

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO
PSYCHOLOGY, OCCULTISM,
AND
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

Founded in 1870 by
Mr. W. H. Terry.

|| "LIGHT, MORE LIGHT."—Goethe. ||

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The Harbinger of Light.

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OCTOBER 1st, 1926.

Author of "Science and the Soul."

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The Editorial Chair.

The Sceptic and the Cactus.

When commencing a conversation with a friend or acquaintance on psychic phenomena of what is known as the physical order—materialisation, the arrival of objects out of space, the playing of musical instruments by invisible hands, the floating of a megaphone around a room, and a host of other marvellous happenings—we are almost invariably confronted with the objection that these things are always done in the dark. That statement, however, is not strictly correct. They sometimes occur in the light, but this is a rare departure from the general rule and may possibly be attributable to the psychic power being exceptionally strong on such occasions. Be that as it may, the fact remains that darkness is usually essential. Why? Because the production of these phenomena is governed by Law. There is nothing haphazard about it. It is a Law concerning which we have very little knowledge. But the fact that we are so ignorant of its working is no justification for objecting to it. Instead of assuming this irrational attitude we should rather try to ascertain the secret. And we shall probably succeed some day.

We already know that ectoplasm—that mysterious and elusive substance which emanates in varying quantities from certain mediums—is the basic factor in all physical phenomena. And we also know that this inscrutable form of matter is extremely sensitive to the actinic rays of light—that it dissolves immediately such rays are applied. Even the faintest red rays are generally fatal. We may regret that it is so. But it is useless to protest against it. It is the Law. Hence the necessity for darkness if manifestations are to be obtained. The objector, of course, knows that he cannot develop a photographic plate in the light. But he does not object to have his photograph taken on that account. It is all a part of the process and he cheerfully accepts the inevitable. And that is precisely what he will have to do if he desires to witness physical phenomena! He may "reason why" as much as he likes. But the Law stands inexorable—"No darkness, no phenomena!"

Now let us put a problem to our devoted champion of the light. At a certain season of the year a very beautiful sight may be seen in Honolulu, whole hedges and walls skirting the roadway being starred with the creamy white blossoms of the Cereus, a variety of cactus. But—this erratic plant only blooms during the midnight hours! It

positively refuses to look any other than a mass of unattractive vegetable matter in the daytime. But at night it is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever" in the passing gleams of the motor lights. Now, if the sceptic will explain and circumvent the Law underlying this phenomenon, if he can make that cactus bloom in daylight, we shall begin to think that the necessity for darkness in the production of physical phenomena is all a delusion and a snare. But he has to do it first!

A Classic Materialisation.

We mention in the foregoing Note that occasionally, though very rarely, physical phenomena occur in the light. A classic instance is to be found in the experiences of Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., in whose presence Katie King materialised frequently in a brilliantly-lighted room. "It was a common thing," he says, "for seven or eight of us in the laboratory to see the medium and Katie at the same time under the full blaze of the electric light."

Why such an extraordinary departure from the experiences of other investigators—both before and since these historic experiments were made—should have been vouchsafed is difficult to explain, unless we assume that her mission, as Katie herself declared, was of special import, in that it was designed by higher Powers to break down the crass materialism of Science of half-a-century ago and prove that its teaching of the extinction of the human personality on the death of the physical body was demonstrably false.

In that case it is not difficult to conceive that special measures may have been taken by the invisible operators to produce the results desired. It was a stupendous work in which they were engaged—the rescue of mankind from the soul-slaying consequences of the densest materialism—and, apparently, it was considered that nothing short of the most sensational happenings could possibly achieve this purpose. They may, therefore, have been endowed with the necessary advanced knowledge whereby they were able to temporarily bring into play certain occult forces requisite for counteracting the influence of light—forces which others on the Other Side responsible for the modified manifestations of this character at the present day are unable to command.

However that may be, the fact of the phenomenon remains. Nothing can shake that position. "On one occasion," states Sir William, "for nearly two hours Katie walked about the room, conversing familiarly with those present. Several times she took my arm when walking, and the impression was conveyed to my mind that it was a living woman by my side, instead of a visitor from the other world." He further tells us that "he clasped her in his arms and found her as natural a being as the medium herself," that he took several flashlight photographs of his mysterious friend and that on one of those occasions "Katie muffled her medium's head up in a shawl to prevent the light falling upon her face." In the next issue of this journal we propose to reproduce one of these photographs.

Increased interest is given to the subject at present by reason of the fact that a new and accredited

edition of the work of this illustrious scientist, "Researches into Spiritualism," has just been published in England by "The Two Worlds Publishing Company." Many years have elapsed since an authentic edition of this outstanding classic in the literature of Psychological Research was available. In the interval it has been fruitlessly inquired for all over the world and consequently, it will satisfy a long-felt want. It is well got up, is of moderate price, and in the Appendix Sir Arthur Conan Doyle contributes independent testimony as to the mediumship of Florence Cook, through whose instrumentality Katie King was enabled to manifest in such a startling manner on this physical plane.

What about the Superstructure ?

We have thus far dealt with phenomena only. That these occur, as genuine manifestations, is now admitted by all investigators—materialists and Spiritualists alike, although there is not, at present, unanimity as to the actual cause, or causes. It is hardly to be expected that the materialist should be able to assign a spiritual origin to these marvels straightaway. Minds such as that of Professor Richet, for instance, require a lot of undermining before they can conscientiously yield to the conclusion that an invisible world, peopled by intelligent and, in every essential sense, "natural" beings, really exists, and that these beings are responsible for the phenomena being witnessed to-day. Richet is honored as the greatest physiologist in Europe, he has experimentally investigated these wonders for thirty years, and has had the courage to declare that they are real and that official Science will eventually have to admit the fact.

This distinguished savant is not likely to remain where he is indefinitely. His doubts may prevail for a time, but not "all the time." He may presently repeat the experience of Alfred Russel Wallace and be forced to give in to the spiritual. Meanwhile he has rendered good service to Spiritualism by placing his imprimatur on the genuineness of the phenomena. These phenomena, however, are only of secondary importance after all. They are designed to convince mankind that it exists in the midst of a spiritual environment here and now. And when once it is assured of that fact it may be prepared to listen to the teachings of those higher grades of intelligences who inhabit these invisible spheres.

Phenomena of the physical type, then, are merely the foundation of the structure. That foundation has been "well and truly laid." What next? The superstructure, of course, must follow. And after all, that is the important thing—the philosophy and religious teachings of Spiritualism. These are the factors that influence the lives of men. There is very little that is spiritually uplifting in the foundation—that belongs to the superstructure. It is upon this aspect that the sincere and devout Spiritualist will naturally concentrate. To rest content with phenomena would be analogous to being satisfied with the rap of the postman and not bothering about the letter he brings.

It, therefore, behoves every professing Spiritualist to make a special study of the teachings that constitute the superstructure of the edifice, and having assimilated those teachings, to apply them practically in his daily life. The average Spiritualist, in fact, should be a better man, **in character**, than the average man in the street. If he is not—well, it just shows that the seed has fallen on stony ground. And there is plenty of that kind of ground in the Spiritualistic vineyard, as in every

other! There are far too many adherents of the cause who are lacking the true spirit of Spiritualism, and there is nothing they need more than the pointed advice of Ezekiel to the house of Israel: "Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed, and make you a new heart and a new spirit!"

If this were done by those concerned there would be an end to all the jealousy and bickerings which are far too prevalent to-day, and which are obviously the very antithesis of the spirit of the movement with which they are associated. It is the existence of these regrettable characteristics that induces so many really sincere Spiritualists to hold aloof from the movement. Like ourselves, they have no affinity with discord, and some of them naturally ask: "Is **this** the fruit of Spiritualism?" Of course it is not! It is the result of the absence of the very spirit which Spiritualism represents.

These sadly erring souls require cleansing from within, and they would be well advised to pray daily with the Psalmist: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." They might thus become possessed of the **real** spirit of Spiritualism, bring credit on the cause, and be a source of inspiration to their fellow-men. Unless they are prepared to do this, the movement would be much better off without them!

You Say You Want to Help-

We frequently receive congratulatory letters from readers expressing their "delight" with the contents of this journal from month to month, and quite a number of them announce their regret that they cannot do something to help to spread "the comforting truths of Spiritualism." They cannot speak from the public platform, they say, and cannot write "inspiring articles" for publication. Therefore, they seem to conclude there is nothing they can do. We quite appreciate their inability to speak in public and also to write. But is there not something else which many of those concerned might do? Suppose they were to say to themselves:

I cannot write, it is true, but the Editor of "The Harbinger of Light" can. I will let him do the writing for me and will send to others some of the comfort which his journal gives to me. Let me see; there is Mrs. ———. She is in agonising grief owing to the loss of her boy. And he was such a good boy! I am sure if she only knew that her boy still lives, and is very happy in an infinitely better world than this, it would lift a tremendous burden from her heart and her poor, stricken soul would rejoice again. I cannot spare my copy. But I will ask the Editor to send the paper to her every month for a year. It only means ninepence monthly. I shall never miss that. And even if I did, it only means cutting out two or three visits to the Picture Show! And what is that when compared with the happiness I shall derive from the consciousness of having again brought joy into the life of this poor despondent woman! **I will do it now!**

Quite a large number of our readers are in a position to soliloquise in this way. Yet they do not act upon the impulse. They keep all the comfort and inspiration to themselves! That is where they fail, and they will find it out by-and-bye! If their circumstances are such that they can afford—it all depends upon that—to distribute consolation and cheer to those in need of such, it is unquestionably their duty to do it.

In making this assertion we are not preaching something we do not practice ourselves. A reference to our books would at once corroborate this statement. And we do not stop to consider whether we can "afford" it. We just do it, and thank God for the disposition! It is no use professing to be a

Spiritualist unless you are prepared to do some practical good in the world. And when we cease to manifest this desire we shall consider the time has arrived for us to withdraw from the movement. We shall, in our opinion, have become ineligible!

A Wealthy Spiritualist in Purgatory.

In making the suggestion contained in the foregoing Note we are reminded of a wealthy Spiritualist who died some years ago. He supported the cause to a certain extent, but, in proportion to his income, it was a mere bagatelle. We knew him well and liked him very much. He has spoken to us many times since he left this realm of time and sense, and has furnished us with one of the clearest cases of proof of identity we have experienced in the whole course of our investigations. The writer would have included it in his recently-published record of personal "Experiences" but the details were too painful. He could not put them in print!

It is hard to have to confess that this personal friend, this wealthy Spiritualist, has greeted us time and oft, through **six** different mediums, and each time has metaphorically wrung his hands in anguish for having deliberately neglected to do the good he knew he ought to have done. He is described as being in "darkness," and the burden of his distressing lament is—"My money was my curse! Oh, the good I might have done!" He forgot that he was merely the steward of his wealth: "I am torn and distracted with remorse. I should have helped you. I knew you needed it in your work, but I withheld the helping hand when it should have been opened wide and free, and now I am anxious to make redress."

We tried to assure him that we were "getting along alright" and that he need not worry on our account. But it was no use. His quickened conscience stung him, and when we suggested to the "control" of the deeply-entranced medium that the delinquency might be forgiven, he replied with a very dramatic gesture—"Unjust! He has to work it out!" The reply, spoken with great deliberation and emphasis, was enough to cut one to the quick. "He has to work it out!" It is the "uttermost farthing" over again! His one concern is for "The Harbinger of Light," and he says he is trying to influence others to do for the journal what he now realises he ought to have done himself. And he finds it a dreadfully painful task!

He was represented on one occasion as offering us an envelope with something in it—that "something" was an invisible cheque! It was a mute appeal. But it spoke volumes—a tragedy without words. All his earthly possessions have become valueless dross. He would now cast them wholesale at our feet. But it is too late! And to-day his tortured soul is striving in the mists to induce others to assist in extending the influence of the "Harbinger" far and wide. It is all very distressing and would be immeasurably more so to the reader if we were to disclose all the details. It is the saddest case that has thus far come within our purview, and has convinced us more than ever of the spiritual truth underlying the parable of the rich man and Lazarus.

May God spare us from ever becoming wealthy—unless we are endowed with the spirit and wisdom required for the proper disposal of material gains. We would much rather starve as a pauper! It is far better to be penniless here and try to "lay up treasures in Heaven" than to be weighted down with the riches of earth and find oneself a shivering bankrupt in the Land of Retribution just over the

way! That is the fate that has overtaken the subject of our comments, and we can only pray that Angels of Mercy will come to his aid and help him to retrieve the past.

Broadcasting Prophecy Fulfilled.

Eighteen years ago the Editor of this journal published a little book entitled "Science and the Soul." It sold in thousands and has long since been out of print. Wireless telephony was then in its infancy—it was scarcely heard of in Australia—but the author ventured the opinion that "the possibilities which lie before it are well-nigh boundless," and added: "This planet of ours, in fact, seems destined to be reduced to the dimensions of a drawing-room respecting the freedom with which we shall be able to converse with each other in the years that are to be. Space would then be annihilated, and the sense of separation would cease to exist." These conditions are to-day practically realised.

As some warrant for this conjecture which, at the time it was penned, seemed somewhat fantastic, the author quoted the late Professor Ayrton, whose name is associated with some of the most important achievements in the electrical branch of physical science, as stating before the American Society of Arts in 1901:

The day would come when copper wires, gutta-percha covers and iron bands would only be found in museums, for we were gradually coming within thinkable distance of the realisation of a prophesy he had ventured to make four years before, of a time when, if a person wanted to call to a friend, he knew not where, he would call in a very loud electro-magnetic voice (speaking through a microphone.—Ed.) which would be heard by him who had the electro-magnetic ear (to-day called a head phone.—Ed.) and would be silent to him who had it not. "Where are you?" he would say. A faint reply would come, "I am at the bottom of a coal mine, or crossing the Andes, or in the middle of the Atlantic?" Or perhaps, in spite of all the calling, no reply would come, and the person would then know that his friend was dead. Think of what this would mean, of the calling which goes on every day from room to room of a house, and then think of that calling extending from pole to pole—not a noisy babble but a call audible to him who wants to hear and absolutely silent to all others. It would be almost like dreamland and ghostland—not the ghostland cultivated by a heated imagination, but a real communication from a distance based on true physical laws.

This prophesy of this far-seeing scientist has been to all intents and purposes fulfilled—wireless is now "the vogue." Even the reference to the "coal in conversation! Even the reference to the "coal mine" is being literally realised. According to "The Listener In"—a Melbourne wireless journal—Station 2FC has made arrangements to broadcast from the Sydney Colliery at Balmain. This is the deepest coal-mine in the Southern Hemisphere, and one of the deepest in the world. The spot from which the broadcasting will be done will be over 3000 feet from the surface. The tunnels in this mine run several miles under the Sydney Harbor, and the mine to date has cost in the vicinity of one and a quarter million pounds to develop.

A fine musical programme by one of the leading Sydney bands and male voice choirs will be given, items being rendered at 1000 feet level, 2000 feet, and 3000 feet levels. A description of the mine will be given, the working of the miners in the shift will be broadcast, and some of the miners will join in the programme by describing their work.

[Since the foregoing was put in type, this exceedingly interesting demonstration has taken place and was a great success. Both music and speech were distinctly audible in every part of the State, including the performances at the 3,000 feet level. Mr.

Once a Pirate--Now Spirit Helper.

NOTORIOUS BUCCANEER WORKING OUT HIS SALVATION.

Hundreds of investigators of psychical phenomena throughout the world have heard the stentorian tones of a voice ringing out of space in the seance room and announcing the name—John King. It is a voice produced "in the air," quite independent of the vocal organs of the medium, who may at the time be engaged in conversation with the sitter next to him or her, and it is always of much more pronounced volume than any other voice heard at the sitting. We have heard it several times at seances held for the direct-voice. But we have never seen John King. It requires materialising conditions for that, and there are many investigators who tell us they have both seen him and talked to him as they would converse with one still enrobed in mortal form. Among these is Mr. Ernest W. Oaten, editor of "The Two Worlds," who has not only chatted with him but "shaken him by the hand."

A SEANCE DESCRIBED.

Spiritualists all over the world know Sir Henry Morgan by the spiritual alias of John King. Under that name the sea rover who, in the 17th century, spread terror in Cuba and on the Spanish coast is said to have been responsible for a large number of material phenomena during the last 60 or 70 years.

"I have seen John King about half-a-dozen times," said Mr. Oaten recently to a representative of the "Daily Dispatch," Manchester, "and have spoken with him even more frequently. His voice is of a bass stentorian character, and can be heard without difficulty in other rooms when the door is closed."

Describing the circumstances under which a psychical manifestation by John King is made, Mr. Oaten said:—

Seven of us will sit in a circle in a room, dimly illuminated by a ruby lamp, so that we have sufficient light to see what each sitter is doing. No professional medium is present.

In one corner of the room are hung a pair of curtains which form a cabinet. This recess acts as a mixer or condensing chamber, and any phenomenon produced depends on the amount of power thrown from it.

With hands touching we sit round the table. After a short time the curtains are violently blown about, as though a cyclone were raging. Then a handbell, which had been previously placed in the cabinet, floats round the room, touching even those who are farthest away from the curtains.

That phenomenon ceases. A small ball of luminous substance emerges from the cabinet, and gradually expands until it becomes erect in the form of a rough pillar. Gradually it assumes definition until hands, feet, and face are visible. Then comes the full figure. In that form I have seen John King."

SEVEN FEET IN HEIGHT.

Mr. Oaten pointed out that on one or two occasions he has shaken hands with John King. "His huge hand has made me feel like a baby," he said. "He is a tall, powerful man, nearly seven feet in height."

Occasionally he has given us little homilies on the necessity of living the straight life, and has told us once or twice of some of his experiences in the spirit world.

He does not care for talking about his former life on earth, and he dislikes being reminded of the fact that he was once Sir Henry Morgan.

He usually explains to us the best means of improving our communication with the spirit world, and as soon as he has established the harmony of the circle he acts as host and tells us that somebody else wishes to talk with us.

He will then disappear. Either he walks to the cabinet, slowly dissolves before our eyes, or suddenly vanishes.

Mr. Oaten added that recently he has been having communication with the buccaneer either through a trumpet or by means of a table. "He has promised me that I am to see him again," said Mr. Oaten. "I am going to try and get a photograph of him."

THE CAREER OF "JOHN KING."

"Buccaneers" was the name applied to the associations of piratical adventurers who from the middle of the 16th century to the end of the 17th maintained themselves in the Caribbean Seas, first by attacks on the Spaniards, and afterwards by lawless sea-roving.

The most notorious was Henry Morgan, a Welshman, who was afterwards knighted by Charles II., and made deputy-governor of Jamaica. He pillaged parts of Cuba and took Panama, after a battle with 3,000 Spanish, in 1671. The city was sacked and burned, and here, as elsewhere, the Spaniards were treated with great inhumanity. Morgan was forbidden by Royal orders to organise another expedition.

Sir Henry Morgan has been celebrated in verse and ballad, and figures in the well-known song with the recurring refrain, "And they'll all go down for Henry Morgan."

COMMENTS BY SIR OLIVER LODGE.

It is interesting to note that Sir Oliver Lodge recently wrote in "T. P's and Cassell's Weekly:—

The most interesting pirate by far is Sir Henry Morgan, at one time Governor of Jamaica. Concerning his piratical expeditions I know little or nothing—except his claim that "though I was a bold, bad pirate, I never ill-used a woman or child, and I hanged any of my crew I found so doing." He is known to students of psychic matters all over the world by his alias "John King," and by the work which he is thus accomplishing he is said to be working out his destiny in a striking and propitiatory manner, compensating for the wrongs he did by the right which he is now striving for.

So far, science turns a cold and unbelieving shoulder on his exploits and activities in these directions, but his energy and power have been great, and have resulted in manifestations which, whatever may be their ultimate significance, posterity will recognise as true. Many now living are acquainted with one or other of them, and some are so extraordinary as to be frankly incredible.

It would be rash to imagine that all the activities attributed to him are rightly so attributed, but I have reason to think that a good many are, and it will remain for the student of the future to understand them better and to bring them within the scope of the rational scheme and plan of this law-abiding universe. At present they lie outside the realm of natural human knowledge.

The forces of good are stronger and far more extensive than at present we have any idea, and they are able to press the forces of evil into their service. Reformed characters before now have become saints, and the energies which at one time expended themselves in destruction and hostility can be converted into beneficence such as puts to shame the lukewarm activities of lesser men, whose activities are insignificant, and who need no repentance.

Whenever and wherever he appears John King is a welcome visitor, as he is a brusque and interesting character and greatly adds to the "power" in physical manifestations.

DETECTIVE MEDIUMS.

USED BY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Great excitement has been caused among Spiritu-
alists in Germany, owing to the sensational declara-
tions made by the director of a very important Fire
Insurance Company in Stettin. This company took
into its service some months ago a well known me-
dium, Walter Mutschall. Thanks to his gift of
second sight Mutschall was able to discover the
incendiaries.

Strange as it may appear, the medium has
obtained astonishing results which leave the efforts
of the cleverest detectives far behind. Quite re-
cently a great mill in Altram, in Pomerania, was
destroyed by fire. The mill was insured in the
Stettin Company. They sent along their detective
medium. Mutschall went into a trance and com-
menced to reconstitute minutely the manner in
which the crime was committed. Then he described
the criminal.

From the picture he made, the Magistrates were
easily able to recognise one of the mill hands, whom
the medium had never seen and of whom no one had
any suspicion. Immediately arrested, the man,
after a short interrogation, confessed to the deed
which, without doubt, would never have been dis-
covered but for this unusual and daring employ-
ment of mediumship.

This method is not as unusual as one thinks, for
often, in many countries, medium clairvoyants have
served the law and unmasked criminals.—“La
Revue Spirite.”

PROBLEM OF REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of “The Harbinger of Light.”

Sir—I was very pleased to see your Editorial on the
above subject in the September issue, as it is one the writer
never had any difficulty in accepting. Let me commend
to your readers a most interesting book, “Letters of a
Living Dead Man,” written by an old lawyer and advanced
Theosophist. I have found there is no philosophy that
explains the many problems of life as Theosophy does,
and throws wonderful light on the seeming inequalities and
injustice of our mundane sphere. It also explains why so
many good men and true are buffeted about in this world
when they seem to merit much better treatment.

Let us ever remember the wise words of Narada, who
said, “Let no one utter these words: ‘I do not know this,
therefore it is false.’ One must study to know, know to
understand, understand to judge.” It is because so many
of us fail to do this that we misjudge our fellows. We
need more sympathy and kindly tolerance toward those
who differ from us in our views. They cannot have given
the same time and consideration to these subjects that
many of us have done, therefore deal gently with them.
As Voltaire truly says: “The tolerance of all religions is a
law of nature, stamped on the hearts of all men.”

Yours, etc.,

Melbourne.

ALTRUISTIC.

WATCH FOR THE RED DISC!

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

All Subscriptions are payable IN ADVANCE
and unless those concerned forward their remit-
tances promptly, we shall be forced to the con-
clusion that they do not desire to continue.

THE VRILLIC FORCE.

Those of our readers who are interested in the myster-
ious healing power described and demonstrated by Mr.
Victor Cromer, of Sydney, as the Vrilllic Force, will find
much to enlighten them on the subject in a very artistic-
ally-produced brochure just published from the pen of
Miss Mary Rivett, B.A. (Sydney) M.A. (Cantab).

The writer deals in detail with the psychological aspect,
the Force as sensed, the probable nature of Vrill, the effects
of the working of the Force and the vistas that lie be-
fore it, embracing, perhaps, the discovery that “in the
utilisation of the Vrilllic force lies the long-sought secret
of perpetual youth.”

The information contained in this dainty little work cer-
tainly makes one “furiously to think,” and we shall have
pleasure in forwarding copies to inquirers at the nominal
price of sixpence, postage one penny.

SEANCES IN A PYRAMID.

SPIRITUALIST EXPEDITIONS FROM ENGLAND.

Seances in the heart of the Great Pyramid of
Cheops in Giza, conducted in utter darkness, will be
held by an expedition of Spiritualists under the
leadership of the Rev. J. W. Potter, of St. Luke’s
Church, Forest Hill, London.

The purpose of the seances is to confirm whether
the pyramid is “prophetic”—that is, built on a plan
by which the architectural proportions give a key to
the great crises of the world’s history.

“We hope to learn the psychic purpose of the
Great Pyramid,” Mr. Potter stated to a representa-
tive of the “Sunday Express,” “and to discover by
spirit messages its relationship to the prophecies of
the Bible.” Mr. Potter continued:

We believe that the pyramid, with its “Chrono-
logical Line” structure, is a parallel of the Bible,
and, correctly interpreted, furnishes an accurate
forecast of future world history. A preliminary
expedition of fifteen will probably leave at the end
of October, to be followed by a larger party of 100
or more in December. The party will include
three mediums. A spirit named Daniel has told
us at a sitting that the Great Pyramid is of psy-
chic origin, designed under spirit guidance in an
age far more under psychic influence than the
present. We shall hold our seances in the
“King’s Chamber,” the innermost recess of the
pyramid. Complete darkness will be maintained,
and we are confident of receiving messages. We
may obtain information of infinite importance to
the future of the world. We shall also go to the
place where Jeremiah, the prophet, was stoned to
death, and we hope to get into communication
with his spirit.

The expedition also intends to visit Rome, Florence,
Venice, Turin, and Milan. The tour is expected to
last six weeks.

DIPLOMAS FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

Proposals for a National Spiritualist College for
the training of exponents and demonstrators were
accepted at the recently-held Conference of the
Spiritualists’ National Union in Manchester, Eng-
land.

The college, it was explained, would hold periodi-
cal examinations and would confer diplomas for
Spiritualist degrees. These diplomas would be for
the degrees of A.N.S.C. (Associate of the National
Spiritualist College), G.N.S.C. (Graduate), and
D.N.S.C. (Diplomist), while Spiritualists who had
done conspicuous service might be elected to the
degree of F.N.S.C. (Fellow).

The Man who Made a Stir!

PERSONAL SKETCH OF H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

By THE EDITOR.

When a man suddenly blazes into the Spiritualistic limelight it is only natural that supporters of the Cause should wish to know "what he is like." And certainly the appearance of H. Dennis Bradley was sudden enough in all conscience! He reminds us of those mysterious stars which unexpectedly come into view in the heavens and set every astronomer talking. Their brilliance is sometimes of the first magnitude, and everybody wonders what brought them into existence. The leading theory appears to be that they represent a collision between two dead worlds. Coming together with terrific impact, the heat thus generated produces a dazzling illumination and, lo and behold, a new star comes into being. Mr. Bradley's unexpected arrival in the firmament of Psychological Research was something like that. He had never previously been heard of as an investigator—for the very good reason that he had no sympathies in that direction, and consequently directed his attention to more material things.

From a Spiritualistic standpoint he resembled one of the "dead worlds" of astronomers. Then something happened, and that "something" brought him into violent collision with the "dead world" of Materialism—and a brilliant blaze followed! A new star had arisen and "all the world wondered!" And what was the "something" that was the actuating cause of this phenomenon? Nothing more nor less than the discovery that a spiritual world really existed and that it was possible under certain conditions to converse with its inhabitants. This discovery almost knocked this irrepressible cynic, satirist and iconoclast off his feet! It was a real "bolt from the blue." We can mentally see him gasping! "And, by all the strength that is in me, the whole world shall hear of this brain-staggering revelation!" Something like that appears to have been his immediate resolve, and he at once set to work to carry it out.

The "discovery" was made in America. It was his first visit to that wonderful country. He was the guest of Mr. De Wyckoff, a Russian by birth, a barrister by profession and, moreover, a very wealthy man. The host was interested in Spiritualism, but the guest was not: "It was a subject I had never studied, knew nothing about, and I was therefore only mildly interested and in an extremely

sceptical way." Thus confesses Mr. Bradley! Mr. De Wyckoff thereupon asked him if he would like to attend a seance with the celebrated direct-voice medium, George Valiantine: "I said yes, really regarding the matter as an amusement." He had never met a medium before, "either pseudo or genuine, and therefore Valiantine interested me, not as one likely to be of any value to me individually, but merely as a type."

In due course the seance was arranged. "It was fortunate that our expressions could not be seen," states Mr. Bradley, "for my nose was tilted in scorn and my lip curled in unrestrained contempt." Such, he tells us, was his mental attitude—anything but an ideal condition to bring to a seance! For the first half hour it was "an exceptionally dull show." Mr. Bradley, in fact, was on the point of being bored to death when, "without warning or premonition, the phenomenal happened." He was brought face to face with his "dead" sister!

"Yes, I'm here," replied the sitter in response to an affectionate greeting, "What do you want to say to me?"—a pretty way in which to greet a loving sister! But, of course, at that stage, Mr. Bradley did not believe it was his sister, who had "died" ten years previously. He had not

long to wait, however, for evidence of identity, and then, he says, "we talked, not in whispers, but in clear, audible tones, and the notes of our voices were pitched as if we might have been speaking on earth. And that which we said to each other were things of wondrous joy. Every word was heard by the other three men in the room. None, I am sure, knew anything of my family affairs and could not know that I had a sister who had died ten years ago." And he adds: "We talked for fifteen minutes, and about such subjects as only she and I could have known."

It was the most staggering event of his life: "Yet, from the first moment of recognition it all seemed entirely natural; from the moment of belief the supernatural became natural and reasonable. Doubt took flight when faced by an unchallengeable fact and the mind understood in a flash that what had hitherto appeared to be impossible was possible." That night Dennis Bradley's sister won a great victory and the spirit world resounded with



MR. H. DENNIS BRADLEY.
Author of "Towards the Stars" and
"The Wisdom of the Gods."

acclaim. Another seance followed, the sister came again, a lengthy and sacred conversation ensued—"two souls which understood each other had broken down the barriers of the infinite and had achieved the miraculous."

INVESTIGATIONS IN ENGLAND.

But we must cut the story short. On his return to England Mr. Bradley continued his investigations through other mediums and eventually invited Valiantine to come to London and hold a series of seances at his home. The investigation extended over a protracted interval, and at its conclusion Mr. Bradley gave the results to the world in his epoch-marking book, "Towards the Stars." This literary production was the sensation of the season and the name of Dennis Bradley was on everybody's lips. It was even in greater demand than most of the "best sellers" among the leading novels, and in its present cheaper form—an exact reproduction of the original issue in every way—it is selling more briskly than ever. The author will never know the good that book has done—oh, yes he will, but not on this side of the Veil! Any Spiritualist who has not yet read it is minus one of the most powerful weapons in his armoury. Therefore, get it!

After the publication of "Towards the Stars" Mr. Bradley held a further series of sittings with the medium Valiantine, which led to the publication of his second book of this character, "The Wisdom of the Gods." That work has been an even greater success than the former, and is brimful of convincing experiences. Both of these books should be in the library of every Spiritualist and should be loaned to friends. They deal a continuous series of body-blows at the opponent and are calculated to make him exclaim in bewilderment: "'E don't know where 'e are!" But Mr. Bradley knows. He has got "right there!" And so can every other man who investigates the phenomena with an open mind.

CORROBORATION OF RANDALL'S EXPERIENCES.

It is interesting to note that these direct-voice experiences of Mr. Bradley constitute an impressive and complete corroboration of the previously-published records of Mr. Edward C. Randall, as set forth in "The Dead Have Never Died" and "Frontiers of the After Life." Mr. Randall's investigations extended over 25 years and no one is likely to have read his works with greater interest than Mr. Bradley himself. His latest book, at present unpublished—"The Living Dead"—is now appearing in "The Harbinger of Light" in serial form, and judging by the impatience displayed by many of our readers they must be following the narrative from month to month with consuming delight. A further instalment appears in this issue, and it will doubtless be conceded that the interest grows as the story unfolds.

DENNIS BRADLEY'S CHARACTERISTICS.

A glance at the picture which illustrates this article will be sufficient to produce the impression in the mind of the reader that here we have, at least, a brainy, intellectually-alert and wide-awake man—anything, in fact, but a man who is likely to be imposed upon or fooled in any way. His youthful appearance will probably occasion surprise to the general body of readers. He is still in the "early forties," rather "highly-strung," somewhat impetuous, and as energetic as the proverbial ant! You might as well try to keep a squirrel on the ground as suppress Dennis Bradley. To that extent, at least, he is a man after our own heart. We admire a "live" man, a man who has convictions and is not afraid to express them, a man who is game enough to publicly champion an unpopular cause, a man

who calls a spade a spade, and who is prepared to exclaim, as he does in the Introduction to "Towards the Stars":

My words are to the new and virile generation. I despise the decadence of worn-out minds. To them I concede only the lash of my contempt. To the unmanacled intelligences I offer a new light—a new revelation—a great Truth—I offer the weapon of the gods.

You can understand a man who writes like that. You know exactly where he is. They are the words of a man who writes as the spirit moves him: "I don't know what fear is." And we believe him. To be fearful of what others may either think or say about us is to be a pitiful serf. We have no time for the coward or the "trimmer." He is a back number—a human jelly fish. The leaders of Spiritualism must be men of moral backbone—men who will instinctively fire up with indignation should any misguided friend be foolish enough to suggest that they should be careful what they say or write for "fear of consequences."

DON'T BE A SLAVE!

Consequences be hanged! That consideration belongs to the slave—not to the free man. The cause to-day needs men who fear neither man nor devil, who are prepared to fight for Truth to the last ditch and sweep every prejudiced adversary aside as a benighted obstructionist who does not count. Such a man is Dennis Bradley! He tells us he does not intend to write any more books of evidence. But that is not to say he intends to drop the subject. He may possibly blossom out presently on the philosophical and religious aspects of the question. His work, in our opinion, has only just begun.

Both he and his wife have, quite unsought, developed psychic powers themselves, and have had impressive experiences in their own family circle. What is he being taught there? We do not know. But the reader may rest assured that those controlling his career have not done with him yet. He is doubtless a much-prized instrument in the estimation of those who are directing his destiny and will probably continue to be used by them for the spiritual enlightenment of humanity and the eventual annihilation of the fear of death.

Good luck, then, to Dennis Bradley!

WAR IN TEN YEARS!

That there will be another war within ten years and that the principal danger will be from the air is the prediction of "Cheiro," the famous seer, whose articles in "The People," London, have aroused much interest.

"Cheiro" adds that, when that happens, the Royal family will be well advised not to live in, or near the vicinity of, London, for the King, Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales were all born under the Zodiacal sign of Gemini, the First House of the Air, and in the district of London, which comes under the same sign.

Apropos of Einstein.

There was a young lady named Bright,
Who would travel faster than light;
She set out one day
In a Relative way,
And came back the previous night!

STANLEY de BRATH, in "Psychical Research and Science and Religion."

(Who says Spiritualists have no saving sense of humour?)

THE WONDERS OF PALMISTRY.

By "CHEIRO."

I have been brought into close contact with several wonderful singers—Nordica, Madame Patti, and Madame Melba.

In my autograph book I find the following:—

"Cheiro, you are wonderful—what more can I say?
—Nellie Melba."

When she came to me for a consultation it was just before her first appearance before a critical London audience at the Covent Garden Opera House. I threw myself heart and soul into the reading, for I was aware of a subtle bond of sympathy between us. She did not interrupt even with a single word while I was speaking. Afterwards she gave me the satisfaction of knowing that all I had told her of her past and present was absolutely accurate. With regard to the future, she observed:

"There is one matter, Cheiro, I cannot understand. You predict that I am on the verge of my greatest triumph. Yet you say that in the moment of success I shall have the bitterest disappointment I have ever experienced. How can I reconcile the two?"

I, too, was puzzled. "Frankly," I said, "I cannot explain. Nevertheless, I am certain that such will be your fate."

She opened her card case and pencilled a few lines on a card.

"There," she said. "I hope you will come tomorrow night and witness my triumph, and we won't bother about the other matter."

I went to the Opera, and Melba did indeed have a triumph. She sang the role of Marguerite. At the end of the "Jewel Song" the packed audience rose and pelted her with flowers. Just before the opera was finished I was handed a card. It was an invitation to join her party at supper at the Savoy Hotel.

An hour later she sat at the head of a table covered with flowers in the private dining-room of the Louis XV. suite. Many famous people were there—Lady de Grey, Augustus Harris, Prince Colona, Madame Nordica, Countess Machetta d'Algri and others.

Madame Melba told the story of her visit to me the previous day, and I was placed by her side. But there was still a vacant chair—and no one seemed to notice it but Melba.

Just then her maid came in and whispered something to her. She paled; the glow of triumph died from her expressive face. She turned to me and said in a low tone:

"You were right, Cheiro! The triumph and the loss have come together, and the latter has swallowed up the former!"

It was not until the next day that the most intimate friends of Melba learned that while she was having her triumph at the Opera her young protege, a Russian, whom she was helping to start upon a musical career, had slipped back into the hotel and made off with a large quantity of her jewels.

That was a heavy loss. Heavier still was the blow at her trustfulness and kindness.

THE ROMANCE OF SIGNOR PERUGINI.

Perhaps I may now be permitted to lift the veil from the mystery that has always enveloped the romance of Signor Perugini, the famous tenor.

While I was in New York, Madame Nordica came over to fulfil a contract at the Metropolitan Opera House. She sent me a note asking if I would take tea with her in her apartments.

I found that Signor Perugini had also been invi-

ted, and after tea the conversation turned to my work.

"Do you know, Cheiro," said Nordica, "Perugini insists that he is intending to retire and take up a religious life in a monastery. Can you imagine anything more fantastic?"

I examined the expressive hands of the great tenor, and then I said slowly:

"Before a year has run its course you will marry a lady who is in your own profession. You will be congratulated by all.

"Yet the marriage will be over before six months; and before the year is finished there will be a hopeless separation."

As soon as I had finished speaking, the excitable tenor sprang to his feet and said:—

"Cheiro! You are pleased to joke at my expense! I am determined to seek the religious life. Women—no! I have nothing to do with them."

But, of course, as all the world now knows, Perugini signed a contract to sing in Lilian Russell's company in New York. There he met the beautiful prima donna, Lilian Russell herself, who at that time was the goddess of the American stage. There was a tempestuous and whirlwind courtship of six days, at the conclusion of which the couple were married.

In a few months they had decided they must live apart, and before a year had run its course both Perugini and Lilian Russell had agreed that married life together was impossible, and they separated. It was this prediction, so signally fulfilled, that did much to establish my reputation in America.

THE MARRIAGE OF LORD CURZON.

Of all the predictions I ever uttered with regard to marriage, the most remarkably fulfilled was certainly that of the lady who afterwards became the wife of Lord Curzon, whose untimely death has recently been deplored. While I was in Washington I received a visit from two ladies. The interview I must admit commenced badly. I happened to be very full up with appointments, and the elder lady was extremely angry because I could not attend to her at once.

When the two ladies did enter the consulting room, the elder insisted that the young girl should be the only one to have the interview.

"A short but brilliant life," were the first words I uttered, adding: "In a few years you will marry a man of a different nationality to your own, and by him you will be raised to a position in a far-off land equal to that of a queen."

"Humbug and nonsense!" ejaculated the elder lady, who had sat listening to my reading. "Come, Mary, let us go."

But Mary would not go. "No, mother," she said firmly. "I want to hear more. 'Cheiro' has got a reputation for telling only what he sees. Let him continue, mother."

I suppose I must have been accurate about her past, for very soon her anger melted away and she handed me her card, upon which was engraved the name, "Mrs. Leiter."

It is, of course, a matter of history that the young American beauty, Miss Mary Leiter, married George Nathaniel Curzon, who afterwards became Lord Curzon and Viceroy of India.

As Vicerene she wrote to me and said: "Is it not wonderful, Cheiro, that I am now occupying exactly the position equal to that of a queen, as described by you in Washington?"

But, alas, I had said, "a short but brilliant life." Before long, death called her away and the wonderful love romance of Lord Curzon and Mary Leiter was quenched in the grave.

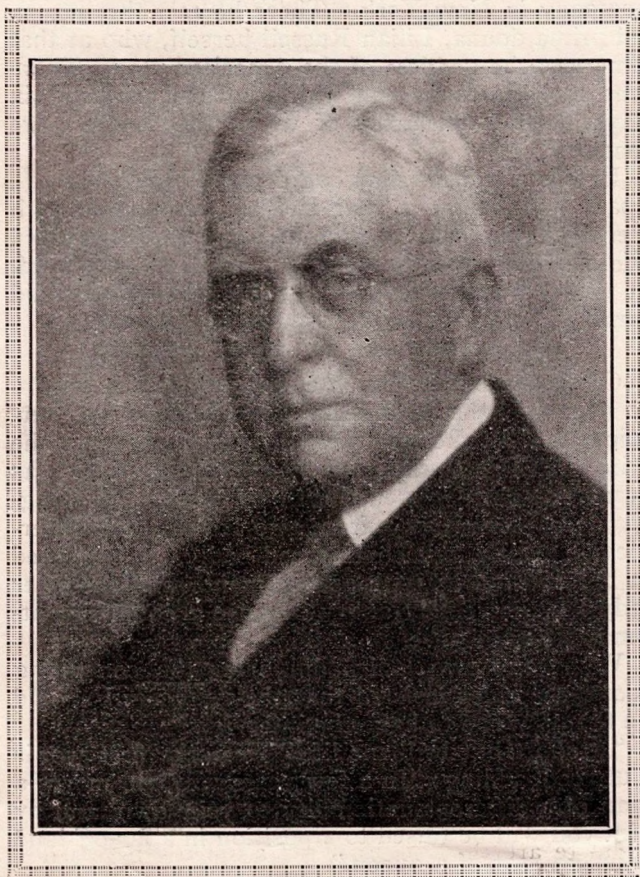
The Living Dead and the Direct Voice.

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 third 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).

III.

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.

Evidential Facts.

Early in my investigation much proof was given that the earth did not contain the dead, that those whom I had seen lowered by reverent hands into the grave were not now there, and never had been interred.

It has been truly said that knowledge begins with wonder. The distinguished spirit group who surrounded Mrs. French and controlled the work that she helped for so long to do, seemed to appreciate

that fact. I remember many incidents of the arousing of my wonder, which are always interesting to me. I distinctly recall that my mother, long in the next life, asked me to have a special session with Mrs. French at eleven o'clock one Sunday morning in June. No one was present in this dark room but Mrs. French and myself. The only furniture was a small table between us, and the two chairs in which we sat. Great phosphorescent waves—moving, weaving and floating—filled the room, while conditions were being prepared for the demonstration that was due to take place.

Soon, Dr. Hosack, a great physician of his day and time, and one of the spirit controls directing the work, said to me: "Your mother has made a great effort to give you a demonstration of her love; when I say, 'Now,' please stand, taking both of Mrs. French's hands in yours."

Soon that signal came; I took Mrs. French's hands, both standing. In a moment, from every direction, apparently, some delicate substance was thrown, hitting us in the face and back, falling upon the table about us. Then came my mother's well known voice and said: "I have succeeded in making a demonstration this morning that I have long wanted to give you. Call others to see what we have accomplished."

I opened the door and let in the light, and behold, the floor was carpeted with flowers, perfect in form, of a delicate fragrance—hundreds of them—as perfect as ever blossomed in any garden.

At a later time I asked how it was done. Dr. Hosack told me that those flowers were physical; that they had gathered them where they grew in abundance, had broken them from their stems, dematerialised them—that is, changed their vibration—brought them through the walls of the room, and restored them to their natural state, in accordance with a law unknown to us, and that many of my friends threw them from different parts of the room, as an evidence of spirit power under proper conditions. Some of these flowers I kept for a long time.

* * * *

Again, at one of my sessions with Mrs. French, when I was talking voice-to-voice with one of the living dead, the thought occurred to me to ask: "Where is the after life? Here in this room, talking with you voice to voice, am I in the after life now? Are you in earth-life again?" And the answer came back: "It is all one life: it is but a different expression of the same thing."

Desiring more concrete evidence, I said: "I should like further evidence; I should like to touch your

hand, if that can be done." The voice answered: "Just a moment, and we will try."

I did not extend my hand across the table, as would naturally be expected if one were standing where the voice came from; I passed my right hand across my body to the left, and waited. Soon a hand met mine as naturally as if I had met a friend in the broad light. I felt its pressure; it was warm; it was natural; but there was about it a vibration that I know of no words to explain. I held it firmly, with every sense alert: my hand closed, and the hand I grasped dissolved and was gone.

* * * *

I had another experience that was interesting. The third floor of my home was unfinished, except the tower room where I held my seances. In the ceiling of this room I had placed a register for ventilation. Over the windows on this floor, outside the tower room, I had placed heavy green shades, preventing the rays of the sun passing over the register in the ceiling of the seance room from reflecting the light.

One morning while I was having a seance, talking with Dr. David Hosack, someone came up to the third floor and threw up the shades, letting the sun's rays suddenly shoot over the register in the ceiling. All at once the room was partially lightened, and clearly and distinctly I saw Mrs. French seated in the chair opposite me, and beside her the face and form of a man that I recognised as Dr. David Hosack, for I had his photograph on my desk. Without a break in his speech, he stepped backward into the corner of the room where it was darker, continuing his discourse.

But one thing troubled me: in the picture on my desk he was seated, and I had always visualized him as not only a stout man, but a tall man. The man I saw was short in stature—otherwise recognition was entirely satisfactory. Troubled with this apparent discrepancy, I examined in our public library the biographs of eminent physicians, and to my great surprise, found that Dr. Hosack was a short man, so that I was fully satisfied as to his identity.

How Do I Know?

"How do I know," must be told on every page in different ways, but let us continue with the independent voice, for, in the history of the world as written, and as spirit-people tell me, never before has such freedom of speech been known; never before have spirit-people of a high order of intelligence found an avenue of communication with the physical world so effectual. How could it be more convincing than by voice to voice?

My work has ever been conducted with great care and caution; every known safeguard has been adopted. I have never sought fraud, and have never found fraud; have ever sought truth, and have always found truth. A man's mind is like a magnet and the thought-waves projected into the ether attract waves of like character.

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The key to the after-life is passivity, not concentration. By centering the mind on some particular thing much desired, the thought waves are contracted, brought to a slower vibration. Spirit-people in higher atomic activity cannot come into a mental condition pulsating at a slow rate; but into the passive mind where the waves are more active, more nearly in harmony with a spirit's vibratory condition.

So we talk for a few moments preceding spirit speech on general matters, filling the room with

vocal vibrations which are taken up and used by spirit people, our thoughts intent on no particular subject or person. When we meet to continue our investigations, a period of ten to twenty minutes elapses before spirit people speak; then the hush of expectancy; then the greeting, as in any drawing room, and quite as natural, as they come in one by one.

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Working on the spirit side of life, aiding this work, was originally a group of seven persons, who built up conditions every time we conducted experiments, the most important of whom is the chemist, for he must know at once what conditions will harmonize, and what element can be used and applied to different spirits to enable them to use their organs of speech so that their voice will reach our ears. We contribute, as I have said, physical vibrations, while spirit people bring spiritual, that is a higher vibratory state, which the group manipulates. The condition under which we get these voices is a utilization of both.

Certain of the spirit-group arrange these requisite conditions, while others direct the work. In the beginning of my investigations, the voices came usually in whispers, the people speaking were generally persons of less than the average intellect, those in the lower walks of life; such characters predominated, and the most we could get from them was the conditions in which they found themselves—interesting, but not particularly instructive, as they had little knowledge of life beyond the earth plane. It was all, I see now, that we were able to comprehend; but our progression was to be commensurate with our capacity.

* * * *

Year by year, as we grew more accustomed to the work, and more able to understand these higher laws, there was improvement, until the finest minds of modern times devoted their time to our instruction. From the ungrammatical speech of ordinary men and women, step by step, it has changed to the finest diction, the most splendid English to which I have ever listened; and it has been our privilege to enjoy, at times, oratory finer than was ever delivered from any platform. Is it any wonder that I find such work intensely interesting, and have the courage born of knowledge to give the world what I have learned?

So mighty is the force of human thought, and so delicate are the conditions of a spirit's body when it has taken on ectoplasmic material in preparation for speech, that, by word of command, or even by thought-projection, I can break down its conditions and prevent speech. This is why those who oppose this philosophy so often get negative results when they seek demonstration; by their mental attitude or thought-conditions, they make impossible the very thing they seek; they so intensify their thought-substance that spirit-people are not able to break into the conditions they make for the occasion.

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Here is another piece of evidence which proves that the voices are not those of mortals: Spirit-people in speech with me, while using their organs of respiration, do not breathe as we do. I have often heard a lecture twenty minutes in length, without a break, the voice rising and falling in inflection, speaking with great force and clearness, but not drawing one breath in all that time. This is a physical impossibility for any mortal man.

Each voice has individuality. When a new spirit comes for the first time and takes on the condition

of vocalization, there is often a similarity in tone quality, but this soon passes away, as they grow accustomed to using their voices in this way. The voices of those accustomed to speak, never change, and are easily recognized. Of such we never ask their names, for we know. There is no similarity of thought or words; these differ in different people in that world as in this.

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The strength of the voices varies greatly; one of our group speaks with sufficient volume to fill easily a great auditorium, and his lectures ring through the whole house. Another whom I have in mind, always comes with great dignity and courtesy, is careful in speech and considerate; but his voice, while very distinct, has not great volume.

The voice of another, who was very near to me in earth-life, is as clear, strong, and natural as in the days when we discussed this philosophy, or walked in the forest trying to understand and come in touch with the law of life; and we have since his going talked as much, and with as great freedom, as in the latter years before his going. There has been no subject of knowledge common to us both that he ever hesitated to discuss in all its minutest details. This friendship of many years is continued without a break, and I enjoy his presence and our talks as I never did before.

Spirit Identity.

One night, a voice of great volume and strength came out of the darkness, clothing thoughts with such speech as only one man has ever used, telling of his life as he, who was one of the world's great agnostics, found it after dissolution, of his life-work and duties there, and something of the environment of a spirit and the possibilities of progression, closing by saying, "I am Mr. G.," as we will call him.

I said to Mr. G: "It is one of the rules, long in practice in our work, that when one comes as you have, teaching philosophy, identity shall be proved. Can you do this?"

He said: "I think that can be done without difficulty."

I replied: "Did you ever meet me?"

He said: "Yes."

"Where?" I asked.

"At the Niagara Hotel in your City."

"When was that?"

He said: "I don't recall the year, but it was when I gave a lecture on Progress at the request of the Real Estate Men's Association."

"What was the date of that lecture?"

He replied: "I don't now recall, but it was in the early nineties."

"Where was the meeting?"

"At Music Hall, as I now recall."

"Do you remember who sat in the box at your left that evening?"

"My recollection is," he replied, "that my wife and daughter did, with others."

This was proof: it was all true. This is one of the ways adopted to prove identity; and this man stood the test to my entire satisfaction.

* * * *

Another instance: In my early work, in fact one of the first times I attempted to have speech with spirit, Mr. K., we will call him, was with me. He was one of those men who are always looking for tests; it was his ruling passion. He wanted tests more than he did knowledge, and as we were not seeking the same thing, we soon went different ways; but, whenever he met me, not having the

courage of his desire, he would whisper: "Have you had any tests lately?" Whenever I saw him coming I knew what his question would be. So he lived, and so he died; and within a week, out of the darkness came a voice in greeting. I said: "Who is it, please? Can you tell us who you are? Give us something that will establish your identity. Can you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am through looking for tests."

* * * *

One evening one spoke who said he was a physician of Philadelphia, and was brought in that help might be given to complete the separation from his physical body. When he finally became fully conscious, he told his name, the number of his residence, and much about himself. The papers the next morning had a full account of his death early the evening before.

Mr. N., we will call him, was one of the most prominent members of our bar. He was supposed to be in perfect health, but late one evening he was found dead. I had no knowledge of the circumstances. He told me his name and proved his identity without the slightest difficulty, for I had known him intimately. He asked me to send word to his brother, of New York, who, he said, was then in Europe—a fact I did not know—and told me where he himself was and what he was doing when dissolution came. The circumstances were verified by his son at a later time. Space forbids detail, I have mentioned only a few out of thousands of similar cases.

In the beginning, much time was wasted to prove the identity of strange spirits who were allowed to talk, to find if what they said concerning themselves, was true; and while I know that spirit-people, as a rule, are as prone to deceit as mortals, I recall no instance of it.

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At one time, few men of my acquaintance passed on who did not come and speak with me; but later the strength was so limited, owing to the great age of our psychic, that personal interviews were not frequent, the time being used in giving information concerning this great problem and teaching this new philosophy, that the greatest good might come to the greatest number.

Hundreds, yea, thousands, have come and talked to me, and to many whom I have invited to participate in the work—thousands of different voices with different tones, different thoughts, different personalities, no two alike; and at times in different languages.

* * * *

Spirit identity is a subject I have always considered important for many reasons: (a) It may be said, if a spirit can prove identity, that it is evidence that life continues; (b) by knowing who he is, his education, experience and opportunity for observation, one can tell what weight to give his teachings, for, as I have pointed out elsewhere, spirit-people differ concerning many great questions, just as people do in this life, and we must ever exercise our reason and draw our own conclusions. That is the way character is developed.

Every statement made and every alleged fact that comes to us from either world, must be tested in the crucible of reason and must appeal to our common sense, before it can be accepted; and unless it comes from the retort pure, we discard it.

No spirit ever feels at liberty to come into our sessions without the invitation of the spirit-group, or of myself, any more than a stranger would come into my house for social purposes without an invi-

tation. The same laws of privilege and hospitality which operate in the earth-life, prevail in the spirit-world.

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Note, then, that I had not only visualized the actual body of a spirit person, held the hand of a living dead man, heard thousands of them speak, recognising their tones and voices, but identity had now been proved. I was long ago convinced that there is no death, and that there never has been any dead. With such convictions I am possibly qualified to understand something of the change caused by dissolution and of what follows in that life beyond. I could describe thousands of experiences no less convincing, but they would only be cumulative. Having such convincing proof of survival, let us consider the knowledge obtained from this new source.

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That group with whom I worked at last undertook to tell me something of how they lived, where they lived, what they did, how they developed and progressed, and of the laws governing and controlling that plane in which they lived.

First they made me understand that about this earth is another plane—tangible, material, and intensely real—and actually peopled by all the living dead. The idea staggers the mentality. Yet the same power or intelligent force that formed and fashioned our globe, that fixed its place and peopled it, not only has most certainly the power, but undoubtedly has used the power, to form, fashion and people millions of other bodies. We know how definitely it has fixed the pathway of each star and planet in what we call space. We cannot comprehend the magnitude of the Universe; a human mind cannot know much even of this globe which we call Earth.

We look upward and see innumerable suns, shining as tiny stars in gigantic constellations—all part of a stupendous whole—moving like ourselves at tremendous speed, but all governed by law. We can appreciate little of the creative force that fashioned them, that still controls and holds them in space; that force, to whom no detail is small, has also planned the development and final destiny of the human race. We can know only a little, but what we can know we should know.

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Knowledge is not immediate or without process. It now seems that there is nothing in Nature which man can acquire without proper effort; in order to advance, man must recognise natural laws, and not demand that conditions be changed to meet his conceptions of the natural. And let us remember that there is no part of human life which is not governed, limited and controlled by conditions. **Is it strange that we must meet those natural conditions also in psychic research?** One might as well demand that seeds germinate and grow above ground, that conceptions take place in the light, as to demand that spirit manifestations of this character take place in the light. If we would know more of life in the next plane, we must accept the conditions through which alone evidence may come and knowledge be acquired.

(To be Continued).

The following is portion of a letter received from a San Pedro (California) correspondent and published in "The Listener In," Melbourne: "I wish to say that I have been tuning in many of the Australian and New Zealand stations since February of this year. It is remarkable how some of your stations come in on my six tube super Zenith radio set—especially 3LO and 5CL. These stations come in on the loud speaker with great volume, flooding a large room."

SPIRITUALIST LYCEUMS.

AND WHAT THEY DO THERE.

"There's room in the world for all there is in it." A bonnie youngster tripped this piece of optimism blithely off his tongue at the fourth annual demonstration of the Lyceum Union or Spiritualist Sunday Schools, at Battersea Town Hall yesterday afternoon. And this seems to embody the sane, healthy, and tolerant views of adults and children alike who belong to the 300 schools in the Union.

The main objects of this Union are to develop the spiritual, mental, moral, and physical nature of its members, and to instil into them the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, deeds rather than words being encouraged.

The meeting, typical of every school, opened with a Salutation repeated by all, followed by the Lord's Prayer and a minute's silence for all members who had "passed over" during the year. Then followed a marching hymn, with marching and simple physical exercises to the music of a piano and a couple of violins, boys and girls, young men and maidens and elderly people all taking part. Some of us, remembering our own Sunday school days, sighed that we had lived so long ago.

Members of various Lyceums then contributed what are known as "pearls," which consist of quotations, or original sayings, marks being given for the latter. Even the tiny ones contribute to these, one piping voice declaiming, "This is what the angels say: 'It is better by far to work than play.'" Other "pearls" given were:

All the world is a camera; look pleasant, please.

Under all circumstances keep an even mind.

Religion is the essence of life. Spiritualism is the essence of religion.

"Individual effort" is a feature of these schools, everyone being encouraged to develop in a natural way the best that is in them. "Ten Little Nigger Boys" or Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale" may be heard—there is no monotony and the unexpected is always happening.—"Morning Post," London.

THE CHANGED ATTITUDE

The attitude of the Press towards Spiritualism has improved wonderfully in the last few years. At one time we were the favourite butt of the "funny man," and the files of "Punch" would reveal many witty skits at our expense. To-day we are being taken seriously. Men and women, from the highest in the land to the lowest, are not ashamed or afraid to raise their voices on our behalf. The man who to-day misunderstands our position is simply ignorant. Thousands of volumes have placed our position before the general public, and we do not hesitate to say that the lives of many Spiritualists have inspired respect by giving the lie to the wild accusations which are continuously made against us.

We were at one time considered the enemies of religion. To-day we are looked upon as its greatest friends. At one time we were considered a credulous crowd who would swallow anything. To-day it is recognised that the credulity exists chiefly in the ranks of those who believe anything but facts. At one time we were considered unscientific and superstitious. Men are recognising to-day that our adherence to our great cause has only been won by the sheer force of incontrovertible evidence. Spiritualism is established in the world. It is here to stay, and it is a dynamic force dependent upon the power of the spiritual worlds which stand behind it.—"The Two Worlds," Manchester.

My Messages From The Beyond.

A STRIKING CONFESSION.

"I DO BELIEVE."

By **SIR EDWARD MARSHALL-HALL, K.C.**

[An exceedingly frank and interesting article on the question of the survival of the human personality after death recently appeared in "Tit Bits" from the pen of the world-renowned and greatest living criminal barrister, Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, K.C. Sir Edward announced his conversion to Spiritualism some years ago, but the experiences which convinced him have never before been disclosed in detail to the general public. Coming from a man with his reputation for critical discernment and careful judgment, the statements will undoubtedly, arrest attention and possibly make the most ardent sceptic pause before coming to a final conclusion. Sir Edward has figured in practically every big murder trial for the last ten years and is still "going strong!"—Ed.]

I am asked to give my reasons why I attribute certain messages that have come to me to a spiritual, rather than to a material, source.

First let me say that I was a most hardened sceptic before the message came through to me which converted me.

My sister, to whom I was greatly attached, as she had really brought me up since I was quite a small boy, had for many years prior to the date of which I am going to speak been in close touch and affectionate friendship with a Miss Wingfield, who possessed in a very high degree the power of what, for want of a better name, is called "automatic writing."

On Saturday, March 10th, 1894, I was at my sister's house at Hampton. Miss Wingfield was there, and was answering questions put to her by means of automatic writing. My sister asked me if I would ask a question, some form of test question, which, if answered satisfactorily, must prove to me that there was some power of communication outside the ordinary natural means.

I remember well refusing, and saying in a joking way that I had often asked Miss Wingfield questions of interest to me, such as, who was likely to win some impending race, and that never did I receive a satisfactory answer. My sister seemed so pained by this irreverence on my part, and I was so deeply attached to her, and willing to do anything to oblige her, that I consented to ask a question.

A BROTHER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

For some time previous to this date in March, 1894, a brother of mine, much older than myself, who, after great prosperity, had fallen into great poverty, was in South Africa in receipt of an allowance, and this allowance was paid by me on behalf of the family in small sums through a kind friend, Archdeacon Gaul, who very reluctantly had accepted the somewhat disagreeable task.

To put it very shortly, my brother was an inebriate, and, as is always the case, any money coming direct to his hands went in drink. To avoid this Archdeacon Gaul had kindly procured a lodging where the unfortunate fellow could be looked after, fed and clothed, and, as far as possible, deprived of the means of procuring drink.

As so often happens in this class of case, the recipient of this form of assistance resented very much that the payment should be made in that way, and demanded that the money should be paid to him direct. There had been some considerable correspondence between us on this subject.

The details of this correspondence I had never communicated to my sister, but of course she knew that he was in South Africa, and she also knew that Archdeacon Gaul was interesting himself on his account.

"WHERE IS THE WRITER OF THE LETTER."

On the Friday or Saturday, March 9th or 10th, I had received from South Africa a short and insulting letter from my brother, again demanding that the allowance should be paid direct and threatened all sorts of pains and penalties if I refused. This letter happened to be in my pocket. I had not answered it, and I had not mentioned it to my sister, nor made any reference to our brother. As a matter of fact I had only been in the house a few minutes.

I realised that here was an opportunity of testing Miss Wingfield's powers. I took the letter out of my pocket; it was in an envelope; I folded it with the address and writing inside; I then placed the whole in another envelope, which I sealed. I wrote nothing, there was no writing on the outside of the outer envelope, and I handed the envelope so sealed to my sister, desiring her to give it to Miss Wingfield and to ask her—

"Where is the writer of the letter contained in that envelope?"

It will be noticed that I made no mention of sex, and I am absolutely certain that my sister had no knowledge as to who was the writer of the enclosed letter.

After considerable delay a message came through in the automatic writing, "The writer of the letter is dead." This message was passed on to me by my sister, and naturally caused me considerable surprise. In order to make a further test, I asked another question: "When and where did the writer die?" Again the answer came back, stating that "he died yesterday in South Africa."

Again I had mentioned no sex and given no indication of the place of origin of the letter, and the answer I remembered seemed to me so ridiculous, because there was a letter from South Africa which I had just received. For a moment, by that curious lapse of memory which sometimes affects us, I did not realise that the letter, although received by me on March 9th or 10th, had in fact been written some three weeks before.

NEWS OF BROTHER'S DEATH.

About a week later I received another letter from Archdeacon Gaul; it is dated March 5th, and the envelope bears the postmark of Kimberley, March 5th, 1894, and the London postmark of March 27th, on which day I received it.

This letter, which I have in my hands at this moment, gives me an account of moneys that had been expended for my brother, but complains very much of his conduct and practically requests that definite arrangements should be made as to remitting regularly through the Standard Bank of South Africa.

So incredulous was I of the message that I had received that, though I remember having a qualm on the subject, I actually wrote a long letter to the Archdeacon on March 29th, 1894, in which I put the position plainly before him, and promised to do as he asked. The draft of that letter in my then clerk's handwriting I have now found.

On April 2nd, 1894, I received another letter from Archdeacon Gaul, dated Kimberley, March 8th, 1894, which begins: "Dear Sir,—I little thought when I

wrote last week that I should have this week the melancholy duty laid on me of informing you of the death of your brother, which occurred yesterday," and he goes on to say that my brother had been found lying dead.

STAGGERED!

I need hardly say that this communication staggered me, and after considering every possible explanation of the communication, and making every allowance for my imagination, I was convinced that the message I had received on March 10th had come through some agency outside this material world.

Telepathy, clairvoyance, and thought-reading are absolutely eliminated. I was ignorant of the fact, when I asked the question on March 10th, that my brother was dead. My sister did not know that I was asking any question about my brother or even about a letter written by my brother, and certainly she did not know that he was dead. Miss Wingfield had never seen my brother, I doubt if she ever knew of his existence, and she had no knowledge that he was in South Africa at the time, so the fact remains that on Saturday, March 10th, 1894, I was told that my brother had died in South Africa yesterday.

I quite admit that this is not strictly accurate, for in point of fact he had died on the early morning of the 8th, but that in my opinion does not weaken the conclusion I have formed, and it is quite possible that the word my sister read as "yesterday" may have been "Thursday," which was the day of the death.

COMPELLED TO BELIEVE.

If I am right in saying that this phenomenon cannot be explained by any natural process, then I consider that I am justified in continuing to believe, as I do believe, that it was a supernatural communication. I do not know what laws govern the transmission of these messages; just as wireless telegraphy is powerless to affect an instrument which is not tuned to the corresponding wave lengths, so I take it these messages can only be received by those who are specially privileged and attuned to receive and understand them.

I am only too thankful that on occasions I have been permitted to receive them through the intervention of another. I believe in my heart in the truth of what I state, and to me it has been a source of great happiness in circumstances of often great difficulty.

PERSONAL.

We are always receiving encouragement from some source or other, and nothing gives us greater pleasure than to find extracts from "The Harbinger of Light" quoted in journals in various parts of the world. It all helps to spread the truth. We notice that our Chicago contemporary, "The Progressive Thinker," is reproducing the recently-published "Experiences" of the Editor of the "Harbinger," and a number of letters has been received from overseas expressing great interest in the records. "They all ring so true!" is one of the comments.

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One does not generally look for recognition in a journal dealing with such material things as stocks and shares, but we notice the "Australian Financial Gazette and Insurance Record" states:

"The Harbinger of Light" for August contains some of the very remarkable psychic experiences of the Editor, and the first instalment of what will prove to be a profoundly interesting book by the famous author of "The Dead Have Never Died"—Mr. E. C. Randall, a celebrated New York bar-

rist, who has, with astonishing generosity and in recognition of its splendid work for Spiritual Philosophy, presented this book to the "Harbinger" free of any condition. We congratulate Editor Harvey on this well-merited recognition.

The President and Secretary of the S.O.L. Church, Melbourne—Mrs. F. Hanger and Mrs. E. Marshall, respectively—are making an indefinite stay in Sydney in furtherance of the cause. They have engaged a room at Wembley House, a new building opposite the Railway Station, capable of accommodating about 80 people, and meetings and classes are being held there during the week.

From reports to hand, Mrs. Hanger appears to be giving much satisfaction with her clairvoyance. Her gift in this direction is well-known among her Melbourne friends, and it may interest the reader to learn, for the first time, that some of the more impressive incidents recently recorded by the Editor of this journal, when publishing some of his "Experiences," were received through this lady's mediumship—including portion of the telling story, "The Return of Susie," and also the demonstration of the celestial choir in the "Stand up for Jesus" episode. But she has always been diffident about the disclosure of her name, as she was not seeking advertisement, and says she "just wants to help the race as there are serious times ahead!"

The phase of her mediumship, however, which she prefers to practice is trance-speaking in public, and the members of her Church in Melbourne are very appreciative of the lofty tone and fluency of her addresses. No doubt she will be equally appreciated in Sydney, where there appears to be "room for all," and we congratulate the well-known mediums of that city, and other workers in the cause, on the cheery welcome they have extended to their sister and her companion. Mrs. Marshall specialises in Numerology, and incidentally we may add that we have had very satisfactory personal experiences of her efficiency in this regard.

DEMAND FOR "SHASTAPHONE."

The publicity given in the September issue of this journal to the new Direct-voice invention, "The Shastaphone," has led to an unexpectedly brisk demand for the instrument. So much so, that applicants are asked to "have patience."

There will be unavoidable delay owing to the rare metal used in the interior mechanism being at present unobtainable in Australia, and orders have had to be sent abroad for supplies. This will mean greatly increasing the cost of production, and the price must be raised accordingly. Particulars on this point will be found in our advertising columns. At the original figure there would be no margin to compensate the inventor for his labor.

We are informed by Mr. Ayling, the inventor and manufacturer, that the work is being done under spirit direction, and that he wishes it to be clearly understood that the necessary psychic conditions must be provided if the desired results are to be obtained. Some people, he says, seem to be under the misapprehension that they have only to stand beside a Shastaphone to be straightway switched on to their invisible friends, without any regard to the conditions usually followed in investigations of this character. These conditions, of course, are similar to those necessary for success at an ordinary trumpet seance.

The instrument is not a heavy device and they are all tested before despatch. All inquiries should be addressed direct to Mr. Ayling, C/o 8 Ewell Street, Bondi, Sydney, Australia.

MILLIONS OF EGGS.

GREAT BOON TO HOSPITALS.

WHY SPIRITUALISTS SHOULD SUPPORT THE SCHEME.

Everybody in this favored section of Australia, known as the State of Victoria, is well aware that every year appeals are launched in the city and provincial Press for contributions of eggs for the supply of the Melbourne and country Hospitals. The appeals are generally made during October when eggs are very plentiful and, consequently, reasonably cheap. The basis of the scheme, known as "Hospital Egg Day," consists in inviting the public to send along a sufficient quantity of this highly-nutritive form of diet to keep the particular Hospital for which the appeal is made stocked choc-a-bloc with eggs for the forthcoming twelve months, the idea, of course, being to "put them down" in tins and use them as required.

The scheme has been in continuous operation for the past 16 years, and it would be difficult to compute the monetary value of the eggs contributed, or to estimate the great strength-giving benefits that have accrued to the thousands of patients concerned. Suffice it to say that in the first year of its operation the number of eggs supplied to the various Hospitals of the State **exceeded three-quarters-of-a-million** and that from that time onwards the figures showed a growing expansion.

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It may interest the reader to learn that the idea of the scheme originated with a practical-minded Spiritualist, who has since become somewhat prominently identified with the movement in Australia, and who won the distinction of launching the project whilst editing a daily paper in the provincial city of Warrnambool. He had for years previously been sending a truck-load of flowers weekly to the local Hospital—contributed by a generous-hearted public during the spring and summer months—and with each recurring Wednesday his office was literally transformed into a veritable florist's shop. Sometimes there were sufficient to fill two trucks, and as he gazed on these beauties of Nature on a certain afternoon he thought of the pain and weariness of those for whom they were intended and said to himself—"These blooms are very beautiful, they will brighten the wards and possibly brighten the lives of the suffering, but there is precious little nourishment in them!"

He pondered over that thought, took it to bed with him, and ransacked his brain to discover some form of nourishing food to supplement the beauty of the flowers. It had to be something that would be available all the year round—That was the difficulty. The days went by without a solution, and then he received what is commonly called an "impression"—"Eggs! Send them eggs! Collect them as plentifully as you are collecting flowers! Send them in thousands to your local Hospital and get every other district in the State to do the same."

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Here was an inspiration! But would it work? Would people give eggs as freely as they were giving flowers? The one was a commercial commodity of appreciable value—the other was on a different footing. That was the obstacle to be faced. What would the readers of his paper say? Would

they think he had "a fine cheek" to ask them for as many eggs as they were contributing blooms? It seemed like courting failure. However, one could only try. A few weeks later he published his first appeal, the idea "caught on," he came at it again on the following day, and before the week was out he was metaphorically bombarded with eggs—everybody was talking about the scheme and the response by the end of the month exceeded all anticipations.

Encouraged by this initial success he broadcasted the scheme throughout the State, through the agency of the Melbourne papers, and when it was found that the Warrnambool Hospital had been so liberally supplied, nearly every newspaper in every other Hospital district opened fire in the interests of its own particular institution. And they all 'raked in' thousands of eggs and have been doing so ever since! As already stated, the total received in the first year was more than 750,000. This figure was obtained from the returns published in the Melbourne Press, and as the years went by the total increased. It will thus be seen that if one were to try to estimate the number of eggs received by the various Hospitals of the State during the many years the plan has been in operation one would find oneself hopelessly floundering in millions. Why, the very thought almost makes one bilious!

* * * *

The Warrnambool Hospital alone has received, on an average, during the past 16 years, nearly 20,000 eggs annually or, say, 300,000 in all! In one of these years the promoter of the scheme had a particularly lively time, no fewer than 1000 dozen—12,000 eggs—being left at the "Warrnambool Standard" office in one day! But this one-day response was quite exceptional, and was the outcome of a challenge issued to the city of Geelong to "dare" to attempt to wrest from the city of Warrnambool the "Blue Ribbon" of the Western District in connection with this project. Geelong took up the challenge and responded handsomely; it put up 35,000 eggs for its Hospital in less than a month, but it was just "beaten at the post" and Warrnambool won with a few dozen to spare!

* * * *

Well, now, here is October again! The egg harvest is in full swing; the Hospitals are depleted of their preserved supplies, and it remains for the people to replenish them on the same liberal scale as heretofore. It is a work of practical goodness in which almost all Spiritualists can share, and it is to them in particular that we direct this appeal. We accordingly suggest that every Spiritualist church in Melbourne and elsewhere should set aside a special Sunday—as is done by many of the orthodox churches—for receiving donations of eggs from their members. A dozen from each would represent an appreciable gift in the aggregate.

Spiritualists in fact should take a peculiar interest in the movement, seeing that it was founded by one of their number who, by an unexpected turn of the Wheel of Fortune, subsequently became Editor of "The Harbinger of Light" and still retains that position. They may, therefore, claim that the Egg Day scheme belongs to them in a peculiar sense, and if they consider it was the outcome of what they usually call an "impression"—well, that is, perhaps, an additional reason why they should do all they possibly can to foster this humanitarian effort.

TO RECORDERS—SPECIAL!

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

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

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

VICTORIA.

MALVERN SPIRITUALIST TEMPLE.

With the assistance of Mr. Farquharson with a brilliant address entitled "The coming Messiah," and the true spiritual assistance of Mrs. Haworth, Mr. Claydon, and Miss Ethel Woods, our past month has been one of the brightest, and with other gifted lecturers offering in the near future, we are assured of exceptionally attractive services right up to Xmas. We are a little short of genuine mediums, but as our invitations only invite genuine mediums, whose time is well sought after, we understand the shortage.

In our Energetic Circle we have wonderful physical phenomena, including materializations, thanks to the most perfect harmony, and a wonderfully gifted medium. We are never sure what our spirit friends will give us at our next sitting, and are waiting patiently for the guides to name a date when we will be permitted to give a materialization on our platform.

The committee heartily welcome our latest and very valuable acquisition in the person of Mr. Murdoch Buchanan, who has introduced so many new workers and friends who are equally welcome.

At our social on August 24th a little surprise presentation was made to Mrs Miller by the members of the "Energetic Circle," and active members of the Temple, as a token of respect and love. In a few well-chosen words the Secretary made the fitting presentation, conveying the very best spiritual wishes to the recipient. In responding on her behalf, Mr. Miller was deeply touched, expressing the great pleasure it was to lead such a harmonious circle of friends.

Wishing kindred Societies success and extending the same sentiment to our bright "Harbinger of Light."

WM. SHERBURN, Hon. Sec.

PRAHRAN SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

Our Sunday services are well attended and interesting and helpful lectures been given by Messrs Jones, Plum, Windlow and Knight; whilst demonstrations have been convincingly given by Mrs Plum, Mrs Kelly and Miss French.

The healing mission conducted by Miss McFowler and Mr. Seagrave, every Friday night, is continuing its good work, many patients paying tribute to the benefits derived.

Our penny fund, commenced to pay for Church improvements, has grown steadily to the sum of £23/18/6. We are now working on a Bazaar, and many friends are coming along to help. We would be very pleased to receive gifts and donations from well-wishers. The date of the Bazaar is November 19th and 20th.

With best wishes to "The Harbinger of Light."

L. J. PLUM, Hon. Sec.

SCHOOL OCCULT SCIENCE.

We are pleased to state that our attendances are getting very large, both at the afternoon and evening services. Mr. Howard Edie delivered a series of lectures from our platform, also Mrs Vere Polis, Mrs S. Wale and Rev. Dr. Hurston whose lectures were very interesting and helpful to all.

Our Club was a great success and all are looking forward to our next Club night, Tuesday evening, October 12th, which will take the form of plain and fancy dress. Special prizes will be given.

We are indeed very pleased to say our Leader, Mrs Vere Polis, will shortly be broadcasting a series of lectures dealing with the Philosophy of Spiritualism from 3AR. She will also speak on the work of her School.

We desire to thank all who have given their services so kindly for the School.

RUTH GARVIN, Recorder.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

LEIGH HOUSE SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

The large attendances at the regular services during the past month augur well for the future success of this church. A series of inspired lectures by Mrs. Morrell, dealing with phases of the After Life, have carried conviction to many visitors as well as strengthening members in their knowledge of the Truth.

The Lyceum has been well-attended each Sunday afternoon, a pleasing feature of these services being the numbers of adults who are present as well as the children.

The Healing Services have been marked by an outpouring of power that has been of great benefit to all present. Great interest has also been manifested in the series of Direct-voice seances that have been continued during the month. Under the mediumship of Mr Chas. Bailey, these seances have been very successful.

A most enjoyable social and dance was held on Saturday, September 4th. These socials are to be continued through-

out the year and are to be held on the first Saturday in each month, the next being on Saturday, October 2nd.

A library of good Spiritualistic literature is now available to members.

W. C. HELSDON, Recorder.

NORTH SYDNEY SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

We are making good progress and have well attended meetings, especially the afternoon healing circle conducted by Mrs. Butcher and Mrs Richards who are doing good work. Our sincere thanks to the following Speakers who have so ably filled our platform during the past few months: Mr Cohen Mrs Saaryavoi, Mrs Skelly, Mrs Livingston, Mr Bert Johns, Mr Berch, Mr Carter, Mr McLeod-Craig and many others who have taken it from time to time.

For many years past, wet or fine, one of our members (Mrs Worthington) has always brought or sent the flowers for our platform each Sunday. As an expression of our thanks for this service it was decided by the members and friends that it should take the form of a "Surprise Party" on the 10th of August to celebrate her 80th birthday, at which there were present about 130 guests. Mrs A. E. de Jersey presided at the piano, and the programme consisted of dancing, songs and recitations, carried out under the direction of Mr A. E. de Jersey, the M.C. During the evening, as our president (Mr G. Butcher) was unable to be present, Mrs Butcher in a few well-chosen words, presented Mrs Worthington with a very nice hand bag which contained a sum of money to help her to take a holiday. Many other gifts were given by members and friends. Mr A. E. de Jersey responded on behalf of Mrs Worthington who was very much overcome by the surprise given to her, and therefore unable to respond herself.

For some time past we have had many strangers at our meetings to whom we always introduce "The Harbinger of Light." With all good wishes for its progress.

S. H. FISHER, Hon. Sec.

UNITED SPIRITUALIST CHURCH OF N.S.W.

A representative gathering of the United Churches assembled in the rooms of the Enmore Spiritualist Mission on Aug. 18th, to bid au revoir to our President, Mr J. McLeod-Craig, who is leaving Australia for an indefinite period, to take up an engagement in New Zealand. For the last five years Mr. McLeod-Craig has honourably filled the position as President for the United Churches of N.S.W. During his term of office, his eloquent lectures, and genial personality, have been potent factors in furthering the interests of the movement, and his unavoidable resignation is deeply regretted by his many earnest supporters.

On this occasion the Chair was occupied by a past President, Mr Cooper, who, in eulogistic terms, outlined the good work Mr Craig had accomplished, and on behalf of the United Churches presented to him a gold pendant, suitably inscribed as a small token of esteem and goodwill. Appreciative references to the valuable service rendered by Mr Craig were also made by Mr Bradwyn, Mrs Twelvetrees, and Mrs Kitty Hayes. Mr Craig feelingly responded, and during the evening presented the Certificate of the Church to four mediums who had successfully passed the examination, qualifying them for enrolment on the list of Certificated Mediums.

On August 8th a very successful Social was held in the large Hall in the I.O.O.F. Temple, in aid of the fund to assist the Board in their effort to secure Government recognition. There were over 200 in attendance, including visitors from Brisbane, Adelaide and Victoria. Mr H. T. Hayes' orchestra dispensed excellent music for the dancing, and other musical items contributed by Miss Grand, Mr Howard, and Mr Brennan added greatly to the enjoyment of the large assemblage. The effort resulted in a substantial contribution to the Fund.

GEO. T. HAYES, Hon. Sec.

UNITED SPIRITUALIST CHURCH (SCIENTISTS) SYDNEY

During the last two months we have had some very fine gatherings, and the membership has increased by twelve.

During August we had a visit from Mr Victor E. Cromer, of Adelaide, who was also a guest at our "At Home," where he was received by a large attendance, among whom were many old friends. He also gave a very instructive address to a crowded Hall on the following Sunday.

Many thanks to the workers and mediums for their services during the past weeks also to those who have helped in the social side of the work.

Our late President, Mr Nettleton, has been very ill, but he is able to be about again, though still very weak. We trust that he will soon be amongst us again as we miss him very much. Mrs Rose Weeks has been doing good work for us as President. Many times doing extra service in place of those who could not keep their engagements.

With all good wishes to the Editor and readers of the "Harbinger of Light."

S. WILSON, Secretary.

STANMORE-NEWTOWN UNITED SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

Since moving to our new home so conveniently situated in Hattie's Arcade, opposite Newtown Post Office, our audiences have doubled, and incidentally the collections have improved sufficiently to meet the largely increased expenses.

The "Sale of Work" on August 14th was a grand success. We wanted to clear a loan of £25—everybody worked so heartily and unselfishly that our takings were considerably over that amount, leaving a carry over of about £25 worth of stock for our next sale.

Our Anniversary Services held on August 15th were attended by large audiences, and were also a splendid success, both spiritually and financially. The choir, under the expert leadership of Choirmaster Bevan, gave highly appreciated help, both by solos, anthems and carrying along the singing with a vim.

Our week-night services are well attended. The Occult Class under the leadership of our President, contains some highly gifted mediums. All the members, however, give of their best, producing a splendid sense of harmony and peace. The Healing Service on Tuesday is perhaps our most beautiful and sacred service of all.

Each Wednesday from 2 to 5 the Reading and Reference Room is open for members, Spiritualist workers, and visitors from other States. "The Harbinger of Light" English and American papers are kept, tea is also obtainable. Lonely people can always be sure of a warm welcome.

W. D. MORRELL, Recorder.

QUEENSLAND.

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

It gives me very much pleasure to report continued progress with all our meetings, both afternoon and evening.

Our evening services are very well attended. We had a visit from Mr Tozer of Melbourne, who gave us a very fine address, his subject being "Death Defeated." All our services are well attended and our Church is growing rapidly. Our one prayer now is for guidance and assistance to find funds to build our new Church, and we feel quite assured that in God's own time it will be accomplished. We gratefully acknowledge the help given and appeal to those who have not yet responded.

At an afternoon service the infant son of Mr and Mrs Detirt was dedicated to Truth by Mr T. Reinhold, the President. He used as a symbol a beautiful white carnation, a token of purity and innocence. He said Spiritualists knew that at this period of dedication special Guardian Angels were present and would guide the little one through life. The ceremony was very beautiful, after which messages were given, and descriptions portrayed the presence of unseen friends.

We wish all Churches every success, and "The Harbinger of Light" progress in its great work.

W. J. KERLIN, Secretary.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

ORDER OF LIGHT (Incorporated).

We are pleased to report good progress, our Sunday services being well attended, our Pastor, the Rev. Lily Lingwood-Smith who is an indefatigable worker, taking most of the services. Her Tuesday evening Flower service is always well attended. Her multifarious duties made it necessary to close the Higher Developing and Instruction Class for a few weeks. This class reopens next Wednesday.

The Esoteric Mystic Temple is making good progress with their higher development, Mr E. W. Lowe, who gives splendid addresses takes our service once a month. On September 12th we had the pleasure of having the Rev. Jeanne Brown Duncan, assisted by Mrs Born, while our Pastor took the service at St. John's Port Adelaide.

On July 24th we had a most successful fancy dress ball in aid of the Bazaar fund, organised by Sisters Wylie and May Le Fevre. The judge, Sister Hume, had a hard task in awarding the prizes. On the 18th September we are holding a "Back to Childhood" social and dance.

The Pastor's monthly "At Home" brings together seekers after the truth for instruction and entertainment, the last two guests being Brothers J. J. Dobbin and G. K. Williams, each giving excellent addresses, the subjects being instructive. Questions and Answers and experiences make these meetings very enjoyable, Sisters Elsie Solly, Joy Le Fevre and Lily Lowe served the afternoon tea, the monthly social and dance being held in the evening.

We desire to record the high appreciation we hold of "The Harbinger of Light" and may the Editor be long spared to carry on its intellectual work.

GEO. SOLLY, Hon. Secretary.

NEW ZEALAND.

SPIRITUALIST CHURCH OF NEW ZEALAND. (Hastings Branch).

Public meetings have been held in this town since November last, resulting in a branch church being formed at the beginning of March, when the following officers were appointed:—President, Mr A. G. White; Vice-President, Mr G. Ashton; Secretary, Mr E. V. Yanke; Treasurer, Mr R. Kean; Committee, Messdames Yanke, Kean, Gaston and Farmery, and Mr F. Johnson. Services are held in the Lancaster Hall on Sundays and Wednesdays and a members' developing circle is held every Friday evening.

Our meetings, which are well attended, are conducted by Mr A. H. Kerr, of Dannevirke, who was appointed to our platform in June last. Mr W. C. Nation, of Levin, paid us a visit and held two meetings speaking on Biblical Spiritualism, and relating some of his personal experiences. On another occasion, Mr W. P. Kenah, President of the National Council, occupied our platform, taking for his subject, "Man: His Glorious Future." We are very grateful for the help given. Our thanks are also due to Miss Dawkins, Mrs Martin and Mr and Mrs Sparks of Napier, for their assistance on the platform, and to Madame Bella Russell, of Napier, for her vocal solos and instrumental music.

We send cordial greetings to all churches and co-workers, and best wishes to "The Harbinger of Light."

E. V. YANKE, Hon. Sec.

WELLINGTON SPIRITUALIST CHURCH (Inc.) Kent Ter.

The month of August has been a busy one for our psychics, officers, and helpers. The preparation for, and the holding of the Sale of Work on Saturday the 21st, entailed much earnest thought and effort. The function was gracefully, and with suitable words, opened by the President of the Church, Mrs E. Webb. She was then the recipient of a beautiful bouquet from Miss Petersen. The Vice-President, Mr F. Turner, and Capt. Petersen were the movers of the usual vote of thanks. The stall holders had tastefully arranged their varied and choice assortment of goods, and though the weather was not very inviting, the result of the Sale was very gratifying.

The subjects chosen for Mr R. A. Webb's Sunday night discourses have been as follows:—"Spiritualism, The Law and Fortune-telling"; "Is Spiritualism The Communion of Saints or of Sinners?"; "The Men and Women of Spiritualism," and on Sunday, the 8th inst, a Service of Song, "Rest at Last," was read by Mrs Webb and sung by the Lyceum and congregation. Mrs Tong and Mrs Ryan sang that beautiful duet "Never Give Up the Right Way," and Mrs H. Barton presided at the organ.

G. BODELL, Hon. Sec.

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.

K. A. (Camperdown): "Buck up," my friend! We all seem to receive these set-backs at some time or other. We have had many of them—real hard knocks. But we never let them get us down. And, somehow or other, things seem to always right themselves in time. We had a particularly crushing experience once, and what do you think happened? "Somebody" behind the scenes said to us, through a deeply-entranced medium: "Be of good cheer, friend, we know all about it; this is your 'testing time' and is intended to fit you for the position you are to occupy here!" And so on. May it not be the same with you? Anyway, take it as such, and do as we did. We just yelled out, when nobody was near: "I am the Captain of my Soul!" and defied adversity to make a wreck of our life. That seemed to link us up with some sustaining power, and to-day we go about humming tunes like some enthusiast belonging to the Salvation Army! Now, you just take the cue from that. Don't worry; fix the thought in your mind that the turn of the tide is not far off, and in the meantime swim against it for all you are worth and always keep your forehead to the stars. You fought for us bravely a few years ago. We like you all the more for that. Be a valiant soldier still and smite the obstacles which now beset your path with the same heroic spirit that you exhibited at the front. That will strengthen your moral character and every victory will increase your courage. We are publishing this reply instead of writing to you personally as there may be others in need of similar encouragement. So, Cheerio! We shall continue to send you the "Harbinger of Light," whatever happens!

G. H. N. (Otahuka): Have read your letter with interest, and are gratified to hear you read the August Editorial in this journal with such pleasure.

P. M. (Sydney): Thank you for the remittance. We have credited your account accordingly. We quite understand!

G. F. (Adelaide): Thank you for newspaper cutting, which is somewhat out of date now, but we will keep it by us.

R. T. (Kimberley): Hullo, South Africa! Are you there? Yes, the "H. of L" goes all over the world, and it is even said they read it on the Other Side! Of course it keeps us pretty busy running two worlds at once!

S. L. (Durban): Who told you that Spiritualists were a gloomy lot? They must have struck a pretty sorry sample. Perhaps the party was bilious at the time. And you must always make allowance for one's liver, you know!

L. M. (London): Look here, old man, don't pile it on so thick! Why, we can't even quote from your letter. People would think we had "swelled head!" Anyway, it's jolly good of you to be so appreciative.

"Anonymous" (Melbourne): Very many thanks for your continued practical help. It is exceedingly kind of you, and as we have no idea of your identity we have decided to designate you our "mystery" supporter. The spirit you display is a lesson to us all, and we wish you abundant spiritual blessing in return for your generous aid.

M. W. (Mildura): We understand that steps have already been taken in the direction you indicate.

E. J. (Launceston): Posted August and September issues. Sorry to hear of your ailment. Hope you will soon be convalescent again.

"The Land of Mist."—This is the most interesting psychic novel we have ever read. It is written in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's most entertaining style, and we transgressed to the extent of "burning the midnight oil" rather than exercise the will-power necessary to closing the book before the last page was reached. All the psychic incidents related are based on actual experience—therefore the work is not fiction, although it is a novel! The London "Daily Telegraph" devotes a whole column to its review of it. That is an exceptional tribute in itself!

Earnest Investigators Wanted.—Mr. George Garscadden, of Sydney, writes to the effect that he is in touch with a wonderfully-gifted medium for physical phenomena, and wishes to form a Circle of earnest and patient investigators, preferably of scientific attainments (not necessarily Spiritualists). We know of Mr. Garscadden in connection with his experimental work in the Old Country. He has had many years of experience in psychical research and has met most of the world-famous mediums. He assures us he is now on the track of phenomena as marvellous and varied as any he has previously seen, and invites qualified investigators to communicate with him at once. His address is—C/o. George Street North, Post Office, Sydney.

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PRESS NOTICES.

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"The History is soundly informed and trustworthy on what we may venture to call the public and established facts in the unfoldment of Spiritualism."—Liverpool Post and Mercury.

"This is a very brave book, and Sir Arthur has not burked the fact that the science is still in its infancy."—Newcastle Chronicle.

"Spiritualism is to be congratulated on securing Sir Arthur as its historian, and the reading public are to be equally congratulated on having the history presented to them by a writer so fully informed and well qualified for the task."—Yorkshire Post.

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