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(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

The Harbinger of Light

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

Psychical Research, Spiritualism, and Spiritual Philosophy.

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

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EDGAR WALLACE

"I AM COMING BACK. THEY CAN SNEER: BUT I AM COMING BACK"

By MAURICE BARBANELL.

(Edgar Wallace—world favourite writer No. 1 for years. He turned out novels, plays, stories, newspaper articles by the hundred. Made a fortune, and died, as he had often been in life—"broke". Then his work earned another fortune after he was dead, and is still "best-selling." Son of a music hall actress, he was adopted by a porter and saved from the workhouse. Was a newsboy at the corner of Fleet street, which he later conquered. Was a soldier, racing man, theatre man, gambler with life).

[The following article, reprinted from "The Sunday Pictorial" was written by the Editor of "Psychic News." Mr. Barbanell is not only responsible for one of the best and most widely read of Spiritualist journals, but he is an authority on all matters connected with practical Spiritualism. Ed. H. of L.].

I HAVE been present at over 2,000 seances. At every one of them I have had communications from those the world calls dead. Sometimes they have come from famous men and women whose names are known all over the world. On other occasions I have spoken to my own dead friends, who have proved in at least a score of different ways that life exists beyond the grave. I have been at a seance where a spirit has completely materialised, that is through the powers of the medium has built a replica of his earthly body so that his face could be identified and his voice recognised. I have held a note pad on which a materialised spirit, standing only six inches away from me and plainly visible all the time, has written his signature, which experts declared was similar to the one he used when on earth! And I have been invited, at one memorable

seance, to handle the hair of the spirit form to convince myself, beyond shadow of doubt that its texture was totally different from the medium's. The spirit was a man—the medium a woman.

I have had thousands of conversations with the dead, who have spoken to me in what is called the "direct voice," which has enabled me to establish the identities of the speakers by characteristic mannerisms and inflections. When I was in America in 1937, on a lecture tour—for three weeks I gave three lectures a day to crowded audiences—I was addressed by the voice of my dead brother-in-law while I was having with tea with a medium. The voice came apparently from the air within three inches of my face. This same spirit has written a letter at a seance which, when compared with communications he sent home from the front during

the war, was found to be identical with his handwriting.

On photographic plates that I have purchased and signed in the dark room when loading them into the slides, I have obtained photographs of the dead, when the medium has done nothing else but release the shutter for the pictures to be taken. Often there have been no similar normal pictures in existence, so that fraud was out of the question.

I have seen psychic healers, themselves instruments of spirit power, lay their hands on the sick and suffering and obtain remarkable successes, even in cases where the medical profession had declared that the patients had incurable maladies. I have watched a clairvoyant artist at work, drawing dead people, who posed for him. Later he has been shown pictures taken in earthly life to prove the accuracy of his psychic vision.

Spirit Gift From Dennis Bradley.

One of my most priceless possessions is an apport, a spirit gift from Dennis Bradley, the author and Bond street tailor, who popularised Spiritualism with his books. The gift was a woman's wedding ring, which, strange to relate, arrived between my closed fingers at a seance. On the inside of the ring was engraved the motto of the Royal Air Force, "Per ardua ad astra." After the inscription came the letter "B." Freely translated the Latin motto means "Through difficulties towards the stars." Bradley's first Spiritualist book was "Towards the Stars." The letter "B" was an obvious link with my name.

Often I find it easier to talk to the dead than to the living. Sometimes it is more difficult to get the right number on the telephone than it is to get a message from the spirit world. I know one reigning monarch who regularly goes to seances. I am in touch with thousands of people who regularly get communications from their dead in their own homes, and who regard the coming of these messages as part of their normal life. The world only hears about them when a famous person speaks across the gulf of death. Let me give you one example: One day there arrived at my

office a long manuscript, accompanied by a letter. The writer, a woman of little education, said she had received this script in automatic writing.

Edgar Wallace Communicates.

Once, when she held a pencil in her hand, she felt herself impelled to write. Judge her surprise when she discovered that she had written what purported to be a message from Edgar Wallace the genius at producing thrillers. Week after week these messages continued until, in the end, she had this long manuscript called, "The Passing of Edgar Wallace," which gave a detailed description of his adventures in the spirit world from the time he died. It was sent to me in all good faith, but I could not publish it without some confirmation that Edgar Wallace was really its spirit author. After all, the woman might have deceived herself. I decided to seek corroboration.

At the next seance I visited, where Estelle Roberts was the medium, I said to Red Cloud, her guide, "I am in a quandary. I have a manuscript which is alleged to have come in automatic writing from Edgar Wallace. Did he write it?" I volunteered no other information, knowing that Red Cloud would be able to tell me more about it. "Do not publish it yet," the guide replied. "I will find out and let you know if it is authentic." A fortnight later at another seance Red Cloud addressed me. I have made inquiries," he said. "I have spoken to Edgar Wallace. He says he wrote it!"

That was good enough for me. When it comes to evidence for Survival I have never known Red Cloud to be wrong. I published the script. "My Life After Death," by Edgar Wallace, I called it. It created a sensation. Some people attacked it. Others praised it. "Edgar's style has certainly improved," was the comment of one distinguished journalist, who recognised in the script the practised hand of an old reporter graphically describing a new world.

This is Wallace Speaking.

Bob Curtis, Edgar's former secretary, was one of those who disliked the publication of the messages from Beyond.

Then the restless, dynamic, forceful personality of Edgar Wallace began to manifest at seances I attended. At first he had to be restrained, because in his eagerness he was interfering with the conditions without having mastered the technique of spirit communication. Soon at a Red Cloud voice seance he made a dramatic appearance. "This is Wallace speaking," he announced, "whether you like it or not. . . . They can laugh and they can sneer, but I am coming back. . . . Tell Bob Curtis not to be a fool. . . ."

Right at the end the spirit voice of Edgar promised that he would prove himself to his secretary. The evidence he gave was astounding. The story was told a few weeks ago on the radio by Sydney Horler, the well-known novelist. After Edgar's passing, Horler employed Curtis as his secretary. Horler sent Curtis some dictaphone records of his next novel to transcribe. The secretary put one on "and was startled almost out of my seat to hear the unmistakable voice of Edgar Wallace coming through."

How the spirit succeeded in placing his voice on the cylinder is a mystery that has never been solved. Even the experts at the dictaphone offices could throw no light on this strange happening. There was no normal explanation, they said, for the Wallace voice. But the dead man had kept his promise. Then, as so often happens, Red Cloud volunteered further evidence. He told me, quite unexpectedly, that he had been to see whether any more script from Wallace had come through my South Wales medium. He mentioned her name and address, facts the medium did not know. They were a secret shared by only three people in my office.

Sir Thomas Lipton.

Then there is the case of Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous magnate who built one of the world's largest businesses. A medium wrote to me one day to say that she had been asked to give a seance to some strangers. Towards the end of the sitting a spirit communicator forced his way through and spoke to one of them, a man who said he was an old friend. The spirit showed her the word "Colombo" and a map of Ceylon. Then clairaudiently she

saw a sheet of paper with lots of calculations.

Next came the spirit message: "Tell my friend that he and the other executors are at this moment engaged upon certain transactions connected with my business in Ceylon." "Do you remember the emerald and diamond tie-pin that was given to me by King Edward?" was the next question the spirit asked. This was followed by a long list of names. Then came a detailed description of the dead man and a mass of evidence until, in the end, the sitter was forced to accept the fact that he was being spoken to by Thomas Lipton.

Some of these names were of members of his staff and others old friends in the sporting and business world. The mention of Colombo and Ceylon was obviously intended to link up his identity with his vast tea plantations in India. The sheet of paper with the calculations was a reference to a problem in connection with Lipton's will. The emerald tie-pin was given to him by King Edward because of his association with the Shamrock, the boat with which Sir Thomas tried to win the world-famous yacht race. "Yes, it is Thomas Lipton, all right," said the sitter, who was also given information concerning Lipton's affairs, matters on which he, as an executor, and his colleagues were then engaged.

Sir Thomas Communicates.

When I telephoned this man he admitted that all the statements were correct, but in view of the delicate negotiations then proceeding he could not allow his name to be published. At a seance a few days later with Estelle Roberts, Red Cloud laughingly said, "I will bring Lipton back to you in my voice circle. Then you can print all the names." He kept his word, though none of us knew that at this sitting there was to be present an old friend of the famous sportsman. I waited eagerly for the appearance of Sir Thomas Lipton. Soon I heard, "Well, well, well! You, of all people, to find here. Do you know who is talking to you? Tommie Lipton." He was addressing a woman seated next to me. She was Mrs. Emma Cunliffe Owen, who earned distinction

during the War by raising the Sportsmen's Battalion. She was taken by surprise. "Fancy your being here," she said. "Why not?" asked the spirit voice. "But you did not believe in this." "Never mind," said Lipton. "I will prove to you who I am. Thank you for what you did." Then, addressing the rest of us, he said, "She decorated the carriage in which my body was brought home," a fact which none of them knew. "You did so much for other people," said Mrs. Owen, "I thought I would like to do something for you." "It is very kind of you," Lipton insisted. "If I had known a little more, I would have left things very differently. But I was told a different story." "Still, I am glad you left Ossidge as a home of rest for the nurses," said Mrs. Owen. (With impish humour he had named his Southgate house "Ossidge" so that when referring to it people would have to say "Lipton's Ossidge"—a joke on Lipton's sausage. "I want you to know I appreciate what you did," declared Sir Thomas. "What was the colour?" he mused. "Purple cloth and laurels. And you put the yellow chrysanthemums on yourself. It was jolly nice of you.")

There was a whispered good-bye, and then this striking but natural communication between two old friends, one dead and the other living, was over. Mrs. Owen assured me afterwards that none of the facts given to her by the spirit voice could have been known to the medium or to any of those present. To her it was unchallengeable evidence that Sir Thomas Lipton had survived the grave.

THE IMMORTAL ROAD

W.E.M. ABBOT—4/6 Net.

Sir Oliver Lodge contributes a highly commendatory foreword, and this book is being highly praised in the Spiritualist press. The volume is well written and will prove of real value on account of the experiences of which it tells. The proof of Survival prevented much unnecessary grief. Eminently worth reading.

ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL LTD., 29 Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.4.

DEAD MAN "REAPPEARED IN GARDEN."

HAS the spirit of John A. Holms, eccentric Glasgow stockbroker who died last May, returned to Formakin, England, where his collections, stated to have cost £250,000 to acquire, are now being sold?

One old friend of the dead man avers that he has seen Mr. Holms, since his death, in the garden which he loved so much and where he spent a great deal of his time. The friend's story is: "I was sitting reading under an elm tree in the garden when I became aware of a presence behind me. I turned and looked right into the eyes of John Holms.

"Dazed . . . Fully Clothed."

"No sign of recognition passed. He looked dazed and as if partially sightless. He was fully clothed in his usual attire and had evidently come into the garden along the path which he always used when coming from the house. He stood for a few moments and then moved off along the path. He moved uncertainly, with his hands held out in front, as if feeling his way, stumbling sometimes on the grass verge. I watched him until he disappeared round a bend to the path. "I am quite certain that what I saw was the presentment of my old friend. I have not studied psychic matters and am not particularly interested in them." Another person is stated to have seen "Mr. Holmes" since he died, but this person refused to discuss the matter when approached.

Strange tales have been circulated at Formakin among those attending the sale, which opened recently. Some nights ago, strange knockings were heard at houses on the estate by a party of employees of the firm of auctioneers who are conducting the sale.

One of the men—who are living in a house on the property—said he heard the noises about 1 a.m. last Sunday. "I rose from my bed and traced the knocking to a corner," he said. "It was like a hammer knocking and there was no visible cause for it. The wall at this point is solid masonry and there was no one outside."—"Daily Dispatch."

I Am Being Driven From The Church

By WILMOT FRANCE.

EVERY week, I make an attempt to go to church. Every week I ask myself the same question: "Will it satisfy the yearning of my heart?" And every week, I come away from church with that void in my heart only half-filled. For years I have lied to myself that the Church is perfect. Like many other people, I felt I had no right to challenge its ceremonies or methods. But now I ask: Is the great heritage of man—the Christian Church—still strong, still holy, still supported? Or, have men gone on into the future and left this solemn edifice to return to dust?

It is my greatest regret that the Church has not satisfied the longing of my soul. It is this and this only that has driven me away to fight my own moral battle in my own may. True, you may see me in church next Sunday, making curious noises in my throat which, for me, represent psalm-singing. Or with my hand to my ear to catch a few words of the lesson. Or sighing heavily when the vicar says a great thought in the wrong way. Or moaning quietly when the service is conducted like a horse-race commentary. But I shall only be there to pick up a few divine crumbs, and I shall go home hungry.

What Is Taught?

Why has the House of God repelled the march of time? Where is the quiet spirit? Where is the silence? Where is the originality in presenting a philosophy—not odd, but almost remotely futuristic? The replies to the question: "Do you believe in God?" are rather pathetic. The majority of young people believe in God—but vaguely. I know no more important result. No doubt most readers feel as I do, that there is a God, but we aren't told enough about Him in plain language.

What an opportunity for the Church when they have already a fundamental belief upon which to work. At the moment we are vaguely believing and learning by our own mistakes. Frankly, I'm just wondering what students are taught be-

hind the clandestine walls of theological colleges. If they think that there are seven heavens, or that there are scientific explanations for Christ walking on water and writing in the sand, then why don't they say so? All men must live the religion of life, whether they want to or not, so we might as well know as much about it as possible.

Instead, we are kept in ignorance of the Church's deepest beliefs. Clergy lisp guarded words about what should and not be. They never tell you the exact reason for it. They talk of being "saved unto salvation," and honestly, I don't get the idea; tell it to me in plain English! Let's forget the frills and old-fashioned phraseology and get down to the mechanics of life and religion. I don't believe in blind faith. I believe in the evidence I have collected for myself from what I have seen and felt. The philosophy of love is the method of tackling life in a sane, reasonable way. I have found that it works and I believe in it.

The Church and Spiritualism.

I would not say these things if I did not love the Church. I know, only too well, that it is easier to criticise than to create. I speak because thousands of devout and thinking people are leaving their heritage.

It seems a pity to see a great tradition dying for want of human understanding.

The crack in the roof of the church opened widest at the advent of Spiritualism. But through that gap came a shaft of sunshine. For all its faults, Spiritualism started a long-neglected march of psychic research. The orthodox church sneered, overlooked or openly challenged it. The orthodox became a paradox, because the complete ideal of individual psychic contact with God is surely believed in any great religion.

It is a fallacy of human nature always to challenge what is new and inexperienced. Often a young plant, that will one

day grow into a mighty tree, is overlooked. Just as I disbelieve in party-politics, so I disbelieve in religious sects. My faith is based on two guiding principles—my love of God and my love of humanity. I profess no other creed or belong to no other denomination save the religion of life. To me, a material church is only a place of meditation and a house of prayer, but the orthodox Church has made it a den of badly-phrased platitudes. And where there should be meditation there is a hubbub of stereotyped and verbose ceremony.

I feel that the "sinner" angle is much overdone in the Church. Frankly, I think we've been "miserable sinners" long enough, and it's about time we stopped grizzling about wrong and did something right for a change. The best place for worshipping God is in the heart and in the home. The home is the first place for love and charity. The heart you can take wherever you go. You don't have to beg to be godly. I love the Church, but I love the truth more.

We Must Think For Ourselves.

Any sect that refuses me the right to think for myself is unjust and useless. There are many gullible people who are hoodwinked into believing something they don't understand. I am much impressed by the truth of a Biblical admonition, not to use vain repetition when talking to God. What does the orthodox Church answer to that? A nation of youth is rising, with that instinctive yearning for a spiritual foundation. Yet, they will have to grow up blindly, because the venerable Church denies them any knowledge of spiritual mechanics. This is not co-operating with a Modern Age that is far too intellectual to remain blind to anything. Either something is or it isn't.

What's the answer from the Church?

Doesn't the Church see that it can no longer sit back on its massive, stone haunches and profess instead of prove? We are living in tabloid days. In days when man must know immediately, definitely and briefly, what he is to do to live a decent, happy and honest life, with some security for a future existence. He

doesn't want any fancy talk, evasive replies, or supposed facts based on ecclesiastical axioms. What he really wants to know is how he can find God for himself. If the Church has told him—it has done its job. If it hasn't—then it must be left behind.

I am Disappointed.

Dear Church, be kind to me. Whisper that sweet philosophy in an ordinary way. Then I may understand the sensational meaning of it all. I have asked you, but you have answered vaguely. I have loved you, but you have turned away my love. I have followed you, but you have not led. I am disappointed. If you will not be modern, sleepy Church, then I must leave you to blow away like that Essex church. Even if you do, it will not make any difference to the religion of life, because a man's heart is a brave thing. He will go on believing, because he will always feel magnetically drawn to progress. He will always be a divine creature.

Be wise, and come with us. Don't say: "This is what we think—take it or leave it!" Your ideal is my ideal. But that ideal is not yet proved. Go on, with men, into the hazards and dangers of the future, and prove that you were right. Once you were the greatest pioneer of all—are you still? I shall go on, with other men, crying and laughing with them. My face cut by the sharp wind. My brow sweating in the heat of the sun. My eyes will shine with vision or be blurred with tears—but I shall be happy because I shall have tried to fulfil my promise to my God—that I should go on—to Him!

A THREAD IN THE MAZE, by Sheila Leonis. (Rider & Co.). This book posits the problems that face most thinking people—the Endless Quest of the Human Soul and how Truth may be found by Inner Guidance, the study of science, evolution, medicine and psychology. Some chapters are devoted to the Occult Path and the book must be regarded as a valuable handbook for those who want to know more than the average work on psychology and philosophy can supply. Price, 4/6; Postage 4d.

The Life of the World to Come

The Bishop of Ely (Eng.) gave a lecture recently on "The Life of the World to Come." Although it was reported at length in the local newspaper, a copy of which has reached us, the Bishop practically said nothing either constructive or helpful. The following letters appeared in the "East Anglican Daily Times."

"THE REAL ANTIDOTE TO SPIRITUALISM"

By W. G., Ipswich.

I wonder if one of your readers may take exception to the remarks on Spiritualism by the Bishop of Ely in his lecture, under the auspices of the Diocesan Adult Education Committee, as published in the "East Anglian Daily Times." It reads: "The real antidote to Spiritualism he said, is the exercise of faith and imagination. We want to practice the doctrine of the communion of saints."

This, to say the least of it, is a bit confusing. An "antidote," according to the English dictionary, is "Anything that will counteract or remove the effects of poison, disease, or the like. Anything that will correct or counteract any evil." If the Bishop is correctly reported, I wonder if this is really the sum and total of his acquaintance with, and understanding of Spiritualism, or his ignorance of it. Spiritualism in its essence, in spite of its counterfeited, obstacles, and risks, is a groping for reality in a world of unbelief, uncertainly, and unreality.

Spiritualists, it seems, do not attempt to commune with the saints of theology, but they do attempt to commune with just ordinary folk, such as were chosen by Our Lord for this purpose among hardy fishermen, plain, unassuming boatmen, miners, mothers, wives, and sisters; saints who were ever-ready and willing to lay down their own lives to save others in dire peril and distress.

The rumbling sounds of apathy, archæology, comparative religions, psychic investigation, and "Spiritualism," our Bishops have heard are the trumpet calls already felt by them shaking, not religion, but their own very ancient "Jericho" walls" of ecclesiasticism.

"LIFE OF THE WORLD TO COME."

By Ida M. N. Keeble, Innisfree,

The Bishop of Ely, lecturing in Ipswich recently on "The Life of the World to Come," is reported to have said: "The real antidote to Spiritualism is the exercise of faith and imagination." St. Peter, in his second Epistle, advocates: "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge." The Spiritualist feels that he is on the right track when he strives to add to his faith, knowledge. By actual conversations with those who are already dwelling in the soul-life it is possible to get definite knowledge of the conditions which obtain there, and to hear of the new experiences which we may fit ourselves for entrance into the Life Beyond.

Faith, hope, and imagination are very poor substitutes to offer to thinking men and women who have been trained to work and study on scientific lines. They answered the purpose very well when people were ignorant and full of fear, and credulous. Truth has nothing to fear from the light of knowledge, but when errors are taught, as many souls find from the examination of the Universal Register (or record of all world events, which may be studied at leisure in the soul-life), then the teachers of error may well fear Spiritualism.

Now that we are accustomed to hear the voices of people recorded on gramophones, or through the medium of the telephone, or the wireless set, we are no longer afraid of hearing the voices of invisible beings because we have knowledge of the method of transmission. A deep trance medium may be likened to an instrumentalist who loans his instrument willingly to a friend for a short period of time, because that friend has urgent desire to express his feelings to an audience,

but has no instrument of his own which can reveal his thoughts with such clarity.

Many people are extremely sensitive to spiritual urges, which are thoughts of souls, or groups of souls, focussed on an individual. But others are not so sensitive, and are glad that the urge can be put into physical words for their edification.

It is impossible to believe that the Creator of the universe provided some human beings with this amazing gift of mediumship for no purpose whatever. It was surely meant as a channel whereby those in the spirit world could give guidance to those in the physical. Death no longer separates, and there is nothing to fear, for the "Eternal Silence" quoted by the Bishop no longer exists. The veil has been lifted, and we can know with certainty the kind of life we shall enter when we leave our physical body—a world of unlimited activities, glorious adventure and soul satisfaction as new spiritual faculties develop during our soul-evolution. Add to your faith, knowledge—instead of imagination.

DOES TELEPATHY INFLUENCE THE DECISIONS OF "BORN" LEADERS?

Reprint of a radio interview given with
LOUIS L. SNYDER, Ph.D.

Professor of History, College of the
City of New York.

Interviewer: Dr. Snyder, in the book, "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," by Ward Hill Lamon, and in several other books on the life of Lincoln, it is recounted how Lincoln had a vision of his assassination three days before it occurred. What is your opinion of this and other incidents of Lincoln's attitude toward mental phenomena?

Dr. Snyder: Lincoln's own words are the best authority for his attitude. He said: "Nature is the workmanship of the Almighty, and we form but links in the general chain of intellectual and material life. Dreams and presentiments are not of a super-natural origin, but proceed in natural order, their essence being preternatural but not above nature."

Do you know of any instance where Lincoln seemed to apply the use of little-known mental powers?

Yes—an obvious one. His procedure in announcing the Emancipation Proclamation. Lincoln withheld it for several weeks before giving it to the public. It was ready—but some inner compulsion—call it what you will—urged him to await a more propitious moment. He was gauging public opinion with, perhaps, a rare sense of intuition, although America in Civil War days did not possess our own rapid means of determining the nature of public opinions. Many historians believe that the incident was but an example of the way a "born" leader acts.

Your concept of the "born" leader is interesting in view of what others have said on this programme regarding the probability that many intuitive acts—personality itself—may be the functioning of little-known mental powers which may lie behind success and happiness. Would you say that "born" leaders unconsciously or otherwise make use of little-known mental powers?

Undoubtedly! Napoleon's ability to presuppose the moves of his many enemies is an indication of this undefinable power. Bismarck's genius in accurately foreseeing the results of diplomatic manoeuvres is another example. Bismarck's own opinion of such matters is interesting. He said: "At bottom, everything is inexplicable; light, a tree, our own life. Why, then, should there not be things which conflict with our logical understanding?" Bismarck actually predicted the year when his life would end.

What would you say is the attitude of the historian to our investigation of mental phenomena?

I would say it is one of sympathetic attention and encouragement. The historian constantly comes face to face with striking evidence of extra-sensory perception which he cannot explain, and—not being a scientist in the accepted sense of the word—he does not try to explain.

Do you, as a historian, believe it is possible to throw some light on these problems through scientific tests?

Of course. The historian must turn to

the scientists for explanations of this kind. He himself is not fitted by training to determine with any degree of accuracy the reasons why successful people often exhibit an amazing ability which can be attributed only to little-known mental powers. Any truly scientific explanation would be welcome to the historian and would be valuable for his work.

TELEPATHY EXPLAINED.

Psychic College Lecture.

Mr. E. Oaten, editor of "Two Worlds," at an address given at the Edinburgh Psychic College on experiments in thought transmission recently said he regarded mind as something superphysical; it was not only that which works through the body, but that which created it through intelligent consciousness within the germ. During the period of incubation the germ within the egg drew such material as it could from its environment and constructed bones, tissue, and muscle, proving that there was an intelligent process at work. No scientist in his laboratory was capable of doing what the germ within the egg did.

Mind worked through the body to get contact with his fellows. The ordinary method of communication was between body and body, telepathy was direct communication between mind and mind without the intervention of the body. It was in the nature of waves liberated from the brain cells. The speaker gave a number of personal experiences in practical telepathy. He had been able to convey precise and unexpected messages on which action was taken. During the war he communicated in this way every week with a brother who was four years in Flanders, and when he was in hospital was able to describe the hospital, state the number of beds, and indicate the one in which he was laid. He found that distance was no difficulty. It required no more energy to send a message a thousand miles than a thousand yards.

SPIRIT GUIDE'S OWN BOOK OF "NEXT WORLD"

The Psychic Press has just published a lengthy volume by "Red Cloud," the Estelle Roberts' spirit guide, written in the first person, addressed to the general public on the earth plane, and called "Red Cloud Speaks." Actually, every word of it was dictated through Estelle Roberts, specifically for publication, and taken down by expert shorthand writers.

"The world we live in," says Red Cloud, is just as solid as the one upon which you live." It is our fault if we don't see and feel it. The astral world is in our midst. "When we try to tell you that there are houses and mansions and fields and open spaces in it, you smile—a smile of ignorance," he says. "You say, 'It sounds like a fairy story.' But what do you know of God's universe?"

Red Cloud says the place he comes from is not full of airy clouds. It is solid, practical and full of common-sense people. He answers many of the questions people are asking about the "next life." Animals, he says, survive and pass into the astral world. The people on the other side live in buildings. There is no hell. It is difficult for people who have just died to realise they are dead. Life goes on.

Whatever one's views may be on the authenticity of this remarkable volume, it must be freely admitted that the author shows magnificent command of the English language. It is beautifully written, poetic in parts, powerful and impressive in every part.

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Seances and How to Hold Them

By CLIFFORD W. POTTER, in "The London Forum."

The first seances in modern times were those held by the Fox family in 1848 to discover the source of the mysterious raps that persistently occurred in their house. They were, however, by no means the first seances of history, and even the Bible, which, as is well known, holds records of almost everything, tells us a great deal about seances. That of Saul with the Woman of Endor is perhaps the classical example.

THE word seance is French in origin, and is now held to imply the gathering together of a group of individuals who are actuated by common desire and held together by common sympathy. Lest it may be argued that a public meeting may come within the bounds of this definition, one must qualify this by adding a further element—which is explainable only by the term "psychic." "Psychic" is now used in two senses—the spiritualistic sense, and the psychological sense. It is in the former sense that it is used here. It is intended to convey a mysterious, indefinable power or influence, which may perhaps best be described as being at least akin to hypnotism, although it has certain qualities which differentiate it from the latter in a striking manner. Hypnotism, as we all know, is the power by which one individual can influence the mind of another. Psychic experiences differ from hypnotism in that it is claimed that the influencing powers originate with disparate individuals. It is held that there is good evidence to establish his claim.

The Medium.

The individual who is capable of acting as go-between is known as the "medium." He or she must be sensitive in personality, and capable of receiving thoughts and impressions from outside sources. Often mediums are telepathic, which means that they can read thoughts. Such individuals are nervous, excitable, temperamental, easily irritated and as easily pleased, and equally capable of enjoyment or morbidity. They can often be easily influenced, and in extreme cases react to every wind that blows. Most people possess psychic powers to a varying degree. Sensitivity is capable of development, if fostered. Naturally one

must not expect the purely physical type to respond much, any more than we might expect a pugilist to be also a first-class pianist.

It is a curious fact that mediumship, like the measles, is catching. In fact, to become infected, or inoculated, by the psychic "germ" is the usual method of developing mediumship in the first instance. One attends numerous seances and the result may be that one develops. Mere association with those who are psychically gifted seems to encourage these latent powers. Mediumship takes many forms, but it is strange to find that those who regularly attend direct-voice circles develop direct voice, those who attend trance sittings develop trance, and so on. Those who wish to develop any particular form of mediumship, therefore, are advised to attend well-established circles. It is none the less possible, of course, to develop latent powers without the aid of an established circle, but the process may take longer. One attends a circle, or, if one intends to develop simple gifts such as automatic writing, one sits alone, more often than not with satisfactory results. It must be emphasized, however, that solus development cannot be recommended. With some temperaments it may prove disastrous. It is a quick and easy road from solus concentration to monomania.

No Danger in Seances.

With all save those who are mentally unstable, there can be no danger whatever in attending a seance where a regular circle is in existence. Such a circle may be composed of both sexes, and of any ages, though naturally extremes are not to be recommended. Of the characters or

temperaments of these not much need be said, save that they should be earnest, sincere, temperate, harmonious in nature and sympathetic towards the subject. Any kind of frivolity, bickering, or petty jealousy is to be discouraged. On the other hand such meetings need not be solemn occasions. Some are inclined to regard their first seance as having some kinship with a funeral, with the exception that instead of burying the dead they are going to resurrect them. Such an attitude does not help. There is nothing more fear-some in a seance than in eating one's breakfast or going to sleep.

None the less, the first seance must be moderately exciting even for the most stolid among us. However little we believe in the possibility of psychic phenomena, there is always the vague chance that there may be something in it; a new experience if nothing else. How many among the sceptical are inspired by the spirit which causes people to watch a navy at work on a girder, who go to seances in the hope of catching the medium out? One may say at the outset that that kind of attitude is wrong. For it is a curious fact that psychic phenomena may be influenced by the mentality of the sitters. A quiet and confident attitude of mind will produce the best results. The ideal number for a circle is ten. It may be as large as fourteen and as small as five. If possible, the sexes should be equal in number; usually the feminine sex is negative in its characteristics, while the masculine sex is positive; but occasionally, as is well known, the boot is on the other foot. In any case, positive and negative should be arranged alternately, the most psychic being close to the medium, and the least psychic—and usually also the most positive—being the farthest away from the medium. A practised medium will be able to arrange his sitters without difficulty, as he will be able to sense their correct positions.

The Seance Room.

Obviously, the atmosphere of the room should be as comfortable as possible; excessive heat or cold will render the sitters uncomfortable and inhibit phenomena. If

the circle is to be a dark one, some method must be found (preferably by central heating) of keeping the temperature reasonably high during winter. Alternatively, proper ventilation must be arranged for summer months. Obviously, while the space should not be circumscribed, too large a room may be found to affect conditions. A room fourteen feet square is large enough.

For most seances the room may be furnished with reasonable comfort; for the more extreme kind of physical seances however, plain Windsor chairs and a carpetless floor are rather to be recommended. Where possible, the room should be limited to seances, and used for no other purpose. If the seances are to be of a physical nature (materialization, apports, etc.) a corner of the room should be curtained off. In this the medium's chair should be placed, or outside it, if and when the guides direct. If direct voice is sought, an aluminium trumpet must be provided, and many investigators recommend the use of a bowl of water, which should be placed close by the trumpet in the centre of the circle.

The Seance.

The actual meeting is usually commenced with a hymn, but some investigators who are not of a religious turn of mind dispense with this. Many follow the hymn with a short prayer, and even with a reading from the Bible or other literature. If the seance is to be a dark one—dark is necessary for direct voice, materialization, apports, etc.; but it is not necessary for clairvoyance, trance, healing, etc., where a soft, shaded light or, in extreme circumstances, a red bulb should be used—the light should then be lowered, and the seance proper will commence. This will be a tense moment for those who are new to such experiences, but they need not be nervous. Sometimes it is weeks and months before results of even the most trivial sort ensue. Great patience is needed. The first few sittings at any rate, are almost certain to prove a complete blank. Nobody should feel in the least discouraged if this is the case. In the presence of a developed medium, of course, results will come almost at once—probably at the first sitting.

Once the sittings are commenced, they should be continued with unflinching regularity. Once a week is adequate, and one must stress the fact that it is important that no promiscuous sittings of any kind, on any pretext, should be undertaken. Irregular sittings, because "Mrs. Jones would like to see what it is like," or because "Herbert has a bridge party tomorrow," may result not merely in unsatisfactory phenomena, but actually in unsettling the medium and sitters, when carried to extremes. The writer speaks feelingly in regard to this, as he knows people who indulge in sittings on the slightest provocation, at all hours of the day and night, every day of the week, sometimes attending three or four sittings in the course of one day. At the same time, he knows professional mediums who will give as many as twenty seances in one day. That sort of thing cannot last. It results in unsatisfactory phenomena (perhaps fraud), in the commencement of ill-health, and even instability of temperament. Let no temptation ensnare. One sitting a week is as much as is safe, and is all that should be indulged in.

Instructions for Sitters.

If the seance is a dark one, it is as well if the sitters hold hands. A check is thus kept on the movements of all concerned, beside which the magnetic flow between the sitters is assisted. If hands are not held, they should be rested on the knees, not touching. Legs should never be crossed, as this is said to inhibit the flow of magnetism. During the course of the sitting, conversation should be carried on, and even light banter may be indulged in. Above everything, one must avoid a morbid or expectant frame of mind as this will either bring about inferior or no results. A happy frame of mind causes a kind of electricity to circulate, and is ideal for the production of phenomena.

Having given general directions regarding the conduct of sittings, a word might be said in the way of warning to intending sitters. Too many people fail to keep their head if anything occurs which, to them appears to be in the least degree supernatural. If they imagine they see a light they think that a divine power is upon them, or if they receive a message of any

description they accept it without in the least degree questioning its veracity, merely because it claims to be from a spirit. Beware of being deceived, and above all beware of deceiving yourself! The subconsciousness is more powerful than most of us imagine, and we have by no means fully explored its possibilities. It is wise to keep a calm mind, and test, always, test, and weigh thoroughly in the mind, every single thing that happens. Some people surrender their wills to the spirits, going to them for advice on even the most trivial matters. A good rule is never to ask for such advice, particularly on matters which concern our own life—with which obviously the vast majority of such questions are concerned. Spirits naturally cannot know so much, for instance, regarding the form of a horse, as we can, notwithstanding the general assumption of the national press. Is it reasonable to imagine that a man, directly he has become divested of his physical body, in much the same way as a man strips off his pyjamas, is immediately endowed with inscrutable and infallible wisdom? That is credulity and superstition of the worst kind.

Use Common-Sense.

A sane and rational attitude of mind should be retained at all times. One should never get hysterical or excited. If there are tendencies in that direction, the reader is advised to leave the whole thing severely alone. Particularly, such a person should never sit alone for automatic writing, etc. It is a surprising fact that many hundreds of thousands of people today suffer from a passion for automatic writing, with a warped judgment which does not allow them to see that the product is not even up to the level of average intelligence, let alone due to inspiration from a superior mind. In thousands such manuscripts flock to publishers' offices, whose rejection slips accompany their return. If the people who produced this rubbish—for most of it is nothing else—considered for a moment, they would see that whether one does automatic writing or not, it takes years of specialised training to write a book sufficiently interesting to warrant publication, and no matter

whether Dickens or even St. Paul himself have claimed to inspire it, it must stand on its merits. One sees the most childish and trivial rubbish which it is claimed has emanated, for instance, from Shakespeare.

That brings one to a further point: do not allow yourself to be carried away by the apparently ruling passion for big names. If Napoleon himself should claim to speak to you, be as critical as you would with your own grandmother. Remember, too, that Napoleon usually spoke French with a Corsican accent, and, although he knew English, detested speaking it. Be sceptical if you hear St. Peter speaking with a cockney accent or St. John dropping his aitches. This warning has more point than may appear to everybody at first sight, since there is a journal and a whole organisation of Spiritualists which believe that the saints still speak to an astonished world.

Physical Phenomena.

If physical phenomena should manifest themselves at a circle, it is perhaps only human for sitters to give way to expressions of wonder and amazement on the first occasion. They should not, however, encourage phenomena of this kind or they may find the evening turned into a series of glorified conjuring tricks. Many circles, besides being carried on under cover of darkness, have a gramophone or musical-box going all the time, or the sitters are encouraged to sing vociferously and unceasingly. Usually it is held that this assists the production of direct voice, which may or may not be true. It certainly greatly assists fraud. What is more it is not essential to the production of phenomena.

Actually, circles for physical phenomena should be strictly for scientific investigation only. This type of phenomenon is a terrible drain on the constitution, and is not to be encouraged. Since laboratory experiments have shown that during the process of a materialisation, for instance, a medium may lose half his substance, it will be perceived how dangerous such phenomena can be. Dark circles, therefore cannot be advised. Before one actually develops psychic powers, one should

think twice and even six times. If one succeeds, there is added sensitivity to all aspects of life. If one fails, there are certain dangers which it is well not to minimise. One must remember that we are, after all, built for this world, with a physical constitution that must obey physical laws. There need be no danger if we will keep our heads. Where the danger lies is in becoming too enthusiastic, too engrossed in psychical matters, to the detriment of our physical well-being. Since this happens in the majority of cases of those who attempt development, it is well to stress it.

Final Advice to Investigators.

May one emphasize the fact that there is no danger whatever in occasionally attending a seance—say once a month? A visit to the cinema may have more evil results, since it usually causes eye-strain. Seances are quite harmless, provided they are not overdone. It is there that the great danger lies. That development of psychic powers has its good side is equally undoubted. The mind becomes more sensitive and receptive and such development may well be the beginning of growth in directions which had previously been undreamed of. Should that be the case, then psychic development will have served its purpose.

But make no mistake! Do not develop your psychic powers merely to be able to read people's minds and so gain a business advantage over them, or so that you will be able to foretell the movements of stocks; or for amusement only, or out of mere curiosity, or you may fall into trouble. The motive should be high-minded and sincere, and, provided that the rules that have been indicated are followed, no difficulty should ensue.

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Beyond The Veil of Life.

"There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was Veil through which I might not see."

—Omar Khayyam.

AFTER an exhausting day with patients, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, famous Philadelphia neurologist, had retired to rest. He was awakened by the violent ringing of his front door bell, and at the door found a little girl, thinly clad, and plainly in distress. "My mother is very sick, sir," she said. "Won't you come, please?"

The night was cold, with snow whirling before a bitter wind. Dr. Mitchell was very tired; he expostulated with the child, but something in the way the little messenger spoke made him relent. He dressed and followed her.

Finding the mother very ill with pneumonia, the doctor arranged for proper medical care. Later, he complimented the sick woman on the intelligence and persistence of her little daughter.

"But my daughter died a month ago!" cried the woman, weakly. "Her shoes and shawl are in that cupboard."

Dr. Mitchell, amazed and perplexed, opened the cupboard door, and saw the exact garments worn by the little girl who had brought him thither. They were warm, and could not possibly have been out in that wintry night.

—George K. Cherrie, "Dark Trails, Adventures of a Naturalist" (Putman).

*

One night, when the river steamer "Pennsylvania" lay in St. Louis, Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), employed as steersman, slept at his sister's house and had this dream: He saw his young brother Henry lying in a metallic burial case in the sitting room; on his breast was a bouquet of white flowers with a single crimson bloom in the centre.

When he awoke, the dream was so vivid he believed it real. He dressed, intending to look at his dead brother, but went out first on the street and had walked to the middle of the block before it flashed on him it was only a dream. He told his sister

the dream, then put it out of his mind.

The "Pennsylvania," with both Samuel and Henry on board, made a safe trip to New Orleans; there Samuel was transferred to the "A. T. Lacey," which left two days behind the "Pennsylvania." Just below Memphis, the "Pennsylvania" blew up. Samuel Clemens found his brother at Memphis in an improvised hospital, with about 30 others desperately injured. His case was hopeless, and he died on the sixth night after the accident.

Samuel saw the dead boy taken to the dead room. Then, worn out with the long strain and grief, he slept. Many hours later he went to where Henry lay. The coffins provided for the other dead were of unpainted wood; but the youthful and striking face of Henry Clemens had aroused such interest that the ladies of Memphis had brought for him a metallic case. Samuel Clemens saw his brother exactly as he had seen him in his dream, lacking only the bouquet of flowers with its crimson centre—a detail made complete while he stood there. At that moment an elderly lady came in with a large white bouquet, and in the centre was a single red rose.

—Albert Bigelow Paine, "Mark Twain" (Harpers).

*

One December afternoon, I was walking along Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, when suddenly street and people vanished from my vision. Before me, as on a motion-picture screen, unrolled a strip of grass within an iron fence; three young trees in spring green stood at one side; in the far distance factory smokestacks trailed sooty plumes across the sky. Near the trees stood a small circle of men and women in black, and on the road by the grass was a limousine from which alighted two men and a woman in black. The woman was I. Gently the men urged me forward until I was among the others, looking down at a two-foot hole cut in the grass, in which

someone was placing a small box with infinite tenderness. What was I doing there? I recognised the faces of my husband's family, tear-stained and sad. Only he was missing. Then I knew what was in the box.

The reality of Michigan Boulevard slid back across the vision. My good sense urged me to dismiss the whole thing as a crazy vapour, conceived of loneliness for my husband.

The next February I received word from China that my husband had died and that they were sending his ashes to Chicago. On 30th May, I went with my brothers-in-law, in a limousine, to Rosehill Cemetery, which I had never seen. The men got out and waited for me. For a second I could not raise my eyes. At last I looked: there was the spring grass, there the three young trees and the iron fence and the smokestacks in the distance. And there was the little square hole just big enough to take the box with my husband's ashes.

On that Decemebr day I had seen over the bridge of time to this day which marked the end of a phase of my life.

—Irene Kuhn, "Assigned to Adventure" (Lippincott).

*

A few days before his assassination, Abraham Lincoln told his friend, Ward Hill Lamon, and Mrs. Lincoln, of a dream he had had. "I went from room to room of the White House and no living person was in sight, but the sound of sobbing met me as I passed along, until I entered the East Room. There before me was a catafalque on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping.

"Who is dead in the White House?" I demanded of one of the soldiers.

"The President," he answered. "He was killed by an assassin!"

"Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which woke me. I slept no more that night, and thought it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."

—Clara E. Laughlin, "The Death of Lincoln."

PSYCHIC GUIDANCE IN EXCAVATIONS.

12th Century Buildings Under Priory.

HOW psychic influences on the owner of an ancient priory in Kent are bringing about amazing historical discoveries after excavation was described recently by Colonel Rivers Moore, well-known archaeologist, in a lantern lecture to the Sheffield and District Society for Psychical Research.

Fourteen years ago, Colonel Rivers Moore acquired the ancient St. Mary's Priory, Hurley, and after six years he tells of psychic phenomena which gave him accurate information of historical structures and old-age buildings beneath the priory, which itself dates from pre-Danish times and is specially mentioned in Doomesday Book.

Fire-places, wells, ornamental wall paintings of the 12th century, vast pillars hitherto unthought-of, had been revealed on excavation, the result of which, contended the Colonel, was entirely due to supernatural influence.

Once he had been forced to dig underneath a garden wall to pursue his excavations. The wall became perilously near collapse. Acting on the advice of a medium who told him to listen to the "north music," he tuned in to the North Regional wireless programme and was amazed to hear a short story which told of a colonel who had been injured by the fall of a garden wall.

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Have You Second Sight?

By DR. NANDOR FODOR.

ONE often hears the question, "Are you psychic?"—or, to put it in its popular forms, "Have you second sight?"; "Have you a sixth sense?" The questioner wants to know if you are ever aware of things of which the normal person would not be expected to know. Most people will immediately say "No." A little introspection, however, shows that experiences which we can call psychic befall most of us from time to time. We forget about them because they do not fit into the reasoned order of things. It is only by association, in talking about things psychic, that we recall them and wonder. To prove that psychic experiences are more common than is generally supposed, I have prepared a questionnaire. Think twice before you answer any of the questions with "No."

Oppressive Rooms.

Are you sensitive to your surroundings? Do you feel depressed when walking through a certain field, a wood, along a road? Do certain houses and rooms in particular oppress you? Do you know things about people whom you meet for the first time without being able to give yourself a reason for your knowledge?

If you do, you show just that finer range of sensitivity which distinguishes the psychic temperament from the stolid one.

Does it often happen that a friend telephones just when you think of him or want to get in touch with him? Do you frequently find people say the very things of which you are thinking? Conversely, do you often say what they are about to say?

This is telepathy. It is an almost commonplace occurrence. But telepathy is supernormal, as none of our five senses are involved in it. No one knows how telepathy works. It is a psychic phenomenon.

In moments of crisis or extreme danger do you hear a warning voice?

You may associate the warning with the voice of someone dead, but it need not come from any other source than your

subconscious mind, which has strange ways of making its message effective. Such things are outside the order of normal experience, they are psychic.

Do you read palms, cards, tea-leaves or coffee-dregs for fun and discover afterwards that your readings have come true?

Vague and general forecasts may apply to almost every future happening, but there are occasions when things beyond the realm of coincidence occur to prove a prophecy correct. If you find this so in your case you may have a latent predictive faculty, a prophetic touch which many great statesmen possess.

Can you divine water or minerals by means of a hazel twig or a pendulum? Are you sensitive to distant earthquakes?

Electro-magnetic radiations will, in time, no doubt explain this strange gift. Not everybody's nervous system is so sensitive that it could register them. If yours is, you are psychic.

Useful Gifts.

In a crystal, in the water of a lake, or in any shining surface, can you see strange pictures which convey information?

The information may be a name or a date which you had forgotten, something which you read inattentively or saw from the corner of your eye, or it might be the place where a mislaid or lost object lies. Sometimes even stranger things happen. The pictures may give you news which is outside the range of your conscious mind and concerns people far away. This gift is decidedly psychic, and it may be a very useful one.

Do you ever see people whom, at the same time, others are unable to see?

Don't tell your doctor or he will take your pulse and send you to bed. He cannot help supposing that you are suffering from hallucination. If you are morbid or ill, he is probably right. But if you are sane and healthy and you see something which others do not, there must be another explanation. You may have second sight, which means that you are psychic.

Do you ever see things that happen far away?

This is mental television, a very strange faculty which manifests itself occasionally at times when you least expect it. It may be that the mental distress of someone closely linked is affecting you from a distance or it may be that you can occasionally rise above the limitations of space and time. It is as if you were in two places or in two periods of time at the same moment. This is another indication of a latent gift of second sight.

Inexplicable.

Has anything ever occurred to you for which your five senses cannot give a sufficient explanation?

If your answer is yes there is a good chance that the experience was of the psychic order. If, then, you are psychic, you will want to know what that means. Should you be sorry for yourself or should you be glad? Should you try to learn more about it or should you repress it? Repression will never do. Whatever your faculties, give them a free outlet. Don't be alarmed by your strange experiences. Because they are off the beaten track it does not follow that they are abnormal. On the contrary, they may prove that you are one of the elect, a forerunner of a mightier race.

The majority of humanity looks out on this mysterious world through the windows of the five senses. You have a sixth window. The unsuspected landscape on which it opens may help you to a better understanding of the meaning of existence. You can cultivate and develop this dawn-sense. But you must not embark on this without a searching self-examination. Psychic experiences may prove both thrilling and trying. They may have a considerable influence over everyday life. A moral revolution may follow in their wake.

Development.

We know that children and simple folk are more likely to possess the gift than the sophisticated. Solitude, introspection, a clean and wholesome life, the love of your fellow beings, an ambition to be of service to humanity favour its development.

Learn before you dabble in things unknown. Psychical researchers have been exploring the hidden recesses of the human mind for more than 80 years. They have established the existence of telepathy, the fundamental psychic phenomenon, to such an extent that the public no longer regards it as purely a mystery. They have proved that "between death and apparitions a connection exists not due to chance alone." They are on the point of establishing the fact that clairvoyance is not a myth.

"SPIRIT CHILD MANIFESTS AT PUBLIC MEETING"

Direct Voice, with no Trumpets or Seance Room Conditions.

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

THAT many of our spirit friends retain their earthly characteristics after passing over is repeatedly told us both by earthly teachers as well as by the denizens of other planes.

Recently this was driven forcibly home to the writer in a rather amusing and wholly convincing manner, when a little spirit child became so excited on her recognition of him that she caused considerable embarrassment to the direct voice medium at whose circle she manifests, and also amazed the writer.

A few weeks ago I was asked to join the speakers on the platform on the occasion of the annual rally of The United Christian Spiritualist Churches of N.S.W. and the N.S.W. Society of Psychic Research. The meeting was held in The Savoy Theatre, Sydney and was a packed one, indeed a testimony to the growing interest in psychic matters.

It was towards the end of the afternoon's events that the following incident occurred. I had delivered my own address, as had all the other speakers, and as I was listening to the Chairman making his closing address and gazing from the stage over the audience, I was amazed to hear a little voice, almost at my elbow. I looked

around sharply but could discern nothing, and thought I must have imagined the happening.

Then the voice became frantic in its insistence. It sounded of the same quality as a voice speaking rather loudly through a telephone receiver when held away from the ear. I looked around cautiously to see if it came from the drapery at the back of the stage—but no, I could focus my eyes on the vicinity of the place it came from, which was at times at one side of me, and at others just in front and about the height of my knee and it came out of thin air.

The Pianiste also Hears.

All doubts I had as to the reality of the voice was dispelled when I glanced at the pianiste who had accompanied some musical items and who was seated just near me at the piano. Her eyes were popping out of her head almost when I encountered her gaze, and she said in an awed voice "Do you hear what I can hear"? Cautiously inquiring "What do you hear?" without hesitation she replied "A voice speaking to us." We listened for several moments while it was repeated in urgent tones as if the speaker was frantic to be heard and understood; but the meeting terminated and in the general movement the voice ceased.

It was then that the explanation was forthcoming. Mrs. E. Kennedy—in whose circle I had sat three of four years ago for Direct Voice—came up to renew our acquaintance. As it had been so long since I had seen her that for the moment I failed to recognise her. It was then I learnt that one of the band of spirit children of her Circle had not been so remiss in my case, and had manifested early during the meeting, so that during the course of the afternoon where the medium sat, this spirit child, "Isobel," had kept crying out "Go up and see him—quick-go up and speak to him—don't miss him." Evidently finding that her embarrassed medium would not rise in the middle of the meeting, she decided to wait no longer and so came up to me on the platform herself.

I might add, that this voice of the little

spirit child was actually manifesting in a crowded theatre, in full artificial light, and in conditions utterly different to the seance room, and when upon the stage itself, she was contending with bright light from overhead spotlights, and yet she got through with astonishing ease.

SPIRIT CHILDREN JOIN IN.

A Memorial Birthday Party.

By B.S.B., Hobart.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me."

Are there many who realise the real truth and meaning of the words written above. Spoken so many centuries ago, still they echo in the minds of men and women, living words—with power to bring out the best in human hearts.

In Hobart, Tasmania, a few weeks ago, in a large old room unknown to most dwellers in the city between sixty and seventy children attended a birthday party. Children they were who came from sections of the town where children's parties are very few and far between. Gay paper caps were given to each child, the tables were bright with flowers and laden with good things to eat, including a huge birthday cake resplendent with 24 candles, and for a few hours the big old barrack-like room was filled with the pleasant laughter of happy children.

Eight years ago, Helen, the beloved youngest daughter in a family, passed into the other life, and every year on Helen's birthday her mother gives a party in living, loving memory of her.

To me, who have been a guest at many children's festivals, there appeared to be in this old room an atmosphere unknown and unfelt at the parties of the children of the rich and well fed. A touching and lovely thing it is to think that because of

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the loving affection still felt by her dear ones for this girl of sixteen—who so many people regard as dead—these needy children are made happy and contented.

Wonderful it is to realise the strength of the love which links this world with the world unseen by us. So strong it is that from that fair land where she is now Helen was able to express to her mother her wish that a party might be given to these little ones every year upon her birthday. Surely this wish proves without doubt the fact that:

"She is not dead the child of their affection; but gone into that school where she no longer needs that poor protection and Christ Himself doth rule."

When at the close of the party the children filed up to say "good bye" and "thank you," a little gift and a white Arum Lily in memory of Helen was put into each small hand.

And that is not the end.

A week or two later in a room in Helen's old home where she often comes to those she loves they received this message from her. "I, and bands of little children from this side were at my party. It was a lovely party and we were all so happy with you. You could not see us, but we saw you. We felt the happiness in the room. Thank you, Mum, for all you did for me. I want to tell you that we saw these words written in large letters right across the room: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me."

PROFESSOR SAYS HE SAW SPIRIT AT BOARD MEETING.

WHILE the board of the Warsaw Conservatory of Music were meeting at Warsaw, one of the professors present suddenly explained that he could see the spirit of a colleague who had been dead ten years.

The meeting was being held in the study of the late Professor Henri Melcer, who had died while conducting his class. They were discussing a favourite project of his

which he had been unable to carry out during his lifetime because of opposition to it.

At the moment when a professor began the sentence: "As Melcer used to say . . ." Professor J. says that he felt a cold draught at his back. He was about to remark on this to Professor L., when Professor L. suddenly raised his hand and pointed towards the door.

Saw Nothing.

"Gentlemen, here is Professor Melcer," he said. All present turned in the direction in which Professor L. was pointing, but no one saw anything.

The behaviour of Professor L., who was known as a courageous soldier during the war, so impressed his fellow professors that the meeting at once broke up. Unwilling to face the door alone, they left the room with arms linked.

Professor L. said afterwards that he had felt impelled to look towards the door and that he had seen the late Professor Melcer, dressed in black, standing and contemplating the assembly.

The board have decided that a special Mass shall be said for the peace of the late Professor Melcer's soul.—Reuter.

The Case For Astral Projection

By SYLVAN MULDOON.

Author of "The Projection of the Astral Body," etc.

■ ■ ■

It cannot be emphasised too strongly that you must not miss reading Mr. Muldoon's latest contribution to psychical research, "The Case For Astral Projection." He is, in the words of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "a researcher second to none . . ." and of whom Hereward Carrington writes, "knows more about this subject than anyone else."

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THE DANGER OF DOGMA.

A Plea for Reasonableness.

By L. Furze-Morrish.

DURING the past thirty years at least it may be said that certain fundamental spiritual principles have been brought out of the realm of faith and superstition, and proved under the light of experiment and analysis. Such elementary facts as the One Spiritual Cause; Evolution of the Universe and its ultimate Perfection by the Periodic Law of alternate Silence and Manifestation; the Eternal Survival of the Individuality and its unfoldment through successive physical incarnations are now generally accepted in broad principle as logical necessities by a large body of opinion and are gradually forcing themselves on the notice of Orthodox Science, whose task it will be to sift truth from superstition and fact from enthusiastic assertion.

With all the wealth of information that has emerged from what is called "Theosophy," or the Divine Wisdom, during the last half century, there is a great danger of half-truths which commend themselves to certain temperaments, becoming the centres of fixed dogmas. As a fact there

are occult and spiritualistic groups all over the world, many of whom consider themselves specially favoured as channels of divine revelation. One thing which the outpouring of Divine Wisdom has been intended to do is to destroy Dogma, of whatever colour, which has for centuries distorted truth to suit those who happen to embrace the dogmas in question. There is a serious danger of Dogma breaking out in a new form—of Occult Dogma superseding Ecclesiastical Dogma.

Dangers of Dogma.

One of the characteristics of Dogma is its sweeping assertions built round the emotional attractions and aversions of its authors; and Spiritualism lends itself to this sort of thing. Those who pin their faith on some particular medium or "guide", having once found some evidences of truth in that source, are apt to accept without criticism everything which "comes through" as if it were the Voice of God. As an instance, there is in the U.S.A. a so-called Occult Brotherhood whose leaders seem to have got hold of some half-truths about the inner meaning of the Animal Kingdom and in consequence urged their followers to destroy their pets. As a result, thousands of poor, trusting little dogs and cats have been done to death by these fanatics at the bidding of a Dogma.

Spiritualism justly deprecates those materialists whose minds are close to spiritual evidences, but blind belief seems in some ways worse than blind disbelief. The idea that a person of average mentality, on passing the portal of death, immediately becomes omniscient is curiously unscientific: it is therefore unwise to accept the general assertions of some person, dead or alive, that Reincarnation is a fact or that Reincarnation is not a fact; that there are such things as Astral Shells or that there are no such things as Astral Shells; that the average "guide" is simply an objectivisation of the medium's subconscious mind, echoing whatever happens to be there, or that such a thing is not true; that man is subjectively conscious after death or that he is objectively conscious after death. It is unwise to accept any sweeping assertions which tend

to include everybody, because it is certain that both sides are partly right. It is fatal to any real understanding of Truth to try and clothe it in any fixed dogma, because no two individuals react exactly alike during life—so why should they do so after death?

Some Ideas on the "After-Life"

On the principle that all dogmas are usually at least fifty per cent. false, let us consider some of the possibilities which Science will sooner or later have to face in regard to the post-mortem condition.

1. A relatively ignorant and perhaps sensual person during life will probably remain relatively ignorant and sensual for some considerable time after death (within certain elastic limits), and such persons are likely to remain earthbound for a long time and obtrude themselves readily on certain groups of living people who may or may not accept them as sources of enlightenment. Vice versa, a mental genius, whose interests have been unworldly, is hardly likely to return to earth after death and get drawn into any circle which is not composed of persons of similar tastes.

2. A worldly person who has not given much thought to spiritual things is usually unconscious, or at least sub-conscious at night when his or her physical body is asleep. Such a person would presumably remain sub-conscious after death for some time. But those who are learning to be conscious and helpful during "sleep" will presumably be equally conscious after death.

3. People of low desires during life will naturally "reincarnate" fairly quickly, to satisfy their sub-conscious desire for crude physical sensations. Those of a mystic or spiritual type will by the same token probably remain out of incarnation for a long time, unless they have developed positive faculties of controlling their stay in the heaven-worlds and intend to return to earth at some particular time for some particular purpose.

4. As we all possess astral bodies consisting of our prevailing desires and emotions, and as the average person's desires contain some coarse astral matter, it stands to reason that a period of "purgatory" is essential for the average

individual after death, and that the astral matter purged from him may form an "astral shell," capable of vibrating for a long time at its usual rate, and that at least **some** ghostly visitors are really astral shells—but that this does not apply by any means to all.

5. On the same principle at least **some** so-called "guides" may possibly be mere echoes of the medium's prevailing thoughts, in perfectly good faith on the part of the medium, who, being unconscious, is unable to observe and reason accurately. But presumably this, too, would not apply to all cases.

6. The final point to consider is that we are all more or less individualistic during life-time and therefore one cannot see why we should cease to differ after death. In particular we should avoid dogmatism like a plague, because that is just what it is—a mento-emotional plague which infects groups of people, closes their minds to truth itself and sets up mass-antagonism against all who follow some other Gleam. Let us determine once and for all in that part of the world which remains democratic, that the new Spiritual Religion shall be scientific, open, universal and free from Dogmas which crucify Truth.

REMEMBRANCE.

The Parramatta Christian Spiritual Society has many beautiful memories of Mrs. Howard Drew, of Georgetown, Tasmania, who passed to the Higher Life on New Year's Day. A good friend and one of Spiritualism's best workers and a beautiful soul who uplifted all whom she contacted—a most gracious lady. Our Society is to hold a special Remembrance Service and will send forth thoughts of love and sympathy to our dear friend and to her husband and daughter—Mr. Howard Drew and Mrs. R. Hull.

Spiritualism gives us the assurance of the beautiful home on the Other Side and of the loving hands stretched forth to guide. I shall always think of her friendship like a lovely tree which forever rests and blesses me.—M. Lyon.

[Mrs. M. Lyon is the President of the P.C.S. Society, Parramatta, N.S.W.—Ed.]

School in the Spirit World.

No Age Limit in Open-air Classes: Study in Child Psychology

By GUY P. J. L'ESTRANGE.

AN opportunity occurring this week for a chat with a friend from the "Other Side," I seized upon it with avidity. It was a lovely day outside, and the sunshine streaming in through my windows somehow seemed to match the cheerful quality of the bright voice which presently greeted me.

"You haven't forgotten me—Avis—have you, Mr. L'Estrange?" smiled my visitor. Forgotten her?—Impossible!—Why, she was the very first spirit personality I was ever privileged to see, and I remember, as though it were yesterday, the impression her sweet presence—white-robed, golden-haired, graceful, and altogether charming—made upon my awed senses, those many years ago. I couldn't get her image out of my mind for days after her appearance at that little seance. I expressed myself somewhat to this effect, as I sat opposite Avis this week, and she laughed—very softly.

"Yes, I remember that occasion, too," she said. "You looked so—so— I hardly know how to put it—shall I say 'so startled'?—as you sat there. I really believe that, up till then, you had some doubts about the genuineness of Spiritualism and that sort of thing."

"I had!" I laughed.

"Yes, I thought so. And now you are working as hard as ever you can to make other people believe, aren't you?"

"I don't know about that. Of course, I try to do my bit," I said; "everyone does that. However, Avis, dear, let's talk about you—not me. I want to tell my readers all about you."

"Very well—ask me some questions, then," was the bright response, "and I'll do my best to answer them."

Teaching Spirit Children.

"What are you doing now?" I queried.

"Talking to you!" Avis laughed.

"I didn't mean that—you know I didn't," I remonstrated. "What work are you engaged upon in the Spirit World, I meant."

"Oh! well, you should say what you mean, you know," smiled my visitor. "I am a school-teacher, as a matter of fact."

"You give instruction to children in the spirit spheres?"

"Yes, children between the ages of eleven and thirteen, generally, who are newly passed over."

"Can you tell me something about your school?"

You mean, will I tell you something about it.—You know I can!—Really, Mr. L'Estrange, in the capacity of school-mistress I am bound to say you express yourself very badly."

"Thank you!" I said shortly.

"Now, don't get angry with me—you know perfectly well I was only joking. Well, let me see what I can tell you about the scene of my duties. First of all, you must understand that my school is not a building at all, but a garden."

"You have no indoor class-rooms?"

"None! All the tuition necessary is given in the open air, amongst the trees and the flowers and the birds. The children like that way so much better than being enclosed by four walls."

"I daresay," I retorted drily. "But I should imagine their attention is likely to wander from their lessons, when there is so much in their surroundings to distract their thoughts."

"You are quite wrong," said Avis, with a gentle emphasis on the third word. "It is the first duty of every teacher to keep her, or his, pupils interested, and when one can do that, there is no need to fear lack of proper attention. In the Spirit World, you must remember, people take up only tasks into which they can enter with whole-hearted enthusiasm, and as a consequence, everybody becomes expert in some particular vocation. When people love their work, they are always successful in it, aren't they?"

"Yes, I suppose they are," I nodded. "So you, as a teacher, love your work—are your pupils equally as enthusiastic over their studies?"

"Of course they are!" cried Avis. "Children wouldn't come to classes if they didn't thoroughly enjoy their lessons, would they? School attendance is not compulsory in the Spirit World, you know."

"Isn't it?"

"Certainly not! Naturally, every child is advised—urged—by its parents, or foster-parents, to go to school, but there's no sort of compulsion about it."

What is Taught

"But what puzzles me, Avis, is the necessity for schools in spirit life. After all, what's the use of—say—a knowledge of geography, arithmetic, or ancient history, to a child who has left the earth world for ever? It seems to me a waste of time and energy, studying and teaching subjects like that."

"Yes, but you don't understand. I don't teach the subjects you mentioned, at all, and I don't know anybody else who does so, either. Surely it occurs to you, though, that there may be other things which it is necessary to teach children in the Spirit World."

"Such as what?" I asked, intentionally dense.

"Well, they must be taught about the wonderful universe in which they're living and of which they're a part, mustn't they? They have to be instructed in an understanding of the great natural laws which prevail, and shown how, if they fail to act in accordance with them, their neglect brings about its own punishment. In addition, they learn the life stories of great spirits who have long passed to higher spheres, so that they may be inspired to emulate the splendid work accomplished by these exalted souls. It is astonishing the way children will try to follow a good example, after they have been impressed by the relation of certain incidents in a great career."

"So you endeavour to inculcate hero-worship in the minds of your younger pupils, do you, Avis?"

"In a way, I suppose I do," laughed my visitor. "I train them to admire only worthy people, though—not notorious characters like—like Dick Turpin, and pirate-chiefs, and men of that sort."

"You are thinking of boys, I know, Avis," I said. "Are your pupils all boys?"

"Oh! no; I have about half-and-half. That is, half the class is composed of boys, and half of it is girls."

"I see! Do they sit together, or are the boys on one side and the girls on the other?"

Avis seemed to think this question very amusing, for she laughed very heartily—in silver—several moments before she replied.

"They sit just as they like, my dear Mr. L'Es-trange," she declared at last. "To tell you the truth"—(whispering)—"I encourage boys and girls to sit next each other, because I think it teaches them nice manners, but"—(in her normal tone again)—"as I said before, they have their own choice."

Specialised Work.

Is there more than one class at your school? I inquired.

"No! Older and younger children go elsewhere. You see, I have tried to specialise in the instruction of pupils at a particular stage of mental development. Even when, with the help of friends, I was planning my garden, I carefully schemed to produce a result which should have the happiest psychological effect upon my future scholars."

"I marvel at the thoroughness with which everything is achieved in the Spirit World, Avis," I exclaimed.

"Do you?" was the reply. "I told you—didn't I?—that in our spheres people take up only work which they love with all their hearts, so naturally everything is done very thoroughly, as you say."

"You mentioned that, in constructing your garden, you were guided by an understanding of child psychology," I said. "Can—will you give me an instance?"

"With pleasure," returned Avis, smiling at my change of word. "You know, of course, that children often disregard many beautiful flowers, simply because they grow wild and on account of the fact that their parents despise them as indoor decorations. This habit persists in later life and becomes extended to other things, with the result that false ideals are slowly formed in the mind, and the sweet, simple things in creation, which can give so much happiness, are forgotten."

I nodded to show that I was following the argument.

"Well," continued my visitor, "I have tried to remedy all that, by giving in my garden as prominent a place to the daisy, the dandelion, and the hedge-rose, as to the more commonly prized plants like the lily, the orchid, and the tulip. Children note these things and, after they've got over their first astonishment, they begin to analyse their impressions. 'Why,' they say, 'what a funny thing! We never noticed these flowers were so beautiful before.' And because they are so pleased with their discovery that loveliness may lurk in unsuspected places, they keep their eyes open for it elsewhere, you see, with the result that they soon begin to appreciate all sorts of things at their true worth, untrammelled by conventional ideas."

"What an excellent plan!" I exclaimed, really delighted. "You fill me with admiration for your genius, Avis, dear."

"Oh! I could tell you about ever so many other ideas I've put into practise," was the pleased response, "but, of course, I can't lay claim to hav-

ing originated them all. We teachers copy from each other, you know."

Exalted Visitors.

"Do teachers from different schools ever come to address your boys and girls? I asked.

"Not as a common occurrence. Sometimes, however, a Guide visits us, from a higher sphere, and then the children are wild with excitement. It is certainly a wonderful experience, listening to these exalted teachers; but apart from the lessons they come to impart, they bring so much love with them that everybody around feels as though new life and inspiration has possessed their beings."

"Are the children's parents and grown-up friends present on these occasions?"

"If we have had warning of the Guide's coming—yes. It happens sometimes, though, that we are taken by surprise, and then we—the children and I—have the treat all to ourselves."

"How do these high spirits arrive in your midst?"

"Ah! yes—now, that's rather interesting, not to say 'marvellous.' All at once, a bright light shines down into our midst, and in that light a human form gradually appears. You see it, first of all, as a faint outline, but it quickly becomes more and more definite, until our visitor is seen quite plainly. You can imagine—or perhaps you can't—the thrill we get, as this happens."

"You were saying a little while ago, Avis, that you sometimes teach your pupils the life-story of a great spirit. Do you ever receive a visit from one of the people in question?"

"Yes—now and again! When that occurs, the children are especially delighted, for it is like a story-book hero coming to life, from their point of view. You ought to see them on such occasions. They all jump to their feet and cheer with might and main, until you think they're never going to stop." Avis laughed. "It must be really thrilling for our visitors," she said.

I thought so, too.

"At about what age do children give up schooling in the Spirit World?" I asked.

Avis laughed again. "There's no age limit," she smiled. "I can positively assure you that there are some very elderly pupils in certain schools, for there is always so much to learn in our spheres."

"Yes, of course; I had forgotten," I returned. "I suppose I shall have to go to school again when I pass over."

"You will if you want to take up a particular work requiring specialised knowledge," I was told. "What sort of profession do you think would suit you?"

"Tourists' guide," I chuckled.

"Ah! then you won't want a return ticket," was the prompt retort.

A MEETING IN HEAVEN.

By Rev. Vale Owen.

From Conan Doyle's "The Spiritualists' Reader,"
Contributed by H.M.A.

And now, my ward and friend, let me show you a scene which will point what I have written.

On a hill-side green and golden, and with the perfume of many flowers hovering round like music kissed by colour, there is an old gabled house with many turrets and windows like those which first in England were filled with glass. It stands amid trees and lawns, and down in the hollow is a large lake, by the shores of which birds of many colours, and very beautiful, deposit themselves. This is not a scene of your sphere, but one on this side of the vale. It were of little profit that I argue to show the reasonableness of such things being here. It is so; and that man should doubt that all that is good and beautiful on earth is here with beauty enhanced and loveliness made more lovely is, on our part, a matter of wonder quite as great.

On one of the towers there stands a woman. She is clad in the colour of her order, and that colour is not one you know on earth. I would describe it as a golden purple; but that will, I fear, convey little to you. She looks out towards the horizon, far away across the lake, where low-lying hills are touched by the light beyond. She is fair to look upon. Her figure is more perfect and more beautiful than that of any woman on earth, and her face more lovely. Her radiant eyes are of a lovely violet hue, and on her brow a silver star shines and sparkles as it answers to her thoughts within. This is the jewel of her order. And if beauty were wanted to make her beauty more complete, it may be seen in just a tinge of wisdom which but adds to the peace and joy of her countenance. This is the Lady of the House, where live a large number of maidens who are in her charge to do her will and go forth on what mission she desires from time to time. For the House is very spacious.

Now, if you study her face you will see at once that she is there expectant; and presently a light springs up and flashes from her eyes those beautiful violet rays; and from her lips issues a message; you know this by reason of the flash of light, blue and pink and crimson, which darts forth from between them and seems to take wing far too quickly for you to follow it across the lake.

Then a boat is seen coming quickly from the right between the trees which grow on its borders; and the oars flash and sparkle, and the spray around the gilded brow is like small spheres of golden glass mingled with emeralds and rubies as it faces behind. The boat comes to the landing-place, and a brilliantly robed throng leap on to the marble steps which lead them up to the green lawn above. One is not so quick, however. His face is suffused with joy, but he seems also to be full of wonder, and his eyes are not quite used to the quality of the light which bathes all things in a soft, shimmering radiance.

Then from the great entrance, and down towards the party, comes the Lady of the House, and pauses at a short distance from the party. The new-comer looks on her as she stands there, and utter perplexity is in his gaze, rapt and intent. Then at last she addresses him, and in homely words this shining saint of God welcomes her husband: "Well, James, now you have come to me. At last, dear, at last!"

But he hesitates. The voice is hers, but different; moreover, she died an old woman with grey hair, and an invalid. And now she stands before him, a lovely woman, not young nor old, but of perfect grace and beauty of eternal youth.

"And I have watched you, dear, and been so near you all the time. And that is past and over now, and your loneliness is gone for ever. For now we are together once again, and this is God's Summerland, where you and I will never grow old again, and where our boys and Nellie will come when they have finished what is theirs to do in the earth life."

Thus she talks, that he may get his bearings; and this he does at last, and suddenly he bursts into tears of joy, for it comes to him that this indeed is his wife and sweetheart, and love overcomes his awe. He moves forward with his left hand over his eyes, just glancing up now and then, and when he is near she approaches him quickly, draws him into her arms and kisses him, and then, throwing one arm about his neck,

takes his hand in hers and leads him up the steps, with slow and gentle dignity, into the house she has prepared for him.

Yes, that house is the heavenly counterpart of their home in Dorset where they lived all their married life, until she passed hence and where he had remained to mourn her absence.

This, my ward, I have set down by way of pointing, with homely incident, the fact that the treasures of heaven are not mere words of sentiment, but solid and real and, if you will not press the word—material; houses, friends and pastures and all things dear and beautiful that you have on earth are here—only here they are of more sublime beauty, even as the people of these realms are of a beauty not of earth.

Those two had lived a good life as country squire and wife, both simple and God-fearing, and kindly to the poor and the rich alike. These have their reward here; and that reward is often unexpected in its nature, as it was to him.

This meeting I myself witnessed, for I was one of those who brought him on his way to the House, being then of that sphere where this took place.

What sphere was it, please?

The sixth. And now, friend, I will close, and would I might show you now some of these beauties which are in store for the simple-hearted, who do what they can of love and seek the righteousness of God to please Him, rather than the high places among men! These shall shine as the stars and as the sun, and all around them shall take on more loveliness by reason of their presence near. It is written so, and it is true.

RECTORY WHERE EERIE THINGS HAPPEN.

TUCKED away and hidden by centuries' old trees, lies the stately, picturesque rectory of the little village of Boughton Malherbe, near Lenham, Kent, England.

Tucked away with it, also, are many tales of bygone days—some bad; some good. Tales there are of ghostly visitations to the rambling, turretted old building—of a hooded, stooped shouldered monk, of a grey lady and of a ghostly four-in-hand which hurtles down the steep drive, filled with equally ghostly "young bloods," and crashes violently into the stately Spanish oak standing in the grounds in front of the house.

The present Rector and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Couch, who have lived there only for the past eighteen months, and their two children, are not scared by these tales of the supernatural, and not scared, even, by what they have seen and heard.

Saw Cowled Monk Ghost.

The Rector, who has an open mind on the subject of ghosts, told a "Kent Messenger" representative that Mrs. Couch had always been a firm disbeliever in them. But she recently saw the cowled monk! "My wife was preparing to go out at about three o'clock one bright June afternoon," said Mr. Couch, "when moving over to her dressing table mirror to adjust her hat, she thought she saw our daughter, Diana, creeping up the passage to give her mother a surprise. She half turned and called out to Diana not to scare her by coming up to quietly. Mrs. Couch received no reply from Diana. Puzzled, she turned to see the distinct figure of a cowled, stooping monk crossing the long, low passage and vanishing into the back room, which is known as the ghost room."

There was hardly a single person, out of the 400 living in the village, went on Mr. Couch, who would dare to sleep in the house at night; let alone sleep in the ghost room. The Rector led me to the lofty, beamed kitchen in the east wing of the house, and pointed out a line of bells on the wall.

He and his family have their breakfast in the kitchen and on two occasions round about nine o'clock in the morning the heavy front-door bell has rung on each occasion. The Rector continued, he had left the table and gone, speedily, to the front door and finding no one there rushed to the back door—no one there either! "Before we took up residence," said Mr. Couch, "we were warned that the bells in the house would ring mysteriously of their own accord. It could not have been the wind blowing the wires, as my wife suggested, owing to the weight of the bells and the fact that the wind could in no way reach the wires!"

The Phantom Four-in-hand.

The Rector told me the legend of the frantic drive of the phantom four-in-hand down the drive. One September night

about three hundred years ago, the story runs, four "young bucks," who had been to a drinking party and had had one or two over the eight, were returning to the house at about midnight, could not stay their horses, and left the drive, dashing past the old chestnut tree (the third oldest tree in England), into the massive Spanish oak and were killed instantaneously. Every year, at midnight on a September night they return, with their ghostly hour-in-hand and phantom footmen and coachmen to re-enact their death drive.

Although the Rector and his wife looked and listened last September they did not hear or see any sign of the manifestation, but villagers who have lived there for many years have heard strange noises at the old rectory on chilly September nights.

Secret Room.

Although the Rector is positive that there is a secret hidden room in the house, so far efforts to discover it have failed. I was shown an extra large fire-place in one of the rooms, behind which, in Mr. Couch's opinion, is the secret room. The age of the building cannot be accurately traced, although there is still a 15th century King Post at the top of the house in very good condition and parts of the building are undoubtedly 14th century work.

DREAMING THE FUTURE.

Can Precognition Be Explained?

By Gerald Bullett, in "John o' London's Weekly."

FOR many people the word "psychical" still stands for trickery, spookery, credulity, and superstition, and for nothing else. This is a pity; for, in fact, the Society of Psychical Research has done a great deal of admirable work in the field of disinterested scientific investigation. That work begins and ends with devising and carrying out experimental tests, collecting and sifting evidence of events not immediately explicable in terms of known natural causes, and making a record of the results.

Mr. H. F. Saltmarsh, the author of "Fore-Knowledge" (Bell, 4/6), has had access to these records, and he here presents

us with a compact summary of the evidence for precognition: by which is meant a knowledge of some future event obtained not by inference or calculation, but through the medium of some supernormal experience such as visual or auditory hallucination, previsionary dream, and the trance-like condition induced by such forms of concentration as crystal-gazing.

Sifting the Evidence.

Examining the Society's records for fifty years, he found three hundred and forty-nine cases. Sixty-eight of these he rejects as being either too vague or not sufficiently substantiated by independent testimony. The remaining two hundred and eighty-one he classifies according to merit, giving us some examples from each class.

Most of his examples are of precognitive dreams, a type of phenomena which the writings of Mr. J. W. Dunne have made us all familiar with. But it is to be noted that here (as with Mr. Dunne) all mere hearsay has been rigidly excluded from the record, nothing being admitted that depends on the accuracy and good faith of one person only. The greater number of such dreams are concerned with death or disaster; but the others, which relate to more trivial events, are equally valid as evidence for precognition.

The Pig in the Dining-room.

A Mrs. Atlay, wife of the then Bishop of Hereford, dreamt that in her husband's absence from home she read morning prayers in the hall of the palace. After doing so, she entered the dining-room, where she saw an enormous pig standing between the dining table and the side-board. The dream amused her and she told it to the governess (who confirms the account) and to her children. The dream was then fulfilled in every particular. Having read prayers, Mrs. Atlay opened the dining-room door and saw the pig standing between the dining table and the side-board, the pig having escaped from its sty while prayers were being read.

If this were an isolated instance it would be easy to explain it away. It is only when all these stories are taken in conjunction that the case for precognition becomes irresistible; for that so many sane and reputable people should enter into a conspir-

acy of pointless lying is harder to believe than that precognition does in fact occur. Mr. Saltmarsh is a severe critic of his material, and allows due weight to the possibility of much being explained by coincidence; but neither he nor his reader can resist the conclusion that the case for precognition is fairly established.

Established but not explained. The rest of this very able little book is devoted to an examination of some metaphysical theories of time (including Mr. Dunne's) that have been advanced in explanation of the phenomenon, but Mr. Saltmarsh himself is finally committed to none of them.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE DIE?

THERE are not a few men and women who are firm in their opinion that they can leave their bodies lying asleep and roam at will. William Gerhardt, the famous novelist, for example, is firm in the belief that he has experienced no fewer than five "astral projections," as he terms his queer adventures. He has wakened suddenly at night to find himself suspended precariously in mid-air, linked to his sleeping body only by a coil of light. "The body on the bed was kept alive," he says, "while its mould wandered about the flat through space as dense as water. I staggered uncertainly to the door. I felt the handle, but to my discomfiture, I could not turn it: there was no grip in my hand; it seemed unreal."

Mr. Gerhardt wondered for a second how he could get out and then found himself passing through the door with less resistance than he had encountered in empty space. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He was dressed exactly as he had gone to bed.

Reality Or a Dream?

"On one projection I actually visited a friend at Hastings and obtained irrefutable proof of having been in his room. On another I have visited relations of a friend, and described them to her with accuracy without my ever having seen them before," Mr. Gerhardt declares.

Trace back history to before the world was formed. You can go back to a universe of chaotic gas and back again to a

universe of electrons. There is no end in this direction. Go outwards in space. Beyond the stars are more stars, more space and more space. No end, apparently, in this direction.

But science, says Dunne, has overlooked this "unending" tendency, and then he takes us a step further. Consider for a moment the immediate present. It is "now" (A). Consider again. The "now" (A) has gone a split second ago, and we are confronted with another "now" (B). This (B) "now" is as real as anything could be. But consider again. Where is the (B) "now"? It has slid away into the past and already the future is sliding, and, even as you read, becoming the past.

Perhaps you wonder where this is leading us. Dunne shows you. He draws diagrams to prove that past, present and future are, in reality, all one time. Arguing logically, he puts this time in another time, the space-time of Einstein. Science, after all, has discovered that the electrons fly out of this little universe of three dimensions into a fourth dimension. So we have our space boxed up in another box of space and perhaps that box boxed in another one. Why should not time, similarly, be boxed in another time, which is boxed into other times in the same serial manner.

Dunne asserts that the body decays but the observer within you that is able to observe the body, and all the other observers beyond, live on.

Death, he declares, releases us to be free in time. We can skate backwards and forwards in our own minor time of past, present and future, visiting past scenes, enjoying past sensations as we please. Here is the state of illusion spoken of by Lodge! And then we progress into a major time, a fourth-dimensional time from which the observers within us will progress into other times and other dimensions.

What Is Going to Happen Next?

One noted scientist, E. S. Shrapnell-Smith, C.B.E., has in his possession an instrument capable of detecting from a photograph whether the subject of that photograph is dead or still living. The theories on which the idea is based are that the human brain is a sort of broadcasting station which emits waves capable of being transferred to a photograph and of being retained there indefinitely while

the subject is still living, and that the moment the person dies these personal waves cease to emanate from the photograph.

Edison, too, was working shortly before his death on a machine which the great inventor was confident he could communicate with the dead. Copious notes and experiments were made in the last months of his life. Certain data was lost and his papers are now being carefully searched in efforts to discover it. All his life Edison was a confirmed agnostic. Publicly he refused to accept the belief of personal immortality or of a personal God. The revelation that caused him to work during his last days on a machine to make possible conservation with the unknown must have been overwhelming indeed.

We may laugh at these "returns," because they are so often staged by fakers who fail to put their tricks entirely over.

But, even if you think that Sir Oliver Lodge is suffering from hallucination in his belief that he has been in regular touch with his dead son Raymond; even if you ridicule the curious affair when Dennis Bradley died and his son gave the puzzled post-mortem experts his dead father's message concerning the cause of death, even if you mock and deride . . . you are left, still, with the inexplicable that is rapidly becoming more explicable in the hands of science.

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— HEALTH *and* HEALING —

OBSESSION CURES

SPIRITS WHO INTERFERE IN HUMAN AFFAIRS.

By DR. CARL WICKLAND.

Dr. Carl A. Wickland is one of the pioneers in the dislodging of undeveloped spirits who obsess people on earth. His book, "Thirty Years Among the Dead," describes scores of cures. He passed a charge of static electricity through the obsessed person, thus causing the spirit to leave the patient and control Mrs. Wickland, the medium used in all the doctor's rescue work.

AFTER a struggle of more than forty years with the problem of the interference of discarnated spirits in human affairs, especially pertaining to various psychoses and mental aberrations, in an effort, on the one hand, to obtain dependable data proving the truth of the hypothesis, and, on the other, to disseminate this knowledge to sincere investigators and men of science, it is encouraging to see light dawning on this mooted question, in various part of the world.

The efforts of the group of doctors in London, which has taken up the problem of treating mental aberrations and insanity on the spirit obsession theory, are most commendable. If this group will ignore opposition, even slurs, which are sure to be encountered, and will persist in carrying on, the evidence obtainable will be revolutionary, proving its importance to humanity.

Irrefutable Evidence.

To obtain evidence of spirit obsession which science cannot refute, a method of paramount importance is the application of static electrical treatments given to the patient in the presence of a trance medium and a group of investigators. When the entity, dislodged from the patient, takes possession of the medium's body, the investigators may then interrogate the spirit and frequently learn its identity, which, if verified, will, together with the recovery of the patient, be irrefutable evidence that

the mental aberration was due to the impingement of a spirit, or spirits.

While such transfer may occur at the first sitting, it must be understood that several seances may be necessary before results are obtained. Also, there may be a group of spirits to be dislodged, and these must be removed one after the other. Persistence and patience are required, while seeking sufficient data thoroughly to prove the obsession hypothesis to the sceptical-minded.

Effect of Electricity.

Any discernible injury to the etheric body of the patient, after removal of the obsessing spirit, has never come under my observation. Any weakness which may occur in the patient, after such dislodgment, is overcome by the use of mild static current. The strong oxidizing and germicidal nature of the static current always invigorates by oxidation of sluggish, inactive tissues and improves the circulation. The general tendency of the static current is to restore body functions to normal. That static electricity is the vitalising and energizing principle in all living organisms, is undoubtedly a self-evident fact. Our bodies are virtually electrical storage batteries from which, while in normal working order, energy radiates to and activates in all organs and body functions.

Energy Restored.

As storage batteries are recharged by the commercial current, so also may the

energy depletion of the human body be restored by the static electric current, which, having no perceptible amperage, if any, is harmless. In conjunction with establishing proper metabolic factors, such as correct diet, air, sunshine, baths, exercise, etc., it is often surprising what the potent static electric current will do in vitalising the functions by re-charging the human battery.

John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church, was an accomplished lay physician who operated four clinics in London and in 1755 wrote a volume entitled "Primitive Physic," which ran through twenty editions. In this work, Wesley strongly advocates the use of static electricity in the treatment of all manner of diseases, a few of these being lunacy, epilepsy, headache, dropsy, paralysis and convulsions. Wesley states, regarding nervous disorders, "I am firmly persuaded there is no remedy in Nature for nervous disorders of every kind comparable to the proper and constant use of the electrical (static) machine."

He writes further, "Electricity . . . comes the nearest to a universal medicine of any yet known to the world . . . It is a thousand remedies in one . . . more nervous disorders would be cured in one year by this remedy than the whole English *matéria medica* would cure by the end of the century. . . . While hundreds, perhaps thousands, have received unspeakable good, I have not known one man, woman or child to have received any hurt thereby."

My thirty-four years' use of the static current, as an adjunct to other methods of treatment, has revealed its therapeutic value to a remarkable degree. But the proper method of application is of great importance and largely determines the success or failure in given cases.

The Static Machine.

The static machine which I use, constructed by myself under the direction of intelligent spirit forces, is made according to the Wimshurst pattern and contains fourteen thirty-inch diameter glass discs, all active, giving a powerful current.

Notwithstanding disparaging criticism made, from time to time, by persons who

do not intimately know our methods of treating spirit obsession, the claim being made that satisfactory results can be obtained without static, our experience has proven that in the treatment of obsession, especially unruly cases taken from asylums and often declared incurably insane, static electricity is indispensable. Concentration and suggestion, in conjunction with static electricity, have revealed almost unbelievable potency in affecting patients at a distance. We may state an unusual case in point.

A man in Shanghai, whose wife was suffering from mental aberrations, had consulted many doctors without any result except diagnosing the case as dementia praecox, catatonic form. The patient refused food and had to be fed by a tube through the nose for a year and a half, and for eight months was in a catatonic state for which doctors had restored to malaria hyper-pyrexia experiments, without results.

Her husband, having read our book, "Thirty Years Among the Dead," surmised that his wife might be obsessed and wrote to us describing the case. Upon receipt of the letter, as an experiment, I placed it upon the static platform, applying static sparks, with the suggestion that any spirits with the woman must leave her. Later, we ascertained that at about the time the sparks were applied to the letter, the patient woke from the coma and has maintained her conscious state ever since.

Her husband then brought the woman to us. While she remained conscious she yet refused food, which could not be forced upon her. We applied static treatments and she was fed by the tube through the nose until the third day, when she became partially entranced. A static treatment relieved her from the trance and she exclaimed, "Something has been taken away from me. I feel so light!"

On the Road to Recovery.

The spirit dislodged from the patient proved to be the one who prevented her from eating, for that evening she walked to the dining table and asked for food, and since then has been eating regularly. Her condition is much improved and she is undoubtedly on the road to complete re-

covery. It is obvious that mental aberrations, insanity and crime are constantly on the increase and the fundamental causes are as yet but vaguely understood.

I am constrained to say that these underlying causes will never be fully comprehended until mankind recognises that so-called death is a misnomer and that ignorant or mischievous disembodied spirits are indeed serious **contributing** factors in these abnormalities.—“Psychic News.”

THOUGHTS ABOUT HEALING.

By the Editor of “Two Worlds.”

ALL along the line of history, healing and religion have been inter-blended. When religion has become formal, materialistic and ceremonial; when, in fact, it has merely become an appeal to the physical senses, healing has ceased: but whenever religion has been alive, when a special teacher or enthusiast has been aflame with inspiration, and religion has been going through the process of revival, healing has come into its own.

In ancient times, the healer and the spiritual teacher were one. Jesus of Nazareth, Gautama Buddha, Apollonius of Tyana, and other great spiritual teachers, have been reputed to have healed by a touch. Whenever the emotions of humanity have been awakened, and especially when this awakening was accompanied by spiritual activity, healing has been one of its characteristics.

Anton Mesmer was probably the first man who tried to establish the existence of a physical basis for these exceptional forces (he called them animal magnetism), but even he had to recognise that the circle wherein imagination and emotion were awakened was his most successful field of operation. Religious revivals, even in the last few centuries, have been characterised by reports of healing. The medical faculty, which has become a close corporation, has done its utmost to side-track and discount the unorthodox healer. But it is possible that there are as many people in this country to-day who have faith in the unorthodox healer as there are who believe in the orthodox.

Disease and Cure Has Dual Basis.

At one time the functions of the healer and the spiritual teacher were one. Amongst primitive peoples the priest and the medicine-man are embodied in the same person. Jesus Christ performed the same dual functions. One of the developments consequent upon the growth of civilisation has been the sub-division of labour, and so healing has now become almost the exclusive monopoly of the scientist, who is looking for a material basis; while the spiritual teacher is only able to perform healing in special circumstances. It must not be forgotten, however, that both these sections are producing cures. This gives rise to the suggestion that both disease and its cure have a dual basis. Powers can be brought into operation either from the physical or the spiritual plane, for the amelioration of suffering and the cure of disease.

Man is a Duality.

There is a good deal of loose talk to-day about the power of the mind over the body, and we are told that nervous diseases are, of course, amenable to treatment by the mind through suggestion. It would not be difficult to show that diseases having a nervous origin are more frequently cured by mental, psychic and spiritual treatment than are those of functional disorders. Yet there is a vast mass of evidence that diseases of a purely functional and physical nature are none the less curable by psychic and spiritual healers. There is a vast field here which needs exploration; but exploration of a physical type is not enough. The world will have to recognise that man is a duality; and that he has two bodies: a physical and an etheric one. Disease may be located **in either**, and may re-act from one to the other. A long experience has convinced us that in many cases diseases arise in the mental and psychical side of man, and are afterwards transmitted to the physical body. On the other hand, it cannot be gainsaid that a disease physical body is likely to affect the mind and spirit.

Interaction of Body Forces.

We are satisfied of something more. Each body has its own fund of vitality, and it is possible to awaken a responsive-

ness between them, so that the deficiencies of one may be made good by the surpluses of the other. To put it plainly, the depleted and diseased physical body may under some conditions draw vitality and therapeutic power from the psychic body. And what applies individually applies in a larger sense also. There is a spiritual world. F. W. H. Myers saw this nearly half a century ago, and was able to express his conviction that the physical life of man could not continue for one single moment unless it was reinforced by a continuous inflow of energy from an unseen world. Mankind will have to realise this fact in the days that are to come, and when it is recognised, the priest, the healer, and the doctor will work in closer union than they are doing at present.

The Important Thing.

After all, the great thing which matters is the restoration of health to the sick, and the prevention of the healthy from becoming sick. If the priest or the herbalist or the spiritual healer is able to show better results than the doctor, public confidence will go to him. It is not a question of how many degrees a man has, or how many examinations he has passed. It is just a case of whether the sick can be restored to health and the healthy kept free from infection. The man who can do that, even though he be a clodhopper, is one of God's chosen vessels.

"MIRACLE" AT HOME OF HEALER.

Recovery Within 17 Weeks.

Healing rays of a type unclassified unused in earthly practice, renewed diseased tissue in the body of a woman who was cured, it is claimed, by a spiritual "operation," which she underwent in Bristol.

Seventeen weeks ago this woman, physically weak from an internal growth, was carried into the house of a Bristol healer. To-day I saw the patient, writes an "Evening World" reporter, and I was able to congratulate her on her fitness. Her name is Dorothy Bowden, and her home is in London, though she is a director of a Bristol firm. She is 50 years of age.

People who have seen her since her cure say she looks 15 years younger.

Completely Cured.

She had been entirely cured, she told me, through the healing powers of Mrs. S. Cook, of 64 Seymour road, Stapleton road, Bristol. Miss Bowden described to me her experiences when the spirit doctors operated upon her and removed the growth, and spoke of the health rays that re-built her body and her strength. I asked Miss Bowden frankly to what she attributed her cure. She replied, sincerely: "To God's holy power and the ministry of holy angels through the medium of Mrs. Cook. It is a power we have not tapped yet . . . it is waiting by the co-operation of man."

Both Miss Bowden and Mrs. Cook are members of the Greater World Christian Spiritualist League which has world-wide adherents. Miss Bowden inaugurated the Doers' Club of the League for children between the ages of five and 16, and to more than 1,000 members she is known as Auntie Dorothy.

Operation Advised.

She emphasised to me that the children never take part in seances or in any psychic development. With her sister, Miss Bowden started the business for which for some 15 years she has been a traveller. While she was busy seeking orders she felt herself ailing. "I was ill for about six months," she said, "and last January I had a bad attack of influenza and I did not pick up my strength at all. I was absolutely weak. I could hardly walk. My doctor, after a careful examination, diagnosed an internal growth and advised an immediate operation. But I had always believed in spiritual healing, and after thinking the matter over I realised that I had to go the way of my belief. Through the headquarters of the Christian Spiritualist League I was sent to Mrs. Cook, of whose wonderful cures I had heard."

Magnetic Healing.

"I was brought to Bristol in an exhausted state. I had to be carried into the house. Then I received magnetic healing treatment from Mrs. Cook, and later, in order to get closer contact, I

stayed at her house. I have been here 17 weeks. Gradually I felt the growth going. How can I describe it? It was as if a tight band gripping my body was gradually falling away. I began to eat better. Before, I could touch only a little fish or green vegetables. Now I can eat absolutely anything. Pains disappeared. I felt an inrush of new life. I underwent another medical examination in Bristol. This time the doctors were unable to specify the position of the growth, although they still advised an operation. My doctor previously had been able to say just where it was. I am perfectly satisfied that I have been cured." Miss Bowden told me that during the treatment she had felt tremendous vibrations. At times the whole bed shook with them.

Tremendous Heat.

"When the growth was taken from me I was in a deep unnatural sleep," she added. "For two days there was a tremendous heat on my back. The spirit doctors had operated on me. I have spoken to those doctors through Mrs. Cook, and asked for explanations. They told me that the heat was a very fine healing ray that cannot yet be registered on earth. It re-creates and renews tissue. The ray to be effective must pass through a prepared spiritual body. Since I have been at Mrs. Cook's have seen many other cures. My brother sprained his shoulder. He was rather sceptical until Mrs. Cook took away the pain for him." Mrs. Cook said she has cured many patients, including a doctor's wife who had knee trouble.

Starve To Live Is New Health Rule

PHYSICAL WRECKS, GIVEN UP BY DOCTORS, SAID TO BE CURED BY FASTING.

Man Goes 92 Days on Oranges.

(By T. Macdonald).

The most effective cure for ailments is fasting. We eat too much. Of course, there is nothing new about fasting. Instances are recorded in the Bible, and the early fathers of medicine knew its value. Religious fasts were not introduced entirely for the cure of souls.

THE curative possibilities of fasting are being re-discovered. In America, it is becoming a popular cult. England is taking it up. Soon, Nature Cure establishments will spring up everywhere. It is claimed this new treatment has cured chronics and incurables, who have been given up by doctors. The advocates of fasting argue that the normal state of the human body, with proper nourishment and proper elimination, is health. Apart from accidents, nothing can impair health but abnormal nourishment or abnormal elimination. When any departure from health occurs, not due to inadequate nourishment, the logical method of cure is to stop the intake of nourishment entirely, and allow the body to eliminate the toxins responsible for the absence of health.

Reduced Weight by Half.

Remarkable cures are said to have been achieved in these establishments. One is the case of a man, 66 years of age, 16 st. in weight, physically a wreck, with super-normal blood pressure. Doctors had failed to effect a cure. He went to a Nature Cure establishment, fasted for 30 days on the juice of three oranges daily, 30 days on water, 20 days on the juice of three oranges daily, and 12 days on the juice of six oranges daily—a total of 92 days. During the whole time he walked about and smoked his pipe. His weight at the end of the fast was 8st. 6lb. He was gradually brought back to food, and within a fortnight his weight went to 10st. 3lb. of healthy flesh, and his blood pressure to

135, below the normal for a man of his years.

Another patient, a young man, who refused to undergo an operation, although a specialist had told him he would probably die within a few days, sought a Nature Cure establishment. Such instances, according to the advocates of fasting, can be multiplied almost indefinitely. The treatment is not confined to any type of disease. Its success in asthma, defective vision and even of wasting diseases, such as consumption, is said to be astonishing.

Food Craving Vanishes.

It is claimed that after a day or two of fasting the craving for food vanishes entirely. Anyone who has been ill can vouch for that. A faster can sit at a banquet without feeling the slightest desire to eat. "The senses usually become more acute," say the fasting advocates. "The skin and eyes become clearer. Normal physical and mental activities continue. In some cases, a lack of concentration is experienced for a time, but, in many others, mental processes are improved, thoughts become crystal clear, and ideas fluent. Spirits do not droop. There is usually a feeling of serenity, and sometimes of buoyancy. Curiously enough, although there is no craving for food, the conversations of fellow fasters frequently refer to it.

Supervision Is Imperative.

A fasting cure under supervision has great possibilities. It would be dangerous to undertake it haphazardly. When the body poisons have all been thrown off, a hardly controllable hunger returns. Hunger is the sign that the body is again ready for food. It is not claimed as a cure-all, but experiments in England are said to have been more effective than results achieved by orthodox bacteriologists.

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THE NIGHTMARE OF INSOMNIA.

Scientists Apply Simple Rules as Cure.

IN this bustling, restless age, insomnia is a common but very wearing complaint for those who live in the city and suburbs. With noisy tramcars rattling past their doors and milk carts tearing up and down the whole night through, the sleepless lie awake and count sheep, put hot pillows against their faces, try the sedative effect of hot or cold drinks and hopefully tie black bandages over their eyes. Science, however, has been busy with their problem, and, after years of research is finding out something about the cause and cure of sleeplessness. Experiments in the sleep laboratory at Colgate University during the past nine years show that light, noise, color, even wearing apparel are factors that cause insomnia. Instruments have shown that even the slight sound made by a person walking past a bed on tiptoe will send a sleeper's muscle tension almost to waking point. Beyond any shadow of doubt, if you sleep where trains and street cars pass you are sleeping badly whether or not you are conscious of the traffic. Light is another great sleep destroyer. Even rays from an automobile headlight outside your bedroom will disturb the repose of your body.

Effect of Color.

The color of your bedroom can affect the quality of your sleep, though not as materially as noise or temperature. The restfulness of a soothing wall tint like blue or green definitely will help to induce slumber. In the morning, when light pours in and you are close to consciousness, a soothing color will make your dim waking hours more restful while a room of red or other brilliant hue will insidiously disturb you. What you wear to bed has a bearing on how you sleep. The comparative merits of pyjamas, nightshirt, and no bed clothing at all have been tested. The last proved the most conducive to good slumber.

Do not worry about what sleeping position you take. You change it about every

15 minutes anyway. Your body instinctively will pick out the best position. Do not worry too much about dreams cutting into your rest. They probably have no ill effects. As a rule, they seem to be a sort of safety valve for people who work at uncongenial jobs or who are dissatisfied with their daily life. If you want to dream less, perhaps you should get a job or home you like better.

Foods and Sleep.

To discover to just what extent sleep replenishes energy, energy-giving foods have been substituted for sleep for an experiment. The major finding is that you can make up the energy your body has failed to store through sleep by eating. A generous carbohydrate (sugar) intake is equal to one or two hours' sleep. By eating liberally of the foods which create muscle fuel, you reduce the length of time necessary for sleep to replenish that energy, to the extent of a couple of hours a night at least. In an all-night bridge session, you can eat freely of sweets and be more alert than your opponents at the end of the game. Or, if you must leave home at an early hour to engage in work that will require your best thought, you can at breakfast eat enough carbohydrates to compensate for the hour of sleep you had to forgo. Week-ends can be made less fatiguing if you drink plenty of citrus drinks and say "yes" to second helpings of dessert. Calcium (supplied in milk and dairy products) also has a beneficial effect on sleep; when calcium is low in the body, general irritability increases. Many people who think they do not sleep believe they have been sleepless because they have heard each stroke of the clock when actually their mind has heard the striking while they slept. For we sleep in parts, and not all of our body slumbers at the same time. Humans, like all other animal and plant life, have a natural sleep rhythm. That is, we recuperate best from the day's activities if we go to bed at regular hours every night. Mental excitement, emotional stimulation from books and cinema, sedentary working habits, strain or noise and high-pressure routine, all conspire to

make rest more difficult for this generation to achieve than it was for our grandparents, even in their era of unscientific feather beds, rope springs, and unventilated bedrooms.

Reading in bed has proved time and time again the solution for wakefulness. Worry about not getting to sleep is one of slumber's greatest thieves, for when you are emotionally upset you destroy the delicate balance that brings repose to your body. If you have chosen your book well, your mind will wander from the day's troubles, you will forget your anxiety about getting to sleep—and of a sudden you will become drowsy. Until that very instant, you will have had relaxation that, in its benefits, is very close to sleep. Once you get into the habit of reading in bed, you will drop off even with an engrossing mystery in your relaxed fingers. Your trouble may be that you wake in the middle of the night and cannot go back to sleep. Again the answer is to read in bed. Human beings can go for more than two months without food, but one week without sleep will kill any of us. After the age of 35, the harm resulting from sleep loss decreases, although it is always present.

HEALING IN HOME CIRCLES.

How little does the outside world know of the amount of healing that goes on in Home Circles all over the world! Almost every circle reports at some time or another instances of healing. Some readers may doubt healing mediumship and argue that cures are purely psychological, but if the patient says definitely that he feels better, or is cured, let us leave it at that.

Reports tend to show that nearly all circles attract some spirit healer who takes an interest in the physical well-being of the sitters. Either a doctor or friendly medicine man will invariably come through when a sitter is "seedy" and give him treatment.

It is noticed that most of these family-doctor controls favor herbal cures and in some circles they apportion the necessary herbs and applications.

I Believe That Faith Would Have Cured Me

GREAT NOVELIST'S REMARKABLE ARTICLE.

SOME time ago the "Daily Mail" published one of the most remarkable spiritually helpful articles ever seen in any newspaper. It was entitled "I Believe That Faith Would Have Cured Me" and was written by Mr. J. D. Beresford, the famous novelist.

Mr. Beresford began his article by speaking of the effect of Confidence in games or skill. When a player is inspired by Confidence his shot goes home. When a team is anxious it collapses. "For confidence or faith in oneself enables one to control in a way that few people understand, the subtle and intricate system of muscular reflexes brought into play in all games of skill. It means that when there is no doubt in the mind, no hesitation or conflict of purpose, your wish (not your will) to do this or that becomes so powerful that it can exercise a control over your bodily functions which, on occasion, may appear miraculous."

A person cannot exercise this wonderful power at will, he says, because he cannot do it by **trying**, in the ordinary sense. Directly he uses his intelligence to bring about the desired confidence he sets up one side of himself against another and is fighting resistances. "The intelligence may be an admirable guide in many departments of life, but it is a blundering, uncertain master when it comes to the direction of the marvellous body that it inhabits."

Mr. Beresford says that what is true of games is true with much greater force of healing. We know nothing whatever about the guidance or directions of the strange processes that serve to maintain us in health. Indeed the less we think about them the better they work. Among the effects of thinking too much about one's health are hysteria and hypochondria.

The Right Conditions for Healing.

Referring to "faith healing" and "a direct divine influence" he admits the evidence but affirms that such influence is

used only when the sufferer is in the right condition to respond to it. That condition is "**Complete Harmony of the Personality, brought about, except in very rare instances, by only two powers, Faith and Love,** and these are so closely allied that for most purposes they may be regarded as one and the same." He says that when a person falls in love his or her health tends to improve. "The reason is that the personality has achieved a temporary harmony; for the time being all conflicts are resolved."

Faith Healing.

"The same result is brought about by **perfect faith.** The intellect and judgment are at one with all the spiritual beliefs, and the bodily desires are momentarily absorbed into the great stream. **This oneness of the personality, in which every element may be said to be singing in harmony, is shown in religious ecstasy, and it is a necessary condition for faith healing.** When we speak of it as '**Faith**' what we really mean it a **singleness of belief,** and that singleness can never be won so long as the intellect and judgment have any tendency to stand apart and, as it were, look on . . ."

"Such powerful enemies to physical well-being as fear, anxiety, and anger imply conflict and disharmony, and are completely eliminated when faith or love take firm hold of us. To have true Faith or to be truly in Love brings an inward peace and confidence that is evidence of unity. . . When the natural processes are not interfered with by the conscious mind they have marvellous powers of recuperation, and **the single united desire of the whole personality to be cured can work wonders.**"

How to Acquire Faith.

But how can that perfect condition of faith be attained? Mr. Beresford says:—"The simplest method is to find some inspired person who has it already. They are few, terribly few; but the signs by which you may know them are their beautiful love for all humanity, and the

effect of peace and quietness which surrounds them. Then, having found such a one, you must give him all your confidence, surrender your will and judgment, and allow his spirit to pass on to yours something of his own faith. Another method is by exactly the same kind of belief in, and submission to Divine Authority. Finally, and hardest of all, it may be achieved by thought; and if I had known thirty years ago all that I know now I could have cured myself of the paralysis of my left leg that I have suffered since early childhood. I could not cure it now because the wish to be cured has left me. These cures, I repeat, are not achieved by the exercise of the will but only by the domination of the single-minded omnipotent wish that brings all the body into harmony."

Mr. J. D. Beresford herein teaches us how to develop complete harmony of the personality by faith, love, and confidence, aided by contact with inspired persons whose beautiful love for all humanity surrounds them with an atmosphere of peace and quietness. No preacher could have shown us the Way to the Kingdom of God more effectively.

PSYCHIC HEALING SUCCEEDS.

Diseases Cured After Medicine Failed.

"**M**EDICINE took its wrong turning at the time when Mesmer introduced hypnotism for the treatment of disease," declared Shaw Desmond, speaking at the Queen's Hall, London, on Faith Healing. He spoke of the enormous number of patients who had been given up as incurable, or had left their doctors in despair, who had, by spiritual healing, been either cured or greatly ameliorated. "I can give you a list of diseases I have seen completely cured," he said, addressing the medical men he said were in his audience. "In some of these cases, the medical men who have given up the cases have admitted the cures.

What The Doctor Says.

"But, sometimes, you doctors have an unpleasant habit, when you have given up a case and it has been cured by faith heal-

ing, of saying that your original diagnosis was wrong. Some of the best men and women in your ranks are now using faith healing nearly every day of their lives. They are using diagnoses of the aura and are finding it invaluable. There is at least one man in this hall tonight who can vouch for a perfectly correct diagnosis by Estelle Roberts which has been confirmed by surgeons on operation." Mr. Desmond admitted that faith healing was not a universal panacea, but said that nervous diseases lent themselves peculiarly to treatment by faith.

Modern Miracles.

"Faith healing is accomplishing what are practically miracles in our day," he said, "but they work through natural law. There is never at any time any abrogation of natural law throughout the universe." The speaker declared that no reputable faith healer denied that doctors were of use. "We believe medical men can do many things, but we know there are many things they cannot do—things that we can do with faith healing," he said, and referred to the lack of progress that had been made in the cure of lunacy by the medical profession, and said he knew one eminent specialist whose opinion it was that in many cases the lunacy was caused by obsession and the patient could be restored to normal only by exorcism.

The Charlatans.

Faith healing was ignored by medical men, he said, and fell largely into the hands of charlatans of both sexes. "But in two or three decades we shall witness the medical profession rapidly returning to healing by faith," he went on. "One of the most famous psycho-analysts of our day told me his profession was waiting for true faith healing, which was as concrete and proved a fact of medicine as was cutting out a tumor with the knife." The speaker sketched briefly the methods of spiritual healers, some of whom diagnose by an examination of the aura and cure by rays from the Other Side. "Before many years are gone, certain classes of disease will be brought, not to those dark dens of Harley Street and Wimpole Street, but to the clinics of the faith healers," he concluded.

"THERE IS NO DEATH."**A Spiritualistic Classic.**

This amazing and phenomenally-successful work by Florence Marryat needs no introduction to our readers. It has for years held a prominent place in the phenomena section of Spiritualistic literature, and is undoubtedly one of the most convincing books of the kind ever produced. It caused a great sensation when first published many years ago, but owing to the price many have hitherto been unable to procure a copy. Their opportunity, however, has come at last. The new and cheap edition published by The Psychic Press can be obtained at "The Harbinger of Light" office for 5/-, postage 3d. We anticipate a brisk demand for this singularly cheap budget of marvellous experiences, and consequently would advise early application on the part of those desiring a copy. Our parcel has just come to hand.

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