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The Harbinger of Light

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

Psychical Research, Spiritualism, and Spiritual Philosophy.

"Dawn approaches, Error is passing away, Men arising shall hail the day."

Founded 1870 by W. H. Terry.

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THE RESCUE—A CENTURY OLD STORY.

THE following story of some very remarkable "slate writing" — not through an automatic writing medium—is a good many years old. It is none the worse for that, perhaps all the better, for it goes to show the continuity of psychic experience and gifts. It was done through a form of psychic power, which, though common in the East, is rare in the West.

Mr. Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the ancient family of that name, was born, in humble circumstances, about the close of the eighteenth century, at Dumfries, in the south of Scotland, and was bred up to a sea-faring life.

When about 30 years of age, to wit, in the year 1828, he was first mate on a barkque trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick. On one of her voyages bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having neared the eastern portion of the banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun; after which both descended to calculate their day's work.

The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway descending to it ran athwartships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small square landing, was the mate's state-room; and from that landing there were two doors, close to each other, fronting the stairway, into the state-room. The desk in the state-room was in the forward part of it, close to the door; so that anyone sitting at it and looking over his shoulder could see into the cabin.

The mate, absorbed in his calculations, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead-reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out, without looking round, "I make our latitude and longitude, so and so. Can that be right? How is yours?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he rose; and, as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised its head and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

Bruce was no coward; but as he met that fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one whom he had ever seen before, it was too much for him; and, instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm that it instantly attracted the captain's attention. "Why, Mr. Bruce," said the latter, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?"

"No one that I know of."

"But there is, sir; there's a stranger there."

"A stranger! Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?"

"But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your

slate. Then he looked up full in my face; and, if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him."

"Him; whom?"

"God knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man, and a man I had never seen in my life before."

"You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!"

"I know, sir; but then I saw him."

"Go down and see who it is."

Bruce hesitated. "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said; "but if the truth must be told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone."

"Come, come, man. Go down at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."

"I hope you've always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing colour; "but if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather we should both go down together."

The State-Room Empty.

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the state-rooms. Not a soul to be found!

"Well, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "did not I tell you you had been dreaming?"

"It's all very well to say so, sir; but if I didn't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my home and family again!"

"Ah! writing on the slate! Then it should be there still." And the captain took it up.

"By all that is sacred," he exclaimed. "here's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?"

The mate took the slate; and there, in plain, legible characters, stood the words, "Steer to the nor'-west."

"Have you been trifling with me, sir?" added the captain, in a stern manner.

"On my word as a man and as a sailor, sir," replied Bruce, "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told you the exact truth."

The captain sat down at his desk, the slate before him, in deep thought. At last, turning the slate over and pushing it towards Bruce, he said, "Write down, 'Steer to the nor'-west.'"

The mate complied; and the captain,

after narrowly comparing the two hand-writings, said, "Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here."

He came; and, at the captain's request, he also wrote the same words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hand resembled, in any degree, the mysterious writing.

When the crew retired, the captain sat in deep thought. "Could any one have been stowed away?" at last he said. "The ship must be searched; and if I don't find the fellow he must be a good hand at hide and seek. Order up all hands."

Every nook and corner of the vessel, from stem to stern, was thoroughly searched, and that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity—for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board; but not a living soul beyond the crew and the officers was found.

Returning to the cabin after their fruitless search, "Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what do you make of all this?"

"Can't tell, sir. I saw the man write; you see the writing. There must be something in it."

"Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away and see what will come of it."

"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours lost, at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Go on deck and give the course nor'-west. And, Mr. Bruce," he added, as the mate rose to go, "have a look-out aloft, and let it be a hand you can depend on."

A Ship in the Ice.

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the look-out reported an iceberg nearly ahead, and, shortly after, what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.

As they approached, the captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after, they hove to, and sent out the boats to the relief of the sufferers.

It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally frozen fast, and had passed

several weeks in a most critical situation. She was stove, her decks swept—in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions and almost all her water gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hopes of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionately great.

As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's side, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen, three or four hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk.

At first he tried to persuade himself it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face, but the person and the dress, exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the barque on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. "It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir; the man's alive."

"What do you mean? Who's alive?"

"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved is the same man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce," replied the captain, "this gets more and more singular. Let us go and see this man."

They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward, and expressed, in the warmest terms, their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow-coming death by exposure and starvation.

The captain replied that he had but done what he was certain they would have done for him under the same circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then, turning to the passenger, he said, "I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you; but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate." And he handed him the slate, with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not.

"I will do anything you ask," replied the passenger "but what shall I write?"

"Write the words 'Steer to the north-west,'" which the passenger immediately obeyed, afterwards handing the slate back

to the captain. Stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, the captain turned it over and gave it to him again with the other side up.

"You say that is your handwriting?" said he.

"I need not say so," rejoined the other, looking at it, "you saw me write it."

"And this?" said the captain, turning the slate over.

The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last, "What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I only wrote one of these. Who wrote the other?"

"That's more than I can tell you, sir. My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon to-day."

The Mystery Explained.

The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise; and the former asked the latter, "Did you dream that you wrote on the slate?"

"No, sir, not that I remember."

"You speak of dreaming," said the captain of the barque. "What was this gentleman about at noon to-day?"

"Captain," rejoined the other, "the whole thing is most mysterious, and extraordinary; and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman" (pointing to the passenger), "being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more he awoke, and said to me, 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a barque, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig: and, to our utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight, she corresponded exactly to his description of her. We had not put much faith in what he said; yet still we hoped there might be something in it, for drowning men, you know, will catch at straws. As it has turned out, I cannot doubt that it was all arranged, in some incomprehensible way, by an overruling Providence, so that we might be saved. To Him be all thanks for His goodness to us."

"There is not a doubt," rejoined the

other captain, "that the writing on the slate, let it have come there as it may, saved all your lives. I was steering at the time considerably south of west, and I altered my course to nor'-west, and had a look-out aloft, to see what would come of it. But you say," he added, turning to the passenger, "that you did not dream of writing on a slate?"

"No, sir. I have no recollection whatever of doing so. I got the impression that the barque I saw in my dream was coming to rescue us; how that impression came I cannot tell. There is another very strange thing about it," he added. "Everything here on board seems to me quite familiar; yet I am very sure I never was in your vessel before. It is all a puzzle to me. What did your mate see?"

Thereupon Mr. Bruce related to them all the circumstances above detailed. The conclusion they finally arrived at was, that it was a special interposition of Providence to save them from what seemed a hopeless fate.

The above narrative was communicated by Captain J. S. Clarke, of the schooner, "Julia Hallock," who had it directly from Mr. Bruce himself. They sailed together for 17 months, in the years 1836 and 1837; so that Captain Clarke had the story from the mate about eight years after the occurrence. Later the mate became the master of the brig, "Comet," which was lost.

Asked if he knew Bruce well, and what sort of a man he was, Captain Clarke said: "As truthful and straightforward a man as ever I met in all my life. We were as intimate as brothers; and two men can't be together, shut up for 17 months in the same ship, without getting to know whether they can trust one another's word or not. He always spoke of the circumstance in terms of reverence, as of an incident that seemed to bring him nearer to God and to another world. I'd stake my life upon it that he told me no lie."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Convincing Proofs of His Survival.

Evidential Portrait and Written Message

By The Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, Vicar of Weston.

MY wife, for years past, has had most remarkable automatic writing mediumship, especially when sitting with my daughter Dorothy—the two forming a strong combination. Their messages have been marvellous in their fore-knowledge and accuracy and have covered a variety of subjects, including the great Italian earthquake and the overthrow of the city of Managua, the deaths of public men, shipwrecks and aeroplane disasters. All of them were fulfilled to the day, in a manner that has been awe-inspiring and most of them have been placed on record in newspaper offices from one week to three months before the event, so putting the forecasts beyond the possibility of denial.

On October 10, 1932, we got a message from our Italian communicator S——, to

the effect that Mr. William Hope, the well-known photographic medium, was coming to us soon. This did not appear likely, as I had no intention of sending for him, and I paid little attention to the message.

Next Sunday was our Harvest Festival, and on the Saturday evening (October 15), a certain Mr. H—— called unexpectedly at my Vicarage with a gift of fruit and flowers for the services. After presenting the gift, he astonished me by suddenly asking if it would be possible to "get Mr. Hope for a sitting."

Immediately the forecast came to my mind and I assented to the proposition. Mr. William Hope arrived at our Vicarage on Saturday, October 29, and in the afternoon we exposed four plates. Before we commenced operations, and while Mr. Hope was resting and chatting with us,

my wife mentioned the recent press attack on a psychic photographer. Mr. Hope commented on it, and casually remarked that he had been talking the matter over with Mrs. Buxton, his associate medium, and that he felt disposed to give up sitting for the public and was inclined to sit only for friends.

The day was dull and gloomy, snow falling at times. About 2.30 p.m. we commenced the short service which Mr. Hope invariably holds before photographing. A hymn was sung and prayer offered.

Two pairs of plates were then exposed and developed. The usual precautions were observed by us. We used a new packet of plates, signed on the wrapper with a guarantee that they had not been previously opened. I loaded the slides myself, and signed the plates through the shutter of the slide, after inspecting the slide, lens and camera. I carried the slide out to the camera and back to the dark room, where I developed the plates myself. Mr. Hope made the exposures under my keen and critical inspection. Had he wished to do so, he had no opportunity to change or tamper with the plates in any way. I personally developed the plates after carefully verifying the signature upon each of them.

On one of the first pair of negatives there appeared a splendid likeness of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, smiling pleasantly. For the second pair of plates we rearranged the sitters, and on one we obtained a truly marvellous result—a long message in Sir Arthur's own hand-writing, and signed with his identical signature.

This message covers the greater part of the plate, and appears in a thin film of ectoplasm through which in the negative, my clerical collar and the rectangular opening of my vest can be discerned.

Lady Doyle's Recognition.

Writing to me under date, December 11, 1932, Lady Doyle recognises the spirit face as Sir Arthur's, and says of the message, "There is no doubt whatever about it being my husband's own writing on the plate."

My signature on the plate shows clearly, proving no substitution; and the fact that I signed the plate through the slide

shows that no film bearing the message was inserted in the slide, while inspection of the camera and lens proved that none was placed in the lens.

The remarkable and peculiarly evidential thing about this wonderful manifestation, apart from the identity of the writing and signature, is the fact that it relates to and joins up with the conversation casually introduced by my wife, and commented upon by Mr. Hope a few minutes before we held the preliminary sitting.

The message reads as follows:—

My Dear Hope.—I have every respect for you, and admiration for your character, and I agree that you have been tested too often, and I sympathise with you and Mrs. Buxton. I am glad to see you here with friends. Tell Mrs. Buxton not to worry, because this cloud will pass, and all will be well.—Good wishes to all.

A. Conan Doyle.

On October 31 we sat again, and I obtained the following message from Sir Arthur:—

I came to give Hope encouragement, for I do not wish him to give up, also to convince your friends, for it is a perfect fool-proof picture and message.

Further, on November 2, Sir Arthur said:—

I greet you. As you saw, I got through with my photo and message. It will do more for spirit photography than all the rest, I am sure. I am trying to do great things, and I trust through you and Hope to do more.

On October 30 Mr. H—— also sat with Mr. Hope at my Vicarage, and got a recognised picture of a relative. On this occasion he had a very striking instance of Mr. Hope's clairvoyance. Addressing the gentleman, Mr. Hope gave a minutely accurate description of a woman, whom he saw beside him. This was at once recognised, and on the plate being exposed and the picture developed, the extra proved to be the person seen clairvoyantly.

Mr. Hope particularly emphasised the distinct central parting of the hair, the appearance of something on the head, which might be a cap, but of which he

was not sure, and the fact that she was deeply religious and read her Bible a great deal.

I have just had an old photograph shown to me by Mr. H——, one of the first Daguerreotypes, taken on a solid silver plate, in which the parting of the hair, the thin and scarcely discernible cap on the top of the head, and the Bible held in her hands, are all shown. Mr. Hope had never previously seen the sitter or the photograph, and did not even know the sitter's name.

Hope's Psychic Powers.

It is impossible to speak too highly of Mr. Hope's psychic powers. These recognised pictures of relatives and friends—of whom Hope had never heard, and whose photographs or pictures he had never seen; or of whom, in some cases, no picture had ever been made during mortal life—blow to smithereens all theories of

fraud. On October 31, just before leaving my Vicarage, Mr. Hope exposed four more plates. On two of them came fine pictures of our Italian spirit communicator, S——, of whom I trust to have much to say anon.

We had not been thinking of Sir Arthur and were at the time hoping to get evidence of the presence of persons entirely unconnected with him, but this we did not get.

Truly a marvellously evidential experience, and one more proof of the glorious reality of "The Communion of Saints," of which the Church to-day knows nothing. Up to the time of writing I have in vain approached the principal Church papers with a request that they should publish these facts, only to be met by an obstinate refusal. When will the dawn show in the Church's sky? When will she awaken to the facts?

A Press Investigation of Spiritualism.

Sir A. Conan Doyle's Historic Letter.

Eight years ago the "Sunday Chronicle" held an investigation into Spiritualism which professed to be judicial and impartial. Eminent personages were invited to join the Committee, and these included Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who left it immediately after the paper's so-called "Exposure" of Harold Evans, for "Masquerading as a Ghost." That sensational feat was accomplished by some persons present throwing a sheet around the medium while he was in trance and flashing on the lights!

Sir Arthur then sent this indignant letter for publication to the "International Psychic Gazette."

"I should be glad of an opportunity to dissociate myself from this body (the "Sunday Chronicle" Committee). I have, of course, never belonged to it, but in its early stages, believing the assurance given to me that it was a sincere and honourable inquisition, I gave their representatives some advice and my name was legitimately used.

"Since that time, however, no advice has been sought or given, and I should wish Spiritualists to understand that I have no possible connection or sympathy with the Committee.

"How honourable men and women can countenance an investigation which on its own admission has been as false as any medium could be, is beyond my understanding.

"They have suggested non-existent things to clairvoyants (of all people the most sensitive to suggestion); they have pretended to be Spiritualists; they have claimed false relationships with each other; they have invented dead relatives; in fact they have girt themselves round with such an atmosphere of falsehood that it is inconceivable that any true or high thing could come near them.

"Let me give them a word of advice. It is to dissolve their tainted association and then, abandoning all falsehood and mental arrogance, to approach the subject

individually, and in a chastened spirit. Let it be done, if possible, in a private circle formed by themselves in their own home. They will then be in a position to judge the value of their previous performance.

"I blame myself in the matter. After the James Douglas fiasco, I determined never again to help a press investigation. I broke my resolution in this instance. It will be the last time.

"But for the general guidance of Spiritualists in the future I would suggest

that no investigators should ever have assistance who have not put in a year's reading, which shall include Richet's 'Thirty Years,' Crookes' 'Researches,' Crawford's three volumes, and Schrenck-Notzing's 'Materialisations.'

"At present it is like letting children loose in a laboratory to test the conclusions of experts."

After this letter the Committee went to pieces, and no report of its conclusions was ever drawn up.

A Funeral Oration.

Delivered over the grave of George Milner Stephen, at the Melbourne General Cemetery by his friend H. Junor Browne, on Wednesday, 17th January, 1894.

It was Mr. George Milner Stephens dying request that his friend Mr. H. Junor Browne—the author of "The Holy Truth," should say a few words over his grave.—Ed.

FRIENDS,—We are met together for the purpose of paying the last tribute of respect to the mortal remains of our dear friend, who has so recently passed to the higher life, and of consigning his physical body to the earth, to mingle with the elements from which it was derived.

For him this life's fitful dream is o'er, with all its disappointments, and its sufferings. Having finished his allotted time on earth, he has now entered upon that higher condition of existence in which bodily pain is unknown.

While on the mundane stage of life he performed his duties nobly and conscientiously, but the mystic veil called death has fallen and we shall see his physical form no more.

To his friends and acquaintances he leaves a legacy in the remembrance of his unselfish services, his kindly virtues, and his love of the true and the beautiful, unmindful of the obliquity it entailed, he fought the good fight of free inquiry and triumphed over prejudice and misrepresentation.

His voyage through this life was not always on tranquil seas, but his reasoning powers steered him clear of the rocks of superstition and bigotry, and for many

years past he rested placidly in the secure haven of self-knowledge, consequently he had long been free from the fears and misgivings of priestly theology. He worked out for himself the problem of life and no man acted as the keeper of his conscience.

His religion was to do good. The belief of suffering humanity, and the enlightenment of his fellow men constituted his highest aspiration. He recognised no authority but his divine gift of reason, adopted no method but that of science and philosophy, and respected no rule but that of an enlightened conscience. While he duly valued the lessons of the past he discarded tradition as a ground of belief, therefore no book or Church formed the basis of his faith; on the contrary he vindicated the right to think and to act upon conscientious conviction. By a career so noble who shall say that his affection for his friends was impaired, or that his love for those connected to him by the ties of relationship were weakened? Quite the reverse of this was the case, his independent method of thought tended to develop those sentiments which have their rise in the love of human nature, which impel and ennoble all mortality, and

which, being grounded on personal conviction, manifest themselves in unselfish and worthy actions, more especially in giving relief to the suffering, and in the promotion of truth, justice and love. If perfect reliance on his spiritual knowledge in the hour of death is proof of its truth, then in the death of our friend the principles of Spiritualism are triumphantly established. This knowledge sustained him in health and in sickness; affording him consolation and encouragement at all times, and in the last moments of his life here when he was gazing as it were into eternity, it secured to him the most perfect tranquility of mind, resting on personally acquired knowledge of spiritual things, he had no misgivings, no doubts, no tremblings, and went undaunted into the land of the great departed with the full assurance that he would be met with joyous greetings by his loved ones gone before.

To the truly enlightened, death has no terror, the thought of physically leaving those on earth we hold dearest may cause regret, but the consciousness of a well spent life is all sufficient in the last hour of our earthly existence. What is erroneously termed death is but a passing shadow and there is nothing in it that should blanch the cheek or inspire us with fear. In its presence suffering and pain give place to rest and peace; the sorrow-laden and the forlorn, the unfortunate and the despairing find repose in the beneficent change called death.

The death of man's physical body is one of the natural and necessary changes that the spirit must experience in its deathless journey through eternity. As the sun at even sets to rise in radiance on another shore, so at the change called death doth the spirit quit its mortal frame to rise in newness of life in the glorious spirit world, which is not, as has been erroneously taught, a far off region, but lies close around us.

For as man's spirit interblends with his body, so does the spirit world interblend with the physical universe. The poet truly has observed:—

It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see;
Yet the soft closing of an eye,
May bring us there to be.

The spirit form of our friend, whose physical casket lies in the coffin before us, is, in all probability standing by our side, cognizant of all that is being said, and he will, without doubt, be frequently present with those whom he loved when in the body, to influence them, and to comfort them, until they are reunited in that life where there is no parting from those we truly love.

Oh what is death? 'Tis a fleeting breath,
A simple but blessed change;
Tis rending a chain, that a soul may gain,
A higher and broader range.

Oh then, though you weep, when your
loved ones sleep,
When the rose on the cheek grows pale,
Yet their forms of light, just concealed
from sight,
Are only behind the veil.

Humbly acknowledging the infinite wisdom, love, and mercy of God the Spiritual Father of us all, and reverently expressing our gratitude for the glorious evidence which Spiritualism affords of His goodness to man, we now commit the mortal remains of our friend and brother to the earth from which they sprang.

(The Coffin was then lowered into the grave).

The Casket here we leave,
To wither and decay,
The precious jewel it once held,
Hath left its house of clay.

The Casket is but dust,
The merely mortal frame;
And since it hath no further use,
Returns from whence it came.

The immortal soul is held,
Lives, through another birth,
And needing not the Casket now,
It gives it back to earth.

So may we labour here,
In goodness, truth, and love;
That we may meet in joy at last,
In that great home above.

Telepathy—Fact and Fake.

HUGH F. MUNRO.

(Mr. Munro is an eminent psychic investigator of Philadelphia, U.S.A.—Ed.)

PSYCHIC SCIENCE being still in its infancy has to devise names to indicate the character and differentiate its various phases, one of the most prominent being telepathy. The word was coined by Frederick W. H. Myers to replace the former term, thought-transference, and is derived from two Greek words—"tele," at a distance; and "pathos," feeling. It is defined as, "The communication of impressions of any kind from one mind to another independently of the recognised channels of sense." It is one of the few forms of psychic phenomena the reality of which has now been thoroughly established, although this is not yet admitted by the academic psychologist who still insists on regarding the brain as the sole causative organ of thought and consciousness. In the "Scientific American" for March, 1932, there appeared a review of Upton Sinclair's "Mental Radio," written by Walter Franklin Price, Ph.D., who was the research officer of the Boston Society for Psychic Research. He closes his review with the statement—

"After many years of experience in solving hundreds of human riddles—cases of conscious and unconscious deception, delusion and illusion—and with a due regard for my reputation for caution and perspicuity, I here register my conviction that Mrs. Sinclair has amply demonstrated the phenomena known as telepathy."

So far, no explanatory hypothesis has gained general acceptance and on the basis of a mechanistic theory of mind, none seems to be possible, for it is just as easy to imagine digestion one inch from the stomach as thought an inch from the brain.

Some form of radiation is occasionally assumed as a possible explanation, but the difficulty here is to understand how any of the forms of radiation with which the scientist is acquainted can be the vehicle

of an intangible idea. Then all forms of radiation obey the law of the inverse square, the effect diminishing with distance, whereas telepathic communications have been conveyed from Bombay to London as readily as between adjacent rooms. Whatever the explanation, certain facts are fairly well established, chief among them being the uncertainty of all telepathic experiments. The conditions hardly ever prevail that will ensure a 100 per cent. ratio of successes, in fact the nature of such conditions are as yet unknown and therefore beyond control. Most tests yield a considerable number of doubtful or negative results, many of the successes being spontaneous. Where an impression is received that to some extent resembles that sent by the transmitter several trials are often necessary before it is received correctly.

"Telepathy" Entertainment.

As a form of entertainment, telepathy has always appealed to the magician, although of late years the best of them have avoided it as being somewhat of a degradation of their art especially if it is put before the public as being other than a clever illusion. In the earlier forms of "mind reading" as used by J. Randall Brown, Washington Irvine Bishop and Stuart Cumberland, hidden objects were found, and numbers thought of by another were written on a blackboard, but the reader always had to hold the hand of someone who knew what the reader had to find out. Very simple tests showed that muscle reading was the explanation, but it required a remarkable degree of sensitiveness on the part of the performer. The writer saw Bishop hopelessly baffled when, by mistake, he took hold of the hand of a man who did not know the location of the hidden object.

A later method used by the Baldwins consisted in passing tablets and pencils through the audience who wrote signed

questions which they were requested to fold and put in their pockets. After one or two "specialities," Kitty Baldwin came on the stage and was covered by a large black cloth "so that she could not receive any signs." She then called out names and addresses correctly and answered the corresponding question. Between the leaves of the tablet there were carbon sheets (afterward replaced by a thin coating of invisible paraffin) and while some of the tablets were placed back on the stage, others were conveyed back stage. Kitty brought them on the stage concealed in her dress, reading them under the cover by means of a flash light.

In another form of reading the audience were given slips of paper and, as always the case, asked to sign them. The papers were folded, placed in a glass globe, and given to the reader. The reader without opening the first folded paper held it in his hand, and correctly read the name, address and question, someone in the audience always identifying it. The reader in order to verify the result then opened the paper and read what was written on it to the audience. This was repeated over and over again, and always identified. The secret lay in the presence of a confederate who put in a marked slip which the reader avoided. The first slip read, of course, was not that of the confederate, although claimed by him, but was one written by someone else, and the contents only known to the reader after he had verified it. This is known as the one ahead method.

"Telepathy" Codes.

Among the methods most frequently used are those where information is conveyed by code words, signs, etc., given to the reader by his assistant from the floor. Harry and Beatrice Houdini used this method in their old Dime Museum days and brought it to a high degree of development. One of the cleverest schemes was first used in Paris where the assistant listened to the whispered question and without any word being spoken or sign given had it answered immediately from the stage. The assistant had a concealed telephone transmitter under his shirt front with wires connected to heel and floor plates, terminating in a receiver concealed

in the turban worn by the "Mahatma" on the stage. The writer knows of one performer who spent three nights wiring every theatre in which his performance took place.

Another clever variation of the mind-reading trick where the reader from the stage with no accessories gives correctly the questions that have been collected from the audience. In this method a small and inconspicuous light flashed from the rear wall of the theatre is operated by an assistant who has secured possession of the slips and flashes the information by a system similar to the Morse telegraphic code.

There are numerous variants of the public mind reading entertainment and an old one was recently revived in Philadelphia. A professional magician holding forth at one of the theatres advertised a midnight seance, implying it would be spiritualistic. During its progress the usual trappings took place, alleged materialisations of forms, crystal ball message reading, and presumed spirit slate writing. The writer was asked to hold the slate while the Spirits wrote. Had the performance been put forward as anything other than an interesting entertainment, the writer could explain how the mind reading and the slate writing were done. He and a member of the Society of American Magicians assisted in the performance, and afterward agreed as to the explanation. In this case, the performer after a little preliminary "patter" has an assistant bring on a glass ball which he gazes into as it rests on a black cloth in his hands. The value of the entertainment lies in the degree of mystification produced and nothing is to be gained by dispelling the illusion. Both the mind reading and slate writing were done by rather obvious trickery, and the performer knew better than have any writing appear on the slates held by the writer and his associate.

It is safe to assume or at least suspect a similar explanation in all performances of this kind. The matter assumes a far different aspect where such things are claimed to be produced by psychic or Spiritualistic agency. In such a case, the performer should be given to understand that this claim is of itself a cause of sus-

picion and he should be challenged to repeat his performance under controlled conditions or be denounced as a fraud if he declines. Clairvoyance may and has been shown to produce what appeared to be telepathic phenomena, but telepathy is impos-

sible under the conditions that prevail in a public entertainment. Every Spiritualist owes it to society, to the Cause he represents and to himself to make any city an unsafe place for the charlatan who fattens on the credulity of his dupes.

"Why am I Certain that Spiritualism is True?"

By SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, in "Memories and Adventures."

THAT I am perfectly certain is surely demonstrated by the mere fact that I have abandoned my congenial and lucrative work, left my home for long periods at a time, and subjected myself to all sorts of inconveniences, losses, and even insults, in order to get the facts home to the people.

To give all my reasons would be to write a book rather than a chapter, but I may say briefly that there is no physical sense which I possess which has not been separately assured, and that there is no conceivable method by which a spirit could show its presence which I have not on many occasions experienced. In the presence of Miss Besinnet as medium and of several witnesses I have seen my mother and my nephew, young Oscar Hornung, as plainly as ever I saw them in life—so plainly that I could almost have counted the wrinkles of the one and the freckles of the other.

In the darkness, the face of my mother shone up, peaceful, happy, slightly inclined to one side, the eyes closed. My wife upon my right and the lady upon my left both saw it as clearly as I did.

... On another occasion my son came back to me. Six persons heard his conversation with me, and signed a paper afterwards to that effect.

... By brother, General Doyle, came back with the same medium, but on another occasion. He discussed the health of his widow. She was a Danish lady, and he wanted her to use a masseur in Copenhagen. He gave the name. I made enquiries and found that such a man did

exist. Whence came this knowledge? Who was it who took so close an interest in the health of this lady? If it was not her dead husband, then who was it?

All fine-drawn theories of the subconscious go to pieces before the plain statement of the intelligence. "I am a spirit. I am Innes. I am your brother."

I have clasped materialised hands.

I have held long conversations with the direct voice.

I have smelt the peculiar ozone-like smell of ectoplasm.

I have listened to prophecies which were quickly fulfilled.

I have seen the "dead" glimmer up upon a photographic plate which no hand but mine had touched.

I have received through the hand of my own wife, notebooks full of information which was utterly beyond her ken.

I have seen heavy articles swimming in the air, untouched by human hand, and obeying directions given to unseen operators.

I have seen spirits walk round the room in fair light and join in the talk of the company.

I have known an untrained woman possessed by an artist spirit, and rapidly produce a picture now hanging in my drawing room which few living painters could have bettered.

I have read books which might have come from great thinkers and scholars, and which were actually written by unlettered men who acted as the medium of the

unseen intelligence, so superior to his own. I have recognised the style of a dead writer which no parodist could have copied, and which was written in his own handwriting.

I have heard singing beyond earthly power, and whistling done with no pause for the intake of breath.

I have seen objects from a distance projected into a room with closed doors and windows.

If a man could see, hear, and feel all this, and yet remain unconvinced of unseen intelligent forces around him, he would have good cause to doubt his own sanity. Why should he heed the chatter of irresponsible journalists, or the head-shaking of inexperienced men of science, when he has himself had so many proofs? They are babies in this matter, and should be sitting at his feet.

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Why the Spiritualist Press Should be Supported.

By J. C. F. GRUMBINE, B.D.

Life Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters and Art, London, Eng.

NOWHERE can trustworthy information be had of Spiritualism, its progress, phenomena, leaders and its organisations except in the spiritualistic press. For this reason, if for none other, it should be widely supported by Spiritualists, circulated by them among their friends and given added publicity among the newspapers of the country. It would be a drab day when none of its weeklies or monthlies were available or could not be read and consulted weekly. Aside from the knowledge and comfort which the articles bring, one should not forget the report of seances and meetings where the phenomena produced by the Spirit World can be seen and investigated.

Ignorance and Prejudice.

The fact that such men as the late Houdini know nothing at all of the realities of spiritual phenomena, yet circulate, in the newspapers and in their public meetings, libellous attacks on mediums and Spiritualism, which prejudice thousands (who might otherwise have investigated) against the truth; a dynamic effort should be made by the spiritual press to correct these statements. Only recently, I have received clippings from magazines written by Seventh Day Adventists, who boldly misquote even the Bible to make out a case in their favour against the phenomena of Spiritualism, and bitterly attack the move-

ment of Spiritualism, not realising that it is the only true foundation upon which the Bible itself rests.

While these articles are ridiculous; they do shake the faith of the beginner, who unable to become thoroughly grounded in a knowledge of the genuineness of the phenomena, reads these articles by such warped minded critics, who attempt to use the Bible as their authority for the criticisms—wrong as their interpretations, even of the Bible, are—and with no refutation appearing in the Spiritualistic press to correct them, or set them right, it makes it difficult for the one new in truth. Of course, leaders in Spiritualism are too busy to pay any attention to every barking dog along the wayside.

Popular Slanders.

However, there is no falsehood that persists so tenaciously as the statement that the Fox sisters performed their marvelous phenomena by a certain manipulation of their toes. Even though it has been proven over and over again, that the "Rochester knockings" were genuine; there are men so infamous as to continue to garble the truth and to slander the fair reputation of these innocent girls. The same was said of the Davenport brothers, who demonstrated under scientific conditions, their psychic phenomena. Perhaps, it would be an excellent idea to devote a column or two of editorial replies to criti-

cism of Spiritualism as was done by Christian Scientists, in the early days of Christian Science, by the late Mr. Alfred Farlow and his staff of stenographers. Whenever a question arose as to the persecution of the healers or a libellous attack was made on the movement itself by destructive-minded critics, a reply was forthcoming in the press, which clarified the air and showed exactly what that particular movement taught, which resulted in this sect growing by leaps and bounds. Churches sprung up everywhere as a result of this subtle propaganda. The same would be true of our Cause if it would be as zealously championed and its fact were placed before the world.

The Press—the People's Bible.

The press was declared by so eminent a French writer as Balzac to be "the Bible

of the people." And, people who read the press, in many cases, believe what is said by it, whether it is false or true. Hence, eternal vigilance is necessary to keep informed of the facts. The spiritual press is accomplishing a great deal, but in order to widen its influence, its subscribers should be increased by thousands. In numbers, there is greater power.

Of course, there is no need of answering every Tom, Dick and Harry, who attempts to attack Spiritualism, and there is a great deal of truth in the belief that no one person or number of persons can weaken a movement or a teaching which is built upon incontrovertible facts as is Spiritualism, but we should not let slip the opportunity to make it clear that we will not stand idly by and see the truth outraged and maligned.

Materialised Forms.

AN ASTOUNDING STORY.

By Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, Sydney.

IN an article in the April issue of the "Harbinger of Light" some experiences of Sir William Crookes were given by Miss Edith Harper, in which Lady Crookes referred to Katie King, a materialised spirit, who had, on one occasion, taken Lady Crooke's baby boy in her arms and nursed him for a little while, Lady Crookes remarking; "I'm sure not many babies have had such an experience as my son had."

Lady Crookes, however, is not alone in her experience. Shortly before my father, (Mr. T. M. Brown) and I left England for Australia on a lecturing tour, a farewell seance was tendered to us by Miss C. Wood of Newcastle-on-Tyne. My youngest sister was, at the time, a baby one month old, we thought it would be a good opportunity to ask the materialised spirit to name and dedicate the baby if possible, as the seance was to be held in my father's house. A number of guests were invited, and, after the usual hymn and invocation, a tall radiant figure stepped into the

centre of the room and stood silent for a few minutes while we sang "Nearer my God to Thee." The form then approached my mother and said; "Do you recognise me, Annie?" My mother replied, "Why, it is Annie Denton, my cousin." "Yes," continued the form, and added, "I am going to dedicate your baby, Annie." She took the baby in her arms and walked back to the centre of the room, and in a few well-chosen words named and dedicated the child to the highest and noblest ideals of life. She then placed the little one in my grandfather's arms, remarking; "You never expected this, Uncle, when you nursed me as a child." "Why no?" he said, "but Annie, how did you get here?" "Well, you might not understand if I told you" she replied. "Ah, the same Annie" he smiled, "always knew more than any one else." Then, putting her arms round my grandmother's neck, Annie Denton kissed her affectionately. She next carried the baby to my mother, kissing them both, and proceeded to de-

liver a short address to the company, and after some remarks touching on our work in Australia she bowed to us and passed behind the curtain.

This occupied nearly an hour, Miss Wood the medium being visible to us all the time in a good light. Several other forms also appeared, notably "Brettimo" my father's guide and one of my own platform guides. They each spoke for some time and shook hands with everybody in the room. My sister, who was the baby referred to, is living in Sydney at the present time.

At the second seance at which I was present, the medium being Mr. Robert

Brunskill (an old friend of mine), the materialised form, a lady, walked out of seance room to an adjoining room, lifted a cradle containing a sleeping baby, returned, and placed the cradle at the mother's feet.

These are only two instances out of many which in those days it was my privilege to witness. Knowing the mediums personally I generally sat near the cabinet, and sometimes inside with the medium. This gave me an excellent opportunity to see the medium and spirit forms at the same time, for sometimes there would be three materialised people moving and speaking together.

The Change Called Death.

"CAN an apparently lawless event, as death, have the importance that would accrue to that which puts a final end to the soul's enterprise?"

"It seems to be much more natural to conclude that death is, in truth, a very insignificant event, seeing that the 'when' and the 'how' of coming count for so little. The fact is that Nature does not destroy or demolish. **It changes.** The probability is that nothing is finally lost. Physics will not admit the abolition of any form of energy; its task consists of watching its transmutations. But what waste would compare with that which it would bring, were death equivalent to extinction? The whole purpose of man's life as we have described it would be set at naught, and spiritual ends placed at the mercy of the most incalculable of natural events. Is it not far more likely that death is a pause than a break—at least in the case of man. For man's case is not like that of any other animal; he is self-conscious, and self-consciousness brings rights. Man has a **right** to the conditions which make for his well-being, if, indeed, the rule of the world is in God's hands; and extinction at death would sometimes violate, and at other times greatly limit, that right.

"Man's self-consciousness, and his claim to the conditions of moral well-being, have a final claim, which cannot be over-ridden by death . . . Some time, somewhere,

in some life, under some new circumstances and conditions, the soul, one would say, will awake and apprehend its true nature and destiny. For my assumption is, that the intercourse between man and his world will have a character on the other side of death similar to that which it has on this side. Such seems to be the demand of a moral universe . . . An object is proved real, an idea is proved true, when the denial of it brings consequences which are recognised as too insane to be entertained . . . Denial of the immortality of the soul implies absolute scepticism.

"Faith in the beyond may further be said to light up human history with a light that never was on sea or shore, somewhat as scientific faith lights up the history of the physical universe and proves itself by its own rationality."

The late Professor Sir Henry Jones (Glasgow) in "A Faith That Enquires"

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Radiations from Living Organisms.

By DR. DUDLEY WRIGHT.

DR. DUDLEY WRIGHT, of Bournemouth, England, in a lecture given some time ago to the British College of Psychic Science (London) said:

"Many medical men still ignored the fact and the effect of plant, animal and human radiation; but he was convinced that the study was of profound importance to the art of healing and would engage increasing serious attention. The scope of his lecture covered demonstrable physical aspects only; many radiations were so delicate that they could not be photographed, though their influence was seen, and more hidden still lay the psychical aspects of life.

"Dealing with the idea of the cosmic rays—studied by Dr. Millikan and others, and said to be a hundred times more powerful in penetrative force than X-rays—the lecturer showed a series of slides indicating the prejudicial effect on the growth of trees of underground flowing water—worse still, the effect of such streams under human dwellings. Statistics from German sources indicated serious and continuous illness on dwellers in such houses; and, where underground streams crossed, an increase in the incidence of cancer had been noted.

"Metals laid on sensitive paper emitted delicate radiations; and radiations from yeast and bacteria affected living organisms prejudicially. The luminosity of glow worms and deep sea fish, the migratory instinct of birds and of insects who could find their proper food though deeply hidden, were also illustrated. An experiment had been made on diverting the instinct of homing pigeons by the emission of wireless waves from a powerful station, with the result that the birds could only wheel in circles, and did not recover direction till the emission ceased.

"From such instances, Dr. Wright proceeded to discuss human radiations and their use in healing; the fact of telepathy; the use of the divining rod and its increasing use among French physicians for locating disease in the human body and also for

selecting the right medicines for cure, leading up to the value of the Abrahams method of diagnosis and treatment. The use of all these subtle forces for the benefit and not for the harm of humanity was the work of the future, concluded Dr. Wright, for widespread knowledge of these radiations would put immense power into men's hands."

"FIRST TRANCE TALK IN AUSTRALIA."

[The following letter appeared in "Psychic News"—Ed.]

IT must be between forty and fifty years since the first public trance address was delivered in Australia. Twenty years ago, a Mr. Bradley used to give brilliant addresses in trance which drew big crowds in Sydney, and many people to-day remember them.

For over twenty years, Mrs. Cross-Turner has given public trance addresses every week in Sydney. When Sir Arthur Conan Doyle went to a picnic during his Sydney visit, she went into trance on the ferry boat, in front of hundreds of passengers, officers and men of the boat, and allowed her guides to speak to him and the assembled company.

Mrs. Weeks, Mrs. Eleoner Morrell, Charles Bailey, and many other mediums too numerous to mention have frequently given, and still give, public trance addresses in Australia.

In Melbourne, Mrs. Knight-McLennon (one of the veterans) had been used thousands of times for trance addresses in public. Mrs. Annie Foster-Turner, both in Sydney and Melbourne, used to hire a theatre for Sunday evening trance addresses when W. T. Stead and many others spoke through her.

Apart from these, I first appeared publicly on the Spiritualist platform about twenty years ago, when I allowed my body to be used in trance by a Hindoo guide at the Female Operatives Hall, in Russell Street, Melbourne, and later at the Lyceum and the Victorian Association of Spiritualists.

In mentioning these facts, I do not for one moment wish to decry the splendid and worthy efforts of that very wonderful medium, Mrs. Hanger, but I cannot allow a mis-statement of facts to make out that Australia is so painfully backward in psychic matters.

Vyryan Deacon

Lorn Road, London, S.W.9.

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UNPARDONABLE IGNORANCE.

"We can ask a thousand questions about the after-life, and answer none of them, save by a guess."—Dr. C. W. Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham.

THE foregoing statement was made by the ecclesiastic indicated in an article entitled "After Death—What?", which recently appeared in the Melbourne "Argus." It is a singularly illuminating statement, in that it frankly discloses what a regrettable state of ignorance exists among even the leaders of the Christian Church on a number of superlatively important matters vitally affecting human conduct and destiny. Indeed, when enlightened people encounter, on the part of one who is reputed to be one of the most advanced thinkers in the Church, such a confession of palpable and pitiable agnosticism—in regard to spiritual realities—they are surely to be pardoned when they impatiently aver that the Church, through dissipating its energies upon the fallacies and puerilities of the past, is obviously incapable of assimilating the facts and realities of the present.

Such, unfortunately, is the truth: the Church, as now constructed and con-

stricted, because of her ignorance of modern spiritual certitudes, has no satisfying message for those myriads of earnest and intelligent people whose reasonable demands, as regards certain essentials of religion, require something more than a mere "guess"—even though it be by a high dignitary of the Church. As a matter of fact, if Dr. Barnes, and the clergy in general—would only acquaint themselves with some of the numerous channels through which are now steadily pouring inspiration and illumination, they would be provided with knowledge which would, ere long, certainly render superfluous, if not "a thousand questions about the after-life," at least many of them; nor would they, in all probability, find it necessary to regard the remaining number as unanswerable, "save by a guess." This, of course, would involve, on the part of the clergy, a recourse to methods (seances) which the Church has long discountenanced; but in no other way can the Church and the clergy obtain the knowledge they need—that knowledge, by the way, which alone can justify the existence of that venerable institution, or even ensure its maintenance.

Individual clergymen have already, through seances, in respect to the "after-life," absorbed an amazing amount of knowledge, about which Dr. Barnes and the clergy in general are evidently ignorant, but until psychical research is approved, encouraged—and even engaged in by the prelates themselves, the Church as a whole, will probably remain in ignorance of much of that illuminating and emancipating knowledge concerning life after death which is now extant.

Spiritualism, therefore, would invite Dr. Barnes, and his clerical colleagues throughout Christendom—to at least study some of the best of psychic literature, even if they will not condescend to attend any of the impressive and instructive seances through which such literature is rendered possible. And concerning "questions about the after-life," they might well commence their studies by reading the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas' "Life Beyond Death, with Evidence."

R. C. KEAST.

A Girl Stowaway's Uncanny Experience.

"Dead" Seaman Returns to Cabin.

MISS JEANNE DAY was an enterprising young lady, who, in 1928, determined to make history for herself by stowing away on a Finnish sailing ship trading between Australia and England. Disguised as a boy, she managed to hide herself on board the four-masted barque, "Herzogin Cecilie," before it left Australian shores at the latter end of that year. Miss Day told the very interesting story of her adventures in the pages of the "World Wide Magazine." Probably there was nothing farther from her mind on that memorable voyage than adding to the records of occult experiences. All the more value, therefore, attaches to her simple, straight-forward account of a strange incident that happened to her on board the barque, as given in the magazine referred to.

The sailor is proverbially superstitious—perhaps with reason. Cut off from the hectic life of crowded cities, and far from his fellow-men, he is brought close to the wonders of the Infinite, and he sees many strange and unaccountable things. Be that as it may, the episode I am now to recount is absolute fact.

As I lay asleep in my cabin one dark night, I woke with a feeling that there was someone in the room. I sat up quickly, but saw no one, although the uncanny feeling persisted. Lying down again, I drew the sheet well over me, but I could not get rid of the sensation that I was not alone.

Presently I peeped out once more, just to make absolutely certain, and to my amazement beheld the figure of the "Cecilie's" former sail-maker, whom I had met when she visited Port Lincoln the previous year, and who, I knew, had been paid off when the ship reached her home port. He was an old Irishman, a typical "shell back," with a keen, weatherbeaten face. He stood there looking at me with a disapproving sort of expression, and then seemed to fade away.

The vision was so vivid that the following morning I remarked casually to the Captain: "What happened to your former sail-maker—the man you had last voyage?"

"Oh he was paid off," he told me. "You're in his cabin."

Thereupon I told the Captain I had "dreamed" about the old man the night before; it wouldn't have done to say that I had "seen" him. I asked if he were dead, and was told that, on the contrary, he had been very much alive when the "Cecilie" left Sweden. I thought in my heart: "Anyway, he is dead now!" But I didn't say so; I even laughed at myself for entertaining such an absurd idea.

"He doesn't like a girl being in his cabin. That's what it is," laughed the Captain and mates, and forgot all about the incident. But night after night the old man appeared to me, till at last I kept the lamp burning through the dark hours and slept on the sofa instead of in my bunk. Later, when we reached Falmouth and received the Swedish newspapers, the Captain called me up one day and said: "Read that!" He pointed to a paragraph, and I saw to my amazement that old Gustafsen had died on the very day when I had first seen him! And that is the absolute truth.

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Psychic Invasion.

ARE WE GUILTY OF OBSESSING OUR SPIRIT FRIENDS?

By "The Welcomer."

"Dear Welcomer,—

I am terribly worried about a little friend of mine whom I suspect of being the victim of an obsessing spirit entity. Would you give me your advice in the matter?

She is only 15 years of age, and complains of hearing blaspheming voices abusing her, and at times urging her to actions which are quite contrary to her normal inclinations or her moral code. . . ."

I RECEIVED this urgent appeal in my mail one morning a few months ago. The letter, which was quite a lengthy one, gave me the details of what appeared to be a very interesting case of Spirit Obsession, and you may be sure that I lost no time in interviewing the patient.

The poor girl was rather pale and emaciated, and her eyes bore a look of fear which would have aroused pity in even the most callous heart. She told me her story, and her experiences seemed to bear all the indications of psychic invasion. I then instituted an investigation into the history of the case, and very soon was forced to alter my diagnosis altogether.

I first discovered that she had not yet experienced the normal symptoms which are indicative of puberty. I discovered that she was given to rather sedentary habits, and was consequently subject to constipation. A medical examination disclosed symptoms of anaemia accompanied by a toxic condition of the blood and slight ovarian deformity. Skilled attention of a purely physical nature was eventually successful in bringing about a complete and permanent "exorcism."

One often finds that the majority of cases of "obsession" arising around puberty, or the climacteric period can be traced to similar abnormal physical conditions. I have even known cases where constipation and auto-intoxication have been responsible for similar hallucinations.

A certain prevention and cure for this state of affairs is obvious. Normal people are never obsessed. A depleted nervous system, sudden shock, hysteria, an extremely sensitive constitution, weak will-power, or low morality are essential conditions preceding psychic invasion. Drunkards and drug addicts are most likely subjects, and even here the condition is often more neuropathic than psychical in nature.

An Obsessed Artist.

An artist friend of mine—whilst being a rather decent fellow on the whole—was given to

wild parties and other excesses which sapped his energies. He used to dabble in occult practices of a rather sensational and phenomenal nature. I told him that he was looking for trouble, but he refused to listen to me, called me a spoil-sport and a wet blanket. The climax came when he turned, what he called, a "Realist," and commenced to paint his subjects with their auras dominating the canvas, and the physical details vague, distorted and indefinite in outline.

Psychic investigation showed that he had thrown himself open to invasion by earthbound spirits who were obtaining vicarious satisfaction of their own desires by bathing in the astral-etheric emanations arising from his excesses. This type of obsession is rarely of a malevolent nature. The obsessing spirits are usually quite unconscious of the physical repercussions of their actions, and, quite probably, may not even be aware of the source of their satisfaction. Like many sensitives on this plane, they know that when they place themselves in a certain mental or emotional condition they are conscious of a psychical reaction which gives them pleasure or satisfaction. They do not know how or why this occurs, and they do not care so long as their ends are served.

It is impossible for spirits to directly contact earth conditions without altering their centre of consciousness. This results in the perception of a new and unreal world which partakes of the nature of both spheres, and is not true to either one or the other.

The same may be said of certain types of spontaneous and uncontrolled psychism. The consciousness of the seer is raised to a degree which prevents him from seeing the physical world in its true perspective, and yet the things of this plane are liable to colour his perception of things super-physical. This condition manifests in most cases of obsession, its intensity being determined by the conditions governing the case.

With my artist friend, the centre of consciousness was fixed midway between the astral and the physical in such a manner that he developed a permanent and spontaneous form of auric sight. This abnormal and uncontrolled psychical disorder was so real to him that he regarded it as normal, and from his lofty peak of mental aberration he viewed with disdain those fellow-mortals who could not appreciate his astral phantasies.

His clientele abandoned him, and eventually his health broke down entirely, and even skilled

medical attention proved ineffective. I suggested that his case be left in my hands. Faradisation treatment, combined with suggestive therapeutics, were tried as the initial steps towards a cure. (This was really a form of exorcism wrapped up in orthodox medical terminology in respect to the feelings of the patient and his family who were non-spiritualists.)

Later I took him away to the hills for a few months of active open-air life under rigid disciplinary supervision. This resulted in a permanent cure, and he is now earnestly striving to rehabilitate himself in the world of art.

I do not prescribe these methods as a specific for all cases of "Modernism" and "Realism," but it may be worth trying on some subjects who otherwise show promise of exceptional talent.

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Can We Obsess Spirits ?

Has it ever occurred to you that, quite possibly, obsession of spirits by earth folk may be even more common than obsession of earth folk by spirits ?

Like attracts like in the higher worlds, and you, being spirit operating on these planes even now, whilst consciously manifesting in the flesh, attract to yourself spirits who are in harmony with you. Your thoughts and emotions create a vortex in the Higher Worlds and actually vibrate the essence of the planes to which those mental and emotional forces are attuned in the same manner in which sound vibrates the physical atmosphere. These vibrations react on the psychic senses, attracting or repelling, pleasing or displeasing the recipient, and generally operating in a similar way to the vibrations of sound, light, colour, odour, taste and tactile sensation on this plane. In some mysterious way, this psychic vortex attracts attuned spirits to you, and they share in your joys, your sorrows, your passions and your peace and contentment. Your negative traits retard their progress, your positive traits—love, faith, desire to serve, etc.—aid in their advancement.

When I first experimented with hypnosis, I occasionally, and, quite unconsciously, kept my subjects "en rapport" with myself, and neither they nor I could understand why we were experiencing such unusual psychic disturbances, promptings, inclinations and impressions.

On Higher Planes, it is possible for weaker earthbound spirits to become "entangled in your aura" in a similar manner, and whilst neither you nor they are conscious of what is happening your unfortunate condition is creating unhappiness and inefficiency for both of you. This is a terrible tragedy which can be avoided by a little knowledge of psychic laws.

Think of the suffering that must be caused

in the astral world by the psychic repercussions of war, hate, drink, drugs, lust and licentiousness of every form, forces which intensify the darkness in the lower planes and keeps many spirits bound to the conditions which they must learn to break ere they can commence to journey toward the Light which awaits them.

Though the angel forces—the "Psychic Police"—are carrying on a continual battle to combat these influences, the responsibility is really ours, and we must undertake to dispel the clouds which separate their world from ours, and hold in bondage many souls who, obtaining the satisfaction of their desires, do not seek to sever the ties which bind them to ignorant earth people, to the dogmatic ideas and to the animal passions, lusts and emotions which are obsessing them.

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WAR AND RELIGION.

REV. DR. NORWOOD, an Episcopal clergyman, recently said in Albany (U.S.A.):

"We shall never have a warless world until we have a warless religion; and until we have driven the dread of death out of religion we shall always quarrel. Until we have accepted the divinity of man we shall always quarrel about the divinity of Jesus and the guns shall roar and men will shriek in the pangs of shattering death.

"We must achieve a warless religion before we can have warless world, for no Kellogg peace pact can bring us a warless living—but only a warless religion; and we cannot have a warless religion until gossip and slander, germinated in the feudalistic social order still existing in our world to-day, have been forever excommunicated from our thinking and we have come back into the experience of the resurrection."

AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

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Healing Power.

(By Ernest F. Marston, Proprietor, "Burra Record," Koorunga, S. Aus.)

IN response to the Editor, I am giving an account of a few experiences of healing by the laying on of hands. I am afraid that the personal pronoun will figure somewhat too prominently but, under the circumstances, that cannot be avoided. It is not my intention to either dogmatise or theorise, but simply to give a plain statement of facts and leave to others to find any explanation there may be. In the first place allow me to relate a curious incident which occurred prior to my having any knowledge that I was a medium for healing power.

Somewhere about forty years ago my eldest brother who was, until then, a strong, active young man, was suddenly attacked by a series of fits. Then his sight began to fail. Being at a loose end I took him to Melbourne and the trouble was diagnosed by one of the eminent surgeons in Collins Street as a tumour on the brain. He ordered the patient into hospital and performed an operation on the skull. After a piece of bone about the size of a shilling was taken out the blood almost hit the ceiling—a most unusual occurrence in head operations. The loss of blood was so great that the tumour could not be removed and after a little time I took him out until he should have recovered his strength. By that time the tumour had forced its way through the hole and had grown to the size of a mandarin orange. I was attending to the dressings when one day it struck me that the tumour was decreasing in size. When I took him to the surgeon on the next occasion I made a remark to that effect. The answer was, "Nonsense, Mr. Marston, that could not possibly be." A few weeks after I again was convinced that I was right and said so, and on examination the surgeon had to agree. The patient was taken to the hospital and the excrescences around the tumour were trimmed off and he left the healing institution. I again went on dressing his head and the tumour disappeared entirely. The incident caused so much interest amongst the medical profession that on it an article was published in the British Medical Magazine, but there was no solution of the problem. My brother is now between 70 and 80 years of age and is in good health. He never recovered his sight, the optic nerve having been destroyed.

About 30 years ago one evening my son, aged three, started to cry with toothache. I was reading at the time and somewhat impatiently went into his bedroom, pulled a bottle of eucalyptus off the mantelpiece, put a little on my finger and rubbed his gum. I then said, "Wait a minute, son, and I will get you something else." The reply was, "Oh, it's all right, Dad," and he turned over and went to sleep. Being somewhat of a

student of psychic matters, I thought it rather strange and on the next occasion simply put my finger on the aching tooth and the trouble again stopped immediately. As you may suppose, the youngster never suffered from toothache after that whilst I was in the vicinity. That was how I discovered the power for which I am the medium.

During the years I have treated hundreds of cases, but one or two outstanding instances will suffice for illustration.

Some years back a bank manager residing in this town slipped a ligature in his knee whilst playing golf. The local medical men could, so to speak, drag it back into position, but it would not remain in place. One doctor said that it meant six months in plaster of paris and the other said that there was only one surgeon in the world who could perform a sufficiently delicate operation to put it in and keep it in, and that surgeon was in London. Noticing that he was getting about on crutches I offered to try and alleviate the very great pain from which he was suffering. He agreed, and to my own astonishment not only did the pain disappear but the ligature went into place without force of any kind. However, it also came out again. This happened three or four times, then it seemed to become a fixture and one afternoon I told the patient to lift up his leg backwards. Instead of doing so gently he lifted it suddenly, then fell back on the couch and exclaimed, "It's out again, ring up the doctor." However, I insisted on treating it again and the ligature went into place and remained there and he has been playing tennis on it practically ever since.

To give another and a final instance. A few months ago a returned soldier asked me to treat him. He had been under doctor's treatment for a bullet wound which he got in the shoulder in 1917 or 1918, and which prevented him lifting his hand higher than his elbow. After three or four treatments he put up his hand as well as ever he had done in his life. He went back to his doctor and told him and the latter said, "But you can't put up your arm." The reply was, "Can't I," and he did so, much to the surgeon's astonishment.

May I say, in conclusion, that I have never charged for my services (often did not even get much thanks), the healing power is a gift and I have given. Had I had to depend on it for a living of course I would have had to charge a fee.

THE FOUR GOSPELS.

Translated From The Aramaic, By George M. Lamsa (A. J. Holman & Co., Phil., U.S.A.)

MANY European and American scholars are accepting the view which favours the Aramaic origin of the Four Gospels. Others assert that these writings first appeared in Aramaic and not in Greek.

Abundant proofs of this assertion are found in the Greek mistranslations due to misunderstanding of the ideas and customs prevalent in the days of Jesus. The Greek translators moreover read Hellenistic ideas and customs into the text. The King James Version has additional errors, which have led to great confusion.

Many new translations of the Four Gospels are in circulation. But there is urgent need for a translation which is free from racial prejudice, theological prepossession and sectarian partisanship. Above all it must give a clear understanding of the life and teachings of Jesus, with due regard to the Oriental background and context of his own day and to the original environment of early Christianity.

Such a translation is now offered by George M. Lamsa. He is an Assyrian whose native tongue is Aramaic. He not only speaks and writes in that language but he also has a thorough acquaintance of English.

This translation from the Aramaic Eastern version is therefore a distinctive contribution. It solves many tantalizing difficulties in interpretation; it clarifies the so-called hard and harsh sayings of Jesus; which were often paradoxical but never irrational; it presents the Saviour with his constraining charm, his impressive poise, his persuasive appeal, his inescapable power, his sweet reasonableness, his impartial sympathy, his acceptable mission.

A very attractive feature of this translation is that it reproduces the music of the Gospel message in a way that no other translation does. In this respect it resembles the King James' Version, but it is far superior in its renderings because the original ideas are conveyed with greater clarity and directness.

The fact that there are nearly a thousand differences between this translation and the King James' Version is of itself an arresting testimony. It will surely induce numbers of Bible students to turn to it for light upon many passages which have hitherto baffled and perplexed them.

Here are a few samples of the sayings of Jesus: "Enter in through the narrow door, for wide is the door, and broad is the road which

carries to destruction, and many are those who travel on it." Matthew 7:13.

"Oh, how narrow is the door, and how difficult is the road which carries to life, and few are those who are found on it." Matthew 7:14.

"The poor are given hope." Matthew 11:5.

"What do the men say concerning me, that I am merely a son of man?" Matthew 16:13.

"If two of you are worthy on earth, anything that they would ask, it will be done for them by my Father in heaven." Matthew 18:19.

"Whoever gives you to drink even a cup of water only, because you represent the name of Christ, truly I say to you that his reward shall not be lost." Mark 9:41.

"Behold I cast out demons, and I heal to-day and to-morrow, and on the third day I will be through." Luke 13:32.

"But I must do my work to-day and to-morrow, and I will leave the next day." Luke 13:33.

"Why did they separate themselves so as not to come and give praise to God, except this man who is of a strange people?" Luke 17:18.

"All who have come are thieves and bandits, if the sheep did not hear them." John 10:8.

"I am the good shepherd; a good shepherd risks his life for the sake of his sheep." John 10:11.

"Their eyes have become blind and their heart darkened, so that they cannot see with their eyes and understand with their heart; let them return and I will heal them." John 12:40.

The Introduction frankly faces the issues about the Aramaic originality of the Four Gospels, and presents an array of facts mostly unfamiliar to Bible students because they have hitherto been inaccessible. Mr. Lamsa's method of argument is both logical and analogical, thus combining the Occidental and the Oriental ways of approach to a problem. The Introduction furthermore is written in a readable style, free from technical expressions, and is readily understandable by the ordinary mind. Mr. Lamsa's modesty of manner and conviction of assurance are praiseworthy because he considers the whole question on its merits.

The list of Aramaic words which have different meanings enables us to understand how misconceptions led to mistranslations.

The beauty and lucidity of this translation amply justify its appearance. It is bound to have a most enthusiastic reception in all the churches, as well as among earnest groups of seekers outside the churches.

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A Visit To Lily Dale.

BY A. J. BLAIN, PERTH, W.A.

On the evening of 30th July, I arrived at Lily Dale, and next morning I went to what is known there as "Inspiration Stump." It is the stump of a large tree, and speakers stand on it to address the gathering of people, who are sitting around on benches.

The maple and poplar trees grow very tall, straight and close together at Lily Dale, and here there has been a circular clearing made, and the splendid trees grow all round close together and spread their branches above, leaving a circular centre opening above of about 10ft. across. It reminds me of the old Pagan temple of Jupiter in Rome.

I made an appointment to have a Trumpet Seance with a Mrs. Bladshaw and her sister that evening at 8 o'clock, and with a Mr. De Chard next day at the same time. In the afternoon I went to the theatre to hear T. Jack Kelly, a ballet reader, read and answer questions in sealed envelopes. He was blindfolded with three handkerchiefs, tied tightly one above the other. The music was a harp, a 'cello, a violin and a grand piano. There were about 500 people present. People placed their envelopes in a basket at the door as they went in, and after Kelly was blindfolded, the envelopes were emptied on the table. He picked up the envelope, called the writer by name frequently, and gave the contents word for word very often.

The day before I left he gave me the contents of one without opening it, word for word, and said, "Is that right, Alexander," and walked down the steps, blindfolded, and handed the paper to me. It was correct. Not only could he not see, but he could not possibly open his eyes. He would give the writer's messages from their dead relatives, giving their full names. Only comparatively few of the messages were read, only about fifty each time.

I had one ready. I thought I would fool him. I wrote on the envelope Sandy B. and inside I asked to be told about some letters in my pocket. When he picked up my envelope he asked, "Who is John Blain." I said, "My father's name is John Blain." He said, "He is here and gave me a message," and also others. Then someone called Charley came to say I often wondered how my shop was getting on, and not to worry everything was all right.

A German woman had some one come to her who could not speak English. Kelly tried to pronounce the words, but could not, so he called her up to speak to him herself. I was sitting in the middle front row behind the woman. Kelly was standing on the platform. The voice was coming from Kelly's Solar Plexus. It sounded like a whistling whisper, and was talking to the

woman in German, and she was talking also in German. The voice was speaking louder than the woman. I could hear it distinctly. Kelly was not speaking.

I went to a slate writing medium called Keeler. I wrote six names on a piece of paper, and folded it up, without Keeler seeing the names. I then placed six pieces of thin cardboard between two slates. He put a rubber band round the slates, and in about one minute the scratching began between the slates. I held one end of the slates and he the other. We had placed a piece of pencil in with the cardboard. In about one minute there was three taps in the slates, and when we opened them they, the cards, were all covered with writing, and each of them had one of the names I wrote previously signed to it. One of them was Joffey Blain, a deceased cousin.

Keeler had a seance every Saturday and Thursday evening. I attended three. There were on an average 50 people present. They were held in his front room.

In the right hand corner of the room there was a table about 20 x 20 in., and a banjo on top of it, and a tambourine on the banjo. I was always early and had a front seat. There were always two bright lights.

When everyone was seated a curtain was drawn across the corner, close to the table. Keeler sat next the door, and then he asked George to select a man and woman to sit with him. George purports to be the spirit of George Christie of the Christie minstrels. If George wants a lady from the front row he twangs the banjo three times. If not, once. Then each in turn asks, "Is it me?" If not, one twang, if yes, three. Then a man is selected. The lady sits in the middle, Keeler holds the lady's wrist with his left hand, and her arm above the elbow with his right, the man holds the lady's other wrist with his left. Then there is a cover, a piece of calico, put round the three, leaving their necks and head out, and the man's right arm. This is a battery to give George power. The two people are changed three times each night. George selected me twice in three nights.

All at once a terrific racket starts. The table is bouncing about, the banjo is playing, also the tambourine. Keeler's coat is taken off him and thrown out from behind the curtain. He says it has been taken off him two thousand times in like manner while holding a lady's arm with both hands.

George gave me permission, by raps, to look in behind the curtain on one occasion. The curtain was breast high, and there were two bright lights in the room. The banjo was playing away

loudly, but the tambourine was on top of it. Suddenly the tambourine lifted itself up and floated about almost on the level with the top of the curtain, and jingling away and the banjo playing and nobody there. Then the banjo fell to the floor. It was a startling and weird experience to see the strings of the banjo twangling and the tambourine floating up and around, and both of them sounding away without any visible means.

Then George, by raps, asks for another battery and there is a different lot of spirits in charge who are much more serious than George. George is very emphatic in his likes and dislikes.

On one occasion I had the best seat, close to the curtain, George picked out a man away at the back to act as one his battery. I was selected in the next batch. This man took my seat. When I was finished he tried to retain my chair. This is a thing Americans never do. He was not an American. Anyhow, I insisted on having my own seat, and he gave it up with a very bad grace. When he went up afterwards to look in behind the curtain the noise was unusually loud, but as soon as he looked in it stopped dead. After a bit he turned his head away and the racket started immediately. Before he had time to turn it stopped again. He tried to be too quick for George, but George was always too quick for him.

At last his patience gave out and he went away with a look of disgust. When he was about 8 feet away from the curtain George let fly the tambourine at him with great force, and it hit him between the shoulders, and between the blow and the racket of the tambourine, he jumped all right.

He teased a lady another night a few times, but unlike the man I have mentioned, he then let her see the banjo playing and the tambourine floating about without hands.

A man played the mouth organ, and George was handed in a wooden clothes peg split in two. He put up two fingers and a thumb, at least he showed half of them, and took them and beat excellent time on the banjo beside the strings to the music. The fingers were perfectly well formed and natural looking without tan, and under the nails perfectly clean. I saw his fingers a number of times 18 inches from my eyes, and he insisted on shaking hands with me three times at one seance.

One man said George gave him the grip, meaning no doubt some secret society grip. But that is only his word. Another man said his fingers tingled with the strength of George's handshake.

Now, Mr. Keeler's and others theory is that a spirit can only be seen by those who have what the Scotch call second sight, or are clairvoyant (meaning clear-seeing), but that when a spirit wants to perform like George he must have a medium from whom he can draw a certain substance called ectoplasm, and with this, combined with what he can withdrawn from those who are with the medium he can, according to circum-

stances build up a hand quite solid, or an arm from the same amount of material proportionately less solid or a whole human figure proportionately shadowy or flimsy.

I saw on one occasion three arms up to the elbow pushed out from behind the curtain at one time, but done very quickly.

This corresponds to the hand which appeared and wrote on the wall at the feast of Belshazzar at Babylon.

After George another spirit came and asked for a pad and pencil, and wrote the names of spirit relatives of the people present. The first night I got three, but they were signed Blaine, my mother's name always signed Isobella Blain, and after the first night it was spelled Blain.

On one occasion there was one signed Sadie or Sarah Watt. The corner was torn off this particular one, and I was pleased at seeing the corner missing, as I knew it would give me a good excuse for making a thorough investigation of the seance corner of the room. I did the corner thoroughly on my hands and knees, and found the missing corner of the paper. Well I thought I was very clever and secret, but when I went to get up Keeler was standing behind me grinning.

The idea was that the spirit friends gave their names to the spirit writer and he wrote them down and handed them over the curtain. When I was first sitting by him he seemed suspicious of me, and would not give me the papers, but waited for the man who was reading them, but later he became friendly and took them up to my corner. I could hear the scratch of the pencil on the paper and could tell by the sound whether he was writing on the table or banjo.

Once he asked for a knife to sharpen his pencil. One of the audience handed him an open pocket knife. He pretended to sharpen it on the banjo making plenty of noise. Then he shut it and threw it over the curtain and he was given a sharp pencil.

Then there were two fresh people selected to sit by Keeler and there was a Trumpet seance. The trumpet was like the horn of an old-fashioned phonograph, a piece of tin narrow at one end, wide at the other. The bright lights were put out, and a red one substituted. The small end of the trumpet was inside. Various voices asked for various people, and they came up and talked.

The spirits seemed to be quite satisfied with their condition. They objected to being referred to as dead, and many of them laughed quite heartily at their own and other people's jokes. Only one could speak at a time.

A voice announced that he was Charlie and wished to speak to his sister, calling her by name. The lady went up and Charlie commenced a sarcastic lecture on keeping so many of her relatives in idleness. Charlie was especially sarcastic on her keeping a niece and her thirteen children. She explained to Charlie that she had

a good deal of money left her, and she had promised the niece to keep her as long as she, the niece, lived. Charlie retorted, "How long is she going to live?"

She asked him if he really was her brother Charlie, and Charlie made a joke about her being able to know better than anyone else and he laughed heartily at his own wit, and his sister got offended and bid him goodnight. Charlie said he wasn't finished, but she refused to listen to any more sarcasm about their relatives. She is a very nice and kind-hearted lady, and she told me the details afterwards how she had come to promise to care for her niece and family.

A few evenings afterwards at the Auditorium, Mr. Frank Ceney was the medium and ballet reader, but with his eyes open. The aforementioned lady had a paper in. When he came to it he called her by name and asked her if she had been to a trumpet seance a few evenings before. She said she had, and was told that her brother Charlie was there, and it was really he who was speaking to her on the trumpet about their relatives. She also got other messages.

I went to two materialization seances at a Mr. Pederson's place. His wife is a very big woman. I should say over fourteen stone. She was the medium.

The lady sat in a corner of the room on the right of the door, and there were heavy velvet curtains in front of her, and there was a very faint red light in the furthest corner of the room. I was always careful to come early and have a good seat. On one occasion a spirit came out of the cabinet (the name given to the curtained corner). She said in a very low voice that she was Pearly the medium's deceased sister. That night I had the best seat in the room, and when I leant over I was four feet from Pearly.

She asked for a white handkerchief, and one of the men gave her one. She held it by each corner and waved it gently. It got more shadowy as she waved it, and bye and bye it was gone, and Pearly turned up her hands and turned them round and round to show it was not there. She commenced the waving motion again, and the handkerchief came again, and as she continued to wave it, it became more large and more filmy, until her hands were about three feet apart, each hand holding a corner of the handkerchief, and the other end of it was on the carpet at her feet. As she leant forward at least eighteen inches of it was on the carpet, but so shadowy that it almost blended with the pattern of the carpet.

After we had looked at it for a time, she commenced the waving motion again, and the handkerchief gradually came back to its normal self, and she threw it into the middle of the room, and retired into the cabinet backwards. She was not nearly so big a woman as the medium, nor so tall. She had a white robe on, and as far as I could tell in the dim light was nice-looking. To corroborate my own observations I asked several

of those present just what they had seen.

Now I will not tell you any more, although I have a couple of note books full. This ought to make a gentle tremor go half way down the first joint of your vertebrae. So chase each other up and down the forty or so joints of your vertebrae which this did not touch.

I will, however, tell you about the Fox Cottage at Lily Dale, and about Lily Dale itself.

The Fox Cottage.

Now this is the story which the lady in charge of the cottage told me, after charging me 1/- for admission:

In 1848 at a little village in New York State, called Hydesville, a family called Fox moved into a weather board cottage, or frame cottage, as the Americans call it. First of all outside and in front of the cottage is a copper slab, with the following engraved on it:—

The Fox Family—Margaret and Kate Fox, aged 9 and 11 years, received the first proof of the continuity of life, which was the beginning of Modern Spiritualism, March 31, 1848.

Brought from Hydesville, N.Y., its original site to Lily Dale, N.Y., May 1916, by Benjamin Bartlett.

This is the story of the lady in charge of the Fox cottage, with a few embellishments of my own.

In 1840 a Russian Jew pedlar was murdered by a family who lived in what is now known as the Fox Cottage, and this family moved away again. Eight years afterwards, 1848, the Fox family came to live in the cottage. There was a mysterious rapping; doors opened and closed without any apparent reason and by their own volition.

It was considered by themselves and neighbours to be the work of the devil.

The two little girls, who had apparently seen a portrait of "Auld Clotie," or heard a description of his cloven foot, nicknamed him Split Foot, and rather liked him than otherwise.

One day one of the girls said, "Split Foot, can you do as I do?" and she rapped a number of times. Split Foot did the same. Eventually there was a code arranged and by Split Foot knocking at the letter he wished to indicate when the alphabet was called over. He was enabled to tell them he was the spirit of a Russian Jew pedlar, and that he was murdered by the family who lived there previously. That he was murdered for his money, 500dol., and his body was buried in the cellar and he would lead them to the spot by raps.

The raps led to the wall at the end of the cellar. However, the spirit explained that it was a false wall built by his murderers, and that his body was behind it. The wall was taken down, and the trunk which was recognised as the pedlar's was found, and also his body, as he said.

In Lily Dale the virgin forest trees are left standing everywhere. The undergrowth is cleared away and you walk on a natural grassy lawn under a canopy of green. It is located in the Dunkirk Alleghany Valley. It belongs to the Nationalist Spiritualistic Society and it is 158½ acres. The Maple, Beech, Birch, and Hemlock trees grow very tall, straight and close together. It is located on one of the four Cassadago Lakes, three of which are connected by navigable channels. It has three parks, the Melrose, Lincoln and Caldwell. A Bowling Alley, Electric light works, croquet ground, tennis courts and swimming place on the lake. Plenty of fishing and pleasure boats. A fine theatre and dance hall. About 250 cottages, some of them private property, and some the property of the Society. The land is always leased, not sold. There are two good hotels, two stores, a restaurant, and a cafeteria.

There is a cover charge of 25 cents when one

first comes in the imposing gateway, and 20 c. per day afterwards. This is towards the upkeep of the place. Most of the houses are two-storey.

Lily Dale is a favourite resort of the Spiritualists. Many of them seem to be very wealthy.

There were many beautiful cars there, and I met people from all over the States and Canada, and I had a very enjoyable time, eating and drinking of the best; listening to lectures on various subjects, and motoring in the evenings.

I had many pleasant motor tours, especially with Mr. Sibly, an official at Lily Dale, his wife, a nice and another lady. We went through the country; on the shores of the beautiful Lake Erie and the country surrounding Fredonia and Dunkirk.

In Fredonia the W.C.T.U. had its commencement. Natural gas was first discovered here also.

A great part of the United States uses natural gas instead of coal gas. They put down pipes in the earth. It is very hot gas.

Books Worth Reading.

As there are over 2000 books on Spiritualism published, we can but stock a small proportion of them. However, we will gladly obtain any book not found in our list. It is necessary to give us the correct title of the book, its author, and by whom it is published. It usually takes about three months to get books from overseas. Address your enquiry to: "The Secretary," "The Harbinger of Light," 203 Collins Street, Melbourne.

A BOOK!

By "Amicus," Author of "Similitudes of Life."

HOW symbolical of Life is a book! We open the first page—all is new to us. All the people are strangers. We know nothing of what is ahead, or what will develop, neither do we know what will happen to the various characters.

Often the first chapters introducing the different persons are uninteresting. Sometimes, it is not until we are well into the book that our interest is aroused.

In life, as in the first chapters of the book, we are introduced to the principal characters, who will influence our life. Then, as childhood advances there is more of interest, until early manhood, when all looks fair and promising. We see not the battle-ground, and the sudden testing of character (the character that is moulded and made from infancy to boyhood). To some the testing comes early in life. To others, it is the later chapters that are most stirring.

Again, as life advances with its responsibilities, we cannot foresee the end, or even the events on the next page, or the next year of life.

Only in the concluding chapters can we look back, as in the book, and see the place and purpose of it all.

RECOVERING THE ANCIENT MAGIC.

By Max Freedom Long (Rider and Co.)

THIS book explains the ancient magic of Polynesia. We learn that the Hawaiian native practitioners, termed Kahunas, can handle elemental spirits "like tame animals," and that by using methods of development that have been handed down and preserved from bygone times they have acquired a complete knowledge of how to control the subconscious. The author explains the actual processes of the "lesser" and the "higher" magic. He shows that magic is a real power beyond doubt, and reveals the secrets of the attainment of magical powers.

As a contribution to the literature on Polynesia, its ethnology, customs, and beliefs, the work demands serious attention. As a first-hand study of the magic and magical powers of the Kahunas, it is unique.

The fact that it shows how the powers of magic are closely allied to Indian Yoga and European developments in connection with Psychology, Faith Healing, Hypnotism, and Psychical Research, makes the book of special interest to students of those subjects. It must be emphasised that it is the result of prolonged and original research, and consequently will prove of

great value to all who follow science in its advance into the unknown. Some very remarkable cases of fire-walking are described.

Our reader says of this book:—

"I consider this work will prove one of the most notable that has been, or will be issued by any publishing house during the present century. Price, 16/-, postage 5d.

—::—

A REMARKABLE NEW BOOK.

"A SEARCH IN SECRET EGYPT"

By Paul Brunton,

Author of "A Search in Secret India" and
"The Secret Path."

WHO would forget a silent night spent under the starry sky, alone with the Sphinx; who would have courage to pass a second night—of solitude, silence, and darkness—locked in the depths of the Pyramid, as did the author of this book?

He claims to have come into contact with ancient initiates of the temple during a period when he was "out of the body." He was taken through the whole initiation ceremony, which he describes in detail. His researches in the temples brought striking confirmation, and while exploring tombs in the Valley of the Kings he met a mysterious adept who gave him a message regarding the tombs of Egypt.

The book recounts extraordinary phenomena in connection with a magician and a fakir who, after being buried alive, revealed his secrets to the author. In Luxor, the author was initiated into the rites of snake-charming, at which art he proved remarkably successful.

Large Demy, 75 illustrations. Price, 22/6, postage 8d.

"THROUGH A STRANGER'S HANDS."

By Nea Walker. (Hutchinson.)

THIS important and revealing work gives a full account and record of communications received through a medium, not by the bereaved persons themselves, but by Sir Oliver Lodge's secretary in physical research, Miss Nea Walker, who has carefully chosen cases of which she had no knowledge available for "mind reading." The results described here are verified and annotated by those for whom messages are given.

Of great interest not only to students of psychical research, but also to the general reader is Miss Walker's method of making "requests" for the presence of communicators, without the knowledge of the medium. The technique is one by which the building up of a fictitious personality, according to expectation, is not possible, whilst the possibility of leakage of information, by telepathy or otherwise, is completely checked.

"Through a Stranger's Hands" is a book of the first importance to students of psychic phenomena, and general readers will also find it to be of immense and curious interest.

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"THE GUIDE TO PSYCHIC KNOWLEDGE."

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Edited by C. A. Dawson Scott (C. W. Daniel and Co.)

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"THE LIFE OF THE DIVINE POWER."

By Ross Holderness (Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd.)

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—::—

Sir William Crookes, O.M., F.R.S. (1918).

"I have never had any occasion to change my mind on the subject. It is quite true that a connection has been set up between this world and the next."

Is There Any Proof That the Soul Lives After the Body Dies?

By Rev. Theodore Bell.

I.

IT is an exceedingly widespread illusion that nothing can, with certainty, be known as to either the fact of immortality or the nature of the life after death. Even to-day many a man still thinks that these are regions of faith alone, or alternatively of the merest speculation, whereas, in fact, for at least fifty years they have been the object of investigations as painstaking, as cautious, as numerous, as those in the many other parts of the great field of modern science.

How is it, do you think, that so many of our most eminent scientists have been convinced that immortality is a proven fact? Not easily, you may be sure, nor as the result of just one or two experiments, nor by strange happenings which might be mere coincidence (for the investigators were, in many cases, convinced materialists); but by fact plied upon fact, experiment on experiment, till the cumulative weight of evidence became so vast that our survival of death ceased to be a matter of hope or speculation, and became a definitely established part of modern knowledge.

When it is remembered that these experiments extended over many years, and are to be counted by the thousand, it is clear that in this article only their merest outline can be suggested.

The Soul Exists During Life.

This is clearly a fact of the greatest importance: for if the soul does not exist to-day as something different to, and distinct from, the body, we have clearly no presumption that it will survive the body's death. This is where modern psychology can help us. The facts observed in hysteria, under hypnosis, in telepathy, and in the dream state, can all tell us a great deal about the relation of the soul to the body during life.

Take, for instance, the curious facts observed when a person is thrown into the hypnotic sleep—and remember that to-day hypnosis is a recognised and established hand-maiden of medicine in some of our most progressive hospitals. Now we know, as a matter of observation, that in the hypnotic sleep the flow of blood to the brain becomes so deficient that the brain is rendered useless as an instrument of thought.

Under hypnosis the normal person shows powers greater than those of his ordinary waking consciousness—he frequently becomes clairvoyant or he remembers things which he has quite forgotten. For instance, an English child, born in India, learned Hindustani from his nurse—coming to England whilst still the merest toddler, he naturally forgot entirely the half-learned lan-

guage, so that as a man he could neither understand nor speak a word of it. Hypnotised, the old power was regained, and he was able to talk with moderate fluency in the forgotten tongue. That is to say, when the brain is in hypnosis, rendered useless for thought, the soul shows greater powers than it can wield when the brain is active. Or again in sleep. In addition to the usual muddled dream, there are hundreds of cases where the soul has gained most valuable information whilst the body lies asleep upon the bed. Take a trivial example of this power. A child I knew told us one morning at breakfast that during the night he had seen part of the decoration of the roof tumble down from a particular house which he named. When we went out half an hour later we found that the accident which he had seen whilst his body was asleep had, in fact, taken place in just the way described.

Now it is facts like these, and they are numbered by the hundred, and by the thousand, which have convinced careful investigators that the soul of every man is a greater and a stronger thing than can ever be expressed through the body. That the body, then, is a cage, imprisoning and fettering the soul. That as in hypnosis the soul is stronger when freed from the clogging brain, as in sleep the soul shows powers far greater than those it can command when the body is awake, so does it appear probable that not only will the soul of man survive the body's death, but that it will live a fuller, freer life when unhampered by the body than any that was possible before.

The Evidence Of The Soul's Survival.

If, then, we see that the lesson of ten thousand experiments during life, suggest that the soul will survive the change of death, is there any evidence of such continued life? Again we must answer that the evidence is abundant.

Let us try by just one or two examples to indicate something of its nature, whilst remembering that these are not isolated incidents, but are merely typical of a vast body of testimony which could not be contained in a dozen ponderous volumes. Take, for instance, the well-known case of the farmer of Dubuque, Ohio, U.S.A., who, after his death, appeared to his youngest daughter, a girl of fifteen, and told her that prior to the fatal accident he had sewn 35 dollars into the lining of his coat. The coat, being much damaged, had been thrown away; but as a result of this vision it was recovered, the lining ripped open, and there, sure enough, were five dollar

bills, to the very amount which had been stated by the dead man. Clearly the soul of the dead farmer had survived the incident of death, and had appeared to his family, so that they should not lose the money which he knew they sorely needed.

Or consider the curious phenomenon of "materialisation." We may define a materialisation as the appearance of a spirit not casually, but under test conditions. It is, of course, obvious that in such experiments the most thorough precautions must be taken to exclude the possibility of fraud—the more so, as every student knows, that such frauds have constantly been attempted.

What happens is this: A group of people meet together in a room in which is a small curtained cabinet. The medium, of quite ordinary medium will suffice—she must be of quite exceptional ability in this direction—then taken her seat in the cabinet. After a while a shadowy form appears, which gradually condenses till it assumes a definite human form, the likeness of a dead person, and recognisable as such. In such a way your father, sister, grandmother, or some entire stranger, may appear. Now this has been done a hundred times under the strictest test conditions; the medium and spirit have been photographed together, the spirit has walked about the room,

been handled, even weighed, by our most competent, careful, and conservative investigators. It is not imaginative, ignorant, credulous women who bear witness to the reality of these phenomena, but calm, cautious, patient men of science—trained observers, the keenest minds of the age. It is not significant that the first man to apply the methods of science to the fact of materialisations was Alfred Russell Wallace, co-parent with Darwin of the greatest seed-thought of the nineteenth century—evolution.

The old trite quotation then, that death is that bourn from which no traveller returns, is almost ludicrously at variance with the facts. In hundreds and hundreds of cases they have returned, not merely as the ghost of tradition seen by some frightened woman in an old baronial hall, but rather in the cold, calm atmosphere of the laboratory—seen, weighed, touched, photographed by the most eminent men of science of our day.

Thus it is that Lodge and Lombroso, Edison and Graham, Wallace and Myers, the prophets of science of this later day, confirm with a single voice the unvarying testimony of the greater prophets of the past—the Founders of the world's religions—that man indeed is more than this body which he wears and that he survives its death.

Do Spirits Return?

By Frederick H. Haines.

FACTS are stubborn things; I have the facts: spirits do return. This is not mere theorizing, newspaper talk or a money-making catch. It is the statement of an intelligent, successful business man who has undertaken to devote the rest of his days to bearing witness of truth. I have seen, heard and talked with "the dead" and this in my own home without any paid medium. But when I tell you that I am an expert photographer and have won many prizes in photographic exhibitions you may say, "Have you ever photographed a spirit?" I have! Here we have facts and a photo.

It was a test case. I bought a packet of photographic plates in Watford, Herts., carried them unopened to Norwich where I was visiting, and called without appointment, in the company of a Church of England Minister, at a little cottage where William Hope, the medium, was making a visit. I obtained his permission to make a test. I took his camera all to pieces to see that there was no "fake." I handled the dark slides myself, loaded them, put them in the camera after I had focussed the lens upon a chair where I was to sit. Then, when I felt the spirit presence about me, Mr. Hope uncapped the lens. I then developed the negative myself with the above result. An expert's test. Fraud impossible.

In my recent book, "Nothing But The Truth,"

I give many more instances of the fact that spirits do return. But, comforting though that truth may be, it is of spiritual importance to our lives and to those that return. You must understand that Spiritualism is not something to satisfy your idle curiosity; it is something allowed by God through all the ages, recorded again and again in the Bible, that man may be comforted, blessed and uplifted to a better mode of life. Moreover it is good, holy news to know that spirits can return and link with their loved ones as my friends do with me. They have brought me wisdom and love so that my faith in Christ is sure.

Believe this: God is love and He has set His angels in charge of thee, even thee, whatever your present state. Be comforted!

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A Plea.

On Behalf of Animals.

(By Elsie Florence Grimes, B.A.)

SOME of the present generation of human beings have advanced so far in knowledge of themselves as to come to the conclusion that they are but the merest infants, scarcely out of their "swaddling clothes." This is splendid. Such an advance in knowledge certainly marks an epoch.

Having ventured to throw aside a little of our tremendous conceit and to review the history of the race with more enlightened eyes, one of the first things to strike us with a sense of horror is our past attitude towards war. To think that only a decade or so ago we glorified war and actually made heroes of men who murdered their brothers! Now we are bold enough to say that war is fratricide and to proclaim that a once honoured General or Admiral is no more than an exalted slaughterman whose hands are red with blood—human blood.

So far so good. The first humane impulses are stirring within us, and stirring mightily. It is now time to hint at the second course upon which mankind will embark in his overthrow of this bloody strife. This next step will be in the direction of protecting the lives of the animals into which our Creator breathed the breath of life. Already many human beings are awake to the repulsiveness of eating the corpses of animals.

I am now going to draw a picture. It is a disgusting one, but I make no apologies. Picture a farmyard in which is strutting about with amusing arrogance a fine young rooster. His fate has been decided—he will make a sumptuous dinner. The man of the house goes outside to do the bloody deed, carefully closing the back door behind him so that his wife need not witness the scene of bloodshed. We all have our sensibilities and to see a creature writhing in the death agonies is really not nice! The deed is done and

the housewife then plucks and cleans the bird—a filthy job. The most noisome parts of the bird's "in'ards" are put on a shovel, or some other fitting receptacle, for burial. The more respectable portions of the bird's internals are given to the cats—Oh, the horrid, dirty things, don't look at them! Aren't cats beastly things to eat the insides of a fowl?

Taking everything into consideration, it is much more genteel to remain in another part of the house until the operation is over and the carcass of the fowl is nicely stuffed with savoury herbs and onions and is altogether so disguised that we no longer feel sick at the stomach at the mere sight of it. How absurd to feel sick, anyway, since we are soon going to eat it!

All the preparations are now completed and the bird, "done to a turn," is eaten with relish, but if anyone sitting at the dinner table were so vulgar as to remind the other diners of the gruesome spectacle that had been enacted only a few hours previously he would be considered a real, low-down sort of person, certainly one not fit to associate with "nice" people.

How immensely funny are we humans! "Out of sight, out of mind" is an excellent work-a-day motto! When you sit in a charmingly furnished dining-room eating a juicy steak, why think of the slaughterhouse reeking with blood? It is immeasurably more comfortable to relegate such ideas to the mental garbage tin wherein all unpleasant mental impressions may be conveniently incarcerated. But be sure to keep the lid firmly closed lest some of the obnoxious smell inadvertently may find its way into that charming dining-room.

One realises that one has said quite enough on the subject. Did I hear you say "too much"?—Well, truth is not always welcome.

News of the Month.

MR. AND MRS. G. E. WRIGHT.

One of the high-lights of the Mission conducted by Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Wright was the Public Lecture and Demonstration Meeting held in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evening, the 20th May. Mr. Wright gave a very sound address on the religious and scientific implications of Spiritualism and Mrs. Wright gave the audience a remarkable account of a seance with Mrs. Duncan, the world famous materialising medium.

Despite the suspicion which surrounds Mrs. Duncan's mediumship, the speaker convinced a rather sceptical audience that, at least on this occasion, the medium produced genuine and remarkable manifestations of her wonderful gift. After Mrs. Duncan had been stripped, rigidly examined by two ladies and re-clothed, she returned to the seance room which had previously been inspected by the gentlemen present, and there, in a good light, nine evidential materialisations

took place. Sitters were able to see, converse with and in some cases, examine the materialised forms of their own loved ones. Mrs. Wright was granted the privilege of meeting her dear sister who had been on the Other Side for a number of years, and she assured us that there was no possibility of impersonation or any other form of imposture as the personal characteristics of the spirit—stature, voice, coloring, mannerisms and intellectual standard—were quite dissimilar to those of the medium, and even unlike that of any of the sitters present.

We, in Australia, are grateful to Mrs. Wright, for this vindication of one of the most remarkable mediums of our day.

SOCIAL AT TERRY HALL.

A very enjoyable social was conducted by Mr. Coleman and Mrs. Pulfer at the Victorian Spiritualist Union headquarters, Terry Hall, on Saturday afternoon, 23rd May. A very fine programme was provided by voluntary artists. Mr. and Mrs. Wright, who were the guests of honor, spoke on the importance of such social gatherings as a means of fostering mutual understanding among our adherents. Vocal items were rendered by Miss Dennis, Mr. Barnes and Mrs. Davies, Mr. Lucas being the accompanist. Humorous recitations were given by Miss Wiffin and Mrs. Purdue, Mr. Barker gave an inspirational pianoforte solo, and Mr. Coleman caused his audience to be convulsed with laughter at his humorous stories and anecdotes. Afternoon tea was then served and the mediums present conducted a short impromptu mesage circle. The Movement in Victoria could do with more of these enjoyable informal afternoons.

THE LATIMER PLAYERS.

Owing to the sudden illness of the leading man, and to the fact that a substitute was unprocurable, the Latimer Players were compelled to abandon the production of "Outward Bound" on Tuesday, 26th May. Mr. Latimer presented a very enjoyable variety entertainment of an exceedingly high standard to those adherents whom we were not able to notify of the change of arrangements. Everyone was more than satisfied and at the supper which was given to the performers and the audience at the conclusion of the entertainment many expressions of gratitude were voiced to the visiting artists. We take this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. Latimer and his cast for their initiative and their kindness.

MR. AND MRS. WRIGHT IN TASMANIA.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright left for Tasmania on the Nairana on Monday, June 1st, and we have received glowing accounts of their reception. The Masonic Hall, Hobart, has been engaged for the first part of their Mission and we feel confident that they will experience the success which they so well deserve. They expect to return to Melbourne on June 29th.

MRS. GLADYS DAVIES.

Concludes New Zealand Tour.

Appreciation of the splendidly helpful work which Mrs. Gladys Davies performed during her stay in Dunedin, and in the Dominion generally, was voiced by the local and National President of the Spiritualist Church of New Zealand, Mr. R. N. Ridd, at a most enjoyable farewell social tendered that lady when she left Dunedin on May 25th on a visit to Fiji. No visiting sensitive, said Mr. Ridd, had done more for the Movement in the city than had Mrs. Davies, who had won, not only by her gifts of healing, trance-mediumship and clairvoyance, but also by reason of her kindly and sympathetic nature, the love and gratitude of all with whom she had come in contact.

Mrs. Davies, in acknowledging the gift of a gold medallion (the official badge of the National Church) and accompanying documents, expressed the great pleasure and satisfaction which she felt at having been of service to the Spiritualist cause, and her gratitude for the kindness shown her during her stay.

Amongst those who assisted in making the occasion a memorable one was Mr. Harry Johnson, of the "Greater World" mission, whose lecture season in Dunedin coincided with the event. Mr. Johnson expressed his appreciation of the courtesy and the support which numbers of Spiritualist church members had extended to him during that season.

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Compiled by F. B. Austin, M.A., D.D.

Materialisation.

Genesis iii., 8.	Genesis xviii., 1, xxxii., 24.
Exodus xxiv., 10-11.	Ezekiel ii., 9.
Daniel v., 5.	Luke xxiv., 15, 16-29, 30, 31.
John xx, 19, 26.	

Spirit Writing:

II. Chronicles xxi., 12. Daniel v., 5.

Independent Spirit Writing:

Exodus xxiv., 12.	Exodus xxxi., 18.
Exodus xxxii., 16.	Exodus xxxiv., 1.
Deut. v., 22.	Deut. ix., 10.

Trumpet Speaking:

Exodus xix., 13, 16, 19.	Exodus xx., 18.
Revelation, 10.	

Trance:

Genesis xv., 12.	Daniel viii., 18.
Daniel x., 9.	II. Cor. xii., 2.
Acts xxii., 17.	

Healing—Old Testament:

Numbers xxi., 8-9	II. Kings v., 1, 14.
I. Kings xvii., 7-24.	II. Kings iv., 18-37.

Healing—New Testament:

Matt. viii., 5-13.	I. Cor. xii., 9-28.
Luke xiv., 2-4.	Matt. xii., 10-13.
Luke v., 17-25.	Mark iii., 2-5.
Luke ix., 11.	John iv., 47-54.
Matt. x., 8.	Luke ix., 2.
Luke x., 9.	Acts iii., 1-8.
Acts xiv., 8-10.	

Healing by Magnetized Articles:

II. Kings iv., 29.	Acts xix., 11-12.
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Independent Spirit Voices.

Deut. ix., 12-13.	I. Samuel iii., 3-9.
Ezekiel i., 28.	Matt. xvii., 5.
John xii., 28, 29, 30.	Acts vii., 30-31.
Acts ix., 4-7.	Acts xi., 7-8-9.

Spirit Levitation:

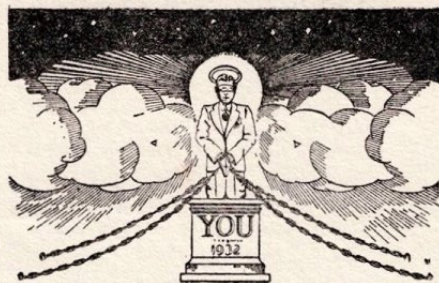
I. Kings xviii., 12.	Ezekiel iii., 2, 13, 14.
Ezekiel viii., 3.	Acts viii., 39.
Possibly also Matt. iv., 1.	

Spirit Tests:

Genesis xxiv., 14-19.	Exodus iv., 14-31.
Judges vi., 36-40.	I. Sam. i., 10, 11, 17, 26, 27.
I. Sam., x., 2, 6, 9, 10.	

Spirit Communication in Dreams:

Job xxxiii., 15.	Joel ii., 28.
Genesis xxviii., 12-15.	Genesis xxxi., 24.
Genesis xxxvii., 5-8.	Genesis xii.



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