of intercession to dwellers on earth, but extend them to "the spirits in prison," and thereby help their emancipation.

R. C. N.

BE YOURSELF!

Do you want to be a power in the world? Then be yourself. Don't class yourself, don't allow yourself to be classed among the second-hand, among the they-say people. Be true to the highest within your own soul, and then allow yourself to be governed by no customs or conventionalities or arbitrary man-made rules that are not founded upon principle. Those things that are founded upon principle will be observed by the right-minded, the right-hearted man or woman, in any case.

Don't surrender your individuality, which is your greatest agent of power, to the customs and conventionalities that have gotten their life from the great mass of those who haven't enough force to preserve their individualities—those who in other words have given them over as ingredients to the "mush of concession" which one of our greatest writers has said characterises our modern society. If you do surrender your individuality in this way, you simply aid in increasing the undesirable conditions; in payment for this you become a slave, and the chances are that in time you will be unable to hold even the respect of those whom you in this way try to please.

From "In Tune with the Infinite," by Ralph Waldo Trine, obtainable at the office of "The Harbinger of Light."

The Washington "Star" gives this explanation of how police waggons came to be called "Black Marias": "About 1835 or 1840 there resided in New York City a lady of African descent and bacchanalian habits bearing the classical name of Maria. Her sprees were frequent and glorious. It came to pass that whenever she indulged she was always nabbed by the police. They invariably had to put her in a waggon to take her to the station house. This thing occurring so often, the vehicle was called Black Maria's carriage. Therefrom the van used to convey prisoners came to be called the Black Maria."

THE VISIBLE AND THE INVISIBLE.

INTERMINGLING OF THE TWO WORLDS.

I want, if possible, to show you how very closely the two worlds dovetail, and how very much the happenings in your world influence us, and "vice versa". We have only to take a few instances to prove this. During the war, as you know, psychic power was greatly held up in some directions, and yet when any help or comfort could be given to those suffering through the war, it seemed doubly increased for this special purpose. We here had for the time to put aside much of our usual work, and to give ourselves up to that of comforting the bereaved, and of bringing light to those who had passed over to us in darkness, and whose mental vision had to be restored to them. We worked almost unceasingly at periods when there was an influx of those poor, perturbed souls. In normal times the work is more gradual, and we let the newly-arrived spirits have a longer period of rest before we try to instil new ideas into their bewildered minds.

This intermingling of the seen and the unseen is very real, and those psychics who are still on the earth plane are well aware of it going on; but those who are not psychic, or who do not develop the gifts they have, do not realise how many of their best deeds of kindness, and much of their best work in other directions, have been carried out through impressions given them by the spirit-world. We hesitate to say what would be the effect if all the influences passed on to earth from our world were to cease, but we think that, to a certain degree, progress would be stopped, and that men would find themselves deprived of something on which they had unconsciously relied for guidance and help.

I daresay you think that we rate our influence on earth too highly, but I do not think this is so. We do not say that everything is impressed from the spirit-world, and that no ideas or actions are generated by the initiative of the dwellers on earth; but in the same way that uplifting aspirations come, in the first place, from God, so we are able to give a trend and a direction to your thoughts on the earth plane. A man suddenly develops the idea of some philanthropic scheme. He may think the idea his own, but had he no friend, now passed over, whose delight it was to form new plans for the benefit of his fellow-men? If he had, then that friend is probably still working on through him. If he had no such friend, he may still have some guide who can influence him, and make him plan and scheme as he never would have done but for the impetus given him.

Then are there not impressions received as to doing a certain thing; going to a certain place; seeing a certain person? The psychic records are full of such instances, but alas! these are generally read by those who have already the consciousness or knowledge of the psychic power. If the same knowledge could be conveyed to those who are outside this inner circle, the cause embodied in these truths would spread more rapidly than at present. But all the world is not yet ready for the teaching, and it is perhaps a wise decree that the truth shall spread like a little trickling stream, and not like a mighty raging torrent which might overflow its banks and possibly bring disaster in its course.

From "The Progression of Marmaduke," obtainable at the office of "The Harbinger of Light."

"And what about your references?" asked the lady who was hiring a cook. "References?" "Yes. My advertisement mentioned references, you know." "Certainly, ma'am. But I thought that applied to you."

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

VICTORIA.

MELBOURNE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTIC LYCEUM.

A windfall has fallen to the lot of the Lyceum—during the past month, in the form of a legacy of £1,000 for the Terry Memorial Building Fund, left by Mr. Petterson, of Manly, New South Wales. This sum, added to the amount already in hand, should enable us to make a start on the building, and thus accomplish the Secretary's life ambition. Mr. Chatfield (Secretary) who has worked so strenuously for the Terry Memorial, has been in ill health for the past four years, but of late his strength has been invigorated by the massage treatments rendered by Mrs. Bell-Jarvis, and with her continued help we hope to keep him with us for many years to come.

On the 21st June, Mr. Theo. Frank instructed the morning session on his experiences in Spiritualism since a boy of fourteen, and in the evening Mr. Percy Laidlaw delivered a stirring address on "The Emancipation of Humanity." The 28th June was recitation Sunday, entertaining items being rendered by the children and adults. In the evening we were favored in having Mr. J. Farquharson (Secretary of the Order of the Star of the East) to instruct us how to obtain "Growth Happiness and Opportunity." Mrs. Bell-Jarvis was the speaker at the morning session on the 5th July, and in the evening we again had Mr. J. Farquharson with us, and the address he delivered entitled "The World-wide Expectation of the Coming of a Great Teacher," was inspiring and intellectual. On the 12th July, at the morning session Miss M. Turnbull read an interesting and well composed paper on "The Power of the Mind." At the evening service Mr. Angus McDonnell lectured on "Arbitration and What is Job Control?"

We wish to thank all mediums who have given their services at our Sunday afternoon Mediums' Symposiums during the past month. Best wishes for the increased sales of the "Harbinger of Light" and the spreading of the Gospel of Spiritualism.

G. M. GARDINER, Recorder.

CHURCH OF SPIRITUAL RESEARCH.

Attendances during the past two months have been considerably above the average, particularly so in the afternoon, whilst on more than one occasion in the evening we were compelled to close the doors because the hall was packed to its utmost capacity.

We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Polis who so ably acted as deputised for Mr. J. M. Moorey on his rest Sunday in June. Mrs. Polis is a young speaker of promising ability and given the encouragement she deserves should prove a valuable exponent in the cause of Spiritualism. To Mrs. Hosford-Herbert and Mrs. Douth our sincere thanks are extended for their convincing demonstrative work. The loyalty and devotion to service of several other mediums at our afternoon services cannot be over estimated, and to them likewise our grateful thanks are given. Our permanent speaker (Mr. J. M. Moorey) is at his best getting his points home with forceful conviction.

Mrs. Engman's "Remembrance Service," was a great tribute to this estimable and large-hearted soul and revealed the great esteem in which she was held by all who knew her and of the work she did, even under much physical suffering for the C.S.R., and kindred bodies.

Our socials, too, have been exceptionally successful, and whilst we, by no means, desire to disparage the efforts of any of the kind friends who assisted, we feel that special mention is due to Miss McPhee (elocutionist) and Mrs. Duncan (soloist) and trust we shall have the pleasure of hearing both these artistes again shortly. The names of further volunteers in this section of our work will be gladly noted by the secretary.

In the ordinary course of events this issue of our worthy journal will be in its readers' hands a day or two prior to the Wallace Relief Concert, and we would not like to close this report without expressing a sincere desire for the unqualified success of this worthy effort. In the goodness of his heart Mr. Wallace has executed gratis much legal and responsible work for the cause of Spiritualism. Remember "many a mickle makes a muckle!"

WM. GREENWOOD.

ROTHERWOOD ST. SPIRITUAL CHURCH, RICHMOND.

At the meeting held on July 14th Mrs. Beams was elected President, Miss Taylor, Secretary; Miss Spence, Vice President and Treasurer. Steady progress in every way has been made, and the response made to the Building Fund started just twelve months ago by the Treasurer is indeed gratifying. Of the £68/19/10 in hand, the sum of £29/5/- was raised by the Penny-a-Week Fund, the balance being contributed by Mesdames Beams, Nixon, Dodd, Gribble, Croft and Bro. Voiart. For services rendered to our Church the Committee extend hearty thanks to Sisters Alderwick, Marsden, Denham, French, Harrison and Bro. Plum.

Greetings to "The Harbinger of Light" and its editor.

I. SPENCE, Recorder.

PRAHRAN SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

The affairs of our Church are working along harmoniously and well. Our meetings continue successful and inspiring, with large attendances always. Mesdames Plum, Kelly, and Williams and Miss French are gifted and able exponents of the Spiritual Phenomena, and we are fortunate to have them with us to carry on the good work. Our speakers during the last month have been Messrs Drake, Plum, Windlow and Mrs. Polis, all selecting an instructive and uplifting subject.

The Musical Sunday services on the first Sunday in each month are very helpful, thanks to the efforts of the Blind Orchestra.

Wishing "The Harbinger of Light" every success.

L. J. PLUM, Hon. Sec.

MALVERN SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

We still continue to have very helpful and interesting services, in which we have been assisted by the services of Mr. Kliner, whose addresses and interpretations of the Bible have given many a clearer conception of those great spiritual truths that are to be found by seeking.

Mr. Miller and Mrs. M. Morrison have again demonstrated and inspired many to brighter hopes than they have hitherto enjoyed by their spiritual messages. We would also thank those mediums who have visited us and helped at our Sunday afternoon circles, and also those who have rendered such good services at the healing circle: Miss M. Fowler, Mrs. Hayes, Mr. C. Miller, and Mr. H. Parker.

With best wishes to our splendid journal, "The Harbinger of Light."

J. McMURRAN, Recorder.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE OCCULT LECTURE SOCIETY.

We are pleased to report continued interest in the lectures given at Mr. Stephen Foster's rooms.

On Sunday, June 7th, an appreciative audience listened to an instructive address on "Great Men" by our worthy leader, Mr. Foster. "Symbols in the Parables" was the theme of Mr. Foster's lecture on June 14th, and "I will arise" (Luke xv. 18) provided an interesting subject for June 21st. Demonstrations of spiritual messages were given by Mr. Foster at each service.

June 21st was the last night for Sunday lectures in Mr. Foster's own rooms. Our chairman, Mr. James Turner, made an announcement that, after four years of success in Sydney, and in order to widen his scope for the spreading of spiritual truths, Mr. Foster had decided to yield to the invitation of other Societies, to visit centres where, as yet, they had not had the opportunity of hearing his inspiring and uplifting addresses. The chairman further announced that the mission would commence by a tour of Sydney suburban centres, after which Mr. Foster would go to Brisbane, and commence a tour of the Commonwealth, and until his departure from Sydney, the week-night meetings would be held as usual.

On Monday evening, June 22nd, Mr. Foster gave a psychometric demonstration at the I.O.O.F. Temple in aid of the library fund of the United Spiritualist Church (Scientists). Saturday, July 4th, found Mr. Foster giving an instructive lecture on "Intuition," followed by a psychometric message for every member of the large audience at the I.O.O.F. Temple of Spiritualist Scientists. The subject chosen for his address on Sunday, July 5th, again at the I.O.O.F. Temple, was "Three stages of the Soul's Progression" concluding with splendid evidence of clairaudient and clairvoyant gifts. At both meetings Mr. James Turner delighted the audiences with his messages of song.

Kindly greetings to the Editor, and every success to "The Harbinger of Light."

JAMES TURNER, Hon. Sec.

UNITED SPIRITUALIST CHURCH (SCIENTISTS) SYDNEY.

Most satisfactory and encouraging results have attended our efforts since inaugurating our special Sunday afternoon services. The addresses have been exceedingly good and the demonstrations have brought peace and comfort to many aching hearts, and several have joined our Society through the message given.

Our very old friends and workers, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, were the guests at our monthly At Home on June 21st. Mesdames Twelvetree, Hopkins, Gilliard, Wallace and Mr. Cooper spoke in glowing terms of the great work, done by Mr. Ward, during their many years' association with him. Mr. Ward junr. rendered musical items.

Our half yearly meeting was very well attended, and the following officers were elected: Mr. Nettleton, President; Mrs. Twelvetree and Mr. Pearson, Vice-Presidents; Mr. Maskell, Treasurer; Mr. Lord, Secretary; Mr. Bessey, Assistant Sec.; Mrs. Kerr, Librarian; Mr. Blanchard, Assistant Librarian; Miss Chambers, Organist; Committee, Messrs. Baller and Robertson; Mesdames Hopkins, Grant and Weekes; Delegates to Council: Messrs. Nettleton, Hayes, Baller and Mrs. Twelvetree. Auditors: Messrs. Hayes and Pearson; Usher, Mrs. Pearson. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded the retiring officers.

G. TUBB, Hon. Secretary.

QUEENSLAND.

SPIRITUAL CHURCH, LEICHHARDT & BRUNSWICK ST.

Since our last report, our Church has gone ahead in a very pleasing manner, our afternoon Open Circle is very well attended, and many useful addresses and discussions are given, this class tends to encourage new speakers to come out in the movement.

Our Lyceum is still holding out great hopes for larger attendances, but the long distances for members' children to come tends to hold us back.

Our evening services are very well attended by quite a large and very interested body of people.

Our New Church has not yet commenced, but strong hopes are held of a big drive amongst our friends and well-wishers, and we sincerely hope that friends in other States will send along their subscriptions.

We join heartily in wishing all Churches and Societies success also our own journal, "The Harbinger of Light."

W. J. KERLIN, Secretary.

NEW ZEALAND.

WELLINGTON SPIRITUALIST CHURCH (Incorporated)

The spiritual work of this, the oldest, Spiritualist Church in the capital city of New Zealand, goes on with progressive enthusiasm. There are several promising psychic workers developing their gifts in the members' circle, and also in various home circles. They find a public outlet for their opening mediumship in the Sunday night after-meeting, which is open to all sincere enquirers, whether they are members of the Church or not.

The ladies of the congregation are working through the Ladies' Guild, and at home, in preparation for a Sale of Work to be held later in the year.

On Sunday, June 7th, Mrs Webb gave a very interesting lecture on "The Value of Woman's Influence in Public Life." The subjects dealt with by the resident speaker (Mr R. A. Webb), have been purposely as varied as possible. These lectures and demonstrations, are given on Sunday and Thursday evenings. The subjects during June were "Faith and Works"; "Is Spiritualism Devotional"; "The Attainment of Truth"; "The Colours of Clairvoyance"; "Some Problems of Mediumship"; "Character in numbers—Numerology."

GEO. BODELL, Hon. Sec.

Our Lyceum still continues to increase in numbers. The children take a great interest in the session, to the gratification of our conductor (Mr R. A. Webb) and officers.

On Sunday, June 7th, we were pleased to have with us Mr and Mrs McLeod-Craig, of Sydney. Mr McLeod-Craig addressed the Lyceumists, and both the children and adults listened with great interest. During his address Mr McLeod-Craig paid us the great compliment of saying that we had the best and largest Lyceum south of the line. On June 20th we held our Lyceum Social which was a great success, both financially and otherwise.

We send fraternal greetings to all other Lyceums and to "The Harbinger of Light."

(Miss) L. WEBB, Secretary.

SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, WELLINGTON

For the last two months we have had a capable speaker on our platform, Mr J. McLeod-Craig, President of the Church of N.S.W., and his lectures have been far-reaching in spiritual knowledge. The week night meetings have been specially instructive, when all phases of mediumship have been explained, both their use and abuse. He holds that seances should not be held in darkness, but in a subdued light. All his meetings have been well attended. During his stay with us he has dedicated five children to the cause. During the stay of Mr McLeod-Craig he treated a large number of people for health and has done a great work. We wish Mr McLeod-Craig and his good wife every success wherever their work calls them.

On 21st June we opened our Lyceum under the leadership of a genuine worker, Miss S. Kirk.

J. C. BOWLES, Hon. Sec.

SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, NEW PLYMOUTH.

The Spiritualist Church (Plymouth Branch) recently bought a piece of ground upon which stood a four-roomed house. Generous donations poured in, and the building was renovated throughout. The President, Mr F. Davis, who is a good all-round man, transformed the building completely, and with good seating, a fine organ, and other conveniences, the members, after years of discomfort as to a meeting place, now find themselves comfortably housed.

When the building was opened Mr W. C. Nation, the old veteran, was there to open the door, and was followed by Mrs L. Hope (platform speaker and demonstrator) Mrs S. F. Arden (the energetic secretary) and the worthy president. A trail of good folk followed, all singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Then Mr Nation dedicated the building, and during the proceedings Mrs Hope, on behalf of the members presented Mrs Arden, the secretary, with a gold armlet and chain for her untiring work in connection with the fact that it was mainly through her efforts that the church was now in a building of its own, and in connection with this Mrs C. Wyatt gave £100.

Since that happy day we have held all our services under better conditions, and on the 3rd June Mr Nation came upon invitation to give us a rally. His 86 years did not seem to weigh him down and with his usual vigor he gave us a practical address. The next day (Thursday) we had a sale of work, the articles being nearly all the work of the lady members and friends. In the evening Mr Nation spoke on the various states of consciousness beyond the grave. Friday evening was spent in receiving and answering questions, and Mr Nation explained the work that was accomplished at the Conference. Saturday evening was spent in a happy way, several of those present telling their experiences which came to them at the threshold of their investigations into Spiritualism. On the Sunday afternoon Mr Nation gave an address to the Lyceum, and in the evening he spoke on "The new commandment," of love to each other, to a good audience.

S. F. ARDEN.

TO RECORDERS.

No other Reports had come to hand at the time of going to press.

Recorders are again reminded that all Reports must reach this office by the 15th of the month, otherwise they are liable to be omitted, as it is necessary to go to press as early as possible to enable the journal to be delivered in distant parts by the end of the month.

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents requiring a personal reply must enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the purpose.

M.S. submitted for approval can only be returned when stamps are enclosed to cover postage.

C. W. (Collason): Thank you for enclosing cutting. We are in full agreement with your comments. Some of these "Scientific" men are very timid souls. They often know more than they express. It is the scientists with big souls who dare to risk their reputation by championing an unpopular truth. The little men "stand shivering on the brink, afraid to launch away." They fear they might be submerged by the waves of what Dennis Bradley would call the "herd" prejudice!

"Anonymous" (Melbourne): Many thanks for your generosity, although we are quite sure you do not look for anything of the kind. It is evident that all you are concerned about is to assist in "keeping the ball rolling," and we can only express our sincere appreciation of the spirit you display.

WALKING THROUGH RED HOT ASHES.

The Editor of "The Harbinger of Light."

Dear Sir—I notice in your March number of this paper you refer to the account of walking over a row of red-hot stones by members of a certain tribe at Suva in the presence of the Prince of Wales. I can bear testimony to this. It is perfectly genuine.

Every year at Isipingo, near to my residence, during one of their great festivals, the Indians dig a trench about sixty feet in length, and fill it with shavings and branches of trees and logs. They then set fire to them and keep on heaping on wood until the entire trench is filled with red hot ashes. One can see the glow for a mile or more away as soon as it gets dark. Then, about half a dozen or more of these "holy" men come forward and, amidst a great hubbub of praying and shouting, they slowly and deliberately walk through the red-hot ashes, with nothing on except a loin girdle, right from one end to the other, and without apparently, the slightest inconvenience, and yet the heat is so great that I was unable to get near enough even to look into the trench—in fact, to approach within three yards of it burns one's face.

I will swear there is no trickery about it, for the natives do not even wet their legs or put anything on the skin. You may say it is all humbug, but the fact remains, as I went there myself to witness it.

The Indians who were present looked upon it as a most common-place event, but, then, they see it every year of their lives. It is very wonderful. I admit, for I could not have advanced three yards without my legs being burnt to a cinder.

Sincerely yours,

LINDSAY JOHNSON, M.D.

Isipingo Beach,

Durban, Natal.

A LOST RING FOUND.

To the Editor of "The Harbinger of Light."

Sir,—A week since I lost a ring I valued much; sought in various places without success; obtained the key of the Church which I attend; looked around the Altar and in the Vestry; gave up hope, paying no heed to the words of a dear friend who has passed beyond, that I should lose the ring many times, but should always find it again.

In this case I called to see Mr Walter Blake, of Prospect, and told him I had lost the ring. After a few moments thought Mr Blake said: "Return home at once, I see the ring in your bedroom." The room had been swept and searched before I left home in the morning. The ring was found just as Mr Blake said it would be. This is the eighth time it has been lost in 20 years, and yet found again.

I should like to pay a tribute to Mr Blake; he has wonderful psychic powers and spiritual influence.

Yours, etc.,

A. A. ARNOLD, J.P.

Zabina Avenue,

Prospect, Adelaide.

TO THE READER.

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