

HARBINGER OF LIGHT

A DIGEST OF
SPIRITUALISM, AND
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

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Things I Remember.

The Fact of Hell.

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MIND

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SPIRIT

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(Continued on back page and inside back cover.)

The Harbinger of Light

A MONTHLY DIGEST DEVOTED TO

Psychical Research, Spiritualism, and Spiritual Philosophy

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

Founded 1870 by W. H. Terry.

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Life Unchanged by Death.

THE WITNESS OF EASTER.

By REV. C. IRVING-BENSON, D.D., in "The Herald," Melbourne

WE are inclined to think that Death somehow impoverishes us. But the witness of Easter is the very opposite. Its gospel is that Death is the means, not of impoverishing, but of glorifying our personality. The life after Death is not less real but more real. Our loved ones, who have died, are in full possession of all their faculties, in the intensest exercise of all their capacities.

ON the last night of His earthly life, Jesus gathered a small company of His friends, a few simple men, and told them plainly what was about to happen to Him. We can see their weather-beaten faces lined and troubled in the pale lamp-light. For three wonderful years, they had lived with Him and the last thing they ever expected was that He would say good-bye. They had never thought of what life would be without Him. Now they saw what an aching gap there would be in their lives, what a lonely place the world would be when He should be gone. They were on the brink of a bitter experience and He was seeking to prepare them to meet it.

"I am going away," He told them quietly and with perfect composure. And when He said it sorrow filled their hearts. They were stunned, inconsolable, yet half incredulous that He really meant it.

"I Will See You Again"

He spoke plainly of tomorrow's distress, but He reminded them that pain and grief are the birth-throes of a new life. In their desolating grief, they must see a gate to a higher life and to a joy that would be unending. "Your grief," He said, "will soon end: Your joy never."

"Because I have said these things unto

you, sorrow hath filled your hearts. Ye now indeed have sorrow—your hearts are troubled, you weep and lament tonight—but I will see you again and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." They were words of comfort and healing.

But in the terror and despair which followed, when they saw this Jesus of theirs, taken as a common criminal, bound, scourged and finally crucified, it seemed the end of all things and they forgot about His promise to see them again. It was a stark, unrelieved tragedy, the shattering of all their hopes.

When Christ rose on Easter Day the disciples remembered and understood His words, and we read that "When they saw the Lord they were glad." They had the joy of having their Friend again, of seeing Him victorious over death and proved to be all and more than they had believed. They were filled with rapturous joy.

The Man Who Come Back.

"I will see you again," and He kept His promise. And when He met them again He said, "Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I myself." The same Jesus come back. Not precisely the same body—some mysterious change had passed over that, but the same person. He called Mary by

name. He sent messages to His friends, and made special mention of broken-hearted Peter. He arranged to meet them in the old haunts. It was Jesus, the very same. He had not altered.

Personality is unchanged by death. I shall be I and you will be you. We shall not merely live on, as the sparkling dew-drop may be said to continue when it is absorbed in the mighty ocean, not merely "to live again in lives made better by their presence," but in the full possession of our powers—our consciousness, personal identity, character, love and memory.

That is what Easter means. It is not so much a confirmation of our instinct of self-preservation but the assertion that personality is the ultimate value in the universe. Despite all the imaginable ages of time and amid all the astronomical magnitudes the hymn holds true,

"Sun, moon and start forgot,
Upward I fly."

I sometimes try to picture the world when its fires have burnt out—a spent, lifeless planet. What will there be to show for all the drama of life that has been staged upon it—the heroism and sacrifice—the suffering and the striving if there is no survival of personality? The universe would have no meaning.

No Sorrow Is Hopeless.

I think we are tempted to suppose that death impoverishes us. But the witness of Easter is the very opposite. Its gospel is that death will be the means, not of impoverishing, but of glorifying our personality. The life after death is not less real but more real. Our loved ones, who have died, are in full possession of all their faculties, in the intensest exercise of all their capacities.

"I will see you again." If when we stand at the open grave—if when the wife, or husband, or child of our bosom is taken—those upon whom we are dependent—who mean more than life to us—if we can believe this, "I will see you again," if we can write it on every tombstone, then no sorrow is hopeless, no parting is final.

"Soul of my soul, I shall meet thee
again,
With God be the rest."

"He Is Away"

"The Scottish people," said Dr. Joseph Parker, in one of his finest passages, "The Scottish people do not say of one who has died, 'he is dead'; they say, 'He is away'! Now when we say of one, 'He is away,' we do not mean that he is away absolutely. We do not mean that he has fallen out of God's universe. We mean that he is away from where he was, away from what he was, away from where he was wont to be, away from the scene and circumstances in which we were wont to turn to him! On such an evening as this (the light was streaming in) 'I might listen to a bird singing in my garden. I look up. I see it, or I do not see it. Enough, it is there. It sings. I listen and make such melody as I can in my own heart. But there! The song has ceased! The little songster is away! But not away absolutely. Not even wholly away from me! I had its song. And now it is away, away to sing elsewhere, to sing to some other heart whose need is even greater than mine!'"

Shall we know each other in the beyond? When a woman asked George MacDonald whether she would know her husband after death, "Madam," he replied, "we shall not be greater fools in heaven than we are here!"

Tennyson believed when his twin soul, Arthur Hallam, died:—

Eternal form shall still divide,
The eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet.

Personal Life Persists.

The personal life persists, and all that is of personality's essence—love and memory—must needs be eternal. One of the greatest love stories of the world, is that of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. Suppose in the Beyond they met unheeding, unthrilled, unknowing—suppose them lost to each other for ever. Call that what you will; it is not Heaven.

Our human relationships have two sides; material and spiritual. There are ties that are of time only—relationship of blood, bonds in which love never lived, but every spiritual attachment will endure. As King Arthur said to Guinevere:

Hereafter in that world where all are
pure,

We, too, may meet before high God and thou

Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine and know,

I am thine husband.

Spiritual affinities alone guarantee reunion and recognition beyond.

But how shall we recognise our loved ones in Heaven? We have made the mistake of analysing our life into a solid body, and a shadow-soul. Where the vital functions of the body cease—this poor wraith, we imagine, pursues its pitiful path in other realms. But the teaching of the Bible is that we shall be no mere disembodied spirits with no means of manifestation to other spirits, but that just as this body serves as a medium in a material world, so there is a spiritual body for expression in a spiritual world. "There are heavenly bodies and earthly bodies, but the glory of the heavenly one and the glory of the earthly is another. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown a natural body. It is raised a spiritual body."

Heaven a Home.

Heaven will be no dim world of unsubstantial ghosts, but a kindly and homely scene where we shall find our own and resume our old affections with a warmer and deeper intimacy.

Phillips Brooks says in one of his letters, "I wonder what sort of knowledge we shall have of our friends in the Hereafter, and what we shall do to keep up our intimacy with one another. There will be one good thing about it. I suppose we shall see through one another to begin with, and start off on quite a new basis of mutual understanding. I should think it would be awful at first, but afterwards it must be nice to feel that your friends knew the worst of you and you need not be continually in fear that they will find out what you really are."

Personality is unchanged by death. "I will see you again." We have our Lord's word for it, that those who loved us here and have gone home before us, are thinking of us there and waiting for us and will bid us joyful welcome, when we pass the golden gate, and He counselled us to employ our opportunities here to win the love of others that, when we pass hence, they may receive us into the eternal home.

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

When She Dropped Spiritualism.

(The following is from a book by William Oxley, "Modern Messiahs and Wonder Workers." Trubner and Co., Ludgate Hill, 1889):

She (Blavatsky) landed at New York, July 7th, 1873, and after sojourning in America till 1879 obtained her papers and became a naturalised American. It was during these six years of her life in the United States that the change came; and her Spiritualistic "antecedents" were dropped and she became "an occultist" à la Theosophy! This is proved by a printed correspondence in "Light" for 1884. She had been confronted with the fact that for 14 years (1860-74) she was an avowed Spiritualist. In reply, she says emphatically: "I say again, I never was a Spiritualist. I have always known the reality of mediumistic phenomena, and defended that reality; that it all."

Prof. Kiddle requested, but never obtained, a reply and explanation, stating that Mrs. Blavatsky wrote a letter dated October 27th, 1875, which was printed in the New York "Daily Graphic" in defence of Spiritualism, against an attack by a Dr. G. Beard, the closing paragraph of which reads thus: "People that know me know that I am far from being credulous. Though a Spiritualist of many years standing, I am more sceptical in receiving evidence from paid mediums than many unbelievers. But when I receive such evidences as I received at the Eddys, I feel bound on my honour, and under the penalty of confessing myself a moral coward, to defend the mediums, as well as the thousands of my brother and sister Spiritualists against the concert and slander of one man, who has nothing and no one to back him in his assertions."

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Psychometry.

Spiritualism—Humanity's Consolation and Inspiration

By MARCELLA DeCOU HICKS.

MOST religions are built upon a basis of fear; fear of the wrath of God; fear of punishment and retribution everlasting and eternal; fear of hell. If you do this or that, you're going to hell; if you don't do such and such you're going to hell, and so on ad infinitum, ad nauseam. Spiritualism takes away fear because it demonstrates that the first principle of the Cosmic plan is evolution through progression and progress through evolution, and this being true, there never comes a time when a man cannot make restitution for wrong doing, forsake evil and embrace good, whether he be housed in his body of flesh or existing in the ether world as disembodied spirit. Spiritualism has proven through contact and intercommunication with all manner of spirit entities, that the only hell there is, is a hell of a man's own creation—a retrogression he has imposed upon his own soul which compels him to vibrate among those of his own condition of spiritual unregeneration, when he leaves mortality. There to stay, however, miserable may be his conditions and surroundings—and sometimes he goes into a state of utter blackness and horror—until he fully repents, understands and acknowledges his transgressions and is eager to make amends. At the very moment he begins to feel remorse his regeneration begins and from then on he may work out his own salvation. Spirit law is just: no soul vibrates to conditions lower or higher than deserved.

To take everlasting hellfire and brimstone out of the consciousness is to give mankind a real glimpse of a just and loving Creator—and to inspire him with the confidence that he will be dealt with fairly.

An Inspiring Interpretation.

Spiritualism gives man the most inspiring interpretation of himself. Spiritualists **know** that man—the essential ego, the **real self—is spirit**. A particle of omnipotent, omniscient God intelligence, housed for the time being in a body of flesh for

the purpose of learning lessons to be had only through experiences in the limitations and circumscriptions of earthly life. Man, himself, is Spirit-Mind, made in the image of God who is all-creative, all-powerful all-pervading Spirit-Mind. Man is a potential God in his own right making his way through travail into progression and thence to the heights of **spirit** and his own ultimate God-hood. Man's heritage is divinity because the inner man, which is the real man, is essentially divine.

Orthodoxy teaches that man is a worm of the dust, born in sin and iniquity, to suffer forever for the transgressions of his first parents. And then orthodoxy asks man to have faith that within his body of flesh he harbours a spark of immortality called soul. In other words man is but a sort of superior animal harbouring a spark of immortality as contrasted with Spiritualism's teaching that man actually **is** a part of God here and now, merely housed for the time being in a body of flesh. There is a vast difference between these two conceptions if you can grasp it. If you were about to become a resident of a new town which do you think you would find the more inspiring—to be heralded as a dead beat, a cheat and a liar or as an honest, upright citizen? Even supposing you did not wholly deserve either reputation, which would give you the greater incentive to self respect and decency—the greater impulse to live right in that new community?

Obsolete Creeds.

It is true that Spiritualism takes away the vicarious atonement and gives us in its stead the sane, rational, and healthy teaching of absolute personal responsibility for all we willingly say and do. The spiritualist knows that he cannot lay his sins on the back of another and that other, through infinite suffering, wash his sins, though as scarlet, white as snow; and he knows too, that no death bed repentance can qualify him for a place with the blest. I have yet to encounter the theologian who

can explain to me the doctrine of the vicarious atonement. Except that Jesus shed His blood for the remission of our sins and made possible humanity's salvation all mankind would have been doomed to hell forever. What kind of a programme is that? And what happened to the billions who lived and died before Jesus was heard of? Are they then in hell's perpetual torment because they were not fortunate enough to have been born in Jesus' time? If so, it would certainly seem that God has "played favourites" with the poor, luckless creatures of His own creation, in giving us of these latter days hopes and privileges and assurances denied those of ancient and prehistoric times. Such teachings, to me, smack of blasphemy against an all-wise, all-kind and loving heavenly father.

Our Elder Brother.

Spiritualism gives humanity an Elder Brother toward whom one can feel warm and friendly, though worshipful; an Elder Brother, human like the rest of us but who had achieved spiritual perfection; the greatest teacher and psychic of all time and preaching the most beautiful philosophy; the way shower and demonstrator of the sinless human life even in the fiery temptations of earth; the supreme example of courage, because He died for the truth He taught and the cause He championed; a loving, faithful Elder Brother, who was the son of God even as we all are sons and daughters of God and differing from us only in the degree of His perfected spirituality, in His understanding of spiritual laws through which He performed His so-called miracles, in His great and glorious mission and in His celestial contacts. Jesus was perfect and we love, revere and adore Him and since He was human, even as we are all human, we have reason to hope that we may be able to emulate in a degree His perfection of spirit and of life. Having this understanding of Jesus, it really **means** something to say that, because Jesus was sinless, so can we be without sin. And that truth is the greatest inspiration that can come to man. Were Jesus the son of God in some way in which the rest of us are **not** the children of God, how could we be expected to approach

His condition of purity? One would expect God's "only begotten son" to be sinless and without flaw or fault. Why then, do Him especial honor for His perfection? Nowhere in the scriptures does Jesus refer to himself as the "only begotten son of God" but often does he call himself the "son of man"; neither is there any place where He makes mention of Virgin birth, His own or any other. I challenge you to find such reference.

More Conscientious Christianity.

Spiritualism makes for more conscientious Christianity. Why? Because the spiritualist knows he is at all times under the observation of friends, relatives, acquaintances, even so-called enemies, who have preceded him into the world of spirit and for some reason it is infinitely more intolerable to reveal our short comings and sinfulness to those whom we have known in the flesh than to let God see them. We all know that God knows and sees all, but somehow God seems a long way off. He surely has not the same sort of reality to our consciousnesses that those who have lived with us on earth still possess after their transition. Most people commit wrong acts knowing full well that God knows all but would they not be more greatly restrained were they convinced that mother, father, sister, brother and all other loved ones could see their sins? Haven't we all said and done things that we would rather die than reveal to our nearest and dearest? Answer that question **honestly** to yourself and you will understand exactly what I mean when I say that a knowledge of spiritualism makes for better living and more conscientious Christianity. There are no secrets from spirit and to know that one lives perpetually in a "glass house" causes him to think twice before committing any wrong act. The spiritualist wants not only to deserve the love of God but the respect of friends in spirit as well and to merit such respect he knows he must live in all respects the Golden Rule.

A Religion of Joy, Life and Love.

I could write on indefinitely of spiritualism's inspiration, consolation and influence for good but space will not permit.

I do want to say in conclusion that spiritualism is a religion of joy and light and life, more than all others combined. It has no ceremonies—it doesn't need them. It has no rituals—it doesn't need them. It needs no more than its own phenomena to give a definite **knowledge** of the life to come. Spiritualism has no pictures painted from mere conjecture.

Spiritualists are happy people because they have the **proven** assurance that life is continuous. They know that they can enjoy continued association with their beloved in the beyond, if they but open the door through which their dear ones can come to them. Spiritualists know the fact of spirit return and intercommunication.

Spiritualism is a consolation, and inspiration and a joy forever because it proves that there is no death; there are no dead.

ACTIVITIES IN SYDNEY.

The annual spiritualist rally and picnic was held on 24th February at Athol Gardens. There were about 300 people present. Races were arranged for young and old with good prizes. Lollies and ice creams were provided for the children. Mr. J. J. Dolton, the Hon. Secretary, Rev. J. R. Nicholson and a band of workers contributed to a very pleasant afternoon.

The twenty-seventh anniversary of the Kosmon Church was arranged by Mr. J. M. Robinson in their large garden at 1 Stewart Street, Glebe Point.

Refreshments were provided at the social on Sunday afternoon, 10th March, at which there was a large attendance, including visitors from all parts of New South Wales. Our representative, Mr. Charles Neil, was one of the speakers, taking as his topic, "The Progress of the Spiritualist Movement."

The grand rally took place at the Kosmon Church at 7.15 on the same evening.

Another grand district rally and demonstration of survival was held on the same afternoon at the Hornsby Masonic Hall. There was a crowded attendance: it was an unique, pleasant, profitable and inspiring afternoon.

An address was given by the Rev. Wyndham Heathcote, B.A., Chairman;

trance address by Mr. Alfred Raynor; clairaudience and clairvoyance by Messrs. A. Raynor, H. H. Wells, R. L. McNeilly, J. Lolly, S. W. Cowie and Miss Ray. Contributing artints were Madam Sarefota Lawrence and Mr. Talarico.

District rallies will be held in many other suburbs of Sydney. One will be held each month.

The spiritualist anniversary, one of the largest meetings of the year, will be held at the Savoy Theatre, 29 Blyth Street. Full particulars will be found in the advertisement in another column.

The Burwood Church was purchased a site to build their own Spiritualist Church. The money is in hand and it is expected that the foundation stone will be laid in about fifteen months' time.

AS THE GERMANS VIEW AUSTRALIA.

"The whole north of Australia is wide open. The fortress of Port Darwin is a myth. There are only 60 soldiers there, who have one solitary coastal battery to play with, and it is their duty to protect one of the most important aerodromes, the route to the South, a wireless transmitting station, and a supply of 70,000 tons of petrol. And the vital East Coast is no better equipped. On the Western Coast there are long stretches where an enemy army would be able to disembark, establish itself, collect supplies and construct depots before the news reached the capital. The islands under the mandate of Japan are relatively close, and besides the Japanese transport fleet is powerful enough to ensure the arrival of reinforcements. In the event of a Japanese drive towards the South, the Dutch will have quite enough to do in looking after themselves in their island colonies. The British port of Borneo is no better protected than Portuguese Timor, and there is still no fleet at Singapore. So nothing is more natural than the desire of Australia to see the banishment of the danger which threatens her by the institution of a British policy which, husbanding its total forces in Europe, seeks conciliation and understanding."—Undefended Australia, by Hans Schwarz van Berk. From Angriff, Berlin.

("Conscience," 9/11/39).

Things I Remember

TRAPS, TRICKS AND PROBLEMS.

(By David Gow, in "Light," Jan. 27, 1933.)

IT was at about the period (1915-16) when Mr. David Wilson was describing in "Light" the results of his so-called "Psychic Telegraph" that I received one morning from some university students an account of an invention of their own whereby they received communications from the Unseen. As described, it was apparently a highly "scientific" affair, complete with diagrams, and the experimenters enclosed with the particulars some "messages" which they claimed to have received by its aid. These seemed to have all come from discarnate ladies bearing such unconvincing names as "Flossie," "Gertie," "Maudie" and the like.

It was so evidently a "spoof" that I had no hesitation in referring the jokers to a Bible text: (Proverbs i, 17) which, if they looked it up, they would have found to read: "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." With that and, later, a few pleasantries, I dismissed the matter and heard no more of the jesters.

Mr. Wilson's machine which evidently provoked the joke was, however, in a rather different category. I inspected the apparatus and got some curious results. Other investigators experimented with it and were favourably impressed. Sir William Crookes was so much interested that he lent Mr. Wilson a little radium for the chemical part of the apparatus. But the whole thing was such a queer mixture of the real and the spurious that no satisfactory conclusion could be reached.

Some of us arrived at the view that Mr. Wilson, a professional man with a turn for science, was himself a powerful Medium, and that the "telegraph" was no more than a rather elaborate form of ouija or planchette, useless apart from himself. So I discontinued the articles, which had attracted wide attention.

My friend, the late Mr. Harold Begbie, after meeting Mr. Wilson and carrying out experiments, wrote a remarkable account of it in the "Daily Chronicle." But we could get nothing that was quite conclusive. It

may have been a kind of hint or promise of some more satisfactory invention in the future.

Pitfalls for Editors.

The way of Editors abounds in pitfalls, and psychic journalism is no exception. Indeed, the psychic journalist is regarded as an easy mark for tricksters. Time and again I had to turn down some ingenious impostures designed to bring the subject into ridicule. Then there were the very credulous folk who offered sensational stories of phenomena. There was no disputing their good faith, but as a rule they had only discovered a "mare's nest," and were generally more indignant than grateful when they were disillusioned.

The work needed acute circumspection, but on looking back I find little reason for self-reproach except to the degree that in my extreme caution I rejected as incredible things which later investigation proved to be quite true.

Psychic photography was a prickly problem. On one occasion I received a visit from a gentleman with a surprising story of how he and a companion had secured the photograph of a haunting ghost. It was a circumstantial story and appeared to be genuine. I went into all the details and inspected the photograph. But when I stipulated that the deponents should allow me to publish their names and addresses to authenticate the account, I was met with a blank refusal. This, of course, did not necessarily mean that the story was untrue (some people shun publicity), but naturally made it difficult to endorse. Years later I learned that it was all an elaborate hoax carried on for some months as a practical joke, which imposed on many people.

On several occasions I have received visits from people claiming to have remarkable powers. Some of them were genuine and demonstrated their gifts; others were shifty and evasive and required me to take their stories on faith. One man (a Scandinavian) whom I instinctively distrusted, had

certainly a remarkable power of clairvoyance in reading concealed writings, and later proved it to the satisfaction of some of the scientific researchers.

Then there were people sent as emissaries by some of our enemies—very plausible and specious, intent on practising on a supposed credulity. My only defence against these was an instinctive and wholesale cautiousness. In a hostile book published some years ago I found myself described as a very unsatisfactory and elusive person from whom no information (of value to the enemy) could be extracted. I felt the reference to be really in the nature of a compliment.

Yet, with Dr. Glen Hamilton, I can say that some of my experiences in psychic phenomena have been of such an astonishing nature that I would not care to publish them with any hope of being believed.

NUMEROLOGY.

By Clifford W. Cheasley.

The material sciences recognise and explain attraction and repulsion on the psychological, mental and physical planes.

Numerology is new only in its modern development. Its principles were taught by the philosophers of China, Egypt, Persia, Greece and India, centuries before the Christian era.

Numerology is founded on mathematics, the basic principle of the Universe, and is therefore above the danger of local colour that is bound to play a part in intuitional methods of analysis.

Numerology believes that no fact can be fully understood, and consequently overcome, until we know it in its relation to the whole.

Numerology permits of an absolutely unbiassed view of the fundamental causes in every problem of life. Based on mathematics, it stands as a consistent vehicle of adjustment among the inconsistencies of partial creeds, psychologies and philosophies.

Numerology indicates the way to Health, Wealth, Love, and Usefulness for each

individual rather than for the human race as a whole. It believes that the true way to benefit humanity is to put the **individual** on the right track.

Numerology is the logical study both for the beginner and the advanced student in Higher Thought. With numerology as a background the beginner is able to measure and either reject or accept all statements made or written by subsequent teachers. The advanced student finds in it the answer to inconsistencies he has collected in his study and the revelation of Universal expression to which he has been gradually evolving.

MICROCOSMUS.

The one conviction that has been brought home to us by our discussions is, that the soul is to be viewed as the substantial and permanent subject of the phenomena of our inner life. But that, because the soul is the abiding substance of these phenomena, it must therefore be endowed with an eternal and imperishable duration, as the privilege of its nature—the unprejudiced mind will never be convinced of the certainty of that inference.

... Then, if the connection of our other views tends so strongly to make us see in all finite things but creations of the Eternal, it is impossible that the destinies of the individual can be other than accordant with the dictate of the whole. That will last forever, which on account of its excellence and its spirit must be an abiding part of the order of the universe; what lacks that preserving worth will perish. We can discover no other supreme law of our destiny than this, but this is itself inapplicable in our human hands. We dare not presume to judge and determine, which mental development wins immortality by the eternal significance whereto it has raised itself, and to which this is denied. We must not seek to decide either whether all animal souls are perishable or all human souls imperishable, but take refuge in the belief that to each being right will be done.—Herman Lotze.

The Fact of Hell.

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD BELIEF.

JOHN EDWIN PRICE, in the "National Spiritualist," U.S.A.

HANGING onto a street car strap a young man of thirty was riding home from work. He had that day been told what his salary was as acting editor of a national news magazine weekly. It was double what his previous income had been. Moreover, he had also been informed of some signal honors that had been conferred upon him.

The magazine was founded to help promote industrial justice, religious tolerance and a warless world. These were ideals that the young man had long cherished and he was extremely happy that he had been selected to promote these principles, especially since several men of wider experience had sought the position.

His head was full of plans whereby he might add his contribution to the growing feeling for a more just world order.

The knowledge that he might render a signal service to humanity and finish paying for his new home while so doing, thrilled him to the depths of his being. These thoughts, abetted by the fact that in every other way he was trying to live a life in harmony with the laws of the universe, made him feel that heaven was in him, that he was in heaven.

Standing there, hanging onto the strap, his attention was drawn again and again to the face of an older man sitting in front of him. This man's stare was stony. It indicated hopelessness. The papers next day announced his suicide!

As those two rode home that evening they could have touched each other. And yet, between them was a great gulf fixed. The younger man was in heaven; the older man was in hell. The hell was so torturing that the older man sought to release himself from it by self-inflicted physical agony.

Yes, Hell is a Fact.

The following evening the young man passed one of the many hospitals of the city. He had been told of a person being treated there who was suffering intensely

because of troubles brought on by the follies of his youth. This man believed that his pain and remorse and shame were inflicted upon him by an angry God although he had in recent years been a faithful church member and had led an exemplary life.

As intimated above, this man had been for many years in spiritual harmony with his Creator if ever a man had. But in his youth he had set in motion certain evil forces which science at that time could not help him successfully counteract.

Again the thought occurred to our young friend,

"Hell is a fact."

Hell is still a fact of the universe despite the present day lack of emphasis on the hell of everlasting torture in which our grandfathers believed.

The hellish facts of pain and want and remorse which are the natural consequences which sooner or later follow attempts at breaking physical and moral laws, force us to realize that this is not an easy going universe. The fact that crushing accidents can occur, that pestilence can rage, prove that the Creator of the universe is not a namby-pamby old Grandfather, "with one blind eye." Too many have learned that hells caused by direct action or human individual and collective neglect can be very harsh and altogether too prolonged for comfort of body or peace of mind.

The Young Must Be Taught.

Not to teach these elemental facts is to wrong the young who might do differently if they knew of a surety that as corn always produces corn and thistle seeds produce thistles, so wilful wrong living, and living indifferently, lazily, in the presence of evils we could help to correct, alike have their unpleasant personal and social consequences wrapped up in them.

Because some leaders of thought have felt that the old ideas of hell, in which sinners were tortured endlessly with no

good resulting, could no longer be taught without practically blaspheming the good name and character of a loving God, they have neglected to teach hell as a fact. Our crime waves and lax attitude toward religious and social obligations during recent decades may be due in part to this neglect.

Young people are entitled to know that it will pay them well now or later to practice individual and collective kindness. It will pay them well to be kind to the old man or woman they some day will be. And what is more they are smart enough to see the point.

Furthermore, I believe that they will respond to urges to be kind to their unborn grandchildren who some few years hence will be having a try at this earthly schooling.

These unborn grandchildren need not suffer some hells of disease, hells of social injustice, hells of penal injustice, and hells of international folly if we, in our generation, do all we can individually to eradicate their causative influences.

Sins Produce Hells.

Knowing that sins of omission and commission make these hells necessary which must be born sooner or later, individually and collectively, in the physical and social realms, where do we get the notion that the universe is lawless and easy-going, spiritually?

It hardly need be stated that spiritual suffering is sometimes worse than physical suffering. Suicides prove this. People who are doing wrong as well as people who are withholding their help and good influences from good causes should stand in awe of their own awakening, someday.

Possibly the chief reason that transgressors do not stand in awe of that awakening is the fact that while the pleasures of sin are being enjoyed, or the ease of being among the "do-nothings" is being indulged, the conscience is either blurred, calloused or doped. During this period even the worst transgressor rides along quite light-heartedly.

But only let the possibilities or retribution appear! Or, let visions of what the lazy one has missed loom up! Then the whole life perspective or outlook becomes

changed. Former fun cloys. Indolence irritates.

Many are the souls who could exclaim, if they would while still in the flesh, "Hell is a FACT!" If this be true while one is still in the flesh with the pleasures of the flesh to blur the spiritual vision, how much more true will it be when one is free from the distractions of earth and knows as he is known?

PSYCHIC FACTOR IN HEALING.

At a lecture given under the auspices of the Edinburgh Federated Lodges of the Theosophical Society at Edinburgh, Dr. Andrew Gold, spoke on the question, "What is true Healing?" and commenting on the great increase in the size and number of hospitals, said that this might be taken as indicating a development of the humanitarian spirit, yet it was a sign that they had failed in the art of living. Never at any time had there been so much evidence of chronic disease, due, he believed, to the suppression of acute disease.

There was always a super-physical aspect of disease and they had to deal with this psychic aspect before true healing could be obtained. When the mind became fixed and resistant to new ideas, they found that this state was reflected on to the physical body. The best examples of this would probably be rheumatoid arthritis and arterio sclerosis. True healing took into account the whole gamut of living, and the patient had to be guided to realise again that Nature's laws must be observed, and that the great law of cause and effect is ever operative. It was not the healing of the physical body merely, but the awakening and recovering of the soul that constituted true healing. The body must be made a purer channel for the higher life.

—"The Scotsman."

A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT!

From every quarter of the Spiritualistic Movement, and from outside, there all too frequently comes the terrible indictment: "Spiritualists NEVER READ!" We would not go quite so far, we would say that, rich though the Movement is in priceless literature, it is difficult oftentimes to print more than one or two editions of any book. You can remedy this. Buy, read and pass on to your sceptical friends more and more books. Our list will help you.

Spirit Child Answers Mother's Prayer

By MAURICE BARBANELL, in
"Sunday Chronicle."

WHAT would you regard as cast-iron proof of life beyond the grave? The story of Bessie Manning comes within that category, for this dead girl spoke at a seance, gave her full name and address, and added information that was not known to the medium or anybody present. On inquiry every detail was found to be accurate. Bessie Manning is an unknown name, yet her story is in many ways more remarkable than any I have previously narrated. The striking fact about the return of Bessie Manning is that it proves beyond any shadow of a doubt that prayers are heard—and sometimes answered.

We assembled one night, a score of us, in the home of Estelle Roberts the famous medium, to attend a "direct voice" seance. Five or six of us were regular sitters, the rest were either friends or strangers, brought there in the hope that they might obtain spirit communications from the spirit world. Newcomers were never introduced to the medium, who never sought any information about them. In an alcove, curtained off from the rest of the room, sat a shorthand reporter, who took a verbatim account of the proceedings. We formed a circle, and in the centre was placed an aluminium trumpet, made luminous with phosphorescent paint so that its movements could be seen in the dark. The trumpet was used to intensify the sound of the spirit voices in the same way as a megaphone does with ordinary speech.

Soon the trumpet began to move. It rose from the floor, easily discernible by the luminous paint, then it "glided" around the circle. Then the voice of Red Cloud, the medium's spirit guide, who always spoke in distinctive, resonant tones, was heard. Red Cloud is the spirit Master of Ceremonies. He always spoke before and after every communicator. If the voices failed, as they did occasionally, to

make themselves heard, he repeated what they said. Then for nearly two hours voice after voice spoke through the trumpet.

Half-way through the seance, Red Cloud addressed me. "There is a child here," he said, "who has approached me to get into touch with her mother on earth. She will give her own evidence." "Do I know this child?" I asked Red Cloud. "No," he replied, "but you can help her." The trumpet moved towards me and a voice, obviously belonging to a young girl, said, "I will, all right I will . . ." "Come along," I said, encouraging the voice to speak. "You are going to try and give me a message. Come and talk to me." "I will, if I can," came the reply.

The Spirit Voice Asks for Mother.

Then very clearly she declared, "My name is Bessie Manning. I died with tuberculosis last Easter. I have brought my brother, Tommy, with me. He was killed by a motor car. My mother has prayed that some day Red Cloud would bring me here." "I will send a message to your mother to-morrow," I told the girl. "Tell mother," she said, "I still have my two long plaits. I am 22 and I have got blue eyes. Tell her I want her to come here. Could you bring her?" Then she added very wistfully, "She is not rich—she is poor." "I will see if I can bring her," I replied. "She is so unhappy," Bessie continued. "She says she lost both of us. You will help her, won't you? God will bless you if you help her. Thank you, thank you, thank you."

"Before I can send a message to your mother," I told Bessie, "I must know where she lives, for I do not know her." "I will tell you," came Bessie's reply. Slowly and distinctly she gave the address—14 Canterbury street, Blackburn. She was immediately followed by Red Cloud. "Can I bring her to the next seance?" I asked him, and the guide immediately gave

his consent. That closed the incident, the most remarkable spirit communication, I believe, that has ever come through a medium.

Now, what would you have done about such a request? I had never heard of Bessie Manning. I did not know whether there was a Mrs. Manning, or whether there was a Canterbury street in Blackburn. On the following morning, without the slightest doubt in my mind, I sent this telegram to Mrs. Manning at 14 Canterbury street, Blackburn:

"Your Daughter, Bessie, spoke to us at Red Cloud's circle last night."

I received no reply, so I wired again. Two days later there were two letters from Mrs. Manning. The first one read: "I don't know whom I have to thank for the great joy you have given me. I thank you with all my heart and soul for the telegram I received last Saturday."

In her second letter, Mrs. Manning said: My daughter passed on last Easter Monday, and my son was killed nearly nine years ago. Mrs. Manning had never seen Estelle Roberts in her life and had never had any correspondence with her. Yet her dead daughter's full name and address had been given at a seance, accompanied by a complete message, every detail of which was accurate.

No theories of telepathy or subconscious mind can explain it away. No suggestion of fraud or collusion can be entertained. Later, when I met Mrs. Manning she told me how she had prayed night and day for evidence of her daughter's survival. Well, I arranged for Mrs. Manning to come to London for the next seance. I met her at St. Pancras station on her first visit to London. I took her down to Teddington, where the Estelle Roberts seances were held.

It was not long before Bessie addressed her overjoyed mother. "It's wonderful," came Bessie's voice through the trumpet. "Tell father not to worry. Tommy is here, too. We are here together. Tommy is also anxious to speak to you, Ma. . . . It is so wonderful I don't know how to talk . . . I am so excited." "Don't get excited, love," her mother answered. "Do you come into the home, Bessie?" "I try to talk to you there," was the reply. "Day

after day you talk to my picture. You stand in front of it. You pick it up and kiss it and I watch you all the time."

I'm the Happiest Woman in the World!

When the seance was over Mrs. Manning was weeping, but they were tears of joy, not sorrow. "I am the happiest woman in the world," she said. The following morning, before she returned to Blackburn, Estelle Roberts gave her a private sitting at which Bessie spoke once again. "Tell my brother Billie," she said, "that I still remember the ring he sent me—the one I wore when I was buried."

A few days later Mrs. Manning sent me this letter: "I am writing this for the comfort of others, knowing I shall be ridiculed by some, laughed at by a few, but blessed by many. "My only son, whom I adored, was killed by a motor. He was a dear little chap, who loved me very dearly. I was frantic—utterly crushed. "Eight years later my daughter Bessie passed on, one of the most lovable and sweetest girls who ever lived. "Just before the end, she said, "If it is at all possible I will come back."

Prayers Answered—No Fear of Death.

"I knew she would keep that promise. She has come in the most unexpected manner. God answered my prayers, and I have no fear of so-called death. I am looking forward to the glorious meeting with my loved ones." The load had been lifted from Mrs. Manning's heart. Spiritualism had brought her comfort in the hour of her great sorrow. She knew that death had not robbed her of her daughter, but that her spirit presence was always near.

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Healing Circles.

By the Late Rev. J. W. POTTER, in "The Christian Spiritualist."

EVERY reader of this paper knows how fully I appreciate the value of all healing circles; what testimony I have borne to them, and with what urge I have sought to interest people therein.

Everyone knows likewise that there are various methods of healing; and that the curative agencies of heaven are not limited to any one form or kind. In a measure there are some forms that have advantage over other forms. All depends upon the nature of the case under treatment. Moreover, there are some cases that are not amenable to any treatment because they are cases in which the decision has gone forth that such individuals have to be transferred from this to another sphere. Every case of necessity reaches that stage at some time or another. Exactly when the transference is to take place no one on earth may know; but it takes place in every case at some time or another.

Meantime there are illnesses from which the patient may be recovered, if suitable agencies of recovery, or systems of treatment, can be brought to bear upon the patient. In some cases this is done—sometimes fortuitously, sometimes as a result of human knowledge and understanding, sometimes by spirit direction; but God employs each of these as He wills; and they are each Divinely blessed. Hence no man should utter a word of criticism against either. The utmost that should be done is to offer criticism of abuses of those agencies, with the object of keeping the work clean and above reproach. Not that the reproaches of some people must always be considered ground for condemnation of the method under review nor its alleged abuse. There are some who reproach with motive based on ignorance; and this is as reprehensible as motives based on malice. There has been ample illustration of both of these errors in the attitude of orthodoxy toward spiritual healing through medium-mouthpieces; and in the main it has amounted to nothing short of criticism

of the method chosen and used by the Holy Spirit. But such critics have their reward.

One Method.

There is one form, however, of which we hear little amongst spiritualists, who in the main confine their treatment to the one method of spirit-healing through a medium; and we hear little of it amongst other religious bodies who are anti-Spiritualist. Yet it is a method which could, and perhaps should, be used by both of these sections.

Let me outline it.

No particular medium is necessary—that is, no trance medium, providing for accepted control. All people, as Spiritualists often say, are mediumistic to some degree or another. This form utilises the combined mediumship of a number of persons. And results are quite sufficiently good to justify the existence of such a circle in every church in the land, by whatever name it may be called. Many cures claimed by spirit doctors have really been achieved by the circle of workers.

First of all, let twelve persons be chosen: six men and six women. Let them meet together on a stated night in the week for one hour, and spend that one hour in singing hymns, reading Scripture, and talking in general on whatever impresses their mind at the moment. Let one person be chosen as leader, to select the hymns and to attend to the reading of the Scripture, and to conduct things in general. Let the twelve sit in perfect circle form, male and female alternately, with hands joined to the hands on either side, so as to form a complete oneness of spirit.

Psychic Harmony.

After sitting thus for about one month, this circle should, normally, have developed what is known as **psychic harmony**. Sitters must be all of one mind; they must be devout; they must attend as a matter of duty, without breaking the link, and never being absent. They should each sit on the same chair at each sitting; and if

possible the room should be devoted to this one work. Then let a sick person be brought into that circle, and placed in the midst. Let the sitting commence as usual, with a hymn and the Lord's Prayer, and reading a suitable verse or two of Scripture. Then let the leader of the circle lay both his hands, cross-wise, on the head of the sick person, uttering a prayer at the same time—a form of prayer shall be given later, as a suggestion—then let the whole circle rise from their seats, still with joined hands, and let the whole mass of hands be placed upon the head of the patient, whilst the leader leads them in prayer—form of second prayer to follow. Then let them return to their seats, still with joined hands.

Then, whilst the whole circle still sits with joined hands, let the two members of the circle sitting next to the leader, stand up, each keeping a hand joined to the circle. Let the other hand of each of the two persons standing be brought directly over the seat of the trouble, either very close to the body at that point; and let them proceed to make **downward** passes over the spot, unless otherwise advised, the hand at the lowermost part of each stroke being shaken free, and away from patient and circle, as if throwing off water. This may be continued for a minute or two. Without then being touched any more that evening by anyone in the circle, let the patient pass out.

A Caution.

No afflicted person to shake hands with anyone in the room who is suffering from affliction. Only those quite well should shake hands with the afflicted; whilst in the room.

A basin of water should be at hand, and the working hand of the two workers who have touched the patient should be dipped in the water, then wiped dry with a towel. This should be repeated with each case treated.

This simple method will be suitable for use in all churches, should not arouse any prejudices, and will comport itself with any phase of religious belief. Likewise it is a method which will have beneficial results on every case treated. Moreover, it will

give opportunity for spirit doctors to do their work with the patient, in many cases perhaps as effectively as would trance control.

There must be gratitude to God amongst all the workers for the privilege of being used; and likewise in the heart of the patient for the privilege of being aided toward a recovery.

There are a great many people who would like to join a healing circle, but can find no suitable medium. Here is a kind of healing circle which can do great healing work without the presence of an official medium; and one that will achieve results as blessed as any pertaining to accepted Spiritualistic methods.

The form of prayer for the leader in laying-on of hands may be something like the following:—

Child of the Heavenly Father, may the Peace and the Love and the Light of God be within thee, and may the Life and Power of God work upon thee, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Forms of Prayer.

The form of prayer for the leader to recite during healing, in which all the members should unite silently or vocally at their pleasure, might be:—

O God, Father of this Thy child now seeking Thine aid in nature's affliction, anoint with Divine unction all Thy servants working here, and make them channels of Thy will toward this afflicted one. Give fuller life and purer, stronger and recreative; and give this child of Thine joy in Thy healing work; and to the God of the ministering ones be the glory. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

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SPIRITUALISTS AND WAR.

Address by Mr. E. W. Oaten.

Speaking at Edinburgh recently on "The Spiritualist's attitude toward war," Mr. Oaten said a large number of people found it difficult to make up their minds as to what sort of attitude they should adopt. The Spiritualist's attitude toward war must always be that war was an evil. It resulted in a large number of people being thrust into another world before their time, who had not had sufficient earthly experience. The Giver of all life sent us into this world to learn lessons which only this life could teach. What was part of the divine providence. War was a violation of our earthly life. It was a negation of moral and spiritual values. It loaded the spiritual world with a serious burden in respect of the entry of a large number of those who had not completed their earthly experience.

Our Brother's Keeper.

Yet what were we to do? There was another side to the question. We were all of us our brother's keeper. We lived in such close interdependence of one another that the sorrows of each were the sorrows of all. It would not have stopped slaughter if this country had not taken the step it did. There would have been slaughter in Yugoslavia and in Hungary, as in Poland.

War was wrong, and to stand by while other people were persecuted was also wrong. As a nation possessing some degree of culture, he believed it was our duty to exercise what power we had to bring some order into the world, and secure some recognition of moral law. He could not see how an individual could stand aside and fail to realise his responsibilities in the present state of things.

War would not in itself settle any problem, but it would bring a state of mind which led men to the possibility of settlement. We had abolished slavery in Europe, but a system which enslaved men's souls was a thousand times worse. To-day there was on the Continent a system of regimentation, where men and women were not only told what they had to believe, but what they had to say, and even what they had to listen to.

The Spiritualist had a conception of the spiritual nature of the universe. The universe cared nothing whatever for nations; the one thing it cared for was the individual human soul. Everyone would eventually take his place as a unit in the great scheme. The world was not created five thousand years ago, the world was being created to-day.—"The Scotsman."

A SPIRIT WHO KEPT HIS WORD.

Two old members of the "Brisbane Spiritual Church" used to work together in connection with the sea. One of them passed away about four months ago. Before his passing the two friends made a pact that when he returned he would use a certain word on the chance that it would be picked up by a Medium. On Sunday afternoon, 18th February, the spirit friend was seen in the meeting by his friend (who is also a Medium). He was also seen by another Medium, but no one picked up the word. His friend was naturally disappointed. However, on the following Sunday afternoon there happened to be a sailor in uniform in the audience. During the usual discourse the President, Mrs. Shaw, who was in the chair, passed a note along to the secretary which read, "I have seen Mr. —; he is pointing to the sailor; I get the word 'Maritime.'" When the time for clairvoyance arrived the president informed the meeting she had received a certain word and would like to know if it was correct. Thereupon the old friend of the disincarnate spirit wrote the word down and handed it to the vice-president, the word was "Maritime." It was more than chance that brought the sailor to our meeting that afternoon.

—L. RAZER, Secretary.

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Editor:—REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D.

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S.O.S. EMERGENCY FUND.

THE Editor desires to express his gratitude to all those who so generously contributed to the S.O.S. Fund in response to his appeal. The grand total now stands at £315/10/11, of this amount one subscriber contributed £220. We regret that we do not have his permission to publish his name.

In the list of contributors are many who have made a real sacrifice in making their contribution. To these the words of Jesus apply, who remarked, when he saw a widow dropped two small coins into the Temple treasury:

"... This poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had."

Our bank overdraft, on December 30th, was £300, and our other liabilities £160; totalling £460. We applied the donations first to meeting our liabilities and the balance to reducing our overdraft, which now stands at £145. Our income from subscriptions, books sold and other sources of income has been reserved to meet the working expenses during 1940, these we have reduced by taking a smaller and cheaper office and by reducing our staff. We have also made a saving by the use of cheaper paper. Notwithstanding our

economies we still need further assistance. As indicated in our October appeal, the war has affected our business and we must make early provision to enable us to carry on during these anxious times.

Our position is not unique, like all other forms of philanthropic work, which must constantly make appeals to enable them to finance their work, the Harbinger of Light, also being a philanthropy, must depend upon Spiritualists to carry on. A day in our office would convince of the good work being done and the necessity of it. Men and women come to us not only with a desire to learn what Spiritualism is and how to get knowledge of it, but they bring their problems and their doubts, their troubles and their sorrows, so that every day becomes a full day and one looks back on it with the satisfaction of work well done.

The Editor craves indulgence for a personal note. He does not conduct the Harbinger of Light to make money out of it, on the contrary, he not only takes a very small salary from it, but put all his earnings from the Marol Herbal Remedies—an average of £50 per annum—into the Harbinger account. As his Marol business is not advertised other than in the Harbinger, the business is small, but quite as much as he can manage. He considers that it is only fair to himself that this explanation should be made and to let donors to the S.O.S. Fund know that he is doing his part in the appeal.

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Family Communion Around A Table.

By MRS. MABEL HUGHMAN, in "The International Psychic Gazette."

IT is always a great joy to meet again the kind ardent souls who have similar ideals to our own. Last June I here described a delightful interview I had with Mrs. Jessie C. Morton, a dear octogenarian with ever youthful spirits, at the office of the "International Psychic Gazette," when her mother, sister, brother, husband and son, all now in spirit life, were able to communicate with her through my hand, and gave her highly evidential messages of their undying love. Mrs. Morton later wished to renew her happy experience and with his intention received me in her apartment at a well-known West-end hotel.

Greetings over we sat down alone at a table, and after a few moments in the silence we asked for and received guidance as to which of the many verse cards I possess should be placed on the table beside the Cross.

The following within quotation marks is the script we received during our sitting. The sitter's questions are in black type:—

"So we come once again with love in our hearts to tell you of our Heavenly Life. The never fading flowers are still here near our dear one" (indicating a spot on the table where flowers were brought to our former sitting).

Who is here with us?

"Jim" (Mrs. Morton's brother): "I shall only write a few lines, as others have a prior claim to the pencil. In our work we are often able to bring some distressed spirits out of the darkness, and when they are with us and we speak to them of the loving redemption, they wish to take us back to find someone else unhappy and ready for the Truth, which we give with Hope."

Will you give us your son's name?

"Yes, I will—Morton Woods Morton."

Now his every-day name?

"Mort."

His wife's name?—"Lula."

Now, name the sitter's grandson?—"Douglas."

(Great praise from us and blue stars given).

"Now Andrew says, 'Time's up,' so once more I take my leave—Your loving brother, Jim Morton."

The writing now became more vigorous and speedy.

"Andrew (husband) writing.—Darling Jessie (touches her wedding ring), I feel so happy that we can always, though parted, meet still in so many ways. This is my best method, as I was always fond of writing. Our dear boy Francis is here, too. He is greatly interested in the work of what he calls the Lords of Creation. They have to do with the various sections of animal life on earth. The birds are those chosen by Francis, and he is a helper in the band who care for the little tame feathered songsters."

What about caged birds; should they be freed?

"Well, if they are so born, it would be cruel to let them fend for themselves. Now you are looking very well. (Mrs. Morton was looking radiant and wore a beautiful blue dress). Blue is my colour, too, but scarlet I loved, and still love its brightness; but the blue rays I work under till you join us. The mauve sphere is where Francis grew up. I have thanked all those who had to do with his education, and I have been given a series of pictures showing him at all the stages of boyhood and in manhood. There are twenty-seven of them in our family room, all coloured and in oval frames. You will be pleased with this room. You are pictured as a bride (her hand touched). All the others are in similar frames."

Your son on earth, too?

"Yes, I like to sit quietly there and look forward to the time when we shall all together serve God in the realms of eternity." (Touched the cross).

Close beside us was a remarkable picture, a psychic portrait of "Andrew," drawn by Mr. Frank Leah, which, when

compared with a photograph, seemed a speaking likeness. Mrs. Morton told me how Mr. Leah in doing this worked almost in the dark.

Andrew continues: "I tried to pose at first partly illumined but it was not easy to keep still in one place and so the light on me moved and I was partly in shadows I was at first full of glee, like a schoolboy chosen for a great part, but the ordeal was great."

Mrs. Morton now asked if "Andrew" could speak of another child not yet mentioned?

"Yes, a babe—a girl. I have seen her at the Temple in the choir."

Can you tell me her name?

"Yes—Helen. Her work now lies with the babes who like herself did not live on earth long. So now, when her pictures of childhood and girlhood are ready, they will be yours and hang also among the family treasures. Your birthday, Jessie, is 28th October and mine is 23rd March."

Should we speak to all we meet of these things?

"Those who are ready will receive the truths we teach with joy; so never be disheartened when there is not much interest shown in the future life, there are so many things to distract people's minds from the unseen."

Mrs. Morton was wearing a very beautiful ring, a heart shaped opal, surrounded by diamonds. Andrew touched it with the pencil, and continued: "I thought it a lovely emblem of our love. It was bought at a jeweller's in (name of place unreadable). Now I can read its history a little. A French lady owned it during those terrible days of bloodshed and revolution by the people down-trodden and starving. She had it as a marriage gift."

Where did you live when on earth?—
"London and Dunoon."

The medium here heard a name spoken, "Mathieson," and repeated it aloud when Andrew wrote:

"Yes, I have met the Reverend George Matheson, and he has told me that he was able to hear spirit voices on earth and so his affliction (blindness) was lessened. He heard several hymns in this way and wrote them down. One that you delight in is

'Oh, Love that will not let me go.' We sing it here, and the organ is played sometimes by the composer of 'The Messiah,' Handel Now, Francis will try to write. One who blesses you for all the happy days we had together.—Andrew Morton."

Soon the writing begins, and Francis writes:

"My Dear Mother,—This is also from my sister Helen. We are often together and she is like the portrait of you which is in father's home. Jessie is like father, and I am like you both. We are able to visit those birds in captivity. I love the pigeons best. We give them healing when they are ailing, when alone we talk to them and guide them to their home. We lead there also a mate to comfort them. Helen says you must think of her whenever you hear of any bereaved mother sad at the death of her babe. She so longs for you to tell the people. You know that we are always busy doing work for the Master. We are to go now.—Your loving son, Francis."

WHY DO YOU FEAR?

Keeping in view also the fact that God is omnipresent having all power over the universe, how does this "Devil" exert so powerful a control over all men? But again we are taught that the Devil could have no power in the world except by permission of God. Supposing also this to be a fact, are not God's acts of permission as much his will as those of commission? And, as God is good, are not all his acts both of permission and commission equally good?

Thus, logically we see that the so-called sins of the world are made so by permission of God; therefore, they are not evil, but good.

—A. L. Bain, in "Mind."

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The Ghost in the Chancel

AND A FIGURE THAT PASSED THROUGH STRINGS.

By HARRY PRICE, in "John o' London's Weekly."

I FIRST met Sir Ernest Bennett in a stuffy "two-pair-back" in Bloomsbury. We were seated round a large rectangular table, holding hands, and the room was bathed in a rich ruby gloom. Even the uninitiated would have guessed that a seance was in progress. Actually, we were testing the remarkable medium, Miss Stella C.—, and that was nearly twenty years ago. Many times have I met Sir Ernest since then, usually in the seance-room, or when dining at the not-too-ghostly Ghost Club; and always have I admired his critical attitude to things occult, and his skill as an investigator of the mysterious.

And now he has written a book packed with stories of real ghosts, phantasms of the living, veridical haunts, playful poltergeists, spirits of animals, and even apparitions of inanimate objects! Unfortunately, in "Apparitions and Haunted Houses" (Faber, 12/6), Sir Ernest tells us little of his own experiences. His "cases" are reprinted from the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, though some have been selected from the many reports he received when he broadcast an appeal for "veridical ghost stories" in 1934. So many of his listeners had personal psychic experiences to relate, that he was able to choose his best examples from nearly 1300 narratives!

Psychic Clergymen.

Sir Ernest has grouped his ghosts into various classes; those that were recognised by the percipients; those that were unidentified; phantasms of people still living or at the point of death, and so on. Even a cursory glance through his cases, of which there are more than a hundred, reveals the fact that clergymen are either great ghost-hunters or have been the foci of strange psychic experiences. Story after story (not all recent) has been contributed by priests, and some of the narratives are truly remarkable.

For example, on 14th February, 1932, Prebendary Carlile saw the figure of a priest assisting at the Holy Communion he was attending at St. Paul's Church, Woking. Suddenly the figure disappeared, and the Prebendary thought he might have been taken ill, and had retired to the vestry. After the service Prebendary Carlile made some inquiries concerning him. To his amazement, he was informed that no such priest had officiated at the service, though the Prebendary had seen the back of the priest at least four times.

Then he discovered that an old colleague, the Rev. Outram Marshall, had died just before the service began. This, then, was the explanation; the clergyman standing in the chancel was the spirit of his old friend. The Prebendary was convinced of this, though, of course, the figure was a subjective one, as only he saw it.

The Coachman's Son.

Another remarkable real-life ghost story was related by the Rev. Gerrard Lewis, vicar of St. Paul's, Margate. He had a coachman named P. One hot and sunny Sunday afternoon, when passing his man's house, Mr. Lewis saw young P., the coachman's son, standing at the area door. He knew the youth only slightly, but instantly recognised him by the close resemblance he bore to his father. A strange look on the face of the lad impelled Mr. Lewis to stop:—

We both stood and looked very hard at each other. Suddenly he advanced to that part of the area which was immediately below where I was standing, fixed on me a wide, dilated, winkless sort of stare, and halted.

His lips did not move, but his eyes spoke and every feature of his countenance spoke—and rebuke was writ large on every lineament of his face. Mr. Lewis was at first surprised, and then annoyed at what

he considered the bad behaviour of the boy. He continued on his way and forgot the incident.

Unaware of His Illness.

On the following Wednesday it was Mr. Lewis's turn to officiate at the local cemetery. On his asking who was to be buried, he was told that it was a young man who had died of consumption. Why, he did not know, but immediately he felt ill at ease and asked for the registrar's certificate. When he read "James Henry P., aged 21 years," he could hardly believe his senses. It was his coachman's son. He then heard the whole story.

Without his knowing it, the young man had been lying ill at his father's house for three months, and had died **three days before** Mr. Lewis saw him at the area door. A distressing feature of the case was that the youth had repeatedly asked for Mr. Lewis, who was unaware that he was ill or even at home, as no one had informed him. The look of reproach on the lad's face was then understandable. Mr. Lewis concludes: "I blame the doctor for not telling me; I blame the parents for not sending for me; and with that awful look he gave me in my remembrance, I blame myself, though I cannot tell why."

The above case rests on the testimony of one man, but it was very fully investigated at the time by that arch-sceptic, poor Frank Podmore, who interviewed all the parties and had to admit that the figure seen by Mr. Lewis at the area door was at any rate "not that of a real man."

The Morton Case.

There is no real reason why a ghost story vouched for by a single individual should be less veridical—and less convincing—than one guaranteed by fifty persons. But the fact remains that "ghosts" seen collectively, or the same ghost seen at different times by different persons, always appear more impressive, especially in print. There is no lack of ghosts seen collectively in "Apparitions and Haunted Houses," and one of the best of these cases is that recorded by Miss R. C. Morton, and confirmed by a number of intelligent witnesses. Incidentally, the Morton case is the most complete narrative of its kind ever submitted to the S.P.R.

A certain house, built in 1860, was bought by a Mr. S., an Anglo-Indian. His wife died during his occupancy, and he took to drink. He married again, and his second wife also developed intemperate habits. She and her husband quarrelled repeatedly, causing violent scenes. The young children of the first Mrs. S., together with her jewellery, were the subjects of these disputes. S. buried the trinkets under the floorboards. His wife left him shortly after, and S. himself died a few months later. The second Mrs. S. survived him for only two years, and her remains were interred in the churchyard near the scene of her unhappy married life, which appears to be the "disturbing factor" in this very convincing story.

The Face Was Hidden.

Four years later, Miss Morton's father rented the house. This was in March. In the following June, Miss Morton saw the apparition for the first time: "The figure was that of a tall lady, dressed in black of a soft wollen material." The swish of the clothes could be plainly heard as she moved. The face was hidden in a handkerchief held in the right hand. During the next two years, Miss Morton saw the figure at least six times, and the impression she gained was that it was attired in widow's weeds, the "widow's cuff" being visible on both wrists. During this period, the "widow" was seen also by Miss Morton's sister, by her brother and his friend (collectively), and by a housemaid.

Miss Morton began to follow the figure about, and finally spoke to her: "She moved, and I thought she was going to speak, but she only gave a slight gasp and moved towards the door." Then, in the spirit of true psychical research, Miss Morton made some experiments. She glued strings across the stairs at various heights, and the figure was seen to pass through them, twice!

Terrified Dogs.

The Morton case is a very long and impressive one, and should be read in detail. More than twenty people saw the "widow" (later identified as the second Mrs. S.), and several spoke to her. Footsteps were heard, thuds and bumpings occurred on the

landings at night, sometimes two or three times a week. Dogs were terrified, though a cat was unaffected. Finally Miss Morton attempted to photograph the figure—without result—the appearances of which became fewer and fewer and at last ceased. This amazing story is documented by independent statements of five other witnesses, and has remarkable correspondences with the haunting of Borley Rectory, concerning which I have a vast dossier.

When we come to the causation of these phenomena, we are frankly puzzled. Are these phantasms really the spirits of the dead? Are they the emanations of a soul, personality, or ego, persisting after death? The Dean of St. Paul's, who contributes a foreword to "Apparitions and Haunted Houses," says that, to him, the "most acceptable hypothesis is that of telepathic influence from the minds of the departed." Though, as Dr. Matthews admits, such a theory would not account for all the phenomena. Sr Ernest, too, is inclined to believe in the spirit hypothesis. And so we must leave this fascinating book, with gratitude to the author for presenting us with the best collection of true ghost stories that has appeared for many years.

THE BOY WITH THE RADIO MIND.

Found Dead at His Lodgings.

TWO hours before he was due to appear on the stage at Worcester Theatre Royal, one of the artists, a 16-year-old boy, was found dead by his father at his lodgings. A post-mortem examination showed that death was due to natural causes.

The boy, Roy Donald Lindsay, whose stage name was Marco, appeared with his father in a second-sight act, and was described as "the boy with the X-ray eyes."

Marco, with his eyes covered with a pound of dough and a 20ft. bandage, would name objects held up by the audience and read out sentences which they chalked on a blackboard behind him.

"Supernatural"

The father, Mr. David Lindsay whose

home is at Scott House, Ashmill Street, N.W., told the "News Chronicle":

"My son was supernatural. I am gifted with psychic feelings, but his powers were beyond all comprehension. There was no fakery in many of the experiments he performed. My showmanship helped to put the act across, but the latter part of it, in which he read writing being done behind him, was beyond the understanding of mortal beings. He called out what it was before anyone could say a word or pass him any signal. It was just thought-transmission.

"His peculiar power was discovered eight years ago, when he would jump up in his sleep and describe many things which could be seen only in his own world.

His Canal Rescue.

"When he was only eight years old he was walking with some friends down a London street when he told them that someone was struggling in the canal not far away but out of sight. They laughed at him, so he left them and went to the canal.

"A boy friend was struggling in the water, and my son dived in and rescued him. He could see in the dark, and he could definitely see things in other spheres which our minds could not penetrate.

"I think he had a psychic knowledge that something was going to happen to him because we had booked to go to Hull, and he told me just before his death, 'I will not be going to Hull.' He did not explain why.

"Still With Me"

"I feel that his spirit is still with me and is guiding me. I cannot explain why, but after I had found him dead I went on the stage and told the audience: 'Ladies and gentlemen, it is my privilege and pleasure to present to you Marco, unfortunately only in the spirit. He is dangerously ill.'

"And then at the end of the last show, while the band played 'Abide with Me,' I walked on again and said: 'I am Marco's father. Marco is dead.'"

Men will continue to commit atrocities so long as they continue to believe in absurdities.

—Voltaire.

£5000 Bribe to a Ghost

A SINCERE BUT MISTAKEN METHOD TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF SURVIVAL.

By the Hon. HUGH D. MCINTOSH, in "The People," London.

In a lifetime that has held its full measure of thrills and adventure, no evening remains more vivid in the memory of Hugh D. McIntosh, the famous fight promoter and newspaper proprietor, than when he kept midnight vigil with a ghost. What led up to it is surely one of the strangest and most eerie stories ever told, to which an explanation can only be drawn according to belief.

WE sat in a solemn, silent circle around the big polished table in the editor's office at the "Sydney Sunday Times." Everything was so still and quiet in the long room that the steady tick-tock of the clock over the fireplace sounded disturbingly loud. I watched the heavy brass pendulum swing to and fro and tried to persuade myself that the chilly, uneasy feeling around my spine had nothing to do with fear.

I am not a nervous or imaginative man, but this was the first time I had waited to keep a rendezvous with the dead!

Outside in Castlereagh Street the spate of daytime traffic had dwindled to a late evening trickle. The occasional toot of a car hooter, the drone of an engine, sounding muffled and far away through the heavily curtained windows, only increased the sense of our remoteness from the world.

There were perhaps thirty of us grouped around the table—Shannon, editor of the "Times," the news editor, one or two other members of the staff, myself as proprietor, and all the leading spiritualists and psychic investigators in Australia.

We sat in a darkened room, lit only by the leaping flames of the fire, waiting for a murderer to return from the scaffold. . . .

In a lifetime that has held its full measure of thrills and adventure, that evening remains vivid in my memory as the most eerie and uncanny I have spent. To this day my flesh still creeps at the thought of that ghostly vigil.

How it came about is a long story that begins with a meeting between Sir Arthur

Conan Doyle and myself in a Melbourne hotel lounge.

Until I was introduced to Conan Doyle, I was a confirmed sceptic, ready to jeer at the first mention of spiritualism. I refused to consider it seriously. I was ready to bet any sum of money that there were no such things as ghosts.

Then I met Conan Doyle, and although I still remain sceptical I no longer scoffed, for it seemed to me that there must be something in a cause that attracted such a brilliant and distinguished champion.

Truth About Life After Death.

My first impression was an odd one. I thought, as he shook me by the hand, "What a heavy-weight champion he would have made!" And, indeed, with his big frame, wide shoulders, massive, square-jawed countenance and fierce Viking moustache, he looked every inch a fighter.

The eyes, under grizzled brows, were keen and penetrating; not the eyes of a man easily fooled, although his manner was disarmingly mild.

We began to discuss spiritualism, and Sir Arthur told me that he had spent more than £100,000 since the war in his efforts to spread what he was convinced was the truth about life after death.

"That's a great deal of money," I said.

He nodded. "Yes," he agreed. "I might have been a far more wealthy man, but I count that money well spent because I know the happiness and comfort the message I have spread has brought to tens of thousands of grief-stricken people throughout the world."

Then he asked me whether I was a believer, and listened attentively, nodding his head from time to time as I told him my views.

A Candid Critic.

I am afraid I was not very tactful. I have always been blunt and outspoken, and I said quite frankly that I thought table tapping, flying tambourines, spirit photographs and trumpet blowing were nothing but elementary conjuring tricks.

"I'm willing to bet that any good illusionist could produce the same effects as these so-called mediums," I went on. "Houdini, when he appeared in my theatres, told me he could do all their tricks."

"I know Houdini well," Sir Arthur said. "Although we cannot agree on the question of survival after death we are very good friends. He has argued the same way with me about fake mediums. I know they exist. I know the immense harm they do to our cause. That is why I am always ready to expose them. But you cannot condemn spiritualism because of such frauds."

As he talked his face lit with enthusiasm. I could not help but be impressed by his obvious sincerity.

He went on to tell me of some of the extraordinary experiences he had had at seances in various parts of the world. "Only a few days ago here in Melbourne," he said, "I was at a seance when a long queue of spirits filed past me, each of them giving me a message as they went by."

I interrupted him to ask him something that always has puzzled me—why these spirit messages are so vague and tell so little of what lies beyond the grave?

"Some of the poor souls are earth-bound and do not know they are dead," he explained. "Often their knowledge, apart from the fact that there is another life after death, is no more than our own. To ask the spirits what they think of God is as foolish as asking a man one rung up a ladder what he thinks of the sun."

I met Sir Arthur on several other occasions while he was in Australia, and I remember him telling me of his early struggles as a young doctor, he started a practice in Southsea.

Charlie Chaplin's Proposal.

Later in life when he had made his name as an author and playwright, a comical little fellow who was being paid £2 a week to play a very minor part in one of his plays, jokingly suggested that they should pool and divide their incomes for the rest of their lives.

Conan Doyle lost hundreds of thousands of pounds when he refused. The £2-a-week actor's name was Charles Chaplin!

Curiously enough, Chaplin, whom I afterwards met in Hollywood, told me the same story.

It was these conversations with Conan Doyle that really aroused my interest in spiritualism.

I read all I could about the subject, and went to a number of seances, but nothing I saw or heard convinced me. Table tapping left me cold. I was unimpressed by the vague messages from Beyond that I heard conveyed by mediums. Indeed, I should have lost all interest but for the picture I retained in my memory of a big, carelessly dressed, gruff-voiced man talking with such quiet sincerity about a subject in which he so obviously believed.

Long after Conan Doyle had left Australia the doubts he had planted in my mind remained. The subject fascinated me, but it was not until I became proprietor of the "Sunday Times" that I made any

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really determined effort to discover the truth.

I then realised that, with the backing of a widely read newspaper, I had a marvellous opportunity to solve the riddle. I dictated an editorial headed, "Do the Dead Return?" offering to pay the sum of £1000 to anyone who could produce a genuine ghost.

Raised Storm of Protest.

Photographs, spirit writings or the usual kind of message through a medium did not interest me. I said so quite bluntly in the article. All I wanted was a ghost, a spirit from the other side of the grave, something that I could see and hear for myself under circumstances that would make trickery impossible.

The article raised a storm of protest. Many spiritualists wrote accusing me of making the offer merely as a circulation-boosting stunt, and attacking the conditions as unfair.

They were wrong. There was no ulterior motive behind the offer. I made it because I was anxious to discover the truth. As for the conditions being unfair, that was a foolish quibble, because they were at liberty to make their own arrangements. They could produce the ghost where, when and how they wished, so long as it was in my presence.

The bids for the £1000 prize were disappointingly negative. Several seances were arranged. Leading spiritualists and experts in psychic research attended. Trumpets sounded, tambourines rattled and strange voices spoke from the darkness. But not a single ghost appeared.

I had given up all hopes when I had my second idea. It came to me suddenly when I was reading a paragraph announcing that the execution date of a notorious murderer named Simpson had been definitely fixed, and that there was now no hope of a reprieve.

When it first occurred to me I dismissed it from my mind as being too bizarre for serious consideration. But all that day I kept thinking of it.

Here was a man condemned to die. Why could not some arrangement be made with him before he went to the scaffold to solve the age-old riddle of whether the dead could return?

This man Simpson, a waterworks employee, had been convicted of a particularly callous crime. Resisting arrest for theft, he had shot a policeman in the same cold-blooded fashion as the Gutteridge murderers.

At his trial he had shown no sign of remorse. He had listened with a cynical smile to the death sentence.

A pathetic feature of the case had been the devotion of Simpson's brother, who had spent every penny of his savings on the defence. His efforts to save the killer from the consequences of his crime had reduced him to poverty.

I sent for this brother and discussed my idea with him. I explained that I was prepared to write a cheque for £5000, to be shared between him and anyone else nominated by Simpson if the murderer could return from the dead after the hanging.

His first reaction was not encouraging. A decent, working-class chap, he sat twisting his hat between his hands and shaking his head doubtfully.

"I couldn't ask him to do that, sir," he said. "It doesn't sound right."

Scientific Experiment.

So I explained how all my efforts to find out the truth about spiritualism had failed, and that his brother, should he agree, would be assisting in a valuable scientific experiment.

"I promise you there will be no publicity," I said. "The whole affair will be kept perfectly quiet."

Finally, he consented to approach his brother, and it was arranged that Simpson should appear in the office of the "Sunday Times" on the night following his execution.

The agreement was drawn up, the £5000 cheque signed, and on the evening before Simpson was to be hanged his brother obtained permission to visit him for the last time.

He found the murderer sleeping soundly in the condemned cell, and when he was roused to find his visitor in tears, he laughed.

"What the heck's wrong with you?" he said. "I'm the one due for the long drop, not you!"

He was utterly unperturbed by the

thought of the dreadful dawn that awaited him, and he listened with a smile as his brother outlined my proposition.

"Five thousand quid!" he said. "That's handy! Well, if it's going to do you any good, tell 'em I'll do my best." Then, with a grim jest, he added: "Better give me that address again. I don't want to get lost on the way!"

So it came about that we gathered the following evening in the editor's room to keep one of the strangest vigils ever arranged. The strictest secrecy had been maintained. The various spiritualists and psychic investigators I had invited were not told what was to be attempted until they had arrived.

When we were all seated round the table about half an hour before Simpson's ghost was due to appear I broke the news.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said. "I have asked you here to take part in an interesting experiment. A man named Simpson was hanged for murder this morning. He has promised to come here to-night, to appear among us in this room if he finds it is possible for the dead to return."

Intensity of Emotions.

Gasps of horror and astonishment rippled round the table.

"It's not a fair test," said someone. "He may not be able to come."

"There are no dead," shouted someone else.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said quietly. "Soon after dawn to-day this man was dead enough to be buried. He has promised to come here, because by doing so he will help his brother. If he can return, he will."

Then the lights were switched off, the curtains were drawn, and we settled down to wait. No one moved. No one spoke. The minutes ticked by in eerie silence until suddenly from close at hand the town hall struck the first booming note of the hour.

Loud and clear on the night air the sound travelled, and as the last echo died you could have heard a pin drop in the ghostly silence of the darkened room.

I found myself holding my breath and keeping a vice-like grip on the sides of my chair in the intensity of my emotion. I fancied someone or something was standing behind me. I felt a wild desire to

jump up and flood the room with light before anything did happen.

I sat still, however, and for another fifteen minutes we waited. But nothing happened. No ghost appeared. The murderer, wherever he was, could not return to keep that strange rendezvous.

You, according to your beliefs, can doubtless find your own explanations. As for me, that was my last attempt to draw aside the mysterious veil that separates us from the world beyond the grave.

CAN EVIL TRIUMPH?

Of one of the greatest men of modern times, Oliver Cromwell, who was deeply impregnated with the spirit of the Old Testament, we are told by one who knew him that, "in the dark places of the war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire after it had gone out in every one else." So we may say of the nation of Israel that its undying wrath at evil, its steadfast refusal to believe that it is a final or ultimate fact, its unquenchable hope for the regeneration of man, and its immovable trust in the divine justice, made it far greater in defeat and disaster than others nations have been in their highest hours of triumph.

"Give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man," Psalm 9:11, was the natural utterance of those who were outwardly weak and oppressed, while at the same time they were conscious of an inward life which lifted them above all their oppressors. And this cry, "de profundis," gained a still deeper pathos from the fact that those who raised it had become aware that they needed to be delivered, not only from outward but from inward evils, not only from foreign oppressors but from themselves, not only from Greek or Roman tyranny, but from their own iniquities.

Now Jesus at once did justice to this dualism, and set it aside, at once fulfilled and destroyed it, by the doctrine that the very trials and sufferings which had seemed a proof of the triumph of evil, were the necessary means to the development of the principle of good. Thus even the powers that opposed good and persecuted

the good were secretly its instruments, and even the malice and hatred of men were no real hindrances but rather the opportunities required for its manifestation.

In other words, however deep and dark in his eyes were the antagonisms of life—and few have gone so far to fathom them as St. Augustine—he could not, as a Christian, admit that they are incapable of reconciliation. He could not believe in the substantiality of evil, but must hold that there is a point of view from which it disappears, or appears only as an instrument or transitory stage to higher good.—Edward Caird.

DEATH—LIFE'S "OPEN SESAME."

(By MARCELLA de COU HICKS.)

LIFE begins—at death! Paradoxical? No, indeed, it's true. Death is life's open door—through which spiritman passes into sublime realities. Death is not an enemy to be feared and dreaded. Death is a warm friend—kind, gentle, soft-voiced and understanding.

When one lays down his tired body to return it to the dust of earth, he also leaves behind him all the limitations, hindrances, obstacles of earth life and the circumscriptions of earthly circumstance, to face the glorious dawning of a new day and to enter upon man's most thrilling adventure—eternal progression through life everlasting!

He passes into phases of existence when no accomplishment is impossible; where he suffers no limitations of time, space, or ability; and where definite progress toward perfection may and can be made in any aspect of development toward which his thought or desire may direct him. Helped, sustained, encouraged on every hand, and above all, loved, appreciated and understood, he begins really to LIVE. Accomplishments that he so longed to acquire in the flesh, are now his for the effort, with no hurry or press of time to confuse and hinder; knowledge, for which he hungered but which he never had the opportunity in life to acquire, is his for the application to master it, and with all eternity in which to absorb the minutest import; development, growth, culture, progress—all tranquil and leisurely—are his without stint or measure. Death

gives with lavish generosity all of those things with which earth life may have been niggardly.

Grief for the so-called dead is in reality a sort of self-pity and those who sorrow inconsolably over the passing of a loved one, are really grieving for themselves. If a dear one here in life were suddenly to be transported or transferred to some region of earth where his happiness, joy and opportunity would be supreme, his chances for progress infinite and unimpeded—would you sit down and weep about it even though it might mean a temporary separation? Certainly you could not be so selfish as to wish him back among his old discomforts and limitations just because you had to remain among them and because you missed the pleasantness of his daily companionship. Could you not rejoice with him in his good fortune—particularly if you were sure that sooner or later you would be reunited with him, never again to separate? And meanwhile keeping in close touch through correspondence and telephone, even possibly radio and television?

The true spiritualist does not grieve overmuch when a loved one flings off his hampering overcoat of flesh and emerges—a new being—into the new and glorious life of spirit. He knows that until he and that loved one are reunited in the world of spirit, he can keep up their intimate association through the various means of inter-communication which a kind and wise Heavenly Father has generously provided. There is actually no separation from the REAL man—which is SPIRIT. The separation is only from the overcoat he once wore and which, shabby and threadbare, has served its purpose.

So the Spiritualist says, "Make the most of your new life. Go your way into progression. I'll join you when my time comes and meanwhile we shall visit together at every opportunity."

Weep for yourself, if you must, when a loved one passes from this mundane sphere of activity but do not weep for those who have gone on into higher octaves of thought and experiencing. For death—life's open door—has given them with prodigal generosity all that earth life denied.

(The above article is reproduced from the "Mudgee Guardian," having been contributed by Mr. R. M. Allison, of Quirindi, N.S.W.—Ed. H. of L.)

EASTER IN THE BEYOND.

When Guides Withdraw For More Power.

By MAURICE BARBANELL, in
"Psychic News."

HOW many Spiritualists are aware of the great festival held in the spheres at Easter-tide? Most of the advanced guides withdraw to the higher spheres at the time when the western world is commemorating the Resurrection.

The Easter spirit festival was described to us at my home circle on Sunday by one of the guides. He explained that they use it as an opportunity for consultation amongst the guides as to the progress that had been made.

It was also an opportunity for them to be recharged with power, so that they can return and give greater service through their instruments.

Fixed by the Sun.

When asked why Easter was chosen, seeing that it was a movable feast, he explained that, long before the era of Christianity, Easter was commemorated by the religions that preceded it. It was fixed by the position of the sun and the planets in the constellation.

It will be news to many Spiritualists that these guides not only report on the work they have achieved, but also are encouraged and strengthened by the higher ones who are working through them.

I know of one medium, whose name I will not give, who was allowed to be present at this spirit congress. His spirit body was taken by his guide, and he remembers all that he saw and heard.

Inner Organization.

This experience, he told me, was one of the most moving he had ever had in his life. It gave him an insight of the inner workings and the organization that exists in the spirit world, unknown to those who only touch the fringe of our subject.

You realize that behind the much-despised

Indian guide there is a power and a force which ultimately links up with the greatest Spirit of all.

Then again, at Christmas, there is another festival. It was after last year's Christmas assembly that Red Cloud returned with his new healing ray, and an ability to give even greater evidence at his voice circle.

These festivals make you realize that the holy days of the Western world have an origin far earlier than most people understand.

THE ANGELS OF MONS.

Contributed by L. Oldfield, Auckland.

The fact that a most interesting book was written, concerning the "Angels at Mons," does not seem to be as widely known as it deserves. It is by the well-known writer, Harold Begbie, is called "On the Side of the Angels," and was published in 1917 as the result of much controversy over the subject at the time.

In this book the author produces very solid evidence that there were many definitely supernatural—or rather, supernormal happenings during the tragic retreat from Mons—the visions seen, being substantiated by French, English and Russian troops.

One soldier in hospital told the author his experience: "I could see quite plainly in mid-air a strange light which seemed to be quite distinct outlined and was not a reflection of the moon, nor were there any clouds in the neighbourhood. The light became brighter and I could see quite distinctly three shapes, one in the centre having what looked like out-spread wings, the other two were not so large, but were quite plainly distinct from the centre one. They appeared to have a long loose-hanging garment of a golden tint, and they were facing us above the German line.

We stood watching them for about three quarters of an hour. All the men with me saw them, and other men came up from other groups who also told us that they had seen the same thing. I am not a believer in such things, but I have not the slightest doubt that we really did see what I now tell you. I shall never forget it as long as I live. I lie in bed and picture it

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all as I saw it that night. Of my battalion there are now only five men alive besides myself, and I have no hope of ever getting back to the front. I have a record of fifteen years good service, and I should be very sorry to make a fool of myself by telling a story merely to please anyone."

A nurse of distinction, (name and standing given) said "that in discussing the matter with the nurses and the wounded, they came to the conclusion that French soldiers of all ranks had seen two well-known saints—Joan of Arc, to whom many of those delirious with the torrid heat and loss of blood were praying, St. Michael the Archangel, clad in golden armour, bare headed, riding a white horse, and flourishing his sword as he shouted "Victory," while for the English the saint was St. George, also in golden armour, also bare headed, also riding a white horse, and crying while he held up his sword "Come on."

"She and her fellow nurses heard the same tale again "from the lips of a priest." She also heard the same story that same night from two officers, and three men of the Irish Guards. "These three men were mortally wounded, they asked for the Sacrament before death, and before dying told the same story to the old abbe who confessed them."

Other accounts told of a large company of men with bows and arrows going along with the men and ever leading them on against the enemy's trenches, and of supernatural angel forms, and walls of cloud that held back the German forces and saved the situation for the Allies.

From the evidence gathered, it is quite clear that strange things happened in the trenches and on the battlefield and that

the British Army was saved in those days by super-human agency.

Would we could join in spirit and link up with those angel forces and create and use such power that would intervene in this present chaos, and turn strife and bitterness into peace and goodwill before it is too late!

CALL BACK THE ANGELS.

(To the Editor.)

I think that the women of the world have got to do something about matters before it is too late—for men have made a sorry mess of things and seem bent on destruction and materialism. If women of all nations would unite in a concentrated effort for peace, I feel sure they could end this uncivilised way of settling disputes. The problem is, to get them to unite. As the Women's Peace Union of New York stated in a recent manifesto: "Our world is being lost for the lack of one brave example of nobility."

—LILIAN OLDFIELD.

The following clipping is from the most progressive and widely read weekly magazine in the States . . . "Time." The clipping deals with "Mad" Episcopalians. I thought since there are supposed to be so many unbalanced spiritists you would be interested in knowing about the psychopathic tribulations of the Episcopal clergy.

Mad Episcopalians.

Presented last week in the Living Church were the findings of a nationwide survey of insanity among Episcopal clergy by the Rev. Stephen Webster, Rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Weston, Mass., and chaplain of the Boston Psychopathic Hospital, aided by Psychiatrist Kenneth James Tillotson. One out of every 71 Episcopal clergymen is a mental case, Mr. Webster reported. "This is . . . low compared to the general population. There are figures to show that 1 in every 22 of the general population will have a mental disorder some time during their life."

USED POSTAGE STAMPS.

A contributor to our S.O.S. Emergency Fund recently sent us a collection of postage stamps, which when sold, realised £3. Another contribution added 7/- to the fund.

It has been suggested to us that this would be a good way to augment our Propaganda Fund. We shall be glad to receive used (or unused) postage stamps for this purpose. Recent issues of Australian and New Zealand stamps under 3d. (unless specials) are of little value, but overseas stamps, especially of higher value, are acceptable. Torn, heavily postmarked, or cut perforations are of no value.

Each year we distribute over 1000 copies of the Harbinger of Light and other literature gratuitously, the cost of which, including postages, is met by the Propaganda Fund. We are anxious not only to continue, but to increase this work, hence this appeal. All contributions will be acknowledged in our columns.

SPIRITUALIST MILITARY FUNERAL—

PROBABLY the first military funeral in the Dominion to be conducted under the auspices of the National Spiritualist Church was that of Aircraftsman D. H. Birbeck, of the Royal Air Force, who was killed with two others when their machine, a Baffin Bomber crashed at New Brighton on 5th February. The funeral, a largely attended one, took place on the following Thursday afternoon, Mr. E. Wall, of the Ch. Branch Church, officiating.

On Sunday the 11th a large number of members and friends gathered to honour the memory of the arisen one when a memorial service was held in the Ridgely Hall. Mr. E. Wall, taking for his text the 14th Chapter of St. John, gave an inspiring address on Life After Death, the soloist being Mrs. Stallard, who contributed O'Hara's beautiful song "There is no Death." We are glad to say that He who has gone on before fully realised the truth embodied in those words and we know that it will not be long ere he returns to bring solace and comfort to those he has left awhile. May his soul and those of the faithful departed rest in peace.

L. GERARD,

Hon. Secretary Ch. Ch. Branch.

THE HEALING OF A CAT—

(By L. J. MOXHAM, Roseville Spiritualist Church, Sydney, N.S.W.)

This account of a healing made by Dr. Samberino, one of Mr. H. B. Raine's guides, to a pet cat of mine sixteen months ago, I trust, will be of interest to the readers of the "Harbinger of Light." The healing can be verified by many people who saw the condition of the cat, both before and after treatment.

I am, as you perhaps know, the Hon. Treasurer and Chairman of the Roseville Spiritualist Church, as well as a member of Mr. H. B. Raine's Healing Circle, known as the Tashi Circle, which name, incidentally, was given it because the door-keeper on the spiritual side of life of this class, when the Medium is in trance, was a Tibetan Lama when on earth, and the term "Tashi" means teacher.

I had at the time only been about six months in the Healing Circle, and although I had known of, and seen, many people cured of complaints where the medical profession had failed, I was not aware that animals could receive treatment from the other side of life. However, my views have now changed as my cat was restored to health, and I have seen a dog treated, and cured, also from a complaint which a veterinary surgeon did not understand.

This pet cat of mine developed a raw patch on the back of its neck as large as the palm of the hand which was spreading alarmingly. The hair had completely disappeared, and the skin was oozing blood. I got a veterinary surgeon—a university graduate—to have a look at it, and after taking a swabbing of the area, and testing it with his microscope, rang me to say the cat had eczema and that it is a very difficult complaint to cure especially in a cat, but only one treatment would be worth while trying, and that was by giving it injections.

Not knowing at the time that animals could be treated from the other side of life, I told the veterinary surgeon to take the cat in hand. He came once and gave it an injection, but did not come again, nor did he 'phone to say why. Days went by, the cat gradually getting worse, the eczema spreading alarmingly.

One night at the Healing Class when Mr. Raine went into trance, and Dr. Samberino was in control, I asked him if he could do anything for it and he said: "Yes, you take a big interest, and are a great worker in this cause of Spiritualism and Healing, and you also love the Great Divine's four legged and plumaged creatures, we will therefore treat your four legged friend. When he is asleep to-night we will put a magnetic field around his neck and he will get all right."

In the morning I awakened earlier than usual to have a look at my little friend to see what had been done for it during the night, and was agreeably surprised to find that the raw condition of the skin had dried considerably and had become brown in colour, and in about ten days the hair had grown. I can gratefully say that the cat has been well ever since, and so I thank the Great Spirit of all Life for His Messengers of Service, especially Dr. Samberino, who come back to us giving service to humanity.

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