

The Harbinger of Light

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT, PTY., LTD., Wentworth House, 203 Collins St., Melbourne.

A Monthly Digest Devoted to
**Psychical Research, Spiritualism, and Spiritual
Philosophy**

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

We search the World's Press to tell you of Spiritualism's progress

Founded 1870 by W. H. Terry.

VOL. 72.—No. 1.

JANUARY 1, 1941.

PRICE 9d.

He Bridged The Gap

AMONG the many tributes to Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., who passed on late last year, is that paid by the English journal "Cavalcade" in its science section. Describing Sir Oliver Lodge as "the father of radio," the writer goes on to say:—

For patriarchal eighty-nine-year-old Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge death held no terrors. He was able, both as a scientist and leader of the modern revival of spiritualism, for which he was torchbearer for over fifty years, to detach from death the macabre Poe-esque imagery of which the shroud and the tombstone were the regalia of complete disintegration.

For death in the Lodge conception was the beginning of a new life. "We pass over to a new world," he once said, "with new opportunities—a new sphere of activity. This is man's destiny."

He was able to discuss without emotional intent his own approaching death, to make

avowal of his certainty of being able to "slip over."

"Death," said the man who was unafraid, "is not the end of the individual. Character, memory, and affection survive what is poetically called the tomb."

"Occasional 'communion' is possible between those still associated with matter and those who have entered on another phase of existence—these things to me are not hypothetical or doubtful, but scientifically ascertained facts."

Death came to Sir Oliver at his home in Amesbury, in Wiltshire, in the way he had said it would, and brought an end to the career of one of the most brilliant scientists of the age.

Born on June 12, 1851, at Penkhull, near Stoke-on-Trent, he left school at the age of fourteen, because his father believed that six years' education at Newport Grammar

School was sufficient to equip him for a business career.

Early Honours

He was to be a potter. But young Lodge was too engrossed in the pursuit of knowledge to relegate his budding genius to the fashioning of pottery. The fervent burning of midnight oil provided his matriculation, later first-class honours in physics.

Onwards the story of the young scientist became an unbroken one of academic honours, followed by research which made him world famous in physics, chemistry, electrical, and philosophical subjects.

He was the real figure behind wireless, with discoveries which enabled Marconi to pursue his radio research, for it was Lodge who exploited the Hertzian waves and used the first practical wireless system.

But he came later to view the advance of science with profound disquiet. "There is a surfeit of science," he complained in 1935. "Think of my radio—my first love. I never dreamt that that interesting electrical discovery of mine would ever be used to send aeroplanes to bomb innocent children.

"Yet that has happened. I feel responsible, although other hands than mine brought fulfilment of that idea. If that is the use to which science puts new knowledge then I wish the secret of wireless signalling had never been made clear to me."

Of all inventions he believed that the telephone was the most wonderful discovery.

Formerly an agnostic, Sir Oliver provoked religious controversy on many subjects, questioned Genesis with the opinion that there were indications that the universe had always existed, startled his listeners at an address with the thesis that millions of years hence the moon may collide with the earth, destroying all life on the planet.

He said that forces were at work on the moon, once part of the earth to make it return to its parent body.

Messages

His profound belief in Spiritualism brought him to the forefront in all discussions on the subject. He published messages claimed to have been received from his wife, who died in 1929, his son Raymond, who was killed in the last war.

Realising the deceptions which could be associated with the practice of spiritualism Sir Oliver once said: "Mediums must be sus-

pect until their powers are proved. Those who are engaged in physical investigation must cast a questioning eye on each new medium who professes to possess receptive powers."

Nine years ago he deposited with the psychical Research Society a message sealed in twenty-five envelopes of which nobody but himself knew the text. Writing later on the subject of the posthumous letter the scientist said:

"By posthumous letter is meant one that has been sealed and deposited by the writer with the intention of deciphering it after death and giving its contents through a medium before it has been opened.

"Anyone without experience would consider this a conclusive proof of survival, but a 'control' has shown that such a letter can be read and the contents given without the agency of the writer at all, and therefore that it is no proof of survival.

Complicated

"Nevertheless, as has become known, I have myself deposited a document that will be called a posthumous letter. But it is not a simple letter that has merely to be read, it is in one sense somewhat complicated, and in another sense so childishly absurd that I do not expect it to receive attention, save possibly from my immediate friends, even if I am able hereafter to indicate its contents.

"Let me say at once, it is of no importance at all; and yet I fancy I shall remember the theme."

BURWOOD SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

(Established 1908)

The secretary, Mr. P. N. Cormack, writes: "At last we are making a start to build our own church in Burwood. To commemorate the opening of the church, we intend to publish a small booklet dealing with the growth of Spiritualism in Australia.

"We hope that our efforts to build our own church will be followed by many others. If they can build churches in England, we cannot see why the same cannot be done in Australia.

"We expect to have our church opened some time in January."

Visit To Haunted Rectory

"UNSEEN HANDS" PUSH RECTOR OUT OF BED

The "Mercury," Yarmouth, recently sent its Special Representative to interview Mr. Guy P. J. L'Estrange, the well-known Yarmouth investigator of psychic phenomena. They talked about the haunted rectory in Suffolk. The haunting is probably one of the best-attested cases of its kind, and the rectory has been labelled "The most haunted house in England." Apart from Mr. L'Estrange's account of the weird happenings there, four residents of the Rectory have at various times attested to the disturbances.

Residence of Ghosts.

WHAT kind of a place is this strange rectory? The answer is first of all that it is desolate. Really desolate. Secondly, it is massively built with a strong suggestion of medievalism about its front. In its many-roomed interior staircases appear in the most unexpected places. Oil lamps are—or were at the time of our account—the standard means of lighting. In short, the rectory is the story-book ideal of a suitable residence for g-g-g-ghosts.

The history of the spot is significant. Although the rectory is not a hundred years old, it is said to have been built over the crypt of a thirteenth century monastery. A nunnery also is said to have situated close to the monastery. And here we come to a legend. It is told by the well-known journalist, J. G. Cannell, in a special chapter devoted to the rectory in his book, "When Fleet Street Calls." When the monastery and nunnery were flourishing, it is said, a young coachman fell in love with one of the nuns. The couple became so infatuated that they decided to elope, but they were caught in the act of doing so. The nun was walled-in alive and the coachman was executed.

The Nun and the Servant Girl.

"The nun," claims Mr. Cannell, "figures persistently in the accounts given by various people who have occupied the rectory concerning the happening there." The nun is said to have been seen in broad daylight, and once a servant girl returned to the rectory in a state of hysteria and sobbed out that she had seen the hooded figure of a nun and, on looking at it again, had suddenly realised that she could see straight through it. She was so shocked

that she fell off her cycle into a ditch.

From this time onwards it seems that unusual happenings inside the rectory gradually became more frequent and more forceful. Previously mutterings were heard and sometimes a shuffling sound as of feet. But now there were loud footfalls and the whisperings could be dismissed no longer as imagination.

"Unseen Hands."

In bed one night the rector, a strongly-built man, had a strange feeling as though someone was struggling with him. Had he not resisted the "unseen hands" with all his power he would have been thrown on to the floor. Another night found the rector waiting in the corridor with a hockey stick to do battle with whatever was causing the muttering voices. The voices emerged from a wall and moved along the corridor. The rector lashed out, but his stick met only thin air—and the voices continued on until they faded into the brickwork of an archway.

Locked Doors and Ghostly Lights.

Other strange happenings at the rectory during the residence of this particular rector included—

The locking and unlocking of doors by an unknown agency;

"Ghostly lights" burned in an unused part of the building;

An old-fashioned coach with two lamps was seen in the rectory drive;

DON your wrapper indicates that your subscription is due.

1. 2 3.

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

Lights in the house extinguished mysteriously;

A mirror gave out loud taps when asked to do so—even in broad daylight.

It seems clear, however, that these happenings were of a mild character compared with the alarming events that occurred when a new rector took over the living. The rector, an elderly man, knew all about the alleged haunting before he was appointed—unlike his predecessor, who had to find it out for himself.

They Laughed, But—

The new rector and his wife appeared to have laughed at the tales. But they did not laugh for long. The manifestations became so violent in the spring and summer of 1931 that personal injury resulted, and it was when they reached their truly terrible peak that Mr. L'Estrange was called in. Before dealing with Mr. L'Estrange's visit, I propose to give readers some idea of the new haunting, so that they may judge for themselves the nature of the task which awaited him. The information is taken from the unbiased and well-written account by Mr. Cannell, and here are some of the highlights:—

Things were seen floating in the air. The rector's wife received a black eye from a flying piece of metal. Another piece of metal later wounded her on the head, and an iron bar missed her by inches.

Milk vanished suddenly from the jug on the table. It was like black magic. The rector always had the jug changed immediately, declaring he would rather drink after a cat than after "those evil things."

Rector Thrown Out of Bed.

The rector was thrown out of bed more than once. Twice pepper was thrown in the face of the rector's wife.

Horrible odours sometimes filled the rectory and at other times beautiful perfumes.

One day a cry rang out from the rector's wife, and, rushing upstairs, the rector found her on the ground with a mattress on top of her. She declared she had been thrown to the ground and the mattress flung on top of her. On other occasions the rector was hit on the head with a hair-brush and a table knife, and a water jug was flung at him, smashing to pieces against a wall. Footsteps grew louder and

the house bells rang unaccountably. There were loud bumpings in the night.

Holy Water Powerless

"When the manifestations became most violent," it is stated, "the rector would call out: 'In the name of Christ, go away!' In some cases this had an effect, in others none. Every room in the house, including the bathroom, was sprinkled with holy water, but the ghost apparently did not care a fig for that."

A wedding ring was whisked from the finger of the rector's wife. It was never found again, in spite of a close search.

Arson was also apparently in the ghost's scope. One day the rector, according to his own solemn statement, found the skirting-board in the drawing room on fire. There was no possible explanation as to the cause. Mr. L'Estrange on his visit found the burns still visible.

Sceptical friends of the rector who made a special visit to the house soon found the clergyman was not exaggerating the manifestations. Stones and bricks were thrown at them!

An Eventful Night.

Night was falling when Mr. L'Estrange paid his visit to the rectory. The huge bulk of the building loomed darkly before him as he was driven up the drive in a car, and Mr. L'Estrange confesses the aspect struck him as cold and forbidding.

Suddenly he turned to his friend. "Look over there," he said, and pointed to an angle in the wall of the building. "I can't see anything," came the reply. Quietly Mr. L'Estrange got out of the car and moved towards a figure standing in front of the wall. As he drew nearer he saw it was a cowed monk. When he moved closer the figure faded from sight. Intrigued, Mr. L'Estrange felt the wall where the monk had stood. It was, he declares, strangely cold in this one spot.

After this strange "welcome" Mr. L'Estrange entered the rectory and was greeted by the rector and his wife. By the light of an oil lamp they sat down to tea in the drawing-room, described by Mr. L'Estrange as "the most haunted room in the house."

Mystery of the Bells.

"During tea," Mr. L'Estrange told me, "we heard an appalling crash outside. In the hall we found the scattered remains of a tea service. Nobody was in sight. They could not have been thrown by the servant. That was my first experience and I accepted it as a challenge. I had not then ruled out the possibility of some joker being at the bottom of the disturbances, but more—much more—was to follow to make me realise a superhuman influence was at work. Hardly had I returned to the drawing room before the bells of the kitchen began to jangle. Hurrying to the scene I found there were about thirty bells set in a row, high up on the wall. They were shaking furiously. But their wires were cut—and had been for some time.

Bottles Thrown by Unseen Hands.

"The crockery was by no means the first thing to be thrown about that night. Another crash took us to the hall again, where I actually saw bottles flying about. They seemed to come from nowhere, but I was told they were similar to some empties kept in the courtyard at the back of the rectory. A curious feature was that nothing thrown in the house was ever thrown again. Always some fresh object was used. A number of objects brought into the house came from unknown sources.

"I made a thorough tour of the house, keeping an especially watchful eye for any places where a person could secrete himself. I found no secret corridors and no secret cupboards. There was one room which struck me as strangely chilly—I had a most curious feeling on entering—and I was not surprised when my host told me a strange story about it.

At the Foot of the Bed——

"He said a guest who was sleeping there was awakened one night with a strange feeling of something amiss. At the foot of his bed he saw a nebulous white figure. He raised himself cautiously and then shouted: 'If you are woman I will have you; if you are a ghost look out,' and he launched himself straight at the figure. He was rewarded by a tremendous blow in the eye—and the figure vanished.

"I decided this would be the most likely room for me to occupy that night—especially as I discovered a small staircase leading directly from it to the servant's hall. So arrangements were made and I returned to the drawing room to write up my notes. I wrote by the firelight without a lamp, as I was anxious that anybody who wished to scare me should be given encouragement.

"It Looked Over My Shoulder"

"Suddenly I had an uncanny feeling that someone was looking over my shoulder at the notes. I resisted the feeling and tried hard to concentrate on my notes—but it was more than I could do. That was one of the few occasions in my experience of hauntings that I have felt really nervous. I turned my head, and as I did so I heard footsteps receding from behind my other shoulder. Quickly I turned the other way, but I could see nothing. The footsteps, however, continued, until they reached a wall, and then they stopped as if somebody had gone straight through the brickwork. Later I explained to the others what had happened. The rector's wife seemed particularly impressed by the mention of the wall. At that very spot, she said, there used to be a doorway. Now it is bricked up."

In his talks with Mr. L'Estrange the rector confirmed that his wife's wedding ring had been wrenched off and that doors were unaccountably locked against him. Even the preparation of his sermons was sometimes harrassed by the strange disturbances in the house.

While the rector retired to his study to work Mr. L'Estrange made a second tour of the house to familiarise himself with its geography.

"Laboured Breathing——"

On the way up the staircase, the rector's wife stopped abruptly. "Listen," she said. "I did so," relates Mr. L'Estrange, "and I then heard quite distinctly the noise of laboured breathing. It was a terrible sound and came from quite near me. It seemed to me to be like somebody suffering from pneumonia, and I asked the rector's wife if anybody had to her knowledge died from that complaint in the house. She seemed surprised at the question, and gave me the name of somebody at once.

"I was now convinced that there was a discarnate spirit or spirits at work in the house, particularly as the inexplicable noises and throwing of objects was repeated several times. Returning downstairs I assembled everyone in the servants' hall for an experiment. The bells were ringing and I had an idea that they might be able to give me some message. I addressed myself towards them, and said: "If there is any friendly spirit here anxious to help us, stop the bells ringing." There was a pause and then the bells stopped. That seemed almost incredible, but there was no doubting it—especially as the rector, his wife and servant were all in the kitchen with me.

Message of the Bells.

"I then arranged a code with the spirit. One ring was to mean 'yes,' two rings 'no,' and three rings 'doubtful.' By this means I learned that the spirit was not alone in the house, and was anxious to help us to suppress the other entities. It spelt out its name. The name was recognised by the rector's wife. Unfortunately she became distressed and shouted something. After that I could get no more answers although I tried for some time.

"After supper the rector and his wife retired, and I went to my room. I was joined by one or two witnesses. I sat in a corner with a flashlight handy—and waited. After a time we heard noises coming from the bathroom, as if it was being used. Immediately I went to it, but there was nobody there. I resumed my seat from which I could see the whole room.

The Ghost is Laid.

"Some time after midnight there was a curious chilliness, and the atmosphere in the room seemed to be 'thickening' in one spot, midway between the two beds. I cannot describe it as anything except a 'thickening.' Whatever the thing was, it remained there quite steadily. Everybody saw it.

"I got up and addressed it. There was no reply. I moved slowly towards it, still speaking to it. As I drew nearer I felt some power pressing against me as if someone was trying to push me away. I resisted it, but could get no nearer. I explained that I was anxious to help whoever

it was. There was still no reply—only the pushing. But I stood my ground, and, using certain methods, did my best to exorcise the spirit. Eventually it faded away. I felt quite convinced that there would be no more trouble. We woke the rector and his wife and told them what had happened. There was no further call for my services, and about 8 a.m. I left the rectory with my friends and drove with them to their house for some rest. That was the end of the haunting."

The Rector's Thanks.

How well Mr. E'Estrange succeeded in freeing the house from its evil influences is indicated by the letters from the rector which were showed me. There is no disputing their genuineness. They bear the stamped name of the rectory and pay frank tribute to the Yarmouth man's services. "The house has been perfectly quiet," the rector wrote a week later, "and there is a different feeling throughout." The other letter, written in 1934, states, in part: "This house is now perfectly normal, or appears to be so."

Before I left his house in Beresford Road, Mr. L'Estrange made a few interesting comments on the case. "I can quite understand the attitude of sceptics," he said, "I must confess that if I had heard this story and had not been to the house to see for myself, I should still be wondering if there were somebody hidden there. I went to the rectory with a perfectly open mind, although I am a Spiritualist. I have been to a great many haunted houses, but I make a point of going with an open mind, because one never knows. I was quite prepared to find some simple physical explanation.

"For reasons of my own, I do not wish to explain in detail the methods I employed to put a stop to the disturbances in the haunted rectory. That my procedure was carefully considered and sufficient is evidenced by the fact that the manifestations have ceased.

The Cause of the Trouble.

"As to the cause of the trouble, I have no doubt that the house was haunted by discarnate spirits. I have reason to believe that at least one of these spirits was well-meaning and anxious to help. The

ringing of the bells, for instance, was his way of trying to communicate.

"The other manifestations were undoubtedly the work of a spirit or spirits who wished to keep people out of the house. You may think it significant that violent disturbances occurred soon after my arrival—to 'lay the ghost.' But they only strengthened my determination to stay. Although I have visited many haunted houses, I had never been in one where the phenomena were of such a violent type.

How Could a Spirit Throw Bottles?

"How could a spirit throw bottles? I thought you would ask me that question. I can only explain it by a reference to 'ectoplasm,' that peculiar substance which certain people sometimes extrude and which is the power behind all psychic phenomena of physical characteristics. Ectoplasm, I should mention, is not merely a name invented by Spiritualists to account for the phenomena which occur in their seance rooms. Scientists who are not Spiritualists have proved it to exist. It has been photographed and analysed.

"You have seen the letters written to me by the present rector since my visit to his house. They show that I actually did succeed in my mission. Mr. Cannell's book, which you have also seen, and in which he quotes the evidence of other eye-witnesses of the hauntings, proves that the rectory was haunted, as I stated in my broadcast. What better testimony can you desire than the accounts of independent witnesses such as these?

"If there are people who still disbelieve in ghosts, let them explain the disturbances which obliged one clergyman and his wife to fly from their home, and broke down the nerves of the next rector who lived there. I shall be interested to hear any alternative explanation."

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.

KEEP
YOUR FRIENDS
INFORMED.

Send them

"THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT"
EVERY MONTH.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

Noted English Leader Resigns.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart has resigned her leadership of the Spiritualist Community. Well-known as the writer of many books, Mrs. Stobart has rendered great service to the movement by her efforts to bring together the official Church and Spiritualism. Certain circumstances have made it necessary for her to dispense with her house and to leave London. She hopes to retain her connection with the community and the movement generally.

London Churches Hit.

Several Spiritualist churches in London have been damaged in the air raids, and transport difficulties are making it hard for others to carry on. Many are closing down evening services on Sundays and weekdays, but are continuing their afternoon meetings.

While the aerial blitzkrieg has caused other churches to close, a new Spiritualist church, the Gateway Centre, has been opened at Bayswater, London.

Test For Aura.

Professor Louis F. Ragout, of Los Angeles (U.S.A.) has developed a system for testing the electromagnetic radiations or aura of individuals.

Research Studentship Awarded.

Last year we hailed the establishment of a studentship in Psychical Research at Trinity College, Cambridge. Founded by the late Mr. F. D. Perrott in memory of F. W. H. Myers, the studentship has been awarded to Mr. W. Whateley Carington, who has had many years experience in research and proved himself an unbiased investigator.

SIR HENRY GULLETT

Sir Henry Gullett, killed in the Canberra air-crash, was a connection of Hannen Swaffer.

His father, who married Swaffer's mother's cousin, called on his parents at Clapham when he was a small boy. Then he met the first editor he had ever seen; for Gullett then ran a Melbourne daily.

Perhaps it was his boyish veneration for a successful man that decided him to become a journalist.

The Woman of Endor

THE following account of this remarkable woman is recorded by Flavius Josephus in his celebrated work, "Antiquities of the Jews," Book VI., chap. 14:—

"Now Saul, King of the Hebrews, had cast out of the country the fortune-tellers and all such as exercised the like arts, excepting the Prophets; but when he heard that the Philistines were already come and had pitched their camp near the city Shunem, situate in the plain, he made haste to oppose them with his forces; and when he was come to a certain mountain called Gilboa, he prepared his camp over against the enemy, but when he saw the enemy's army he was greatly troubled, because it appeared to be greatly superior to his own; and he enquired of God concerning the battle, and when God did not answer him, either by prophets or by dreams, Saul was under a still greater dread . . . now God was not there to assist him; yet did he bid his servants to inquire out for him some woman . . . that called up the souls of the dead, for this sort of women that bring up the souls of the dead do by them foretell future events.

"And one of his servants told him that there was such a woman at Endor; hereupon Saul put off his royal apparel and took two of his servants with him and came to Endor to the woman and entreated her to act the part of a fortune-teller and bring up such a soul to him as he should tell her. But when the woman opposed his motion and said she did not despise the King who had banished this kind of fortune-teller, and that he did not do well himself, when she had done him no harm, to endeavour to lay a snare for her, in order to procure her to be punished, he swore that nobody should know what she did and that she should incur no danger. As soon as he had induced her by his oath to fear no harm, he bade her bring up to him the soul of Samuel.

"She, not knowing who Samuel was, called him out of Hades. When he appeared and she saw one that was venerable, and of a divine form, she was in disorder and being astonished at the sight, she said, 'Art thou not King Saul?'—for Samuel had informed her who he was. When he had

owned that to be true and had asked her whence her disorder arose, she said she saw a certain person ascend who in his form was like to a God. And when he bid her tell him what he resembled she told him he was an old man and of a glorious appearance and he had on a sacerdotal mantle. So the King discovered by these signs that he was Samuel, and he fell down upon the ground and worshipped him.

"And when the soul of Samuel asked him why he had disturbed him and caused him to be brought up, he lamented the necessity he was under—for, he said, his enemies pressed heavily upon him . . . that he was forsaken of God and could obtain no prediction of what was coming, neither by prophets nor by dreams . . . But Samuel, seeing that the end of Saul's life was come, said, 'It is vain for thee to desire to learn of me anything further, when God hath forsaken thee; however, hear what I say that David is to be King and to finish this war with good success and thou art to lose thy dominion and thy life . . . Know, therefore, that thy people shall be made subject to thy enemies and that thou, with thy sons, shalt fall in the battle to-morrow and thou shalt then be with me.' When Saul heard this he could not speak for grief and fell down on the floor . . . and when he had with difficulty recovered himself the woman entreated that a table and food might be set before him that he might recover his strength.

"Now she had one calf that she was very fond of and fed it herself, for she was a woman that got her living by the labour of her hands; this she killed and made ready its flesh and set it before his servants and himself. So Saul came to the camp while it was yet night . . . It would be well, therefore, to imitate the example of this woman and to do kindnesses to all such as are in need; and to think that nothing is better, nor more becoming mankind, than such a general beneficence."

The foregoing affords a complete vindication of the Woman of Endor.

(Contributed by Col. H. L. Williams, Norfolk Island).

Beyond the Veil

GHOSTS OF THE GREAT WAR.

By Dr. RICHARD EDEN in "Sunday Pictorial"

IT is Winston Churchill speaking. The cruiser Exeter, battle-scarred and triumphant, has just sailed into Plymouth Harbour.

As the sirens shriek their welcome, and the vast crowds roar, the First Lord steps forward and begins to address the sailors who fought the gallant action of the River Plate.

And this is what he says:—

"When you came up the river this morning, when you entered harbour and saw the crowds cheering on the banks, one may have thought there were other spectators in the shades of the past carrying us back to Drake and Raleigh to the great sea dogs of olden times.

"Perhaps their spirits brooded on this scene. . . ."

Perhaps! It is not an idle speculation. Only those who have passed through the storm and heat of battle, and have felt the wings of death flutter around them, can know how the veil between this life and the next may wear suddenly very thin. When men live in the midst of death, the margin between one world and another becomes almost imperceptible.

Who knows but that, in her hour of peril, Great Britain is being watched, her defenders inspired, by the great men and women who brought her glory and honour in bygone days?

A little while ago, the Duke of Windsor broadcast to America from the scene of one of the last war's terrible reckoning places. He expressed a feeling which many have experienced when they have trod again, in peace time, the hallowed ground of Flanders.

"Upon this and other battlefields throughout the world," he declared, "millions of men suffered and died. As I talk to you now, from this historic place, I am deeply conscious of the presence of the great company of the dead."

What evidence is there that statements like these have any basis in actual facts? As a student of physical research, I share with Sir Oliver Lodge and many noted scientists of to-day the belief that human survival after death has been proved beyond doubt.

But I know that the best and the most convincing evidences are those unsought proofs that come to ordinary people, usually in moments of great crisis and strain.

Strange Happenings

We call them "spontaneous" evidence, and in this article I propose to give you examples which will, I am certain, make you think twice. It will simply record some of the strange, supernatural happenings always noted in war-time. These stories are not based on hearsay, but in every case testified by officers and men who were actual eye-witnesses, and who brought to their experience a sceptical and unbelieving mind.

But first let us look at a few of the last war's major mysteries. Some of them are still inexplicable, such as the appearance of the Angels at Mons. Nothing that happened during 1914-18 has been so hotly debated, and, yet, curiously enough, disputants on both sides rarely take the trouble to place themselves in possession of the facts.

It all happened at the end of the fateful month of August, 1914. The German army had swept right across the French and Belgian frontiers. Nothing that the Allies could do seemed able to curb their onward march.

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British troops were fated to receive the heaviest attacks, and our position was already becoming precarious in the extreme. We were vastly outnumbered. Ammunition was running out. Men were sent to run up and down the line firing occasional shots to give the enemy the impression that they were opposed by a much stronger force.

At home, the first flush of enthusiasm was dying out. Churches everywhere were filled by hundreds of people praying for Divine help.

And then the British retreat from Mons came into full swing. Our men, hotly pursued by crack German cavalry, were forced to fall back without cover and under withering fire, sustaining great loss.

Suddenly the firing ceased. A deadly silence fell over the battlefield. The British soldiers were astonished to behold, clearly outlined in the No Man's Land before them, a company of luminous beings who appeared to float mid-way between the British and German forces!

I have examined dozens of accounts of this phenomenon vouched for by British soldiers who saw the "Angels" and who impress one by their obvious conviction and sincerity.

The disappointing feature, from a scientific point of view, is their great inconsistency. Some of the soldiers described the angelic beings as "similar to human forms, but having shining wings." Others spoke of figures wearing "loose-hanging garments of a golden tint." Still others referred to the angels as dressed in the picturesque clothing of mediaeval archers!

But all are agreed that they saw something superhuman, and the most important fact is surely that the Germans pulled up abruptly in their tracks, ceased fire; and allowed the British line just enough time to reform.

Were there really any Angels at Mons? Harold Begbie, in his book "On the Side of the Angels," quotes the testimony of many British soldiers. A dying prisoner spoke of the fear of the Germans to press home their attack on the thin English line, "because of the thousands of troops behind you."

More than forty men in the British ranks vouched for the phenomenon, and several swore affidavits to their evidence.

That is the story of Mons. But what of the vision at Ypres? There is now in America a man—T. John Kelly by name—who attained fame as a Spiritualist medium. Born in Glamorganshire, Wales, he was a member of the Eighth Division, 33rd Brigade and 33rd Battery of the Royal Field Artillery, B.E.F.

Many Witnesses.

Not long after crossing the Channel, they were engaging the Prussian Guards at Neuve Chapelle. And it was there "in the mud and slush and rain," says Kelly, "that I saw the most beautiful thing I have ever seen." There were many hundreds of witnesses.

For days they had been hammering away from their position. Men were exhausted. All sense of fear had long passed. There was now abroad only a terrible feeling of discouragement and frustration.

One evening while Kelly was on guard duty, he was amazed to notice that the sky, instead of darkening, became suddenly very bright, till the whole horizon glowed in crimson—the most remarkable sunset he had ever seen.

All about him men were stopping to look up at the sky and marvel at the strange sight. Kelly recalls how a pal of his—Will Owens—who was a "big, rough chap and not in any way religious," pointed to the sky with a shaking finger and exclaimed, "Oh my God! what can it be?"

Then a dim outline began to shape itself in the blood-red firmament, and hundreds of soldiers who saw it swore that it bore a perfect resemblance to the face of King Edward VII.

It hung there for several minutes, the features becoming more and more distinct. Slowly it began at last to move across the heavens until vanished in the now fading light.

For weeks it was the only topic of conversation. And perhaps Kelly, the medium, was right when he interpreted it as a symbol of encouragement to the British

troops. Edward, the Peace-Maker! Was it a sign that ultimate victory would come to the British side?

Listen, now, to the evidence of Captain Cecil Wightwick Haywood, who in 1916-18 was Staff Captain in the 1st Corps Intelligence at the 1st British Army Headquarters.

The winter of 1917 found Britain once again in a tough spot. We were fighting on several far-flung fronts, and the U-boats were taking a heavy toll of our shipping.

Captain Haywood, at that time, had his headquarters at the little town of Bethune on the La Basse front. Things there were critical. The British line held a key-position, but it was liable to be hemmed in at any moment.

Bethune received the full force of the attack. As high explosive shells fell thickly on the town, women and children had been hastily evacuated. Now the British troops and ammunition dumps were in imminent danger from the relentless advance of the enemy.

Will They Get Through?

At home, the burning question was, "will the Germans get through to Paris?" But in Bethune, it had boiled down to something crisper. The only question here was, "How long?" For it seemed impossible for them to hold out.

Then suddenly the enemy fire was lifted from the town and concentrated on an open clearing beyond. This open ground was entirely devoid of troops, buildings and trees. Yet the enemy guns began to lash it with increasing fury, and massed machine-guns raked it forward and backward with a continuous stream of lead.

"Fritz has gone balmy, sir," said the Sergeant by Captain Haywood's side. And so it seemed, for there was nothing in sight.

"As I made my way over the scattered debris of ruined houses," says Capt. Haywood, "the enemy's fire suddenly ceased, and a curious calm fell on everything.

"Then I saw my sergeant and men standing on the edge of a shell hole, waving their tin hats. They were shouting, 'Fritz is retiring! Fritz is retiring!'"

And so he was! Outlined on the slight rise by the La Basse village and as far as

the eye could see, was a dense line of German troops who a short time before had commenced a forward movement in mass formation. This line had suddenly halted, and as they watched, the astonished British saw it break!

"Before our amazed eyes," says Captain Haywood, "that well-drilled and seemingly victorious army broke up into groups of frightened men. They were fleeing back, throwing down their arms, haversacks, rifles, coats and anything that might impede their flight.

"After Them!"

"After them!" I ordered. "Bring back prisoners—officers if possible. We must find what this is about."

And with a rousing cheer, the British Tommies leapt forward and charged with fixed bayonets. They were soon returning with batches of twenty or more prisoners at a time.

And the explanation? Given by the senior German officer, and borne out by his men, it was this:

The order had been given to advance when the Germans saw, in the open ground beyond Bethune, a brigade of cavalry coming up through the smoke. They thought these British defenders to be one of the Colonial Forces, for all were in white uniform and mounted on white horses! The German guns quickly got the range of this unexpected target and their shells were soon bursting among the horses and riders.

"But the cavalry came on," declared the distraught German officer. "They kept in perfect parade-ground formation. Not a single man or horse fell!"

"Steadily they advanced, clear in the shining sunlight, and a few paces in front of them rode their Leader—a fine figure of a man, whose hair was like spun gold.

"Then a terrible fear fell upon us all, and I turned to flee. Yes, I, an officer of the Prussian Guard, fled panic-stricken, and my men before me. . . . We were not expected to fight ghosts."

Captain Haywood collected similar statements from many prisoners—yet the British knew there were no cavalry in any part of their line! There were no white uniforms, and no white horses!

The vision was seen only by the enemy

forces, and its effect had been the immediate crumbling of their line. Shortly afterwards the Americans came into action; and in the sector between Bethune and Ypres the Allies began a sweeping and victorious attack.

Saved at Sea.

But not all the true ghost stories of the Great War were enacted on land. The late Lord Halifax vouched for the following case which was, at the time, "general knowledge among the senior submarine officers."

Among the commanders of submarines operating from the south-east coast of England was an officer whom we will call Ryan—a man of most striking appearance and charming personality.

These submarines had a special "beat." They would do a patrol of from two or three weeks off the Dutch shoals and the entrance to Jade Bay. Working on the surface at night, they were driven under-sea during most of the daylight owing to the activities of numerous German aircraft.

Ryan left on one of these patrols. His ship never returned, and in due course it was posted as lost.

About two months later, another submarine was operating on the same beat. She had just broken the surface with her periscope to have a brief look round. The day was fine and sunny.

Suddenly the officer who was searching the seas through his periscope shouted: "By Jove! There's old Ryan waving to us like mad from the water."

The tanks were immediately blown to bring the vessel to the surface. Men crowded into the conning tower and went out on deck with life-lines. But now no sign of Ryan was to be seen!

The officer was positive he had not been mistaken. He was not the type of man to suffer from illusions. Nor could anyone be in doubt about Ryan's unusual features.

Suddenly there was a cry of alarm, and sharply-issued instruction. They had seen in the sea, dead ahead and on the course the submarine had been steering, two mines which would undoubtedly have

blown them sky high had Ryan's ghost not put in his most opportune appearance!

Did the spirit of the dead submarine commander return to rescue his friends from the kind of death he had himself experienced? That, I think, would be accepted by our late War Minister, Mr. Hore-Belisha, who recently admitted his belief in spirit return.

"The dead are always with us," he says, "to gird and to sustain us on our march, to lift us up when we fall with exhaustion."

PSYCHIC CONDITIONS.

By J. B. M'INDOE.

(President Spiritualists' National Union).

When some explorers in ancient times claimed to have travelled so far south that the sun was north of them, Herodotus, the Greek historian, commented on their statement, "I don't believe it." That is still the attitude of many people. The facts stare them in the face, but there is still the problem of convincing them. Most people who really matter, however, and have studied the subject of psychic phenomena at all, agree on certain facts—telepathy, for instance. No one doubts any longer that communication between mind and mind is a fact. Most people also believe in survival. We claim to be able to demonstrate that fact. That demonstration takes place only because of certain faculties in mediums. We can therefore get the facts, but there still remains the problem of the process by which evidence of survival comes to us. Communication today is not on a completely satisfactory basis. It is easy to upset a seance, for one individual, however well-behaved and well-intentioned, by his very presence may exert an adverse influence on phenomena. Such a person is not giving the right conditions, but we do not know fully what those conditions are. If there is orderliness in the universe, that orderliness includes what we know as super-normal phenomena. The day will come when we will understand the conditions. Meanwhile the one thing needed is to give people a conviction of the reality of the spiritual world here and now. Most of the troubles from which people are suffering are man-made problems, which will continue to exist so long as they are tackled from a merely material point of view.

"Dead" Sailor Talks

THE SINKING OF THE BRITISH INDIA LINER DOMALA.

SPIRITUALISM is now in the news in Great Britain, and Mr. H. W. S. Long, who has been making investigations for the "Sunday Pictorial," says that he recently spoke to a boy who had been killed two weeks previously, a war casualty of the Merchant Marine. Mr. Long's articles had attracted the attention of Dr. A. E. Gibbs, of Dagenham, Essex, and as a result the doctor invited Mr. Long to attend a private seance in that town. The place chosen was an ordinary room in an ordinary house, and the medium was a young woman who does not practice on public platforms or professionally. There was no darkness, no red light, no music. The only people present were the doctor, Mr. Long, and the medium. After a number of controls had come through, Mr. Long noticed a sudden change come over the medium. We will let him tell the story in his own words:

By the physical symptoms of the medium I saw that another spirit had taken possession. A new voice issued from her lips. It was a jerky voice, speaking with some difficulty. Dr. Gibbs grasped her hand, now trembling, and spoke soothingly.

"It's all right. You are among friends," he said.

"I don't want to stay here . . ." began the new voice. "I see no reason why I should . . ." As it grew in strength this voice took on the characteristics of a young man.

"Yes, old man. You are quite all right. Don't worry any more. Tell me who you are," said the doctor.

The voice gave a name. I am withholding that name in this article, but I will reveal it if the father of the boy cares to write to me.

"I am Cadet —. I was in the Domala. My head" . . . and the medium's hand went up in a slow movement.

"Yes, I know, son, but you are all right now. I am a doctor," said Dr. Gibbs. "Speak to me. Try to remember. It will help you."

"Domala. It was Saturday night. Such a beautiful night. The stars. The moon. Oh,

a lovely night. I was talking with Duval."

"Who is Duval, son?" asked the doctor, gently.

"He is one of the other cadets. I remember saying that we were so near and yet so far. We left Antwerp with passengers, who were entitled to return to England. They were from Germany. I was thinking that we were secure. They surely wouldn't harm us. It was Saturday, and we should have made port on Sunday afternoon. It was such a clear and lovely night, too. The moonshine.

"It was towards dawn. I was horrified to hear a most terrific crash. You've no conception of the noise. I thought we had struck a mine. I rushed up to the deck and saw all falling in . . . the women! Oh, the women . . ."

The voice trembled as though in horror at the memory.

"I saw a plane with navigation lights on. I thought it must be one of our own. Bombs . . . three direct hits, and a fourth that missed."

A pause, while the doctor spoke encouraging words and grasped the hand of the medium in a comforting gesture.

"It flew low . . . then the fire. It seemed to leap on one. It spread and spread. I was afraid. Really I was, afraid. I wanted to jump."

Dr. Gibbs said: "Yes, son, we know. Tell me all about it. What happened to you?"

"I thought of my father. I thought: Would he have me jump? I've always looked up to my father . . . There was a terrific bang . . . I remember finding myself, wondering whether I had fainted, or whether I was still capable of walking. I hurt my head . . ."

Once more the medium made a gesture of pain to her head. Dr. Gibbs placed his hands gently on her head.

"Where does it hurt you, son? There . . . there . . . Yes, I see, on the left here. That is where the bandage should go. All right, son, you are talking to a doctor."

As he spoke and placed his hands on the

medium's head, there came a responsive movement of relaxation, and a sense of relief into the boyish voice. A pause and he went on with his story.

"I saw the swine come back and machine-gun us. Just as they were putting a boat off. Then . . . I don't remember what happened . . . the water . . . the ice. It was cold, oh dreadfully cold . . . what could you do? I must make port. I can't stay in this water . . ."

"Yes, son, you will make port. You've hurt your head. You've been in a delirium. Do you understand what I mean? But you are in good hands now. Take it quietly, old chap, you are all right. Do you smoke?" asked Dr. Gibbs, in a tone that a doctor uses to a patient recovering from shock.

"No, I don't smoke."

"Tell me about yourself. Your father . . . who is he?"

"He is —. Commander . . ." And there was a boyish emphasis on the word Commander.

"I must make port. Can't you see the damned ice everywhere?"

"Yes, but you are not in the water now. You are in hospital. I have somebody else here with me," and Dr. Gibbs motioned towards me.

The medium's head turned slightly towards me, and as I held out my hand it was taken in a firm hand-shake. I spoke the boy's name to him. I gave him a greeting.

"Are you a doctor, too?" he said to me. Then went on with his story. "I've got to make port. I've got to buy J—— a present."

"Who is J——?" said Dr. Gibbs.

There was a boyish smile in the answering voice. "She's a girl I know. But I tell you I must make port."

"Yes, son, you will. You see, you have hurt your head. You must try to sleep now," said Dr. Gibbs.

"We should have been in port on Sunday, March 3rd. What day is it now?"

"To-day is March 13th."

"Ten days . . . what have I been doing?"

"You must go now, old chap. You must sleep. Good night."

The arms of Dr. Gibbs went round the shoulders of the medium. The medium's head dropped slowly on to his shoulder in the attitude of one who finds sudden peace

after strife. It was a gesture of confidence and relief. There was silence in that little room.

Then the medium began to emerge from the trance. . . .

"To tell you the things that I saw and heard for myself" . . .

All that I have written happened to me.

After the remarkable conversation in that room in a house in Dagenham, I probed during further talk for proof and confirmation.

The medium had not the slightest knowledge of the things that had emerged from her mouth. She knew nothing about the sinking of the British India liner Domala, which had been bombed, machine-gunned, and set on fire by a German plane in the Channel two weeks earlier.

Dr. Gibbs himself could tell me nothing of that tragedy, except that he vaguely remembered the affair in the newspapers.

Dr. Gibbs has not the slightest knowledge of the cadet whose voice came through nor of his parents or friends.

Later I checked my notes with the full official account of the sinking of the ship. The description of the sinking, as I heard it from the lips of the woman medium, tallies exactly with the Admiralty's own version. Times, conditions, number of bombs, the fire, the machine-gunning, the plane's lights, are all as given by the official version and the stories of the survivors in newspaper interviews some days later.

There was a cadet on board by the name of Duval. He was the last survivor to be rescued from the icy water.

And I have checked that a cadet with the name of the one given to me in the sitting was lost in the Domala. I have corroborated his father's name and rank.

GREATER WORLD CHRISTIAN SPIRITUAL MISSION

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Letters To The Editor

I daresay you have heard that Miss Marion Steel has just had her lifelong prayer answered, by the anonymous presentation to her of a Home for Homeless Girls in Brisbane—a compliment to her sincere and practical social activities. If she has not already advised you, she will probably do so later.

I was delighted to have read that the Rev. F. Spurr had recently, after a long and painful camera-obscure, come out into the open again and dared Officialdom (?) by publically giving his psychic experience and discovery of his son. It would almost look as though Orthodoxy had consented to his public utterance, or can it be that his wonderful Priest Inspirer has won a duel? How extraordinary has been his attitude for some years past!!

Then what a farce has been the attitude of the Archbishop of Canterbury over his favourable Spiritualist's report, in passing the responsibility on to the 41 bishops—all to be hoist on their own petard. A London time-bomb would be but a gentle zephyr to the world-wide explosion which would follow the release of such a report. I suppose we must work and watch Orthodoxy succumb to a painful and lingering death.

HERBERT SOANES,
Psychical Researcher.
Brisbane.

We enjoy the "Harginger" very much, and look forward to it coming each month. My wife says it's a bright spot of reading, after listening to the war news. With happy thoughts to you and all your staff.

THOS. THOMSON.
Nightcaps, N.Z.

The cheaper form in which "The Harbinger of Light" is now issued in no way detracts from the value of its contents. My best wishes for the continued success of the brave little journal, and to its editor, staff, and contributors.

T. W. Newton (Qld.).

We admire the valiant way you have pulled "The Harbinger of Light" through the waters of a war time. You deserve a testimonial. We agree with the South African correspondent that the cover of the journal does not matter. The November issue was very good indeed. We all join in sending you strong thoughts to continue the struggle. Enclosed please find a donation for the S.O.S. Emergency Fund from the three of us.

Edith Fletcher (Tas.).

MEDIUMSHIP IN ANCIENT BRITAIN.

Mediumship was known among the Anglo-Saxons. The mediums were called "wicca," "scin-laeca," "wiglaer," and other names. The word "wiglaer" is combination of "wig," meaning "temple," and "laer" meaning "learning." Scinlaeca, which means "a shining dead body" was a kind of apparition, and the word was also used as the name of the person who had the power of producing such phenomena.

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Editor's Note.—Some of these writings are among the most beautiful ever received from the other side.

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A MESSAGE FROM "THE MATER."

Dear "Harbinger,"

Once more I send you sincere Christmas wishes for "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men!" but first it must be always, "Glory to God!"

Surely we, as a race, as a nation, have not kept closely enough with that Divine Presence; hence all this sorrow and suffering of to-day. Deeply we appreciate your devoted efforts to keep the thought of immortality, and the aid of the invisible workers, before the consciousness of your readers. How can our faith help humanity through these "latter days"? Surely the spirit of Truth, the comforter, has come, for to know there is no death, no breaking the true ties of love, can help us to overcome fear and to realise that those heroic souls still live and progress. Yes, and reach down to us, as we lift our thoughts to them.

Peace will come, for God is with us, and will strengthen our hearts. Peace will come, for Christ has power to still the raging storm of strife, and pour out His spirit upon all flesh. "Peace on earth, goodwill to men"—angels still sing on, their theme is still the same, how God loves the world, and is waking up the human race with the thunder of war, in order to constrain all nations to seek peace. Oh "Harbinger"! I have loved your paper for over sixty years; through trials and blessings; your message has comforted so many hearts, especially the widow and the fatherless.

God bless you! I send love to every reader, every student. I can tell them, because I know, "there is no death." I am now 88, and sometimes feel very near to that multitude whom no man can number, and I can only say, "Hold fast! to the faith for which so many have suffered, and believe in God!" It is good to know our faith is spreading, our numbers increasing; surely "the little leaven will leaven the whole lump," as He said, Who came to bring immortality to light, by his triumph over death. He holds the seven stars in His hands, and will pour out His spirit upon all flesh. I have seen, heard, and felt the presence of the risen ones; and have been graciously allowed to be their messenger to many souls, rejoicing over new churches, and sharing the love of many students, which has been a great comfort to me, in many permanent

friendships. New Zealand has had many noble workers who are lovingly remembered for their work's sake. Among these fine souls are Mr. Nation, Mr. McLean, Mr. Rough, Miss Burgess, Mr. McCloud Craig, Mr. Fairburn, not forgetting one patient, gentle soul, Mrs. Lawson, of Auckland, who started the first Lyceum after the visit of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britton, in the early 70's. Quietly, faithfully, she laid the foundation of the future church, and the last word, whispered low to me as she passed, was, "Kept by the power of God"! That is Spiritualism—to realise the Divine Presence. Now we have many loyally devoted workers in Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, Invercargill, and also happy little circles in country places; all earnest, loyal souls, keeping the banner flying. I love them all, and through your paper, wish them all a blessed Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—Yours in the Truth—"The Mater."

"AND THE BLIND SHALL SEE."

Blind for nearly five years, a Sheffield man has partly recovered his sight. He claims to have been cured by Spiritualism. He was totally blind, and the Sheffield Royal Infirmary had told him they had done all they could do for him. They had passed him into the blind school. He had given up all hope of ever seeing daylight again.

He was persuaded by his wife to go to a Spiritualist meeting and be treated by a spiritual healer. He did not believe in it at first, but at last was persuaded to go, just out of curiosity. Although he could not see what the healer was doing, he felt a cold sensation run right through him.

While he was being given treatment on the third night he was heard to say: "Oh, a nice blue light." He pointed to it and then looked.

Anxious to demonstrate to a reporter that he could see, he picked up a clock and, by holding it very close to his eyes, he told the time to the minute. He said his sight was gradually returning, and he hoped to be completely cured in a short time.

He awoke one Christmas morning and realised he was blind. The doctors attributed it to a nervous breakdown, but whatever it was, he said, he was "the proudest man walking in Sheffield to-day."

THEY DO COME BACK.

By Charles J. SEYMOUR.

Some time ago I wrote a book about frauds on traders. After its publication letters reached me from a number of people, and one correspondent asked me if I had ever thought of writing a similar book showing up present-day Spiritualistic practices which, to his mind, constituted the most bare-faced fraud of all.*

Now I knew little about Spiritualism and was ready to believe that it was mostly imposture and simple credulity. It was, I reflected, irritating to think that there should be such knaves and apparently so many fools. Might it not be a good job of work to unmask the one and ridicule the other? I resolved to go ahead.

As a first step I bought a psychic journal to obtain the names of Spiritualist societies. Picking one at random, which announced a "meeting with clairvoyance," to be held on a certain afternoon, I duly presented myself at a small hall in the North London district. There were 20 or 30 people present.

True Prophecy.

The clairvoyant arrived and at once began to give, without pause, "messages" and "descriptions of spirit people." I was trying to digest it all when the medium spoke to me: "That gentleman in the four, five, six—the eighth row."

"You mean me?" I raised my hand.

"Yes. There are several spirits around you. They are bringing a message. You are busy with some special work." (This was true, for I was engaged in writing a biography at the time.) I nodded.

"It will not succeed!"

"That, I am afraid, is disappointing, but you must not be impatient. It is to be done in God's time, not in yours." (The prophecy, if prophecy it was, and it really referred to the book, did, in fact, prove true! One difficulty after another arose and I put the work aside).

The medium went on: "One of the spirits with you is a man of about your own age, but not so tall; dark, very dark hair, swarthy complexion. He has a short black moustache and he keeps putting up his hand and tugging it. That is meant to help you

to recognise him. He died in very tragic circumstances. I see a big building of some kind, and a crane swings round and crushes him. It is very terrible." The medium puts a hand before her eyes. "He was shockingly injured."

"He Comes To Greet You"

I ran through my mental portrait gallery, but could not place the description. (Incidentally, my family has been connected with the building trade for several generations).

"You knew him some years ago. He comes to greet you." Then the medium went on: "This is interesting. I see you with a background—Egypt, the Pyramids. What does that mean to you?"

Now this certainly seemed very curious. For several months I had been reading books about Egypt, and at that moment had with me Sir Flinders Petrie's "Seventy Years in Archaeology." I had carried the book about all day, and as it had been borrowed and the weather was showery, had wrapped it in the folds of my newspaper. Now, still rolled, it was on the seat at my side.

I acknowledged this to be pretty good and, extracting the book and holding it aloft, read out the title.

"I see," said the medium. "The message I am getting is: 'Go on with your Egyptology.'" Presently the meeting closed. It was certainly a provocative "bag" of food for thought, I had to admit, for a first attempt.

As I went home I suddenly remembered that I had once known a man of my own age, shorter than myself, who was conspicuously dark and swarthy, who wore a small black moustache which he continually twirled. When I knew him he had no association with the building trade, but it is fair to note that the medium had not said he had; it is, of course, possible to be injured by a crane without being builder. But to this day I haven't any idea whether he is dead or alive. If he has passed on he would be quite likely to "ring me up!"

Attended 200 Meetings and Seances.

That was some five years ago. In the meantime I have attended over 200 public meetings and private seances and have experienced all the various classes of phe-

nomena. I will give a few selections from cases of which I can speak from first-hand knowledge, as I personally figured in them.

At a group seance which I attended in July, 1939, a communication came for a lady from a spirit purporting to be her son. The name Jack was given, and the medium stated that he had been a pilot in the R.A.F., and had crashed. The lady's name was ——. She acknowledged the spirit, verified the manner of his death, and said that her son had previously communicated with her.

Three months later, in October, I attended a public meeting at the Wigmore Hall, London, where a different medium gave clairvoyance. At the outset, she said the spirit of a young man was very importunate to "have his way," and that he was giving the name Jack. No one acknowledged.

After passing messages to various people, the medium again said "That Jack is still here, and insists that he can be recognised. . . . Wait a minute, I am getting the surname. It is Mills, Jack Mills." I recollected the incident at the previous group seance, and, after waiting awhile to see whether some closer connection was present, I raised my hand, saying that I knew the name only.

"Jack tells me that he was a pilot in the Royal Air Force and that his machine crashed. Also he says that he had a friend, also an airman, who has been taken a prisoner in the present war." I said I knew nothing about that.

Worried About Her Son

"Well, that is his message, and is the reason why he is here. He has come because his friend's mother is badly worried about her son, fearing that he may be receiving ill-treatment. Will you please let her know that Jack says there is no reason for her to be distressed, as the boy is being properly looked after. This other boy's name is Hugh."

I promised to inquire into the circumstances. Next day, I communicated with Mrs. Mills, who, a convinced Spiritualist, expressed no surprise at again hearing from her son. She believed she had heard of a "Hugh," but could not be certain. I was quite unknown to both mediums.

As I have already said, I have been investigating Spiritualism for five years—and I thought my inquiry would scarcely last five

weeks! And this is the result—I declare Spiritualism to be true! Man is a spirit and survives the grave. Spirit return and communication occur frequently. It is one of the few things in defence of which I would be prepared to face a firing squad. I came to scoff, but I remained to pray!

—"Guide and Ideas."

DOCTOR LOOKS AT MATERIALISATION.

Scientific descriptions of materialisations and dematerialisations, as personally observed by him, are given by Dr. Gustave Geley in his book, "From the Unconscious to the Conscious," translated into English by Mr. Stanley de Brath, and published by Collins. The following is a summary of his observations:—

I have been able to see, to touch, and to photograph the materialisations of which I am about to write. I have frequently followed the event from its beginning to its end; for it was formed, developed, and disappeared under my own eyes. The phenomena begin with painful sensations in the medium. The substance known as ectoplasm then exudes especially from the natural orifices and the extremities, from the top of the head, from the nipples and the ends of the fingers. It is most easily observed when it comes from the mouth. The substance appears as a plastic paste, a true protoplasmic mass, and as fine threads, strings of varying thickness, a wide band, and a fine tissue of irregular shape. Its visibility varies, and it seems soft and elastic at times, hard and fibrous at others. It is extremely sensitive to light and touch. To its sensitiveness the substance seems to add a kind of instinct not unlike that of the self-protection of the invertebrates; it would seem to have all the distrust of a defenceless creature, or one whose sole defence is to re-enter the parent organism. It shrinks from all contacts, and is always ready to avoid them and to be re-absorbed.

The "representations," or materialisations, are of the most diverse character—sometimes indeterminate inorganic forms, but more often organic forms of varying complexity and completeness, up to living beings, whose hearts beat, whose lungs

breathe, and whose bodily appearance is perfect.

Whatever may be the mode of its formation the materialisation does not always remain in contact with the medium; it is sometimes observed quite detached. The materialised organs are not inert, but biologically alive. A well-formed hand, for example, has the functional capacities of a normal hand. The forms I observed were always three-dimensional. The better they were materialised the more power of self-direction they appeared to have. Some forms are without warmth and flexibility.

Every impression received by the ectoplasm reacts on the medium and vice versa; the extreme reflex sensitiveness of the forms is closely connected with that of the medium. Everything goes to prove that the ectoplasm is, in a word, the medium herself, partly exteriorised.

Referring to the conditions under which he saw materialisation, the Doctor writes: "I do not merely say, 'There was no trickery'; I say, 'There was no possibility of trickery.'"

CONSOLATION FOR THE NON-PSYCHIC

By THOMAS WEIR

THERE are probably few Spiritualists who have not the desire to possess psychic power, so that they may receive communications uncoloured by the personality of the medium. However, we cannot all be psychics, and we who are not so gifted must just make the best of it.

One of the great spiritual truths that Spiritualism has emphasised is that spiritual development is not alone for those psychically gifted, but for the most commonplace, who are nevertheless capable of living in personal relationship with the Unseen Power that rules the Universe.

You may see God in your neighbour, but your neighbour cannot find Him for you; that you must do for yourself. We cannot know what are the powers and nature of God, but we may seek to know His character. If you look abroad on Nature, scan the lives of men, search your own heart, study not one book but all good books, re-

ject the hearsay, and if you are broad-minded in doing these, you must come to the conclusion that if there be a God, He is beneficent and unvengeful towards all, always on the side of righteousness, and apparently caring nothing for right religion, but everything for right living.

The Power of Prayer.

If you conceive of a Supreme Being with these attributes the first step in spiritual development is to put this conception to the test for yourself by prayer. Rigidly excluding all selfish personal desires, pray daily to God for guidance in your daily life, and watch for the answers, while living the best life you know. Hudson Tuttle tells how, when he was a boy, having accidentally broken a garden fork, he held the detached part in position while he prayed that God would make it whole. But when his prayer was done, the broken part fell off as before, and then he states that for the rest of his life he never prayed again. Tuttle made the common mistake of thinking that God's answer must be either Yes or No, whereas it is more often something better than either; indeed, there is no better proof that answers to prayer come from God, than their unexpected and superlative character. But whatever happens keep on praying, till you are confirmed in believing that there is a God who has answered your prayers. There is no psychic gift possessed by mankind equal in value to this power of prayer to God, and receiving answers that make life wonderful. Many more and better subjects of prayer might be suggested than just your own affairs, but these are best for a test.

Temperance In All Things.

But your life must be consistent with all this. Imperfection is inseparable from humanity, but you must be trying to live in purity of mind, applying the Golden Rule daily in your conduct, and making cleanliness of body an imperative duty. Psychic power is increased by temperance in all things, and light meals make clear heads. The time when we are all psychically gifted is between the evening and the morning, but suppers often turn human being into hogs or logs. We cannot have

things both ways, and suppers are best done without. If your conscience does not prevent you eating butcher meat, eat as little of it as possible; if it does, all the better, you will live longer and healthier, and the animalism in you will be less and the Spiritualism more.

Naturally, if you live near to God by prayer, you will have more peace of mind, which will help your psychic power. By forgiving, kind, considerate, sympathetic, helpful, and loving to all. These are the gifts that will make you attractive to your fellow-creatures, the very cats and dogs will show it, but you will also attract the high spirits in the other world who never speak through mediums, but who seek out and by suggestion help aspiring souls on earth. There is no psychic gift equal to the power of a good life, a life lived in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, and the immortal thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Observe the incidents of your life as they pass; there is no picture show that should stir your interest like that moving picture of your own; act well your part in it before the audience of interested and appreciative spirits.

Psychic Exercises.

There are one or two little psychic gifts that nearly everyone may practise with pleasure and advantage, but remember that development is slow, so be patient. Thought transference is a fine thing if practised honestly and kindly. You can send out your good thoughts to anyone you like, simply by thinking intensely of the matter (not desiring intensely to communicate) and giving expression and direction to these thoughts. I say "good" thoughts advisedly, for if you have bad thoughts you will do yourself harm by letting them go, so crush them in self-defence.

Another simple psychic gift easily developed, is the power of visualising objects and scenery with the eyes close shut. It is partly due to repeated impressions on the eyes when open in the light, and undoubtedly the spirit people make use of this power to make suggestions to us; at least I have found it so. If you have been,

say, picking gooseberries for two hours in a good light, when you lie down to sleep at night and shut your eyes close in the dark, you will see, as it were inside your brain, nothing but clusters of gooseberries and leaves, and something similar happens if you fix your eyes intently on the landscape as you walk, or if you give close attention to the crowds in the streets. The scenes visually developed in this way are often of great beauty and interest, and if the spirit people help, you may see the upper astral world in its splendour, or the weird grey rocks and gorges of the lower planes.

Lie down in peace of mind with the eyes close shut while breathing regularly and deeply, but without effort. Do not give constrained attention or expectation to the matter. After five or ten minutes a faint yellow light may appear, and gradually brighten into a show of rolling clouds of yellow, blue, and sometimes red, that take fantastic and sometimes symmetrical forms beautiful to see, which may rapidly change into lovely landscapes, streets with figures, lakes and rivers, weird places that frighten one, and sometimes just for a moment you will see a face looking at you, or a car will rush through the picture, a band or a funeral may pass.

Sometimes these have been so vivid and beautiful that I have put up my fingers to see if my eyes were really shut; indeed I have never seen anything on earth equal to some of these pictures. The scene usually passes in five or ten minutes, though it is sometimes longer. Some of the most conclusive proofs of the truth of Spiritualism which I have received, have been the interjections and sentences that I have heard when waiting for these pictures.

Psychic gifts are useful, interesting, valuable, and honourable, whether we have them ourselves or benefit by them in others, but the non-psychic person who lives in personal relationship with a beneficent God, and is able to trace His hand in this poor struggling life of ours, is endowed with spiritual wealth that surpasses all psychic gifts.

BISHOP SPEAKS OUT.

"Spiritualism Leads Men to God.

"The duty of the Christian is to throw wide open the windows of the soul, to welcome the light of Heaven, from whatever quarter it may shine upon him," writes Bishop Welldon, Dean of Durham, in his book, "The Church and the World," "but not to accept any spiritual revelation, except upon such evidence as renders it at least highly probable.

"The world is full of mystery, and every mystery is a great possibility. No error can be intellectually more fatal than that of regarding the book of Nature as though it were closed, because all its secrets have been read by man's research, and nothing now remains to be discovered.

"Rather does there seem to be a sense of humour in Providence, in that, when something has been declared by official authority to be impossible, it takes place.

"The modern inventions of practical science, radiography, the X-rays, wireless telegraphy, and now television would have been said to be impossible miracles, if recorded in the Gospels.

Mind and Body.

"Who would have dreamed a few years ago that it could be possible to observe by ocular vision the inward parts of the human body? It was but the other day that men used to say, 'I should as soon think of flying,' to denote an impossibility.

"Similarly the relation of body and mind, still more of mind and mind, opens up a wide vista of speculative research. No longer can a sharp line be drawn between body and mind.

"Spiritual healing is a subject about which honest opinions may differ; but there is no room for honest doubt as to the influence which the mind may exercise upon physical health; and whether the anointing of the sick, Extreme Unction as it is called, be a practice scientifically justified or not, it is at least conceivable that the art of healing has been or will be proved to extend beyond the range of simple material remedies.

Spiritualism, if . . .

"So, too, telepathy in all its forms must be held to demonstrate the truth of the intimate relation between mind and mind. No-

body can decide offhand how one mind is related to another; yet the fact of spiritual sympathy between two persons, living, it may be, at a great distance one from another, is a truth practically established. It opens up a large vista of possibility.

"Men, who are far from being Spiritualists in professed belief, do yet acknowledge at times the reality of spiritual presences; nay, I have heard one such man say of his son, killed in the Great War, that he knew his son to have been nearer to him since his death than ever he had been in life.

"Spiritualism, if it is truly conceived, is not only a system of learning the experience of spirits in a world beyond the grave; it is also the cultivation of the spiritual life in faith, in worship, and in conduct, upon earth.

"So Spiritualism, or, at least, Christian Spiritualism, leads men's thoughts to the Holy Spirit of God. For He is the Divine Person who stands in a special relation to the spirit of man."

PENSIONER AND HIS SON.

When I was 15, my family had taken from a friend a large house of which we furnished only a few rooms (writes Miss Cecily R. Bolt, of St. Weonards, Herefordshire).

One evening I was going upstairs to my bedroom when I saw an old Chelsea Pensioner in his uniform coming down from the attics. He seemed absolutely alive and solid.

I fled downstairs to my parents. Needless to say, we found nothing when we made a thorough tour of every room.

Apologies.

A few weeks later the owner of the house called and, apologising for asking us to leave, said that after years of emptiness the house had now been sold.

"So you see," he added laughing, "I owe you my greatest thanks for putting up curtains and making the place look 'livable.' This house has always had the reputation of being haunted.

"Some poor old Crimean veteran can't seem to keep away from it. His son was found hanging in one of the attics."

Treat a man as loyal, and you help to make him loyal.

MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP.

By J. JENKINSON.

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit."—Joel.

Those desirous of obtaining communications from disembodied spirits should first of all read up the subject of Spiritualism. There are a large number of weekly and monthly papers published in England, America and elsewhere, devoted to the science, philosophy and religion; also a vast number of books upon the subject can be obtained.

When beginners have obtained some knowledge of the subject from reading and conversation with their friends they should arrange a weekly sitting among themselves.

There are a variety of ways in which it is possible to obtain communications. A very simple method is to sit with a number of friends, or better still, the members of one's own family—about the same number of each sex—around an uncovered wooden table with the palms of the hands lightly placed in contact with its surface; conversation can invariably be obtained in this manner after a time by means of raps upon, or movements of, the table, answering to the letter of the alphabet.

In order to be successful, however, in obtaining this and other kinds of phenomena, it is best to sit with a medium, and there is one to be found, according to an authority, in nearly every household. Every person should investigate the subject carefully and consciously. Writing on this matter "M.A. (Oxon)", the late editor of "Light," says: "The seance as a plaything, as the amusement of an idle hour, as the alternative of the after-dinner game, is not to be contemplated by even moderately instructed people without a shudder of dread."

A medium is a person so constituted as to give off from the body a kind of fluid or invisible power, which the spirits use in some way to communicate.

Types of Mediums.

There are different kinds of mediums; there is for instance the writing mediums. Several persons may be sitting at a table when the hand of one of their number may become agitated; a pencil should at once be put in his or her hand, and a few loose sheets of paper (which ought always to be kept handy) should be placed before them. In this way messages may be obtained from relatives and friends of the sitters, some of them of a strictly private nature, known only to the spirit and the person or persons to whom the messages are addressed, the handwriting varying to a greater or lesser extent with nearly every spirit.

When such messages are received the sitters should not run to the extreme of credulity; they should remember the words of St. John: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God"; they should be treated with respect, but firmly and consistently. If communications are obtained from frivolous spirits, the person acting as conductor of the circle should give them no encouragement, and if they still persist in staying, the sitting should be broken up.

Sometimes one of the sitters will become entranced, when the voices of friends and loved ones, long since mourned as dead, will be heard, and their very actions imitated by the medium, whose countenance appears to alter to the expression worn by them when on earth, while they speak to you through the medium of past events that you may have forgotten.

Some mediums who are clairvoyant can see the spirits, describe their appearance, the clothes they wear, and everything concerning them.

Many mediums have the power to heal others by passes, or the laying on of the hands over the diseased or aching part. Others can foretell future events, like Jacob of old, who told his sons what would befall them in the future.

Much Sought Phenomena.

One form of mediumship much sought after on account of its seeming wonderful phenomena is that of materialisation, where the spirits by using the medium's body, while entranced, can show themselves to the sitters, most of whom can see them and

speak to them whether they are clairvoyant or not. Spiritualists who have studied the subject, however, are almost unanimous in recommending investigators to try and obtain other forms of mediumship first. It is necessary to expend a considerable amount of time, patience, and energy and sometimes money in order to be successful.

Two phases of mediumship which are coming to the front latterly are the "direct voice" and "spirit photography." In the former case it is usual to sit in a very faint light. The medium may or may not become entranced, but the voices of long deceased friends are often heard speaking in their own familiar voices—not through the lips of the medium but breaking, as it would appear, upon the empty air. It is often helpful to have a trumpet within the circle which magnifies the sound. A trumpet is simply a tin or aluminium cone, about 20 inches long, 1 inch in diameter at the small end, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 inches at the large end. Where the power is strong the trumpet will float round the circle and approach or touch the individual for whom the message comes.

In spirit photography it is usual for the medium to carry the plates about his person for a day or two, or to hold a short circle, during which the medium holds an unopened packet of plates between his hands for a few minutes for the purpose of impregnating them with his psychic power. Thereafter the usual process of photograph is followed, and "extras" of spirit forms appear beside the sitter when the plates are developed. Sometimes, however, the plates are taken direct from the circle to the dark room for development without exposure, and spirit forms, flowers, or symbolical designs appear therein. These latter effects are usually termed psychographs.

Writing upon this subject, Miss Florence Marryat, the well known authoress, said: "It took me years of patient research, and a large expenditure of money to accomplish what I have done, but it has been worth the whole world put together to me."

"Do you wish," she says, "to see your departed friends? Is it not a fact that, owing to the wicked and absurd notions with which our minds are imbued regarding death and the spirit world, many of you who have watched and wept for nights beside the bed of some dying relative, and entreated the Almighty to spare him to you, will shrink with terror from seeing him again as soon

as his breath has gone out of his body? Under such circumstances, do you think he would care to make his presence known to you? I often think how the so-called dead must suffer when they see the abject fear of their poor remains exhibited by those whom they believed loved them too well to be afraid."

—"The Progressive Thinker."

SEEING WITH CLOSED EYES

Can you see with your skin—when your eyes are completely covered?

The question has attracted attention since the "Sunday Despatch" report of tests in "sightless" reading, and it led to further interesting demonstrations by a Golders Green resident, Theodor Kolb, Viennese textile importer.

"The evidence suggests that we may be on the verge of a most important physiological discovery," said Dr. Nandor Fodor, who conducted the investigation at the International Institute for Psychical Research.

"If Mr. Kolb's powers can be cultivated in other people, it may be possible to teach blind people to read with the skin.

Sensitive.

"Mr. Kolb has now gone through all the tests in reading which we used for Kuda Bux. In the presence of two dozen medical doctors, with dough and bandages covering his eyes and most of his face, he read things practically at eye level.

"His explanation was that with the retina of the eye in complete repose parts of his skin become so sensitive to light that he can read through them, the most sensitive part being the tip of his nose and the skin between the nostrils and the upper lip.

Experiments.

"These parts must be exposed, and it was found that when the upper lip was covered Mr. Kolb did not read so fluently.

A FRIENDLY GIFT !
MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY
 With
A SUBSCRIPTION
 to
"THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

"It is an interesting theory, and if it is found on further investigation that extra-retinal vision is indeed possible, seeing through almost any part of the skin may be within ordinary human capabilities.

"Mr. Kolb said that he learned he could read thus when he heard of other 'sightless' readings, and decided to experiment. I have now urged him to try to cultivate sight through the skin on the back of his neck."

Teaching the Blind.

Doctors at the "sitting" recalled that the French author Jules Romains postulated this theory of "sightless" reading, which he called paroptic vision.

He claimed that he could teach the blind to see through their skins, employing microscopic organs of sight in the skin called ocelli.

Kuda Bux, Indian mystery man, was asked whether this plays a part in his "sightless" reading, also whether, as a "Sunday Despatch" reader suggested, he looks down his nostrils.

A Sixth Sense

"No," he replied to both questions.

"I read by concentration, which brings into operation a sixth sense. So long as the light is completely blocked from my eyes, I can read. I began by reading by touch. Now I have progressed beyond that stage. Indeed, I can teach others to read thus."

To prove it he gave me yet another demonstration. I held a newspaper under his chin. It extended upwards covering his whole face and ears.

It was a much simpler covering than the bandaging I had seen before—the dough and cotton wool and medical tape—but I felt that I had blocked every possible aperture, every line of normal vision.

Kuda Bux read.

—Special Investigator, "Sunday Despatch."

ONE GOOD TURN!

You will feel better if you help another
Send
"THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT"
to someone !

SPIRITUAL TRUTH

Reprinted from "The Lyceum Banner."

IT is often said by non-spiritualists that a Spiritualist is not a Christian. It is similar to saying that a Spiritualist is not a Buddhist or a Moslem.

A Spiritualist who has accepted the seven principles of Spiritualisms, and has studied the phenomena in relation to philosophy and religion has distinct views which are not wholly confined to the doctrines of any religious faith.

In the early days of Modern Spiritualism our movement was described as a cosmopolitan eclecticism—free from local or national prejudices and choosing the best out of everything.

The fundamental basis of the philosophy of a true Spiritualist is that the spirits of mortal men continue to exist after death and bring evidences of their continuity by controlling the bodies and minds of mediums, through whom men are able to recognise that the controlling spirits are actually imparting information which proves their identity.

Man has a physical and a spiritual body controlled by an intelligence we call Spirit. When a man becomes what we name a spirit he has lost his physical body and to come again in contact with mortals he must borrow the body of a medium to make a physical re-appearance to mortals. It is on the spiritual plane that contact must first occur. Thus we get many mental impressions from this source. As we develop mediumship we are gradually able to manifest the evidence of impressions and deeper states of control, until we find that a spirit can temporarily use the whole organism of a medium for a display of any phenomena the spirit desires to convey.

Between mental impressions and trance there are many stages where the conditions will produce evidences which are derived jointly by the medium and the attendant spirit. Extreme scepticism deters the influence of a spirit from full control. Thus the sceptic unconsciously

negates the power which would give him the direct evidence he is supposed to be seeking. Few people can do their best when facing critics. When we realise that mediums are sensitives we can understand. While it is necessary to keep our balance, we must not be hypercritical if we want to see the best results.

In the commencement of any person's investigation into Modern Spiritualism it is not helpful to think a Spiritualist is not a Christian. There must be no religious bias. The religious stage has not been reached. What the student must look for is an evidence of survival beyond physical decay. Survival has been proved in so many instances that there is abundant evidence for stating it is a fact—definitely true and demonstrable.

If a person does not wish to believe survival and will not investigate the facts with an unbiased mind, it is better to leave that person alone until he steps down from his bigoted pedestal. There are many such persons say a Spiritualist is not a Christian. We can certainly reply that a Spiritualist is not that kind of a Christian.

Our real position is based on survival and spirit-communion. We realise that spirits are communicating with mortals all over the world and they will naturally return to us with the evidences of their earthly existence to prove their identity. The language and habits—religious and otherwise—will break through and be used in the messages.

We, as Spiritualists, have no quarrel about the religious doctrine of any returning spirit. Our standard is Truth—if it is true it is worth upholding and propagating, so that any truth there is in Christianity or any other religion will have the support of every earnest Spiritualist. We therefore support the religious truth revealed in every form of faith, but leave the sectarian distinctions to those people who consider them vital to salvation.

The cause of our isolation as Spiritualists is because our methods have not been acceptable to any other established form of religious faith. Our truths are becoming more manifest and there is a tendency for other faiths to begin absorbing the cosmopolitan teachings of human survival.

Tradition will not yet allow the sporadic permeation of Spiritualistic principles that come from the organised movement of Modern Spiritualism to directly influence the Christian and other religious organisations; hence we have the various attempts to form some Christian Spiritualist organisations.

The Modern Spiritualist Movement exists to obtain the knowledge of everything concerning the spiritual nature of man, and also to change the machinery of modern life so that the physical body can be fully maintained, with adequate leisure to pursue the forces of life. We must work out our own salvation through the progressive evolution of moral attributes and thus find true religion expressing itself in our conduct.

If a person is lower than us we can draw him upwards, and when we find ourselves in the presence of a higher being we can appeal to his wisdom. The natural teacher is always looking for students and is always happy when he can impart information.

The whole of humanity is merging towards a nearness. In every sphere of life sectarian and national barriers are being broken down. The walls by which we have surrounded ourselves are crumbling away and some few people have seen the folly of separateness. We stretch hands over the crumbling barriers, and in mutual recognition of former disadvantages, we join thought on common issues.

Thus the cloudy mountains of prejudice and ostracism are being dispelled and vanish in the air—our supposed enemies become our friends.

Together, be we Christian or Spiritualist or hold any other views, let us realise that all the barriers to the loving pursuit of truth are man-made and by man can be removed.

A spirit passed to the higher life and found himself in the darkness of his own doubt. He yearned for light and it came. And with the light came the sight of those who were about him. And they communed together. He found peace. The peace of a happy life! Giving to others that which he had found, and yet retaining to himself the memory and joy of it all.

Is there not now, in Spiritualism being true, that which we can give and yet retain as the most priceless possession? No more need we say "It's better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. We can say "our love is never lost." It goes into the everywhere and grows deeper within us as the years go by. Its true value is found in the response we can

awaken from others. It fills the air and every good thought finds a happy place to keep our thoughts alive in the minds of those we love. Even death cannot keep it away. Therein lies the deepest joy of spirit communion. It rises from the grave and lives within our memories forever.

Let us tell its meaning and its fulness to our children.

Music by Trance and Ouija Board

By N. LINDSAY NORDEN, in *The Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*.

This article on messages and music purporting to come from Felix Mendelssohn and others is an account of the personal experiences of Mr. N. Lindsay Norden, the organist, and his wife. Mr. Norden is also a composer and his musical compositions and arrangements have been published to the number of 400,000 copies.

Like most automatic writing, the early communications were irrelevant, untrustworthy and more like proverbs than messages. But the appearance of a communicator who is able to give themes and arrangements of original music by a laborious method of taps, symbols and letters promises to make this mediumship a unique one.

ON New Year's day, 1940, the board spelled "Jacob," followed by "Felix is here and will assist." We asked "what Felix?" and were told "Mendelssohn." He said, "I want you to write three pieces for small orchestra. I will give the themes." We asked whether manuscript paper should be used. "I will give the pitches in the first set of numbers and the time in the second set."

The ouija table then moved very rapidly to the numbers on the board and we called them out while a third person wrote them down. From these numbers alone no one could possibly predict the character of the tune, since it would vary with the note values of the different pitches, and, again with the time signature, and the possibility of being either in the major or the minor mode.

Following this, the key and the time signatures were given and then we assembled all the elements on a piece of manuscript paper. The melody was a very good one. "Mendelssohn" then wrote, "I will place X after the numbers in the upper octave and Y after those in the lower octave." The number of beats on each note was indicated by the movement of the ouija table,—one complete movement one beat, two complete movements two beats, half a movement half a beat, etc.

I have composed music which is published and in use as well as pieces for orchestra, which are in manuscript, and have been performed a number of times. My wife is musical,—sings, plays and understands the theory of music to a large degree, though she has never composed. The interesting phase of this Mendelssohn matter is that neither of us had been talking about Mendelssohn, nor had I been doing any of his music. Further, we had no idea of any such scheme for writing music; it all came out of a clear sky, following, as I have mentioned, what appeared to be a stupid and uninteresting start with the board. Since any change in the elements (pitch number, beats on note, high octave with X, low octave with Y, time, or key) would have quite decidedly changed the character of the music, it was necessary for us, with our four hands on the table, to agree on everything. None of the melodies are of the type of my compositions. I defy any composer to write a good tune by working this way. In actual composition the form and general texture of a melody are conceived as a whole,—in a flash, or a spurt of inspiration. The pitches, the pulses on the tones, the phrasing, etc., are all interwoven in the whole conception.

More Themes Come.

On later dates additional themes were

given in the same sectional manner and assembled on manuscript paper. The second theme came on an evening when a musician friend was present. For many years he had been third chair in the first violin section of the Philadelphia Orchestra. The melody suddenly came out after some information of a general character. The third theme came to us alone, and the fourth when a well-known musical educator was present. After the first time there was never any warning when a theme was to appear.

We were told that the first theme was for strings and woodwind. We asked whether there was to be any timpani, and the answer was "that is understood." An inquiry as to horns was answered "they are uncertain." Later we were told "call when you have some work." We were also instructed to write three separate pieces, or a suite of three. "The first two can be called 'A Holiday.' Group them as one, sonata form. The first and the last (themes) to be the first movement. The fourth theme can be used in a suite with the first two if you wish." In answer to the question as to whether all were to be orchestra pieces, the reply was, "all except (No.) three—you can do as you wish about that. Keep it down" (meaning in the low register).

We called attention to the fact that the third melody had an irregular phrase in it with a bar too many. The reply was "Who cares?"

Message From Chopin.

One evening we heard from "Chopin" via the board. "Polish dances are torn, many others burned, but enough survive to give their greatness to the world. We travel together (Mendelssohn and Chopin) here. When you finish his music, I will try to help—come often. F.C."

Due to interfering circumstances the music has not been orchestrated (Sept. 1940) but there was a start made on the first theme, and it is my intention to do some of this during the autumn. We have held many sittings since these themes were given, and as will be observed later on the board was dropped. We now work through a trance condition in which the medium (my wife) does not know what transpires. Since the trance came into being, I suppose it is safe to say that we have held at least fifty sittings. On September 26, 1940, one of the controls (A. B.), said that there was a musi-

cal friend present and I asked if it were R.H.W. who sometimes comes.

A.B.: "No, but he has been here before." (The trance utterances are in black).

N.L.N.: "What is his name?"

A.B.: "Felix."

N.L.N.: "He is welcome, but I don't think he'll like the fact that I have not finished his music."

Felix Mendelssohn: "I haven't finished. I have more music for you to write. Will you write the other soon?"

N.L.N.: "Yes, I will get at it this fall. There have been a lot of things to keep me from doing it."

Felix Mendelssohn: "You do not have to offer an excuse: sometimes we wait for years for such things. I want you to write more. I have a new tune."

N.L.N.: "Well, don't give it to-night: I am too tired. Keep it for some other time. If you can sing it loud enough, I can transcribe it directly on manuscript paper."

Felix Mendelssohn: "Yes, the other way was crude."

N.L.N.: "Is there any way you can identify yourself so that people will believe it is really you?"

Felix Mendelssohn: "No, only through the characteristics of music. I will try to guide your hand. You must do it here. I cannot travel. I will stay here. It is necessary to do it here—" (my house).

N.L.N.: "When there are so many musicians—much greater than I—in the world, why did you pick on me to write for you?"

Felix Mendelssohn: "The channel was open and you were interested. I have tried others before, but unsuccessfully. It is very pleasant to talk with you. (The voice had a slight German accent.) I am enjoying myself. I was warned that it was difficult at first—it is not. Work as soon as you can and relax. You must relax; it is much easier. Good night!"

Robert Louis Stevenson.

On March 10, 1940, before the trance phase began, we had a visit from "Robert Louis Stevenson." He said "She must write, articles and short stories." To the question "Were you here before?" the answer was, "Have tried before." Then we asked how he found things in his world, "World is much the same." Then we asked a number of questions as to whether he was in the room, and whether we could see him, etc. In

reply to a request for some verse he said, "Let us to the garden to watch the spring appear, where crocuses and daffodils and magnolias will tear themselves from winter's clasp, with joyousness at sun's warm kiss." Then he said, "Leave out 'magnolias,' children rarely know their name." When we asked if there was anything else, we received "The flames around the hearth-logs are much amused to see me here, a-watching them a-dancing. To them I seem a funny lad, as every flamelet can plainly see." After this the comment was, "The first three lines are good." Later, "She (my wife) will grow. There is little she cannot accomplish if she tries. I have watched often." We asked him when he died and the answer was "1884" and his age was given as "43", also "don't know birth year." His actual dates are 1850-94. We might have slipped up in reading "8" for "9".

Many other names and dates were given us at different times. Some names and places were foreign, and the business occupations given as shoe merchant, sheep herder, sea captain, cheese merchant, minister, fisherman, etc. Then there were messages coming from those we had known, friends and relatives. These were pertinent, but never startling.

Humor appeared from time to time. One day a message appeared signed by W.B. (Dr. Weston Bayley of Philadelphia), who in life was a tart person, interested in psychic matters. He said, "Honor takes strange means to assert itself." After we had welcomed him, we asked him for a message and he said we would talk of "cabbages and kings." Then, "O the pig and the farmer chased each other 'round and 'round and never caught up with each other 'til the farmer stumbled." To the question, "What does that mean?" the answer came, "As one pig to another, why try to say?" This was May 30, 1940. On June 16th he wrote again. "Two horse hairs plus three of your very best sneezes taken before turning upside down will cure dandruff."

Trance Experiences.

May 9th, 1940, marked the beginning of more profound psychic events. The board had written: "Has B. tried going from your place?" We asked what this meant and the answer was "trance, try it."

We had noticed that on many occasions

my wife seemed very sleepy after we had been at the board a few moments. So we decided to try the trance without the board. She went "off" very easily holding the "power" at first only a few minutes, three or four. Lately we have held it as long as fifteen and the power seems to grow each time. All experiments have been carried on in the light, some outdoors.

These vibrations, powers, spirits, personalities, or whatever you choose to call them do not seem to be merely subconscious activities, for they frequently bring with them (though not always) a strong feeling of the affliction with which they passed on,—a pain in the heart, a pneumonia condition, a throat condition, or the like. Several have appeared who said that they did not know either of us in life. They have come to help they say. Recently I have taken to recording them on my sound recording machine and some excellent results have been obtained. The medium does not know what she has said when she returns to normal. Several times she has seen a very bright light. This is interesting, for when we were using the ouija board and asked what brought certain persons (or forces) to the board the reply was often, "I saw the light."

The other evening the medium said, "**He is here**" and later, "**Go and preach the truth**" (this with the arm raised like a preacher's arm). There has been some so-called "transfiguration," too, when I can see her face change to the face of another, though so far I have not recognised the changed face. When she "came back" after an old lady had been present through her, her hands were old and withered, but that soon passed away and normalcy returned. This phase will doubtless grow.

All these things are happening in our living room. We have had no visitors so far, though we may have later. We use no wires or mirrors! We are not deceiving ourselves! Whatever the causes are, the results are actually transpiring, without question. We are serious investigators, not easily convinced against our wills, but we do feel that we are on the track of some interesting and instructive phenomena.

To rebuild our cities finely, we must rebuild our souls.

No country produces any better crop than its inhabitants.

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Subscribers experiencing any difficulty in obtaining "The Harbinger of Light" are requested to communicate with the Secretary.

Editor:—REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D.

VOL. 72. JANUARY 1, 1941. No. 1.

With this issue "The Harbinger of Light" enters upon the seventy-first year of its publication. It is gratifying to record that, owing to the sustained support of readers and the very generous measure of practical assistance given by those anxious to promote the Truth, the journal has been able to hold its own in spite of the difficulties brought about by the war. But increased and regular donations would lighten the task of the editor and would ensure the continuance of the work.

We gratefully acknowledge the enthusiasm of those readers who have been instrumental in obtaining new subscribers during the year, and also express our appreciation of the many encouraging letters received. Notwithstanding the dark days that may lie ahead, we face the New Year with confidence, strong in the faith that those who believe in our mission will continue to give their valued co-operation.

While the world is torn by doubts, we Spiritualists can look forward with cheery optimism. We fear no foe, whether he struts in battle-dress or camouflages himself as an angel of peace, because even Death has no sting for us. Buoyed up with the consciousness that the teachings of Spiritualism are needed more than ever today, we are equally certain that the flowing tide is with us. A great awakening is coming, and, when it does, we who hold fast to the faith must be ready.

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—J. J. DOLTON.

To be able to laugh at oneself is the beginning of peace.

Passing of Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S

TRIBUTE BY AMBROSE FLEMING IN "NATURE."

BY the passing of Oliver Joseph Lodge the world has lost not only one of its most distinguished scientific investigators, but also one who had unique powers of exposition able to make clear to minds of less ability than his own the nature of new scientific discoveries or novel scientific conceptions in lucid and original language.

Lodge was born at Penkhill near Stoke-on-Trent on June 12, 1851, where his father had a business connected with the pottery trade. His school education was gained at Newport (Eng.), and it was intended that he should enter his father's business, which he did for a short time at fourteen years of age. But he soon exhibited a keen interest in science and disinclination for a business career. By private study he acquired sufficient knowledge to matriculate in the University of London and then to pass the intermediate examination for the B.Sc. degree.

At South Kensington.

At that time the Science and Art Department had a scheme for giving promising students and elementary science teachers an opportunity of gaining practical laboratory training under distinguished men, and the science schools at South Kensington had been opened for that purpose in 1872 with Edward Frankland as professor of chemistry, Frederick Guthrie for physics, and Thomas H. Huxley for biology. Both Lodge and I took advantage of this opportunity and thus commenced a life-long friendship. We were both more interested in physics than in pure chemistry. Crookes had then begun, and was continuing, his researches on electric discharge in high vacua. Clerk Maxwell published in 1873 his great treatise on electricity and magnetism and had translated into mathematical form Faraday's original ideas concerning the electromagnetic field. We were both extremely interested in Maxwell's conceptions on electromagnetic waves. To gain additional knowledge of physics and mathematics Lodge entered University College, London, to study under Carey Foster in physics and mathematics with Henrici, but his abilities soon enabled him to pass from the state of stu-

dent to that of teacher. After taking his B.Sc. degree he became reader of natural philosophy in Bedford College for Women in 1875, and in 1879 assistant professor in applied mathematics in University College, London. In 1881 he was selected as professor of physics in the University of Liverpool and soon began to make a name for himself as an original investigator.

Lectures and Experiments.

Lodge's powers of exposition led to invitations to give lectures or courses at other places. He gave a lecture at the Royal Institution on the discharge of a Leyden jar in which he pointed out the importance of resonance or tuning when dealing with electric oscillations. In a lecture course at the Royal Society of Arts he discussed the nature of lightning discharges and surmised that they might consist of high-frequency electric discharges. This study led him to devise experiments on the propagation of electric waves along wires and he came very near to anticipating the work of the German physicist H. H. Hertz on the production of Maxwell's electromagnetic waves in space.

Hertz's work was carried out at Karlsruhe and Bonn between 1885 and 1888. His masterly experimental work on this subject excited world-wide interest. Lodge threw himself with the greatest enthusiasm into the work of repeating and extending that of Hertz. Lodge devised experiments to show the similarity between optical effects such as refraction and reflection of light and those of electromagnetic waves. This prepared the way for his original work on wireless telegraphy. Hertz had employed as a detector of electric waves a simple ring of wire with spark balls inserted in it. But this was not at all sensitive. Lodge adapted for that purpose a tube loosely filled with metallic filings which in that condition was a poor electric conductor. But the impact of electric waves on it caused a coherence to take place between the metallic particles and hence Lodge named it a coherer. If given a slight tap the filings came back into the non-conductive state and accordingly Lodge made a self-acting tapper on

the principle of the electric bell which continually restored the filings to a state of poor conduction.

Wireless Telegraphy.

Hertz died in January, 1894, and in June of that year Lodge gave a brilliant lecture his coherer, experiments were shown illustrated at the Royal Institution on the work of Hertz. No mention was made of electric wave telegraphy in that lecture; but, using the production, detection, and properties of electric waves. In the autumn of that year Lodge repeated the lecture before the British Association at Oxford, and on that occasion he showed that with a dead-beat Kelvin galvanometer long or short deflections of a spot of light could be created by means of a Hertz radiator in a distant room. Thus Morse code signals and intelligence could be transmitted. By the use of a more powerful radiator, Marconi covered miles instead of yards. In a British patent taken out about this time, Lodge pointed out the necessity for sympathy or tuning between the transmitter and receiver. This patent later on became of great importance and was acquired by the Marconi Company. In conjunction with Dr. Alexander Muirhead, Lodge worked out later on a complete

plant for wireless telegraphy. He must therefore be considered as one of the pioneers of this important application of experimental research.

Lodge was, however, more interested in pure research than in its applications. He had a firm belief in the actuality of a space-filling ether, and endeavoured by various experiments to prove a connection between matter and ether, but without results. He expounded his views in various papers and books, for example, "Modern Views of Electricity," "Electrons," and "The Ether of Space."

Principal of Birmingham University.

In 1900 he was chosen as first principal of the University of Birmingham, where he remained for nearly twenty years, and by the breadth of his interests and personal character he made himself known and beloved by an extensive circle.

Lodge was knighted in 1902 and was the recipient of numerous honours, such as the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society in 1898, and the Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts in 1919. He was elected fellow of the Royal Society in 1887, and president of the British Association in 1913.

His personal appearance was impressive. He was 6 ft. 4 in. in height, and in middle life had a strong facial resemblance to a former Lord Salisbury. He always commanded serious attention in any meeting at which he spoke. He was happy in his domestic life, and had a large family of six sons and six daughters.

Lodge became prominent as a leader in psychical research. In common with his friend, F. W. H. Myers, he had a strong conviction of the survival of some part of the human personality after the death of the bodily organism, and he sought to prove it in various ways. The writer is not, however, qualified to evaluate Lodge's work in this region. His attention to it was not the outcome of mere scientific curiosity, but of a firm belief in the value of human life and the eternal consequences of human conduct. Above all he did not consider the universe to be the outcome of an automatic evolution, but the creation of a Supreme Intelligence. He had a serious and reverent outlook on human life, and his wide and valuable work in numerous fields will ensure for his name an enduring recollection as well as an affectionate remembrance by many minds.

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Wholly set up and printed by Hilton Press Ltd., 223-27
Moray St., South Melbourne, for "The Harbinger of
Light" Pty. Ltd., and Published at Wentworth House,
203 Collins St., Melbourne.