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PSYCHICAL RESEARCH,
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LEADING FEATURES

The Babe of Bethlehem.

Should We Have a Holy of Holies?

A Dramatic Ghost Story.

A Christmas Message By Harry Johnson.

Spiritualism and the Clergy.

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The Harbinger of Light

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

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**We extend to all our Readers,
Contributors and Supporters
Hearty Good Wishes
for
Christmas and New Year.**

The Babe of Bethlehem.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN Shakespeare wrote: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," he was referring to those favourable conjunctions of causes and influences that result in material success.

There are spiritual high tides, too, that lift humanity to heights of power and happiness. One of these tides is Christmas-tide. The earth becomes peopled with beautiful thought-forms — myriads of Father Christmases—radiant with the everlasting light of love, happily carrying messages of affection, constructual wishes for all manner of good things, smoothing away cares, pouring healing balm into heart wounds—balm of forgiveness, the soothing oil of understanding, the elixir of sympathy—and bearing back to the sender joy and gladness—to expand the spiritual

consciousness and help forward the soul's evolution.

On Xmas Eve, we hear the sweet music of the sleigh bells of the gift-laden sleigh of dear old Father Xmas, and hear the crunching of the snow and the patter of the reindeer's feet, although it is all so strangely out of place in our southern clime. Santa Claus fills our stockings with gifts in the mysterious watches of the night, even as St. Nicholas did so long ago in far-off Russia. What though watchful eyes see only loved forms and youthful materialists declare, with a superior smile, that it is all a myth! When the spiritual sight is opened, then will be seen the beautiful spirits of Xmas who bless and saturate with love the gifts their human assistants are giving.

Once at least in the year the world is

lifted high above the sordid material things of every-day life, and live if only for a few brief hours, in the realm of loving and giving—hours in which is proclaimed an armistice from the warfare of daily life.

The merry bells ring out their joyous notes, re-echoing the happiness of our hearts. Friends re-assemble, and amid the greetings and hand-shakings, and good wishings and the making of gifts, we, for a time at least, reincarnate the Master-force of the Universe, whom we call Heavenly Love. C. Wordsworth sings:

"Mighty Spirit, gracious Guide,
Let thy light in us abide,
Light supreme o'er all beside
Holy, heavenly love."

The Birth-Stories.

What if the beautiful stories we associate with Xmas Day ARE myths, no more real than the joyous spirit we personify as "Father Xmas!" That the incidents surrounding the birth of Jesus did not happen—well! we feel that we would like them to have happened, and possibly we are very willing to believe, or, at least, "make believe," that the Arch-angel Gabriel did appear to Mary—that shepherds DID see and hear the angelic choir. Falling in with this mood, we can heartily join in the festival and enjoy the music, hymn and carol that saintly musicians and poets have written for us.

Must we really part with the stories of the Annunciation, the Angelic Appearances, the Wise Men and the Heralding Star? NO! a thousand times, NO! for all have a substratum of truth, they are the objective poetical expression of the subconscious experiences of humanity.

In these stories, we see the day-break of a new era. We are standing on the mountain side of human development, and are looking back, through 20 centuries, to the dawn. Across the undulating space of time we are seeing the birth of a new day in humanity's life.

This day-break is one of the most beautiful that mankind has ever seen. It is not ushered in with portents such as the Apocryphal Gospels describe, but with the silent majesty that accompany all God's works.

Observe the day-break of an ordinary day. The glory of the star-lit sky is waning in the east. It is partly obscured by

an archipelago of clouds. The dark curtains of night, hanging over the eastern horizon are transformed by the hidden sun into beautiful purple curtains, resplendent with orphreys of crimson and gold. As the sun rises, the stars melt like dew-drops, and the sky becomes a moving picture of unsurpassing beauty and indescribable grandeur. The west blushes crimson at the first kiss of the Lord of Day, and the awakened earth offers its praise with freshness, brightness and song. And soon—only too soon—all this transient beauty disappears and the glowing sun sheds its rays upon a busy practical world.

The stories of the birth of our faith, the dawn of humanity's new day, was ushered in with similar transient beauty. Man's hungering spirit looks backward into the past to catch a glimpse of the Vision Beautiful, and fill his soul with this awe-inspiring manifestation of the Divine love; realising, that at the present stage of man's evolution, this was the highest and best that he could apprehend.

What the Birth-Stories Are.

The "Birth Stories" are the poetical materialisation of human experience, the objective expression of sub-conscious ideas. They are spiritual experiences, not physical events. Events that belong not to the seen—the transitory—but to the unseen—the eternal. This is why they appeal so powerfully to us, why we are loth to lose them, or to deny their truth.

The foundation, the framework, is historical, the embellishments belong to the transitory.

Just as the marble, in the hands of the sculptor takes a form to suit a particular purpose—so the real, the spiritual, is put into a form to suit its purpose. The historical fact is, that Jesus was born of humble parents, whether in Bethlehem or Nazareth, whether in May or December matters little, except as it served a purpose, to fit in with Jewish expectations, or to take the place of heathen festivals.

We may think it anything but right to "embellish" Truth; but we live in the twentieth century, with sixty generations of Christian teaching behind us. In the early dawn many grotesque shadows are cast, that disappear in the light of day. Behind the thick clouds of myth and superstition through which the light of truth

faintly penetrates, the pure Sun of Truth IS shining. As the day advances, a ray of light silvers the edge of the breaking cloud and gladdens the dark world. We could not, even if we would, deprive the childhood of the race of its share of light, even though it be dim; nor increase it, when we realise that childhood can bear no more.

Without the sun behind it, even the cloud would be invisible—it is the Truth that matters.

The Annunciation.

In the story of the Annunciation, we have spiritual truth. Apart from the fact that an angel did appear to Mary, the angelic visit may also be regarded as not the record of an event, but the symbol of an idea. The Gospel record is not the work of a press reporter, or even the statement of Mary herself. It is an attempt to portray what to every prospective mother must be the moment of her most solemn experience.

Like a glorious angel from the presence of the Most High, came the thrill of delirious joy and wondering awe as Mary realised that soon she would hold in her arms her very own sweet babe. In her heart a thought of the Psalmist took form. "Know ye not that the Lord, he is God, it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." Thus prepared, the Angelic Message followed: "The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee, therefore also your holy offspring shall be called the Son of God." To which as a response came a thought from Samuel, "I will be his Father, and he shall be my Son."

The Cradle of The Babe.

Let us with gladness and humility kneel before the manger cradle. Who is this wondrous child that lies therein? It is God manifested in the flesh—Humanity itself.

There are two streams of tradition meeting at the cradle of the Babe of Bethlehem—one through Joseph and the other through Mary—connecting Him with the House of David. They belong to the Transitory.

There ARE two streams, real, permanent, eternal, meeting in the Holy Babe Himself. One winding through the ages.

The patient, painstaking scientist has traced this stream back, back, even to its origin.

Twenty thousand years ago a prehistoric carver exercised his art on the walls of a limestone cave in what, to-day, we know as France; but that is but yesterday in time. Millions of years before then, great monsters despoiled themselves in the ocean that covered what we now call Australia. Ages before that again the first forms of life originated in the warm waters that covered the slowly-cooling earth. He stands in direct descent from these simple forms.

The scientist travels still farther into the past. Our minds cannot contemplate the aeons that separate the whirling fire-mist from its condensation into sun and planets—back, still farther back, until, greatly daring, the Creator's Thought is reached that materialised into those ions that are the base of matter, and in which was inherent all that is manifested in a human babe. Can any story equal in grandeur and beauty the tracing of this first stream of the Babe's humanity to Its Source?

The second stream is as short as the first was long, and its potentiality is even greater. It flows from the heart of God Himself to that of His Son. God manifest in the Flesh—manifested in Humanity.

Can we bear the light? Are the eyes so blinded with the mighty glare that the mind is dazed? Like those of old, do we fall with our faces to the earth, preferring the darkness of the physical to the splendour of the spiritual? Is the Vision of the Babe Beautiful too glorious? Its fiery, coruscating, radiant aura overwhelming? Do we cry, "Woe is me! for I am undone . . . for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts?" Small wonder!

Truth in the form of an angel of light, taking a coal from the Altar of Eternal Love, touches our dual senses—our eyes open, our understanding is exalted, and with new hearing the eternal heavenly song is heard. "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace among men of goodwill."

A Dramatic Ghost Story.

THE MAN WITH A LANTERN.

By GUY P. J. L'ESTRANGE.

I WAS seated amidst a merry little company of friends around a cosy fireside, when there came a sudden demand for a "ghost story." "Do tell us one!" begged a certain fair damsel, turning a pair of imploring blue eyes upon me, and the rest of the group joined in the appeal. I wavered, but I was not proof against such an entreaty, so I fished another cigarette out of the box on the table, and this is the tale I told them: As a matter of fact, the incident I am going to relate occurred somewhere round about this time of the year, when I was spending a Christmas week-end in the country, near Colchester, with some friends named Warren.

The Story.

It was, I recollect, the winter of 1930 and bitterly cold the weather, so when, on the Sunday afternoon, my host suggested a motor drive through the surrounding district, I am afraid I thought twice—perhaps more than twice—before giving an affirmative answer. The warm fireside, with its blazing log, seemed so much more attractive than a rush along bleak country lanes. However, at last I assented to the proposition, and muffled up to the chin in a thick scarf and heavy overcoat, I presently joined my good friend and his intimate acquaintance—a Mr. B.—in the latter's car.

As it transpired, I found the interior of auto warmer and cosier than I had anticipated, with the result that I soon found myself thoroughly appreciating the little "run." We drove down into the small market town of Sudbury, in Suffolk, where my wife and I went to live shortly after we were married, and I visited the dear old-fashioned house with the white walls and raftered ceilings which had once been our home; spending a delightful hour in front of the fireside that held so many pleasant memories for me.

It was exceedingly dark when we returned to the car, and I huddled snugly down into a back seat, giving myself up to happy musings, whilst my friend, one of the most understanding of mortals (now

—alas!—an immortal) forebore to interrupt my thoughts. So we tore through the bare lanes in silence, each immersed in his own reflections. The blackness of that early December evening made it impossible to visualise the scenery through which we passed; only the tiny patch of road immediately in front of us, which became illumined by our glaring headlamps, and the dim shape of the hedgerows on either side could be discerned in the gloom. Somehow, it occurred to me, the inside of the car seemed warmer and the more snug because of the unattractive prospect without.

"Look Out!"

We sped on, and presently came to a long, long lane, bordered on both sides with high bushes and lofty, bare trees. Dimly seen by our lights, it looked like an enchanted roadway, leading to goodness knows what weird realms; the gaunt trees stretching forth their black, leafless branches appearing as grim sentinels guarding the route. There was something eerie, I thought, about its forbidding aspect. We approached a slight bend. "Look out!" I shouted, leaning forward to tap Mr. B. on the shoulder, for we were travelling at a considerable speed. Immediately, he slowed down, half-turning to face me.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "Somebody standing in the middle of the road just beyond the next corner. I can see him through the hedge, by the light of his lantern," I cried. We rounded the twist in the road carefully, but, to my intense stupefaction, the figure I had noticed was not to be seen. Puzzled, I blinked around, and then pointed with my finger: "Why, there he is, the other side of the hedge," I declared. "Yet I could have sworn he was standing right in the centre of the road a moment ago." We were now travelling at a snail's pace.

"I can't see anyone," averred Warren, in bewilderment; and, to my astonishment, his friend, likewise, protested there was no other person about, though they were both following with their eyes my outstretched

finger. "Surely," I exclaimed, "you must see him! Look, there he is, watching us!" But although I continued to point towards the exact spot, where a slight figure, clad in a long grey coat and carrying a queer old-fashioned stable lantern, stood motionless, they still avowed their inability to see him.

"Can you describe the man?" asked Warren, thoughtfully, as we accelerated and passed the place. I did so, as well as I could, and it seemed to me that my friend was much perturbed. "What's the matter?" I asked, curiously. "Matter? Oh, nothing!" "But you jumped just now," I persisted. "Is there anything strange in what I told you?"

The Haunted Ditch.

He hesitated a moment.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, at last. "The fact is, there was something strange about what you told us, though I didn't intend to mention it. As it happens, this lane, along which we're now passing, has a very evil reputation, for people say it's haunted. Mind, I'm not suggesting you can always pay much attention to talk of that sort, but in this case there seems to be some foundation for the rumour. Anyway, few folk living in these parts will venture this way after dark. "Do let's hear about it," I urged.

"There's not a great deal to tell," went on my friend, slowly; "only many years ago a man drowned himself in a ditch the other side of that hedge, and he took an old-fashioned stable lantern with him as he went to do the deed. When his body was discovered, that lantern was still burning, close at hand, and his friends were sorely puzzled for it was a stormy night.

A good while after that, a farm labourer was wandering along the lane, one dull evening, when he was surprised to see a figure holding a lighted lantern, standing near the ditch where the tragedy occurred. He hailed it, but no answer came back, and then, to his horror, just as he was within a yard or two of the form, it suddenly vanished. The man was terrified, and bolted for all he was worth; but later, when he gave an account of what he had seen, it transpired that his description exactly fitted the appearance of the suicide.

"As time went on, many other people claimed to have seen the ghost, with the result that local inhabitants began to regard this lane with a kind of dread, and plenty refuse to come along here, unaccompanied, even in daylight. There is a curious feature about the case, too. On some occasions, it is declared, two people have been strolling this way together, and whilst one has been scared almost out of his life by the appearance of the spectre, the other could see nothing." Warren paused. "That's all I know about the business," he went on, presently, "but there is a factor which ought to be considered before coming to a hasty decision. Everybody who claims to have seen the ghost—whether a stranger to the district or not—gives a precisely similar account of its appearance. You can't get away from that! Now your description of that man with a lantern—" "It agreed with all the others?" I asked, quietly. "Yes."

I meditated for a moment. "Whereabouts is that ditch?" asked I, in low tones. "We have passed it," came the equally subdued reply; "it was just where you pointed."

The car rushed on.

"Ted Is Not Dead!"

AUSTRALIAN VICAR'S ADDRESS TO SCHOOLBOYS.

By E. G. M. WRIGHT.

IN view of the prominence now being given to the growing contact between the Churches and Spiritualism, the following account of a funeral service that I attended recently at Orange, New South Wales, Australia, some 200 miles from Syd-

ney, may be of interest.

The funeral was that of a boarder in one of the colleges, which accommodates some 80 boys. The lad was only 15 years of age and had had but a brief illness before he passed on. In the Anglican Church in which the funeral service was held, the space was occupied chiefly by the boys of

the college. The coffin, which was covered with flowers, had been placed there the night before.

On the previous afternoon (Sunday) the Headmaster, instead of taking the usual Bible lesson, had talked to the boys on the subject of death, presenting it to them as a natural and unawesome stage in the progress of life.

The Vicar opened the service by saying: "We will sing Ted's favourite hymn, 'Sun of My Soul.'" At this stage it was not easy to control the feelings, and the hymn was not well sung; but the Lord's Prayer and the reading of certain passages from the Book of Revelation, in the Headmaster's familiar voice, seemed to give to the boys a firmer grip and a steadying strength.

The Vicar's Address.

The most remarkable part of the service, however, was the talk which followed—the line which the Vicar took being such as, though common enough among Spiritualists, is all too rare in some of the Churches.

"We are gathered here," he said, "to pay tribute and honour to Ted, not to mourn his passing. Give your sympathy to his father, mother, brothers and sisters. Ted himself is not dead, but alive; more alive than you are at this moment."

He referred briefly to Ted's home life, his school life, and his religious life, bringing out the points in each. Continuing, he said: "Ted's father, throughout his son's life, has sought to do his best for him, and his desires were fulfilled in the sending of his boy to this college, in order that, through this education, he might become fitted for his future life. Here in this Church, where his coffin now stands, Ted was confirmed; and he realised to some extent the responsibility that was his when the Bishop laid his hands upon him and prayed for the blessing and guidance of God."

"When presently we go to the cemetery and place this coffin containing the body of Ted in the grave, do not say, 'Poor old Ted'; do not shed a tear, for Ted is not in that body—that body was just the structure in which the character of his soul was built."

"Ted may now be looking at his life with

much interest. He will see the perfect pattern, and will also see his own faulty copy of it, due to the dropping of a thread here and a thread there; but he will now be able to put the mistakes right; the power will be his through the Will of God and the Love of Christ.

"I visited Ted on Friday last. He was very ill, but his eyes lit up when I told him of my new car and that I had been able to do 70 in her. 'That was great, sir,' he said. You all know how interested Ted was in aeroplanes, cars, radio and so forth; and his love of speed. Well, in the Bible we are told of the chariots in Heaven with the charioteers, those legions of angels that go here and there to do the bidding of God. Can't you imagine Ted wanting to take charge of one of these chariots and seeking to satisfy his love of speed?"

"So, boys, Ted is not dead, but alive, living a new and more gracious life, and also not forgetting us who are left behind, but still sharing in our lives."

As to the immediate effect of the Vicar's words, witness the confidence, and even heartiness with which the boys took the singing of the final hymn, "Fight the good fight."

After the service, the father told the Matron of the school that the address to which they all had listened had afforded him great comfort and had brought peace to his soul; for he had been tempted to reproach himself, wondering whether he had done the best that was possible for his boy. Then a prep. boy came up and said: "Gosh, Matron, I did not know that when you were dead you were alive. I guess Ted has a go at one of the chariots!"

IT'S A FACT.

WHAT in 200 years, between the sixteenth and the eighteenth century, more than 30,000 people were "lawfully" murdered for witchcraft.

Laws against witchcraft were in force until the year 1736, though the last executions took place in 1716, when a woman and her nine-years-old daughter were hanged at Huntingdon.

Should We Have a "Holy of Holies"?

FORMALITY VERSUS FRIENDLINESS.

By ELSIE FLORENCE GRIMES, B.A.

AS children at school, most of us were obliged to read that poem of Wordsworth's entitled "We Are Seven," wherein a little girl could not be made to comprehend that those members of the family who lay in the churchyard were in any way removed from the family circle. No doubt we disliked the poem, as we could not understand the vital message in the simple theme, and the style of the verse did not appeal to us. We dismissed Wordsworth as an idiot, and thought ourselves vastly superior. Oh, the arrogance of youth!

In our particular family, we feel much the same as did the little girl in the poem. Our dear ones who have passed over are of the family circle still. They like to "hover round" while we are making the porridge, for although they may not take such an interest in culinary affairs as they did erstwhile, nevertheless they realise that we must eat to live, and they do not disdain to take a friendly interest in mundane matters. They trot along by our sides when we go to the fowlyard to feed the chooks, they potter round the garden when a sunny day calls us out of doors, they do not object to a steamy kitchen when we are making jam. In fact, they are just the same dear ones as ever they were. No "parlour" visitors are these. In earth life, they had the freedom of the whole house; in spirit life, it is just the same. They make their presence known by knocks on walls, tables, etc., and we just thank them for knocking, give them a word of welcome, and then continue about our affairs.

A "Holy of Holies."

But so many books on Spiritualism had told us that we should, if possible, set aside a special room for spirit visitors and that we should always keep it fresh, sweet and holy—a hallowed place—that we were suddenly seized with compunction. Were we in danger of attracting bad spirits by our careless ways? This would never do. The books were so emphatic in telling us that we should have a tasteful apartment, fresh with flowers, for our communion with "the

dead." There should be music, and prayer, and reverence. Now be it confessed that the only time we invited our spirit friends to a musical entertainment (though to be quite truthful, they did not wait for an invitation—they just came) was on Sunday afternoons, when we continued the family tradition of singing Sankey's hymns to an organ accompaniment. We sang all the old hymns, "Onward Christian Soldiers," etc., not because the sentiment of all of them was particularly inspiring, but simply because we had known these old hymns from childhood, and it is so much easier to sing a well-known hymn than to learn a new one.

We determined to mend our ways. As we had a spare room, the matter was quite simple. We cleaned the room and polished it, brought in our prettiest cushions, arranged vases of flowers, and then dressed ourselves in our best clothes. As it was not convenient to remove the organ to this room, we compromised with a gramophone record of a devotional nature—Clara Butt's "The Last Chord." Then we prayed and waited. Nothing happened. More devotional music, more prayer. The room felt cold, bare and unoccupied. With a sense of failure, we removed ourselves, the pretty cushions and the flowers, and then—in the cosy warmth of the family living-room—we found our spirit friends patiently awaiting us. They were delighted with the flowers, when they saw them in their rightful place, on the living-room table. And they were glad we had brought back the cushions.

"Familiar" Spirits in the Best Sense.

But I am afraid that we must have hurt their feelings considerably. All these years we had welcomed them as kitchen visitors who had a perfect right—that of love and intimate friendship—to participate in all our little daily trivialities. And now, all at once, we banish them to the "parlour," put on our best "bibs and tuckers" to receive such distinguished visitors, and treat them to elevating music—they, who had been reared on Sankey ever since they had been able to lisp: "Jesus Bids Us Shine."

We did the best we could to make

amends for our former behaviour, and now, when a dear friend gives a rap just when we are in the muddle of washing up, we do not say: "Will you please be so kind as to wait in the sitting-room until I have time to take off my apron and change my dress," but we do just the same as we would do if this dear one were to come in the flesh. We can't actually give our visitor a tea-towel, and say: "Here you are, just in time for the washing-up," but we can say: "Hullo! Just sit down, there's a dear. I am up to my eyes in work, and rather grubby, as you observe, but, my goodness, I am glad to see you."

Our Guardian Angels.

Yes, we have tried this plan of keeping a "Holy of Holies," and found it a dismal failure. The argument put forward in favour of it is that in order to receive God's holy angels, we should have everything as beautiful, sweet and pure as possible. One

can see the point, but still one ventures to think that the ministering spirits are not going to withdraw from us till we leave the opportunity to make ourselves tidy and arrange the flowers. Aren't the guardian angels—than whom there are none more unselfish and loving—with us every moment of the day? Surely it is better to keep every room of the house a "Holy of Holies," in so far as one is able, and to endeavour to so purify our lives by little acts of kindness that God's lovely angels may be with us every hour of the twenty-four, no matter what our occupation may be or where we may happen to be situated.

God, Himself, is with us always. And if the Father Himself never leaves us or forsakes us, one thinks that His angel ambassadors do not need to sit apart in dignity in a sanctified Presence Room, they being too holy and unapproachable to commingle with us in our daily lives!

We've All Got Ghosts.

By W. Shepherd, F.C.S.

Man's sixth sense and the supernatural become fact, not fable, now scientists stop sneering at spooky happenings. We're all human radio sets, they say, explaining why some folk can see what isn't there and read what isn't written.

WITH science on their side, the Spiritualists get up steam for a round up of followers. A new wave of interest spreads, as men with lengthy letters after their names write letters now, admitting that they no longer scoff at telepathy and trances. If you still sneer at supernatural mysteries, remember scientists take many of them for granted, and seek to solve the riddle they set mankind.

It is an accepted fact that telepathy, or thought-transference, is common-place. Men do not use this extra sense, but experiments recently conducted at Cambridge have demonstrated that every time we think our brains emit electrical impulses. But although we're all radio broadcasting sets, few people can tune-in to the thought waves that crowd the ether. Those few, demonstrating their uncanny power, run the risk of jeers.

Real scientific work is now being conducted at Lund University, Sweden, to

prove that thoughts can be "received." Attempts are being made there to photograph the arrival of "intuitions."

Human Radio Sets.

It is more than probable that "telepathic twins"—twins who anticipate each other's thoughts, and laugh before they have told each other their jokes—are examples of a sort of human wireless communication. The human broadcasting equipment has already been discovered to be a fact, but the working of the receiving set is still a mystery.

Dr. Saudek, one of Britain's greatest psychologists, has definitely proved that the communications do occur, even with twins who were separated at birth and lived apart for twenty years. Thought waves might explain also how Ilga, a 10-year-old Latvian girl, can repeat aloud anything another person in the room is reading silently.

Kuda Bux, famous "fire-walker," is another mental marvel. Recently he read to a group of distinguished scientists out of an unfamiliar book—with his eyes plugged up with dough and bandaged! More uncanny still, this man with X-ray eyes, rode through London traffic blindfold, obeying traffic signals he could not see.

One amazing explanation of the human radio set is the tantalising idea that mankind, descended from one ancestor, is really only one Being. According to this theory your mind and mine and millions of others are just separate, free-moving cells of the one international Creature. We are all loose parts of one another. Each of us is to Mankind somewhat like the corpuscles in our blood, which appear to be individual organisms, although they are normally a part of our bodies.

Fantastic as this doctrine may seem, how else can you explain the strange case of Mrs. Frank Sherrin, of London, who spoke fluently in Gaelic while under an anaesthetic in hospital? She knew no Gaelic at all, when conscious. Yet in the theatre she chatted about personal matters in a strange language, which was fortunately recognised by the surgeon, Sir William McEwan, a Gaelic expert.

The Trance Artist.

If there is any truth in this idea of humanity as a single being, it might be possible for some minds to probe back into the past and recapture "dead" ideas. There is evidence that something of this sort can be done. Nobody has yet explained the extraordinary pictures of Miss Matson, of Isleworth, who is liable to go into psychic trances. While under the "spell" she paints landscapes in the style of Costello, an Italian artist who died 200 years ago. Miss Matson works at amazing speed on enormous canvases, and her pictures are always views of places as they were two centuries ago!

Similar is the case of Mr. Augustine, a French miner. Whilst working down the mine he claims to have had an impulse to paint. The miner bought palette, brushes and paints, and, untutored, set to work. Amazing perfection of his first finished work seemed to prove that he was guided by some supernatural force, spiritualists claimed.

In our mental hospitals a form of madness is sometimes met with in which the patient takes pencil and paper and writes page after page of undecipherable characters. The strange truth is that they are writing in a dead language, belonging to the ancient Mayan civilisation of Central America, whose system of writing has never been understood!

The future, too, seems to be not entirely beyond mental exploration. Indisputable facts, too numerous to be dismissed as coincidences, engage the attention of a group of German scientists who seek to solve the future and turn the fortune-teller into a scientific worker.

Most important of their data to date is the case of their daughter of the Norwegian Judge Dahl. This girl fell into a trance in 1933 and declared that her father would be killed in a year's time. Quite independently a Swedish medium communicated the same message at about the same time. The judge was actually drowned while bathing on August 8, 1934.

Helping the Police.

The man in the street is inclined to distrust not only these theories, but all the tangible evidence as well, if it tends to run against what he calls "common sense." Science, however, while not pretending to know **how**, finds itself bound to admit the facts. The facts are certainly there, explain them how you will. They have even been put to practical uses, and have materially assisted the police.

In 1934, a man with a strange personality, and even stranger appearance, arrived at Southampton en route for the British College of Psychic Science. His name, Albert George Barlett, seems strangely prosaic for a man dressed in mauve poplin, with a black velvet "beggar's cloak." He is known to occultists as Rohamah-Rhamah—the Deserted One. His bright green eyes have six deep red spots in them. He is not a spiritualist.

When he was in Southampton, he declared he "received" thoughts from a living person, and heard a voice saying: "For God's sake, come quickly!" Albert Bartlett hurried in the direction he claimed was indicated, and was able to rescue a policeman from death at the hands of a violent

burglar! For his services, the Southampton police presented him with a gold watch—a hard enough fact for the most matter of fact materialist. The story of Barlett's rescue sounds very melodramatic, but think a moment! What sort of an urge

was it that came upon him at that time? We have all felt fidgety about "nameless dreads" at times, but seldom to the point of tracking them down—and really finding something at the other end! It might happen to anyone.

Boy With "X-Ray Eyes."

IWELVE-YEAR-OLD Pat Marquis, known as the "boy with the X-Ray eyes" because of his ability to read correctly any message while blindfolded, has aroused the interest of medical men and University professors all over U.S.A. One hundred and fifty physicians at the Hollywood Hospital and two hundred at a County Medical Association beside the professors at Caltech have recently witnessed a demonstration by this young boy.

Since the boy while in a trance condition says that he is Napeji, an ancient Persian, and Dr. Armeed Fareed, a Persian physician in Los Angeles and other Persian scholars have vouched for some of the replies given in Persian, Spiritualism is coming in for a share of the attention, too. Commenting on this case in the Los Angeles "Times," Alma Whitaker says:

"Are the spirits of the legions of the dead making a concerted effort to communicate with us? That is the earnest belief of a great many people in the world to-day. The interest in psychic research has never been so widespread, or included so many men of repute in the scientific world as now. And many of them, originally confirmed sceptics, admit that they are at least puzzled by some of the remarkable demonstrations they have witnessed. . . .

"When Dr. Theodore von Karman, of Caltech, together with half a dozen other professors from the same institution, including two eye specialists, who bandaged the boy's eyes with many layers of adhesive tape, over vulcanised rubber goggles, met at Dr. von Karman's home, a news-reel of the event was made in 'the cause of science.' The professors themselves participated. . . .

"The fact that many messages are of a paltry nature, or just plain silly, and that

many mediums are 'fakes' is not deterring modern scientists from keeping an open mind on the subject. Even so illustrious a man as Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Foundation asserts that 'spiritual healing will cure all diseases and that spiritualism is a proved fact.' The greater the men, the less they are prepared to dismiss these matters as inconsequential. . . .

"The fact that so many mediums are women of humble origin, or simple-minded young people, is explained on the basis that highly educated people are apt to be opinionated and materialistic and therefore unreceptive to spiritual experience. It is noteworthy that when an intellectual is a convert, however, he goes the whole way. And the trend just now is for scientists and intellectuals generally to 'expose themselves to contagion.'"

SPIRITISTS AND SPIRITUALISTS

BETWEEN a spiritist and a Spiritualist there is great difference. A Spiritist is one who believes that communication may be had with those who live in the Spirit World by means of Mediumship, but does not subscribe to the religion of Spiritualism or recognise any of its Spiritual values.

A Spiritualist is one who, recognising the fact of communication with those who live in the Spirit World by means of mediumship, accepts also the teachings of the religion of Spiritualism and its implications of true Spiritual values in life here as well as in the hereafter.

In 1911, Mr. W. Britton Harvey originated the Egg Contribution for Hospitals. This has now world-wide reputation. Mr. Harvey was a Spiritualist, and for over twenty years Editor of "The Harbinger of Light."

Spiritualism And The Clergy.

By R. C. KEAST, Sydney.

(We learn with deep regret that the Rev. Wyndham Heathcote's Church was burnt out on Thursday, November 5th. Mr. Heathcote is a convinced Spiritualist and on many occasions courageously expounded our principles from his pulpit and from the public platform.—Ed.)

QUITE recently, the Rev. Wyndham Heathcote, B.A.(Oxon.), Unitarian minister in Sydney, delivered an address from the pulpit on the subject "Why I am a Spiritualist." It is an encouraging sign that, while the clergy in general resolutely ignore the case for Spiritualism, together with its advanced and enlightened religious implications, an individual cleric here and there has not only revealed a sympathetic interest in the subject, but is courageously explaining and expounding its teachings in his pulpit utterances.

This, of course, to a clergyman of such intellectual acumen as Mr. Heathcote is but a natural sequence; for, actually, the teachings of the Higher Spiritualism are, apart from spirit intercourse, almost identical with those of Unitarianism. To the Rev. G. E. Pocknall, however, that other gallant Sydney cleric, who has publicly embraced Spiritualism, the acceptance of the tenets of Spiritualism cannot have been other than a difficult task; for Presbyterianism, unlike Unitarianism, continues to regard as the essentials of all true religious belief such doctrines as the Virgin Birth, the Atonement, the Trinity and the Deity of Jesus.

It is true that such Presbyterian theologians as Professor S. Angus dissent from such a view, but such is, apparently, an exceptional case. While other Presbyterian clerics of the more advanced mental and spiritual type doubtless identify themselves with the teachings of this school, publicly at least, such heterodoxy is not disclosed.

A Confraternity of Spirit Communion.

In England, as readers of the psychic journals are aware, a society has been formed comprising a group of Spiritualists and a group of clergymen—notably, in this instance, of the Anglican connection. This Society is designated a Confraternity, its object being to induce the clergy to take

an unprejudiced interest in the claims of the psychic, to investigate its phenomena, and to disseminate, from both pulpit and platform, whatever of an irrefutable nature has been established in its connection. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart—a well-known author, as well as a prominent London Spiritualist—is the organising genius of this Society which, though only in its infancy, has already an impressive number of clergymen either as members or supporters. Members of the Confraternity do not, as members, associate themselves with any of the more doctrinal aspects of Spiritualism; for it is the conviction of Mrs. Stobart that Spiritualism's immediate objective is the conversion of the Church and the clergy to the reality and desirability of spirit intercourse; that, in brief, once that is thoroughly established within the Church, largely in consequence of such intercourse certain errors in Church teaching will gradually be rectified.

Can it be Formed in Australia?

Surely, in its aims, such a society merits commendation! And, moreover, what is possible in London, in this respect, ought to be possible in Sydney and Melbourne. Can we not have a Confraternity in Australia? Only a few more clerics in each of these cities of the type of the Rev. W. Heathcote, the Rev. G. E. Pocknall and the Rev. J. T. Huston, would, at its inception, be necessary. And the active co-operation of a group of representative Spiritualists ought to be a comparatively easy matter; the more especially as many Spiritualists rightly feel that they are doing the work which the clergy should be doing. And they further acknowledge that, not having the organisation or the personnel of the Church, their work is lacking in efficiency. The possibilities in our great Australian cities regarding the formation of a society of this nature are certainly worthy of consideration.

Intricate Painting Done in 40 Minutes.

Drawn by Medium Who Was Under Control.

A VIVIDLY-COLOURED tapestry design painted by a Spiritualist medium while under the control of a long-dead Italian artist, is in the possession of Mrs. J. G. Towlard, of 118 Geneva Road East, Darlington, England.

The medium responsible for this remarkable piece of work is Mrs. Walter Gilbert, of Derby, who up till nine years ago had never held a paint brush in her hand. Since then she has produced hundreds of these pictures in varying patterns, inspired, as she claims, by the genius of an Italian tapestry designer, Signor Mantnaz, who died in 1557.

She has travelled all over the British Isles, giving demonstrations of her strange gifts, and it was during one of these tours that she visited the Progressive Spiritualist Church, Darlington, and painted the design owned by Mrs. Towlard.

This specimen, which took Mrs. Gilbert about 40 minutes to paint, is notable for the intricacy of its design and the extraordinary vividness of the colouring. It was done in water colours on a piece of black paper measuring 2ft. 6in. by 1ft. 10in.

While Mrs. Gilbert is working she is unconscious of what she is painting, and not until she emerges from the trance does she see the results of her efforts.

Spoke in Italian.

Mrs. Towlard told a "Northern Despatch" reporter that she was interested in Spiritualism and that about five years ago she went to an open seance at Darlington at which Mrs. Gilbert was the medium.

"Mrs. Gilbert sat in the centre of a circle of about 20 of us," said Mrs. Towlard, "and while we sang hymns she went into a trance. On a table in front of her were the black paper, some tubes of paint and one brush. She started to work quickly. Meanwhile a man from Bishop Auckland, who can speak Italian, asked whether her powers as an artist would pass on to anyone else when she had passed over. She replied in Italian that the powers would

not pass on to anyone else. When she died Signor Mantnaz's work was done. She does not know Italian except when she is under control."

Sold by Auction.

"It was marvellous to see her doing this work. When she had completed the design it was put up for auction and I was the highest bidder. The proceeds of the auction went to the Spiritualist Church. My husband, who went to the meeting to see it from a critical viewpoint, could not find any fault at all.

"I have since shown the design to a woman who does pen-painting and she said that she did not know how Mrs. Gilbert got the colours mixed and the painting finished in such a short time."—"Northern Despatch."

LIFE AFTER DEATH.

"Halls of Learning on the Other Side."

DEATH is not a tragedy, as we sometimes think, but a mere episode in an endless life, which has no beginning, and will have no end. Death is but the liberation from a physical body, and not annihilation, as it was supposed to be by materialists of half a century ago.

There are Halls of Learning on the Other Side in which scientists can continue their studies, musicians find scope for their art, and it behoves everyone to have a hobby of some sort in which to engage in the after-life, as people can be bored there, just as much as they are bored in earth life.

The drunkard, the profligate, the sensualist find themselves in a world of desire of their own creation, and possessing no physical body to satisfy their cravings, experience a state of consciousness which can be described as hell, but this phase passes as the desires are burnt out and everyone progresses to the mental world, where they experience the consciousness of heaven in proportion to the higher thought stored up in the life on earth.

Life Saved By a Spirit.

ARTHUR WEATHERHEAD, a medium associated with the Norwich Christian Spiritualists' Church, related to a Yarmouth audience recently his most impressive experience of psychic manifestation.

It occurred at a time when he was working at a well-known sugar factory in East Anglia, and was undoubtedly the means of saving his life. The room in which he was engaged had a large driving wheel at one end, operated by a broad belt, which was, in its turn, rotated by a powerful motor on the floor below.

"This wheel," said Mr. Weatherhead, "was being driven at a speed of some 12,000 to 15,000 revolutions a minute, and a five spline frame work had been erected round it for the protection of anyone working in the room.

"I had constructed a small wooden seat against those splines, upon which I used to rest occasionally and take my meals, but it never occurred to me that I had selected a rather dangerous position for the purpose.

"Well, one night I was working very late, and happened to be all alone in the room, when, shortly after midnight, I strongly sensed the presence of another person with me.

"For a little while I disregarded the impression, but, after a time, the feeling came so powerfully that an unseen visitor from the spirit world had something of importance to communicate that I walked over to my little stool and sat down.

"'Now, friend, if you have a message for me I am ready to hear it,' I said.

"There was no answer, and, following a moment's pause, I was about to repeat my statement, when, suddenly, without the slightest warning, I found myself flying through space, propelled by an invisible force. Ruefully, I scrambled to my feet, in the furthestmost corner of the room into which I had been flung, and stared with bewilderment at my seat.

"Nothing out of the ordinary was to be seen. The big driving-wheel was still revolving at a furious rate; not a living soul

was in sight. What, in the name of goodness, then, had happened?

"Even as I gazed across the room, the answer became obvious. Suddenly, there was a terrifying 'Snap!' The massive driving-belt, torn asunder, reared up like a gigantic serpent, flayed through the air, and next moment splinters of wood were flying in all directions as the protective framework and my roughly constructed seat were smashed to smithereens.

"My spirit friends had chosen the only safe spot in the room into which they could throw me. Don't ask me how they did it, because I can't tell you.

"Somehow, I suppose, they had gathered up a kind of psychic power of the type used in seances for physical phenomena, but, beyond that, I can hazard no opinion. All I know of a surety is that by their action my spirit guardians saved my life.

"That, I think, was my most impressive—and, incidentally, my most thrilling—experience of psychic manifestation."

THE "GOLDEN DAWN" SERIES OF "SIMPLE TALKS."

WE have received three new booklets in the "Golden Dawn" series of "Simple Talks," written by Mr. H. Lloyd Tester, author of "The A.B.C. of Spiritualism."

"The Bran Tub," an original version of the creation, fall and regeneration of Man story which has much to recommend it, and should prove of interest to many of our readers.

"Many Mansions," a good elementary book dealing with life in the Astral World.

"All Worlds Calling," a sequel to "Many Mansions."

These three booklets from the pen of Lloyd Tester are excellently written, and, although we may not agree with the entire contents, we can recommend them with confidence to those who wish to read all sides of the controversial subjects with which they deal.—J.S.M.

"THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

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A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

By HARRY JOHNSON

(G.W.C.S. League Overseas Missioner).

I have been invited by the Editor to write a Christmas Greeting to readers of **THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT**, and I do so with the greatest of pleasure.

THE message of Christmas has ever been one of Peace and Goodwill, and it is well to note that this message was brought to men by an angel host. Another fact that is synonymous with our Teaching is, that it was brought to a company of shepherds—**men of simple understanding.**

Thinking once again upon the old story, reminds one of the fact that upon the appearance of this company of angels at the time of the Nativity, definite instructions were given to the men to whom they manifested. There was certainly no command, but a sign (or proof) was given by which they should have sufficient evidence of the validity of their quest, if they followed the spirit direction.

It is a thing of great importance to note that the shepherds acted upon the instructions which had been spiritually conveyed to them. There is little wonder then that they gave glory to God for the things that they had both heard and seen, and pub-

lished the truth of the message abroad. By following out in detail the suggestions of their angel visitors, they received the fullest confirmation which meant so much to them than merely sitting around discussing the marvel of the manifestation from Spirit. Echoing through their hearts was the song of the angels: "**Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to all men,**" and their own praise must have been parallel with that!

To-day, as at the Birth of Jesus Christ, the world is in a chaos! Truly, the way is being prepared for the manifestation of great things, but "wars and rumours of wars" so often seem to obscure all other factors. It is certainly a definite fact that as history repeats itself, so the manifestation from Spirit becomes more insistent, and to the vision of men of simple heart and faith, the angel hosts are flashing the spiritual reality of the future. Our spirit visitors are giving to us the same old, but nevertheless true direction. Times unnumbered they tell us to seek the Christ in the lowly cradle of men's hearts, and are we, bewildered with the wonderment of the manifestation, contemplating only upon our spiritual experiences and ignoring the activities which are the purpose of the insistent spiritual messages continually being received?

It seems as though our angel friends are repeating: "You will not find the Christ here in the field of your manifestation; Christ is not revealed to you where adulation, self-aggrandisement and self-seeking are obvious. Christ is born again in the humble heart, and the sign is that you will find Him, as of old, wrapped around by the humble exterior things, resting in lowly state, awaiting your acknowledgment."

As Spiritualists, our decision should be similar to the shepherds, for should not Spiritualists be the shepherds of this time, watching the sheep through the night of gloom and despair? "Let us go, then, to Bethlehem"—among the lowly—to those who perchance we consider to be "inferior" to ourselves, that we may see the Christ radiating through all that we have considered so poor and mean.

The message of Christmas to the Spiritualist is an oft-repeated message from the higher worlds, and heralds in a

new era for those who will seek, in faithful response to the highest that is given from the angel hosts.

Finding Christ in the humble places has been one of the outstanding factors of my world-tour, and it has brought to me this realisation: it is not so much **where** we teach as **how** and **what** we teach, and its effect in reaching the humble heart, that the Christ may shine through the swaddling earth-bands, thus radiating into the character and outlook of all mankind. This is the chief motive of the Higher Ones in their active contact with us upon earth, and as we effectively bring this into being by our response to higher spiritual direction, we shall be the better able to join in the theme of, **"Glory to God in the Highest."** We are convinced that only by these means shall there be "Peace on earth, and goodwill to all (gentle)-men!"

By the time these musings are in print, I shall have left the hospitable shores of Australia, and shall be heading towards further mission activities in the Name of Christ and this Truth. Never can I forget the goodwill of all the friends in Australia, and it is my earnest hope that the result of my work over the past five months will bring such a measure of peace which shall steady many a heart and will for service in this great Teaching, the propounding and propagation of which we are all so intent upon.

May this Christ-mass-tide bring to you all, true happiness in service to others and as the New Year dawns, may it bring a still brighter ray which shall lead you ever onward along the path of progression.

"The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth ever more unto the perfect day."

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

PLEASE NOTE.

If you do not receive your paper promptly, write to us, and any errors in address will be promptly corrected and missing numbers supplied without further charge.

Whenever you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it has been going, as well as the new address.

"BUSY LIFE BEYOND DEATH."

Aeroplanes and Glorious Buildings.

MR. ERNEST W. OATEN, the editor of "The Two Worlds," claims to have wandered in the "other world," and painted a word picture of "the busy life beyond death" in a lecture to the Yorkshire Psychic Society in Bradford recently.

Aeroplanes absolutely noiseless and fumeless flitting about like so many phantoms, with engines no bigger than a man's two fists; buildings "far more glorious than you have ever seen," with every stone scintillating and singing and with a delightful transparency; spirit music not ranging between five and seven octaves, but over "three times seven octaves," in which was combined mechanical, instrumental and vocal music; and people grouped together in their various occupations who had no need to sleep—these were some of the features of this other world which he described.

Mr. Oaten added that he had officiated at a number of Spiritualist funerals. Not one tear had been shed; there was an attitude of peace, quietude and reverence. But never a shred of sorrow, because they knew that sorrow for those who had finished their life's work was sorrow for their own sake, not for the departed.

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THE PRINCE OF PEACE

Our Supplements.

Miss Bertha Valerius, a Swede, in 1856 began this picture under guidance from the Beyond. After many attempts, she being quite untrained in art, the picture—10ft. x 6ft.—was finished to her satisfaction in 1896. Soon after, in accordance with the promise of the Angelic Messengers, she passed away peacefully in her sleep.

The message of the picture was stated to be the need for a belief in a *Living Christ, still active* for the world's upliftment. The original occupies the place of honour in a private Chapel in Stockholm. By request of the inspirers there appears beneath the picture the verse, St. John 17, 9:

"I pray for them whom Thou hast given me, for they are Thine."

1. 2. 3.

One of these figures on your wrapper indicates the number of months you are in arrears.

In And About America.

By Horace Leaf, F.R.G.S.

In a covering letter Mr. Leaf writes:—"I am touring through U.S.A., and Canada for the fourth time. This visit is partly in connection with big educational institutions as well as the Movement at large. There is a great interest among the American Universities on what may be called, Abnormal Psychology. It is the study of Supernormal faculties rather than of Spiritualism.

"Enclosed article (to be published in our January issue.—Ed.) on a series of five sittings that I had with 'Margery' and Frank Decker speaks for itself. There will be a full report in the Records of the A.S.P.R., but I will send you a further article, as I intend, if possible, to bring Mr. Decker with me to Australia. In that case, expect us some time in 1937—about June, as we shall go to New Zealand first."

The United States is full of interest in one way and another. At present there is a good deal of interest in psychic and occult matters owing to Alexis Carrel's book, "Man, the Unknown," and Dr. J. B. Rhine's book, "Extra-Sensory Perception."

Alexis Carrel is a famous surgeon and scientist who won the Nobel Prize in 1912. He ranks very

The fact that "Man, the Unknown" has been, in its class, a first seller, speaks volumes for the interest in matters pertaining to man's spirit make-up, which includes a desire to know something about his destiny after death.

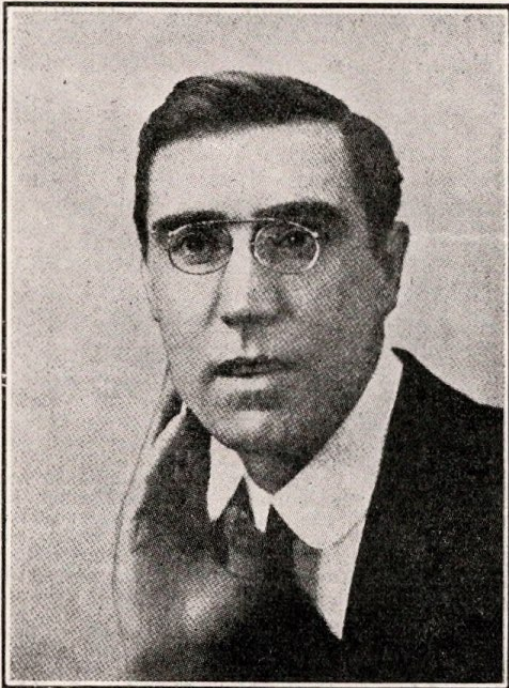
I have recently spent a few days in the company of that fine student of psychics, Mrs. Helen Lambert. She is the author of several books on the subject of mediumship and psychical research, and herself a convinced believer in survival and communion between the living and the "dead." I sat for her several times, and one excellent piece of information came through. One of the apparitions that appeared with her was carrying a small alligator in his arms, and he mentioned a name, which has escaped my memory. This was the name of a pet alligator that Mrs. Lambert once had. We both considered it good evidence of spirit presence, as the personality carrying the reptile was one of Mrs. Lambert's relatives who passed away some years ago, and who was acquainted with the alligator.

A Healing Miracle.

Mrs. Lambert has been devoting a good deal of time lately to distant healing, keeping records of her cases with scientific precision. The results have been amazing, and leave no reasonable room for doubting that this method of healing is effective. One case that has aroused medical interest pertains to a young man who found that his right arm was gradually becoming inactive. In time he was unable to raise it above the level of his shoulder, and had, very reluctantly, to restrict his interest in such sports as tennis.

A medical X-ray photograph showed at the top of the upper bone of the arm at the point of articulation a bony growth, thus checking full play of the joint. A specialist was consulted and he recommended a surgical operation, but expressed the opinion that the chance of absolutely curing the arm was remote. In 999 instances out of a thousand cases of such operations, he said, the movement of the arm would be permanently restricted. However, it was, he thought, unwise to allow the growth to continue unchecked.

However, the patient, not wishing to have a



HORACE LEAF, F.R.G.S.

high in the estimation of Americans. His book has been a first seller, largely because he espouses the cause of psychical research, although in a half-hearted way. One wonders what would have happened had he spoken as deliberately upon the subject of survival as he apparently could have done, as he has been actively interested in the phenomena of mediumship for many years.

less effective arm, decided to leave well alone as he suffered no pain, especially as tennis was not essential to his well-being. Mrs. Lambert undertook, with the young man's approval, to treat the case by distant healing, and the arm immediately began to improve. Within a few months it was quite well again, and a second X-ray photograph shows that the bony excrescence has entirely disappeared. This should greatly encourage those of weak faith who wonder whether these subjective methods of healing can cure actual morbid changes of tissue. Mrs. Lambert works in conjunction with spirit-helpers who are well-known to her and who encourage this method of cure. I am now working in conjunction with Mrs. Lambert on a charming young lady whose health has baffled medical practitioners for several months. I will report later on this case.

Talking of healing is quite appropriate to where I am now staying, namely, in the house of the late Rev. Lyman Rollins. Mr. Rollins was one of the heroes of the Great War and won nation wide fame because of a tremendous act of bravery which saved the lives of 350 American soldiers at the expense of his own health. For his self-sacrifice he was awarded the Croix de Guerre of France and the French Chaplain's Order for distinguished war service, as well as the Distinguished Service Cross of the United States. Owing to his own great suffering, he dedicated his life to the alleviation of pain in others and after he became a Spiritualist this objective became a passion. Unfortunately, death stepped in after a while, this depriving this world of one of its truly noble sons.

Miss Esta Barr, his life-long friend and for many years his devoted nurse, continues the work he loved so well, with nothing short of marvellous results. In a later article I give an account of some of the cases she has been instrumental in restoring to health, through the agency of her spirit helper Dr. Alfred Benjamin Rush.

* * *

Dr. Rush was for many years the guide of Mr. William Hart, one of the oldest and most reliable voice mediums this country has produced. It was through Mr. Hart's amazing mediumship that I witnessed, in 1930, materialisations in full electric light on a public platform in an auditorium, capable of seating 1,200 people. The fact that Dr. Rush has been a successful healer through one medium and a successful voice controller through another, is interesting, and shows how actively some spirits will work for the benefit of mankind. I had the pleasure of receiving convincing communication from Dr. Rush through Mr. William Hart's trumpet, and was deeply impressed by the great power he demonstrated, and

his devotion to the task of convincing mankind of the truth of survival.

Tomorrow I shall deliver my first of a series of radio talks from the station W.N.B.X. An idea of the great interest taken in this series is shown by the invitation extended to me by the radio corporation to speak three times a week for as many weeks as I like. The radius of this station is very wide, extending far into the Southern States in the Eastern seaboard and well into Canada. The interest has already extended to New York City, where announcements have been made by one of the greatest of the radio corporations to the effect that my series will be delivered. Truly things are moving.

Invitations have also come in from several educational institutions, including the oldest college of the United States. Here I shall speak several times on "Supernormal Faculties in Man." It appears as if a study of these faculties has become a definite part of psychology. From this stage the deeper consideration connected with the survival of bodily death will naturally develop.—Hotel Paris, New York, Sept. 21st.

ANOTHER USEFUL COMMUNICATION.

DR. E. H. WORTH, of Streatham, sends "Light" the following story, for the accuracy of which he says he is prepared to vouch:—

"A very mean old lady passed on, and her children were at a loss to find the money to pay for the funeral. Two days after the death, the eldest daughter was washing up when—she informs me—her mother appeared to her, and said, 'Go upstairs and, hidden behind an old box, will be found some money.' The daughter replied, 'You know you never had any money, so what is the good of looking for it?' 'Do as I tell you,' said the mother, so they both went up and there was £12 in notes hidden away. After questioning the daughter for half an hour, I believe the above facts are true. Once again, telepathy of the flesh is quite out of court."

—:—

LEST WE FORGET.

December.

2nd.—Mr. Knight McLennan; passed 1924.

3rd.—Prof. Richet; passed 1935.

6th.—Dr. Jas. Coates; passed 1933.

"Their works do follow them."

Psychic Research Society (Aust.) Sydney.

(L. L. Hall, Hon. Secretary)

Identification of Spirit Entity.

THREE years ago the Psychic Research Society was formed, and several people who were investigating along psychic lines received much information which was of great benefit to them. The idea was formed that this information could be given out to others, and so provide a means by which they could study on the same lines. Thus the formation of the Psychic Research Society eventuated. The Society became a centre, to which the public of Sydney could bring problems, which to them were inexplicable. In this way many students have already been helped in both a spiritual and material way.

One of the founders of the Society was a medium who developed many forms of mediumship and later proved of great assistance to others. Members also in the ground work were scientists who carried out some valuable research, having kept the work up to a high standard. Shortly after the formation of the Society, realising, that for keen study a reference library was essential, nearly 2000 volumes were acquired. Therein may be found opinions and experiences in all branches of Psychic Phenomena. New books, ranging from the simplest writings to scientific works, are constantly being added.

A membership fee of £1/1/- per annum gives members free access to interesting lectures by noted researchers and free use of the library.

An important phase of the activities of the Society, is the obtaining of the services of overseas mediums. Relative to this, the Society has arranged for the great American medium, Mr. Arthur Ford, to visit Australia. Mr. Ford, who is one of the World's best clairvoyants, will arrive in Sydney in January, 1937. Further particulars will be supplied later.

The Society is able to direct interested students to reliable mediums in Australia and so give them protection from meeting undesirables.

Public meetings are held once a week where lectures and trance addresses are given publicly. Investigation Group meetings are also held once a week, where some very valuable proofs of Survival have been given. Some of these will be reported in the next issue of "The Harbinger of Light." A resume of some scientific experiments, as carried on by members of the Council, will also be given.

SOME little time ago while the Society for Psychic Research was conducting an investigation group meeting, a spirit entity, who was unknown to any of the sitters, spoke through the medium.

After a considerable amount of talk that did

not lead us anywhere, he gave part of a hyphenated name advising us that the control who had let him through told him that he (the spirit entity) was "dead," and if we could fit in the rest of the name from inquiries, he would then believe it.

Before we had time to make the necessary inquiry he returned a fortnight later, and volunteered his whole name. This he gave as Alexander Rawson Boddam-Whetham (on the first occasion he left off the Whetham) and that he was an officer of the 60th Rifles, and that he remembered a date of 1905, but he also had another date in his mind, that of 1909, which he thought may be his daughter's wedding.

He then advised us of being at his daughter's wedding, saying her name was Violet, and that she married a man named Alf. Burrows. Burrows was an officer in the Lancashire Regiment. He also advised that he saw Reverend Nesbitt (who totally ignored him) and that this clergyman officiated at the wedding.

He gave us the information also that the church was St. Agatha of Easby, Richmond, Yorkshire, and was insistent that we verify all this so that he could then know "how he stood himself."

The Society wrote to England to the address given and received a reply by return post from Easby to the effect that the particulars given by the "spirit entity" were correct. The writer from Easby (whose name can be obtained if required) stated that from records he looked up for us, Alexander Rawson Boddam-Whetham died in 1905; he was a lieutenant in the 60th Rifles. His daughter Violet was married in January, 1909, to Alf. Burrows, an officer of another regiment. It is information of this type, particularly when the medium is an Australian and has not been away from this country, and none of those in the group knew the entity, that certainly helps to prove survival, which is one of the main objects of the Society for Psychic Research.

HERBERT SNOW, M.D.(Lond.), M.B., M.R.C.S.(Eng.), L.S.A. (late Senior Surgeon, Brompton Cancer Hospital): "We seek the abolition of living animal experiment, for we have convinced ourselves, by careful study, of its futility and utterly misleading character. . . . Careful observation of natural phenomena in the sick-room and in the dead-house has always proved the sole foundation of every valid addition to medical knowledge."

Continued Revelation.

By W. E. M. Abbott, Scone, N.S.W.

I RECENTLY listened to a very fine sermon broadcast from St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Sydney, the preacher being the Rev. J. Macleod. He expressed the very illuminating thought that revelation has never ceased, it is not a thing of the present and it will be a thing of the future. It is not something merely confined to one portion of the world's history, but it is continuous with time and moves with it so that we are never without the comfort and solace and support that revelation of Divine Guidance and Will is part of humanity's birthright if they choose to have it.

These ideas move me to the thought that the gist of this sermon was very applicable to students of Spiritualism and could be of great help to them in their study of the vast resources of revelation that lie ready to be tapped by the real thinker.

It always seems a great pity to me that there are many people professing Spiritualism who actually never get beyond the rudimentary stages, they come in contact with the wonderful fact that it is possible to communicate with those who have existence in the Unseen World, and they either join a Circle, or form one, and then proceed to get communication. In so many cases they are content to go on week after week, year after year, meeting regularly and never, spiritually, getting any further. At meeting after meeting they continue to ply the communicators with questions relative to their personal business and material success; they ask trivial questions, and the years pass without their seeking anything of a more elevating nature.

I have several cases in mind, people I have personally contacted, who rather amaze one with the little with which they are content. One case, a man who Saturday after Saturday, for years, regularly attended a circle where psychic phenomena occurred, tables tilted, objects were moved about the room and although this occurred with monotonous regularity, the sitters went again and again, and exactly the same things happened, these people seemed perfectly content—they sought no more.

In another case the sitter related how she went to a circle where they often sat for the best part of an hour, when a handbell would be rung, raps heard, and occasionally a spirit light seen. In a third case, for years a circle met weekly for personal messages, and got practically the same type of message each sitting. This may have been very comforting to the one to whom the message was addressed but not elevating or helpful to the roomful of people gathered together.

Please do not think I decry phenomena or the personal message. I do not. They are invaluable to those newcomers to Spiritualism who require proof as to the actuality and possibility of spirit communion, but what I do want to stress is that there is far more to be gained than just these things, and that once one is reasonably assured of the authenticity of the message or of the phenomena, then the time has come to probe deeper, not to stand still, marking time as it were, and just getting the same thing over and over again. It is when the stage of being assured of the truth of Spirit communion is reached that one should then reach out for the deeper side that of Continued Revelation of which I wrote in the opening lines of this article.

An example of this is seen in a private home circle I have had the privilege of attending many times. During the early years of its existence, purely personal messages were given to the sitters from their relatives and friends on the Other Side. The medium (deep trance) had a very wonderful guide who passed these messages on, and showed at the same time a deep understanding and sympathy with the sitters, offering gentle advice, and help in the earthly perplexities they laboured under, giving amazing messages to any bereaved people from their relatives on the Other Side, with such proof that the message really came from the one stated to be sending it, that it was impossible to have any doubts.

So time passed until the confidence of all the sitters was gained. Then they were told gently but firmly that the time for personal messages was at end, and now that they all knew of the possibilities of mediumship, etc., spirit teachers from higher realms would take charge and give instruction and religious teaching to the sitters. This was then carried out, and a wonderful philosophy was unfolded week after week by those from the higher planes of Spirit realms. Much of life's many perplexities were made clear, and the sitters were given some glimpse of the mighty plan of the Creator for His universe.

At the same time, it was made clear by the original guide that should any of the sitters need help or wish to speak to her, she was ready to return and speak to them, but that unless this necessity arose it was preferable that they ceased to desire only the personal, and concentrate only for the lectures or sermons that were to be delivered.

I have heard many fine sermons delivered by clergy from the pulpits of many of our churches, but I have never heard one that surpassed the teachings that came through the trance medium of this home circle. The matter given showed a breadth of wisdom, coupled with sympathy and affection, and a deep understanding of the prob-

IS THIS TRUE?

(The following story published in "Light" taxes our credulity. The phenomena of Spiritualism becomes very commonplace after this.—Ed., H. of L.).

WHERE is a story, recorded in the Archives Department, Government of Algeria, and attested by various responsible people, of an Arab, whose doings having attracted the unfavourable attention of the French authorities, was told to demonstrate the powers he boasted of possessing.

The District Commissioner, two Administrative Officers, three members of the Military General Staff, four priests of the "White Fathers," and an escort of eight Legionnaires were assembled for the test, which, at the suggestion of the White Fathers, was the lighting of a fire and cooking of a meal in the bed of the Oued Dzira, which was then a raging torrent from the melting of the snows.

"Is that all?" queried the Arab. "I was afraid you would want something difficult."

He threw a pebble into the river, which at once rose in a wall of churning foam and stopped flowing. The Arab climbed down into the river bed, lit a fire, and cooked a meal of couscous and partridge, "seeming to take the fuel and the food from the air."

The officers and the escort ate the meal thus provided, to be sure of its reality, leaving the holy Fathers on their knees. Then at a word from the magician the wall of water fell, and the river resumed its flowing.

"That was very simple," remarked the Arab quietly. "You ought to see what one of our real magicians can do. I'm hardly more than a conjurer."

lems that confront us in daily life. It was indeed "Continued Revelation." In closing I would urge students of spiritual Truth NOT to be content with the elementary facts of Spiritualism, but to press on to the deeper side. It is well worth while and the reward inestimable. The words of the Master: "Seek and ye shall find" never had a better application than here, for the higher one seeks the more inspiring will be the matter given.

A REMARKABLE SEANCE.

Dr. Faustus and "Faust."

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for May contains an interesting account of a seance held in Rochester during the winter of 1924-25. The writer is Paul Horgan, who says that he attended this seance, which was composed of a number of the members in the cast of an opera company then rehearsing for a presentation of "Faust," and was held in the apartment of one of the actors. It was an impromptu affair and no medium was present. Neither did any of the sitters know much about mediumship.

At that time there was considerable discussion as to whether Dr. Faustus had ever really lived and this question loomed large in the minds of the members of the cast.

Mr. Horgan says that they seated themselves around a table weighing, he thinks, several hundred pounds, put out the light and waited. After a time the table moved. One of the sitters quickly established a code for communication and by this code the manifesting spirit told the astounded sitters that he was Dr. Faustus, that he did not like the way they were staging his life story because it was not true, that no one had told the real story; that he had willed himself to die and that he would return on Thursday in the afternoon, and would manifest by means of the lights on the stage. He also gave two distinct messages, the first—"Life is of the soul and secret" and in answer to a request to tell them something of the world in which he lived, he said: "Words die on the edge of your world."

On Thursday afternoon, the opening matinee of the opera, while Marguerite was kneeling before a cross of light in the church scene, the cross of light suddenly began to shiver and dance around the stage, causing the actress to lose her cue and nearly ruining the act. It danced for a minute or so, and then was quiet. A thorough investigation disclosed that no one had been near the switches or touched the lights!

The writer, who does not accept the Spiritualist theory and can not explain this phenomenon by any other, simply says: "Well, that's what happened."

Saved From Suicide.

Told by the late Rev. A. R. Edgar.

(After reading Rev. W. J. Palamountain's "Life of the Late Rev. A. R. Edgar," Mrs. A. A. Hines writes to the Hon. W. H. Edgar this wonderful story, told by Mr. Edgar himself, and as nearly as possible in his own words, as he told it to her and her sister, Miss Gertrude Hart. With the love of God as we know it in Christ, who will doubt it?—Editor, A.C.W.).

IT was when we lived in the Wesley Church parsonage. One night I was utterly weary, and was undressing to go to bed. I knelt down to say my prayers and could not think of a word. Instead there came one order ringing in my ears. It was, 'Go and see Dr.——' (I won't tell you his name," he added, "for he is still alive, and you may know him.) I argued the matter out—Why, this is absurd. What on earth do I want to go and see him for at this time of the night? This is just a temptation. I will pray. And still came the voice, 'Go and see Dr. ——.'

At last I rose and wearily dressed again, saying, 'I will go; but I don't know why.' As I was walking round to his rooms I asked myself what on earth excuse I could make. Then I remembered with relief we were both on the Charities Board, and I would excuse myself by mentioning to him a family I knew who were in great want. I was admitted rather reluctantly; but the maid told me to go upstairs; the doctor was in his room. And as I went, praying all the time, the distinct guidance came to me not to make any excuse but the true one. I knocked, and a testy voice called me to go in. The doctor was just shutting the drawer of a desk at which he sat, and he turned an irritated face round at first, then rose in surprise and asked me to sit down. I said, 'Doctor, you will be wondering at my call and may laugh, but here is the truth,' and I told him I was not allowed to say my prayers for thinking of him.

He went ghastly pale, then he called me to his desk and opened the drawer. 'In five

minutes I should have been in eternity. Everything has gone wrong with me. I thought nobody cared. But if God cared enough to send you——' We both knelt down in prayer and he committed his soul to God. Later I told him of the temptation I had had to make the excuse of the poor family, and asked him curiously, 'If I had done that, Doctor, what then?' 'What then?' he said, 'I should have talked quite calmly over it with you, seen you out, and come back and finished the job.'"

There it is, Mr. Edgar, just as he gave it us. I have never forgotten it.—"Austrian Christian World."

HER HUSBAND'S VOICE.

MY husband was a sailor, and thousands of miles divided us, when one morning I was awakened by his voice calling me in distressed tones, three times, by an endearing name he alone used.

Startled, and unable to go to sleep again, I sat up, and to my consternation found my wedding ring, which had never left my finger since the day he put it there, lying on the pillow beside me.

Two days afterwards a cable informed me that my husband had been drowned at sea, and when the differences in time between the two countries were worked out, it was found that my husband met his death at the exact time I heard him calling.—Widow ("Sunday Sun," Newcastle-on-Tyne).

————— :: —————

Christmas is the only holiday in the year that brings the whole human family into common communion. The only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely.—Dickens.

PERSONALITY.

Does It Survive?

DR. BARNES, Bishop of Birmingham, in a book entitled "Mysteries of Life and Death," writes of the human race as the culminating achievement of millions of years of evolution.

"Why," he asks, "was man made? His mind is a far finer instrument than anything that had happened earlier. He knows right and wrong. He can build Westminster Abbey. He can make an aeroplane. Whatever his origin he is no mere ape, just as a bit of primitive matter is no speck of mud." Dr. Barnes then asks whether at death man must perish utterly. "Does that incomparable instrument, his mind, vanish when life ceases? Our present science cannot help us when we inquire whether man's mind, or, if you prefer other terms, his spirit or personality, survives death."

The Bishop finds an answer elsewhere. "I believe that the universe and all that is within it were fashioned by God, and I am convinced that God's ways must appear reasonable to us; for these reasons I think that man's personality survives the death of his body. Thus there is for man an after-life where the hero has his reward and where life's loose ends are knitted up."

RELIGION IN FILMS.

Cecil de Mille's Opinion.

IS religion a topic for motion pictures? "Yes," says Cecil B. de Mille, "and for a great many reasons. The greatest question we all ask ourselves," declares the man who has made more pictures on the religious theme than any preacher in the history of the cinema, "is 'Do I go on?' or 'Is there anything after this?' And we all search constantly for the answer."

"Of course, from 18 to 25, we are apt to be callous about religion. Some of us are atheists, or at least agnostics, during that period. Then we have an interval of sadness and doubt, lasting from 25 to 35; we are unsettled, disquieted, needing solace of the spirit. Following this comes

a period during which we search for an intelligent understanding of religion and the spiritual side of our nature. And after 50 comes that understanding.

"Naturally not all our questions are answered after 50, but we have usually attained sufficient insight into the spirit by that time to know that the superior part of us, the mind, is continued. Because you can't destroy matter you can only change it. And if you can't annihilate matter, how can you annihilate the superior attributes of the mind? The trouble with most of us is that we cannot mentally cope with what comes after life because we cannot conceive it. We go on searching for a clue to what is beyond, consequently religion and the things for which it stands are always of great moment."

AN APPRECIATION.

COMING as it does from the author of one of Spiritualism's classics, "The Great Problem"—Dr. Geo. Lindsay Johnson, M.A., B.Sc., M.D., etc.—we feel sure that our readers will be as pleased as we are with the compliment paid in the following extract from a personal letter to us. Dr. Johnson writes:

I must congratulate you on your editorship of "The Harbinger". . . . Each number is becoming more interesting every issue, and it is now one of the best, if not the best, magazine in the English language.

Thank you, Dr. Johnson. We have endeavoured to live up to Addison's lines:

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll
deserve it

and with a little co-operation and enthusiasm on the part of our supporters, we could make further improvements in the magazine.

To Our Readers.

May we suggest paying for a year's subscription to "The Harbinger of Light" for some friend as a Christmas box? This would produce a triple blessing; it would bring a blessing to your friend, another to yourself, and one also to the magazine. Why not try it?

PSYCHIC EXPERIMENTS.

Voices Over Edinburgh Telephones.

AN address on "The Direct Voice: Its Nature and Its Message" was given at a well-attended meeting of the Edinburgh Psychic College some time ago by Mr. G. L. Hadden, with Dr. Barker in the chair. The speaker contended that mediumship was, despite its apparent abnormality, a normal human gift, which was analagous with such gifts as musical or artistic abilities. Like them, it had to be disciplined.

Direct voice he defined as a voice or voices produced independently of the medium—a voice produced by an entity using a vocal mechanism created from matter built up apart from the medium, though linked with and en rapport with the nervous system of the medium. Formless matter was moulded in a few minutes under the influence of mind and will into a highly organised structure that in the normal field of physiology would take months. That same matter was reduced with equal speed to a primal state at the end of a seance, and re-absorbed and reorganised as part of the medium's body. The phenomenon implied by such a claim opened to the physiologist and the psychologist the richest field of research that was ever offered to them in their respective departments. One could not wonder that scientists could be sceptical at such claims; but surely the overday powers of the human body were sufficiently wonderful, and even in these days mysterious enough, to allow a loophole for further discoveries not yet included in scientific text-books.

As an instance of the reality of the direct voice, the speaker described an experiment in Edinburgh recently, when direct voices had spoken into an ordinary telephone and carried on conversation with persons who had been called up in their own homes by those present at the sitting. The parties spoken to in this way had confirmed the fact that objective voices, recognisable from characteristic tone and accent, had carried on conversation with them. Direct voice, he maintained, was one of the finest proofs of human survival. It was a delicate and complex type of mediumship, and conditions of various kinds affected the quality of the voices.

THE WITCHCRAFT ACT.

Million Back New Bill.

By HAROLD COLLINS.

BITAIN'S million Spiritualists are determined that their religion shall no longer be associated with witchcraft. When Parliament re-assembles they will press for the hearing of a Bill designed to prevent the prosecutions of mediums under the Witchcraft Act of 1735 and the Vagrancy Act of 1824.

A letter, signed by a number of leading Spiritualists and addressed to members of Parliament, runs:

"Spiritualism is impossible without mediums, and, in the present state of the law, the exercise of mediumship (whether for payment or without) is treated as illegal and is subject to the risk of police court proceedings as 'fortune-telling'.

"Further, Spiritualists have difficulty in claiming legacies bequeathed to them, and have even been denied the right to marry and bury their co-religionists with appropriate services.

"An Anomaly."

"You will surely agree that these restrictions are an anomaly in a land which boasts of religious equality.

"The draft Bill, which is submitted, does not ask Parliament to express any views on Spiritualism. It merely asks that genuine mediumship shall be freed from police interference.

"The Bill proposes to exempt from the operation of these antiquated Acts those mediums who hold certificates from a recognised and bona fide Spiritualist organisation, and Spiritualists may be trusted in their own interest to see that only genuine mediums shall be certified. The passage of this Bill will enable the authorities to check and eliminate the 'harpies' who prey on the public in the name of Spiritualism."

From time to time mediums are prosecuted as "witches"—in the sense that they have professed to tell the future and to hold communion with the "dead."

WHAT IS THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION?

By REV. CHAS. STRONG, D.D., Minister
of the Australian Church, Melbourne.

FROM a Modernist point of view, Christian Religion is "the law of the Spirit of life," and the surrender of personal heart and life to it. In the language of Scripture, it is to be one with Christ the Spirit not of theological beliefs but of Love as the true life of God and Humanity. Beliefs are expressions, forms of Faith, Hope, and Love, not their substance. "The Letter kills: the Spirit gives life," as St. Paul said of the old Hebrew Law. Christian Religion is an ever-deepening widening Spirit of Faith and Hope in God, and in Humanity as "made for God and restless till it rests in Him."

It must not be imprisoned. If this is so, then subscription to Creeds and Confessions had better be abolished. They lead to quibbling and quarrelling and division of the "seamless robe," and they are not for this age. Christian Religion is not Trinitarianism, Unitarianism, Calvinism, Lutherism, Socinianism, Methodism, Anglicanism, Romanism, or any other ism. Jesus, we are told, said: "Seek first the Kingdom of God and its righteousness," which, according to His Gospel, were the Kingdom and righteousness of Love. Beneath the ice runs the stream of living water. But is it not time the ice melted in the sunshine of the Spirit?

SPIRITUALIST CHURCH OF NEW ZEALAND.

Dunedin Branch's Good Year.

THE annual report and balance sheet of the Dunedin Branch of the Spiritualist Church of New Zealand as submitted to its members at the annual meeting held last month and presided over by Mr. R. N. Ridd (President), disclosed a highly satisfactory state of affairs, in that, although the financial statement showed a loss of some £10 on the year's activities, there was evidence of a decided fillip having been given to the movement in Dunedin by the engagement of well-known speakers and mediums from overseas. In this connection Mrs. Gladys Davies and Mr. and Mrs. Reuben A. Webb had done splendid work, which had resulted in greatly increased attendances at the Church and a stimulated

interest generally in Spiritualism and all that it stood for.

The Healing Centre, now firmly established, had, it was reported, been carried on during the year with distinct success, many cases having received benefit.

Financially, too, the Church was sound, the Building Fund showing a credit of £176, and the Lyceum Fund one of £47. Contributions by those attending the services and the response to special appeals had been very gratifying.

The only unsatisfactory feature of the year's review was the reported fact that it had found necessary to close down the Lyceum in the meantime, the attendance having dwindled almost to a vanishing point.

The following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. R. N. Ridd; vice-president, Mr. A. W. Stables; committee, Mrs. Asher, Miss Sturgeon, Miss Stentiford, Mr. W. J. Baird, Mr. R. McConnell; honorary treasurer, Mr. W. J. Hutton; honorary secretary, Mr. A. W. Stables; trustees to Building Fund, Miss Sturgeon and Mr. Baird; stewards, Mrs. Asher and Mr. McConnell; visitors to the sick, the members of the committee and Mrs. Swift; official Hospital visitor, Miss M. Hutton; platform committee, the president and the vice-president; organist, Miss Sturgeon.

Votes of thanks were accorded a number of people who had helped in various ways during the year, and satisfaction was expressed at the valuable publicity obtained by the publication of reports of the weekly services in the daily papers.

At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Wright, who had just begun their mission in Dunedin, spoke in response to kindly words of welcome and of praise.

Vivisection is essentially anti-human as well as being diametrically opposed to the Divine Will, for its true roots lie deep in cynical egoism and callous selfishness, the prolific soil from which spring the vilest of crimes.—Rev. B. G. Bouchier, M.A.

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New Books Reviewed.

We review on this page all new books sent to us for this purpose by the publishers. The books are then put into our Psychic Library. We can obtain copies for our readers, if desired. It usually takes three months to obtain books from England or America. Those indicated "On Order" will be stocked by us.

THE HORNED CRESCENT.

By Douglas V. Duff (Hodder & Stoughton).

THIS is an excellent story and of interest to those who favour the idea of reincarnation. It takes the reader back to the days of the Crusades, when the English navy had its beginnings in those splendid adventurers who roamed the seas in search of treasure, the careers of some the story tells. The adventurers join the Crusaders in the Holy Land, whose jealousies, intrigues, and rivalries culminate in their defeat by Saladin. A well-written and exciting book of adventure. Price in Australia, 10/-.

THE PHENOMENA OF THE SEANCE ROOM.

By Dr. Edwin F. Bowers (Rider & Co.).

DO the dead live? The author has had some of the most remarkable of seance-room experiences of modern times, equalling those of Sir William Crookes with Florence Cook and D. D. Home. Dr. Bowers, as a medical man, has made a stethoscopic examination of a fully materialised spirit which possessed a full set of teeth. He has also duplicated Crookes' experiment of cutting a lock of hair from a materialised form. His book abounds in what must be regarded as scientific thrills, and in many ways is one of the most convincing that has yet appeared on this absorbing subject. Price 10/-; Postage, 4d.

ASTROLOGY—THE HOW, WHAT AND WHY.

By Wm. J. Tucker, (Editor of Science and Astrology).

NO prior knowledge on the part of the reader is assumed, and all that is required for a full and complete understanding of Astrology is the possession of average intelligence. Simplicity of treatment and fascinating interest of literary content are the objects the author has aimed at. Yet notwithstanding this, the book contains a very complete statement of astrology as well as full information and instruction needed by a new student to enable him to compile a birth-chart of the heavens for any place on the earth and then to proceed to interpret its meaning.

The astronomical part of the work is dealt with in a fascinating and supremely understandable manner. The way the intricacies of the subject

are explained is a marvel of clarity. The pictures presented slip easily into the mind of the reader and leave him with an indelible impression. The science and philosophy of astrology are here presented in a manner never before attempted, and this textbook covers a very large portion of the syllabus of the examination of the Diploma of Fellowship of The British Association of Scientific Astrologers. Price, 10/-; Postage, 4d.

ASTROLOGICAL APHORISMS AND DIVINATION.

By Henri Candiani (Fowler & Co.).

CONTENTS: Materialistic conception of Astrology, Astro-psychological determinism, The fated engrams, The unconscious and astrology, The complex of cassandra Astro-human radiation. Universal Telepathy, Attraction of individuals having complementary fates, Presentiments. Mechanism of the so-called supernormal faculties: Cryptaesthesia, Metagnosis, etc. Price 3/6 (postage 2d.).

A CHRISTMAS BOX FOR THE ANIMALS!

By Elsie Florence Grimes, B.A.

LET us give the animals a Christmas box! What? And how? Let us give them the gift of thought—and let that thought find its outlet in action.

Let us think! Is it kind to put animals to excruciating agony for experimental purpose (vivisection)? Is it kind to torture them for so-called "sport" (hunting, shooting and fishing)? Is it kind to exploit them mercilessly for commerce (feathers, furs, leathergoods, etc.)? Is it kind to degrade them for amusement (circuses)? Is it kind to imprison them from acquisitiveness (caged birds)? Is it kind to slay them for our Christmas dinner (gluttonous debauchery)?

So let us give the animals a delightful surprise packet this Christmas. Let us give them the gift of thought—and let that thought find its outlet in action.

(The Animals' Protection League—the motto of which is: "Think, Speak, Act for suffering animals"—has its Australian headquarters at 215 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. The Honorary Secretary of the League is Miss E. B. Moore).

WAR—A FEW FACTS.

IN the last "war to end war," 807,451 Britons were slaughtered, 617,740 seriously wounded and 1,441,394 otherwise wounded; 1,383,000 Frenchmen were killed, 600,000 French homes were destroyed and 20,000 factories. Germany and other belligerents suffered similarly.

The Boer war mortality was 1 in 20. The European war 1 in 10. The recent Chaco war 1 in 5.

In the South African war, the Boers shot British soldiers with British rifles. In the 1914 war, Australian and British troops in the Dardanelles were mown down by British guns and British ships blown up by British-made mines; and Italy, Belgium and Russia fought the Central Powers with German-made arms. The Chinese have been defending themselves with guns supplied by Japanese manufacturers. Not long ago, a French newspaper was able to reproduce an advertisement of a British firm for their latest tanks in a German newspaper.

On an English village green stands a war memorial—a cannon captured by the local regiment from the Germans. On one side of the cannon are the names of the English soldiers who were killed in that advance. On the other side is the manufacturer's name . . . Vickers Ltd.

—Taken from a leaflet issued by the Peace Lodge of the Theosophical Society.

UNSUITABLE FOR CHILDREN.

Cleric's Criticism of Old Testament.

ADDRESSING the National Sunday School Convention, held in London, during September, the Methodist Minister, the Rev. Harold Wilson, said: "Much of the Old Testament is unsuitable, and some quite unfit for Sunday School children. There is little profit in the legal regulations of Leviticus and numbers of the blood-soaked pages of Joshua and Judges. The problem of Job is beyond children's understanding. Esther is a hymn of hate, with which they ought not be acquainted. The cynicism of Ecclesiastes must not be allowed a child of ardent spirits and the Song of Solomon is not fitted for children's ears. Only the narrative portions from the major prophets and a few quotations from the minor prophets are suitable."

What Would You Do .

"Would you rather give comfort to a broken-hearted mother or convert a man of science?" a communicating spirit was asked. He replied: "I have no hesitation, because I can see spiritual wounds which cry aloud for help far more acutely than the worst wounds the body can receive. But I do not undervalue the proof which will turn the material mind into the truths of the spirit."

THE CHURCHES AND SPIRITUALISM.

Sir,—Each year sees an attempt on the part of the leaders of the orthodox religions to rekindle enthusiasm and religious fervour in the hearts of their colleagues and followers and each attempt seems doomed to failure.

The reason is obviously that the Churches, Chapels, Synagogues and other centres of faith are becoming unable to give suffering and bewildered people what they need—peaceful minds and a definite assurance, based on experience, of happiness and reward in return for the trials and afflictions of life on earth.

Faith in a divine promise seems to be of little value when one has lost one's dearest possession—a husband, wife or child, and no amount of fluently delivered platitudes uttered from the rostrum is a magnificently built, but empty, Church can compensate for that terrible loss.

Quotations, too, from the Bible, Koran, or Talmud cannot fill that aching void from which cries out a voice for that presence gone, as it seems, for ever. It is no use, too, uttering threats of eternal fires to come as a punishment for the sin of non-attendance at Church.

Some of our greatest humanitarians have been and are Athiests; those who have lost faith in "Christianity."

Yet, to-day, there is a definite hope of a revival in the "fortunes" of the Church, for many of the Clergy are learning, rather late in life I am afraid, that what they have often preached is definitely true and is upheld by scientific investigation—that there is no real death, that life is continuous, and most important of all, the kind of life we can expect after this phase of existence.

Whereas years ago the few who knew the truth were afraid to openly declare the evidence they had received nowadays there are so many "converted" "Pillars of the Church" that it will not be long before the main principles of Spiritualism are accepted by the majority—1, Fatherhood of God; 2, Brotherhood of Man; 3, Personal Responsibility; 4, Communion between those existing in this stage of life and the next.

The Church will either have to accept and declare the truths of life after death or completely lose its influence and its power for good.—Yours,
Hon. Secretary.

In response to an advertisement in the "Courier-Mail," Brisbane, asking people who have had spirit communications to write to the advertiser, over six hundred replies were received.

A PRAYER.

Grant us this grace, our Father: That we shall neither face our stations and our duties without a wealth of faith and understanding, nor bring our faith to no lively issue in our souls and our deeds, but, being under a divine compulsion, make our lives the demonstration of a true faith.

"The Voice."

A SHORT PSYCHIC STORY.

By "Bud," in "The Two Worlds." (1933).

I dropped the paper I had been reading, and sat up in the chair with a jump, as though I had experienced an electric shock. My face must have looked a real study, had there been anyone there to see it. To say that I was amazed is to put it mildly. I was simply thunderstruck. The cause?

Well, I had been reading various pieces of news, between which I had listened to odd snatches of music coming from the loud speaker on the side-board. In this manner I had lost all count of time, and somewhat of the surroundings, when gradually I noticed that the wireless was commencing to quieten down. Really most irritating, for I was listening to a highly interesting talk on "Flying over the enemy lines," by a well-known Flying Ace. Now, the wireless has, as you know, a very occasional habit of what I believe is technically known as "fading out," and, of course, in the ordinary circumstances, I might have merely stifled a "Dash it" and left it at that. As it was, however, you will appreciate my jumping, and not having the time to mutter, when I tell you that as the voice of the lecturer faded slowly into seeming obscurity, I heard the unmistakable drone of an aeroplane engine rapidly approaching.

Truly, I thought, this is putting colour to the Flying Talk, as quite naturally I thought at first that it was someone doing a spot of night flying in the near vicinity. The reason that I jumped though, was its quick approach to a roar, as though the aeroplane were heading for the room, and I instinctively ducked and waited for the inevitable crash to come on the roof, when suddenly I realised that the noise was actually coming from the direction of the loud speaker.

The crescendo of machine rhythm would have drowned any noise, and I must admit that I thought I was going mad. It seemed as though my brain were giving way, for not only was this tremendous roar overpowering me, but the room seemed to start swimming about me, and darken, and I began to discern fantastic shapes, in what I well knew must be my lounge. The very walls seemed to melt before my eyes, and I saw men—yes, men and then women, with little children clutching at their dresses, coming and going, hurrying to and fro, in all directions, each of them bent upon some task—what, I knew not.

Suddenly a figure appeared in front of me. It just seemed to come from thin air. Really, I was so petrified with fright, that I could not move, and so sat there a mute spectator to this extraordinary panorama, which was unfolding itself before my eyes, and later a witness to something that I now know that I shall never forget. The

figure, in spite of the dimness that the room had taken on, became visible enough for me to see that it was dressed in a leather jacket and breeches, and wore long leather boots. With an impatient gesture, it pulled off a leather helmet, with goggles attached and flung them down carelessly at my feet. They struck my leg, and rebounded off on to the floor, the metal rims striking the parquet surround, and making a clatter. It was then for the first time that I saw its face. The face of a young man, clean shaven, blue eyes, and such a roguish smile. That face quickly became clearer, and, good heavens! I was staring at my own brother.

I must have been staring like a deaf and dumb mummy, when the silence was suddenly broken with a "Hullo, Denis," which was uttered in his dear old simple way. Just as though nothing had ever happened to him and he dropped in as was his custom at any old time. "Sorry I startled you, old son." "Startled me?" I managed to reply. "Why, good heavens above, David, I thought that death was death: the end of all things, and, dash it all, I stood at your graveside in Flanders but a few weeks ago, yet here you are purporting to be still alive, and standing in front of me, just as solid as though you were alive. Good God! Am I mad?" "No, no, Denis, old man. Not mad, just ignorant, as ignorant as I was. It's all very simple, if you'll just sit tight and listen." "I'll listen, David, but, hang it, I thought that you had been shot down by a German pilot during the war, and I can swear that I saw your grave, and thought you were dead."

"So did I, Denis, but I'm not you see, hence my coming to you to-night in the old bus; the same old bus that I crashed in. Smashed to smithereens she was, like me, and yet here we both are. I, unkillable; she, reconstructed by me, old chap. I just built her again, with memory as material, and, believe me, she just ticks over as well as ever. Didn't you hear her? I brought her with me to lessen the shock of my arrival, and by doing so have once again gradually come to you, with the aid of the Old Scout. You must understand that there is no such thing as death. I just stepped out of the flesh, and found myself in another great country, where I don't need to have a flesh body. Eternal life is just something that I have since found out to be a fact."

"But, David, it's all too mystifying to me." When did you discover that you were still alive?" "Oh, when I woke up," he laughingly replied, "just as you, when you wake up, will find that you are still alive. It is you, Denis, old man, who are asleep now, and I have found you in what you call a dream, and I am going to see to it that you carry back a vivid memory of my meeting with

you, so that when you wake up in your chair you will remember that you and I have met during these so-called sleeping hours of yours, and that you will know from now onwards to eternity that there is no such thing as "snuffing out."

To conclude this story, I was awakened with a frightful start. Not only did it seem to me that I was falling through space, but there was a terrific bang, and I opened my eyes feeling terrified. The large portrait of my brother in flying kit, which hangs upon my wall, had crashed to the ground at the side of my chair. Truly a startling reminder from David that I should not forget our meeting.

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THE WRIGHTS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Splendid Work Being Done.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Wright concluded the first stage of their New Zealand mission when they left Dunedin for Oamaru during November, after a month's stay in that beautiful little city of the south.

And the Missioners left no doubt in the minds of either the officers of the church or the congregation regarding their ability to demonstrate clearly, straightforwardly, and attractively, the highest aspects of Spiritualism. Mr. Wright, in a series of inspirational addresses, delivered in a finished manner, was unequivocal in his championship of the high spiritual destiny of the movement, and his appeal for unity and for concentration upon high aspirations found a response in the hearts and minds of large numbers of people, many of whom had been attracted to the church for the first time by the eminently sane, manly, spiritualised ethics which Mr. Wright advocated.

Mrs. Wright, too, appealed to her audiences, and to those individuals who sought her help and advice, by her sympathy and understanding, as well as by her clairvoyant and healing powers.

New Zealand Spiritualism will be the richer and purer for the helpful presence of such workers as the Wrights, the Webbs and Mrs. Davies.

EMERGENCY FUND.

We gratefully acknowledge the following:—

Anon	£50	0	0
J.P.G. (Willeroo)	1	0	0
R. J. Mc (Fern Tree Gully)	0	10	6
Lady A.	0	10	6
R.J.C.B.	0	10	6
M.E.E. (Transvaal)	0	5	0
J.W.N. (Sandgate)	0	4	8
M.F. (Bobadah)	0	3	3
H.G.O.	0	1	0

CANON TUPPER CAREY ON PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

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A Tremendous Field For Investigation.

CANON TUPPER CAREY, of Monte Carlo, gave a most interesting address to an English audience on "The Significance of Psychic Phenomena."

Canon Tupper Carey explained that he knew nothing of Spiritualism himself, he had never attended a seance, but what he proposed to do was to tell some of the extraordinary things he had learnt from friends during the last six years—things learnt some at first hand and some at second hand.

Specimen Stories.

He proceeded to tell a number of stories of second sight or telepathy. Among these was one told him by a bishop, who had it from the person concerned, a clergyman friend. The clergyman received a visit from one of his former boys, George —, and took him into his study and had a chat with him. Some two months afterwards he met the man's cousin and told him of the visit he had received from George. "Why," the cousin said, "George has been dead for two years."

* * *

A lady who had a son in Australia dreamt that he had had an accident. She saw him lying beside his horse, and a man bending over him. A letter was received later from a friend of the son stating that the son had broken his collar bone. When the son came home a year or two later the mother told him her dream, and he said it was perfectly true; the details were exact even to the clothes he was wearing.

* * *

There was the case of a lady who persistently dreamed that the tombstone supposedly erected over the grave of a relative had been put over the wrong grave. The verger was positive that the lady was wrong. The dreams continued, and as they were affecting the lady's health a Home Office order was obtained to enable the grave to be opened up. It was found that the stone was over the wrong grave.

Powers Of Television And Broadcasting.

These and many other stories, some of them much more remarkable, Canon Tupper Carey told. He frankly admitted that he could not explain them, but said he was inclined to think that we had powers of television and of broadcasting our thoughts all over the world, if only we knew how to use them properly and to the right purpose. He thought, too, that there were all kinds of spirits about in the world, evil spirits, freakish spirits, and good spirits. A tremendous field was opened up for investigation. "The older I grow," he said, "the less I feel I know."

Spirit Perfumes.

By Ernest W. Oaten, Editor of "The Two Worlds."

A WRITER in "The Two Worlds" recently raised the question of spirit perfumes, and the question has touched a number of old memories. Sitting in a home circle at Cardiff many years ago, it was no unusual thing for the seance room to be flooded at different times with some powerful perfume, violets, mignonette and wallflower amongst them, but in none of these cases was there any trace of any material cause for such production. On the other hand, we remember going on one occasion with the Rev. George Cole to assist in removing from a young medium a spirit of low degree. She refused to go at our request, and calling for help, we commanded her to leave and she was compelled to do so. But she flooded the whole room, and in fact the whole house, with an abominable odour which lasted for some hours. How the effect was produced it is impossible to say, but persons in other parts of the house found it so objectionable that the windows had to be opened.

There is a brighter side. Sitting in Scotland some years ago, we met a Mrs. Maclean, a useful type of medium in her way, who had some healing power. We remember a seance held at the house of a Mr. Thompson. A lady attended who had suffered very much with chest trouble and heart spasms. Mrs. Maclean proceeded to magnetise her, and stretching out her right hand, which was quite dry, there slowly oozed up in the palm of her hand a viscid oily substance with a strong aromatic scent. This was rubbed into the patient's chest and side. Eight or ten times in succession was the bare hand thrown out before a company of ten or twelve of us, and each time this oily substance oozed up or was precipitated into the palm of the hand. We were given to understand that the patient had no trouble afterwards.

Perhaps the most striking exhibition of perfumes I have ever witnessed was with my old friend Harry Batten, of Bolton, an amateur medium of great ability, who subsequently went to Canada. Mr. Batten

would pass into the trance state, and his giude would ask you to name any perfume you desired. Rubbing his hands together and slapping his open hands upon the surface of the table, the perfume formed as an actual stream of liquid flowing from his fingers. Five handkerchiefs were saturated at one seance. Sitters were asked to name the perfume required. Thinking to catch him unawares, I asked him for "onion" and I got it. My wife asked for Lily of the Valley, and this was secured. After each particular perfume there would be a space of ten minutes, during which all traces of perfume would be removed from the air.

In more recent times I have witnessed the same phenomena with Mrs. Platt, of Oldham. At one seance she stretched out her hand to me, I put my finger into the palm of the hand, which was perfectly dry, and while my finger contracted the palm of the hand, a stream of perfume welled up in the centre of the palm. Whether this phenomenon still occurs with this medium I do not know, but a year or two ago Mr. Platt collected several samples of perfumes (about an ounce of each) and put them in bottles. Each perfume was true to type, despite the fact that it was collected at different seances, and we believe some of these are still on view, securely sealed, at the Britten Memorial Institute. Such phenomena are very interesting, and they give rise to the question whether these substances are extracted from the medium's psysical body, just as aniline dyes are derived from coal tar, whether they are apported, or whether they are actually manufactured. Whatever may be their origin, they constitute delightful phenomena and are very impressive.

HYMN BOOKS.

Cloth covered Hymn Books containing 171 hymns, 5d. each, postage 1d. 4/6 per dozen, postage 4d.

A SINGING MEDIUM.

By Frederika Quanjer, The Hague,
Holland.

I HAVE just come across a curious form of mediumship. An invitation was given me a few days ago to attend a sitting with a single Medium. This Medium is a very poor, uneducated baker's boy, 21 years of age, but giving the impression of being younger.

This sitting was an enormous surprise. The boy, whose name is Toetenel, was entranced, and began to sing most exquisitely in Italian. His appearance changed entirely, and we felt ourselves in the presence of an Italian opera singer, who calls himself Pietro Moreno. The voice is very fine indeed—a peculiar feature being that the boy himself has a baritone voice, whereas the Italian is a tenor. The Italian pronunciation seems perfect. By request, he sang parts of various operas, such as "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Prescatori di Perla" and "Tosca." The last-named opera seemed to rouse sad memories; he stood for some time, as if absorbed in thought, slowly repeating over and over again: "Tosca, Tosca."

An American lady asked him if she was right in believing that he once sang at the English court. He replied at once in good English, denying that he had ever been there, but he added that he had sung before King George somewhere else, I spoke in English to him, too, and he answered very courteously.

A master of music who was present accompanied him on the piano and then he was delighted. He also whistles beautifully, not rounding his lips at all. The spirit-friend who then used him as his instrument refuses to speak. It appeared that once he had given a French name, or what sounded like it so I addressed him in French, but no answer came; he would not even glance at me. Sometimes there seems to be a Russian singing through him.

He then sits on the floor, accompanying himself on imaginary instruments. He handles those in what seems the most skilful way. When Pietro Moreno sings, the technique is altogether Italian, and

one hears in the voice the same peculiar note that is characteristic of Italian singers.

A married couple with whom the medium has developed, and without whom he never gives sittings, do not know languages, so he could not possibly have learned anything from them, supposing this to be possible.

MYSTERIOUS NUN-LIKE PICTURE.

In Sydney Cottage Window.

A PHENOMENON in a cottage window in Waverly has attracted the attention of hundreds of people, including priests, doctors and other professional men.

Occupants of the house say that it appears to be a miraculous appearance of the picture St. Therese, known as the Little Flower, and has been visible night and day, usually like a photographic negative, but often surrounded with many colours.

Recently newspaper men visited the home of a Mrs. Meagher in Waverley and on a back window they saw a nun-like form, about 2in. square, which resembled a picture of St. Therese, usually carried by Roman Catholics in prayer books. Above this was another form, faintly like a crucifixion picture and, above a wavy mass of grey, the outline of a building.

Three sisters live in the house—the Misses Murray and Mrs. Meagher—and the recovery of Mrs. Meagher from a serious illness, they state, coincides with the day when the formation in her window was first noticed.

They say the pictures are those of the Little Flower, of a crucifix and of a building like the convent at Lisieux, where the Little Flower died.

Hundreds of people have rubbed the glass, they say, and the pictures remain clear although attempts to photograph them have failed.—"Sun News-Pictorial."

What A "Faithist" Is.

By "Placidus."

The word "Faithist" first appeared in the year 1881 in the "New Revelation," of which several unofficial editions have been published, some of them being entitled "The Kosmon Revelation," "Oahspe," etc. In the year 1927 The Faithist Fraternity or Brotherhood began the publication, in sections of an official edition, entitled "The Origin and Destiny of Man."

The Faithist Fraternity or Brotherhood (Emethachavah), also sometimes known as The Kosmon Brotherhood, was inaugurated by Dr. John B. Newbrough in the year 1882, and soon after was incorporated in the United States of America and throughout the world with national, international and world-wide jurisdiction, the headquarters being in U.S.A.

The revelation first states:—"To as many as make 'these covenants' unto Me, have I given the founding of My Kingdom on Earth, and they shall be called FAITHISTS."

A careful reading of the book to ascertain what "these covenants" are, reveals that they are the covenants of the degrees of The Faithist Fraternity or Brotherhood, and embody the tenets of the Faithist Religion. So, to explain the meaning of the word "Faithist" we will make a short summary of the tenets of this religion—which are not embodied in any other religion—as follows:

1. That the destiny of man is eternal resurrection, far surpassing the grandest thoughts of men and gods; that until he has created a universe, and filled it with suns and stars, "he has not half fulfilled his destiny."

2. That there is no such thing as "individual" resurrection; that spiritual progress can only come to man, on earth or in heaven, collectively, and on earth by uniting into one brotherhood "in the name of Jehovih, and after the manner of the Second Resurrection in heaven."

3. That the Second Resurrection is composed of many kingdoms and departments, united under ONE organised government and having one head. That mortals and angels are graded on a percentage basis; angels being divided into two distinct classes: "First morality; then death, which is 'the first resurrection,' angels dwelling with mortals on the earth. Second, their abandonment of mortals and entrance into My organised kingdoms, which is the 'Second Resurrection.'" Angels in the first resurrection grade from zero to five per cent.; in the primary grades of the Second Resurrection from six to fifty; and the upper grades to ninety-nine per cent. The average grade of mortals is less than five per cent.

The Faithist Fraternity maintains the standards of the Second Resurrection and repudiates all things below. As the revelation states: "More shall they concern themselves in a righteous foundation of My Kingdom than in a multitude of conversations, for the standard is of more value than tens of thousands who are of little wisdom and strength."

4. That no virtue counts until established by constitutional growth. "Shall the drunken man, reeking with foul smell, sign the pledge to drink no more, and straight way say 'we temperance men' and presume to dwell with the pure?"

5. That there is no atonement without restitution. If one commits a crime, retribution will soon or late overtake him, from which the only way out is by making full restitution on earth or in heaven, after which he shall find peace of soul.

6. That all the ills of mankind are due to "selfishness." "The selfishness of man has made the world a place of wretchedness and misery." "Whatever doctrine shows self as the chief consideration, even if it be for obtaining wisdom, or supposed purity, for self, is not of Jehovih. In all things where self is the chief consideration, know that such matter is not of Jehovih, but of darkness."

7. That we reap in heaven what we sow on earth. The crowning feature of this revelation is that in addition to giving the precepts of life, it gives examples, both on earth and in heaven, of persons who have taken every conceivable course showing just what they reaped in heaven. "In Kosmon, man shall have before him all speculations and philosophies, together with the fruits thereof."

8. That as the Great Spirit created all things, He still rules over them to the end for which He created them. That all the races of mankind are the sons and daughters of the Great Spirit, all of whom will ultimately be raised up in heaven.

9. That as the Second Resurrection in heaven is a unit, so is The Faithist Fraternity on earth. Therefore, the Brotherhood is an international institution with its headquarters in the United States of America, and this Organisation and the Faithist Religion are one, inseparable and indivisible. There can never be such a thing as "independent Faithists," and such terms are a burlesque on this religion.

10. That there is no spontaneous progress or resurrection. That to begin to rise in spirit, we must keep clean the corporeal body by bathing

every day, and refraining from contaminating the body by the use of animal food, tobacco, intoxicating liquors, opiates, etc. And further, that all such contamination and pollution of the body will be transmitted to offspring, and also follow us into the spirit world.

11. That only by purifying the body and then purifying the spirit by the renunciation of false religions and philosophies, and the practice of good works in the service of Jehovah, as such service is defined in the Faithist Religion, is there any resurrection possible unto men.

12. That there should be no rich nor poor, but all should labour and be industrious; that labour develops the spirit unto strength as well as the body.

13. That while angel communion is proper to prove the continued life of the spirit of man, yet man should always supplicate his Creator for light and truth, and not the angels.

14. That in the first resurrection there is no organised government, and no co-operation except for evil. All men die and enter the place and condition to which they have adapted themselves.

15. That while there are hells in the regions of the first resurrection, these were not made by the Creator, but by evil angels for their own gratification; and are not eternal. In such places men and angels reap retribution, and cannot be delivered until they exhaust the evil that is in themselves, after which they are raised up.

16. That while perfection cannot be attained in mortality, yet because the Creator always provides sufficient for all mankind, and the world is not half populated, there is no excuse or necessity for the existence of war, poverty, helplessness or crime. To The Faithist Fraternity has been delegated the task of demonstrating this by establishing small communities where shall rest perpetually a system, which will provide a new race, where poverty, crime and helplessness cannot enter.

The Faithist Fraternity does not solicit funds from the public, and all its officials and workers serve without pay. The Fraternity seeks men and women of sterling character in every country and community to assist it, and invites correspondence from those sincerely interested.

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"Two things are invariably necessary to successful work no matter what its line may be; first, the love of it; second, confidence in the success thereof."—W. J. Colville.

Will Rogers once scoffed at the fear of death "Of course we are all just a hanging on here as long as we can, I don't know why we hate to go, we know its better there. Maybe it's because we haven't done anything that will live after we are gone."

ELIZABETH'S FATHER.

FATHER and I went to hear what a Spiritualist Service was like. I did not like going, but Father wanted to, although when he arrived at the vestibule he told several folks that he preferred spirits in bottles—not out of them. I mention this to show his attitude.

Well, after a while, the medium appeared to get sleepy. Then she started describing people who had left their earth bodies.

To my intense astonishment the medium pointed to Father and commenced to talk to him. So horrified was I that I did not follow what she was saying.

Father kept his hand raised, and at times nodded his head as the medium talked to him.

I gave Father a little dig in the ribs, and said quietly: "How can you let me down so? Don't even listen to her." Alas, he did not listen to me.

When we both got outside Father told me that this medium had given him a most minute description and character reading of Elizabeth's father who had died thirty odd years ago.

"But who is Elizabeth?" I asked.

Father said very, very quietly, "Elizabeth was my first wife."

EVOLUTION OF A PREACHER.

AS a young man of twenty I studied for the Wesleyan ministry and passed an examination as a fully accredited local preacher. Then I went to Melbourne to continue my studies, but a kindly providence—which some of my friends at that time interpreted as the devil—brought me in contact with the late Professor William Denton.

I attended his course of lectures, including, among other subjects, "Evidences of Survival." Through the mediumship of George Spriggs, of Cardiff, Wales, then in Melbourne, I was forced to accept the facts of what has ever since been to me the noblest of all sciences, the grandest of all philosophies and which forms the basis of the most comforting of all religions.

I gradually built up a library of the best books obtainable on the subject, but after thirty years, had the misfortune to have them all destroyed by fire. However, since then, as far as circumstances would permit, I have gradually built up a further collection, including, so far the most prized of all, Arthur Findlay's three notable works, which I keep in circulation.

W. LAND-ROPER.

Auburn Street, Goulburn,
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