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A Seance at White House

WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN A SPIRITUALIST?

By the late Rev. G. VALE OWEN.

WHENEVER I pass by the statue of Lincoln opposite Westminster Abbey, many thoughts come to my mind. Owing to his nationality we could not put him inside the Abbey. Moreover, he would have been out of place there among the monarchies of the past. But we did the next best thing; and there he stands confronting them as they lie prone within the sacred walls of our Valhalla, their peer in all things chivalrous and noble, and their superior in most.

He does not gaze towards those silent effigies, for his thoughts lie not their way. His head is bent in meditation while his soul reaches out into the future towards which he is endeavouring to show his people the right, the better way. The future he has in mind is a larger, cleaner future than that which those

Monarchs and Statesmen

were able to visualise, or than either we or our trans-Atlantic cousins have yet attained in our diplomacy.

Did that future statesmanship which was shaping itself in his mind include within its scope the factor of angelic guidance and co-operation and all that is highest and best in Spiritualistic thought and aspiration to-day? Of this, more anon.

And this is the man at whom the "Society people" of his time jeered as an uncouth boor. He could not lisp their mincing English which passed for culture then in Washington as it does in London now. Yet, while they have long passed into oblivion, their very names forgotten long

ago, his great inaugural speech is quoted as a model of what the English tongue can be in the hands of a master soul.

Then a change comes over my thoughts when I remember the tenor of that speech: "With malice towards none." My mind goes back to the spring of 1923 when I was in Cleveland, Ohio. I was visiting the beautiful Cuyahogoh County Memorial of the Civil War, when I noticed about a dozen old, old men on the platform which surrounds it. I spoke to one of them,

A White-Bearded Veteran,

of about eighty-five years. He seemed rather thoughtful. He said: "Yes, we are going to the funeral of one of us. We ought to have started a quarter of an hour ago, but some of our members have not turned up yet."

They were a remnant of the army who had fought under Grant. They all wore the old slouch hat caught up at one side and fastened with the badge of their order. It took my breath away for a moment when I learned this. I had grown up with the idea that the war between the North and the South was buried in the long past, and here I was talking to one who had been through it all years before I was born.

In all great civic processions these veterans march through the city with the younger veterans of the Spanish and the European wars. In these processions they always take the place of honour. They toddle on with the aid of their walking sticks and the others follow on behind reverently, suiting their pace to that of their

elders. But every year their ranks grow thinner. While any of them remain they will still totter forth to witness to the triumph of the cause of freedom for which they fought. Soon they will be a memory, like Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and Lee—an echo of the glories that are past.

Yes; they fought and won. But there was a period of many weary, anxious months while their cause lay very delicately

Poised in the Balance,

and it was a question whether North or South would win. Then something happened which turned the tide of the war.

At that moment Spiritualism stepped into the White House at Washington, and Lincoln listened, weighed, and acted upon the counsel given from the Spirit World through the mediumship of a young girl.

Never heard of it? No, of course you have not. It has been published openly in America, and the account has never been denied. But it has been deliberately suppressed by historians both of Lincoln and of the Civil War. That is the manner in which history is dealt with by those whose guiding star should be "truth, the whole, and nothing but." And yet that incident should surely be written down as one of the most momentous in the annals of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here is the story:

Mrs. Lincoln had a friend named Mrs. Miller. They were both Spiritualists. One winter's day in 1862, Mrs. Miller introduced to her friend a girl named Nettie Colburn, a trance medium. After the seance, Mrs. Lincoln said: "This young woman

Must Not Leave Washington.

I feel that she must stay here, and Mr. Lincoln must hear what we have heard. It is all-important, and he must hear it." To this agreed the other sitters, among whom was Mr. Newton, Secretary of the Interior, the Rev. John Pierpont, one of the Treasury clerks, and the Hon. D. E. Somes.

The meeting with this young lady was destined to prove momentous. She later married a Mr. Maynard, and under that name wrote an account of her interviews

with Lincoln, from which the following is taken:—

"I was led forward," she says, "and presented. Mr. Lincoln stood before me, tall and kindly, with a smile on his face. Dropping his hand on my head, he said, in a humorous tone, 'So this is our little Nettie, is it, that we have heard so much about?' I could only smile and say, 'Yes, sir,' like any school girl, when he kindly led me to an ottoman. Sitting down in a chair, the ottoman at his feet, he began asking me questions in a kindly way about my mediumship, and I think he must have thought me stupid, as my answers were little beyond a 'Yes' or 'No.' His manner, however, was genial and kind, and it was then suggested that

We Should Form a Circle.

Mr. Lincoln said, 'Well, how do you do it?' looking at me."

A Mr. Laurie, an experienced Spiritualist, then took charge, and while he was explaining things, Miss Colburn passed into unconsciousness. Immediately her personality changed. Her manner was decisive, and, indeed, authoritative. She spoke with a man's voice—the voice of an orator. The others did not understand what it was all about until they heard the phrase, "Emancipation Proclamation." Then they sat up and began to take notice, for that was the one great question of the day. There had been a preliminary proclamation issued in September, but it had not been enforced, and it was doubtful whether it would be. The two great armies were still doing battle to settle that same matter.

The account continues: "He (Lincoln) was charged with the utmost solemnity and force of manner not to abate the terms of its issue and not to delay its enforcement beyond the opening of the year; and he was assured that it was to be the crowning event of his administration and his life; and that while he was being counselled by strong parties to defer the enforcement of it, hoping to supplant it by other measures and to delay action, he must in no wise heed such counsel, but

Stand Firm to His Convictions,

and fearlessly perform the mission for which he had been raised up by an over-

ruling Providence. Those present declared that they lost sight of the timid girl in the majesty of the utterance, the strength and force of the language, and the importance of that which was conveyed."

A remarkable scene met her eyes when she returned to consciousness. She says: "I was standing in front of Mr. Lincoln, and he was sitting back in his chair, with his arms folded upon his breast, looking intently at me. . . . A gentleman present then said in a low voice: 'Mr. President, did you notice anything peculiar in the method of address?' Mr. Lincoln raised himself, as if shaking off his spell. He glanced quickly at the full-length portrait of Daniel Webster that hung above the piano, and replied: 'Yes, and it is very singular, very!' with marked emphasis.

"Mr. Somnes said: 'Mr. President, would it be very improper for me to inquire whether there has been any pressure brought to bear upon you to defer the enforcement of the Proclamation?' To which the President replied: 'Under the circumstances, that question is perfectly proper, as we are all friends. It is taking

All My Nerve and Strength

to withstand such a pressure.' At this point the gentlemen drew around him and spoke together in low voices, Mr. Lincoln saying least of all.

"At last he turned to me, and, laying his hand upon my head, uttered these words in a manner which I shall never forget: 'My child, you possess a very singular gift, but that it is of God I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here to-night. It is more important than perhaps anyone present can understand. I must leave you all now, but I hope I shall see you again.'"

What did Lincoln mean by his words: "It is more important than perhaps anyone present can understand"? What had been passing in his mind during those moments while he sat silent, abstracted, with his arms folded on his breast? On these queries events immediately following may throw light. From that day the measure was expedited, and the Proclamation for the Emancipation of the Slaves was made absolute on 1st January, 1863—against

the advice of the majority of his supporters.

That Act is considered by Americans to be "the crowning event of his administration." After his assassination a public subscription was raised for a statue of Lincoln. It stands in Union Square, New York City. It is in bronze, and represents the President seated in the Chair of State with the Emancipation Proclamation in his hand.

HE KNEW ABOUT SURVIVAL.

Robert Green Ingersoll, internationally known as Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, was born in America in 1833. His vast knowledge of the Bible and remarkable powers of argument, earned for him the reputation of being one of the outstanding lecturers of his day. There are some who even say that he was "The world's greatest orator."

Excerpts from Mr. Ingersoll's oration at the grave of a child will best describe his views on Immortality. He said: "No man standing where the horizon of a life has touched the grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears.

"Death gives all there is of worth to life. If those who press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth.

"I should rather live and love where Death was king than have eternal life where love is not.

"Another life is naught unless we know and love the ones who love us here. Those who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear.

"The largest and noblest faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. The dead do not suffer—not only do they live again but their lives will be as good as ours.

"We have no fear: we are all children of the same mother and the same passing awaits each and every one of us."

"Death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. The dead do not suffer—not only do they live again, but their lives will be as good as ours. Death gives all there is of worth to life."

R. G. INGERSOLL.

Adventures in Spirit Life

EXPERIENCES, OBSERVATIONS AND CONCLUSIONS.

[The Rev. Owen Redington Washburn is the Minister of the Congregational Church of Guilford, Vermont, U.S.A., and has kindly sent us the following article from his pen, which we gladly reproduce.—Ed. H. of L.].

A SPIRIT PROVES HIS SURVIVAL.

BY permission of Mark Richardson, M.D., of Boston, I am reproducing here the account given in the pamphlet, of his authorship, "The Judge's Sign Manual," a reprint of a portion of the issue of the "Journal of the American Society of Physical Research" for February, 1932, of events proving that the so-called **dead communicate**.

Mr. Hill, here spoken of as "Judge" was so addressed by a courtesy common among lawyers when speaking of one especially able. During his earth life he held many important positions and was highly respected and well known in Boston. The seances here mentioned were held in the home of the late distinguished Boston physician and military surgeon of high rank, Dr. L. R. G. Crandon, his wife, Margery being the medium for spirit manifestations. The report from which we quote presents facts established by numerous witnesses, all of them intellectual people of high repute. A portion of the report of the proof of immortality and communication reads:

"Charles Stanton Hill had been a member of the Margery circle for several years previous to his death on September 2, 1930. Sometime during 1926 he recorded, in wax, his two thumb prints and these prints were reproduced photographically in "Psychic Research" for April, 1926, p. 215. Furthermore, on July 14, 1930, prints in ink from all fingers and both thumbs were made by E. E. Dudley.

"After a considerable period of failing health Judge Hill died on September 2, 1930. This last illness, associated as it was with the gradual clouding of a brilliant mind, made his passing an event not entirely to be regretted. From a cold-blooded experimental standpoint, as can well be imagined, the Margery circle was

very much on the alert and expectant—for had we not complete ante-mortem records of the Judge's fingers? Would he be able to reproduce them post-mortem? And when?

"Students of psychic literature have been impressed strongly with the alleged fact that, after death, an individual may, indeed generally does, remain for a considerable period of time, even months or years, in a condition of non-activity or sleep. Therefore, any possibility of communication with friends of this world might well be delayed—perhaps indefinitely. With Judge Hill, however, we believed there would be, probably, no such delay. Long a deep student of the occult, he was familiar not only with the literature, but also, through actual experience, with the rites, ceremonies and purposes of occult organisations. Of all persons, therefore, the Judge might, in all probability, be least surprised and confused by conditions alleged to exist on the next plane.

"We were, nevertheless, surprised when, on September 8th, six days after his passing, the Judge indicated his presence in the seance-room. He did not speak either directly or through Margery's voice, but used the alphabetic code. As instrument he used raps; also a red light which for other experimental purposes had been placed in the centre of the table. This light in some supernormal manner the Judge was able to turn on and off at will. By the intermittent use of the light and the alphabet, words and sentences were spelled out. As a result of this conversation it appeared that, as expected, the Judge's transition had been easy and without confusion. He had been able to "face the Great Light," but it had not been as he had expected. He promised to produce his thumb prints and other evidence of survival.

On July 24, 1931, a sitting was held just for conversation with Walter, no special object in view. When, however, a desire was expressed for further prints from the Judge, Walter, rather unexpectedly, said we could have them. He said, 'Get ready, but don't hurry. It will take me half an hour to get the Judge. Button and Walton, go down stairs and get your wax ready and marked. Brother-in-law (Crandon) get the hot water.'

"As a result there were produced two prints, one of which appears as the post-mortem right thumb print."

Mr. Hill, before witnesses, including some of the most highly respected people in Boston, made his thumb-prints. They were reproduced in the magazine published by the Psychic Research Society. After the prints thus made were published Judge Hill died. After his death this thumb-print, declared by finger-print experts in government employ to be the same thumb-print as that made before Judge Hill's death, was produced in the home of the eminent Boston man, Dr. Crandon, under strict test conditions, in the presence of people of the highest reputation. The print of the thumb, made after its owner had left the flesh body, is only one of many prints of fingers and thumbs made by Judge Hill under test conditions.

The Hallucination Theory.

Apparently, if the people who deny that the dead communicate are correct in their conclusions, there is a strange mental disease which appears as hallucinations, the symptoms showing only when people enter a seance room. Those who go to such places are like other people; are in various states of bodily health and have been engaged in all kinds of labors, mental and physical, all their adult lives. They remain normal and rational right up to a certain minute when a seance begins. Directly after that they all think they hear voices that they recognise as those of relatives and friends who have been dead for some time. They see the forms and faces of these deceased people; feel their hands, are embraced by them. They think they are being told facts not known to them, as to lost articles, circumstances surrounding

people who have died, physical conditions which have baffled the doctors, data as to people's ages and information as to how to cure the sick. They see objects moved by an invisible force and in accord with requests made; they receive, as they suppose, messages from the dead through conversations or by writing not done by any earth person. Curiously these hallucinations prove on investigation to be correct hallucinations. The sick are often cured by the aid of information given, the information as to facts not before known to any one present, proves to be exact; the writing that the victims of the hallucination thought they saw produced in the seance room actually stays on the slates or paper; the photographs of friends of the people suffering these delusions stay in existence. Strangely, these people, all gone crazy when the seance begins, are entirely cured, are normal and sane when it ends. While the seance lasts their pulse, respirations and temperature is undisturbed and they converse rationally and act with more than ordinary affection and good will toward man.

Thought Reservoir Theory.

Those who deny that observed phenomena prove survival of the loss of the flesh body, invent explanations that are wholly incredible. One of the most absurd is the claim that there is a body of thought—a vast reservoir of mind, from which the facts obtained at seances are drawn. Inasmuch as orthodox scientists, the same people who make this claim, follow a materialist theory which denies that human beings receive any information save through the physical senses, the claim itself is an admission that materialism is without sound foundation, but if we conclude that this reservoir theory is correct we have to answer a lot of questions as to why the alleged reservoir has certain characteristics.

Why is this vast body of mind such a liar? What is the cause of its millioned statements that the personality speaking is not a reservoir, but Grandmother or Mother or Uncle Joe? Why does it persist in telling falsehoods to weeping mothers? Why does it tell the truth to thousands of

people seeking physical diagnosis as to injuries or causes of illness and always lie when asked who is communicating?

If seance room phenomena is produced by a reservoir of mind how does it, being a body without flesh, play musical instruments, write letters, materialise forms that have been photographed on thousands of occasions? Being without personality how does it acquire the personalities that are instantly recognised by those at seances. Being without a soul why does this "reservoir" express such lofty religious and philosophical sentiments? Being without a throat how does the "body of mind" talk, sing, whisper or laugh, so as to not only be heard by all present but so that the words spoken are recorded on dictaphones? Those who propound this theory of a soulless mind acting intelligently; half the time to utter falsehoods and half the time to utter the most inspiring truths or to give facts to aid the sick and the unhappy, are like the writer of the explanations published at the bottom of pages in a Bible: the old lady given a copy said she could "understand all in the book except the explanations."

RECEIVED CLAIRAUDIENTLY.

By H. Cometti, Goulburn, N.S.W.

And there was a vast desert—and in the heart of the desert, a beautiful city.

And the desert was crossed by roads radiating from the city through the desert, as spokes of a wheel. But all roads were not straight. Some there were criss-crossed and zig-zagged and some there were that crossed and recrossed their path as a serpent that is beheaded and writhes.

And some there were that led over stony ridges and thorny briars blocked them. Some were tunnelled through the earth and through pits and caverns where monsters dwelt and the light of day was not.

On the edges of the desert vast hordes of pilgrims were arriving, all seeking their way across the desert to the beautiful city.

And their craving to visit the city was like a man who perishes with thirst and in

the distance sees palm trees and water flowing.

And some travellers took roads that were broad and smooth, and others took roads that were as mere camel tracks. And some disdained all roads and struck out boldly alone.

At the head of each road there stood djins and these were crying out to all who would listen, saying, "This road is the true road, there is no other road but mine. Take thou my road, lest thou surely perish." And the roads that were broad and smooth were trodden by multitudes, but these roads twisted and turned, and doubled back upon themselves. And those roads that were straight and narrow had djins at their mouths who spoke softly—heard only by those who sought their voice—saying: "This road is narrow and hard and may only be crossed by men of merit."

And some there were who travelled roads which were blocked by thorns and jagged stones. And their numbers were few, for many turned back, as the road was hard.

And other roads there were that led into gaping pits and holes in the ground like jackals shunning the light of day.

And at the mouths of these stood beckoning djins saying, "This road is the road of pleasure and luxury, why worry? Linger on the way. You will surely reach the city sometime." And these roads were filled with people whose looks and manner bespoke their character. Mean, slinking, richly dressed and swollen with good food.

And of all who travelled this road few reached the city, for temptation held them back, and their eyes became unused to Light.

And the name of the Traveller is Man,
And the name of the Djins is Priest.
And the name of the Roads is Religion,
And the name of the Desert is Life,
And the name of the city is God.
For all men are travellers on the desert
of Life,
And all roads lead to God.

"Hear one side and you will be in the dark: Hear both sides and all will be clear."—Haliburton.

Incidents in the Life of a Medium

By OWEN R. WASHBURN (Minister of
the Congregational Church of Guildford,
Vermont, U.S.A.).

THE headlands of a coast charted and talked about: the coast is more important. So the daily experiences of a medium constitute the more substantial part of his work. And one has his concepts as to the attitudes of spirits of advanced development, formed by what they say as to the smaller matters that come up from time to time.

When I was new in mediumship work a woman came to me to ask the spirits who stole her five gallon can of lamp oil. The spirit, whom I, being inexperienced, asked what to say to her, replied: "There is trouble enough on earth without sending a man to jail or disrupting the flow of good will in the neighborhood over a can of kerosene."

A woman of my acquaintance married a man who is a Spiritualist. He tried to tell her the facts as to spirit communications but she would not believe him, nor even listen to him. He died suddenly. After a while her grief drove her to a friend who is a medium. The spirit husband, communicating, showed the medium a dial on which were printed, on the spirit side of life, a number signifying the number of each letter in the alphabet; "A" being represented by the figure 1; "D" by the figure 4, and so on. A dash was added. Then when the widow asked for a message she was given a lot of numbers to write down, each of the figures named being followed by the dash to show whether, for example, one and four or fourteen was meant. When she had put down a long line of figures she was told to write the appropriate letter after each. Thus she would get a message that the medium herself would not receive. On doing as directed the widow found a joyous note from her husband and was convinced and comforted. He stated that it was the only way she could be satisfied as to the truth.

An English student of psychic matters is convinced that the less developed, earth-

bound spirits, many of whom are watching for a chance to harm mediums who refuse to give them their time, can hear what earth people say but cannot, as advanced spirits, know what is unspoken in the minds of dwellers on this plane. For that reason this friend of mine never tells by voice what route he will take when he travels, lest some ill-disposed spirit influence, some mediumistic driver or other person be controlled so as to endanger him. To an undeveloped spirit the refusal of mediums to let them use his mediumship for the low-quality communications they wish to give, seems a mean refusal and excites their most bitter resentments.

Dr. Frank B. Hyland, who was a healing medium, though not posing as a Spiritualist healer, though admitting he was a Spiritualist, in Stoughton, Wis., where I knew him, had an amusing adventure with an atheist who owned and edited a newspaper in that state. Dr. Hyland, who never advertised but had all the patients he could give time to, was denounced by the editor, as a humbug. After a while the editor had a rheumatic attack, or some illness which left him unable to raise his right arm above his waist. Hearing of the unfailing success of Dr. Hyland, who rarely, if ever, sent a patient away unhelped if he had accepted him as a patient, the editor went to the doctor's office. He had consulted many doctors without benefiting his condition.

There was a group of patients in the waiting room when the healer came out to greet the atheist. With his usual humorous attitude, he said to the applicant: "You want to be healed: all right, raise that arm to its full length over your head; and raise it as you repeat after me the words: "I believe in a God."

"I won't, I won't say it," shouted the afflicted man.

"Yes you will, or I won't heal you. All your life you will go with that disabled

arm and people will laugh at you for being so stubborn. Now, up with that arm! Say 'I believe'."

"I won't!" shouted the angry visitor.

The doctor grew stern: "Put that arm up and say after me; 'I believe'!"

The applicant yielded. He repeated, a word at a time, what he was told to say and at each word his arm went a little higher till it went as high as it ever had and remained permanently cured.

"Now," exclaimed the doctor, "give me my fee of two dollars or I won't ever get it."

The editor paid the fee and went home. The next edition of the paper told the truth as to his cure and denounced the doctor in violent terms for forcing a patient to say what he did not believe.

The kindly guardianship of spirits over loved ones was illustrated some years ago in my own life. As a young man I had been taken suddenly ill in a little town in Wisconsin and had spent several days, very near to death, in the home of a farmer. A few weeks later I left the state and never returned. Thirty-one years after my enforced visit I was told by a spirit to write a letter of affection and encouragement and of my knowledge of spirit communications and spirit life, to the hostess on that farm. I had not heard from her during the years. After some weeks the husband answered the letter, saying his wife had received my letter on the night before she went away to a hospital for an operation which the doctors and all who knew about it considered a last but very slight chance to preserve her in her earth life. He wrote me that she had been greatly encouraged and comforted by my positive attitude and by remembering my spiritual harmony with them so long before. She had been given, he thought, more strength to survive the operation and was recovering.

A girl relative of mine, fifteen years old, living at a school for girls, with another girl, began to use an Ouija board. The other girls gathered around them one day and were greatly amused at the performance. Thereupon the girl at the board said to one of them, who resided fifteen hundred miles away: "Do you know the

birth date, month, day and year, of each of your parents?"

Being told that the girl so far from home knew the data, my relative, moving the board as some spirit directed, gave the dates in full, correctly. In panic over the evidence that something beyond their knowledge was present, the flock of girls ran headlong from the place. One of the teachers appeared to find out what was going on. Immediately, to explain the matter to her, the girls with the board told the teacher the name of her "boy friend" and gave the hour and day when she had agreed to dine with him, and where they were to dine. To some, all this would seem unimportant, but is any recognition of a non-material life and a thought transcending the commonplace, unimportant?

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3. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression and living in accordance therewith constitute true religion.
4. We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death.
5. We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.
6. We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them."
7. We affirm the moral responsibility of the individual and that he makes his own happiness or unhappiness as he obeys or disobeys nature's physical and spiritual laws.
8. We affirm that the doorway to reformation is never closed against any human soul, here or hereafter.

First.—We believe in Infinite Intelligence.

We believe that our tiny world and all its environs; the solar system; all the constellations of which we have any knowledge; all the systems, constellations and universes concerning which we know nothing; all the infinity of incomprehensible creation were brought into existence through the creative **thought processes** of Infinite Intelligence, which is also Infinite Love, Wisdom, Power and Justice.

Spiritualists do not credit an anthropomorphic God, fashioned after the manner and pattern of physical man—however beautiful, glorious and beatific one might envision Him. We believe that the phrase "made in God's image" refers only to the real, essential ego-identity—spirit man. For man, himself, is **Spirit**, whether clothed here in the flesh or existing outside the physical and therefore, since man is essentially and always spirit—mind eternal—he is made in the image of God, who

is Universal Spirit and Omnipotent Mind Eternal.

We cannot conceive of God as having form because to have form would be to have limits and that which is infinite in extent, eternal in age and expression, cannot abide within limits. Limits belong to the finite; to the material and physical spheres of three dimensions. Therefore, Infinite Intelligence—Holy Spirit—has not form, but, being subjective, encompasses all things; holds within Itself the sum total of all creation; penetrates, permeates and surrounds all that is, all that is yet to be and all that not yet is. Physical man is objective, since all matters that he contacts lie outside of self.

Second.—We believe that the phenomena of Nature, both physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence.

That is to say, the Spiritualist does not believe in miracles or in the so-called "super-natural" because he knows that Infinite Mind, or God, is the source of all things and that whatever happens, either in the realms of spirit-mind or in the finite and physical, or in an association of the two, however inexplicable such happening may appear, is the result of immutable law in some phase of being and expression. God is the all-source, and whatever occurs, whether or not the human mind can encompass its impetus or translate its method or purpose, must be the working of law. This is an ordered universe. Nothing happens by chance and nothing whatever functions outside of established law. And all expression of universal law is an expression of God. We believe that the living God expresses Himself concretely in every created thing—animate and inanimate; in every tree and flower, every blade of grass, every drop of rain, the clouds overhead and the sands beneath our feet; in the loftiest and lowliest human being and in the most despised member of the animal kingdom. Nothing exists that is not inherently of God.

(To be Continued.)

Information for Inquirers

[Received through the Mediumship of Mrs. M. H. Wallis, widow of a former editor of "Light."]

Q.: Does our wrong doing on earth hinder the progress of our dear ones on the other side?

A.: Not to any decided extent except that through sympathy with, and love for the earth-dweller, the dear ones in spirit life may through intention or attraction become for a time so strongly in unison with the wrong-doer on earth, as to refrain from any attempt at personal advancement; but such a condition could not for long be maintained unless there were real desires for evil expression.

Q.: Do people commit sins, and do good actions, when asleep?

A.: The liberation of the individual during the sleep state depends largely upon spiritual activity, so those who are evil liverers would have a very small degree of freedom and could do little ill, but those who are spiritually free can, and do, accomplish much of good.

Q.: Is a man to be held accountable for his actions during sleep?

A.: To act during the sleep of the body man must be spiritually awake; hence, while in that state he is partly or wholly responsible for his actions in accordance with his knowledge or power.

Q.: Do you, Morambo (the control), admit the idea that in some isolated cases re-incarnation may take or has taken place?

A.: I have known rare instances of obsession or usurpation where there has been a direct interference with the ordinary life of the individual affected, but, despite repeated efforts to do so, I have never succeeded in tracing the case of any spirit who has come back to earth and been born again. I have closely watched the processes of physical birth and death and of spiritual birth, but at the crucial moment, the evidence in favour of the claim for re-incarnation has always been inconclusive, so my verdict is "not proven."

Q.: Is there any fear that during communication a discarnate spirit may impart to the incarnate one the disease which caused his passing over?

A.: The actual disease, no; but the symptoms and conditions of the disease or injury possibly, and temporarily, during early efforts of communication; but with repeated experiments and successful control, such indications are usually readily overcome.

Q.: At what period, if at all, before death does the spirit body begin to recede from the physical?

A.: There is no strict rule. Broadly speaking, the greater the spirituality during life, the quicker and easier the transition.

Q.: Are there any amusements on the other side?

A.: Undoubtedly, and a greater capacity to enjoy; but much that amuses on earth, such as acting emotion which is not felt, making appearance of hilarity, when it does not exist, and all the unrealities of convention, fail to amuse in spirit life owing to the difficulty of concealing the want of truth.

Q.: Do all spirits after quitting the physical body, return at some time or other, if given the opportunity, to their relatives or friends?

A.: Certainly not. Some have no strong ties to bring them back. Some find the absorbing interests, the many friends in their new life, fill their thoughts to the exclusion of such earth ties, until re-awakened perhaps by the arrival of such friends themselves on the spirit side. Some again, as the result of their earth life, are so bound to it that only the awakening of true aspiration can allow them to enter freer conditions of greater activity.

But many, on the contrary, do come back to their loved ones, foregoing even some

spiritual progress. Others again come back in the effort to bring home to men the knowledge of survival and all spiritual realities.

Q.: When a sensitive is under control, what happens to his or her spirit?

A.: It remains usually in a passive state; not necessarily evicted, cut off, or forced to take a journey, but merely becoming subservient for the time to the operating power.

Q.: Whence is the substance used for a materialisation obtained?

A.: Partly from the sensitive, partly from the sitters, and blended by the operating spirits with special psychic force brought by them.

Q.: Do the spirits of the lower animals also survive death?

A.: I do not know of the continued expression in varied animal form save where there exists a strong friendship between man and such animals.

God lives in all men always, therefore all men are immortal. Some men love some animals, therefore such animals live while that love lasts.

Q.: Do any of these spirits, who can communicate directly with earth, possess the power of prophecy?

A.: If such power implies universal foreknowledge of the future, then I say unhesitatingly, No. But spirit people, from their wider range of view, are able to judge more accurately the probable trend of events, while some of them seem to possess a sort of clairvoyant power, enabling them to penetrate further than is indicated to the ordinary observer.

Q.: Are psychic phenomena produced from the power of the medium stimulated into activity by discarnate spirits?

A.: In a measure, but I claim that the greater amount of power is supplied and brought by the spirit people, and blended with the lesser but necessary power obtained from the medium.

Q.: Does sound more readily enter the Spirit World than other earthly manifes-

tations, and if an elevating and uplifting book is being read aloud on earth, do spirits ever come and listen to it?

A.: The ready entry into the Spirit World of any earth manifestation depends on the thought force propelling it.

Doubtless, although a mental request to your spirit, friends would gain a response, yet the same, if voiced, would be more readily apprehended and responded to.

Q.: How does communication with earth assist an earth-bound spirit's progress?

A.: There are some who have lived so grossly while on earth that leaving the physical body does not, for them, mean leaving earth conditions, therefore such as these can best be reached through someone still on earth. Spirit friends, realising this, approach them in their prison-like conditions by some such round-about methods, until they are able to respond in more direct fashion.

Q.: Is frequent attendance at seances injurious?

A.: It depends much on the temperament and health of the sitter, and he or she alone can best tell if ill-effects are ensuing. Once or twice a week may be taken as a usual frequency.

Broadly speaking, it is unwise, while man is on earth, for him to devote so much time to conscious association with the other side as to render him neglectful of his earth life and its duties.

Q.: Are our misdoings registered in our auras, and can these be obliterated by good conduct?

A.: In the aura, nay, even on the walls of a room can a misdoing be registered, and such misdoing will hinder progress; but every step renders one less liable to do wrong.

The great secret is to realise the wrongdoing, and to strive to reach a condition where such is no longer possible.

Q.: What is the difference between the astral and spiritual body?

A.: The spiritual body is evolved by each spirit, and on leaving the physical body

becomes the external. The astral body is the projection or double, it may be, of either the spiritual or physical body.

Q.: At a sitting does failing power make it easier for wanderers to come through?

A.: Yes. But usually the circle's spirit friends seek to safeguard it from undesirable interruption. It may be they sometimes allow the wanderer to communicate, seeing that it will benefit him and do no harm to the circle; the latter should accordingly refer to them, and unless their permission is obtained stop communication.

Q.: How is a spirit's progress assisted by that of his friends and communicants on earth?

A.: Through their love and interest—through any idea they can convey to him by example or thought, that is, in advance of what he is, or the state which he has reached, and by prayer.

So the best help you can give to one who has journeyed on and who needs assistance is to concentrate your thoughts and desires upon the arousing of his spiritual activity, of his aspirations for entrance to a higher state.

Q.: Is it possible that the parents of a child that had entered the spirit world long before them might, on their arrival there, find it more advanced than they?

A.: Quite possible. Some children who have passed over in infancy have become so advanced by the time their parents arrive that they are well qualified to become their guides, helpers and teachers.

Q.: What is conscience?

A.: I should call it a divine impulse to act and live in accordance with what one knows or believes to be true, a "still small voice," God's method of arousing His children to be content with nothing less than the highest and the best.

Q.: Can we on earth, through mediums or circles, assist earth-bound spirits to progress?

A.: I would first ask the questioners, before they consider assistance to earth-

bound spirits, to remember that there is a vast field of labour open to them to help those still on earth; also that there are many spirit people well qualified to minister to the needs of those who have passed on.

However, there are cases where those who are too gross to be directly approached from the spirit side are brought to circles for arousing; or into close association with someone whose power is used to assist them.

Generally speaking, the earth-bound, whenever their presence is realised, can be helped by sympathy and prayer.

Q.: Do discarnate spirits from other parts of the universe ever mingle with those from this planet?

A.: So I am told, but only in the higher conditions, when they have passed out of the spiritual zones which immediately surround their planet.

Q.: Is suicide ever justifiable?

A.: No. It is man's duty to preserve to the uttermost his physical life.

Even when he takes death to himself from a high motive, he will have on the spirit side to pass through unpleasant experience; and that experience will be bitter indeed for those who have become suicides from selfish fear; a very frequent motive.

Q.: Is it true that fairies really exist?

A.: I do not know of them.

Q.: Do our individual affections continue in the future life when we are re-united with our loved ones?

A.: Yes, and there is generally a deepening intensity, a quicker response, a clearer manifestation, ensuring a continuance of all that is sweet and beautiful in association and love.

Q.: Have you any remarks to make on the question of Christ's divinity?

A.: All are children of God, with a difference of degree. Some may be looked upon as elder brothers, anointed and selected to guide the younger, Jesus pre-eminently so; and marvellously penetrative

is the power He exercises by the fulness of His life, rather than by the tragic conditions of His death.

Q.: Have discarnate spirits the power to converse in languages other than their own?

A.: There is no actual power to speak such languages except through development, which, of course, can be attained, but there is a natural ability to perceive the meaning of the thought, though expressed in a strange tongue.

Q.: Can you briefly enumerate the spheres, zones or states of the spirit life?

A.: As far as I can judge they are innumerable, because there are spheres within spheres, zones within zones, and states within states; and a spirit dwelling in one state may, according to his aspirations, find himself suddenly in one higher; or he may, at will, descend to lower conditions, to be near those linked to him by love.

Q.: In somnambulism does the astral body accompany the physical body?

A.: Yes, I should imagine so in almost every instance, as it would practically be necessary for the spiritual side to take a more definite control than usual, but I have known instances of partial withdrawal, without the guiding influence being lost.

Q.: What are elementals?

A.: Some claim that these are spirits existing independently, who have never incarnated; but as far as I can judge there is no independent active life of man prior to the manifestation on the human plane.

When gross lives appear after death under the clear white light of spiritual truth, almost the sub-human is manifest; thus their state may seem lower than earth though it is not really so.

Q.: Are there spirit spheres or states lower than the earth states?

A.: We must remember that in earth life, as on the spirit side, there are many spheres or states.

Some conditions of the former are so gross that none could be lower in spirit life, though a vile character, hidden on

earth, is revealed on passing over and has its debasement made evident.

Q.: In the spirit world do they lead a life like ours, going to bed, getting up, eating and drinking, working and recreating?

A.: The routine becomes adapted to the necessities of the spiritual body.

Sleep not being required, retiring to bed is unneeded; food not being required, eating and drinking are superfluous, though thought concentration with desire, being able to produce objective expressions, it is possible to have one's bed to lie on, and food and drink for consumption, if one so wishes and so wills. But except in the earlier stages, spirit people are not usually inclined to perpetuate conditions no longer necessary; they rather cultivate the requirements of their new existence.

Q.: May a cross, or other article, become holy and protective, if associated and worn with good intention?

A.: Yes; it is possible. Psychometric registration is continually carried on. Even your clothes, your rooms, your furniture, may become sanctified, because of the sweet savour of love in them, and the little article worn in memory of a dear one may be a potent link to keep you in touch with each other.—“Light.”

“JORDAN PAST”

A Series of Communications from Felecia Rudolphina Scatcherd.

(Two Worlds Pub. Co. 7/6; postage 4d.)

The late David Gow, formerly Editor of “Light” in a note, writes:

“I find much of value and interest in her accounts of her experiences on the “Other Side.” They are illuminating, and, as I am convinced by collateral evidence, they are also essentially true. . . . The whole record is to me an outstanding instance of the reproduction of personality in psychic conditions; still another proof of the continuity of consciousness beyond the limits of mortal life.”

(Not in stock, but can obtain.)

Fore-telling

By GUY ST. CLAIRE, in "Picture Show."

WHY is it that looking into the future has exercised a strange fascination over human beings since the world began? Think of the many ways which have been devised in the attempt to lift a corner of the veil that so mercifully shrouds the life that lies before us. Crystal-gazing, palm-reading, cards, interpretation of dreams, sand-divining, star-gazing, and the casting of horoscopes, and a hundred other less well-known methods are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the world. And all through the ages there have been wizards, seers and wise men who have been claimed supernatural powers that enable them to see into the future and to interpret correctly the signs that merely mystify the ordinary person.

Many scoff at "fortune-tellers," and not without good reason, for any occupation that carries with it a chance of easy money and influence over the actions of others always attracts a horde of shams and false practitioners or prophets. But there is no doubt that many people have been given remarkable powers denied to the majority—or, at least, powers which the majority may have but either neglect or do not develop because they do not realise that they possess them.

Second Sight

The Scots—especially Highlanders—are famous for their "second sight," that strange sense that can warn them of impending evil and impending good. The Yogi of India, those mysterious holy men who increase their strange powers by fasting and breathing exercises as well as by mental exercises, could tell many strange things if they wished. There is certainly nothing false about these.

The Western world to-day—and the once mystic East in increasing volume—is completely preoccupied with material things. Even so, here and there are men who are visionaries, men to whom material things matter little, and who are rewarded

by seeing and understanding things which are a closed book to us. Such a man lived in France in the sixteenth century. His name was Nostradamus, and he possessed powers of penetrating the future which are really astonishing.

Nostradamus

A short film has been made about him, and it is one which I strongly recommend you to see. Nostradamus originally practised as a physician, at first with no indication of supernatural powers. Then he became obsessed with the foreboding of a new and horrible disease that would sweep his country. He worked unceasingly to try to concoct a medicine that would combat the disease when it came, for in his own mind there was no doubt whatever that it would come.

This, however, was too much for the physicians of those days, just as it would be to-day. Many discoverers of cures for known ills have been scoffed at and ridiculed. So you can guess what happened to the man who claimed to have a cure for a disease that apparently didn't even exist. But Nostradamus proved correct. The black plague—or bubonic plague—swept through Europe with the rapidity of a forest fire, only infinitely more horrible. Doctors were helpless before this new disease—all known remedies proved useless. Only Nostradamus and his ridiculed medicine had any success at all in combating the plague. But although he saved hundreds of lives, by that queer irony of fate that so often appears incredibly cruel and unjust, he could not save his own wife and child, who both perished of the plague.

This tragedy changed the whole of his life. Nostradamus wandered aimlessly about France like a beggar; and then he took refuge and sought peace in a monastery. Here he began to write his amazing prophetic poems.

His Prophecies

At first, just as the physicians had laughed at his cure for the coming plague,

so people laughed at his poems, and the writer was popularly supposed to be a little "cracked." But the laughter uneasily died down when it was found that the prophecies contained in the poems—wrapped up in poetic language, to be sure, but nevertheless unmistakable—came true. To begin with, he foretold the sudden death of the King of France, coupling the king's name with the mention of a "golden cage." The king died as a result of an accidental lance thrust in his eye during a friendly joust. And he was wearing a golden helmet—the "golden cage" of the poem.

Nostradamus, too, made a surprising prophecy about the Queen of France. She was ambitious for her three sons, and he prophesied that all three would ascend a throne. This pleased the Queen greatly—but he did not make it clear that it would be the same throne that they would ascend. The eldest son succeeded his father after his sudden death. But he did not live long, and the second son succeeded his brother, to die in his turn and be succeeded by the third son.

But Nostradamus' powers of seeing into the future were not bounded by the immediate future. His poems prophesied the fall of the French Royal House and the outbreak of the French Revolution, which was then over two hundred years away. He prophesied the coming of Napoleon, also. And his prophecies include one which is far in the future for us—too far for many of us ever to be able to see whether he will again prove correct. For in 1999 he forecasts an event that affects the whole of Europe and the Orient as well, one which seems to suggest that Europe is in for a time even more troubled than the one through which we are now living.

The commentator did not mention any prophecy concerned with the more immediate future. Nostradamus may have made one, for, of course, in so short a film, which was concerned chiefly with his life and so had time for only one or two of the most outstanding forecasts, it was impossible to mention all his prophecies.

The original is in the British Museum, but it is possible, I believe, to buy translations. And the film has certainly given

me the desire to know whether Nostradamus has mentioned any great event between now and 1999. For fifty-nine years hence even the youngest of us will be long in the tooth.

DEDICATION SERVICE.

(Contributed).

A most impressive and inspiring Dedication Service took place on Sunday, May 12th, Mothers' Day, at the Temple of Truth, 7 Anthony Street, Croydon, when three children were presented by their parents for this wonderful blessing, of being admitted into the Spiritualist Church of New South Wales. The service was well attended. The Temple being full to the doors, many people coming long distances, to be witnesses, and partakers in this beautiful Spiritual Christening Service, which was fully choral, many beautiful and appropriate hymns being sung. The Temple was tastefully decorated with white flowers.

Mr. C. H. Hooper, President of the "Temple of Truth" occupied the chair on the platform, and took charge of the proceedings. Mrs. Irish was soloist, and she and Mrs. Brydon, organist of the Temple, took charge of the instrumental part of the proceedings. Mrs. Royle, Leader of the "Temple of Truth," and a well known public worker in the cause, being an authorised member of the New South Wales Spiritualist Union, performed the christening ceremony, which will live long in the minds of those who witnessed it.

PLANTING TIME.

The Garden Calendar for 1940.

By Dr. Clark Timmius.

Tells the home gardener just what to do and when to do it, day by day for the year, 1940.

Price in U.S.A. Fifty Cents.

"THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

A Monthly Digest of Spiritualist News.

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Editor:—REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D.

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SPIRITUALISM DEFENDED.

By "Spiritualist," Quirindi, in "Northern Daily Leader," Tamworth, N.S.W.

RECENTLY one of your correspondents insulted Spiritualism, and another, though he did not actually mention it, contradicted two of the things I had said about it. I recognise the right of these correspondents to their own opinion, and am not interested in arguing with them; but Spiritualism is the religion of many millions of people; and I would like, if I may, to tell your readers just one of the various things that Spiritualism does. A large percentage will agree with this.

The materialism and atheism that have spread over the world are due, in part, to the fact that people just simply cannot believe that man lives after death; that there is a spiritual world. They have lost the ancient faith of their fathers, and have been forced to become materialists. Well for 90 years Spiritualism has been demonstrating and proving, beyond all shadow of doubt, that man does live after death, and that there is a spiritual world. In short, that the material view of the universe is utterly wrong. Well there is no need to enlarge on the value of this; it is obvious.

Mediums.

How do we know this? In a variety of ways. The spiritual mediums possess a wonderful power, which enables them to act as a sort of receiving set for the spirit-people. They catch the faster vibrations of the spirit-people, much as the wireless set catches the ether waves, and slows them down and amplifies them, so that the human ear can hear them. The most marvellous things happen; and many of the best scientific brains in the world have, after years of investigation, accepted the spiritual solution. The phenomena are caused by spirits, who for 90 years have been hammering at wooden-headed humanity, to communicate with them. But do not think this is new. It is as old as man himself, and has happened in every country. It has started, and been the foundation of, every religion the world has known.

Many mediums can see and hear the spirits, or as St. Paul called it, "discerning of spirits." There are about 20 materialisation circles in England. The members go into rigorous training, and lead spiritual lives. When the circle sits, it gives out a wonderful power, which enables the spirit operators to build up solid forms, so that the spirits can show themselves.

Thousands of people who have died in recent times have literally returned from the grave.

They look exactly the same as they did in life; and walk round the room, speak, and shake hands, etc. This is one of nature's most profound miracles.

Then some mediums have the gift of levitation. That is, they assume a rigid horizontal position, and float round the room and up to the ceiling. This is quite simple; the medium gives out invisible rods of power, which the spirit operators work, and simply lift him up.

Now, do not think they do these things for fun. The motive is very high—to demonstrate to man that he is an immortal spirit and not a lump of clay.

One of the most wonderful things we have discovered is that the spirit world and the people are real and solid. It is made of much finer material than ours,

and vibrates at a far great rate, so that we cannot see it; but all the spirits say it is reality, and that we are only children, and pretty ignorant ones at that.

If priests who ignorantly persecute us, would help us to demonstrate and teach this thing, they would be doing something. But instead, like the priests of Jerusalem 2000 years ago, they waste time defending dead creeds—flogging a dead horse. Verily history repeats itself.

S.O.S. EMERGENCY FUND.

We gratefully acknowledge the following contributions to the S.O.S. Fund.

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"DEAD" COLLEGE BOY RETURNS.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
CAROLINE CHAPMAN, New York
City Medium.

Also Communicated Through Henrietta
Cholmeley-Jones.

By ARTHUR MYERS.

ONE of the inspired minds of our civilisation has said, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." This prophetic quotation is manifest through countless avenues in the daily life of every individual and brings to our minds most vividly the nearness and continued application of "God Force" in the individual expression of life. The nearness of this force is generally accredited by every individual but it is only through sorrow and pain and irreparable loss, that our senses are brought to a realisation that this force is constant, applicable and eternal.

Romance has always had a certain appeal to the minds of men. We are prone to accept romance as that ineffable something which pleases the senses—but when

tragedy links itself with romance, and hand in hand they walk through the maze of our consciousness to produce a definite result, the mystery of life and its evolutionary "God Force" becomes instantly a vitalising factor—of such value and calibre is the story of James Starr Nash.

Excellent Student.

James Starr Nash was a student of Bard College at Annandale-on-Hudson. Life was sweet and all the activities of college life socially and mentally were his. An excellent student, a fine athlete; clean, strong Americanism was evident in every expression of his body and mind. He represented youth in its fullest expression.

On April 12, 1939 he went sailing on the Hudson River with two friends. All three lads were excellent swimmers and had been used to sailing and boating all their lives; one was an ace lifeguard and the third boy had participated in sailing races with signal success, yet in spite of their unusual prowess they never returned.

Missed from college classes the next day, a search was instituted. Their parked car was found near the boat landing. Later, their sail boat, a dingy, recently delivered to one of the lads as a present from an uncle, was blown up on the shore, with sail run up the mast. There was no trace of the boys to be found.

For twenty-six days the search continued—to no avail. The frantic parents were assisted by coast guards, searching parties, relatives and friends, but not the slightest clue could be learned concerning this mysterious disappearance. Finally, in desperation the parents of James Nash, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Nash, of Noroton, Conn., accepted the suggestion of a mutual friend, to visit Caroline Chapman, a well-known clairvoyant medium in New York City.

Mrs. Nash made the appointment through Mrs. Chapman's secretary by phone—saying only that "Mrs. Nash of Connecticut would call."

My Son Lives!

Tuesday, May 9th was agreed upon. At the designated hour Mr. and Mrs. Nash called at the Chapman home. Nothing was said pertaining to the reason for the visit. Finally, after a few moments of

conversation, Mrs. Chapman said suddenly, "Oh, there's a radiant, young, personality here. He says, 'Hello there,' and that his name is Jim. Do you know a Jim?"

The question was answered affirmatively, whereupon Mrs. Chapman began a vivid description of the accident. She said the young man had passed out through drowning and that there were two other young men with him. There followed a description of the accident; an overturned boat; one unintentionally hit on the head and being dazed, falling into the water. James Nash dived for his stunned companion, but an eddy sucked them all beneath the surface of the river.

It was described by young Nash as "a rapid easy transition." The names of many relatives followed identifying themselves unequivocally. The medium continued with more startling statements and positive proofs of a personal nature. Evidence that their son lived was convincingly placed before the bewildered parents of James Nash.

Henrietta Cholmeley-Jones.

Finally, they asked their son if he could help them locate his body. He replied by saying that his body and that of one comrade was held down by debris near the spot where the overturned boat was found.

The third body, he told them would be found farther down the river. Amazed by these additional startling revelations, the parents returned to their home and immediately telephoned the state police—officers in charge of the search—concerning the strange interview.

The officer respectfully listened to the story and promised to act in accordance with their wishes, but not without doubt on his part since he assured them that he had searched the designated spot several times.

However, he said that at low tide, he would retrace his search and thoroughly investigate the spot the medium described with the aid of Jim's spirit. Two days later, May 11, 1939, the body of James Starr Nash was found near the spot he described. The bodies of his chums were recovered the following day.

On May 18, 1939, through automatic writing made possible through the me-

diumship of Henrietta Cholmeley-Jones, James Nash penned a poem for his parents. Since then, at various intervals, there has come a considerable quantity of remarkable material which is soon to be compiled in a book. Evidential messages, personal in poetic expressions, continue to be projected from the mind of James Nash giving undeniable proof of the survival of his personal identity.

And so, through romance linked with heart break and tragedy, the story of James Nash brings to the world another vivid and startling example of continued life and personality after the change called Death. His story is one fraught with a message for all mankind—the progressive, evolutionary progress of soul throughout eternity. His story is a stern reminder that "God Force" is mysterious in its action and no respecter of materialistic or human conditions. Most of all to the parents of James Nash comes the assurance that death cannot sever the bonds of love, for constantly down through the corridors of time comes the music of his voice saying—"Hello there—Hello—This is Jim."—"The Psychic Observer."

IRON RULE OF THE CLOCKS.

HOW ISLAND BOY SEES US.

And Perhaps He Is Right.

MEN placidly smoke pipes while they swing on the end of a chain high in the air. Other men burrow in the streets at odd places and keep on burrowing in the light of lanterns at night.

People bustle through a city that sprouts clocks as prolifically as a South Sea island jungle sprouts orchids.

These clocks are deities. Everybody worships them.

They constantly look at their round faces and then run in fear.

The clocks are more than deities. They are tyrants.

One glance at those clocks is sufficient. A city hops from its bed and washes itself.

The clock commands again and everyone runs to eat.

Again at the behest of a clock they

cease eating and the clock orders them to bed. city in Mars. It is merely Melbourne as seen through the eyes of Laisiasa Seru.

Our clocks have filled him with awe, for Laisiasa, who is the Fijian servant of Mr. Gilbert MacLaren, a missionary who arrived from New Guinea recently, is seeing a big city for the first time.

Ask Laisiasa with his shock of curly black hair and his pearly teeth what he thinks of Melbourne.

This is not a picture of some fanciful Those teeth flash like a heliograph. A big deep resonant voice replies in Fijian "lakueraka woorimeraka" or words to that effect.

"He is speaking of clocks," says Mr. MacLaren, who acts as interpreter.

Laisiasa is intrigued by those clocks. "Clocks everywhere, big fellar clocks and little feller clocks."

In the islands, he says, one eats when one is hungry. Here people eat when the clock commands them. And he adds naively in Fijian "They might not be hungry."

What is to happen if they are not? this puzzled Fijian boy asks. If they wait until they become hungry the clock might be giving different orders. It might be telling them to wash themselves or go to bed. In the islands people go to bed when they are tired. Here the clock says go to bed and they might not be tired. What happens if they are not tired? They cannot disobey the clock.

"Woorwarrawa, wooriwarrawa" gasps Laisiasa.

"He is saying it's all very puzzling," said Mr. MacLaren.

Laisiasa has never seen so many clocks or slaves to clocks. He is amazed to have seen men take "little feller clocks" from their pockets and then run. Nobody runs in Fiji or New Guinea.

But then they are not ruled by the clock deity.

After a day among us, Laisiasa is more than puzzled about the clocks.

Although they stop everything in Melbourne, and start everything, they do not put out the light or prevent people working at night.

This night work astounds the native boy.

In New Guinea, when the sun sets, men rest. Here they keep on pottering about building, driving trams and digging in the

Engines of various kinds do not fill Laisiasa with awe, as they do the other branch of the Melanesian race in Papua. This boy can handle a Diesel engine with the best of the motor boat speed eaters. He has been trained as an engineer, and is a little blasé towards belting, wheels and oil.

Trains on Roofs.

But what's that?

"Laguerinaka Weerumnaka—"

"He is a little worried about trains running on the roofs in Melbourne and over bridges" said Mr. MacLaren. "He has seen the Flinders Street viaduct, and is puzzled as to how the roofs do not collapse under the trains."

A literal translation of Laisiasa's enrap-tured remarks about the city reads something like this:

"Melbourne. I have heard word Melbourne. I knew it was big feller city. I must see Melbourne. It was my ambition. If I saw Melbourne I would be satisfied. Now I am here my ambition is realised and I am pleased.

"And the people! There are too many and they walk too fast. Always rushing about, always in a hurry. Men up in the air in a hurry. Men on the ground in a hurry. Men digging in a hurry. Men racing round in boxes on wheels in a hurry driving engines and making a loud noise.

"What is behind it all? What is the motive for all this hurry? I think it is those clocks. People are afraid of the clocks. If they did not rush about the clocks might be annoyed. Nobody seems to wish to displease the clocks. I have seen so much in a day I cannot eat food. My belly is full of all the things I've seen. There are too many of them, and I forget my food."

The great booming voice stopped for sheer lack of breath.

"You see," said Mr. MacLaren, "that he has plenty of original ideas. All his race have. They employ similes very largely."

"Mirrabonaka," exploded Laisiasa.

"He is back to those clocks again," said Mr. MacLaren.—"The Herald."

"Time to Spare"

THE BEGINNINGS OF A HOME CIRCLE.

By A.E.P., in "The Two Worlds."

"I HAVEN'T the time to spare!" How often we hear this expression, and how often we use it ourselves! What we really mean is, "We can't be bothered!" Of course we have "time to spare," and what pleasure we can derive from it and share with others by directing our energies in the right channel!

Some eighteen years ago I found time to spare and spent it with some friends who had asked me to dinner. The dinner was excellent, and so was the company, but it was the after-dinner talk that attracted me most.

A Novice.

Among the many topics discussed that evening was Spiritualism. I confess I knew nothing of the subject; hadn't read a book on Spiritualism nor even attended a meeting, so I was content to listen to those who had. To me it was all very interesting and not the least puzzling, but at the same time I was inclined to look upon my friends as good leg-pullers, or at any rate gifted with a very vivid imagination. Naturally, I did not tell them what had been passing through my mind when I was asked to express an opinion, but said I thought it very remarkable.

The result of my friends' experiences left a very deep impression on my mind, and I began to wonder if, after all, there was something in it. After dwelling on the matter for some little time, I talked it over with my wife, and the result of our deliberations was the decision to investigate ourselves. It was not an easy matter to arrive at such a decision, because my wife was by faith a Roman Catholic.

We decided to "sit" for an hour two evenings a week. Except when we were occasionally joined by two friends, there were only the two of us.

"Nothing Happened."

Well, these sittings went on week after week, month after month, year after year,

but nothing happened. In all, we had been sitting nearly twelve years, and the only physical phenomena that took place during that time was an occasional gentle snore of the writer, who often lapsed into slumber during the sitting, only to be rudely awakened by his better-half.

The sittings had become so much a part of our routine that we had never given a thought to the time we had been engaged in our investigations, so we were not the least bit perturbed whether anything happened or not.

Anyway, there is an old saying which says, "If we wait long enough something will happen," and we were no exception to the rule.

We had moved into another house, and as there were several rooms to spare, we set one room aside to be used solely for our sittings. We had been in the house about three weeks when we received a surprise call from a friend whose business had brought him our way, and as our friend was staying for a few days, we put him up. Our friend, by the way, had sat with us on a few occasions.

During dinner our friend inquired how we were progressing with our sittings, but having nothing to report he suggested holding a sitting later that evening. We agreed. The three of us retired to the room we had set aside for our sittings, there to hold the first sitting in this house.

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Outbreak of Rappings.

Following the customary prayer and hymn, we sat in silence—but this time not for long. Within a minute or so we were startled to hear a tattoo of rappings underneath the table top, and these were joined by continuous rappings on the walls.

While we were remarking on this unexpected phenomena, our attention was drawn to the swaying of the table. We tried to prevent the table from swaying, but failed! The table then began to rise from the floor; higher and higher it rose, and our combined efforts to keep it down were useless. We held on to the table until it was well above our heads, and when it lifted us off our feet we decided to let it go. After the table had completely risen out of our reach, it gradually descended, and eventually took up its original position.

By this time we had become thoroughly alarmed, and we wondered whether it would be safe for us to remain in the room. All of a sudden something dropped on the table. This something we found to be a large cushion. Deciding that things were moving a bit too quick for our liking, we agreed to move ourselves before anything else happened. Just as we got up to make our exit, the writer felt something touch the side of his face, and placing his hand up, clutched a cushion that was suspended in mid-air. Such physical phenomena have a very deep significance and their development to a higher state is a remarkable experience. Those who sit often, but unsuccessfully, should take heart from our experience.

To Contributors

The Editor appreciates the kind thought that prompts contributors sending articles for publication, and regrets that so many of them have to be rejected owing to the limitation of our space.

Articles should be of a GENERAL interest, and as they have to be typed before sending to the printer, manuscripts should be typed, double spaced and one side of the paper. The size of paper preferred is a foolscap sheet cut in two.

This should be accompanied by postage if desired to be returned when unaccepted.

SAW QUEEN 100 YEARS AFTER HER DEATH.

[The work—to which the following article refers—has given rise to much controversy. No one doubts the veracity of the narrators whose social position and life work places them beyond suspicion.—Ed. H.L.].

The men in quaint green costumes and tricorne hats hurried down the path towards the two English women members of a party of visitors touring Versailles.

"Excuse me," said Miss Moberly. "Could you direct us to the farmhouse of Queen Marie Antoinette?"

"Straight on, madam," said one of the men, shortly. Miss Moberly and her friend, Miss Jourdain, walked on. On that August day in 1901, they had wandered away from the main body of tourists, anxious to do a little exploring for themselves.

The costume of the men whom they took to be gardeners, struck them as strange for the twentieth century.

On The Lawn.

Presently they came to a little summer house in front of a belt of trees. A repulsive-looking man in a black cloak was sitting on the steps. And then there hurried towards them a young man, wearing a similar cloak his face streaked with perspiration. He directed them in frantic, stilted French, towards the house.

Feeling rather uneasy, the ladies walked on, over a little wooden bridge and through a rock garden. They came upon the house, and Miss Moberly saw a middle-aged woman, in a long old-fashioned dress, sitting on the lawn, apparently sketching.

Later she identified this woman with certainty as Queen Marie Antoinette, who had been beheaded in the French Revolution.

The two tourists passed on to the terrace of the house. Suddenly, a door to their right slammed, and a young man in a cloak requested them to enter the house by a door on the other side.

They did so, and in the main hall found the rest of the tourists awaiting them. They returned to Paris, and, later on, discussed their experience at Versailles. Both

were convinced that something peculiar had happened.

From Other Days.

They made a long research into the history of Versailles, and came to the conclusion that, in some uncanny and inexplicable manner, they had been transported back to the days of 1789.

The men whom they took to be gardeners were actually Marie Antoinette's guards. The repulsive-looking man could be identified as a member of her Court, the perspiring young man as the messenger who brought to the queen the news of the outbreak of the Revolution.

Best Ghost Story.

Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain put their experiences into a book. Neither was a spiritualist, nor could they offer any explanation for the strange happenings on that August day.

Although attempts have been made to explain the adventure in a rational way, for many people it remains the best ghost story in the world!—"Guides and Ideas."

—o0o—

"DO YOU THINK?"

By JOHN MASTERTON, in
"The Argus," Melbourne.

MOST people would say "Yes" straight away. We are all quite sure we are real thinkers. Yet the fact remains that many of us mistake day dreams for thoughts. We imagine that because we occasionally sit staring into space we are really thinking. Of course, we are not. That is simply laziness. We are idling the time away.

How often do you follow a consecutive train of thought right through to its logical conclusion? Not very frequently. Your business may demand a certain amount of thought. Other people may arouse your interest for a while. A book may set you wondering about things. But you soon stop. Events crowd. Difficulties have to be met. There is always something to be done. We read a lot, soak in the ideas that other people have also soaked in; are deluded into the idea that we are thinking their thoughts after them when we are really allowing our eyes to pass over the pages.

What is more vital than thought? I do not mean simply playing with ideas and talking largely about them, but the deep things of the mind, the contacts we sometimes have with the big things of life. For thinking makes life. No matter where you go and what you do, unless you learn the art of thought it will not mean much to you. Experience is not just what happens to us, but what we make of what happens; whether we think over things or not. That is why we ought to welcome some of the bad times that come.

I was talking to a friend the other day. He has been ordered a long rest by his doctor. Most of his normal activities had been stopped. As much time as possible has to be spent in bed. We chatted about one thing and the other; then he looked at me and said: "What do you think about the hereafter?" The fact that he had thought made me think, too. Thinking always does that. It quickens, stimulates. Get into the habit of thinking. Try and follow a sequence of ideas right through. Ask yourself about the big things. It will refresh you even if it hurts.

Thinking is not easy. It demands will, needs concentration, necessitates detachment. It is life's greatest consolation. The man who thinks relates his experiences into an harmonious whole. He learns to profit by the wisdom of others, and is beyond the petty aches of life. His own limitations become a spur. He has access to a world in which the great souls meet. His character is built up by contact with them. He grows like them.

Never was it more true than to-day that folk grow like the things they think about. Thinking is a habit that can be acquired. Set yourself deliberately to turn things over in your mind. Learn to think dispassionately. There is a moral tonic about thinking that will lift you above your minor troubles. It will enable you to face the big ones, too. Discipline your thoughts and you will be able to devote yourself to all the problems of life.

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PERSONAL EXPERIENCES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A War Incident.

December 11, 1915: Kosterino Ridge, in the Balkans.

Lying on the ground, trying to sleep, I saw a woman rush towards me across no-man's land.

As she came nearer I discovered it was my sister.

She stopped within a few yards of me, said "Brenden, Brenden," and pointed to a gully which led to the enemy lines before disappearing.

I rose, walked a few yards in the direction of the gully and was stopped by the sound of a shot.

It was the first signal of a surprise Balkan attack.

The shot woke my comrades and the attack was beaten off.

Three days later I received a cablegram which read: "Sister Mary passed away midnight, December 11."

An Eerie Sight.

My mother had been ill for a long time. For many nights I watched over her. Gradually she appeared to be getting better.

At two o'clock one morning, sitting by her bedside, I was feeling fatigued. I think I must have dozed . . . I looked at mother; she was sleeping calmly.

The next moment over the snowy bedspread moved a row of black glossy objects. They were beetles, seven of them, creeping solemnly in single file like a funeral procession.

Seven hours later my mother passed away.

A Haunted House.

Some years ago I went to work as a cook in a country house.

The first morning I began my duties a young man came into the kitchen, filled his shaving jug with water, went upstairs.

He came down every morning at the same time with the same pyjamas and dressing gown, and filled the same shaving jug.

After a week I asked my mistress about the young man.

She said I was dreaming; that there was only her husband, herself, and the

servants in the house; but she agreed to stay in the kitchen between 8.30 and 9 the next morning.

When the young man disappeared upstairs we followed him and saw him disappear through what seemed to be a solid wall.

I found out from an old man in the village that a widow lived in the house with her two sons. They both were in love with the same girl and the elder, in a fit of jealousy, murdered his brother while he was shaving, and then disappeared.

The grief-stricken widow had the window and door of the room sealed up.

The next morning my master broke down the wall, found it led to a dark room which he entered.

He came out a few minutes later—white faced, silent. He never told what he had seen.

He had the wall sealed up, and he and his wife left.

The house has been unoccupied to this day.

After The Cinema.

My husband and I allowed our little boy (Jack) to go to the pictures one Saturday afternoon with some older boys.

Soon after we had started tea I felt a sense of foreboding, and said to my husband: "Something's happened to Jack."

A little later the father of one of the boys knocked at our door, and before my husband could open it I said: "Jack's been run over."

It was true, but fortunately, he escaped with minor injuries.

A War Time Echo.

Just after the Armistice I was sent with ten men to guard the railway station at St. Andre, Lille.

The R.S.O. told me to find a suitable empty house as a billet, and I chose a fairly large detached house.

We had with us a mongrel dog called Bess, and when we settled down she lay by the door.

About 2 a.m. we were awakened by moans and screams, and opinion favoured a mad dog as the cause.

The screams came again; and when I looked at Bess I saw that every hair on her back bristled, and with ears laid back

and a terrified whimper she crouched into a corner.

We searched the house from attic to cellar, but could not find anything to account for the noises.

The same thing happened the next night, and again the next, and it began to get on our nerves.

When I told the keeper of the little estaminet near by of our experiences he told me of a night when a party of Germans entered that house and dragged out the two young daughters, screaming and crying for mercy. The girls were never seen again.

We never heard the cries again, but some of the lads still said that the place "gave them the creeps."

My Mother Came Back.

One night, when my mother had been dead for about four years, I had just gone to bed, and was lying awake beside my younger brother Fred, who was fast asleep.

Suddenly the figure of my mother appeared walking around the bed dressed in a white night-gown, with her hair flowing loosely on her shoulders. She smiled at me, bent over my brother, gently stroked his hair, tucked the bedclothes around him, and then disappeared.

Some months later my brother died after a short attack of pneumonia. Was my mother's appearance a warning?

The Opened Door.

Six years ago we were living in a cottage in a lonely country place.

The door fastened with two bolts and a chain.

One night, when we had made the door secure as usual before going to bed imagine our surprise when the door swung to and fro.

Thinking the bolts had slipped, we went to investigate, but the door was fastened just as it had been when we retired.

The same thing occurred three nights in the same week at the same hour.

Not long afterwards my mother and our only child both died within a month of each other; and the manifestation did not occur again.

A Dream Fulfilled.

Two years ago I booked a car to take my

family and mother-in-law to Colwyn Bay, leaving my father-in-law with a married step-daughter.

A week or two before the holiday I dreamt that we were on our way to Colwyn in the car, and turned to the driver and said: "We've come all the way and haven't picked up my mother-in-law." He replied: "It's too late now; she'll have to come by rail to-morrow."

Just afterwards it was found that my father-in-law could not go to his step-daughter's till the Saturday evening, and so my mother-in-law couldn't come with us on Saturday morning, and she came on Sunday by rail.

Omen From The Clouds.

In June, 1914, I dreamt that I went into another country.

As I was watching the scenery there floated over me a glowing red cloud, and out of it there fell at my feet the body of a man, burned to death.

When the war came my only son joined up in the King's Royal Rifles, and after a short-training went to Ypres.

One evening there was a clatter upstairs, and I found that a photograph of my son had fallen from a bracket and knocked down an ornament.

A few days later I had news that my son had been burned to death by liquid fire on the day that his picture fell.

PHILOSOPHERS ARE SPIRITUALISTS.

I shall go, not only to meet great men, but also my son. His spirit, looking back upon me, departed to that place whither he knew that I should come, and he has never deserted me.—Cato.

Truth written is permanent, passing through the spiritual ways of the eyes. Truth enters the chambers of the intellect, and there congenerates the eternal truth of the mind, latent in the mind it is hidden wisdom. The book of wisdom is more precious than riches.—Richard DeBury.

The greatest instrument of affecting the world is the mind. The perfection of a disciplined mind is to be able to rouse up its faculties on some contingency; to make it a learned instrument for divine forces to play upon. Such a mind is needed to

bring men out of sickly conditions.—Clavius, 1570 A.D.

You are a spirit, thinking flesh and blood. Your thought is dust to dust. The only healing medium is love. Pray in secret, the spirit world hears. Mix love in your cup of cold water. Forgive an enemy and forget his evil disposition towards you.—Paul Groen, 1420 A.D.

Let no man deceive himself by thinking that the contagions of the soul are less than those of the body. Remove them from the soul, a perfect body appears. A man will gradually improve by having a clear mind and will by such clarity approach the sanctum of the gods.—Petrarch.

So deep does the slanderer sink in the murky waters of degradation, that could an angel apply an Archimedian moral lever to him, with heaven for a fulcrum, he could not, in a thousand years, raise him to the grade of a convict felon.—Lacon.

The wisdom of God embraces all life and manifests itself in all things, animate and inanimate, and in the mind of man especially.—Spinoza, 1700 A.D.

Inspire not men with fear. Let no man inspire men with fear. This is the will of God. If a man asserts that he lives by such means, his work will be against God, and filled with evil.—Ptah Hotep, 2500 B.C.

Benevolence is man's highest virtue; this brought into practice will lead us toward perfection. Love and compassion are the attributes of angels; without these we remain in misery. All else in man brings remorseful perdition—Cervantes, 1540 A.D.

SOME THOUGHTS ON MEDIUMSHIP

(By L. M. BAZETT).

With an Introduction by Sir OLIVER LODGE.

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If God is reflected in man, there can be no mistakes in life. Yet, we are full of severe trouble that are painfully imaginary. Hell, in itself, has no palpable existence; it and other dark imaginings are states of unreality.—Erigena, 215 A.D.

Appollonius, spiritual healer, was worshipped with divine honours for a period of four centuries. A temple was erected to him at Tyana, Greece. His statue was placed among those of the gods and his name invoked as being possessed of superhuman powers.—Biblus, 100 D.A.

The earthly body has created a murderous instinct within itself—a fighting animal of carnal hate. We should not wait until death drops it into dust, but conquer it, and the last enemy, death, will be unknown. Then we will enter heaven without death.—Galen, 120 A.D.

Sending a man to heaven by sudden death is against the law of God. We are passing through this world to prevent war and pestilence. Peace on earth will arrive when we abandon our warlike activities and when we understand why we are here.—Philo, 20 B.C.

The ascension of Isaiah the prophet with his body, into heaven, assisted by ruling angels, is a written tradition handed down to us by many inspired writers.—Epiphanius, 400 A.D.

Henry II. (1154 A.D.) surrounded himself with men of letter and sciences. He was attached to spiritual mystery and certain apparitions, ghosts of his Plantagenet house, from whom he wanted prophecy and sound advice for his ruling.—Peter de Blois, 1300 A.D.

Heaven whirls around the earth. Without Thee, God, nothing is done on earth, nor in the ethereal realms, except what the wicked do through their own folly.—Cleanthes, 300 B.C.

Live with the gods and show to them your own soul, that is satisfied with that which is assigned to you, doing as your spirit guide wishes, which God has given you for your guardian as a portion of Himself.—Epictetus, 74 A.D.

A man must reverence his ruling faculty and the divinity within him. The soul of man can only know the divine; we are governed by the overshadowing power of Zeus (God), who is master of all worlds of

the universe and their inhabitants.—Simplicius, 700 A.D.

The gods (spirits) will not involve thee in evil. In truth they do exist, and they do care for human beings, and they have put all the means in man's power to enable him not to fall into evils. And wisdom to keep from going astray.—Rusticus, 600 A.D.

If the gods (spirits) have determined about me and about the things which must happen to me, they have determined well, for it is not easy even to imagine a spirit without foresight. They would never think of doing me harm.—Juvenal, 60 A.D.

DICTAPHONE VOICE.

Edgar Wallace "Came Through" to Keep a Promise.

TO a lecture on Spiritualism twenty years ago went seventeen-year-old Maurice Barbanell.

During the debate Barbanell, already attracted by the formulation of ideas on a subject to which he had previously been sceptic, was invited by the lecturer to devote six months' investigation to the claims he had made.

Barbanell agreed, went one night to a seance held in a tiny room in an East End tenement. Medium was a foreign Jewess, normally unable to speak a word of English. When she became tranced Barbanell heard the English language flow from her.

Since then Barbanell has become a notable figure in Spiritualist activity in this country. Editor of a psychic journal, he has during the last three years addressed over half a million people on the subject, has attended over 2000 seances, at nearly every one of which, he says, he has had communications from those the world calls dead.

Survival.

Prefacing in latest book, "Across the Gulf," Barbanell says that he has tested all explanations usually offered by sceptics, and contends that the only explanation which fits all the facts is that Man survives the grave as part of a natural law.

Cynical comment from Barbanell is that it is sometimes more difficult to get the right number on the telephone than it is to get a message from the spirit world.

Swinging a hefty punch at religious opposition, Barbanell avers that for too long have the Churches opposed the great knowledge that heals hearts saddened by bereavement. "For too long," he says, "vested interests have stood in the way of this truth."

Among the famous dead, Barbanell claims to have given proof of spirit return are Sir Henry Segrave, Edgar Wallace, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and Sir Thomas Lip-ton.

Message.

When Wallace died a medium's guide is reported at a seance: "Wallace is here trying to push his way in. He is a dominant personality, but he is not yet ready. He does not know how to use his power."

Finally, when the medium was controlled, Wallace said: "I have come through again. Whether the world likes it or not, I am going to come through. They can laugh and scoff, but I am coming back. . . I will break down every barrier."

To Curtis, who had been Wallace's secretary and who had expressed his disbelief in spirit communication, the famous story writer had promised that he would give him something to think about.

Curtis subsequently received a number of dictaphone records from a new employer to transcribe, was startled to hear the voice of his late master coming through, followed subsequently by that of the sender of the records. Expertly examined, no break was found between the point where the first voice broke off, the second started. "Edgar Wallace had fulfilled his promise," says Barbanell.—"Cavalcade."

THE HOME CIRCLE HANDBOOK.

By J. Stuart Morrison.

This typescript handbook should be studied by every home-circle group. It contains full instructions how to form a circle for investigation of spiritualistic phenomena, what to do, and most important, what not to do. It contains information not to be found in even pretentious books. Price. 1/6; Postage, 2d.

"DO THE WAR DEAD COME BACK?"**"My Loved One Spoke To Me."**

Do the War Dead come back? Can those who have fallen return from the Great Beyond to bring comfort to their loved ones?

Mr. H. W. Shirley Long, of the "Sunday Pictorial," who is conducting a full investigation into the claims of Spiritualism that they can and do, has been attending seances of famous mediums. He has met and question scores of people who have given him evidence, both for and against the claims of survival.

He reviews below some of the letters he has received from readers who believe they know the answer to the question, "Do the War Dead Return?"

First step in my investigation, he said, was to search through and analyse the remarkable mass of information that has been sent to me by readers.

By every post letters have been reaching me, and I have been amazed at the burning desire of people to assist me in my efforts to give an impartial judgment.

"Do the War dead come back?"

So far I do not know. But letters like these have certainly given me cause to wonder.

There was one, for example, from Mrs. R. F. Hill, of 73 Parham road, Gosport, Hampshire.

I do not know Mrs. Hill; I admit she writes as someone interested in Spiritualism, but when I read about faith of this kind I cannot lightly pass it by.

"Four years ago," she writes, "I had a very hard knock. Life seemed cruel, until my dear husband and I were brought together.

"We had five months of perfect happiness. Then duty called him overseas. I promised to wait until his return. This I did.

"Six weeks ago my loved one returned and we were married. In spite of war, the world seemed very beautiful to us. We had a fortnight of glorious happiness, and then duty called him away again.

"Last Sunday, February 18, I received the fatal news that my husband had passed

on to the "highest life," having died on active service on H.M.S. Daring.

"It was a great shock to me and so hard to believe. I shall miss that dear physical presence more than I can say. But I have the knowledge that nothing can separate, or break, the bond of love between us—that through my earthly span of life, he will ever be by my side, loving and guiding me, until we can be reunited."

Now listen to the views of someone, who, for entirely different reasons, is entitled to be heard.

It is a doctor—Dr. A. E. Gibbs, of Dagenham, Essex—and he writes:

"I have found time over the past years to investigate this vast subject . . . I decided to approach the subject from a strictly scientific aspect, and used all knowledge at my command to assist me. What was the result?

"The departed spirit can return. It can speak. I gathered around me a circle of spirit friends of all nationalities. I have communed with them by thought—spoken to them on the telephone.

"Eminent departed lawyers, writers, have come to me to talk and eventually become my friends. Spiritualism is not table-rapping and weird noises at night, together with ghosts in a churchyard."

Of course, I had plenty of letters from people who suspect me of being "prejudiced" and who accuse me of setting out on my inquiries determined to prove, wilfully, that the war dead **do** come back.

They, of course, will accuse me of being "a victim of hallucinations" if I describe some of the experiences that have already come my way.

But I am prepared to risk that, because I know the majority of my readers are interested only in the Truth.

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A DEATH-BED VISION.

By H. L. WILLIAMS, Indian Police,
Retired.

ON the 3rd of April, 1940, the death occurred, on Norfolk Island, of Mrs. George Nobbs—nee Amelia Evans. Having heard common talk of the deceased lady having seen a vision prior to her passing, I called on the family yesterday. Mrs. Ellis Quintal, a daughter, gave me the following details which were confirmed by other witnesses. Her mother's mind, said Mrs. Quintal, was lucid and she was conversing with herself, her sisters and her uncle, Mr. Charles Evans, when suddenly she exclaimed, "What a lot of people there are in the room! How beautiful, how beautiful!" Asked by Mr. Evans whether she recognised anyone, she replied, pointing, "there is Aunt Lily, how beautiful she looks." Aunt Lily was the late Mrs. Young, mother of Miss Olive Young. Asked again by Mr. Evans whether she identified any other person, Mrs. Nobbs replied, "there is a lady dressed in black who has just come into the room. Oh, it is Aunt Maude." This was the late Mrs. Fisher Christian, and Mr. George Nobbs explains that the colour of the dress was not really black, but a dark purple and was his gift to the deceased. Soon after this, Mrs. Nobbs passed into a coma from which she did not regain consciousness. Death-bed visions have not been uncommon in the past, on Norfolk Island.

The late Mrs. George Nobbs was noted for her success in treating patients suffering from dangerous illness. Without knowing it, she was a psychic healer. In the case of Mrs. Menzes, senior, her ministrations did not begin till after the medical officer had pronounced life to be extinct and, when the latter returned on the following morning with the death certificate,

Mrs. Menzes was sitting up in bed. The medical officer's astonishment was expressed in his own words, "What is this, a miracle?" Mrs. Menzes is still living.

Mr. Nobbs informs me that his wife expired, without sound or movement, while he noticed a strange transformation of her features into something angelic.

Mr. Ivens Nobbs, the son of the deceased lady, was so scared by his dying mother's recital of her vision that he fled from the room.

Norfolk Island,
April 14, 1940.

FOR CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS, TOO.

Why Should I Become a Church Member?

"Why should I link up as a church members? Surely I can serve God in my own way. Must I make professions which are hard to live up to? Is not God more pleased when I modestly try to be more worthy in my own quiet way than some who make a great profession, but who do not live up to it? Can I live up to all that church membership involves?" Thus many quiet Christians ask, who might be a great asset to some of our church meetings.

God has a plan for the bees. He does not inspire them just to gather honey, and leave it about in odd places among the trees. They swarm together, led by their queen. They hive off, and each hive is busily at work to prepare its honeycomb and fill it with honey. Their regimental output and organisation have form as well as substance. Each bee is responsible for one hexagonal cell, and the sides of each cell fit exactly the sides of the next, and the community output is a perfect piece of community service.

Just so, the kingdom is not an airy, nebulous thing, not a speculative philosophical ramification without form and void. Some people think that a spiritual church and a spiritual kingdom is just a phantom, inchoate, ethereal, vaporous projection. The genius of the architect, however, is that he dreams, but he dreams something sharply delineated in stone, in bricks, and mortar. Nehemiah went into

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facts and figures, statistics, materials, costs, and rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem. Morris prayed that the sword should not sleep in his hand until he had rebuilt Jerusalem, not in imagination, but in England's green and pleasant land. The church is God's bee hive.

God must have a definite centre of work and influence in the world. You are either a worker or a shirker in it. Cease to think about your worthiness in abstract terms, and ask, "How much am I worth to God as a worker in His hive? How much am I contributing in a constructive way to extending the power and influence and size of His church?" This will help to outweigh your negative deficiencies. For want of a single man the tug-of-war may be lost, for want of a single oar the boat be swamped. Is it yours that is missing?

If ministers waited until they were worthy, if missionaries waited till they were perfect, how many pulpits and mission stations would be manned? Paul plants, Apollo waters, God gives the increase. You are wanted for humble watering and planting jobs. Can you turn down Christ's appeal? Those who fain would serve Him best are conscious most of wrong within. Your feeling of unworthiness and incompleteness and humility is all

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to the good. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness. Christ is your sufficiency, not your own merits.

"I fear to be a public spectacle, to be sneered or jeered at!" That is often nearer the mark. It is often a test of moral courage to dare to take a stand for Christ. That is your sacrifice and contribution which will bear abundant fruit. "Only a shoemaker," said somebody of Carey, the great missionary. "No," said Carey, over-hearing, "Only a cobbler." Only just an ordinary fallible man or woman, but not ashamed to own the Lord, and wear His uniform.—"N.Z. Congregational Monthly."

EXPERIENCES OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

By H. C. CURRIE, in "The Greater World."

MY conviction of the Truth of Spiritualism dates back some nine years ago. Before that time I was completely sceptical, believing that the evidence which was given was in the main sense a matter of "fake."

The incidents which led to the changing of my outlook upon the subject took place in Sydney, Australia, where we lived for nine years previous to coming to England. My wife had become interested in Spiritualism, but I would not, or could not, bring myself to approach the subject as a serious investigator, so deeply rooted were my preconceived ideas about the whole thing. At last I was prevailed upon by my wife to visit a circle which was being conducted by a well-known Australian voice and apport medium.

A Variety of Apports.

Before the circle took place we were shown a display of apports which had been brought to previous sitters. These included foreign looking dolls, stones with ancient writing thereon, plaster impressions, and various others things. It was obvious to me that these things were not manufactured in Australia, as they could only have been produced by people who were thoroughly conversant with the

characteristics of the races whose workmanship they depicted.

The circle took place in an adjoining room. Twenty people were present. The medium was seated at the extreme end of the room, and there was a voice amplifying device upon the table. When the circle began the lights were turned low. The meeting was opened by prayer, followed by a brief silence. The first voice to greet us gave his name as Dr. Whitcomb, and after that several others announced their names. In some instances the voices were recognised by various sitters. An Irish actor spoke to us in his native brogue; and then another voice sounded, which was recognised by some as that of Dan Leno. The conversation which followed was certainly typical of him.

Unexpected Evidence.

At another sitting, after several messages had been given to the others who were there, a voice suddenly began to call, "Hugh, Hugh!" None of the sitters answered, so my wife urged me to speak, as Hugh was my name. "Is that for me?" I asked, and the answer in my father's familiar voice came: "Do you not know it is me! I am talking to you!" Then my father mentioned that a man he knew, named Tullock, was over on the other side, and he promised that the next time I visited the circle he would bring him to speak to me. The evidence of the voice and the two names was so conclusive that it seemed to clear all doubts which before had been of so positive a character. No one knew either my wife or myself, and the names of "Hugh" and "Tullock" were entirely unknown both to the medium and the circle.

At another circle, apports were brought by Hindoo spirits. They were said to have been recovered from the earth by spirits on the other side after having been buried for hundreds of years, and when carefully cleaned, revealed a sort of clay looking slab, upon which were ancient writing and a figure in the centre.

Before we left Sydney for England we had a further circle at Coogee, at which I was asked by a spirit to execute a commission for another man who was one of the circle. When I arrived in England this

was carried out according to instructions given.

At this last circle, my wife and I each received an apport as a souvenir of the sitting. Mine was a certain kind of rough stone; my wife's a finished specimen of a cat's eye, and this stone she had set in a ring, which she wears constantly.

Regarding my own apport, there is a curious experience attached to it which happened to me on the trip home between Fremantle, Western Australia, and Colombo. I always kept the apport tied in the corner of a handkerchief. One night we had remained on deck rather late, and on retiring I felt for the stone, but to my consternation it was not there; the little knot in my handkerchief had come undone. I searched along the alleyway, down the passages, and even on the deck where we had spent most of the evening. Next day I reported my loss at the purser's office, to the stewards, deck quartermaster, and even the morning wash-deck gang. Considering that the alleyway and passages are swept, runners lifted, and decks scrubbed daily, I began to resign myself to my loss.

Extraordinary Return of the Lost Stone.

One night at about twelve o'clock I was going to the bathroom before turning in, and contrary to usual habit I was not wearing my slippers. As I was walking along the alleyway, I put my foot on something hard, and to my surprise and joy recognised it as a piece of my lost apport. The next night when I went for my shower, all unexpectedly I again put my foot upon some hard substance, picked it up, and found that it was another piece of my apport, fitting exactly to the portion found the previous night. On the third night the same thing happened, so that I now have the apport complete again, each piece fitting so that it does not appear to be minus a grain!

Spiritual Aspect of Apports.

Editor's Note.—It has been proved beyond all doubt that there is a psychic force through which material objects can be moved from one place to another; but "apports," like all other phenomena, can be produced on different vibrations, these

varying according to the conditions provided by the medium and the sitters. Thus it is that their effect can be ignoble or ennobling.

There are some people so sceptical regarding the gifts of the Spirit that not until the power is shown on a material plane will they believe that it exists at all. Physical phenomena therefore have their useful side. The trouble comes when these manifestations hold the attention of the investigator to the exclusion of the great purpose of psychic power—to remind man of the Divine spark within him so that he may prepare for life in worlds which are less material than the earth.

MY VISIT TO THE SUMMERLAND.

By LILY JARVIS.

WE are often told we visit the Summerland during sleep, but the pity of it is, we so seldom remember on awakening where we have been, or what we have seen.

Occasionally I have been able to recall my visions, and what impresses me most is the intense brightness of the Summerland. It can best be described as a very strong white light, but not at all dazzling to the spiritual sight. Our very brightest day here is as twilight compared to it.

Another thing I have noted is the im-

mense distance one can see there. The fields are also of a more vivid green, and are dotted over with small flowers. When one lies down to rest on the grass there, it does not leave an impression, but the blades of grass or the flowers rise as soon as the weight is removed, and are as beautiful and fresh as before. I have seen the most lovely flower beds of all sizes and shapes, and the blending of the colours is exquisite. Many of the flowers are larger than ours, and we have no words to describe their colours. The trees also grow in their natural beauty, their branches expanding in all directions.

In the woods I have seen many little children dressed in white playing at hide-and-seek, and making the woods ring with their merry laughter. I have also seen open-air swimming baths, which appeared to be of white marble, and are much appreciated as a means of enjoyment.

On one occasion an angel-mother came to me with a lot of toy balloons, and about thirty little children, whose ages apparently ranged from one to three years. I was told the little ones had all been prematurely born children, and had passed over without any knowledge of earth-life. The balloons were in the shape of our domestic animals, and I was asked if I would give the little ones a lesson about them; so nothing loth I sat down with the kiddies around me, and blew up a balloon in the shape of a cat. I explained as simply as possible all about pussy and her habits, then passed it on to one of the babies. I proceeded to blow up the others in turn; there were dogs, horses, and lambs, in fact almost all animals were represented. I think I enjoyed giving the lesson quite as much as they enjoyed hearing it, and they seemed very pleased with their new play-fellows.

All too soon my guide appeared and said it was time for me to return. She said, "Think of your home and will to be there." As this thought came, I seemed to whiz through the air as though I had been shot from a rocket. It was most exhilarating and delightful, and in what seemed hardly a moment I arrived at my bedroom window. On looking into the room, I saw my husband sleeping, and my own body lying

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beside him. I do not remember entering the house, but I awoke apparently at once, and sat up in bed to meditate upon my new experience.

On only two occasions have I been conscious of my spirit being withdrawn from my body. It is a very peculiar sensation. I felt as though a hand were placed upon my solar plexus, and was drawing my nerves into a bunch. The feeling started in the extreme ends of my toes, and the nerves seemed to be drawn slowly upwards. The same feeling also commenced in the tips of my fingers, and passed up my arms, and the two sets of nerves seemed to meet at my chest; my heart then gave a jump and my spirit was free. I wondered what was happening the first time I experienced this feeling, and when later I asked my guide to explain it, she answered, "We allowed you to be conscious while we withdrew your spirit." I asked if they would be kind enough to repeat the experience so that I might take especial notice of it, and they kindly did so on another night.

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