

The Harbinger of Light.

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Author of "Science and the Soul."

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The Editorial Chair.

The Spiritual World and Wireless.

There are doubtless many people who feel that the successful accomplishment of international broadcasting is but the preliminary to a further development along the same line of an even more sensational nature, involving the receipt of audible messages from a domain of existence invisible to mortal eyes. Of course this amazing phenomenon has already been realised at what are known as Direct-voice seances. But the world does not believe that, and we are not now referring to this particular mode of communication. We are alluding to the time when wireless telephony, as we know it to-day, will be no longer restricted to the physical order of things—when transmitters within the Veil will succeed in sending messages which will be audible to their co-operating confreres on this side of Life through the agency of much more sensitive receiving instruments than any in use to-day.

If this sounds fantastic, or impossible, to any of our readers they may, not inappropriately, be reminded that the broadcasting achieved at the present time would have seemed equally "impossible" to sceptics of a few years ago. The seemingly miraculous is always laughed out of court when some venturesome soul is "mad" enough to make the suggestion. But somehow or other, these far-seeing individuals have a peculiar knack of "coming into their own"—although they may be what the world calls "dead" when that time arrives. But they are not deprived of the satisfaction attending the realisation of their predictions on that account. They know it all the same! They are only "dead" to the spiritually blind of earth, and are actually more alive than ever. As they themselves sing:

We are the living,
You are the dead!

That is a little way they have of turning the tables on us! And being participators in the "more abundant life" it is not difficult to understand that they virtually mean what they say. Such being the case, what more natural than that the scientifically-minded among them should desire to demonstrate the truth of survival beyond all possible cavil? And if they think it can be done by wireless they will certainly make the attempt. Before this thought can be entertained by the reader, however, it is necessary for him to accept the dictum of the Bishop of London—Dr. Winnington Ingram,

who, by the way, is to visit Australia next year—that "a man is the same five minutes after death as he was five minutes before death, that he has memory, and that, for a time, he continues to take an interest in the affairs of earth."

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Assuming this to be a fact—and there are those of us who consider the statement to have been abundantly proved—there is nothing in which the scientists on the Other Side are likely to take a livelier interest than in devising means for transferring wireless speech to recipients on this mundane plane. There are now many great scientists just over the way—far more than at any other stage in the history of mankind—and there is reason to believe that a considerable number are acting in concert for the specific purpose named. They may, in fact, at the present time, be ready to transmit their messages. But before they can operate in this direction a sufficiently sensitive receiver must be provided. In other words, there must be co-operation on **this** side. Perhaps mankind is unconsciously working in this direction to-day by the wonderful progress that is now being made in broadcasting. And it is interesting to note that Australia is playing a leading part in this development!

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A few weeks ago a series of special experiments was conducted between America and this country, and the results on certain nights were almost staggering in their clearness. Although separated by a distance of 16,000 miles, voices came in a flash from the KDKA station, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and were at times, so distinctly heard in Australia and New Zealand that one could scarcely realise he was listening to a friend in the land of the Stars and Stripes. Punctually at 8 p.m., Melbourne time, on a wave length of 63 metres, an American voice was heard. "Good evening, everybody," it began. "This is KDKA, the Westinghouse Manufacturing and Electric Company of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., broadcasting especially for the Melbourne Herald, Melbourne, Australia. It is not often that KDKA broadcasts phonograph records, but owing to the difficulty in getting artists to the station at 5 a.m., records will have to suffice for the tests." Several gramophone selections were then rendered, and were received at "loud speaker" volume, the special "electric pick-up" fitted to the gramophone at KDKA enhancing the transmission. Among the items were "Under the Double Eagle," "Philadelphia All The Time," and "I Never Knew." "Home Sweet Home," by the Australian singer, Miss Amy Evans, came through perfectly, and this notwithstanding the fact that a thunderstorm was in progress at the time. But the most remarkable feature of all was the hearing of the ticking of a clock.

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"Can you hear the clock ticking? It is about five feet from the microphone," remarked the Pittsburg announcer. And however incredible it may seem to people generally, the ticking of that clock was clearly audible in Australia! After such a feat as that, the man who uses the word "impossible"

in the future can only be designated either an ignoramus or a fool. We have no warrant for saying anything is impossible in the realm of scientific attainment. And a similar declaration may, with equal justification, be made in respect to those spiritual developments which are at last compelling the attention of many eminent minds in various parts of the world. Those developments have been in progress for over seventy years. They commenced with the birth of Modern Spiritualism, they have gradually been increasing in number and complexity, and we may now be approaching a climax which will for all time settle the oft-asked question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Sir Oliver Lodge evidently entertains a similar opinion. Speaking in the chapel of Manchester College during the recent annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Oxford, he referred to the augury held out by Lord Balfour, who is a profound student of the psychical, that after this meeting of 1926 at Oxford some new great revolution would occur in Science. "What revolution?" asked Sir Oliver, and proceeded:

Lord Balfour could not tell us. Neither he nor we have the faculty of prediction, but if I am to make a guess I would say that, whereas all through the 19th century, and up to the present time, we have been dealing chiefly with the material world, there now lies before us the discovery of the spiritual world. The spiritual world is no novelty in religion, but it is a novelty in science. It is not yet accepted, but the indications are that it will not be so very long before this question, too, will be asked by Science and will begin to be answered.

Does man survive? If he does, then the present man is not the highest being we have cognisance of. We are not limited to our animal existence; we go on with the adventure, we rise to become beings of a higher order, and once we have stepped over the limit, the grave, the gate of death, there is no end to the ascent. We are surrounded by intelligence; space is full of it. It does not make any appeal to our senses. We do not know of it in that way, but it is coming into touch with us; it is coming within our ken; we shall feel that we are not lonely, isolated, separated, but that we are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, and by a company of helpers in a marvellous spiritual world of which we have hitherto been scientifically ignorant.

I have not the weight of Science behind me in saying this. Many will disagree, but I think that that kind of evidence is coming, and will be attended to, will force itself upon our attention, and that before the British Association meets again in Oxford our aspect of the universe will be revolutionised once more and beyond all previous scope.

* * * *

If this prophecy is to be fulfilled, we shall not have very long to wait, for the Association is to meet again at Oxford some five or six years hence! Among the "company of helpers," to whom Sir Oliver refers, are the greatest scientific minds of all the ages, who are still engaged in endeavouring to unravel "the Riddle of the Universe" and striving to co-operate with their colleagues of earth in demonstrating that the spiritual and material worlds interblend and that intercourse, by various means, may be effectively established. One of these means, we believe, will be wireless telephony. The ether has been poetically described by the great British scientist and Spiritualist as "the garment of God." It is being utilised to-day in playing a wonderful part in the material advancement of humanity—to-morrow it may play an equally wonderful part in the spiritual enlightenment of the race. The two worlds are one—the inner and the outer, the one including and transcending the other, both governed by Natural laws adapted to their respective requirements and both doubtless composed of

the one mysterious element, or substance, or whatever it may be called, in different forms of manifestation—the inscrutable and altogether baffling Ether!

* * * *

In the Ether we live, and move, and have our being. Without its cohesive influence the cosmos would immediately be reduced to chaos. It is the binding force which keeps the atoms in their places, it interpenetrates the densest forms of physical matter, it fills all space and is the medium which brings light and heat from the sun to dwellers on this terrestrial plane. And for aught we know it may constitute the atmosphere of the spiritual world and be the material out of which all spiritual bodies are fashioned. Someday we may know more of this mystery. And perhaps the elucidation will come through the agency of spiritual wireless! Anyway, we are living in a wonderful age and should by this time be fully prepared for any surprise that the future may reveal.

Wayside Notes.

Hell Dismissed—With Costs!

The ecclesiastical jury has been a long time arriving at its verdict, but it seems to have "got there" at last! When we find the Bishop of Liverpool (Dr. David) who presided at the Church Congress held at Southport, England, at the beginning of October, denouncing the preaching of "the fear of hell," we may reasonably assume that the death knell has been sounded of the heinous doctrine of eternal physical torture.

"One could understand it once," declared the Bishop, "when everybody took it for granted that an eternity of physical suffering was the probable fate of many, but that old symbol had now gone, and it was questionable whether the Church did well to adhere to it."

Such a deliberate utterance is almost enough to make Calvin "turn in his grave!" All his burning coals have been quenched and his sulphurous clouds dispersed at one fell swoop! Even Evangelist Nicholson, who has been trying to suffocate certain Australian localities with this hideous teaching, will begin to quake in his shoes! It is no joke to be robbed of part of your stock-in-trade in this ruthless fashion! But, there, he need not despair! He can substitute the eternal and all-embracing love of God. He certainly cannot have both!

As a matter of fact, to do justice to the Church of England, it has been long recognised that the doctrine of eternal punishment formed no part of the official teaching of that Church. That had been confirmed by a decision of the Privy Council, which was said to have "dismissed hell, with costs." But it is, apparently, still open to those who wish to do so, to preach it. Hence the discouragement voiced by the Bishop of Liverpool. All the accredited leaders of the Church, in fact, have brought themselves into line with the views of the late Dean Farrar as expressed in his "The Larger Hope." And there is no difference between those views and the dictum of Spiritualism on the point!

The abolition of a material hell, however, by no means dismisses the fact of punishment for those who deserve it. Another hell still remains and is sometimes described by those on the Other Side as worse than physical torment. It consists of mental anguish—poignant remorse. It is a condition of

mind which the old and erroneous conception was intended to symbolise.

The mistake made by the Church was in interpreting the Scriptural teaching *literally*. That was where Calvin fell! He failed to make allowance for the play of the Oriental mind, and consequently confused imagery with literal truth. But he knows better now, and we must try to overlook his failings, notwithstanding the insanity that has doubtless been produced by his teachings.

Scene at Church Congress.

We confess we were somewhat perplexed by a cable to which prominence was given in the Melbourne Press about three weeks ago and which gave brief particulars of what was described as "the most remarkable scene ever known at a Church Congress." The Congress was the one referred to in the foregoing Note, and the "scene" followed the reading of "a notable paper" written just before his death by Professor Adami, a pathologist, who was said to be "well-known in Great Britain and Canada." This, however, was probably the first time that most people had heard of his name! Professor Adami died towards the end of August and left a document in which he stated:

I want to make it clear that a scientist may arrive at a clear knowledge of religious truth by the very methods employed at his own work. More and more as the years passed I became convinced that the love of God is everything, and if man possesses this all other things are secondary. This life is not the end; the soul is immortal.

That was all, and yet the confession was deemed of such impressiveness that the Archbishop of York raised his hand and said: "These words from a dying man are too important for us to pass quickly to lesser things." He then asked for silent meditation, and "everybody in the crowded hall rose up and stood silently while the hands of the clock passed three minutes."

It was no doubt "a remarkable scene!" But what was it all about? At the most, it was simply the testimony of a scientist that the love of God is everything and that death does not end all. There is nothing new in that. Sir Oliver Lodge has said the same thing time after time, and has, moreover, been brave enough to face his opponents and declare: "I say it because I know that certain friends of mine who have died still exist, because I have talked with them."

Yet no Church Congress has felt itself awe-struck by this declaration of the greatest living British physicist! Why not? Is added importance to be attributed to the declaration of Professor Adami because he was "a dying man?" With all due deference to the departed, we prefer the testimony of "a living man," who has been game to face, here and now, all the ridicule that has been showered upon him and to stake his unique scientific reputation on what he believes to be truth.

When Sir Oliver joins his scientific confreres in the Great Beyond we shall expect the Church Congress to stand "in silent meditation," not for three minutes only, but for an hour in his honour! And even then it will still owe him more than it will be able to pay!

What is Meant by "Belief?"

There is a lot of meaningless talk about "belief" in the orthodox Churches. We never write unkindly, but it is nevertheless a truism that many adherents of those Churches profess to believe in the Christ, for instance, without in the least degree

realising what is actually meant by the expression.

For such belief to possess any value worthy of consideration one must be prepared to follow in His steps in every circumstance of life. We must fearlessly champion His precepts, faithfully emulate His example, defend Him whenever and wherever He is held in derision, face persecution without complaining, pray for our enemies, go with Him to Gethsemane and lay down our lives, should the necessity arise, rather than deflect a hair's breadth from the straight and narrow path He so clearly defined.

That is what real belief in the Christ means. There can be no half-measures about it. It must be all or nothing. And unless those who profess to "believe" in Him are prepared to accept these conditions, their belief is as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." How many are there in the Churches that bear His name who realise the obligations entailed when their lips move to the words—"I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord?" They little understand what they are committing themselves to!

Belief does not imply mere intellectual assent. In the case of a leader, such as the Christ, it means willingness to sacrifice everything for His sake. Or, rather it ought to. Anything short of this, is merely make-believe. The world has had enough of that. It has entered on the practical stage in matters religious. If we are asked any question at all on arrival within the Veil, it will not be, "What did you believe?" but "What did you do?" Things take a very practical turn in the Land of Reality, and that is why so many folk feel so abashed on awakening to spiritual consciousness!

The Reality of Clairvoyant Medical Diagnosis.

It must seem well nigh incredible to most people that there are certain peculiarly-constituted men and women who possess such a penetrating faculty of sight that they can see all the internal organs of the human body as clearly as they can discern the various objects exhibited in a shop window. The physical frame, in fact, is no more opaque to them than is a pane of plate glass. They are, therefore, able to diagnose with unerring accuracy. Any organic disease or foreign growth is as visible to them as is a wart or any affection of the skin to the physical eye.

And these claims are not merely advanced by the few who are so wonderfully gifted in this respect, but they actually demonstrate them and prove their diagnoses to be correct. Our attention has been directed to the subject by a statement made by a correspondent in the "Bristol Evening News," who rightly says that all clairvoyants are not Spiritualists and adds:

I have associated with both classes, and my experience is that they can only "see" what cannot be proved to be fact or not. I have failed yet to meet, or to know of any clairvoyant who can see what the microscope, telescope or X-rays can reveal. If Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Abraham Wallace, or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle know of any, their powers can be tested at any hospital. It must be obvious to all that if proved clairvoyants exist they would be "worth their weight in gold" to hospitals and infirmaries, and as some profess to see through solid walls they surely ought to be able to see into the human body. The microscope test might be a too severe one, but the X-ray test would be a very reasonable test of the claims of some clairvoyants.

The critic is, apparently, unaware that there are various phases of clairvoyance. A clairvoyant may utterly fail to see the aura of a sitter, for in-

stance, and yet be able to give a very accurate description of a spirit visitor said to be present. Another may be able to see the aura and yet fail to observe any organic disability in the human body. On the other hand, there are those so endowed by Nature that all the internal mechanism of a man is as palpable to them as his hands or his feet. These are known as medical clairvoyants, and they appear to us to be a very "rara avis." We are, therefore, not surprised that the correspondent referred to should not have met one.

But if he lived in Melbourne he could be introduced to Mr. M. J. Bloomfield—Hon. Sec. and Speaker of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists—who has time and oft revealed the seat of whatever may be the disease as faultlessly as the unerring revelations of the X-rays. He sometimes makes a discovery which fills him with sadness, and then he quietly remarks to the patient: "I think if I were you I would see a doctor!" In other words, he knows when a case is beyond his power to cure. Thousands of patients have passed through his hands, and in no instance is any charge made for the diagnosis. That is what people cannot understand. It seems tantamount to throwing away a fortune. But that is not our business. We simply state the fact.

A Unique Test.

It is no part of our mission to exalt any particular individual, and if Mr. Bloomfield were a professional healer we should not feel so free in the expression of our views. It might look too much like an "advertisement." But that consideration does not obtain when we are dealing with gratuitous services.

The correspondent quoted above states that he would be satisfied with an X-ray test which supported a previously-made clairvoyant diagnosis. We have not consulted Mr. Bloomfield for the purposes of these comments—he was at the time of writing away on holiday and therefore we were unable to question him on this particular point. But we know from personal experience that he can diagnose with absolute fidelity and can, moreover, remove the cause of the trouble. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was equally assured of Mr. Bloomfield's powers when visiting Melbourne a few years ago in the course of his tour of Australia and New Zealand. He refers to the matter in "The Wanderings of a Spiritualist," and this is what he says:

The ancients knew a great deal which we have forgotten, especially about the relation of one body to another. What did Hippocrates mean when he said, "The affections suffered by the body the soul sees with shut eyes"? I will show you exactly what he means.

My friend, Mr. M. J. Bloomfield, as unselfish a worker for truth as the world can show, tried for nearly two years to develop the medical powers of a clairvoyant. Suddenly the result was attained, without warning. He was walking with a friend in Collins Street, Melbourne, laughing over some joke. In an instant the laugh was struck from his lips. A man and woman were walking in front, their backs towards Bloomfield. To his amazement he saw the woman's inner anatomy mapped out before him, and especially marked a rounded mass near the liver, which he felt intuitively should not be there. His companion rallied him on his sudden gravity, and still more upon the cause of it, when it was explained.

Bloomfield was so certain, however, that the vision was for a purpose, that he accosted the couple and learned that the woman was actually about to be operated on for cancer. He reassured them, saying that the object seemed clearly defined and not to have widespread roots as a cancer might have. He was asked to be present at the operation, and pointed

out the exact place where he had seen the growth, and saw it extracted. It was, as he had said, innocuous. With this example in one's mind the words of Hippocrates begin to assume a very definite meaning. I believe that the surgeon was so struck by the incident that he was most anxious that Bloomfield should aid him permanently in his diagnoses.

This is surely quite as good as an X-ray test! To stand by a surgeon when he is about to operate and tell him exactly where the trouble lies, and for that diagnosis to be demonstrated correct, should surely be sufficient to convince the sceptic that, however incredible it may appear, there are certain strangely-gifted persons who are "able to see into the human body" and detect defects as though the flesh did not exist! The credibility, or otherwise, of the possession of such a mysterious power, like the flowers that bloom in the Spring, has "nothing to do with the case." We are simply dealing with facts. They can be accepted or rejected as the reader pleases!

Two Other Cases.

In addition to the foregoing case, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle narrates a personal experience. He told us about it at the time and was "fairly non-plussed." He has a son, Denis, an attractive lad who accompanied him and the rest of the family on their travels. This is what the father says about the incident in the volume quoted:

I will now give my own experience with Mr. Bloomfield. Denis had been suffering from certain pains, so I took him round as a test case. Bloomfield, without asking the boy any questions, gazed at him for a couple of minutes. He then said that the pains were in the stomach and head, pointing out the exact places. The cause, he said, was some slight stricture in the intestine and he proceeded to tell me several facts of Denis's early history which were quite correct, and entirely beyond his normal knowledge. I have never, in all my experience of medicine, known so accurate a diagnosis.

That is also a fairly conclusive case, but Sir Arthur goes on:

Another lady, whom I knew, consulted him for what she called a "medical reading." Without examining her in any way he said: "What a peculiar throat you have. It is all pouched inside." She admitted that this was so, and that doctors in London had commented upon it. By his clairvoyant gift he could see as much as they with their laryngoscopes.

Mr. Bloomfield has never accepted any fees for his remarkable gifts. Last year he gave 3,000 consultations. I have heard of mediums with similar powers in England, but I had never before been in actual contact with one. With all my professional prejudices I am bound to admit that they have powers, just as Braid and Esdaile, the pioneers of hypnotism, had powers, which must sooner or later be acknowledged.

The concluding sentence is suggestive. Prejudice dies hard, and in no direction, perhaps, is this more deeply-rooted than in the medical profession—unless we except the Church! We recall the treatment extended to our own illustrious ancestor: Harvey was laughed at and regarded as a crank by his professional colleagues when he announced his revolutionary discovery of the circulation of the blood, and even Macaulay's proverbial schoolboy knows that Mesmer was denounced as a charlatan when he expounded the powers of hypnotism. This self-same spirit has manifested itself all "adown the ringing grooves of change," and therefore we need not be surprised at its expression to-day towards what is described as medical clairvoyance. But "let the heathen rage and the wicked imagine a vain thing." Who cares!

Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.

November 1st, 1926.]

The Miracle of Katie King.

ROBERT BLATCHFORD "RIGHT UP AGAINST IT!"

[The publication of a new and authentic edition of the experiences of Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., with the materialised spirit of Katie King, through the mediumship of a schoolgirl named Florence Cook, has revived public interest in this, the most phenomenal of all the phenomenal incidents associated with Spiritualism and Psychological Research. The record, as set forth in the recently-issued work, "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism," can only be described as staggering, and it is quite easy to understand that even sympathetic investigators find it difficult to realise that such a miracle could possibly have occurred. But it did. To conclude otherwise is to brand Sir William Crookes as being either a deluded fool or the most brazen of liars. Each of those alternatives is, of course, unthinkable, and therefore the evidence he submits has to be accepted.]

In his review of the book in "The Clarion," Mr. Robert Blatchford, who edits that journal, carefully analyses the case under the heading, "The Katie King Mystery," and it will be seen from the subjoined critique from his pen that he is left somewhat in the position of Mahomet's coffin—"I think my reason tells me that Katie King was a spirit, and that she did appear; but long habit and the experience of a lifetime tell me the episode was impossible." There you are! There are some things which the mentality of most men cannot accept, and yet, somehow they feel they must be true. This is peculiarly the case as regards what Mr. Blatchford designates "The Katie King Mystery."—Ed. H. of L.]

Katie King was said to be an embodied spirit who appeared in the laboratory of Sir William Crookes at intervals during a space of some two years. She was seen by dozens of reputable witnesses who conversed with her. She gave Sir William a lock of her hair, which he cut from her head. The story is too well known to need repetition in full. It is the most amazing story I have met with in my varied reading of psychic books, and some of us have often confessed to each other that its surprising nature is calculated to do the Spiritualist cause more harm than good, for how can any person not convinced of human survival be expected to believe it?

A story difficult to believe. Yes; but to doubt a statement is not to disprove it. Now, it is evident that the most plausible argument against Katie King's verity is the argument that the medium, Florence Cook, impersonated the spirit. That is to say, that the supposed Katie King was Florence Cook disguised. That suggestion could only be met and disposed of if the medium and the spirit were seen simultaneously. Katie King was tall; Florence Cook was short. Katie King was fair; Florence Cook was dark. Katie King was a well-developed woman; Florence Cook was a slip of a girl. Katie King wore a white robe; Florence Cook wore a dress of black velvet. It is too much to believe that Florence Cook could be both women at one and the same time.

Now, in this book I find what I have long sought: a statement by Sir William Crookes that on the occasion of Katie King's last appearance, she and Florence Cook not only appeared simultaneously in Sir William's presence, but actually talked with him and with each other. I quote the statement:



KATIE KING.

This is one of forty photographs of Katie King taken by Sir William Crookes, who says: "I thought it was a living woman by my side instead of a visitor from the other world."

Having concluded her directions, Katie invited me into the cabinet with her and allowed me to remain to the end. After closing the curtain she conversed with me for some time, and then walked across the room to where Miss Cook was lying senseless on the floor. Stooping over her, Katie touched her, and said, "Wake up, Florrie, wake up. I must go now." Miss Cook then woke and tearfully entreated Katie to stay a little time longer. "My dear, I can't; my work is done. God bless you," Katie replied, and then continued speaking to Miss Cook. For several minutes the two were conversing with each other, till at last Miss Cook's tears prevented her speaking. Following Katie's instructions, I then came forward to support Miss Cook, who was falling on to the floor, sobbing hysterically. I looked round, but the white-robed Katie had gone.

That is explicit. Miss Cook could not be two persons at once, nor could she carry on a conversation with herself. It will be noticed, also, that Miss Cook was not in a trance

after Katie roused her. The argument about Miss Cook's impersonation is disposed of. Only one possible question remains: Was Sir William Crookes speaking the truth? For my part I find it impossible to believe that Sir William was wilfully carrying on a fraud. Moreover, there remains the evidence of a number of reputable witnesses who saw and talked with Katie King. One of these witnesses, Florence Marryat, took Katie on her knee, and on one occasion saw her vanish through the floor.

Collusion? Is it reasonable to suppose that a score of professional people would band themselves together in a conspiracy to foist a wicked lie upon the world? Such a supposition is absurd. If it seems incredible that an embodied spirit should visit a house and speak with other visitors, it is equally incredible that Sir William Crookes and his friends should have perpetrated such a foolish and danger-

ous fraud as that of which we may accuse them if we reject their evidence.

We must not allow our incredulity to lure us into credulous conclusions. Miss Cook was in a room separated from the library and the guests by a curtain. To impersonate Katie King, she had to change herself from a small dark girl to a tall fair woman, and she had to change from black velvet to white linen. Not only that; but in a few seconds after, as Katie retired behind the curtain she had to change back again, and simulate a trance. She could not have done all that in the time at her command.

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Another point, when Florence Marryat saw her vanish she was on the wrong side of the curtain. How could she get back and change her wig, her make-up, and her dress? Where could she hide her properties, and what became of the white robe when she changed back to her black velvet? There is only one explanation: collusion—collusion on the part of a score of reputable persons; collusion carried on for two years; collusion in a deception which no one ever gave away. I could not believe that, even if I could believe that Sir William Crookes and Florence Marryat were confederates. Which of us to-day would have the nerve to ask a dozen or more of public women and men to join in such a plot and carry it on for two years?

It really seems to me as though in the case of Katie King the sceptic must be as credulous as any believer. What a marvellous actress and quick change artiste Florence Cook must have been. And what are we going to do about the lock of hair? Sir William cut from Katie's head a lock of auburn hair. He felt along the hair to the scalp. He did that in the presence of witnesses, and Miss Cook's hair was nearly black. No. Incredible as the story seems, it is not so incredible as the arguments used to explain it.

* * * *

And what do I think about it, really? I think my reason tells me that Katie King was a spirit, and that she did appear; but long habit and the experience of a lifetime tell me the episode was impossible. It is not easy to shake off old prejudices and convictions. At my first sitting I heard my wife speak to me. I heard her voice. I believed it. But gradually my old scepticism revived. Did I imagine it? I asked myself that. Then, by the time I had gone to my second sitting, I was so doubtful that I asked Feda if I had actually heard the voice of my wife. All my confidence had oozed away. That is the way of it. We are very seldom really sure as to what we do or do not believe.

But if there had been a dozen friends present at the first sitting, and they had all heard the words I heard, or thought I heard, any doubt as to the fact would have been foolish. Now, at the Crookes' seances there were always many witnesses. There is corroboration. Suppose I were alone in the garden and Edward Francis Fay came and spoke to me. I should doubt the evidence of my eyes and ears; but if my daughters and several friends were present and heard and saw Fay, the illusion theory would break down. One does not readily believe in a collective illusion.

Well. There is the Katie King mystery as it was told by Sir William Crookes, and for me it has a kind of fascination, for if we accept the story as true in substance and in fact, the inferences are tremendous. At that I leave it.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

Love is the most beautiful, fragrant and fruitful of all spiritual plants, and should therefore be cultivated in the garden of each human soul.

Eternal life, being "the gift of God," will not be thrust upon the godless or the impenitent.

You may defy God's laws, but you cannot escape the penalty of disobedience.

Peace of mind is the blessed possession of those persons who have always striven to do what they believed to be right.

A coward will clutch anything to save his life, but a brave man will not imperil the life of another simply to save his own.

The foundation of our belief in the attainment of immortality is immovable, and both fire and storm proof.

An inconsistent Christian wounds his Master, casts reproach on religion, makes angels sigh and devils chuckle.

We must all enter the next world through one of the following portals, viz.: Peace, pain, unconsciousness or terror. If the last, it is our own fault.

BEAUTY OF KATIE KING.

Photography is as inadequate to depict the perfect beauty of Katie's face, as words are powerless to describe her charms of manner. Photography may, indeed, give a map of her countenance, but how can it reproduce the brilliant purity of her complexion, or the ever-varying expression of her most mobile features, now overshadowed with sadness when relating some of the bitter experiences of her past life, now smiling with all the innocence of happy girlhood when she had collected my children round her, and was amusing them by recounting anecdotes of her adventures in India?

Round her she made an atmosphere of life;
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies;
Her overpowering presence makes you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

—From "Researches in Spiritualism," by Sir William Crookes.

KILLING A GHOST.

An unusual case came up recently for judgment in the Punjab High Court, at Lahore, India. A man of the Gujrat district had been sentenced to imprisonment for life on a charge of murder, but was acquitted by the High Court on the plea that he had thought the victim was a ghost.

The appellant's wife had had triplets, all of which died. In order to ensure that any future children might live, she went on a dark night to the tomb of the child that died last, stripped herself, and sat on the tomb while her husband poured water over her. At the moment of ablution a figure appeared out of the darkness which was taken for a ghost. The husband attacked the intruder and beat him to death with a stick. The couple at once ran back to the village and said that they had killed a ghost.

The High Court held that the circumstances made the appellant predisposed to see a ghost, especially as it was most unlikely that a human being should have been near the tomb at night. There was no intention to kill a human being, and the prisoner would therefore be acquitted.—"The Times," London.

Sensational Materialisations in London.

ANGELIC VISITOR ACTS LIKE HUMAN BEING.

"She Swept Her Robes To and Fro!" and Stayed Fifteen Minutes

By ESTELLE W. STEAD.

[A series of three special seances has recently been held in London by Miss Estelle Stead and a number of other investigators, with Mr. Harold Evans as the medium. He was thoroughly searched before each sitting, was bound to a chair with rope, and his thumbs were securely tied together with cotton. The phenomena were of a varied character, including flowers dropped on the heads and into the laps of sitters; the floating of playing musical boxes about the room; the medium's coat was taken off him and placed on the shoulders of Miss Stead, as she was feeling cold; "extremely sweet whistling through the trumpet and keeping in tune with the musical box"; a pencil was heard writing on a pad and the leaves were heard being torn off; moving objective lights were seen high up in the room; a photograph was taken of ectoplasm oozing from the medium's mouth, and various other marvels were witnessed. But the most sensational phenomena of all were the materialisations which occurred at the final sitting, an account of which is appended from the pen of Miss Stead.—Ed.]

As at the previous sitting, the medium was searched by the men, and secured to a chair, this time with a long piece of rope. The thumbs were tied together with cotton. He was tied so that it was impossible for him to move his arms or legs, or to move at all without carrying the chair with him.

Placed in the room beforehand were—in the cabinet a small table and luminous card. In the centre of the room a basket full of lovely flowers. On the musical box a bunch of blue iris, a writing pad and pencil, and an aluminium trumpet.

The sitting was opened with the Lord's Prayer. The musical box was then started, but it groaned and whined so dreadfully that we had to put on the light again and change the disc to the one that had been on at the previous sitting. "Peter" (the control) explained that they preferred this one as the vibrations were easier to work on. The light was again extinguished, and "Peter" took control and gave instructions for the conduct of the sitting. He said they were not going to arrange for a photograph this time, but that we might leave the plate exposed in the camera if we liked. They were going to concentrate on materialisations. The light was not to be put on until the end of the sitting. The materialised forms would use the card, and provide their own light as well.

LIGHTS—FLOWERS—WHISTLING—KISSES.

The medium now went into deeper trance, and we observed the first phenomenon, which consisted of moving objective lights. The first light appeared in the direction of the cabinet, high up, and then other similar lights were seen in various parts of the room. We were told that these lights were being made by members of the band of workers on the Other Side to illuminate the room for the materialisations. They were small, and continually on the move.

The second phenomenon was the distribution of the smaller flowers out of the basket among the sitters by the little spirit girl called "Heather." Miss Stead complained that she had not yet received any, whereupon the basket was taken over to her, and most of the contents tipped over her.

The trumpet was now taken from the top of the musical box and used, as on the previous occasion, for the sweet whistling. Later a second whistler joined in, both keeping in harmony with the musical box. At one time the trumpet was used in quite a boisterous fashion, as though two people were competing to see who could produce the most resounding kiss through it. Everyone was touched by the trumpet, some being tapped playfully on the

head with it. The small end of the trumpet was placed very accurately in the ear of one of the sitters whilst a tune was whistled through it. Whilst we were thus entertained a materialisation was being built up in the cabinet.

MOTHER RECOGNISES HER DAUGHTER.

The first form to emerge was that of a girl, who proceeded from the cabinet to the end sitter on the medium's left. She was recognised by this sitter (Mrs. Vlasto) as her daughter Pan. Mrs. Vlasto said the eyes, forehead and hand and arm were unmistakable. On the arm was a bracelet which Mrs. Vlasto recognised as being the same as one Pan wore, and which she has in her possession now. When asked "Is it you Pan?" she replied with a kiss, which seemed to confirm. The name was confirmed later in the writing. The girl touched Mrs. Vlasto and also the sitter next to her. She remained at Mrs. Vlasto's end of the half-circle, so that the sitters at the other end did not see her features clearly, but the figure was clear to all. She remained for a few minutes, and then slowly withdrew into the cabinet.

MISS STEAD AND HER BROTHER "WILL."

In a few minutes a second form came out of the cabinet to the medium's right. It carried the luminous card. It was at once seen to be the form of a man. He was draped in white, and the face was swathed in what looked like white linen, though the forehead, nose and cheeks were clearly materialised. The hands and arms appeared quite as real as those of the sitters. He went slowly round to each sitter, and remained for a considerable time in the centre of the group. The illumination of the room had so increased by this time that the faces of all the sitters were faintly visible. He placed his hand on Miss Stead's head. She asked if it was "Ken," and the reply was "Will." He then bent over Miss Stead, who recognised the upper part of the face, the lower being covered by the drapery. With a determined sweep he picked up the basket, which still contained some flowers, and held it up in front of the sitters. The form then withdrew into the cabinet, having been in the room for about five minutes.

ANGELIC VISITOR FASCINATES THE CIRCLE.

We thought that this would be the end of the phenomena for the evening but the most wonderful part was yet to come. The medium's control now stated that a nun would materialise. This nun is particularly associated with Mr. Evans as a guide and evidently understands the rationale of materialisation perfectly. She remained in the room for at least fifteen minutes and did so much during that time that it is difficult to record everything.

She first came round the circle, placing her left hand on each sitter's head in turn, and making the sign of the cross over each with her luminous card. Then she picked up a blue iris and touched each one of the sitters with it. The hands and arms were obviously those of a woman, being smaller and more rounded than those of the previous form. She endeavoured to take off one of Miss Stead's bangles, but gave it up on finding that the bangle would not easily go over the hand. This was done in quite a good light, and all the movements of the materialised hands were visible to sitters in the vicinity. She took down a picture from the wall of the room, and placed it on Miss Stead's lap. She made passes over us and swept her robes to and fro in such a way that we were able to hear the swish of them and feel the breeze created.

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PHOTOGRAPHS IN CEMETERY.

Photographs taken in Belfast City Cemetery during the burial of Mrs. McDermaid, wife of Mr. John McDermaid, President of the Ulster Christian Spiritualist Association, with the object of recording the spirit forms of relatives which were believed to be hovering over the grave, were recently produced in Belfast, Ireland.

The photographs, says the Belfast correspondent of the "Irish Times," are apparently out of focus. They show small white clouds over the people assembled round the grave. Mr. McDermaid claims that in the photographs he can see the spirit forms of three departed relatives. Mr. Edwin Graham, the Secretary of the Association, is convinced that he can see his brother. The Association invites inspection of the photographs.

"The Human Atmosphere."—This is the title given to the remarkable book by Dr. Walter Kilner, B.A., M.B. (Cantab.), M.R.C.P., the well-known Harley-street physician who, by the use of chemically-treated screens was able to see the auras of his patients and diagnose accordingly. Scores of his medical confreres could also see this mysterious magnetic envelope, and many of them are to-day using the screens for diagnostic purposes. This book is a detailed illustrated record of the observations made over a number of years, by the late Electrician to St. Thomas' Hospital, accurately stated for the purpose of encouraging further research, and the discovery is declared by Scientists to be "most important." Price, 14/6; postage, 6d.

Societies and Library Books.—Secretaries of Societies contemplating adding to their stock of Library books are invited to send for our recently-issued detailed Catalogue, and ascertain the special terms offered.

The Woman Beautiful.—This is something to interest the ladies. In our advertising columns appears a notice of Cosmine Beauty Specialities, by the use of which, it is claimed, nearly every beauty flaw may be remedied. Full particulars may be obtained from "Cosmine Beauty Products," Capitol House, Melbourne.

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In the course of a discussion on Spiritualism in the Victoria Hall, Sheffield, England, Mr. Walter Appleyard—a former Lord Mayor of the city and author of "Au Revoir, Not Good-bye"—told a story of a woman appealing to him with respect to her daughter. His (Mr. Appleyard's) wife entered into conversation with him, and then a voice said "I want you to give my love to my mother, I am very happy, and will you give my love to dad, and tell him there are no fires and vaccination. He will understand what I mean." He wrote to the mother of the girl, and she replied that her husband was the superintendent of a fire brigade and a vaccination officer.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN CEMETERY.

Photographs taken in Belfast City Cemetery during the burial of Mrs. McDermaid, wife of Mr. John McDermaid, President of the Ulster Christian Spiritualist Association, with the object of recording the spirit forms of relatives which were believed to be hovering over the grave, were recently produced in Belfast, Ireland.

The photographs, says the Belfast correspondent of the "Irish Times," are apparently out of focus. They show small white clouds over the people assembled round the grave. Mr. McDermaid claims that in the photographs he can see the spirit forms of three departed relatives. Mr. Edwin Graham, the Secretary of the Association, is convinced that he can see his brother. The Association invites inspection of the photographs.

"The Human Atmosphere."—This is the title given to the remarkable book by Dr. Walter Kilner, B.A., M.B. (Cantab.), M.R.C.P., the well-known Harley-street physician who, by the use of chemically-treated screens was able to see the auras of his patients and diagnose accordingly. Scores of his medical confreres could also see this mysterious magnetic envelope, and many of them are to-day using the screens for diagnostic purposes. This book is a detailed illustrated record of the observations made over a number of years, by the late Electrician to St. Thomas' Hospital, accurately stated for the purpose of encouraging further research, and the discovery is declared by Scientists to be "most important." Price, 14/6; postage, 6d.

Societies and Library Books.—Secretaries of Societies contemplating adding to their stock of Library books are invited to send for our recently-issued detailed Catalogue, and ascertain the special terms offered.

The Woman Beautiful.—This is something to interest the ladies. In our advertising columns appears a notice of Cosmine Beauty Specialities, by the use of which, it is claimed, nearly every beauty flaw may be remedied. Full particulars may be obtained from "Cosmine Beauty Products," Capitol House, Melbourne.

The Living Dead and the Direct Voice.

UNPUBLISHED BOOK BY DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN AUTHOR.

"Hundreds, yea Thousands, have come and Talked to Me!"

By EDWARD C. RANDALL, Author of "The Dead Have Never Died" and "Frontiers of the After Life."

[Readers of the widely-circulated works of Mr. Edward C. Randall, the celebrated New York barrister and psychic investigator, some of whose experiences with Mrs. Emily French—an altogether exceptionally-gifted medium for the Direct-voice and who would not accept a penny for her services extending over twenty years—are narrated in the above-mentioned books, will be gratified to learn that he has magnanimously placed at our disposal the complete M.S. of a new book he has just finished and which he intends to publish as soon as he has time to supervise the details. It is entitled "THE LIVING DEAD," and embodies further records of his experiences and conclusions as the outcome of investigations with the medium named. It is brimful of extremely interesting and informative matter—scientific, philosophic, psychic and spiritual—and is written in a very lucid and attractive style. Herewith we present the fourth instalment.—Ed.]



MR. EDWARD C. RANDALL.

President of the American Super-Power Corporation, which is carrying out the largest hydro-electric power scheme in the United States at an estimated cost of \$88,000,000 (nearly £18,000,000).

IV.

Seek, and you will find; for you have aids from Nature for the discovery of Truth. But if you are not able yourself, by going along those ways, to discover that which follows, listen to those who have made the inquiry.

EPICETUS.

The Future of Man.

This is an age of greed. We, as a people, have drifted out upon the sea of selfishness, and devouring ambition, and set the many sails to woo the winds of fortune. Every nation and every people have erected a throne on which wealth sits in state; they have placed upon its brow a crown of gold, and have decreed that the possession of money, with little regard to the manner of acquisition, should be the only qualification for this kingship of modern times.

Man, at the dawn, is shown this goal, and taught that money is power and the world's desire. He enters the strife and bends his energies, as others do, to grasp the greatest amount of wealth with the least possible effort, matching his cunning against labor—mind against muscle—artifice against simplicity—and directs his thoughts towards wrenching from the hands of honest toil a portion of its legitimate earnings.

Consider what a future awaits those who make ambition their goal, and who succeed in seating themselves upon the throne of wealth by modern methods! It is a great misfortune to have false ideals, to worship at the shrine of money; but it is a far greater misfortune to succeed, and to hold unlawful gains, or more of Nature's store than a simple life requires. That all should work and save against old age is proper; but that accumulations should greatly exceed the needs of existence, was not intended by the intelligence that planned all things.

We see men in the morning of life preparing for the strife; so fast they rush, so eager is the struggle, so crowded the field, so elusive the object of pursuit, that each one thinks only of self. Like men in actual battle, they fight for mastery, never hesitating to push aside those in front or to trample on those under them. And what is the end for which they strive? Wealth? Yes, but that is not all, for with the advantages that money brings, come arrogance, pride, greed.

* * * *

Of what real benefit to the world are the very rich? Some few do good by gifts that help the poor and needy; some endow hospitals where suffering is reduced; some give libraries; others build churches and cathedrals. But the great majority hoard their gains and count their money; the love that should encompass all mankind is given to wealth. The greater portion of their thought has been spent in accumulating their hoard, and consequently they love it. This is the old age they have been preparing for, and, like the miser in his tower, they sing and chuckle as they count their gains and the gold coins slip through their fingers. So intent are they on accumulation that they are deaf to the call of charity.

Surrounded by luxury, they have not come into contact with suffering; so busy and self-centered are they, that they have not had time to give words of encouragement to others. Nothing but self has found lodgment in their minds as they have been preparing for the future. What future? "Old age," one answers; but I answer: "The future lies beyond the world of men!"

Will this gathered wealth support you through the coming ages? If another life follows dissolution, if natural conditions prevail in the great beyond, and one has necessities there as here, what wealth has been accumulated for support in the community after this? Money, being a material substance, is not taken, nor indeed can it be, for we see its distribution here. What, then, has been accumulated for support and maintenance out in the after-life where money is not king? All the wealth one can take with him into the after-life is that which he gave away in this.

* * * *

The thought that the rich man here may be, and usually is, the pauper in the after-life, is startling in its possibilities and dreadful to contemplate. A man who has made money his God and worshipped at the shrine of gold, having no other thought, ambition or desire, in earth-life, is poor indeed if his hoard cannot be taken with him, for poor he is in all else in a world where kind and thoughtful acts and deeds are the standard of wealth.

When the fact can be driven deep into the human heart and brain that after the material life, out in the great hereafter, one lives a life similar to this and that he has necessities, actual wants, and desires that money will not satisfy, appreciation of what true wealth is, and how to gather it for one's eternal good, may dawn upon the minds of men.

* * * *

Contemplate the after-life, where money is not used! The occupation of most people will be gone; they will find themselves disqualified for any other position, ignorant and helpless in a world of activity; then will come appreciation of the lost Atlantis men call Opportunity. Upon the pages of memory will be written: "Wasted energy, false ideals, worthless ambitions, erroneous conceptions, ignorance of the simple laws of Nature"—and selfishness will find itself a pauper in a world of plenty.

In the next life, I am told, the only way to gain advancement is by helping others; in this way only is knowledge gained, for by contributing their efforts to greater good the Master Intelligence has provided for the individual advancement of spirit-people. Each builds his own stairway to the heights of knowledge.

Unto each mortal who comes to earth
A ladder is given by God at birth,
And up this ladder every soul must go,
Step by step, from the valley below,
Step by step to the center of space,
On this ladder of lives to the starting place.

* * * *

Material wealth is only for a day, as time is counted. What the good man does enriches him here, and becomes a part of his own self for all that we call eternity.

If "doing good" is the only wealth that one can carry away into the after-life, how shall it be with those who have grown indifferent, cold and hard, and have lived this life for self alone? A picture of the condition of those in that class, whom we have talked with in the life beyond, is too terrible to describe. In earth-life they draw about themselves a mantle of arrogance and pride, closely woven of selfish thoughts and greed. Such is the garment that covers these naked souls as they journey on! Upon many not one ray of light shines; there is only darkness and despair; nothing penetrates the gloom but the chill of death and dissolution.

The selfish worshipper of wealth is not only a pauper in a world of wealth, but an outcast in a community of harmony. The good that men do

lives after them, the earth career becomes a part of them, and they a part of it. Good radiates light; selfishness is darkness—the absence of light—and so condenses the thought emanations as to encompass and obstruct one's vision. And so, on going out into the next life, the selfish enter into the condition they have created, there to remain, until, through suffering, the wish shall come, from within, to make restitution for a life of greed. Then will come the desire, unknown during earthly existence, to become a worker to help others—just for the joy that comes of doing good—and to find in this way only that "peace which passeth all understanding."

* * * *

The wealth that all in this physical world should seek has not the ring of gold; it is gathered by right living, by helping others to live right, and by doing something each day that will bring joy to hearts that are sad, encouragement to those who falter, good cheer to those who are depressed, bread to those who hunger and clothing to the naked.

Do something each day to make some mortal happier, and with each act let love go hand in hand. Thus only can mortals be enriched here and hereafter, "beyond the dreams of avarice," for one good act, sent out with love as its companion, will reach beyond the confines of the stars, and touch eternity.

The Earthbound Zone.

The justice that meets a human soul on the threshold of the after-life is terrible in its completeness. On the universal cosmic consciousness there is impinged or photographed, if I may use that word for illustration, the record of each individual life. As a spirit's senses are quickened, his vision is clarified, so that he reads his record backward clearly, and comes to know that wrong is not a punishment, but a result; he discovers that before he can progress he must live over each wrong act, if he has not already lived it over in earth life, and that he must live it right; that no other spirit or mortal man ever did, or even can, take the burden of another's wrong acts or relieve him of their consequences.

No matter what one's position or development here may be, it matters not whether he be saint or sinner, thief or philanthropist, each soul will ultimately function in unity with the Infinite Intelligence. For some the way will be long and dark and dreary, and the helping hand hard to find, for the only wealth we take beyond the grave is that which we have here disbursed before that great change. We pass directly into that condition or state where we, in fact, belong. Earth conditions, with all their wealth, no longer count,

For on the earth clean men may walk,
Glutton and thief and lecher;
White flesh and fair may hide their sins,
That no man might discover.
Naked, the soul goes up to God,
Brother, my brother.

* * * *

Our coming into touch with distinguished scholars and advanced spirit people does more than convey an understanding of the future state, for from such instruction we may learn how to live here and now, and how to enrich ourselves from day to day with that which we can take with us, that spiritual wealth which we call character.

We should understand now that there never has been, nor can be, a secret in the world. Each act and each thought is impressed or impinged in and upon and about our etheric personality, visible even now to all in the next world who may be sufficiently

things, but I can't mingle with them until Father and Mother lessen their grief and release me. Won't you go and explain to them what they are doing, and tell them how they can help me by their thought, instead of hindering me by their sorrow? Make them understand I am not dead, but just away."

Such is one of hundreds of experiences and lessons brought home to me from time to time.

* * * *

It is not just to abandon the so-called dead as soon as the last shovel of earth falls upon the casket. True, the spirit is not there, but it is somewhere, and, owing to erroneous teaching, it needs all the suggestion, companionship, and love in the new life that it can possibly receive. If man knew that such help could be given, and knew, too, how to give it, he would be eager to do what he could.

How many who read this statement ever thought it possible? And of those who have accepted it, how many have made the effort? I have helped many, whom I have known, to realize their condition in the spirit-world, and I have aided them by suggestion to learn how to live and what to do. This I accomplish by talking to them in seances, by bringing to them the friends who have preceded them and who are more advanced. The world owes those who have passed out of the body a duty, and that duty cannot be fulfilled until all understand that death is only change, progression, evolution.

This cannot be understood until prejudice is eradicated, and mankind comes to understand the natural law. When it learns the truth it will know what spirits need and what the world can give. Then each will contribute abundantly. Those here will be happier, and those who have gone before will see the shadows lift. Our speeding thought will find help to reach the knowledge that will lead them to the beauties of the next sphere of life. Thus they will more quickly reach the splendor of spirituality.

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Spirits are held by thoughts of sadness sent out by those in earth-life. They cannot go away while those in earth-life are sorrowing. They can be held by evil thoughts. If these are strong enough, they hold the spirit until it becomes spiritually developed and can break away to better conditions. Our helpful, loving thought is a stairway by which they mount to better things. We can, by thought, lift them as upon strong wings and send them into a congenial atmosphere.

Mind holds dominion over matter and over the great forces which become slaves to man's brain. Man makes the wind labor and the seas carry. He harnesses the waters which turn the wheels of industry, uses the instruments of his genius to gather electric fluid from earth and sea and air, to make light and heat and do work for him. He plants, and the soil itself pays tribute. All that is in this planet and upon it is subject to his will.

The potential thought that moulds all material to its uses is not limited to the things of earth, but is a mighty factor in and among those who have gone from our vision, but who still live among us. We can send out into the invisible world about us this thought of cures, so vital and so strong; we can send it to those who are weak and who hunger for words of encouragement, and we can cheer them on to labor. It is to them a current more powerful than electricity. It quickens their thought-function and aids their understanding.

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It may be that some of those who have preceded us are still so material, and are still in such a dense condition, that others in the sphere of conscious-

ness cannot reach them. In this case our thought is the only source of help, and if we deny them this aid, their progress is impeded. Our duty to the dead is not ended when we lay their bodies beneath the sod. This mind of ours, that holds mastery over earth and sea and air, should go with spirits and be about them and with them, explaining, teaching, encouraging, and showing the way of life. All this we can do in some degree; according as we ourselves know how to use the psychic force that is mental.

(To be Continued.)

HOUDINI IN A COFFIN.

"Fear, and not poisoning by carbon dioxide, is the cause of the death of miners and other persons trapped in air-tight compartments." This startling assertion is made by Mr. Harry Houdini, the famous stage magician and opponent of Spiritualism, who had himself sunk in a sealed coffin in a swimming pool for an hour-and-a-half to prove his contention.

The coffin in which Houdini was soldered up was computed to contain 34,398 cubic inches of air. The oxygen in that air, according to scientists, should all have been used up in three or four minutes, but Houdini breathed it for ninety minutes and emerged smiling. "Anyone could do it," he declared afterwards. "The important thing is to believe that you are safe, not to breathe deeply, and not to make unnecessary movements."

During his stay under water Houdini kept in communication with watchers by a telephone wire by means of which he indicated every few minutes that he was all right.—"Yorkshire Observer."

"The History of Spiritualism."—We take the following passage from a review, in the August "Bookman," of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "History of Spiritualism":—"It is a story of great vision and high endeavour, checkered with the annals of much sordid trafficking with the unseen and many matters of a fantastic or a squalid kind. But that is the history of all human movements where the noblest things are misunderstood and misused and only maintained in their purity by the struggles of those who can see and think and understand."

Great Theosophical Camp.—From the "Theosophical News Bureau" we learn that more than two thousand people gathered at the recent Star Camp in Holland. Amongst the arrivals, the different nationalities were represented numerically as follows: Holland 889, England 389, Germany 105, France 81, Sweden 70, Italy 65, Scotland 54, Denmark 52, Belgium 50, Austria 42, Russia 26, Norway 25, Switzerland 18, Hungary 14, Spain 12, Poland 11, Finland 10, United States 10, Wales 10, Portugal 8, Dutch Indies 6, India 5, Ireland 4, Yugo Slavia 4, Iceland 3, Egypt 1, Brazil 1, Lithuania 1, Australia 4.

The Shastaphone.—We are asked to state that owing to the cost of production of this recently-invented substitute for the trumpet having been considerably increased it has been found necessary to increase the price proportionately. From an advertisement appearing elsewhere in this issue it will be seen that the price is £3/5/-; packing and postage to any address in the Commonwealth and New Zealand, 5/- extra. All communications should be addressed direct to Mr. D. Ayling, C/o. 8 Ewell Street, Bondi, Sydney, New South Wales.

"Comfort Ye My People."—This can be done by sending a copy of "The Heart of a Father," to a friend bereaved. It is a very human document in which the Rev. F. C. Spurr, formerly of the Collins-street Baptist Church, Melbourne, tells of the loss of his little son and the psychic circumstances under which he found the child in the spirit world. Price 2/6, postage 2d.

O God. Give to Thine enemies whatever Thou hast assigned to me of this world's goods, and to Thy friends whatever Thou hast assigned to me in the life hereafter, but Thou Thyself art sufficient to me.—Persian.

Predictions of World-wide Trouble.

THE PERIL OF PROPHECY. HOPEFUL SPIRIT MESSAGES.

By R. C. KEAST, Sydney.

It is because the writer is so conscious of the innate beauty and intrinsic grandeur of the philosophy of Spiritualism, that he has become apprehensive lest irrelevant issues be permitted to conceal these august features. In this connection, during recent years, there has been a regrettable tendency, on the part of several of the leading exponents of Spiritualism, to identify themselves with what one may reasonably designate mere extrinsic considerations.

The writer desires to refer, in particular, to the plethora of prophecy which has latterly been emanating from a certain section of zealous students of the occult and the psychic. Unfortunately, the entire range of these prophecies is of such cataclysmic magnitude, that even to reflect upon them is to induce in one incipient neurosis. There appear to be so many defenders of these alleged impending catastrophes, that some readers, at least, will surely find it refreshing to learn of one who entirely dissociates himself from this gloomy, if illustrious, coterie.

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At the outset, however, the writer wishes to render it perfectly clear that, in his advocacy of the superb philosophy of Spiritualism, he concedes precedence to none. It is merely that he finds it necessary to alienate himself from his pessimistic peers, especially in the attitude they adopt towards the moral condition of the world. In the main, the representations of these enthusiastic protagonists appear to be to the effect that materialism and moral degeneracy are so universally prevalent, that the wrath of the Infinite has been aroused, and that, in consequence, cosmic calamities are to be launched upon the denizens of this planet.

In dissenting from the attitude indicated, the writer desires to affirm that his is not entirely a voice crying in the wilderness, for in the course of his intensive and extensive psychic investigations, he has encountered a considerable number of those, both incarnate and discarnate, who endorse his conviction.

* * * *

Of course, as all students of history are aware, the disposition, on the part of impatient reformers, to threaten when they cannot convert, is not at all novel or original. In fact, all through the centuries this attitude has been a favourite weapon of the Church. Happily, in this age of dawning enlightenment, the theological institution has had to discard this weapon—largely because of its ineffectiveness. Now, is there not a danger of Spiritualism brandishing this same obsolete and discredited weapon? And, in any case, does this world of well-meaning, if erring, humanity deserve the lash?

In the loveliest and loftiest exposition of Spiritualism which the writer has ever encountered, the following statement, made by a group of exalted discarnate intelligences, is recorded: "We do not come as Angels with vials of wrath in our hands, waiting to pour out their contents on the earth, and thus add to the misery and suffering of embodied humanity, who have already had more than enough

of such experiences." Surely, this is so! Surely too, Emerson expresses a splendid truth when he declares: "Through the years and the centuries . . . a great and beneficent purpose irresistibly streams."

* * * *

By all means, let Spiritualists retain and endeavour to propagate their lofty idealism, but let them not become indifferent to the sweetness and the loveliness which are to be found everywhere enshrined in struggling humanity. As that distinguished savant and Spiritualist, Sir Oliver Lodge, states: "Let us rejoice at the vast amount of friendliness and good feeling and mutual help and cooperation, and the earnest desire for better things which is permeating so many."

Viewed broadly and dispassionately, it is doubtful if at any period in the world's history, there existed as much salutary dissatisfaction with all phases of moral disorder, as at present. Much that was formerly condoned, is now vehemently condemned. Brotherhoods, with basic spiritual principles, are now silently springing into existence, and permeating large sections of the community. International rivalries are being definitely renounced and nations are now aiming at a peaceful adjustment of all grievances. Admittedly, great and grave issues are to be found everywhere, but the magnificent consideration is that these are now being finely and fearlessly faced! It was with true prescience that the noble Tennyson wrote:

Yet, I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

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The writer recently read an inspired book written by that saintly and masterly personality, Dr. Peebles, and a few evenings later, this choice spirit addressed the circle at a seance conducted by Dr. Whitcombe. In reply to the writer's question, Dr. Peebles said: "I retract nothing from my written statement that with every revolution of this planet, it becomes increasingly ethereal. The world is better to-day than it was yesterday. Retrogression is only apparent. Evolution is the Law, and the spiritual outlook of your world is bright."

The Rev. Mr. White, a highly-evolved discarnate intelligence, who usually opens and closes Mr. Bailey's seances with an exquisite invocation, recently delivered an address on the world outlook. And, in this connection, the writer distinctly remembers these words: "We do not believe that impending calamities await humanity in the near future. We are aware that gloomy prophecies presaging such have been given from this side. But we desire to affirm that this is not what we have been taught."

* * * *

During the month of September, Shasta, the spirit inventor of the remarkable Shastaphone, greeted the circle, and the dignified peroration of his majestic utterance terminated with these words: "We herald the dawn of a new era, for it has now definitely arrived. And the spiritual future of the children of the earth is extremely promising."

In the month of August, one of the most charming discarnate intelligences whom the writer has ever conversed with, spoke through the Shasta-

(Continued on Page 1648)

Mysterious Faces in a Cathedral.

LIFE-LIKE FEATURES OF LATE DEAN LIDDELL.

PRESERVATIVE MEASURES BY CHURCH AUTHORITIES.

A little more than three years ago great interest was aroused throughout Great Britain in the announcement by the London newspapers, that the features of the late Dean Liddell, the famous scholar and cleric, had appeared upon the wall of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, close below the Burne-Jones window which the Dean had caused to be placed in the Cathedral as a memorial of his daughter, whose memory he had cherished with great affection. For the previous two years certain markings had been noticed at the spot, in process of development, and eventually they took on the form of a human head, with an increasing resemblance to the face of the late Dean whose death occurred twenty-eight years ago. The resem-

On the wall of the south aisle of Oxford Cathedral there has recently appeared the outline, in profile, of the head of the late Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, who died in 1898. The curly white hair, the bald crown, and the aquiline nose, are faithfully reproduced, as any visitor can verify who compares it with the figure of the Dean set in the niche in the archway leading to Peckwater Quad. The only difference is one of expression, the austerity in the sculptured face being replaced by gentleness and benignity in the "spirit" portrait.

The fact that the head has appeared below the Burne-Jones window erected to the memory of the Dean's daughter—Edith, and above the brass tablet recording his death, cannot be lightly dismissed as mere coincidence, as the Cathedral authorities would wish. The Dean spent much time in this part of the Cathedral. Of an artistic nature, he took great interest in the erection of the memorial window, having it removed three times before he considered the colouring perfect. Beneath this window is the burial ground of the Dean, his wife and family, so there are many claims for attachment to this particular spot.

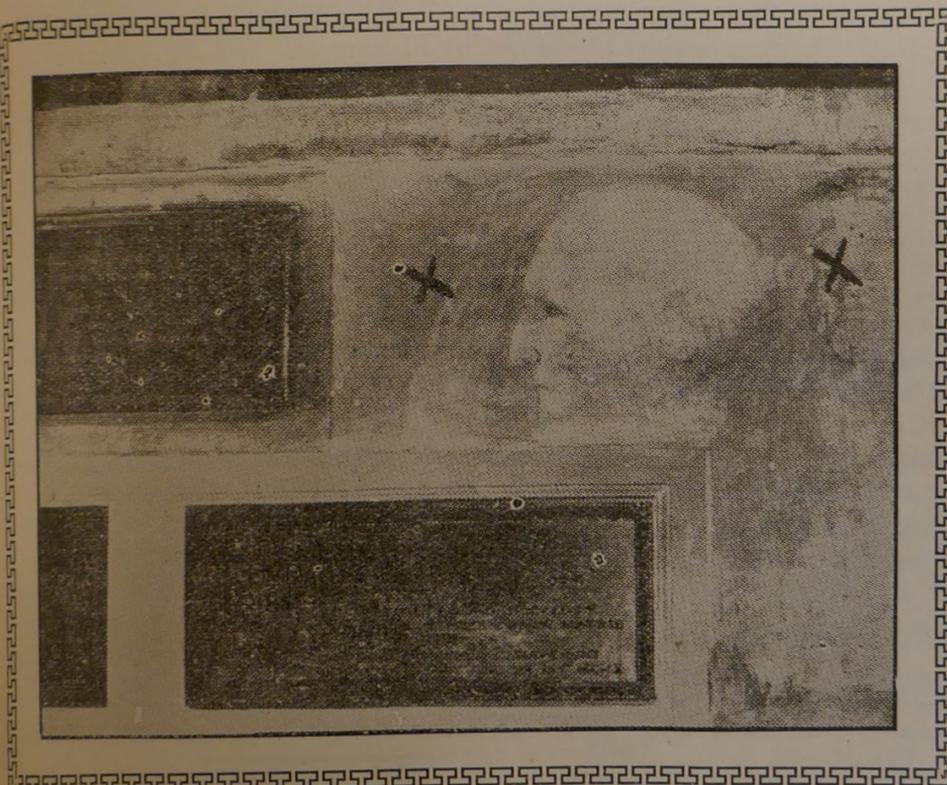
The wall, for an extent of half a foot from the face, to two or three feet from the crown, has a peculiar blueish-white appearance quite distinct from the usual age and damp discolouration in other parts of the Cathedral. On the right-hand side of the head another face is forming, and from the appearance of the hair it is apparently the head of a woman.

As the profile of the Dean has taken some two years to reach its present clear outline, the process is evidently one of slow growth. The accompanying photograph does not, unfortunately, give a clear impression of the outline of the head, but the features are discernible, and it will serve to convey something of the size of the portrait. Interest in "spirit" pictures seems to be widespread, for visitors of all descriptions have flocked to the Cathedral, some having journeyed from such distances as Rome and Madrid.

The opinion expressed by Mr. Charles H. Liddle, the artist, was that coincidence was impossible, "for the face was complete, even to an indentation on the temple, significant to phrenologists," whilst another witness who was in Oxford in the late Dean's time, stated that "the phantom picture appeared to him, from his own recollection, a better portrait of the Dean than the published photograph of him." There the matter rested, Mr. Bond concluding his article with the comment: "Our attitude must be to await future developments." That was two-years-and-nine months ago. To-day the portrait is as clear as ever, and Major Marriott, D.S.O., a prominent psychic investigator, writing to "The Christian Spiritualist" recently, stated:

My wife (in the spirit world) says she thinks the portrait is getting clearer, and that it is the Dean himself who is doing it. She is not scientific, but spoke of the tiny atoms taking some time to cohere, and we know now that these tiny atoms can be found in thousands of reproductions of the original in photographs.

This renewed interest in the phenomenon attracted the attention of Mr. J. S. M. Ward, B.A., author



PORTRAIT OF DEAN LIDDELL.

Appearing on the Wall of the South Aisle of Oxford Cathedral.

blance appears to have been admitted by relatives and friends alike, and the possible psychic origin of the phenomenon was freely discussed.

We dealt with the incident in "The Harbinger of Light" of January, 1924, and reproduced a full statement of the case from the pen of the erudite editor of "Psychic Science"—the official organ of the British College of Psychic Science—Mr. F. Bligh Bond, F.R.I.B.A., the well-known ecclesiastical architect and archæologist, whose name is associated with the wonderful discoveries made at Glastonbury Abbey, through information obtained by psychic means, and who has embodied the results of his exploratory work in the thought-arresting book entitled "The Gate of Remembrance."

Mr. Bond analysed the pros and cons of this Cathedral mystery—the peculiar effects sometimes produced by dampness, the question of coincidence, and other considerations—and concluded that there was "a priori" ground for discussing the possibility of a psychical cause "in the now admitted facts of psychic photography." At that time also Miss Dorothy Jennings contributed the following particulars to the "Oxford Journal:"

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of "Gone West" and "A Subaltern in Spirit Land," who contributed the following letter to the journal named a couple of months ago:

Having by chance seen a copy of your paper of May 5th, with a photograph of Dean Liddell's spirit picture in it, I at once went down to Oxford, namely last Saturday, to see the original.

I find that there are no less than five such spirit photographs, of which Dean Liddell and what appears to be his daughter are two, and even a more remarkably perfect picture is that of an old choirman who sang in the choir for 50 years, or, at least, so one of the vergers informed me. The old man died in 1915, and his portrait has gradually appeared on the North wall of the last arcade of the nave. It is some 30 to 40 feet up, near the door, quite out of reach even with the aid of an ordinary ladder. Seen from the ground, it appears like a bas relief, beautifully sculptured, but, on being examined through glasses, it is clear that whatever the process, the surface of the stone is in no way cut into. It appears grey, like the rest of the wall, and depicts the old man almost full face, looking slightly downwards.

On the base of a pillar nearby are also two other faces, not so distinct, one of a woman who appears to wear a large hat, and the other of a woman whose hair is parted in the middle, and on the top of her head she wears a small conical sort of cap. No one knew whose these represented, although the choirman was recognised by all the regular members of the cathedral staff. I spoke to another verger, who said he knew the old man intimately and that it was a speaking portrait.

I am glad to say that the Dean and Cathedral authorities are doing their utmost to preserve these interesting spirit pictures. Some vandal had tried to scratch away the nose of Dean Liddell, and the scratch was clearly visible. Therefore the Dean has now placed temporary barriers some distance in front of the picture.

It will be seen from the foregoing that instead of the mystery being explained away, it is becoming intensified by reason of the fact that other portraits are now visible. Are they all to be attributed to coincidence? It may be so, but the argument is anything but conclusive, and all we can do is to continue to wait patiently until further light can be thrown on these at present, inexplicable phenomena.

PREDICTION OF WORLD-WIDE TROUBLE.

(Continued from page 1646)

phone, and the opening words of his impressive greeting were: "My name is Charles Dickens . . . It is now comparatively easy for us to reach you, for the spiritual atmosphere of your earth is now becoming pronounced." And the writer desires to emphasise the fact that almost without exception, the utterances given in his presence, at twenty seances, have been of this reassuring nature.

* * * *

If, then, as is clearly evident, there is a decided divergence of view upon these weird problems, is it not futile, and even perilous, to expatiate upon them? The writer has for years felt that the most regrettable feature of modern Spiritualism is to be found in its distinct tendency to credulously receive prophecy. And the tragedy of such ready credence is that, in unconsciously inculcating a gloomy philosophy, potential adherents perceive something repellent in Spiritualism, and fail to find the sweetness, the joy, the peace and the love, which are, in reality, the immortal foundations of this sublime and enduring structure.

A Visit to New Zealand. It will be seen from our advertising columns that Mr. W. E. Butcher, a member of the Spiritualist Council of New South Wales and certificated lecturer and demonstrator, will be visiting New Zealand about the end of January and will be prepared to assist any centre requiring his services.

THE VRILLIC FORCE.

MR. CROMER'S HEALING WORK.

Miss Mary Rivett, B.A., (Sydney) M.A. (Cantab.), who is the organiser of Mr. Victor E. Cromer's work in Sydney, writes:—

Readers of "The Harbinger of Light" may be interested to hear something of the many developments that have taken place in connection with Mr. Cromer's work since his arrival in Sydney a little more than nine weeks ago.

Three classes are well on the way towards the completion of first courses in the study of the healing force, and of much else arising out of that study; and the development in various ways shown by many of the members is an indication of the very real achievement in spiritual unfolding that is taking place as a result.

Most beautiful results are being obtained in connection with Mr. Cromer's own healing work. A variety of conditions, including rheumatoid arthritis, asthma, astigmatism, bronchitis, nasal and bronchial catarrh, chronic constipation, nervous debility, eczema, erysipelas, gall stones, glaucoma, goitre, chronic influenza, tonsillitis, nasal polyp, gastric ulcer, and displaced vertebra, have been completely cured, or are showing very definite and progressive improvement. And in many cases the mental and spiritual effects are no less marked than is the physical healing. A few instantaneous cures have taken place, some of them following upon four minute treatments which Mr. Cromer gives at the end of all lectures. Definite results are being obtained, too, by absent treatment.

In addition to seeing patients in his rooms at The Lodge, Burdekin House, 199 Macquarie Street, Mr. Cromer has healing centres at Gordon, at St. Matthew's Church, Manly, and at the Children's Library, 119 Devonshire Street, Surry Hills. To all who cannot afford to pay, treatment and teaching are free. The Children's Library especially is a free healing centre that promises to be of incalculable benefit to ever increasing numbers of children and of adults.

Should the requisite arrangements prove possible Mr. Cromer may spend a fortnight in Melbourne from about December 6th. During that time he would hold a short course of six class meetings for the study of the Vrillie Force, give such public lectures as might be organised, and see patients for healing treatment.

The Melbourne Classes. With regard to the classes it is proposed to hold in Melbourne, an enthusiastic organiser would be required to arrange the details. Will someone volunteer to do this work? Intending students are also invited to forward their names to the Editor of "The Harbinger of Light" as early as possible. This is the only way of ascertaining whether sufficient encouragement is likely to be offered to Mr. Cromer to come to Melbourne.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SPHERES.

We may, for the sake of clarity of understanding, put it thus: The earth is the centre about which many spheres are, and is enclosed in all those spheres. And the residents in the earth life are potentially in touch with all those spheres, and actually so in ratio to their altitude spiritually considered—spiritually because these spheres are spiritual and not material. . . . So, as you go farther and farther from the earth, you come to a realm where the spheres of earth and the nearest planet interweave with each other.

As every planet is served with like attendance, so the complication is multiplied, and you will begin to see that the study of these spheres is not so simple as some good people among you evidently think it to be, who demand from us information as to the meaning of this thing.

Draw a diagram of the solar system, with the sun at its centre, and the planets roughly in their respective places round him. Then begin with earth and encircle him with, say, a hundred circles. Do the same with Jupiter, Mars, Venus and the others, and treat the sun in like manner, and you will have a faint idea of our work, and its absorbing interest, but profound depths of meaning, to us who include in our studies that of the Spheres of God. . .

Now, we are sometimes asked how many spheres there be. Well, having explained what we have above, I do not apprehend that we shall be asked that question by you. Did you ask it, we who are only of the Tenth of these zones, would perforce have to answer "We do not know, and much doubt whether our answer to you would differ were you to put that question a million million of aeons hence, and we having progressed all the while."

—"Astriel" in The Vale Owen Script.

The Hope that Springs Eternal!

DEATH SPELLS BIRTH.

By R. L. SUMMERLIN, Brisbane.

In the examination of the recorded quest for truth it is noticed that to those who were able to divest themselves of prejudice it chanced that in the solid substance of their facts was found imbedded much that warranted inclusion among the brightest jewels of experience.

That "our virtues of to-day are sublimations of instincts which might have been tuned to base ends" is true, and also, that as our present actions are the outcome of our past thoughts, so we are now weaving the conditions of our future. If knowledge thus brings improvement, yet perfection and full happiness may be ever unattainable in an imperfect world. But from the long ago Hope has ever whispered of a better one, and its voice, now timorous, now loud, has never ceased to be the inspiration of our forward march. The high peaks of mystic assurance have been for the few, but "the grimble idea of a posthumous life and dwelling that shall be more or less the same as those one has left here—this is a dream within the reach of every man, one that every man can understand."

* * * *

The literature of all races contains abundant evidence that this hope of life after death has always been implanted firmly in human hearts; and the many allusions to it are deeply interesting, as they show in what fashion it was regarded through the centuries. As might be expected, the higher the culture the more refined was the conception, and that among lower peoples it was tinged with reflection of the crude modes of being in which they had their existence.

Even without the stronger interest that aspiration brings, such universal agreement would beget a desire for enlightenment as to a desirable state, whose possibility, if granted, must have an influence on all varied mental activities. For the further removed from this admission the greater the degradation which has befallen the possessors of a hopeless outlook. Ethical necessity, then, forbids that such a hope should be extinguished.

* * * *

Organised religion, in catering to this inherent wish, has pictured the rewards awaiting there the observance of conventional virtues, and conversely, the torments of erring souls who have strayed from theological pastures.

The natural rejection of lurid phantasies among the thoughtful has led to the supposition that a normal course of conduct should be followed by a like rational progression when ultimately the cloak of flesh is cast aside. Although it would seem that in this direction much should have been accomplished, it must be confessed no general agreement has been reached. Probably the force of subconscious prejudice, besides other and more obvious deterrents, have hindered a successful sequel. Man is gregarious, socially and mentally, and deference to the opinion of others, as well as dislike to tread lonely paths, has inhibited much keen and bold inquiry.

The issue would no doubt have remained forever undecided but for the intervention of those who have pressed through the change, and from the vantage ground of freedom from material shackles striven to augment all earnest wish to pierce the barrier.

Such mutual endeavour, at least for Spiritualists, has been crowned with success and explains much that in the past seemed uncertain and dubious.

* * * *

Ignorance is but slowly dispelled and the keenest intelligence discerns that to "hasten slowly" is to ensure more stable foundations. The fancied Heaven of Warrior days, and the scarcely better-endowed Paradise of a later time, have crumbled in the light that reason has cast over their mythical regions. The loss may seem real to childish fancies, but moral stature is advanced when outworn notions are displaced by more vigorous attempts at adjustment.

To see but a few extracts from modern Authors may be an inducement to peruse the whole of their arguments. Those who will read will find that, at least, the age-long hope is based on an intuition of reality not fore-doomed to baffling negation, but as certain now of satisfaction as when that divine injunction, "Seek and ye shall find," first stirred the imagination of men.

* * * *

Is it a matter of little moment that those whose interests and affections were knit with ours in the closest bonds of love and friendship, mysteriously and suddenly removed from our reluctant arms, should, from what we deem the far-away, prove by their messages that the dark gulf of separation is bridged, for eyes keen to see the wonder behind apparently trivial methods, with a certainty wholly delightful? Is it not worth all the patience we can muster for occasional disappointments and perplexities, to behold emerging from those shadows the vision of a world exalted, despite its sorrows and sin, by the foreshadowed splendour of things to be?

As the poet said—

Why climb the far-off hills with pain,
A nearer view of heaven to gain,
In lowliest depths of bosky dells
The hermit, Contemplation, dwells.
A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat
Where, piercing heaven with screened sight,
He sees at noon the stars whose light
Shall glorify the coming night.

* * * *

And similarly, had we the sympathetic understanding and insight to know the wonder of what takes place in the temple of the body, we should behold a miniature of cosmic processes and glimpse the perfection hidden now from earth-bound eyes deep in the bosom of Infinity. Substituting for vague statements, deductions from analogies of what transpires around us, we shall be impressed with the simplicity and truth of the claims brought before our notice, and recognise that birth into another and more spiritual state is but a replica on a grander scale of the daily and hourly miracle whose mystery, because of its very obviousness, now passes almost unnoticed.

You call it death—this seeming endless sleep,
We call it birth—the soul at last set free.
'Tis hampered not by time or space—you weep.
Why weep at death? 'Tis immortality.

Dr. Hodgson, of Cambridge University: "I entered profoundly materialistic, not believing in life after death. To-day I say, 'I believe.' The truth has been given to me in such a way as to remove even the possibility of a doubt."

November 1st, 1926.]

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

programme will be given and a "flash-light" will be taken in honour of the occasion. Wishing success to all who are preaching the gospel of truth.

RUTH GARVIN, Recorder.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

LEIGH HOUSE SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

Continued good attendances at the evening services have helped to maintain the happiness that is invariably manifested at these meetings. In addition to the enjoyable lectures from Mrs Eleanor Morrell, a very interesting and well-thought address was delivered on Sunday, September 26th, by Mr. Wyndham Heathcote, B.A., who chose as his subject "Is Spiritualism True?"

The healing services every Sunday afternoon have been marked by real outpourings of spiritual power. The Lyceum is growing in numbers and it is a great experience to see how the little ones enjoy these meetings.

A very successful social and dance was held on Saturday, October 4th. A feature of the evening was the combined work of several lady members whose efforts made the evening very enjoyable. The next social is to be held on Saturday, November 6th.

New books are being added to the library which is now an important institution to members of the church.

W. C. HELSDON, Recorder.

STANMORE-NEWTOWN UNITED SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

Thanks to many willing helpers our Sunday services continue to make very satisfactory progress; since returning to our original location we have regained many of our old and valued members, also many new supporters have joined us.

Our last monthly social held on September 19th was a very bright and happy affair, the choir, under the able leadership of Choirmaster Bevan, together with some first-class elocutionary items, forming a most delightful programme.

Our Healing Service on Tuesdays continues to do a splendid work helping the sick, who, by the methods followed, feel a wonderful and tangible power.

Our week-night services are doing a good work in providing evidences of the after life. The Occult Class, conducted by our President, contains many earnest and enthusiastic students, some of whom ably conducted the Sunday Service on September 26th, and we trust that ere long, all our services will be conducted by our own students.

On October 23rd and 24th all our collections were devoted to the "Cancer Fund" and our services broadcasted, this being the first occasion of a Spiritualist service being broadcasted in New South Wales.

W. D. MORRELL, Recorder.

S. O. L. CHURCH, SYDNEY.

Sydney now has a very progressive new Spiritual Church—the S.O.L. Church, situated in Wembley House (third floor), Central Square. It is, therefore, most central, being only half-a-minute from the main stop for all trams to and from the railway, city, and suburbs. Wembley House is a beautiful new building, airy and spacious, and the S.O.L. Church has a very fine room indeed.

Mrs Hanger, of Melbourne, who recently founded the Church, has a charming personality, and an earnest, inspiring message for truth-seekers. The meetings are attracting a splendid type of thoughtful souls, and the attendances are excellent.

Developing classes and lectures fill in the week-nights. Mrs Hanger is working very hard, indeed, and it is owing to her indefatigable efforts that the different meetings are so successful. Mr Jas. Turner is an earnest helper also and deserving of mention.

Miss Major, Mrs Hopkins, Mrs Whelan and a number of other Sydney workers have extended a hearty welcome to Mrs Hanger and we are pleased to have her with us.

M. C. BENSON, Recorder.

UNITED SPIRITUALIST CHURCH (SCIENTISTS) SYDNEY

During the past month we have had some very fine gatherings. The Church is still making headway, several new members having united with us during the past few weeks.

On September 26th at 3.15, a Dedication Service was held, Mrs Brown's little son being dedicated to Spiritualism. Mrs Rees, who conducted the service, gave a very inspiring little address.

Our grateful thanks to the Mediums and Speakers who have given their services during the month. Also to Mr. Montgomery and other friends who have given flowers. We would especially thank Mr Nicholson for his kindness in giving us a Saturday evening for the benefit of the Church Fund; also to those who assisted him.

We had a very fine attendance of our last Social evening, Mrs Lewis giving her valuable help at the piano; Mrs Robinson, assisted by the ladies of the Committee, serving refreshments.

Mrs Rose-Weeks has been giving us some very fine trance addresses which have been much appreciated and wonderfully uplifting.

We extend a hearty welcome to any visitors from other States. The best of good wishes to all.

S. WILSON, Secretary.

QUEENSLAND.

SPIRITUAL CHURCH, BRUNSWICK & LEICHAARDT STS., THE VALLEY, BRISBANE.

We are again pleased to report good progress during the past month. Our Lyceum is going fairly well and we have quite a nice group of older children who are very interested in the beautiful teaching of the Lyceum Manual.

Our Sunday afternoon circle is always well attended, as this circle encourages all investigators to get in touch with one another, either by short addresses or by listening to others.

Our Church services are very well attended and our Speakers join freely in taking their turn on the platform and proclaiming their views on the Philosophy of our beautiful religion.

Our Annual Meeting takes place on the 25th of this month when we hope a good attendance will be present.

We had a casual call from Mr Tozer, of Melbourne, on Sunday evening, when he gave the Lyceum a little bit of his experiences. The children listened attentively, and we feel that his address will do good. We wish him all success in his mission.

With best wishes to all Churches and seekers and "The Harbinger of Light."

W. J. KERLIN, Secretary.

NEW ZEALAND.

WELLINGTON SPIRITUALIST CHURCH (Inc.) Kent Ter.

The hymns each Sunday during the month, have been taken from a particular Spiritualist hymn writer. Thus the hymns of Lizzie Doten, Charles Swain, E. W. and M. H. Wallis, and the Rev. J. Page Hopps, have been sung; and a brief resume of each author's life and work has been given by the Speaker, Mr R. A. Webb. The Sunday evening discourses have been: "Where Have the World's Great Heroes Gone?" "What is Noble"; "Truth, Love and Purity"; "Jesus! Man, Myth or Martyr?"

The monthly social on the 18th was enjoyable and a success. With Mrs Steele at the piano, and a number of willing performers and workers, it could not be otherwise.

The Church Notice Board has been renovated, and placed in a more prominent position at the front of the Church, where it can be seen easily by the many passers-by, Mr Tovey generously supplying the necessary timber for the standards, etc.

We beg to thank several members for donations of books to our lending library. We welcome to our meetings all Spiritualists and enquirers visiting New Zealand.

Greetings to the Editor and to his readers.

GEO. BODELL, Hon. Sec.

There have been very good attendances at the Lyceum sessions during the past month. On 3rd October, we unveiled a portrait of Mr Alfred Kitson, the father of the Lyceum movement in England. After short speeches by both Mr and Mrs Webb, Mr Mouat was called upon to unveil the portrait. After the unveiling, recitations were given by Esma Reddell, Eileen Swede and Mr Alf Miles. Solos were given by Mrs Webb, Miss G. Wedd and Mr Barton. A piano and violin duet was given by Mr Barton and Mr Wilmot.

With best wishes to "The Harbinger of Light."

(Miss) L. WEBB, Lyceum Secretary.

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.

J. McK. (Darlinghurst): Thank you. We sent the paper to your sister.

E. P. (Malvern): All Spiritualists denounce the militant spirit which seeks to create international warfare—none more so than Mr. Ernest Oaten to whom you refer.

B. C. (Clapham): You are evidently mediumistic, and there is the right sentiment expressed in your verses, although they hardly rank as poetry.

A. C. (Tambellup): Thank you for enclosure from magazine. We may be able to cull from it later. The incident you refer to may have been quite real. Many people have had a similar experience.

E. F. (Eagle Hawk Neck): We forward the copy of the H. of L as desired. Have read instalment of story enclosed and noted the reference to mediums. We have to put up with a lot of this stuff—just "grin and bear it." When mis-statements of this character are published in a journal of this description it is impossible for us to overtake them, as so few of its readers would see our rejoinder.

J. M. (Marrickville): Very interested in your experiences. There is nothing like personal investigation, but it is not always possible to publish details when names are referred to, as relatives or friends might object, and we have to study their feelings.

M. J. (Christchurch): You will notice we have used one of the items referred to in your letter. The "dazzling light" may have been caused by an exceptionally brilliant meteor, and all the while that possibility exists we cannot entertain the suggestion of a spiritual origin.

E. C. (Adelaide): Verses received. We hope to find time to read them shortly. At present it is a case of "So little done, so much to do!"

L. R. (Liverpool): Of course we are "merry and bright!" Glad to hear that your Bishop has had enough of hell fire and eternal torment! So have all other enlightened leaders of the Church of England.

A. J. F. (Gladstone): Quite impossible to publish the extracts you refer to. Every issue we try to "pour a quart of milk into a pint jug."

N. G. N. (Brisbane): Thank you for submitting verses. Will keep them in view.

Thank You!—"Your splendid literary production, 'The Harbinger of Light,' is much appreciated by the fraternity in Sydney." —R. C. Keast.

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In his zeal as a propagandist Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has not forgotten his art as a story-teller so that readers will be entertained whether they are converted or not.—"Yorkshire Post."

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"And is it subversive of all beliefs? A thousand times, NO. It broadens them; it defines them; it beautifies them; it fills in the empty voids which have bewildered us."

Price 5/6; postage, 3d.

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M.R.C.P. Late Electrician to St. Thomas' Hospital.

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This exceedingly interesting and important work describes in detail how the discovery was made by the use of chemically-prepared glass screens, and how they can be utilised by medical men for diagnostic purposes. The observations extended over a number of years, during which auras of all phases and colours were rendered visible to the physical eye and their peculiarities noted.

What this discovery may lead to, only time can show. The French Scientists have pronounced it to be "most important," Dr. Rene Soudre, lecturing at the International Metaphysical Institute, Paris, declaring that "abundance of proofs left hardly any doubt as to the value of the discovery."

The 64 illustrations add greatly to the interest of the volume. Price, 14/6; postage, 6d.

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THE DEAD HAVE NEVER DIED.

By Edward C. Randall, author of "Life's Progression" and "The Future of Man." Cloth. Price, 3/6; postage, 5d.

This delightfully-expressed and wonder-rousing book has been unprocurable for the past twelve months. A new edition, however, has now been published, and will doubtless be eagerly sought after. The author, an eminent barrister, of New York, and who has devoted over 20 years to the investigation of the amazing direct voice phenomena recorded in this volume, presents new evidence that there is no death; that the dead have never died.