

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT

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

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Mr. W. H. Terry.

“*LIGHT, MORE LIGHT.*”—Goethe.”

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MILLSTONES.

By the Editor.

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VISIONS IN THE CRYSTAL :

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Author of "Science and the Soul."

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The Editorial Chair

Between the Upper and Nether Millstones.

The fact that Spiritualism survives the continuous and violent attacks of its enemies is a striking testimony to its innate truth. No cause could have withstood the flood of ridicule and adverse criticism, such as Spiritualism has for many years been subjected to, had it not possessed a firm foundation in solid fact. At the present time we find ourselves in danger of being crushed, as it were, between the opposing millstones of Roman Catholicism and Rationalism. And still we smile.

* * * * *

Dr. Downey, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, England, has recently delivered himself of an invective against Spiritualism, in the course of which he designated as "appalling nonsense" the matter that was "turned out by trance mediums," and of Spiritualism generally he declared that 98 per cent. of it consisted of fraud and trickery, while the other 2 per cent. he attributed, apparently, to the work of evil spirits. The Archbishop (as reported in the "Catholic Herald") concluded with warning his congregation that any Catholic who went to a seance was committing a grave sin.

* * * * *

About the same time "The Freethinker" published an article on Science versus Spiritualism, in which the following delightful words of advice occurred: "Rationalists . . . will advise people in general to refrain from all attempts to investigate the matter [Spiritualism] for themselves." Coming from the camp of the Freethinkers this is decidedly piquant. The article, of course, aimed at belittling Spiritualism, quoting with approval the dictum of a certain "distinguished physicist" (Dr. F. d'Albe) to the effect that "the alleged phenomena of telekinesis and ectoplasm are all spurious and are due to faulty observations or faulty conditions."

* * * * *

The Archbishop's direction to his flock is not surprising. Catholics are accustomed to being told what they must believe, in all matters de fide. If we may say so, without appearing to be offensive, it is part of the price they pay for being Catholics. Private judgment must needs yield to Church authority. "Roma locuta est," puts an end to all controversy for every true son of the Church. If then, the Church decrees that Spiritualism is "appalling nonsense," and not innocent of demonic origin, the devout Catholic can do nothing but

accept the verdict as final. He may not, with a clear conscience, investigate the subject for himself. He is placed, of course, in a very uncomfortable dilemma. For, on the one hand he is obliged to accept the "appalling nonsense, plus fraud and trickery" view of Spiritualism, while on the other hand, he is confronted by the disquieting fact that thousands of his fellow men—ordinary, intelligent people—believe whole-heartedly in this 'nonsense,' and are supported in their belief by the expressed opinions of numbers of men, eminent in the world of science or literature, whose names are too familiar to need repetition.

"It is a queer thing," the puzzled Catholic might say to himself, "that those men who possess something above the average of brains should be taken in so completely by a lot of nonsense made up of fraud and trickery" And so it would be—quite inexplicable—if the charge against Spiritualism were true.

We venture to affirm that no one who has seriously read the standard works of scientific and literary authorities, on this subject (such, for example, as F. W. H. Myers, "Human Personality"; A. R. Wallace, "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism"; W. Crookes, "Phenomena of Spiritualism"; O. Lodge, "Survival of Man"), could in all sincerity commit themselves to so insulting a reflection on the probity and common-sense of men of such high standing in the world.

* * * * *

From the other extreme end of the fighting line comes "The Freethinker's" attack, which also concludes with a direction, in the form of advice, addressed to his brother rationalists. "Rationalists . . . will advise people in general to refrain from all attempts to investigate the matter for themselves" In other words, (if the advice is followed) freethinkers will no longer be free to think for themselves. They must wait for the judgment of experts, and not presume to make personal investigations. Could anything be more subversive of the first principles of free thought? Is it not abundantly evident that Fear dominates the whole camp of the anti-Spiritualists? They are afraid of free enquiry, of untrammelled investigation, because, no doubt, the evidence would prove so overwhelmingly against them. The strength of the opposition to Spiritualism seems to lie in blind prejudice, in a refusing to face the facts. Give a dog a bad name—call him "appalling nonsense," or "fraud," or "trickery"—and then hang him.

"Consider your verdict," cried the King impatiently to the jury, in the popular "Alice" classic. To which the White Rabbit timidly protested that the evidence should be taken first. It is not, however, only in fairy tales that judgment is passed without a particle of evidence having been taken. There comes to mind one of the ancient Scriptures which says, "He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him."

* * * * *

The inquiry into Spiritualism, which the "Daily News" has been conducting, supplies some amazing instances of this answering a matter before examining the evidence. Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner, for example, admits at the outset of her article in that

newspaper that she has never made any personal investigation of Spiritualism. No one would think any the worse of Mrs. Bonner if, in the circumstances, she had declined to express an opinion on the question at issue. But does the fact that she knows nothing about the subject first-hand deter her from holding Spiritualism up to ridicule; from denouncing it publicly as an "unexpected reversion to the lowest levels of savage culture"; from declaring that mediumship is either the result of deliberate fraud, or foolish self-delusion? Not in the least! All these things she steadfastly believes. And not only believes them, but, quite unabashed by her confessed ignorance, cheerfully proclaims them to the world at large! Now, what is to be done when this sort of criticism is met with? It is no use getting angry or retaliating in the same spirit of blind antagonism.

We must believe that our opponents are really as eager to know the truth of things as we are ourselves. Instead of calling each other hard names, it is better to try and understand each other.

On our part, we ask only that before judging, before condemning, the earnest truth-seeker will make full and fair enquiry for himself. If he is able, let him become an original researcher. Then he will speak with some authority, even though his conclusions may still be adverse to those of the convinced Spiritualist. "I only hope—and surely this is not asking too much—that I shall not be condemned unread," is Professor Richet's pathetic appeal in his great work "Thirty Years of Psychical Research." Truly it is not asking much, but it is more than Spiritualism gets from many of those who are loudest in their denunciations of its phenomena and teaching.

Wayside Notes

Robert Blatchford and the "Daily News."

Mr. Blatchford was in distress. For some years he had believed in the truth of man's survival after death, and the possibility of communication with the spirit-world. His own experiences had absolutely convinced him of the reality of these things. Then, all unexpectedly, the old doubts came stealing back. Had he been deceived after all? Was this Spiritualism nothing but a pitiful delusion,—a horrible kind of nightmare? In his trouble Mr. Blatchford turned to the "Daily News." Would the Editor help him by opening the columns of his journal to a free discussion of the whole question. "I want the "Daily News" to ventilate the subject," he wrote in a letter addressed to that newspaper.

It will be noted that Mr. Blatchford modestly asked for nothing more than a Ventilator—a humble commodity, though very useful in its place. The "Daily News" did more than rise to the occasion. The lowly office of ventilator was too slight a thing to be thought of. Magnanimously it replied that it would set itself up as a Court, and itself would preside as Judge—and incidentally act as jury—"The Daily News has decided," wrote the Editor on December 1st in large black capitals, "to put Spiritualism on its Trial." And a ripple of amusement went round the world—of Spiritualism—at this picture of self-complacency.

The "trial" is still proceeding at the time of writing these notes, and we are already beginning to think that the "Daily News" would have been wiser

had it accepted the unassuming role of ventilator, as suggested by Mr. Blatchford, in preference to the more imposing but very embarrassing one of Adjudicator in a cause in which the defendant has no chance of appearing, either personally or by proxy. Moreover, how can a verdict ever be reached when half the witnesses say they know nothing at all about the subject, but are quite ready to swear to its being "all a lot of silly nonsense," and the other half say they know it is all perfectly true because—well, because they have proved it true for themselves? "That's all very well for you," the Judge might say in reply to the latter, "but your convictions are no proof to me."

And of course that is so. In half a dozen words Mr. Blatchford touched the heart of the whole matter, and at the same time exposed the futility of the self-appointed Court of Inquiry, when he wrote, "We cannot believe at second-hand." There is the truth in a nutshell—and we may well ask, to what purpose, then, is this waste of precious ink-ointment? For, whatever conclusion the "Daily News" arrives at, whether favorable or unfavorable to Spiritualism, that conclusion will be second-hand for everyone else, including Mr. Blatchford, who will, therefore, be no better off at the end than he was at the beginning.

All this so-called evidence now being published by the "Daily News" has been before the public or many a long day, and probably no one is better acquainted with it than Mr. Blatchford himself. And this is so obvious that we are constrained to think Mr. Blatchford had more in his mind than the settling of his own doubts on the matter at issue. In the kindness of his heart maybe he was thinking of the many thousands who also wish they knew what to believe about Spiritualism. Well, the ventilating of the subject in the pages of a popular newspaper will perhaps help them to a first-hand conviction one way or the other, and so the "Daily News" will have performed a public service more valuable perhaps than that which it essayed to do in the character of a Judge.

Spiritualism and Reincarnation.

The "National Spiritualist" (America) is disturbed by the revival of Reincarnation teaching in some Spiritualist organisations. Our own feeling about it is, "Why Worry?" The attempt to press dogmatic teaching, one way or the other, on fellow-Spiritualists is surely a mistake. May not one be allowed to hold his own opinion on a much-debated question like this without being challenged by another who takes an opposite view-point?

After all, we are only learning, little by little, the great mysteries of life here and hereafter. It is rather premature, and somewhat presumptuous, to lay down the law for other people what they shall believe concerning the manner in which the soul of man progresses throughout the ages.

For ourselves we hold a perfectly open mind on the subject. But whatever our convictions happen to be, or become, we should be entirely averse to making them an article of faith for other Spiritualists. The "National Spiritualist" strikes the right note in another article in which it pleads for tolerance. Tolerance, and the spirit of "sweet reasonableness" are what we need more than anything else.

Spiritualists should not be in a hurry either to accept or condemn the teaching of Reincarnation. "Their strength is to sit still," for there is much to be said—and learned—on both sides of that great question.

Meanwhile, we invite any of our readers who have made a serious study of the subject to send us their views, briefly expressed, for or against Reincarnation.

Unconsidered opinions are of no value; and we stress the words "briefly expressed."



Why are the Churches Empty?

A visiting clergyman from England, the Rev. G. S. Thorpe, of Lydford, Devon, admitted to the "Herald" (Melbourne) that Church attendances in England are generally very poor. "The people are sick and dissatisfied with conventional religion," he said. Mr. Thorpe further suggested that the question of human survival after death is one that the people are really anxious to hear about.

To the same effect, the late Viscountess Grey, writing in the columns of the "Yorkshire Observer" affirmed that while she herself never wavered in her allegiance to the Anglican Church, she could not but remark on the fact that "only too many of the Reformed Churches are empty and disused." On the other hand, continued Lady Grey, the services held in Spiritualistic Churches, which helped and consoled people, drew large congregations.

The Churches are empty because "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed," and finally they betake themselves to more satisfying pastures.

There is good reason for believing that many clergy of the orthodox churches are personally convinced of the genuineness of Spiritualistic phenomena generally, and would admit, if pressed, that Spiritualism, so far from being anti-religious, or anti-Christian, is really a valuable ally in the cause the Churches are working for. That is not to say that they would necessarily approve of all the occult practises that are commonly classed under the name of Spiritualism. But, in general, their sympathies are distinctly with the movement.

The trouble is, these ministers of religion seem to lack the moral courage to speak out their inward convictions. They persuade themselves the people are not yet ready for such teachings to be given out publicly. They fear more harm than good would come of it. Perhaps also some of them fear the disapproval of those in higher authority in the Church.

One thing might confidently be predicted. If any earnest and heroically-minded clergyman once began delivering fearlessly from his pulpit the message of truth that Spiritualism brings to the world, he would not have to complain very long of an empty church. Not merely would the novelty attract the crowds, but the people who are hungering for confirmation of the article in the creed—"And I believe in the Life everlasting"—would throng to the place where the truth of man's survival was demonstrated as a fact, and not merely asserted as a theory.



The Scripts of Cleophas.

This remarkable book, which was noticed at length in the August issue of the "Harbinger" is attracting the attention of an increasing number of students of New Testament history. And no wonder. If it is, what it purports to be, the communication of some original records put together about A.D. 60 or 70, independently of the Canonical books of the New Testament, not only scholars and students, but every one who loves and values the Old Book, will be keenly alive to the value of this new literary "discovery," and will want to become familiar with its contents.

It is certainly a most fascinating book—one that holds the attention right through to the end. The authors of the original ancient documents were evidently contemporaries of the first Apostles, and had fellowship with them. The present communicator, who calls himself The Messenger, has access to these records, and conveys their contents mentally to the Receiver—Miss Geraldine Cummins, who writes them down at his dictation. It should be understood that Miss Cummins, who is a novelist of some reputation, is not a student of Oriental languages, nor has she any particular knowledge of, or interest in matters concerning early Christian origins.

In the Introduction we are told that Miss Cummins has confined herself in her reading, for the most part, to the works of such modern writers as Shaw, Galsworthy, Yeats, etc., and that she has never studied theology, theosophy, philosophy or Christian origins.

It is easy to imagine what glaring blunders a writer would fall into, who was not exceptionally well-equipped for the production of such a work as The Scripts of Cleophas. In fact, no one in their senses would attempt so fool-hardy a venture.

But this volume has been subjected to a close critical investigation by "a group of distinguished Theological experts" and has emerged unscathed from the ordeal.

The accuracy of detail is, indeed, most remarkable. Who, for example, even amongst the most careful students of New Testament times, would be ready to attach the correct official title to the head of the Jewish community in the Antioch of those days? That very title (we learn from the Introduction) had been changed in A.D. 11 from Ethnarch to Archon. The latter name is accurately given in the Script.

The book abounds in stories not only of the public work of the Apostles but also of their inner relations amongst themselves. The human interest strongly prevails, and the reader is impressed with the fact that great as these men were, they were by no means demi-gods, but men of like passions as we find in ourselves, exhibiting that duality of nature—the good and the bad, the strong and the weak—which is characteristic of all human beings.

Fresh light is thrown upon St. Paul's domestic affairs. His father, Haran, it appears, was "one of the sternest of the Pharisees." He was an aged man and was evidently much attached to his son, though distressed at Paul's active sympathy with the new sect of Christians. Up to a point Haran forebore to oppose his son's heterodoxy. But the climax was reached when the Apostle openly consorted with the Gentiles, a thing abhorrent to any strict Jew. "Then was the holy man wrathful, and he declared; 'I believe not this Holy Spirit, in the mystery of this revelation of which thou hast spoken. I have sought to give thee freedom in thy belief. I have set no bridle upon thee, though it grieved me sore that thou soughtest not a high place in the Sanhedrim, that thou no more abodest in Jerusalem, and didst cast from thee the heritage that might have been thine—thy place amongst the Elders of Israel. Now do I perceive that thy Jesus, whom thou callest the Christ will overturn our laws and sow division among our people. The hour has come when thou shalt choose between thy father, thy kin, and thy Christ.'"

Of course, St. Paul chose the reproach of Christ, and went forth to that life of suffering and hardship, which meant for him the carrying of the Cross; but of which he was bold to say, even in the midst of it all, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF CHILDREN.

A SUCCESSION OF "THEFTS."

From India comes a strange story of children being spirited away. How, no one knows. The police authorities in the district concerned hold to the opinion that the disappearances are due to natural causes; and though they have failed so far to unravel the mystery, they are not ready to acknowledge defeat. The facts of the case (related in "The Two Worlds") as gathered from authentic sources, are as follows:

Mr. Syed Jaffar Hussain, who is employed as a clerk in an ojee at Bhongir, and his wife, Rukia Bi, are said to be a happy couple very much attached to each other and leading a normal and peaceful married life. In the year 1923, Fasli their first child, a son, was born, but a fortnight after his arrival he disappeared and all search for him proved fruitless.

In 1925, Fasli, their second child, also a son, was born, and in spite of all possible precautions to safeguard him he, too, disappeared like the first child a fortnight after his birth. On both occasions the husband and wife and their child were asleep in a room of their house, and with the exception of a single door, which had been barred and locked from the inside, the room had no window or other opening.

* * * * *

The disappearance took place at about midnight when, according to the statement made by Rukia Bi herself, she fell into a kind of semi-conscious state, during which she saw two strangely clad persons armed with naked swords approach her. After threatening her, these strange beings snatched away her child and vanished. The door of the room showed no signs of having been tampered with.

It may be noted that the second child disappeared with a pair of silver bracelets which he was wearing. On both occasions Rukia Bi regained full consciousness some hours after her children were found to be missing.

* * * * *

In 1926 Rukia Bi was found to be with child for the third time, and her husband, firmly determined to safeguard the child on its arrival against the fate of the two previous children, adopted special precautionary measures. Fearing that his own house had something to do in the matter and was therefore insecure, he removed with his wife to a relative's house and, to make assurance doubly sure, he applied to the police, requesting them to make arrangements to guard the place. Accordingly, two police constables were told off for this duty.

* * * * *

Rukia Bi was again delivered of a healthy male child on November 4th under normal circumstances, and no pains were spared in caring for the child. Notwithstanding, this infant also strangely enough disappeared on midnight of November 19th. As on the previous occasion all entrances to the room were closely bolted and barred from the inside, the only occupants of it being the husband, his wife and their child. Moreover, the constables were guarding the house outside during the incident, and reported that they had seen nobody either entering or leaving the house.

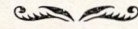
Awakened by the ravings of his wife, Jaffar Hussain arose and found that the child was missing and the mother was in a kind of swoon. When she regained her senses she stated that a woman came to her in her sleep and took the child away from her

by force. How the strange woman left the house with the child and made good her escape remains a mystery to this day.

* * * * *

As already stated, the police have not accepted defeat, and are now waiting their opportunity to lay bare the mystery. Rukia Bi is now expecting another child, and the police have not lost any time in making arrangements to protect the infant. Rukia Bi has been brought down to Hyderabad from Bhongir under police protection, and is at present lodged safely in a local hospital, and the police have made special arrangements for guarding the place and are keeping a strict watch.

Various theories have been advanced as to the probable cause of these strange happenings by medical men and others of a scientific frame of mind, and developments are anxiously awaited.



"DON'T GO, MOTHER; COME BACK!"

A CHILD WHO SAW BEYOND DEATH.

Telling how she followed the Spirit of her mother two blocks down the street when the mother died at midnight recently, Helen Forslund, 7-year-old San Antonio girl, now is held almost in awe by her relatives who regard the child as being psychic. And, looking upon her as being possessed of strange powers, they have taken refuge from sorrow in the tot's calm acceptance of death.

The story of the child's actions the night of her mother's death, as told by relatives, is a strange one.

The child, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forslund, 436 Castro street, though exceptionally bright and talented, was considered to be just an average little girl until several weeks ago when Mrs. Forslund became seriously ill. As the mother's illness grew worse the child is said to have changed, declining to eat or sleep and at times appearing to be in some kind of a trance.

Then, late one afternoon, little Helen told other members of the family not to go to sleep that night as her mother was going to die.

Others thought that the child merely was worried and put her to bed. In the night, however, she rose, placed a pillow under the covers of her bed so that she wouldn't be missed and slipped in to sit by her mother's bedside.

At 12.30 o'clock the night of August 3rd the mother died. Though others were awake and moving about the house, the first they knew that death had claimed Mrs. Forslund was when the little girl was seen walking out of the front door, looking upward and her arms outstretched.

"Don't go, mother, come back," she repeated over and over.

Those who witnessed the action were so surprised they could not halt her but followed her two blocks down the street.

Taken back into the house, the child told that she had seen a vision of her mother rise from the deathbed and float from the room. She described the vision as being her mother's face and body clothed in a long white robe.

Though the child had been very sad during her mother's illness she returned from her strange walk composed and contented, according to her aunt, Mrs. Roberto Longario, 814 East Commerce street. And, in the days that have followed, the little girl has convinced them that death is not terrible and that they must not be sad. She is said to talk with the philosophy of a grown person.—"The National Spiritualist."

Telepathic Dreams.

WHAT ARE WE DOING WHILE THE BODY IS ASLEEP?

By VISCOUNTESS GREY OF FALLODON.

THE following article, by Viscountess Grey of Fallodon, was sent by her to the Editor of the "Evening News," London, a day or two before her death. As mentioned in another column of this issue, Lady Grey had devoted many years of her life to the investigation of occult phenomena.

* * * * *

Dreams are not always the inconsequent impressions of a trivial past; merely the scattered fragments of the previous day. They can tell of incidents experienced in the arena of our Larger Consciousness. The incident itself may be trifling, but we arrive at a knowledge of it by some means other than through the accepted channels of bodily sense. Some people can dream truly, and this faculty is an expression of telepathy, or of what in the language of psychology is called "travelling clairvoyance."

SICK-VISITING DURING SLEEP.

In 1905, my husband, then Sir Edward Tennant, was Liberal candidate for Salisbury. Our children stayed with their grandparents, while we were busy in the Constituency, and although they were not distant, there were times, as this was in pre-motor days, when we were parted from them for a week or more. My eldest boy, then a child of seven years old, fell ill.

One morning before receiving the daily telegram, I said, "I feel happy because I dreamt his temperature had lowered, and that he was sleeping quietly." Later, we heard, that it was during that night, the nurse had seen me. She said she had woken when she saw the door open, and I came in. I went to the child's bed and, bending down, stood for some time beside it. To her eyes I was exactly myself, except that I appeared as if made of grey mist. Then, having apparently reassured myself, she said, I went away; not disappearing or doing anything ghostly; I just left the room.

There are quantities of such happenings. They lead one to ask what have we all done with our latent powers, our "supernormal faculties" as they are called to-day. For centuries we have so overlooked, materialised, and denied our hidden forces, that they have atrophied, perished from our ken. And so we have turned to invent wonderful external modes of communication, telephones, taxis, trains.

FINDING A LOST DOG.

One year, I lost a spaniel. She was docile and dependent after the manner of her loving kind. From Wednesday morning till Friday she was gone. Enquiries made, placards printed, constables given description of the dog, and weary hours waiting. On Thursday night, I woke about one o'clock and could not sleep.

At last I said aloud: "I can't rest for thinking of poor innocent Lottie; please help me to find her again." (I said this to the Invisible Helpers, of whose blessed services we do not sufficiently make use). Then I went to sleep. Hours passed. The next thing I remember was hearing very clearly: "She is locked up." "Where?" I asked, and it was

only by the impact of my own voice upon the air, and the contrast in it, that I knew the other had been in my dream.

But I was wide awake now, and had got what I wanted. I had my clue. It was six o'clock and I could hardly wait till the servants were stirring. Then I sent word to the groom: "Please get the key of the Squash Racquets Court. The dog is locked in there."

And there Lottie was found, weak but smiling, and soon looking up between every three gollops of milk, forgetting and forgiving. Now, who told me Lottie was locked up? My supernormal faculties. My brain refreshed by sleep was a better instrument for the working through of something that had lain hidden all the time, overlaid in my memory, namely, that I had been in the Squash Racquets Court on Wednesday, and that the dog had followed me there.

Sometimes these faculties can be the channel for agencies wholly to our good, but also they can be to our detriment. So it is right we should not only keep them in use, but govern them. We should say to ourselves: "I know I have it in me to retrieve loss, to bridge distance, to heal. I know I can make good out of ill." Then when we need their service, they will be ready to hand. In the psychological jargon of to-day this is only another way of saying "I can do all things through Christ which strengthen me."

A PEEP AT AN ABSENT SON.

On another occasion, when my third son was at Cambridge, I found my thoughts turning towards him; to feel less separated, I wrote to him. That night I dreamed I was holding in my hand three tie-pins, each belonging to one of my three sons, and the tie-pin that belonged to this son at Cambridge—I knew it well for I had given it to him—was covered with flour, and little shreds and flakes of dough. A few days after he wrote that on the afternoon of the very day of my dream, he had been mixing flour and rolling out scones, in his landlady's kitchen.

How curious! we may say; yes, but let us add, how pitiful! To have these powers at all, and to have them so fitfully! These powers that transcend the flesh, they are ours so weakly, so independably. We should be ashamed of their feebleness if they are, as I believe, pioneer instincts of a fuller life that may one day be the lot of mankind.

But there are others who will tell you that these flashes are atavistic remnants shared with us by dogs and savages. The fact remains (and it is one, whatever be its explanation, that gladdens me) that it should be possible to reach a place, to have knowledge of someone dear to me—without packing my trunk, and standing in a queue at a ticket office, without tearing over the landscape, eyelids slipping on the surface of one's eye-balls, in a motor-car, without shattering through the Empyrean in rigid, deafening, flight—to be there.

INTERCOURSE WITH THE DEPARTED.

Now I come to the larger part of my story.

The War broke out and my eldest son went on with many others, into the Fuller Life. Before he left for France, we spoke of the possible greater separation, and we arranged to communicate. This dreaming faculty was known to my family; he himself as a child dreamed brilliantly. So I was not surprised that it was through this channel that we first came in touch.

I both saw him, and spoke with him in dreams. Sometimes it would be as if I had been far away with him, and these were invariably happy dreams. They left an impression not so much of remembered words, as of consolation. We had been away together in an atmosphere of infinite leisure and joy. So great was the effect that after one of these dreams, the fact of his having died, would seem almost negligible; for hours after, I would be lapped round by a sustaining sense of peace.

"And as the angels in some brighter dreams
Speak to the soul of man while he doth sleep
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes
And into Glory peep"

WHAT IS SLEEP?

Some day the truth about sleep will be recognised. It will be understood then, that sleep is not only a provision of Nature to rest the body, but that it is primarily a way of escape for the Soul.

An old Scottish doctor said to me, "Believe me, Madam, sleep is much more than just putting a lot of tired bones into a bed." And in very truth I do believe it.

I Accept Everything.

I complain no longer,
For I know nothing;
I criticise no more,
For I am not able to understand;
And because I am nothing
I accept everything.
O unknown, ever-inflowing Life!
I accept you—
Your splendour and triviality,
Your bounty and neglect,
Your justice and caprice—
Without cavil or regret.
I assent to all your implications,
Modes and consequences.
I assert my identity with you.

H. W. YOUNG.

Men who think deeply and earnestly are placed in an awkward position with regard to the public.—Goethe.

WANTED—Position as Housekeeper or place of trust, anywhere. Mrs. HALL, Rose Park, Orford, via Port Fairy.

"FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT—"

The RED DISC seems to be losing its effect on some of our readers. Perhaps it is a case of familiarity breeding contempt!

We place this embellishment on the wrapper enclosing the "Harbinger" as a reminder to Subscribers that their SUBSCRIPTION for the current year is due.

It ought not to be necessary to repeatedly hoist this signal. But in many instances it is. We, therefore, appeal to the readers concerned to be good enough to exercise a little consideration and thus help us in the up-hill fight we have to wage.

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

THE PASSING OF LADY GREY OF FALLODON.

A NOTABLE INVESTIGATOR OF OCCULT PHENOMENA.

At the comparatively early age of 57 years, Lady Grey of Falldon, passed into "the Fuller Life," (as she herself liked to call it) last November.

She was a woman who greatly endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact, by the beauty of her character, and that charm of personality that words are never able to describe.

Following in the footsteps of her father, the Hon. Percy Wyndham, Lady Grey keenly interested herself in psychical research, and after the death of her eldest son, who was killed in France, 1916, she published her book, "The Earthen Vessel," in which she records a number of spirit-messages received from him.

On another page we publish her last literary contribution to the Press, an article on dream phenomena, which appeared in the London "Evening News." Sir Oliver Lodge contributed to "The Times," London, the following appreciation:

Pamela Grey, nee Wyndham, was admittedly one of the most beautiful women of her generation. Her father, the Hon. Percy Wyndham, was the friend of Alfred Russel Wallace, Stainton Moses, and some of the other pioneers of the Spiritualistic movement about the middle of last century, and this interest was inherited and vividly continued by his youngest daughter. Throughout her later life the subject dominated her thoughts; she was consulted by many people in distress, and on the strength of truly remarkable evidence she attained profound conviction in immortality. In this faith she lived and died, looking forward to a happy reunion with those she had lost.

After the death of the first Lord Glenconner she became the beloved wife of Viscount Grey of Falldon, and to us it seems pitiful that their happy and beneficent life together was so soon cut short. The village adjacent to her home, Wilsford Manor, in the Avon valley of Wiltshire, is prostrated with grief. She befriended all sorts and conditions of people. Her kindly benefactions were innumerable, and she extended her charity to the troubled and socially ostracized. Harsh judgment was alien to her nature. The poor and the oppressed especially appealed to her loving good will. She was devoted to all creatures, animals, and birds. Cruelty of any kind was abhorrent. Loved and welcomed wherever she went, she lived graciously, an example of aristocracy at its best and noblest. Long suffering and of great kindness, kind even to the unthankful and the evil, right up to what we call the end, she went about distributing happiness. Mercifully she was spared long illness and pain: memory of her will be of a bright and active presence. On Sunday afternoon she quickly became unconscious, and so passed within a few hours to her glorious welcome and to the fuller services of love and fellowship which are the natural outcome of her apprenticeship here.

A Striking Test.—Mr. Harold Speer writes that at a seance held in the Edith Chapel of the Temple of Light, Southwark, London, which was attended by White Horse Eagle, a North-American Indian chief, when on a visit to England, two Indian spirits held a conversation with the visitor in his native language. The mediums were Mrs. D. C. Williams and the Rev. J. J. Welch. White Horse Eagle is himself clairvoyant, and, although a stranger to the Temple, described accurately the spirits of Johannes and Edie.

Visions in the Crystal.

AMAZING CLAIRVOYANT REVELATIONS.

Related by Miss NELL ST. JOHN, Montague.

MISS MONTAGUE—popularly known as the Society Seer—continues her experiences as a clairvoyant, in the pages of "The People" (London). Two of these remarkable stories are here given. This lady's clairvoyance is stimulated by the use of the crystal—one of the most ancient methods of divination.

* * * * *

The sight of a little rough-haired terrier always conjures up before my eyes two scenes—scenes connected with human dramas which I can never forget.

One such occasion was when at a charity bazaar in Ireland I once read the crystal for a nurse in uniform.

To my amazement I saw her standing in the shadow of a thick myrtle hedge beside a thatched low-roofed house on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea. A small, strangely-marked terrier, half black, half white, crouched motionless at her feet, while a few yards away a tall evil-looking man in the uniform of a German naval officer deliberately pointed a revolver at her hiding place.

As I described the picture she seemed puzzled.

"What can it mean?" she said.

I peered closer. "You will recognise the house when you see it," I said, "because one-half of the outer door is painted green, and you will remember the little dog, half black and half white."

I laid down my crystal.

"In that house there is foul treachery, and the shadow of desperate crime. Be careful."

The matter faded from my mind, until some months later the nurse came to see me. White and trembling she told me her story.

"I owe my life to you and your crystal warning," she declared.

Then she described how she had been sent for suddenly to nurse the son of a farmer in the wilds of Kerry. The man was dying of typhoid. The house was a wretched thatched building.

One half of the door was painted green, and she was greeted by a black and white terrier.

In a moment, she said, the crystal warning came back, and she determined to be on her guard. But on her guard against what?

Then one evening late, as she returned from a short walk, she heard, upon nearing the house, voices—men's voices—echoing from the parlour within. Closer she went, and crept near to look within. As she did so the terrier bounded near her, and at her warning lay at her feet. Then she peered cautiously in the window.

In the parlour, at a well-filled table, sat three men wearing the uniform of the Kaiser's navy. As she drew back quickly behind the shadow of a thick myrtle hedge, the window was flung open, and a fierce, evil-looking man looked out, a revolver in his hand. From within came the sound of the farmer's voice.

"There's no one there—you heard the dog—that's all."

Back against the wall the girl crouched, praying that the man might not hear the wild beating of her heart.

"I heard a footstep. . . . I shall shoot anyone I see—"

Then as the farmer spoke once more the German reluctantly slammed down the window. Motionless at her feet the terrier lay. He, too, seemed to understand.

When, a few minutes later, the girl crept away, her eyes stared at the figures of men who carried supplies of petrol and food to the water's edge. Only a few yards away she saw the periscope of an enemy's submarine. In that desolate harbour they had come under cover of approaching night to procure supplies.

That same night the girl wrote a carefully worded letter to the Matron of her hospital, and in reply received a peremptory order to return at once.

Under cover of this order, and unsuspected, the girl was driven to a distant station to report to the authorities the treachery she had discovered in that house upon the cliff.

"But for the warning of the crystal," she told me, "I should surely have been shot, for I would not have used any caution, and the Germans would have seen me . . . a spy in their very midst!"

THE STORY OF THE PHANTOM RIDER.

Although I do not blindly believe everything that is related as illustrating what we generalise as the uncanny or supernatural, I have often come in contact with happenings which have no ordinary or natural explanation.

On different occasions too I have come face to face with indisputable evidence of ghostly influences, as, for example, in the case of the haunted cottage in Berkshire which I visited accompanied by Colonel Cecil Powney, O.B.E. Here I saw that a dead woman's power moved furniture and caused other amazing demonstrations. In another case, which I will relate, a murdered man was seen by many persons years after his death.

It was after dinner one evening, and in the drawing-room of the house of a well-known Deputy Lieutenant in Ireland. We sat round the fire talking about psychic matters in general.

The late General Sir William Butler was present, and my host told me he was anxious I should read the crystal for him, and a few minutes later Sir William and I went into another room. After I had read the crystal for him, he remained silent, then suddenly he said—

"It is amazing. The crystal has reflected scenes in my life about which no one could have told you." Then he paused and looked at me keenly.

"There is a strange story connected with a property near here. It interests me, and as you have true psychic power I would very much like you to visit a certain place one evening, and tell me afterwards if you see anything."

Willingly I agreed, and he called into the room my host's eldest son, and it was arranged that I should make an excuse for an early departure, and

should be driven to a neighbouring property. The mansion on the demesne was derelict. The park they told me was deserted. Neither Sir William nor his nephew told me what I was expected to see, and as I drove on in that most uncomfortable of all conveyances, a jaunting car, with a thick shooting coat fastened over my evening cloak, I thought it was an ideal night for a ghost searching expedition.

At last Sir William's nephew drew rein before some huge iron gates. Then my companion stood at his horse's head, and expectantly took out his watch. "It is ten minutes to twelve," he said.

What I was expected to see, I had no idea, but holding my crystal in my hand as Sir William had asked me to do, I walked up the long disused avenue. Clear as daylight the moonlight flooded the place, and conscious of a strange thrill, I suddenly leaned against a tree, and holding up the crystal, stared into it.

As I did so, I started violently. Out of the crystal a man's face stared at me. A man, white-faced, wild-eyed, his dark hair tossing in disorder across his brow, and I saw blood trickling from his lips. He raised his hand to the back of his head, and even as he seemed to lurch forward, I saw the flash of a shot.

The next moment I dropped the crystal as there came the echo of thundering, galloping hoofs. Had my friend's horse bolted, I wondered, dismayed?

I stepped forward to see, and then stood suddenly rooted to the spot. Down the avenue a man on a sweat-covered horse galloped, a man bareheaded, his white face strangely set and haggard in the moonlight, his eyes wide and staring, never glancing to the right or left.

Towards me he came, and then as he passed me I saw him lift his right hand to his head, and saw the blood spurt from a gaping wound in his neck. It was the figure of the man I had seen in the crystal.

Trembling in every limb, I peered forward, the horse tore on—on—as if through the trees.

Then there came a sudden hush . . . broken only by the voice of Sir William's nephew speaking soothingly to the terrified horse he held. A moment later, in the moonlit road I joined him. Curiously his eyes read my face, then as I told him what I had seen, he nodded.

"Sir William was very anxious to know if you would see him," he said. "We all hear the hoofs—all the countryside hear them, but no one sees the horse or its rider—the man who once owned the land where you stand. He was foully murdered, shot through his spine as he rode down that avenue many years ago. He pointed to the horse trembling, and bathed with sweat.

"He nearly bolted," he said. "He, too, saw."

Late that night, on my return to the house nestling among the hills, Sir William and my host showed me an old print. It was the face and figure of the man I had seen, dishevelled, hatless, a short while ago, riding in his death agony down the desolate moonlit avenue of his ancient home.

Only last week, Sir William's nephew told me he heard again a few weeks ago, those ceaseless, untiring hoofs galloping . . . galloping into the night.

HARMONY.

By "FIAT LUX."

Harmony? At once arises thoughts of subtle chords and delicate cadences such as only a Beethoven could conceive. But is this correct? Is there not another harmony of greater moment to us all than the combination of sounds that affect the ear alone? For have we not five senses all delicately attuned to their functions? What, for instance, of harmony of colour? Take the iridescent transitory brilliance of a sunset—does this not thrill us with something inexpressible, affording us a momentary glimpse at a fairyland beyond our conception?

And what of smell?—the elusive perfume of a delicate honeysuckle diffused to us on the faintest evening zephyr. It wafts its fragrance upon our senses, we feel its influence, in tune with the silver starlight. Likewise, we can trace this finer vibration in the remaining senses—a something seems to appeal to the best that lies within us, and as though a great hidden force were tapped, it surges to the surface, and wells to overflowing our whole mind, thus claiming our entire being in an ecstasy divine. This, I affirm, is Harmony too!

Whence springs this feeling? It is not of us? For it is an impression internal that causes it to awaken. Truly, the instrument to be acted upon must lie within, and it is through the senses that it is played upon and the harmony produced. It is a something apart from our daily round of life, It is the Soul, the wonderful intangible something, dormant until touched by the Hand Divine, when it awakens in rapture indefinable. How sad, when earthly things clog and congest the delicate instrument, and it lies mute to the glories of Divine Love! What piteous deprivation when intoxicating debaucheries so coarsen the vessel that these finer vibrations cannot pierce through!

And what effect has this upon the blinded mortal? No harmony of soul means no harmony of life—a living corpse, an existence eked out in one long-drawn agony, an ever irritating discordant life, a living Hell!

Pray, then, for power Divine to aid and help those we see slowly congealing within themselves, mistaking the glamour of the materialistic world for true happiness and harmony. Only too often do they discover, when once the step is irrevocable, a horrifying death's head within their eager grasp. Oh, may we help them all to see through the window of their souls, to feel the warm sunshine of the Father's great love, and to help send the great message forward that the world may turn from commercialism and gold-grasping, which at best but lasts a lifetime and brings nothing but discord and evil in its train, with the deafening roar of cannon, bitter hate and cruel carnage.

Discord call you it? Surely words cannot express the horrors of these Hells. Yet, over it all, and in spite of it all, still reigns a celestial calm, a perfect harmony, Nature's great message of Love. For the Father has infinite mercy on his blind and wandering children, and forever sets his message before them, hoping and longing for the Millenium when the Great Harmony of Love Divine will stir the whole world and make each factor vibrate in tune with the Great Master-Soul itself.

THE "HARBINGER" IN LONDON.

"The Harbinger of Light" is obtainable monthly at The Psychic Bookshop, Library and Museum, conducted by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Abbey House, Victoria-street (near Westminster Abbey) London, S.W.—1.

PERSONAL.

Many inquiries, both in person and by letter, continue to be made concerning the health of the Editor, Mr. W. Britton Harvey. We are glad to report that his medical attendants are satisfied, so far, with his progress. The process of recovery must necessarily be slow. That does not matter, so long as it is sure. On behalf of Mr. Harvey we desire to thank the numerous friends for their kindly remembrance of him in this great hour of need.

THE CONDUCT OF CIRCLES.

ADVICE TO INQUIRERS.

REV. STANTON MOSES, M.A., Author of "Spirit Teachings."

If you wish to see whether Spiritualism is really only jugglery and imposture, try it by personal experiment. If you can get an introduction to some experienced Spiritualist on whose good faith you can rely, ask him for advice; and if he is holding private circles, seek permission to attend one to see how to conduct seances, and what to expect. There is, however, difficulty in obtaining access to private circles and, in any case, you must rely chiefly on experiences in your own family circle, or amongst your own friends, all strangers being excluded.

Form a circle of from four to eight persons, half, or at least two, of negative, passive temperament and preferably of the female sex, the rest of a more positive type. Sit, positive and negative alternately, secure against disturbance, in subdued light, round an uncovered table of convenient size. Place the palms of the hands flat upon its upper surface. The hands of each sitter need not touch those of his neighbour, though the practice is frequently adopted.

* * * *

Do not concentrate attention too fixedly on the expected manifestation. Engage in cheerful but not frivolous conversation. Avoid dispute or argument. Scepticism has no deterrent effect, but a bitter spirit of opposition in a person of determined will may totally stop or decidedly impede manifestations. If conversation flags, music is a great help, if it be agreeable to all, and not of a kind to irritate the sensitive ear. Patience is essential, and it may be necessary to meet ten or twelve times at short intervals, before anything occurs. If after such a trial you still fail, form a fresh circle. An hour should be the limit of an unsuccessful seance.

If the table moves, let your pressure be so gentle on its surface that you are sure you are not aiding its motions. After some time you will probably find that the movement will continue if your hands are held over, but not in contact with it. Do not, however, try this until the movement is assured, and be in no hurry to get messages.

* * * *

When you think that the time has come, let someone take command of the circle and act as spokesman. Explain to the unseen Intelligence that an agreed code of signals is desirable, and ask that a tilt may be given as the alphabet is slowly repeated, at the several letters which form the word that the Intelligence wishes to spell. It is convenient to use a single tilt for No, three for Yes, and two to express doubt or uncertainty.

When a satisfactory communication has been established, ask if you are rightly placed, and if not, what order you should take. After this ask who the Intelligence purports to be, which of the company is the medium, and such relevant questions. If confusion occurs, ascribe it to the difficulty that exists in directing the movements at first with exactitude. Patience will remedy this. If you only satisfy yourself at first that it is possible to speak with an Intelligence separate from that of any person present, you will have gained much.

* * * *

The signals may take the form of raps. If so, use the same code of signals, and ask as the raps become clear that they may be made on the table, or in a part of the room where they are demonstrably not produced by any natural means, but avoid any vexatious imposition of restrictions on free communication. Let the Intelligence use its own means. It rests greatly with the sitters to make the manifestations elevating or frivolous and even tricky.

Should an attempt be made to entrance the medium, or to manifest by any violent methods, ask that the attempt may be deferred till you can secure the presence of some experienced Spiritualist. If this request is not heeded, discontinue the sitting. The process of developing a trance-medium is one that might disconcert an inexperienced inquirer.

* * * *

Lastly, try the results you get by the light of Reason. Maintain a level head and a clear judgment. Do not believe everything you are told, for though the great unseen world contains many a wise and discerning spirit, it also has in it the accumulation of human folly, vanity, and error; and this lies nearer to the surface than that which is wise and good. Distrust the free use of great names. Never for a moment abandon the use of your reason. Do not enter into a very solemn investigation in a spirit of idle curiosity or frivolity. Cultivate a reverent desire for what is pure, good, and true. You will be repaid if you gain only a well-grounded conviction that there is a life after death, for which a pure and good life before is the best and wisest preparation.

* * * *

The Scheme of Eternal Life.—Mr. H. Dennis Bradley in "Towards the Stars": "Life on earth is a phase. We live and develop after death. Our spirit is eternal. Our bodies are the shells of our souls, and they are cast off at the moment we are born again, and when we set off on a spirit life of loveliness. That is the scheme of eternal life. Retrogressive theories must be annihilated in order that the field may be cleared for this new thought. The fact of an after-life and the actual communication of discarnate spirits with humans on this earth plane must be accepted. This new knowledge is the true philosophy."

Materialism not dead yet.—"Materialism has been scotched but not killed," was one of the striking remarks made by Sir Oliver Lodge in the course of an address at Wellington United Free Church, Glasgow, on a recent date. The "Church of England Newspaper" reports the address fully, and the following is a brief resume: Sir Oliver pointed out that certain perturbation had been caused in the past by presidential addresses of the British Association, but it had been stated this year, by way of allaying such perturbations, that any pronouncement by a man of science is only a partial announcement. Modern discoveries did not throw away or discredit the accumulated witness of humanity.

You Cannot Have it Both Ways.—The Rev. Geo. Vale Owen in "Facts and the Future Life": "To-day there is another Spiritual Renaissance. In its scientific aspect it is called Psychic Research, and in its popular form Spiritualism. This is the basis upon which all true religions are built. But, if this be so, it is manifest that, in itself, it cannot be a religion, inasmuch as the whole is greater than the part. You cannot have it both ways. I will but add a word of qualification to what I have already said: "Although Christianity in its present form will be radically affected, yet Psychic Research is not in opposition to the Founder of Christianity. As I have said, the Christ is at the head of the movement, and I would counsel those who cannot see this to study the matter very earnestly."

What, then, is Man?—Thomas Carlyle, writing on "The Death of Goethe," said: "The literature of Europe will pass away; Europe itself, the earth itself, will pass away; this little lifeboat of an earth, with its noisy crew of mankind, and all their troubled history, will one day have vanished, faded like a cloud-speck from the azure of the All! What then is man! What then is man! He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith from the beginning gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of time; that triumphs over time; and is, and will be, when time shall be no more."

The Discoverer of Wireless.—The "father" of the "radio" is the description applied to Sir Oliver Lodge, by a writer in the "Sunderland Echo," England, who recalls the fact that the Royal Society of Arts awarded Sir Oliver its Albert Medal "in recognition of his work as the pioneer in wireless telegraphy," and points out also that Sir Oliver sent wireless signals across forty yards of empty space by means of a coherer long before Marconi had launched his own successful experiments—in fact, such experiments were only made possible by Sir Oliver's coherer.

SIXTEEN STONE IN THE AIR.

A MERE FEATHERWEIGHT.

RELATED BY SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

Some weeks ago I received a courteous letter from a Mr. and Mrs. Bell, of Winn's Avenue, Walthamstow, to the effect that in their little private circle they habitually had levitation. The person levitated was a friend, Mr. Baker Brown, who, with his fiancée, Miss Wright, made up the weekly gathering.

Any one less fitted for levitation than Mr. Baker Brown I have never seen—unless it be in a mirror.

He was a model of a Rugged forward, sixteen stone, with a chest like a barrel. "If they could get him up," I thought, "there is a chance for any of us."

We moved into the back room, the bedroom, in order to get darkness, since the one window could be easily blocked. For the benefit of the uninitiated let it be understood that ectoplasm, on which all physical phenomena depend, is soluble in light.

Mr. Baker Brown was put into a chair in the corner of the little room. I held his hand on one side and my wife did the same on the other.

In front of us was a light table with latticed wood between the legs so that no one could crawl under it. There was a large bed in the corner, and the circle practically filled the rest of the room. To get out of the circle the medium had to get over their heads.

The lights were hardly down before a strange thing occurred. Miss Wright in trance, and Mr. Bell still conscious, began a most vivid and animated talk in a strange tongue.

Each was tremendously excited. Short, gasping sentences were shot out. Osimillah is the name of the control, and it sounds Oriental, but I know enough Arabic to be sure that it was not that.

Then suddenly Brown began to move. He heaved up in his chair, very lightly for a man of his build. Then his hands began to rise and ours went up also.

Soon they were as high as we could reach without rising. It was interesting, but not convincing. How could we tell that he was not standing on his chair?

He fell forward across the light table. It was amazing that it did not break into splinters under the impact. Then he slithered back into his chair.

The power had been insufficient. He had failed.

Again we waited expectant in the dark. Again the two chattered wildly in the strange tongue. Their dialogue gave a tremendous sense of impending crisis.

"Now's the time! Now's the time! Both together! Come along We'll do it now!" That was the sort of idea expressed in those panting sentences. Then up went Brown again.

He was out of the circle and he had fallen with a crash upon the bed. Impressive—most impressive—but not final!

If he were an accomplished acrobat and if he were sure of his position, and if he stood on the chair, he might leap over the sitters, even in the dark. It would be a desperate thing to do—but it was just possible.

There followed half an hour of tension. Brown was somewhere in the room, now here, now there. There were slappings on the ceiling. There were bumps against each of the walls.

A soft body brushed our heads again and again. It is not altogether pleasant to sit in the dark with

the idea that a sixteen stone man was floating about, and that any error in conditions might bring down upon our heads.

The most restful moments were when we learned that he had passed out of the room and was bumping about in the passage. There was nothing to prevent him leaving by the door, as the passage was as dark as the room. But suddenly he was back again, and the noises over our heads broke out once more.

And then, suddenly my skepticism was shattered forever. He came down with a crash in our corner. There was not more than a two-foot space between my wife and myself. It was pitch dark, and the table blocked the front.

But he was back in his corner. We heard his voice in the darkness beside us, "Where am I? Where am I?" he gasped. I feared that he was hurt.

"Leave him alone. He is well looked after," said Mrs. Bell. So it proved, for presently he was talking in little jerks of what he had seen when his spirit was out of his entranced body.

"Your father was there. John was there. It is beautiful—beautiful. All green and so well-cared for. There is no park like it."

We turned up the lights and I reviewed the situation. The man's coat was covered with whitewash from the ceiling. He might have reached it from the bed. The soles of his boots were white. He might have rubbed them with white-washed hands.

There were indentations as of toe marks on the ceiling. They were more difficult to explain away. But what was absolutely final and could in no possible way be explained away was his return to his corner.

I said, "Now, before we rise from our seats, will any one explain any possible way in which Brown could get back to his seat?" Those present could make no suggestion, and I defy any one to make one.—"The Banner of Life."

Passing Thoughts for March.

In order to achieve success in this world, you must add to talent ambitions and perseverance.

There are some kinds of knowledge that will increase neither our wisdom nor our happiness.

Conspicuous merit can be recognised by all save those who are blinded by prejudice.

If people in general had a better memory, they would not be so easily duped by political, social, or religious charlatans.

While the idealist rises into the pure atmosphere of higher thought, the materialist is content with the demoralising pleasures and pursuits of a sordid world.

R. C. N.

Become as a Little Child.—Science seems to me to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly, wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all costs to do this.—Huxley, in a letter to a friend.

THE "HARBINGER" IN AUCKLAND.

The agency for "The Harbinger of Light" in Auckland, New Zealand, is Kealey's Book Shop and Library, 21 Shortland Street, where the journal may be procured.

THE EDITOR.

Is Spiritualism True ?

AN UNEQUIVOCAL "YES" !

By Mrs. PHILIP CHAMPION de CRESPIGNY, Artist—Playwright—Novelist

MRS. CHAMPION de CRESPIGNY is well-known in the worlds of Art and Literature. She has written many books, the latest one, "The Dark Sea," being a "psychic" novel.

The following interview with Mrs. de Crespigny appeared in the "Daily News," London, in connection with that journal's inquiry into the truth of Spiritualism.

Question: "Do you consider the Spiritualists' claims of communication with the dead as proved or disproved?"

Answer: "My answer is unequivocally that they have been proved. No doubt those who have not received such proof will place a heavy interrogation mark after that assumption and the question will resolve itself into—what constitutes proof?"

To arrive at conviction along any lines on the evidence or experience of others is always difficult, and yet half the accepted facts of everyday life are taken on trust without any attempt at personal verification, including the conclusions of scientists whose methods of arriving at those conclusions are often quite beyond personal testing by the man in the street.

How many have proved or can prove for themselves that light travels at 186,000 miles a second? But there are a million persons in Great Britain, at a rough estimate, who claim to have proved for themselves through personal experiment the truth of the Spiritualistic claim. With the evidence available to-day from reliable sources, and the intellectual level to be found among its protagonists, I do consider the possibility of communicating with those who have passed from this world to be proven.

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Question: "Yet a great many people remain profoundly sceptical as to the existence of such proof."

Answer: "The sceptic is wont to proclaim that he is very hard to convince; that he does not accept evidence easily. No leader in this movement has accepted evidence easily. That attitude is not peculiar to the sceptic. Belief in extramundane communication in the majority of cases has been arrived at through earnest study and thought, through disappointments, baffling failures, patient experiment and, last but by no means least, a stolid indifference to the opinion of others. And, as in the case of all other lines of knowledge, no one who has not given study and thought to the subject can be in a position to give any opinion worth listening to."

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Question: "On what evidence or experience do you base your own conclusion?"

Answer: "In the first place a sense of logic and the illumination thrown upon the subject by the advance of physical science convinced my reason that there was no fundamental impossibility of communication with a world that might interpenetrate our own. That it might be a case only of tuning in.

"Anyone who studies the accepted conception of matter—the electronic theory—and realises the limitations of our bodily and mental reactions—proved

by instruments that do react to stimuli outside the range of our senses—should find no difficulty in supposing further fields of existence cut off from our own, possibly by just one throb of the ether. A similar barrier once stood between us and the present activities of 2 L. O.

"Therefore when I first came into direct contact with what is called a 'medium'—the intermediate link that so far has only been found in the living organism—I came with an open mind, but a mind leaning towards an expectation of fraud or some demonstration that could easily be explained in an ordinary physical way.

"But my early experiences were sufficiently arresting to lead me into further experiment.

"I received a message from one who is 'dead,' brought by an acquaintance of a month or two, who had known nothing of me in the past. The message had been given to him at a sitting, and he had no idea of its meaning or to what it referred. It was a message the meaning of which only I, alone, in all the world, knew the meaning—a message that no one in Heaven or earth, as the saying is, could have sent me but that one individual from whom it purported to come. No finer test could have been thought of to establish identity. It was through the form of mediumship known as the 'direct voice,' a voice audible to all present."

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Question: "It could, of course, be argued that these results could be obtained by other means than genuine spirit communication."

Answer: "What are the usual objections? Ventriloquism? The medium was a woman, and there has never been a female ventriloquist, for, I believe, physiological reasons; nor could any such power have supplied the subject matter of that message. Telepathy? Thought reading? I was miles away at the time, and the recipient understood nothing of the contents of the message, did not even know to what it referred. It was not in his thoughts.

"The sub-conscious mind? Whose sub-conscious mind? Not the recipient's, for the reason I have stated; nor that of the medium, for it was quite impossible that she could have understood the message. Mine? But I, the only person in the world who could have understood it, was not present—and to believe that the medium by a process of selection and elimination could have drawn it from a universal mind is asking one to stretch credulity beyond breaking point—and certainly beyond anything the Spiritualist is likely to ask of reason.

"This experience was shortly followed by another where again a message was received through a medium, this time by an entire stranger, who passed it on to me by letter, referring to private family matters and mentioning names of which neither he nor the medium could have had any knowledge. Here again the usual objections are ruled out, as I was not present at the sitting, so any thought reading was out of the question.

"Another experience of a different kind has rein-

forced my belief in a world governed by laws we of this material earth do not as yet understand.

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"With what is called a 'fire-medium' present, I have held on my bare hand a red hot log while the medium walked round the circle of sitters and returned to me. Again the usual comments fail to hit the mark. My hand is very thin and dry. There was no mark of any sort on it when the log—red-hot right through—was removed, nor did I feel the slightest sensation of burning.

"I had learnt a little of what one must call the super-physical law which was evidently in operation, and the knowledge gave me sufficient confidence to eliminate any fear. But my own attitude was passive, not active. It was a never-to-be forgotten experience, for with that red-hot log lying on my bare hand against all the known laws of nature, I knew the 'miracles' of the Bible were more than garbled tradition, or the picturesque symbolism it is the fashion to suppose.

"I could give many more instances of the evidence upon which my belief in Spiritualism is based, obtained during the 16 years I have been actively engaged in psychic research."

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Question: "Do you believe that there is anything essentially antagonistic between Christianity and Spiritualistic practices?"

Answer: "People talk lightly of the 'communion of saints.' Hundreds and thousands declare their belief in it every Sunday with but little idea of what exactly they mean by it. The Churches affirm that through their offices we can communicate with saints, meaning, presumably, those who have died in the odour of sanctity. The antagonists of Spiritualism say we communicate only with the devil and his followers. But if the door be opened at all, why should it be closed to the great army of those who are neither saints nor devils—those we have loved and lost for a time? Reason rebels at the illogical limitation."

Question: "Presumably at the same time you see no danger to mind or body in Spiritualism?"

Answer: "Most emphatically not. If used intelligently and not abused it can be a menace to no one. But it is not for everyone to 'dabble' in any more than an ignorant person should be turned loose into a chemist's laboratory. The very few who have become unbalanced through rashly rushing into practical experiment are mostly those who would equally have lost their balance over religion or anything else they might have taken up.

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"Spiritualism stands for something far wider than communication only with those who are gone: it gives a zest for life and work that is founded on a belief in continuity that is based on knowledge and not faith alone. I believe that in an understanding and reverent use of Spiritualistic practices lies the world's salvation: for intercourse with those who have a slightly wider field of vision than ourselves has taught us that spiritual worlds are governed by laws as inexorable as those of this physical plane, and if we would learn to understand them, and therefore—if only in our own interests—to obey them, this world would be a deal nearer the ideal towards which we are all striving.

"If evolution means anything this ideal has to be attained and established sooner or later, and a true knowledge of Spiritualism drives home a real comprehension of the laws that have love and brotherhood as the motive-force behind them."

Happiness is the natural and the normal; it is one of the concomitants of righteousness.—Trine.

TRANCE-MESSAGE AND CRYSTAL.

TELL SAME STORY OF TRAGEDY.

Miss Nell St. John Montague, the well-known crystal-gazer, who practises in Society circles in the west of London, continuing her reminiscences in "The People," tells how Mrs. Douglas, mother of Captain Leslie Hamilton, who perished in an attempt to fly the Atlantic in 1927 in an aeroplane in which were two passengers, Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim and Colonel Minchin, called upon her to seek news of her missing son.

Reluctantly, Miss Montague examined her crystal; she then described her vision; a helpless aeroplane, in the trough of the waves, on which lay a huddled figure across which a broken spar had crashed; a man in sea-soaked clothing crawled towards this figure and desperately tried to remove the spar—a last unselfish act of a great sportsman. Then the vision faded.

Some months after Mrs. Douglas dined with Miss Montague, and disclosed that, a few evenings previously, she had attended a Spiritualist seance, giving an assumed name, and had received "a message describing her gallant son's death in mid-ocean. The description, she said, tallied in every detail with the vision I had seen months previously in my crystal."



Entrance of a Poet into Spirit Life.

First a harp of thrilling numbers
Roused me gently from my slumbers,
And its tone
O'er my waking spirit stealing,
Kindling up a spirit feeling,
In its music sweet revealing,
Heaven's own.
Then a being pure and holy,
Through a door retiring slowly,
Half disclosed
To my soul's enraptured vision,
Those eternal fields Elysian,
Where the blest, in full fruition,
There reposed.
Then a being fairer, brighter,
Something smaller, something lighter,
And with raiment purer, whiter,
Came in view.
Then her face was half averted,
Gazing back from where she started;
'Twas my lost, my loving-hearted,
Well I knew.
For a moment there she lingers,
And the beautiful white fingers
Of Lenore
Swept across the harp so shining,
Which the Angel left reclining
'Gainst the door;
Then as if some word receiving,
Half in doubt, yet half believing,
Gazed around
And at once she saw and knew me,
And at once she came unto me
With a bound.
Oh! the rapture of that meeting,
Of that blessed spirit greeting,
Is unknown.
They can never, till they pass the deep dark river
Which divides this world for ever
From our own,
Comprehend how hearts once blighted
In a world by sin benighted
Are for ever re-united
On the Shore
Of that river brightly glowing,
From eternal fountains flowing,
Where the Tree of Life is growing
Evermore.

Give me such ease of body as may enable me to be useful, and remove me from all such scruples and perplexities as encumber and obstruct my mind.—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

A NEW ZEALAND EDITOR AT TEST SEANCE.

STRIKING RESULTS OBTAINED.

Spiritualism comes to light in most unexpected places. Would any one dream of scanning the pages of a sober Motor Magazine, in the hope of finding evidence for the truth of Spiritualism there? Nevertheless, here, subjoined is a story told in all sincerity by the Editor of the "New Zealand Motorist," a magazine which is described as "the official organ of the Hamilton division of the Auckland Automobile Association." The story may be found in the January number of that journal.

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. . . A few years ago, I accepted an invitation to attend a seance of true-blue Hamilton Spiritualists and was astounded to hear myself addressed at it by "a voice" with all the characteristics of that of my deceased soldier son, speaking to me intimately about matters known to no one in New Zealand but myself.

Desirous of having this business tested by people in whose sanity I had confidence, I prevailed upon Mr. Bouillon, the Hamilton manager of The Bank of New Zealand, Doctor Waddell, at the time president of the local automobile association, and Mr. James Treloar, managing director of Messrs. Treloar, Limited, to unite with me in a test "sitting" at which no Spiritualist should be present but the medium, the celebrated Mrs. Lily Hope, accredited medium of The Spiritualist Church of New Zealand, which, by the way, is recognised as a Christian denomination by The Dominion Government.

Mr. Bouillon, who is a Son of Anak, came to the meeting under the protection of his own body, as did the Doctor although no Goliath of Gath in stature—of course he may have had a scalpel hidden away among his clothes—but Mr. Treloar, like a prudent man, brought with him for protection the worthy pastor of the church of which he is himself a pillar, the Reverend Percy Paris, who appeared with a visage indicating a soul saturated with suspicion. It was very evident that he had come prepared to lock horns with The Devil—that whoever might fear The Enemy he did not.

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In addition to those named the company included an equal number of ladies, friends or relatives of the others—ladies who plainly did not allow their spiritual aspirations to stand in the way of a proper observance of the dictates of fashion.

It is customary on these occasions to begin the proceedings with prayer and the singing of hymns, and our reverend associate took charge of the devotional exercises of the moment, praying, as one only present out of a sense of duty, that the Almighty would ban anything contrary to the Divine Will. He made the sitting, as far as possible, quite an orthodox church service—that it was in the dark was the only respect in which it lacked regularity.

The hymns sung were old favourites such as "Lead, Kindly Light," "Abide with Me" and "Jesu, Lover of my Soul," and, though subdued, I never heard more vibrantly harmonious singing, the men, myself excepted, being all "shining lights in the congregation," and the ladies all "sweet singers in Israel." The "atmosphere" became religious. And then, after a while, we heard the medium breathing heavily, as if in deep sleep.

Before the ceremonies began I handed to Mr. Bouillon a sealed envelope of which the content was known to no human being but myself.

"I want you to hold this, Mr. Bouillon" said I. "It's a test."

"Very well!" said he, taking it and placing it in an inside pocket of his jacket, which he buttoned up.

I have here to interject that I, a day or two previously, received a letter from Wellington, in which it was stated that my deceased soldier son had appeared and spoken at a seance there with the son of a certain well-known man of title, whose name I have no authority to publish.

Two or three hours before the time of the sitting I wrote the name of this spiritual companion of my son on a slip of paper and took it to a photograph of my lad hanging against my bedroom wall.

"Stanley," said I, in what I conceived would be proper Spiritualistic procedure, "do you see those words—if you can—if you can—have these words—these words exactly—spoken at the sitting I am going to this evening."

This I repeated several times, and it seemed to me that, as I spoke, I was being smiled at out of the photograph. I put on my glasses and scanned it earnestly. Yes! The smile seemed there unmistakably.

I was perturbed. Thought I: "If my imagination can carry me as far as this it discounts the value of my judgment on these matters."

Still, I pasted the slip of paper on the glass over the face in the picture and went in to dinner, after which I took the slip from its place and sealed it in the envelope handed to Mr. Bouillon. To no one was anything said either of slip or smile.

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And now I have to narrate what I would not dare to pen for publication but that I am able to quote the name of Doctor Waddell, the Reverend Mr. Paris and Messrs. Bouillon and Treloar, for corroboration, to say nothing of an equal number of ladies of the highest respect in Hamilton.

The medium entranced, the singing ceased, and then, after a moment, there rang through the silence of the darkened room, in the hearing of the whole company, the voice of my son in greeting. It could have been heard outside the closed door of the room. It was as clear and unmistakable as ever I heard it in life.

And then "the voice" said, in the full hearing of all present: "You thought I was smiling at you out of my photo this evening. I was. We can do that."

Following some intimate conversation, not evidential to others, "the voice" bade us "Good Night," after which a quick staccato "voice," equally loud and distinct, snapped out in the darkness:

"Good evening! Good evening!"

Mr. Bouillon, to whom the greeting seemed specially addressed, enquired politely: "Who is speaking?"

Quickly came the reply:

"— — — — —'s son!"

(The first two dashes represent the name of "the voice" the second two represent the name repeated; the last three dashes represent the name of the father).

* * * * *

Mr. Bouillon: "Oh! I know your father!"

The Voice: "Yes! You do!"

Mr. Bouillon: "And didn't I know you, too, when you were a little fellow of about six?"

The Voice: "Yes!"

And then "the voice" and Mr. Bouillon spoke familiarly of — — — (the father of "The Voice").

On the conclusion of the sitting Mr. Bouillon at my request, opened the "test" envelope I had given him and read to the company the words I had written on the slip of paper it held—words written by me a few hours before. These words were "— — —'s son," the three dashes and word representing the name of the well-known man of title, which I had asked "the photograph" to have repeated at the sitting that followed.

I have dealt here only with my own experience. I say nothing of the phenomena of the rest of the company which in one case at least was as evidential as was mine to me.

The seance was held in the home of one of the company, with no Spiritualist present except the medium. None of the company, except the medium and myself, had ever been present at a Spiritualist seance.

The Reverend gentleman alone seemed unimpressed. He would admit nothing.

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Now, had I been well-advised, I would have let Spiritualism drop at this stage; but I did not, and, in the course of some months, I myself developed some mediumistic qualifications that gradually grew until I flung the pursuit from me entirely, in indignation. For I had become the victim of a coterie of spirits who fed me with a mixed diet more of fiction than of fact for their own entertainment. They represented themselves to me as of "the second plane"; but, later on, a spirit of different cast came to me in warning, told me that they were mischievous though not evil earth-bound spirits, and advised me to abandon Spiritualistic phenomena altogether. I was in the mood to do this without advice.

Among the statements of these playful people that proved false was one that my agent in British Columbia had disposed of a property I had for sale there, and another that a tale from my pen entitled "A Deed of Chivalry" had been "filmed" in California. Norma Shearer was in the role of the heroine—a cheque to me had been posted at Los Angeles. I approved the selection of Miss Shearer and made plans for the disposal of the money for which I waited in vain.

As to the trickery—they made no bones about admitting it, they cheerfully confessed that they had been jesting at my expense.

But they were not unmindful of my entertainment. One night four of them treated me to a quartette display of dancing such as I had in life seen nothing to approach in grace and rhythm. They all looked ladies of modesty and refinement little qualified for useful employment. And two of their "affinities" who appeared afterwards had the aspect of well-bred men.

The displays were as clear as those of "the pictures." Several times later I asked for a repetition of this dancing performance but without being once gratified. I had antagonized them by my comments upon their trickery.

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The most evidential of my experiences while in the unhappy state of acting as my own medium was in the appearance of a cousin of about my own age who "passed over" some nine months before.

I did not see this communicator, I had become extremely sceptical of the phenomena by the time, and, although she seemed well conversant with our family affairs, I demanded a word or name, not in my own mind at the moment, that would be reminiscent of the past.

Upon this there was slowly spelled out "O, d, a." "Oda," thought I, "I can recall neither word nor name beginning with 'Oda'—perhaps 'Ida' was meant."

Then came the letter "j," upon which I breathlessly exclaimed "Odajiri."

The answer was, "yes!"

"Odajiri" was a young Japanese nobleman who some thirty-five years ago had been a brilliant student of Glasgow University, and who had been on close terms of friendship with this cousin.

And then was spelled the name of a little Japanese fellow-student of Odajiri whom I met but once, although Odajiri himself and I were well acquainted. The name was Yijiro—a name entirely lost to memory.

My cousin spoke of having met Odajiri "in the spirit." He had not been killed in the war. His part in it had been administrative.

There were two "higher plane" spirits concerned in the exposure of the jokers to whom I had been "a source of innocent merriment," from whom I received much interesting information.

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In reply to a question I was told that Plato's story of the sinking of a great Atlantic island-continent named Atlantis and of a resultant stupendous tidal wave that wiped out the contemporary civilizations of Europe, The Mediterranean, North Africa and the Pacific shores of The Two Americas, was substantially correct, and that this appalling cataclysm was the origin of the Biblical tradition of "The Flood." I was also told that some fifty thousand years earlier an even greater island civilization had been similarly engulfed in the Pacific Ocean, and that the greatest of all the civilizations of the past had been located in Central Asia. There had been, I was told, many other great civilizations of a vast antiquity, whose traces were lost in the night of ages.

I was given to understand that the "higher spirits" interested in giving new light to humanity had become adverse to Spiritualistic phenomena because of the intrusions of mischievous spirits of the earth-bound plane, and that they were now favouring, instead, the dissemination of instructive Spiritualistic books such as those of The Reverend Stainton Moses, The Reverend Vale Owen and The Reverend Mr. Tweedale. Dennis Bradley's celebrated works, "Towards the Stars" and "The Wisdom of the Gods," were instanced as useful in the matter of phenomena.

And I was given also some information interesting to myself. I asked if I could hope for an early release from earthly labour.

The answer was "yes!"

I enquired if I might ask the date of my release.

The answer was "the night of the 10th of January of the present year."



The Fall Up To Date.—There has been talk of editing the Bible so as to bring it more up to date. Here (says the London "Morning Post") is an effort by a little innocent, against whom no charge of impious interference can be brought. It has just reached a reader from her old French convent school. A little girl had been telling her daddy the story of Adam and Eve, "and they were disobedient," she added, "and the angel turned them out into the street and a motor went over them." Surely that ought to be modern enough for even the most enterprising of biblical editors!

Money never made any man rich, for the more he had the more he still coveted.—Seneca.

War never made for spirituality; it brings out the animal in man; no good comes from the evils of war, singly or in numbers.

Clairvoyance and Imagination.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.

By HORACE LEAF, F. R. G. S.

THOSE developing clairvoyance often wonder whether the visions they see are spiritual realities or merely imagination. No doubt a good deal passes for clairvoyance which originates in the imagination; but there are means of distinguishing one from the other. Imagination is the faculty by which we are able to construct new combinations from material already existing in the memory. The foundations of imagination are actual experiences, whether consciously perceived or not. The material world is the phototype of the ideal world constructed by the fancy.

All imagination is subject to this law. The productions of Shakespeare all bear the brand of actual experience: Hamlet, Brutus, Juliet, Shylock are but idealized embodiments of human characteristics and are almost invariably founded upon history of pre-existing fable. Even the highest conceptions of the imagination, relating to Deity, find foothold in the same fact, for it is only possible to conceive God as possessing, in an exalted degree, human attributes. Love, compassion, intelligence, good, are factors of daily experience.

TYPES OF IMAGINATION.

The various types of imagination may be conveniently placed under three headings, viz., passive, actual, and involuntary. The creations of the normal imagination considerably differ from actual experience; they are appreciated rather than perceived: For them to attain a vivid state, it is essential that counteracting influences be withdrawn, as in sleep. It is here that clairvoyance, so often asserted by the critic to be due to imagination, differs widely from it.

There are various forms of clairvoyance, some of which resemble imagination very closely, but which nevertheless are markedly different. In some instances surrounding objects may be clearly visible, the vision being recognised as an addition to them. A test of the objectivity of this kind of vision is obtained when, by closing the eyes, it disappears along with all else. This test can be frequently repeated with the same vision. This shows that the object is refracting light rays, the exact nature of which it is difficult to understand as, although the clairvoyant clearly sees it, other persons present cannot.

In the event of a vision being seen with closed eyes, its vividness may often distinguish it from creations of the imagination. There is "life" about it such as normal imagination appears unable to produce. If it be a spirit, its solidity and clearness may appear more definite than those of an actual person, while the variety of "conditions," such as colored lights, often taking symbolical forms, may accord with nothing that the clairvoyant has ever seen or imagined.

NO ILLUSION ABOUT THIS RETURN.

If clairvoyant visions are illusions due to involuntary action of the imagination, it is reasonable to expect that they will conform to pre-existing and favored notions. If they are entirely outside per-

sonal opinion and experience the explanation must be found elsewhere. The following is a case in point: A gentleman who has been for many years a High Churchman and a member of the choir of a large church in London, and holding dogmatic orthodox opinions on death and after, lost his wife, to whom he was very devoted. He thought he had said farewell to her in hope only of meeting again on "the last great day." A few nights after the funeral he retired to bed, but was very restless and could not sleep. After a while his attention was attracted to a light cloud floating near him and over the bed. Suddenly it quite unexpectedly burst, revealing, to his surprise, the face of his wife, looking extremely happy and lifelike, smiling at him.

On another occasion, shortly after this event, he was awakened from his sleep to see a similar vision. This time his wife was enveloped in a blue cloud. On a subsequent occasion she spoke to him as distinctly as ever she had done. Had his imagination been playing him false, it would have done so in accordance with his beliefs, which were that his wife, if not waiting in a state of suspended consciousness for the judgment day, was an angel in Heaven. He believed that it was quite impossible for any deceased person to come into contact with earth again, so that such an illusion is rendered still less probable. It is interesting to note that although this gentleman was ignorant of the nature of clairvoyance and Spiritualistic phenomena, his visions were a type quite familiar to clairvoyants.

Unanimity of evidence is one of the best means by which to arrive at correct conclusions. One or even a few persons may err, but each additional witness, if agreeing, adds to the probability of the case, until finally its reality cannot reasonably be doubted. Than clairvoyance there are few things, the testimony to which agrees over so wide an area, nor more strongly opposed by persons who are biased by preconceived ideas, and yet see according to well-defined principles.

WHERE IMAGINATION COMES IN.

Imagination always takes the line of least resistance; therefore, when a developing medium sees an unusual vision it is doubtless due to the faculty of clairvoyance.

This, however, is not an invariable rule. The mind tends always to dramatize ideas capable of being expressed in objective forms. Dreams afford ample evidence of this. Digestive disturbance may give rise to a vivid nightmare; the dripping of water on a sleeper's face has been known to cause him to dream of a rainstorm; the dropping of an object making a loud noise has made a soldier dream of heavy artillery firing in a complicated battle scene.

It is a common experience for individuals to picture the scene which someone has been describing, and a few disconnected words have been known to set the imagination conjuring up elaborate pictures. The dream consciousness lies just below the limen of the waking consciousness ready to act as soon as the attention is relaxed. This is called day-dream-

ing. Youth is very subject to this, the day dreams being so powerful that ordinary objective experiences fall into the background and may hardly be noticed.

Some forms of spirit communications are very subject to the recipient's imagination acting in this way. As soon as the spirit's thought is projected onto the psychic's mind the imagination commences to dramatize it, and may form images very unlike that which the invisible communicator intended. The principal idea is, of course, retained, and makes a kind of background to the picture.

CAREFUL DISCRIMINATION NEEDED.

It is difficult to distinguish between what arises in the imagination and what came from an external source in such cases, and doubtless always will be. A great deal of useful information is thus lost and evidence for survival wasted. It cannot be helped, however. Nature pursues her way irrespective of the wishes of man. The intelligent psychic researcher must make allowance for this desideratum, otherwise criticism of mediumship will be unfair and harmful.

It is impossible to suggest a way out of this situation. The spirit of give and take should be cultivated by the medium as well as by the sitter. It must be as exasperating to spirits as to investigators, and a good deal of it must be written down on the loss side of the experimenter's account.

Some people are more intuitive than others and are able to realize instinctively when the message is of supernormal origin. This faculty can even be cultivated. Anyone who has had much experience of psychic phenomena is liable to develop the faculty of telling when a medium is functioning successfully and when not. This enables a better evaluation of doubtful messages or visions to be formed. This will be to the satisfaction of the sitter rather than to the critic, and shows that logic must not be too strictly applied to some forms of psychic investigation.

The mixing of imagination with clairvoyance is a source of worry to developing mediums, and causes many, through over-sensitiveness, to abandon the effort to cultivate their mediumistic powers. They are to be congratulated on their keen sense of honesty, but blamed for their bad judgment. Mediumship, especially when of the mental order, is never likely to be one hundred per cent. correct. The presence of the human factor makes it impossible. Association of ideas is inevitable and must be allowed for. In course of time less and less of the purely personal ideas of the sensitive will obtrude, until the supernormal quality becomes too apparent to be denied. Imagination, then, although still active, becomes less confusing.—"The National Spiritualist."



Someday!—"Some day our ideals will be realised, some day humanity will rise nearer to the possibilities which we now begin to see are within its scope. For already mankind has produced Plato and Shakespeare and Newton, like mountain peaks which catch the rising sun before the valleys and the plains; and when the average man has reached this altitude, what will the peaks be then?"—Sir Oliver Lodge in "Why I Believe in Personal Immortality."

No Sudden Break!—"The first thing we learn, perhaps the only thing we clearly learn in the first instance, is continuity. There is no such sudden break in the conditions of existence as may have been anticipated; and no break at all in the continuous and conscious identity of genuine character and personality. Essential belongings, such as memory, culture, education habits, character, and affection—all these, and to a certain extent tastes and interests—for better for worse, are retained."—Sir Oliver Lodge in "The Survival of Man."

A MIRACULOUS RESPONSE TO PRAYER.

At the close of Zodiac's address on Armistice Day at Ipswich, a gentleman (Mr. W., a Nonconformist preacher), gifted with clear vision, told the Editor of "The Greater World" that twelve months ago he suffered intensely from an internal disease and was to undergo a serious operation. The day previous to the operation he was in extreme pain and he resorted to most earnest prayer that God might help him.

Suddenly he saw three balls of coloured light floating in his room and there emerged from them three angels who approached him. Literally they turned him over in his bed and treated him, with the result that the pain ceased and a complete cure was instantly effected.

When the surgeon called the following day to perform the operation he could not believe his eyes. He could offer no explanation, but merely admitted that it was a miracle.—"The Greater World."

COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED.

I have no hesitation in saying that the proof to-day is ample that persons with mediumistic faculty exist, and that through use of their bodily organism, intelligences still existent but discarnate (and, therefore as it would seem, powerless in the material realm) can still make their presence felt, can still communicate, still exert influence, and still indirectly operate on matter, through the employment of the medium's bodily structure.

We may learn that the conditions into which they have entered are more favourable to their development, which is happier and freer than before. We can be told that their affections and powers and memories persist, that these things were part of their permanent personality, and were not essentially connected or limited to the bodily instrument.

They may go on to tell us that they have gained a larger comprehension of the possibilities and privileges of existence, and that they look forward to an endless progress into states of being too lofty for them to do more than dimly perceive.

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

Wish Me—"Bon Voyage."

Adieu and Au Revoir!
As you love me, let there be
No mourning when I go;
No tearful eyes, no hopeless sighs,
No woe, nor even sadness!
Indeed, I would not have you sad,
For I myself shall be full glad
With the high triumphant gladness
Of a soul made free—of God's sweet liberty.
No windows darkened, for my own
Will be flung wide as ne'er before
To catch the radiant inpour
Of love that shall, in full, atone
For all the ills that I have done,
And all the good things left undone.
No voices hushed! My own, full-flushed
With an immortal hope, will rise
In ecstasies of new-born bliss
And joyful melodies.

* * * * *

Rather of your sweet courtesy
Rejoice with me
At my soul's loosing from captivity.
Wish me 'Bon Voyage!'

JOHN OXENHAM.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Phillips Brooks.

THE FATE OF THE DRUNKARD.

HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE LIFE BEYOND.

A CRAVING THAT CANNOT BE SATISFIED.

In the August issue of this journal we related some of the after-death experiences of those who had committed suicide. This time we have to deal with the fate which overtakes the habitual drunkard. It is a sorry story and we trust it may act as a warning to those who are pursuing this evil course.

The day has gone by for questioning the reality and genuineness of communication with those in the Beyond. That is an established scientific fact, and therefore we are in possession of what is known as first-hand evidence on the condition of the drunkard on the Other Side. Most investigators have from time to time listened to the wail of the evil-doer in earth life, and if these experiences have taught him one thing more than another it is the fact that what is called death does not rid us of the sinful habits contracted on the physical plane.

* * * *

Death doesn't work a miraculous change in our characters. It leaves us just as we were prior to transition. The drunkard wakes up in the spiritual realm with the craving for drink still clinging to him; the lustful man is still in the clutches of his evil desires; and the miser is still bent on accumulating wealth.

But let us keep exclusively to the drunkard, and reproduce a statement made to the writer by one who drank greatly to excess when in the flesh. He was a well-known artist, and spoke on several occasions. His earlier utterances pictured him in a very distressing condition—longing for a "drink," and suffering intensely from a craving that nothing in the spirit life could satisfy. In course of time, however, he was enabled to overcome the desire, and it was at this stage that he spoke as follows:

MISERY AND REDEMPTION.

The curse of drink, from which I am now free, thanks to helpers, both on the earth and in the unseen world, is one which is, in many instances, the result of the spirits who had departed earth life with the habit and craving full upon them, and who feel in Hell because of their inability to satisfy the fearful craving of the body, for, although freed from the body, yet a great deal of the coarse, although, by comparison, sublimated matter, clings to them, and this they find extremely hard to rid themselves of. Their torture, in fact, is so intense that they can think of nothing but the satisfaction of their earth craving, and in this selfish desire is to be found the root of the cause which induces many mortals to drink to great excess.

* * * *

Do you not often remark that a very great percentage of artists are addicted to drunkenness? This is owing to the fact that the artist is, by reason of his more than ordinary sensitiveness, full of mediumistic power, and is therefore more easily controlled, both by the exalted and the debased—for all classes in the spirit world use the ignorant and inexperienced sensitive—and thus it is that the great genius is often the victim of intemperance, and is hurried to an early grave by the combined effects of alcohol and the using up of the vital fluid in the phenomenon of control, which, in such cases, becomes of the nature of obsession.

Some will say that heredity is the cause of this. But while this may be so, it only brings us back to obsession as the underlying cause, for it is the ancestor who is most frequently the obsessing influence, owing to the fact that the earthly magnetism of relationship makes obsessor and obsessed more en rapport than otherwise would be the case. Thus the general concept of drunkenness by hereditary tendency is still spirit obsession.

What a field of inquiry does this open up to medical men and earth philanthropists who are striving to help the unfortunate drunkard! When will they put aside their prejudice and calmly examine the facts of Modern Spiritualism, and apply them to the true salvation of humanity? In this field there are many working from this side—more from ours than yours—and when a spirit comes to a Missionary Circle for help, even though he may seem very boisterous and obscene, yet if you but extend your sympathy to him and prayers for his deliverance, you will most assuredly help him, just as I have been greatly helped by your friend, the medium.

You cannot fully realise the immense good which Spiritualists may accomplish by forming such Circles for the redemption of this class of wretched spirits, and not only drunken ones, but all kinds of undeveloped souls who are either too ignorant to help themselves, or too hardened to wish to progress, but are at the same time contented with their lot.

Alas, that Spiritualists are not more alive to the true interests of themselves, and that they should make the circle but the means only to material ends, and that they should fail to see and understand that a Man's truest self-respect consists in his regard for the welfare of others, and that in serving others he is advancing his own interests Spiritually!

* * * *

Why do the frequenters of seances only attend for the purpose of getting information upon purely earthly matters, while all around them there are those seeking light and help, and enduring torments which may be likened unto those of a veritable Hell? How often do we attend Circles bringing with us many anxious to be taught, for many are unable, while in the low state of development, to grasp teaching through a spirit, and it is only when they hear it from the lips of a mortal that they can understand and be made to realise their true state, and that they are, indeed, spirits who have lost their bodies.

I feel sure that if Spiritualists only realised their great responsibilities they would form Circles for the advancement of their poor brethren in the world unto which all must come.

There is food for reflection in this deliverance, and we leave the reader to thoroughly digest it.

The Awakening.

(Lines written on the death of a friend).

Ah! what is this bright gladness that doth fill
My eyes with painless tears, when I had thought
To step out into gloom of blackest night.
And listen! sound—yes, music—and so vast
And sweet, that fills both mind and heart with deep
Delight, and seems to leave no room for aught beside.
Yet—whence this fragrance that doth kindle long-
Forgotten memories of earliest boyhood years?
Till I can feel a warm arm round me thrown,
And on my brow the press of dear familiar lips.
"O, Mother, can it be that once again
I hold thy hand, and look into those dear
Sweet eyes of thine? Speak! let me hear thy voice."
"Hush, dear one, hush! Stay quiet yet awhile,
So shalt thou gather strength, and poise thy quickened
faculties.

Now let me wipe those joyous tears away,
So shalt thou see and know ev'n as thou'rt known.
Come, join the feast of love and service now
Prepared—know Life is Love, and Love is Life;
That service here is glorified, where all do yearn to serve,
And praise of Love is life's eternal joy."

G. W. D.

It is the mind that makes us rich and happy, in what condition soever we are, and money signifies no more to it than it does to the gods.—Seneca.

Why do we not as well commend a horse for his glorious trappings as a man for his pompous additions.—Seneca.

DO YOU READ?

If so, you should send for our latest Catalogue which will be sent, post free, on application.

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.

MELBOURNE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTIC LYCEUM.

During the past month several interesting discussions have taken place at the morning session, the most instructive having followed an intellectual lecture by Mr. Sherburn.

Our afternoon Mediums' Symposiums still continue to prove a source of comfort to many lonely ones who long for the sound of a voice that is still. We wish to thank the following mediums who have assisted us at these services:—Mesdames Peach, Martin, Shrader, Brownley, Buckley, Potter; Miss O'Neil; Messrs Stent, Shaw and O. Jones.

At the evening services the exponents of our philosophy have been: Mr Edgar Tozer, Mr Oliver-Jones and Miss Lambrick, while the Message-bearers have been Mrs Peach and Mrs Hogg.

Fraternal greetings to kindred Societies and best wishes for the speedy recovery of our Editor.

GERTRUDE GARDINER, Hon. Secretary.

SPIRITUAL RESEARCH SOCIETY, MELBOURNE.

We are pleased to report that Mr J. M. Moorey, after a five months' sojourn in England, resumed his work with us on Sunday, January 20th, when he gave a necessarily brief, though most interesting account of his trip, together with a few impressions he gained therefrom. The social arranged in his honour was well attended and proved a success in every way. We are indeed pleased to say that Mr Moorey seems fit and well and has certainly derived much benefit from the change. He is drawing large audiences to our services, and the seating capacity of the hall is taxed to its utmost limit.

Mrs Boden, Mrs Marshall, Mrs Pulfer, Mr Drake and Mr Plum have rendered us signal service: we thank them, as we do all friends and workers for their loyal support, practical assistance and help generally.

We offer our sincere sympathy to our worthy Editor in his illness and trust by the time we are reading this issue he will be well on the road to complete recovery.

WM. GREENWOOD, Recorder.

THE CHURCH FOR ALL, NORTHCOTE.

During the past month we have to report wonderful progress. Our membership is now over 200—and we are facing the 300 mark. At the last committee meeting Mr Harry Blaskett was appointed musical director. We intend making orchestral music one of our features. All members are commenting on the wonderful difference the orchestra has made. In a very short period we will have 30 instruments. Our thanks are due to Mr Blaskett and all members of the orchestra for the very fine spirit they are showing in promoting the interests of the church.

We regret to state that Mr F. Betts has been compelled to resign from the committee on account of ill health, we trust to hear of rapid improvement. Our Secretary, Mrs G. R. Johnston is still indisposed, and as yet unable to carry out her secretarial work. Madame Moreh has been elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr Betts.

We have had some fine lectures during the past month, and in every case very large congregations. Our Speakers being Mr Johnston, Rev. C. E. Abbott, Mrs Hanger, Mr Ridgway and Mrs Marshall, all handling their subjects in a most capable manner—revealing the practiced speaker and well thought out subjects. Demonstrations have been ably carried out by Mrs Arthur, Mrs Ezard, Mrs Kusch, Mrs P. Smith, Madame Gisel and Mrs Smith of Rotherwell Street Church, Mr Waller and Mr Johnston. We extend our grateful thanks to all the above. During the month solos were rendered by Miss F. Hanger and Mrs Johnston, and were much appreciated.

During the month we held a Dedication Service, when the infant son of Mr and Mrs Hall was dedicated to the cause of Truth and Humanity. The service was conducted by the President Mr F. Johnston and was entirely successful. The usual silver mug was presented by the church.

Great efforts are being made to make our 3rd Anniversary a huge success. The Anniversary will be held at the Town Hall, Northcote, on Sunday, March 17th. A number of very influential people have intimated their intention of being present. We appeal to all our Spiritualistic friends to help us with their presence. It is extremely desirable that we show a united front to the general public on this occasion, and we feel that our appeal to one and all will be accepted in the spirit in which it is extended.

Our earnest concentrations still go out to the worthy Editor of "The Harbinger of Light" (Mr Britton Harvey) and we trust that by the time of our anniversary services he will be fully recovered and be with us on that date. Hearty good wishes for the progress of all our sister churches.

E. E. WALLER, Assistant Secretary.

S. O. L. CHURCH, MELBOURNE.

It is very pleasing to be able to report that we have had a very successful month, with Mrs Hanger still with us and everyone working in perfect harmony. A continual flow of love and sympathy has greatly improved things, spiritually and materially.

During the month we held an "At Home" to increase the funds of the Church. It was a great success. Addresses were given by Mr Tozer, Mr Morrey and Mrs Hanger. Mr Moorey, who was listened to with great interest, spoke of his experiences on his trip to the Old Country. Mr Johnston sang two solos, and Mr Brooks gave a humorous recitation. We have to thank the mediums for the part they took in giving messages to those in need of them. Refreshments, provided by the ladies, brought proceedings to a close.

The Sunday services have been well attended, the seating accommodation being severely taxed in the evenings. We have to thank Mrs Hanger for this great improvement in our church attendances. We regret, however, that she will be leaving us to return to Sydney, earlier than was expected. We will ask our congregations to remain loyal to their church, and maintain the success Mrs Hanger inaugurated.

We thank our mediums for their continued faithful service, and also the healers for the beneficent work they carry on. We send greetings to all kindred Societies and good wishes to the "Harbinger of Light." We trust the Editor (Mr W. Britton Harvey) will have a speedy recovery from his illness.

P. J. STOKES, Hon. Secretary.

THE PRAHRAN SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

We have had many instructive and helpful lectures by Miss Lambrick and Mr Deacon (3), during the last month. On Sunday evening, February 10th, the service took the form of a Dedication, when Mr Deacon in his own inimitable style conducted the service, dedicating the infant son of Mr and Mrs Anderson to our cause. Mrs Plum has been the demonstrator at the evening services and has excelled herself with wonderful messages to seeking and, oftentimes, sorrowing souls.

The afternoon Message and Healing services have been the source of much good, for this we must thank Mesdames Wyndham, Plum, Sweet, Smith; Misses French, O'Neil; Messrs Smith, Windlow, Crowle and Plum. The recently-formed choir under the leadership of Mrs Shingles is doing much to ensure the success of the Sunday evening services.

Social evenings during the month have been successful.

With greetings to all Spiritualists.

L. J. PLUM, Hon. Sec.

MALVERN SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

"The very Brightest" is the phrase which correctly announces the services at the Malvern Spiritual Church for the month of January. Our afternoon circles (both message and healing circles) have had more than their share of work. The following message-bearers have given excellent service: Mesdames Holt, Woods, Potter, Baker, Satterley, Bell Javis, Douch; Misses Starr, O'Neil; Messrs Chapman, Hayhurst, Laurie and Gill.

We extend the hand of welcome to new workers to Malvern, viz.: Miss O'Neil and Mrs Bell Javis. Their work has been right up to the high standard always aspired to at Malvern. Our healing circle has been constantly operating and much relief has been given through its workers. Having with us Mr Midolo and Mr Gairn, along with our other workers, Mrs Betts, Mrs Hay and Miss Turnbull, we can look ahead with great satisfaction.

The truth of Spiritualism has been upheld at our evening services in very highest order by Mesdames Austin, Moreh. Miss Gardiner and Mr Knight and we are in the happy position of being able to assist sister churches at evening services with a Speaker or message-bearer.

At our quarterly meeting held recently both the spiritual and financial position showed great advancement and we have every confidence of great things in the very near future.

Wishing the bright journal every success and with thoughts of health and strength to the Editor.

WM. SHERBURN, Hon. Sec.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

UNITED SPIRITUALIST CHURCH (SCIENTISTS).

We had for our guest at the "At Home" last month, Mrs. Atherton, President of the Hurstville Church. The attendance was not as large as on former occasions, but an enjoyable afternoon was spent by all. We hoped to have Mrs. Cross Turner with us as guest, but she has been away on a well-earned holiday. We hope to have her in the near future. The attendance has been fairly good of a Sunday, and we have been fortunate in securing good speakers and demonstrators whom we wish to thank for their services, viz. Mrs Hopkins, Mr Harris, Mr Bert Johns, Mrs Rose Weeks, Mr McLeod-Craig, Mrs McDougall, our oldest member, celebrated her 90th birthday last month. In recognition of the good work she has done for the church, the members made her a life member.

W. BROWN, Recorder

HOLLYROOD SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, SYDNEY.

We are happy to report that our dear secretary, Miss Brown, has now practically recovered from her recent severe illness.

Our Sunday services continue to attract many investigators, the healing circle being especially well attended. Our fortnightly socials are also very popular. The last, conducted by the male members was a great success.

On the evening of the 7th, we had with us our dear friend and gifted medium, Mrs Benson, who held a seance in aid of our church funds. The results were most gratifying from both spiritual and material standpoints, and we are indebted to Mrs Benson for so kindly assisting us.

Fraternal greetings to all sister churches and to the Editor of "The Harbinger of Light."

GEO. A. CAYGILL, Hon. Sec. (pro. tem).

S. O. L. CHURCH, NORTH SYDNEY.

The work in this centre has been well maintained during the month—services well attended and new classes established. The Sunday gatherings have been made helpful, uplifting and instructive through the willing services of our Queensland friends—Mr and Mrs Holder. The seances also held each Saturday have been along instructive and educational lines, and together with the assistance of Mrs Temple, the efforts of Mr Jaeger have been efficiently supplemented, so that the interest has been maintained in both church and classes.

The students meeting for discussion each Sunday at 2 p.m., has helped to give an individual touch and unite the members on a common ground during the absence of our leader, Mrs Hanger, whose place despite all efforts of adherents and friends cannot be adequately filled. We look forward to her return at the earliest possible.

We are very glad to hear that our Editor, Mr Harvey, is a little better, and our prayers and concentrated thoughts on his behalf are sent out daily. Trusting for a better report concerning him during the coming week.

With best wishes to S. O. L., Melbourne and kindred Societies.

ELLORY MAJOR, Secretary.

S. O. L. CHURCH, WEMBLEY HOUSE, SYDNEY.

This centre, while presenting many difficulties in form of fluctuating congregation (the experience of most city churches) has still maintained a good attendance at the services which have been made bright, helpful and interesting by the combined efforts of Mr J. McLeod-Craig (who has helped by both lectures and demonstrations) Mrs Sparkes and Miss Major. We have been exceedingly fortunate in securing the assistance of several competent pianists—Mr Mead, Miss Mound and Mrs Easton. Also soloists, Mr Easton and Mr Brookes. We take this opportunity of thanking them heartily for their valuable services.

Our Saturday night lectures are well sustained. Mr Craig's series on various forms of psychic science never fails to interest the audience.

Our "social evening" on Saturday, 2nd, proved a great success. The musical part of the programme was entirely taken charge of by Miss Douglass who had secured the services of good pianist and singer. Recitations by Miss Baxter and some games followed, after which supper, when Mrs Hopkins kindly volunteered to "read cups," proceeds in aid of Piano Fund. Altogether a very happy time was spent.

In this centre at Sydney also we miss our Leader—Mrs. Hanger—and are prepared to give her a royal welcome on her return.

Our afternoon "At Home" despite the weather was fairly well attended. Mrs Rose Weeks gave a very inspiring talk on "True to Label." Different people in the audience contributing a few words of cheer and encouragement. Very acceptable musical items were rendered by Miss Venables and Mr. Waite—for which we tender thanks.

We of this church also desire to express sympathy with Mr Harvey in his illness, and continue in sending concentrated thoughts of love and health to him.

With greetings to all kindred Societies.

ELLORY MAJOR, Recorder.

NORTH SYDNEY SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

The church gratefully thanks all Speakers and Demonstrators who have taken our platform during the past month, viz.: Mrs Ellis (address on the power of music and song) and Mr Calnan (address on "What is Evidence of Life after we have left the Earth").

Our first open Sunday afternoon (10th Feb.) under the leadership of Mrs Maher was most successful. Mr Imrie opened with prayer and gave a short address on "The Power of the Christ Within." There was a large attendance of friends and workers. We wish to thank all who helped with the work and trust our next open Sunday afternoon in March will be as successful.

We are pleased to know that Mr Walker and Mr Thomson have been re-elected President and Secretary to our Council, as they have done good work for the cause. All success to "The Harbinger of Light."

S. H. FISHER, Hon. Secretary.

QUEENSLAND.

THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH, VALLEY, BRISBANE.

Our classes are one by one resuming after the Christmas recess.

At the monthly meeting of the committee held on the 14th January the item of most importance was the election of a President in the place of Mr Theodore Reinhold, who has passed into the larger life. There being only one nominee in the person of Mr S. B. Elkin, the Chairman Mr James McBlain declared Mr S. B. Elkin elected. The new president has been a member and officer and worker in the church for the last 20 years. Several officers and members spoke of the sterling qualities of his character and the great experience the president has had. In prayer we unite that our father, God, will bless him with power and wisdom, that peace, love and harmony may prevail in our midst.

Greetings to all in the cause of Spiritualism.

A. G. GENTNER, Secretary.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC CHURCH OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA (Inc.)

We held our monthly "At Home" on February 2nd, the first since the holidays, the guest of the afternoon being Mrs Kirby who gave a wonderful address on the Bible and also the messages. Mrs and Miss Challis played a piano duet, and Mrs Spencer sang two very fine songs which were much appreciated. We had a splendid Christmas Tree for the children, it being the first one given them. It was marvellous where all the people came from. One would not have thought there were so many Spiritualists in W.A. Money and gifts were all

donated by kind friends. Truly God is with us. The Turkey Club and naming of doll (kindly donated by Mrs Arthur) brought in a very nice cheque towards our building fund. The evening was brought to a close with a social and dance.

Each week new members are rolling in and quite a lot have been dedicated to the church as full members. We have had with us a visitor from South Australia, Mr Kittingham, who has kindly accepted our invitation to take the platform on the 17th inst. The Speakers for the past month were Mrs Florence Harris, Messrs Challis, McDonough and Knifton, the mediums being Mesdames Mitchell, McDonough and Hill.

The cancer appeal on the 15th December brought in the amount of £8/4/- a very nice donation for a good cause. A letter of thanks was received from the authorities.

Wishing "The Harbinger" every success.

(Mrs.) C. M. HILL, President.

NEW ZEALAND.

WELLINGTON SPIRITUALIST CHURCH (Inc.)

The Annual General Meeting of members of the church, which took place on Wednesday the 30th January, was an interesting and harmonious gathering. The Secretary's report, and the balance sheet, were favorably commented upon, and augur well for the continued financial and spiritual progress of the Church. The usual votes of thanks to the President, Speaker, Secretary-Treasurer, and Committee, were heartily accorded by the members. The following were elected to office for 1929—President, Mrs E. Webb; Vice-president, Mr F. Turner; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr G. Bodell; Organist, Mr Hy. Barton; Librarian, Mrs Mander; Committee, Mesdames Petersen, Murray, Williamson and Messrs Capt. Petersen, Wahren and Blenkinsop. Mrs Duguid was elected to take charge of the Literature Sales Table, in place of Miss L. Webb, who tendered her resignation after earnestly filling the position for several years.

The lectures during the month have been as follows:—"The Nature and Destiny of Man," "Rational and Democratic Spiritualism," "The Proof Palpable of Life After Death," "Reminiscences of Psychic Evidences," "Prove All Things, Hold Fast to That Which is Good," "Some Questions Answered," "The Founding and Objects of The Spiritualist Sunday Schools." This last was on Sunday the 27th and both Mr and Mrs Webb spoke on the subject of the Lyceum. It being the 66th anniversary of the first Lyceum, a special open session was held in the afternoon. There was a good attendance, and the following Lyceumists and visitors gave items: Mr Kitto, Eileen Swede, John Pauling, William Pauling, George Strachan. The Lyceum picnic to Worsler Bay, on the 22nd, was enjoyable, and fairly well attended.

Greetings to the Editor and sincere wishes for his speedy recovery from his recent illness.

GEO. 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.

- J. H. B. (Queensland): We thank you for scripts which will be looked into in due course.
- H. W. Y. (Auckland): "I accept everything," you say. We don't. But we gladly accept your little contribution suggestive of Whitman.
- E. F. O. (New Zealand): Thanks for interesting communication. Hope to make use of it.
- Le V. (Western Australia): Photo received. Regret not clear enough for reproduction.
- C. J. R. (N.S.W.): The Editor does not necessarily endorse all that is written in articles sent in by contributors. The article on Spiritualistic Literature, in February issue, is at least reasonably expressed, and is certainly not hostile to Spiritualism generally, even though exception may be taken to some of its criticisms on certain books recently published. A wiser discrimination is just as necessary in what we reject as in what we accept as genuine and evidential.

Professor Richet's Conclusions.—Professor Richet, the great Continental physiologist, has arrived at the following three conclusions in his "Thirty Years of Psychological Research" without yet being able to accept the Spiritualistic doctrines of survival and spirit-communication:—
(1) That the facts of metapsychics are real; (2) That they ought to be studied without religious bias, as one studies other sciences, and (3) That they seem directed by intelligences, human or non-human, whose intentions are only known in a fragmentary way.

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We must ask all Secretaries of Societies to be good enough to bear in mind that in order to facilitate the publication of "The Harbinger of Light," and assist us in keeping the Flag flying in these Southern lands, it is imperative that all Accounts should be settled **PROMPTLY AT THE END OF EACH QUARTER.**

THE EDITOR.

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