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A
PSYCHIC DIGEST

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Edited by
Rev. J. T. Huston, N.D.
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The Harbinger of Light

A MONTHLY DIGEST DEVOTED TO
Psychical Research, Spiritualism, and
Spiritual Philosophy

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

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Some Apparitions I Have Met

MARCELLA DeCOU HICKS

I DO not believe it to be an exaggeration to state that I have seen literally hundreds of materialised spirits and have personally talked with dozens. I have been close enough to see the colour of their eyes and hair, the texture of their skin. I have felt their touch upon my face and head and arms, and in their hand-clasp I have felt every finger bone.

I have seen them emerge, perfectly formed from the cabinet; I have seen them build the simulacrum of the self outside the cabinet; I have seen them build up in a far corner of the room, walk through the chairs and people intervening and take their places in front of the cabinet. I have seen them leave by re-entering the cabinet; I have seen them sort of "explode," like a puff of smoke and disappear; usually, however they have "grown shorter" and shorter as they have gradually dematerialised from the feet up, till just the head—still talking ! ! — remained above the floor.

It looks as if they are sinking through the floor, but of course that is not what happens. They merely dissolve from the feet up, when they can no longer hold the power of manifestation. At least a hundred times I have seen this manner of dissolution take place out in the middle of the group assembled and several feet removed from the cabinet. There could be no possible doubt that it was actually a spiritual entity taking his or her leave. Frequently, as a spirit gradually dematerialises in this manner he will call your attention to it saying, "I'm growing shorter—see, I'm growing shorter."

I have seen materialised spirits in all degrees of density, solidity, and transparency—some wraithlike and as transparent as gauze and barely visible, others more easily discerned but still translucent. I have seen them semi-solid and opaque and I have seen them as solidly real as any human being ever was in life, and the most solidly real materialisations, in taking leave, have disappeared in just the same manner as the wraiths.

The manner of a spirit's manifestation in materialisation depends upon his own familiarity with the process—with using the elements of materialisation. Some pull from the ether the chemical elements of which the human body is composed, filling and permeating their spirit bodies with these chemicals till they actually appear solid and become visible to the non-psychic; some build a shell resembling the self at some period of life, build it from the ectoplasm and the sensigol gas exuded by the medium and the group sitting, then spiritually enter this manufactured shell and animate it. In this case you do not actually see the spirit itself but, in a sense, the

overcoat he has put on. However the contact is none the less satisfactory.

Still another manner of materialising—and this is often used when the power is waning and expedients must be employed—is for the spirit and his helpers to weave about the medium a simulacrum of himself, then entrance the medium and send her out into the group, manifesting his own spirit personality. This is called transfiguration and is quite as authentic as any other method but not as satisfactory generally because it lays the medium open to suspicion.

It is an unutterably thrilling and uplifting experience to meet one's so-called dead again in human surroundings; to commune exactly as if in the flesh; to see dear familiar faces, clasp the beloved hands and thrill to the well-remembered personalities. Talking perhaps of trivial things, sharing mutual memories, or maybe discussing weighty problems; even laughing together over something amusing to both. It is all so natural and normal.

No matter where I may be making contact, my sister Marguerite—deceased now about sixteen years—always manifests and frequently is the very first one to appear. She comes with all her familiar mannerisms and characteristic ways of speaking. She was a highly educated woman and her culture is very evident. We always discuss her children and our mother here upon earth. She tells me of the progress of her work and what our father is accomplishing. The first few times I saw her she was dressed in snowy white and then one time she came in a lovely pearly pink robe and manifested the greatest delight as she told me she had earned the lovely thing through service. She was very proud of it and turned all the way around very slowly so that I could see its

graceful folds and shirring. She comes with her lovely hair done just as she did it in life—a loose knot in her neck—not at all usual nowadays. In life she looked a great deal like me except for a facial defect which is now eliminated and on one occasion she came so close that, except that we were not dressed alike, I could have believed I was looking into a mirror.

Another spirit that greets me at every opportunity is Lotus Blossom, my little Indian friend. Usually she wears a wreath of lotus blossoms in her hair and often she comes dressed in flame colour. One time she improvised a beautiful dance while I sang "Red Wing" for her, then took my hand and kissed it and disappeared at my feet.

My father always comes if he can, but his work on the other side is very important and he cannot always leave it to serve me. When he does come he appears as in his prime, fair and stout and with his marvellous full blue eyes. He always knows the problem pressing me and offers counsel.

While attending a seance at Camp Chesterfield, Indiana, last season, much to my surprise my maternal grandmother came through. She had been a very handsome old lady and very proud of her beautiful white hair. I remarked that her hair was as nice as ever, whereupon she walked around the circle with head bent so that all could admire her crowning glory. In life she was prone to get words a bit twisted and on this occasion was true to form. I was at the time Associate Editor of "The Psychic Observer." My spirit grandmother announced proudly to the group that "My granddaughter, Marcella, here, writes for that Observing Paper in New York." Nothing could have been greater proof of identity. Also, she spoke her name, a most peculiar one which no one present could possibly have known. It was Panama—pro-

nounced Pa-nay-ma and usually contracted to just P' name.

A lovely niece, who left earth life through accident about six months before she would have been born upon earth and who has grown to young womanhood in Spirit, frequently comes to greet me. Strangely enough I can see both her father's and mother's looks in her face. And she has in generous measure the family sense of humor which she manifested most amusingly one time by doing a "take off" of the platform manner of several mediums I knew. I asked her how she happened to know these mediums and she replied that she went practically everywhere with me and knew almost everybody I knew.

My great-aunt Elizabeth Olcott materialised most unexpectedly one time, especially to comfort me in a cruel crisis I was facing. I had known her only when a child and for a very short time, but I did remember her gorgeous red hair. I asked her to come close so that I might see it. She did—and asked me if I would like to have a strand of it. Astonished, I said, "Yes, of course." Whereupon, to my utter amazement, she reached into her hair, pulled, and then laid several hairs tautly across the palm of my hand. I knew that in that hot room in the dark and perspiring as I was, I should never be able to keep them safely and I told her so. She suggested that I spread my handkerchief over my palm and close it over the hairs she would again give me. Again I felt the taut hairs stretched across my hand and quickly clapped the handkerchief shut upon them, rolled it up and put it securely in my purse. Aunt Elizabeth disappeared at my feet, her red hair still shining in the subdued light as her head reached the floor.

Upon reaching the hotel I thoughtlessly opened my handkerchief in the light and three or

four hairs immediately curled up and disintegrated. I took good care of what was left and some time later looked again in a dim ruby light. There were two left. To-day these also are gone. That may sound too fantastic for belief. I insist, however, that it actually happened. I felt the hair and later saw it—and it was pulled from the head of a spirit that a moment later dematerialised directly in front of me, not three feet distant. The author of "Spiritualism's Challenge" tells of an identically similar experience. He was given a strand of hair by a materialised spirit—his mother, I believe.

Since the ether contains in molecular and chemical form that from which everything in the universe evolves, should it be surprising that spirit entitles who have made a study of chemistry as related to precipitation should be able to create what they wish to create even in physically tangible form? I do not clearly understand the process, but I do insist that I was given tangible, natural appearing hair from the head of a spirit.

At this same seance appeared a very dear friend, Ray Price, with whom through the years I had discussed my experiences with phenomena, much to his own puzzlement. He knew me to be a level-headed woman not given to hysteria and not over-imaginative and, moreover, he knew I was not a prevaricator. He could not disbelieve my accounts nor could he believe them. We had arranged between us that if he went to the other world first he was to come back to me and give me a change to jibe, "I told you so!!" On this occasion he gave his name very distinctly and called mine. Then he walked over to me and said, "Say it, Marcella—I told you so!" Here am I actually demonstrating the very things I declared could never be. Wasn't I a foolish fellow?" He

looked as natural as he ever had in life, except that he looked infinitely happier. He gave me a message for his mother and said, "Of course I can't be completely happy till she joins us. Then we shall be here—an unbroken family."

Many times my collaborator in spirit, Henry Ward Beecher, has appeared to me—in portly figure and with silver hair hanging almost to his shoulders. When he comes he usually delivers a short address to the group gathered for manifestation, and all feel that it is a real privilege to hear him.

My body-guard, Chief Acorn, who on two occasions has saved my life, also comes frequently. The first time he materialised for me was at America's most famous "phenomenal camp"—Chesterfield, Indiana. I was sitting with a group of strangers—none of us known to the medium or each other—and it was the first day of my arrival. The meeting, though most dignified, was called a "pow-wow" because only Indians were featured, I believe. And the manner of manifestation was entirely new to me. The medium sat in the cabinet in deep trance, her heavy breathing to be heard throughout the whole procedure. Suddenly the cabinet curtains would fly apart and reveal as if outlined in Neon sign or tubing the profile figure of an Indian, who would announce himself and speak the name of the one to whom he came. Every feather of his magnificent head dress would be outlined as it trailed from his head to his heels. The spectacle created was gorgeous and the colours beautiful.

Suddenly and to my utter stupefaction I heard, "Marcella—Chief Acorn," and there stood facing me the most magnificent figure—well over six feet tall and wrapped to the knees in a blazing blanket as if made of flame. He opened up the

blanket and spread it wide at his sides, then flung it tightly around himself again, saying, "This way me wrap you close in protection." Then he "blinked out"—disappeared. It was one of the most thrilling and evidential things ever to happen to me. It was my very first time at Chesterfield, and nobody knew me as Marcella and, moreover, positively nobody but myself knew that I had a Chief Acorn. I had never written a word concerning him nor spoken his name to anyone.

I have recorded here only a few of the many, many contacts I have enjoyed through materialisation. But they should serve to prove to any reasonable person the authenticity of this type of manifestation and should go far to convince the doubter that one's so-called dead can and do return into earth conditions and talk and show themselves just as before their transition.

In the home of Beadress Smith, a very gifted materialisation medium in Anderson, Indiana, I was privileged to have a look behind the scenes, as it were. As the seance was closing, Bluebell, Mrs. Smith's control of seance, asked me to come and have a look inside the cabinet, which by the way, was merely a black sateen curtain stretched across a corner of the room. There sat the medium in deep trance and breathing heavily—with billows of cloudy mist issuing from nose, mouth and ears weaving, twisting and undulating toward the floor and completely covering her one side. It seemed like a living mass. Bluebell kept talking while I was looking and I asked her where she was. She replied, "Oh, I'm right here—in this ectoplasm."

After Mrs. Smith had come out of trance she told us of some of her difficulties, one of which was that she could use a curtain cabinet only a very short time because it became eaten full of

holes due to contact with the chemical elements of ectoplasm used by the spirit forces for manifestation. I examined the curtain she was using at the time and found it as full of small holes as a moth eaten blanket.

In this account I am not speaking of the spirits I have met through clairvoyance—and being a medium, they are legion—but only of the type of manifestation which any one can experience, be he ever so non-psychic, if he will go where such demonstrations are available.

This narrative would not be complete, however, did I fail to mention some partial materialisations I have encountered. These have taken place usually in private trumpet seances conducted by James Mitchell Laughton, famous American trumpet medium. On one occasion, when I was sitting alone with Mr. Laughton, I was reaching my right hand toward my head to adjust a loose hairpin, when a warm hand grasped mine and I felt my father's peculiarly softly cushioned fingers fluttering about mine. I exclaimed, "Papa," and with my left hand felt for his wrist. There was none—just the hand clasping mine. Through the trumpet my father said, "Yes, Marcella, this is 'papa.' Jimmie's (Dr. James) here, asked me to try for this manifestation. Neither of us was sure I could accomplish it."

On another occasion and while alone with the same medium, I had a similar experience. Etta Bledsoe, deceased a few weeks at the time and one of America's most famous and beloved mediums and lecturers for more than sixty years, gave me her hand in a sympathetic clasp. It was the hand with a permanently stiffened forefinger, which forefinger I distinctly felt. Again I felt for the wrist—and there was none. She also

grasped my left shoulder and pressed it hard, and when she took her leave she kissed me on the cheek and her lips were warm and moist—no suggestion whatever of the cold clamminess of death. She was warm and human and natural, and her voice and personality were exactly those of her earthly presence.

In a later article I should like to tell you of a recording we made of this famous medium's voice—a lecture from the land of Spirit. Meanwhile may I hope that this entirely truthful and accurate delineation of some of my personal experiences of direct spirit contact may bring hope to some who are inconsolably grieving for those who have preceded them through the door of—not death, but LIFE. For there is no death—there are no dead.

MR. CHARLES NEIL.

Mr. Charles Neil, who has been working for the organisation of Spiritualist propaganda for many years, and whose headquarters have been in Sydney for the last three years, is making arrangements to visit Melbourne for a two-weeks' visit with two well-known Sydney deep-trance mediums early in the New Year.

Mr. Neil has made many visits to Brisbane, Newcastle, Katoomba, and other cities on behalf of the Movement. He is a staunch supporter of "The Harbinger of Light," and in a recent letter he states that Spiritual knowledge is spreading and that thousands of modern Spiritualist books have been introduced into many public libraries.

When he visits Melbourne he hopes to outline in concrete form what could be done to strengthen the cause of Spiritualism and to help to protect mediums.

Some Psychic Experiences

By Mrs. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.
(The well-known novelist.)

"Though one come back from the dead they will not believe!"

Words spoken by the greatest Initiate the world has ever known, and as true to-day as they were two thousand years ago. And yet—why not? Why will they not believe? What fact, argument, or logical deduction has ever been put forward in actual proof of the impossibility of communication with what we now call "the other side"?

A world in tears has become a world reaching out towards a greater certainty of life to come. The old vague platitudes fall on deaf ears; aching hearts are opening doors closed hitherto because no one knocked at them; once pushed ajar, no power on earth can shut them again. We must know more.

To these seekers may I give my own experiences? No hearsay evidence, but first-hand experience, after years of earnest, honest inquiry. To some it is a great effort to speak of their so-called dead; to me it is a joy. They are not dead, but in another country very much like this, only happier, quite as busy, and just one step nearer the Highest of all. The barriers, real and imaginary, that lay between us are swept away.

It was in May, 1914, I first visited Mrs. Wriedt, the American "direct voice" medium.

I was full of prejudice—all the old prejudices born of hoaxes, fraud, and imposition on credulous audiences. I disliked the very word "medium"—and do still, although that word and no other exactly describes the living organism forming the link between physical, etheric, and astral

matter—seances, sittings, circles, all were terms spelling to me, in my ignorance, the whole octave of trickery, imposition, and foolish credulity.

An inborn conviction, however, that somewhere lay the clue to direct communication between ourselves and those who had passed on, persuaded me into an experiment that commonsense urged could at all events do no harm.

The conditions were good. It was a fine, bright day, a great aid to satisfactory results. About these necessary conditions our knowledge is as yet very vague. We are only feeling the way, but one thing is quite certain, that to get the best results darkness is essential. It increases the probability and facilitates the manifestation of phenomena, for the same reason that a marconigram sent in the dark will travel considerably farther than in the light. Light reduces the ether to a condition of rapid vibration, and there should be no more mystery or suspicion of fraud attached to the necessity for darkness at a really successful seance, than to those same conditions when necessary for the development of the photographic plate; in both cases the red rays are the least obstructive. At the same time, I may mention that the phenomena have been produced with Mrs. Wriedt present, in my own room, arranged by myself, with so much light—owing to the impossibility of completely darkening the room—that we could see each others' faces distinctly.

Mrs. Wriedt does not go into trance. She sits and talks in a perfectly natural manner the whole time. My first sitting with her was a private one; we sat with, I should say, a distance of seven or eight feet between us in a large room, the trumpet, again, is an aid, not a necessity, for phenomena; it assists the concentration of vibrations from those operating on the other side as a

megaphone does between operators on the physical plane.

Mrs. Wriedt handed me the trumpet to examine—a plain, horn-shaped thing, made of aluminium, in three pieces, fitting into one another on the principle of a collapsible drinking-cup, for convenience in carrying. I had it in my hand, and placed it myself, wider end downwards, on the floor close to my chair and out of Mrs. Wriedt's reach.

The light was then switched off, and we sat in the velvet-black darkness waiting—in my case—for the unknown. It was rather a weird experience, sitting in the pitch dark with a total stranger, whom I have since learnt to know and respect—waiting for spirits. Mrs. Wriedt talked on general subjects, and from the direction of the sound there was no doubt about her position in the room; she was still sitting on the chair where I had seen it placed.

In a very short time after the light was turned out, I was touched on the knee—Mrs. Wriedt still talking from the same spot, seven or eight feet away.

Almost immediately afterwards I heard a voice speaking from the trumpet.

I want it to be understood that it was a definitely physical voice; that is to say, a voice such as you or I use, and audible to everyone present had the room been full of people. There was no question of imagination or telepathy. It was an objective voice, about which there could be no mistake whatever. Mrs. Wriedt did not notice it, for she continued to talk, overlapping the voice from the trumpet by some seconds, until, in fact, I asked her to desist as someone was speaking.

The very commonplaceness of the voice immediately robbed the phenomenon of any ghostliness, or sensation of uncanniness. I did not recog-

nise it, though it claimed to be that of my husband, but for that there is a perfectly common-sense explanation in the fact that the difference in tone of physical voices is due to the formation of organs through which they operate, and these disintegrating, as they do, with the physical body, the voice to which we have been accustomed cannot be carried on into the new field of existence.

But these elucidations come gradually, and although in the first flush of a novel experience, I doubted the identity of the speaker, I knew myself to be face to face with a marvel greater than the birth of steam-engines, flying machines, or anything yet discovered by the ingenuity and perseverance of mankind. I was "up against" the biggest happening of my life.

The voice called me by my Christian name and was greatly agitated. He spoke for some time, asking and answering questions; the answers seem to me a little elusive, unsatisfying. We are all greedy for proofs, indubitable proofs that will save us the trouble of further doubt and investigation, and we shall never get them without patience and persistent seeking.

I wanted to set my own tests, a frame of mind and line of action always inimical, for some reason we cannot yet fathom, to the best results. Patience hardly ever fails to bring proof, at least that is my experience, but the evidence must be furnished by the operators on the other side in their own way. To attempt to impose your way on them, in total ignorance as we are of their limitations, generally ends in disaster. Take things as you find them at first, and gradually developments will follow.

After this voice another claimed recognition, giving a Christian name and surname, of which the latter only was intelligible. This was very clear and distinct, but several repetitions failed to con-

vey the first name to my straining ear. Finally the speaker gave up the attempt, explaining who he was by referring to my husband by a name that only her and a few other members of the family had ever used.

He had gone over many years ago, and I was immensely surprised. I should have considered him one of the most unlikely people to speak to me. I asked what he was doing and whether he was happy.

"Quite happy. I am studying evolution and am much interested in all such subjects now."

"I have always been interested in natural science," I replied.

"Yes, I know; but I never expected to find you here."

I asked why not, as communication with the next world had always seemed to me one of the solvable problems of the future.

"Well, you are the only member of the family who has tried to speak to us."

That was true, but not real evidence as far as identity was concerned; the only little bit so far had been the use of the name by which he referred to my husband. He then said my husband had asked him to speak and confirm the fact that it had been really he who had spoken previously.

I had other visitors; one who, although a stranger to me on this plane, has since become a dear and valued link with the other. She showed me a lamp as an "identification mark"—a clearly luminous disc about the size of an ordinary bicycle-lamp, and as sharply defined. This was waved in the darkness close to my face several times, and was so sharply outlined that I quietly put my hand out, and passed it right through the middle of it!

I left Mrs. Wriedt's not satisfied. There is,

I think, no need to deal with the usual objections urged by the inexperienced, and for which any ordinary, intelligent investigator is, of course, looking out.

Ventriloquism? Even at that one sitting—and one sitting is no fair test of any theory—ventriloquism was put out of court by the fact that on one or two occasions Mrs. Wriedt was speaking at the same time as the voice from the trumpet; I had to ask her to stop before I could distinguish what the other voice was saying.

Telepathy? This might have accounted at this first sitting—subsequent sittings entirely disposed of the telepathy theory—for the matter of the things said, but not for the manner of saying them. No one who has ever heard the direct voice will try to account for it by telepathy; it has no bearing at all on the problem.

The only other alternative was an elaborate arrangement of machinery by which someone outside the room could project the voice into the trumpet. But later sittings proved such a theory to be quite out of the question, added to the fact of the phenomena having also taken place in my own room.

The identity of the speakers remained the knotty point. Although further knowledge has shown me the absurdity of the suspicion, it seemed within the bounds of possibility that Mrs. Wriedt had looked up sufficient family history to call people by their right names and give a few facts correctly. There had been nothing absolutely convincing in anything said.

For hours afterwards I weighed the pros and cons with as little prejudice as possible, quite certain on only one point—that the voices, whoever their owners, came from that country from which Shakespeare, in direct contradiction of the Bible, has told us there is no return.

From that starting point I argued that if any person could communicate from the other side, then my husband could; and if he could, he would; a point which those who have lost anyone they greatly care for would do well to consider. But—it was a big “but” in those first days of doubt—the voice had not been recognisably his voice, and he had seemed to make odd little mistakes I could not account for. Tricks of tone and manner are often reproduced, but the timbre, the actual ring of the old voice, must necessarily be absent. A little consideration of the subject soon showed me that.

With so much uncertainty in my mind it might have been some time before I visited Mrs. Wriedt again, but the following day I met a friend, Colonel Johnson, of 26 Aubrey Walk, Campden Hill, who told me he had a message to give to me.

At that time I had only met Colonel Johnson once or twice. He knew nothing at all about me or my husband, or the past history of our lives. He told me he had visited Mrs. Wriedt that morning, and had been given a message for me of which he had taken notes on the spot—being an expert at doing so in the dark—writing it out fully immediately afterwards.

A voice in considerable agitation had spoken to him from the trumpet, giving my husband's Christian and surnames, and saying his wife had been there the previous day and gone away “not believing in him”—not sure of his identity; that she had not understood him. He seemed most anxious that Colonel Johnson should put it right; that my father, Sir Cooper Key, was very happy and had spent many hours with him. He asked him to mention to me the word “Galaton” (as it sounded to Colonel Johnson). He proceeded: “On the Australian Station. This will be under-

stood. I am sorry I mismanaged it (the seance); we so often do the first time."

It is difficult to describe the overwhelming force of conviction this message brought. The room swam round me for the moment; my heart seemed almost to stop beating. No one but my husband could have sent me that message; in its very triviality lay the full force of its power of conviction.

The word should have been "Galatea," not "Galaton," showing how little Colonel Johnson understood the point of it. It was the name of the ship commanded by the then Duke of Edinburgh, in which my husband, during his young naval days, had been on the Australian Station. He had had "the time of his life"; they were feted and entertained wherever they went, and the old "Galatea" days had been so often mentioned between us that they seemed almost as familiar to me as to himself.

I have a box and other trifles which he made himself from a beam of the old ship when she was broken up.

I may safely say none of this was known to Mrs. Wriedt. Even if she had had my means of finding all this out, there would not have been time during the interval between then and the occasion of our first meeting. To have suspected her of consulting ancient Navy lists, which she would have no means of getting at, would have been childish. Nor had she any reason for selecting the "Galatea" among all the ships my husband served in, or inquiring among my friends, of whom she had no knowledge whatever. As for Colonel Johnson, he will, I know, readily confirm the accuracy of this account, and that he had no idea of the meaning of the message he was asked to convey.

My husband had been followed at the seance

by Colonel Johnson's wife, who had passed over some years before I made his acquaintance, and we had been quite unknown to each other during her earth life. She, too, sent me a message through him, to the effect that my father was present with her, and wished her to say something about Malta, "where Mrs. de Crespigny was a little girl." This was quite true. We were two years in Malta during my childhood—another small fact neither Mrs. Wriedt nor Colonel Johnson had any means of knowing.

Both these messages, may it be noted, were brought to me through a third person, knowing nothing of my past life nor of the names given from the other side; neither of these communications could, therefore, be attributed to the last resort of the passionate sceptic—telepathy, thought reading, nor ventriloquism.

Convinced now in my own mind that these communications, delivered through third persons with no knowledge of my affairs, were genuine, I sat again with Mrs. Wriedt, this time to have all doubt removed for ever from my mind. My husband was preceded by his brother, who said the message about the "Galatea" had been sent as proof of his identity, knowing all it would convey to me, and he had been so much distressed at having been previously misunderstood. My husband followed, and called me by the old names. He again mentioned the "Galatea" on the Australian Station, and did I not remember how often he had told me what a pleasant time he had had there? He said some beautiful things to me, and when he said he must go I cried a little quite plainly, and although it was pitch dark, he exclaimed at once, "Don't cry!"

I could never again distress him by doubting it was he.

My father came, gave his name, and asked

after his sisters, using the pet name of one of my aunts. He reminded me of Malta, and of our old nurse—by name also. Then an uncle, whom I recognised by the manner of his laugh before he spoke, and who also asked after relations by name, referring to a sister by a name I had never heard, and which I afterwards found to be correct.

Since then I have been to Mrs. Wriedt's many, many times, always receiving wonderful confirmation and endless little bits of evidence.

The spirits have told me in the seance-room what I have been doing through the week, who has visited me, and have given definite incidents proving them to have been present, and described people I have talked with. I was told by one on the other side I had received a telephone message that had bothered me. Perfectly correct. I had walked about the room for some time in perplexity how to answer.

I have talked to relations, friends, mere acquaintances, and people whom I have never met during their lives here. Many of those who have given their lives in the war, have come, eager for me to persuade those dear to them that they are more alive—as we mean it—than ever before. In many cases I have been able to bring them into touch with their relations.

One evening I was sitting alone after dinner, with a reading lamp at my left shoulder. Suddenly a shadow passed between my book and the lamp, as though a bat or bird was flown across. It was so different from a flicker of the electric light that I took particular notice of it, and wondered what could have caused it.

The following day I was lunching with friends, and, quite unexpectedly to me, Admiral Moore was among the guests. On seeing me, he exclaimed:

"I did not know I was to meet you, but ap-

parently Miss —— did!"—the lady who had shown me the lamp at Mrs. Wriedt's, "for she asked me to give you a message. It conveys nothing to me, but perhaps you will know what it means. I was to tell you it was she who threw the shadow across you last night."

On another occasion the Admiral—before witnesses who could confirm the circumstances—greeted me with:

"Have you a son at the Dardanelles? You told me your son was fighting in Egypt, but at a seance this morning your husband came and asked me to tell you not to be anxious about your son at the Dardanelles, as he and others were looking after him."

My son had been fighting in Egypt, but two days previously I had received the news that he had been sent to the Dardanelles.

Mrs. Wriedt talks during the intervals on any passing subject, as perfectly normal as all present. I have heard four voices speaking simultaneously, one through the trumpet, the rest independently, one of them at my own ear. I have heard at various times seven different languages spoken in the seance-room, including Hindustani, Maltese, and Breton French, intelligible to those present for whom it was meant. Mrs. Wriedt speaks no language but her own. I have heard English and German spoken respectively by two voices at the same time.

Those that seek always find, but the seeking must not be of the prefatory sort that considers a single visit sufficient basis upon which to build theories and justify incredulity. So many so-called searchers after truth are more anxious to prove they are right and the rest of the world wrong than really to find the truth. That may be human, but it leads to little result.

If we on this side would only bear in mind

that, in refusing to knock at the door—which, until we do so, will remain closed—we are hurting those on the other side of it, we would take the trouble to go into this thing and prove it one way or the other, at least to our own personal satisfaction.

Why should it not be possible? The Bible bears it all out from beginning to end. The laws that made it possible in that day must, it is only logical to suppose, still operate. It all confirms the Bible and other sacred writings. There is nothing in it to shake our faith. What is the meaning of the Communion of Saints? Such communion must surely be made in accordance with law, not in defiance of it. Some have said we drag them down by asking them to return to us. Did Christ drag Moses and Elias down when they appeared on the mountain through the operation of laws He had come to fulfil, not to destroy? Can the pull of Love ever drag us down?

And they are always with us, whether we call them or not. My husband laughed when I asked him if it dragged them down. His answer was:

“We never lose touch with earth so long as a soul we love is left on it. When the last soul we care for comes over here then we lose touch with earth if we wish to.”

It is true the facility for such intercourse should not satisfy us. We should develop our own latent powers, raise our vibrations to their level, and, through clairvoyance and clairsaudience, be able to communicate without the intervention of a medium. The senses that respond to astral matter are latent in all of us. Some are born into the world with them already developed. All, with few exceptions, can do it by training.

I could write many pages more of interesting experiences with the direct voice, compared with which, in my opinion, no other form of medium-

ship is comparable, not only with Mrs. Wiedt, but with another, giving remarkably good results—Mrs. Roberts Johnson, who comes from the North. I have confined myself to directly personal matter, not because others have not had experiences equally interesting, but owing to the necessity of suppressing names, unless especially permitted to make them public.

If, therefore, what I have written should seem egotistical and rather full of the first person, may this be my excuse.

BRITISH CHURCHES FACE THE WINTER.

The churches of England as well as the people of England are facing another long and dangerous winter. During the air-raids of last winter, many Spiritualist and orthodox churches were completely destroyed and more suffered damage, but the faith of leaders and members during those dark months was worth more than the losses. At a service a week after the City Temple in London had been destroyed, the congregation met in the Memorial Hall to celebrate "a service of thankfulness for the past, dedication for the future, and no tears by request." The minister (the Rev. Leslie Weatherhead) said: "What has been lost is very precious. Our old sanctuary was set up with triumphant faith. But, after all, what is lost is material, and what remains is spiritual. The Christian Church, in an hour like this, has a secret which fills it with triumph and faith, and, in a sense, with gladness. If the forces of evil and tyranny think, that, by smashing churches and hospitals and homes, they can break the spirit of Christianity, they are very much mistaken. They can smash the forms of Christian expression and burn down their habitations, but the Church of Jesus Christ has not even been touched."

SPIRIT HEALING.

By the late P. W. BEDDOW, Editor of
"Spiritual Truth."

"I CANNOT think of anything more beautiful and more helpful than this healing," said a truly successful healer to me one day. And yet in the same breath he fully and most completely acknowledged that it was not he who did it, but that ALL came through the love and the power of Jesus the Christ Spirit. And so it does, so it does. And this is true of all healing that comes through the direct mediumship of any human being, no matter what his or her religion, race or education. If the healing gift is there, if the heart and life is clean and pure, if the desire to help others is truly present, THERE will the power be. Its source is God; its channel Our Lord and His servants: whether in spirit or on earth.

People are very apt to argue that all those who have any psychic gifts, and exercise them in public must be "very good"; and if such do not come up to expectation their faith in psychic things receives a great shock. This, however, is unreasonable, and due to ignorance. The fact is that psychic capacities may develop in the personality at a far, far quicker pace than the more highly spiritual ones, and just as a great painter or musician may not necessarily be a highly moral and spiritually-minded man, so a medium, and a good medium, may be deficient in the graces of the Spirit. I do not mean that a bad man or woman is likely to retain their psychic powers, certain kinds they will surely lose, but mediumship and evolution of soul, Christlikeness, do not of necessity go together. With healing I think they do, however. I know no healers, through

Spirit power, who are regularly successful, who are not at the same time earnest, God-fearing men and women. I know some, alas, who were like this and who, later on, lost their healing gifts and powers through failure to live, or earnestly strive to live, the humble, sincere and selfless life of our Great Exemplar—the life they used to try to live. And in this I see a great distinction between the gift of spirit healing and most of other psychic capacities. I do not think my readers will be surprised at this.

Our Lord Himself set us the example of healing all sicknesses, whether of body, soul, or spirit; and it is abundantly clear from our own experiences, as well as those of orthodox missionary societies, the Christian Scientists and others, that the treatment of all bodily disease is a first-class way of introducing the Gospel of Christ which alone can heal the soul. And that is just why healing of body is given by the Spirit World. Let not the selfish come for it—it will not be given them; the constant contact with the healer, and through him with them, the soul can be helped, awakened, evolved. It will never be given that the patient may go back to a life of self-indulgence; such people must stick to the medical profession who will always do their best to cure everyone.

Spirit healing is splendid propaganda, too! Heaps of people come for healing and are by it convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. Men may scoff at clairvoyance and dub it "fortune-telling," or insinuate that clairaudience is some form of imagination or hallucination, may even persuade themselves that trance is "sub-consciousness"—blessed word!—but to explain away spirit diagnosis, a diagnosis which is incomparably superior to that of the finest earthly physician, wants some doing! Many healing mediums can themselves diagnose, either by clairvoyance or "sensing," in

a remarkable way, but diagnosis by a spirit doctor in "control" is a far finer and much more perfect thing. It is perfect; and it is sufficiently startling experience to sit before a medium who, with eyes closed and in a most professional manner proceeds to unveil the most secret, and perhaps hitherto entirely unsuspected weaknesses. And this is being done every day!

Methods of Healing.

There are three principal methods, though in each of them the fundamental method is the same: that of drawing off the patient's magnetism and with that the diseased condition and replacing with pure, strong, clean magnetism from Above. This is all done, by some healers, in the normal, though the tremendous spirit influence, overshadowing, is plainly to be seen and felt. In the majority of cases, however, this healing work is performed under trance conditions. The medium is in deep "control" by some advanced and evolved spirit, and thus there is brought to the patient such medical knowledge and experience as is undreamed of on earth.

Then there is springing up in different places a most beautiful and blessed form of "absent" healing. A circle is formed by a strong healer, and the united capacities and powers of medium, sitters and the spirit guides, doctors, nurses, and helpers are sufficient, in the Name of Christ, to perform some very remarkable cures. Many a home has been greatly blessed through it.

And the healing goes on during sleep-time. We help ourselves and we help one another while the physical body rests and we are all in Spirit, for the time. Earthly remedies are often made use of and prescriptions given, though medicines are of the very simplest and usually confined to herbal or homeopathic ones; backed up by tonics like hypophosphates and chemical food, while olive

oil, fruit salts in tiny quantities, some gentle liver or kidney stimulant, slippery elm bark (and food), etc., are all called in to help. But the principal work is always done the same way, the drawing off the diseased conditions and the replacing with pure, strong magnetism.

The spirit healers engaged in this most blessed work include many who were doctors upon earth, as well as others who wished to be and could not, who have since found their heart's desire accomplished in the Spirit World and have studied medicine and "qualified" There. I have myself met with doctors in Spirit whose names were well known upon earth six or seven hundred years ago, like Abduhl Latif, and yet have often benefited by the skilful treatment of an English specialist who passed over even so recently as during the Great War. Red Indian spirits are very helpful in this beautiful service to mankind, and others are drawn from almost every other race: including Chinese, Zulu, Hindoo, Persian, Japanese, Egyptian, and many more; indeed there is no limit. All of them plainly declare their allegiance to Jesus, the Christ Spirit, and realise that they are carrying on their work, a part of His work, in His Great Name.

Infinitely more could be done if there were more healing mediums and were they well developed and enjoying full bodily health. The "fitter" the individual medium is, the more successfully can he or she be used. I am convinced there is no limit to Spirit Healing, and look forward to the day of its universal application in the service of the Great Healer of all time.

FOR SALE.

A FIRST-CLASS 3-inch Crystal; price £4/10/-. Write for appointment to view, "Crystal," c/o "Harbinger of Light," 203 Collins Street, Melbourne.

GREATER WORLD CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST MISSION, N. UNLEY, S. AUST.

[We are in receipt of the following letter which we hope will interest our readers. Miss Tingey is doing fine work for Spiritualism as well.—Ed. H.L.].

We have been so busy, even Sunday we were packing goods for England. We must be ready to send off cases as soon as we hear from the Orient line—they carry the cases free. We pay cartage to the Port.

I will try to give you details as near as I can. November 25, 1940, we sent a large basket containing bedding and about 200 articles of clothing for men, women and children. That arrived safely and have had nice letters from Miss Moyes of their thankfulness to our Mission and its workers. The next case, we don't know date, the authorities will not tell us—left us in April. Haven't heard yet of that. We have a case waiting, there are 20 ladies' coats and 7 men's suits, boots and shoes all mended. One of our members mended them—free—he is a boot repairer; also all sorts of clothes and coverlets, packed in a large case presented to us by a member. We get help everywhere.

The first cable of cash for Overseas Air Victims Fund was sent on November 25, 1940, £20 (English) sent to Greater World Christian Spiritualist League, London. The next sent May 11, 1941, was £38/2/6 (English) therefore we paid exchange and cable fees, leaving £38/2/6 English for G.W. to collect. We shall be sending more cash as soon as we can close up the different things the ladies are collecting.

We have what we call "Trade Accounts."

Ladies take 1/- and make and sell things to friends and at our classes. One lady reached £2, others £1, 10/6 and 7/6. Making a goodly sum. Then we have shawls, coverlets, jewels and other things given to sell. We call them "draws," and we have raised a fine sum to swell the fund for Air Victims—and we have a very nice amount waiting to be cabled as soon as we can get all the ladies accounts who are working for us.

Then again our Mission voted £5 to buy wool which has been made into useful things and sent away. Also we collect wool from the ladies who are helping the Seamen's Mission, and we, and our ladies have made many pairs of sox, scarfs, caps and all sorts of woollen things which we return to them when finished, and I must say our work has been appreciated. Our ladies are a wonderful lot of workers and do the knitting well, so I think we are doing our bit.

THE BELIEVING CHRISTIAN

Author Unknown

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

THE Christian is one who believes things his reason cannot comprehend; he hopes for things which neither he nor any man ever saw; he labours for that which he knows he shall never obtain yet in the issue, his belief appears to him not to be false, his hope makes him not to despair, his labour is not in vain.

He believes Three to be One and One to be Three; a Father not to be older than his Son; a Son to be equal with his Father and One progress-

ing from both to be equal with both; he believing Three Persons in one nature and two natures in One Person. He believes a virgin to be mother of a son and that very son of hers to be her Maker. He believes Him to have been shut up in a narrow space whom heaven and earth could not contain. He believes Him to have been born in time who was and is from all eternity. He believes Him to have been a weak child carried in a woman's arms who is the Almighty, and Him once to have died who is both Life and Immortality in Himself.

He believes himself precious in God's sight, yet angry with One who had never offended Him; and that God who hates sin to be reconciled to himself though sinning continually and never making or being able to make Him satisfaction. He believes a most just God to have punished a most just Person and to have made that just Person suffer for the sins of all humanity, and thus to have justified himself though a most ungodly sinner. He believes himself freely pardoned, and yet a sufficient satisfaction was made for him.

He believes himself precious in God's sight, yet loathes himself in his own. He dares not justify himself in those things wherein he can find no fault with himself, and yet believes that God accepts him in those things wherein he is able to find many faults.

He praises God for his justice, and yet fears Him for his mercy, and yet he comes with boldness before God and asks Him for anything he needs. He is so humble as to acknowledge himself to be a miserable sinner and yet believes that God means his salvation by election and grace. He is one that fears always, yet is bold as a lion. He is often sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; many times complaining, yet always giving thanks. He is most lowly-minded, yet a great aspirer; most contented, yet ever craving for more benefits of this life.

A POPULAR PATIENT

Among the patients in a mental hospital not long ago was a lady who had been trained as a Spiritualist medium. Incidentally, there are regular courses of such training, with a systematic curriculum and fixed fees. Apparently the medium in question had been consigned to this particular institution by a medical man who mistook mediumistic for lunatic symptoms, a mistake which it might be rather easy to make in some instances, especially of the doctor had no experience of these peculiar subjects. In this case the patient was not very long before being restored to liberty as certifiably sane. But during her stay as a patient in the hospital she was recognised by one of the nursing staff to whom some time before she had once given a mediumistic sitting. Her gifts included the reputed ability to give psychic "readings" from personal articles, and, in the case of this nurse, she had been remarkably successful. The comic result was that the alleged mental patient was being constantly importuned by nurses on the hospital staff with coaxing appeals for "a reading."

A PSYCHIC PROBE

15,000 Dollars Challenge

A FEW months ago the famous monthly magazine, "Scientific American," startled its erudite readership by announcing that once again it was ready to explore the subject of psychic phenomena in an endeavour to discover a basic, scientific truth upon which the widespread belief in spiritism might be solidly founded.

The journal had come out with a similar proposition in 1923, had decided after a two-year probe, both in Europe and America, that no ob-

jective spiritistic manifestation of physical character, in the form of psychic photography or otherwise had been produced which bore sufficient authority to warrant approval by the co-operating committee, or which was not capable of duplication or explanation by Houdini, then a member of the committee.

For purposes of the new probe, however, the journal editorialises the fact that both science and spiritistic efforts have materially changed in the past score years, that systematised knowledge has expanded its scope by perfecting more accurate methods and instruments of investigation, while fresh claims of advancement have been made by spiritists themselves.

To the standing award of 10,000 dollars made by the Universal Council for Psychic Research, which has been offered to any medium able to produce any effect in spiritism or any supernatural manifestation which its chairman, Dunninger, could not duplicate or explain through natural or scientific means, "Scientific American" has now added another cool 5000 dollars, the combined reward to be available for two years, subject to the following conditions:—

1. That mediums or others must file a written statement that any phenomena produced by them are accomplished solely by supernatural, spiritistic, or psychic agencies and not through trickery, abnormal physical development, legerdemain or mechanical devices.

2. Actual demonstrations must be performed in the presence of the committee of members or others designated by the chairman.

3. Subsequent demonstrations or seances to be given if requested.

4. Demonstrators permitted to name and work under their own conditions during the

first seance, with the committee reserving the right to request repetition under its own conditions, with the committee undertaking to see that they do not hinder or inconvenience the medium or demonstrator.

Authority

Chosen again as chairman of the committee is darkly mystic Joe M. Dunninger, authority on imaginary and illusionary effects and possessor of phenomenal mental powers, to whom Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Thomas Alva Edison and Houdini each confided a secret message in code before their respective deaths to test the theory of spiritual return to this world.

In the current issue of "Scientific American" evidence is forthcoming that investigation is proceeding apace, with Spiritualists showing eagerness to co-operate. Recently, the committee, headed by Dunninger, visited the United Spiritualists' Church to hear the Rev. Edward Lester Thorne announce that he hoped to produce phenomena.

"May I ask those present," appealed the pastor, "to answer my clairvoyant force and to tell me when they see anything. I shall endeavour to make contact with those very close with me very often—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and several others."

In the initial arrangements Dunninger was asked to sign a white card, which was later placed between two sheets of glass, the sides and ends of which were sandwiched by adhesive tape. After a short interval, Dr. Thorne explained, "I contact several spirit forces who tell me that it is their desire to present to the world startling evidence of survival after death, and that this evening the spirit of Sir Oliver Lodge will write on the card something about one of the messages

Dunninger has in his possession. He tells me this is the first time since his passing that this has been revealed to the world, and that if Dunninger will admit that what you find on the paper is authentic, Sir Oliver Lodge will return then another time and give the balance."

After Dr. Thorne had stated he had contacted Houdini, he said: "I see a spirit hand over that glass. The hand is Sir Oliver Lodge's."

Several witnesses corroborated the medium's statement, and when the card was finally withdrawn written on it was the cryptic message, "Bottleneck, Oliver Lodge."

Stated Dunninger at the end of the seance, "the word 'bottleneck' is definitely significant. It is not even one of the words left in the messages to me, but it does have a meaning and is closer than anyone has ever come."

—"Cavalcade."

WILLIAM CHARLES WENTWORTH

(1793-1872)

From "AUSTRALASIA"

And, O Britannia! should'st thou cease to ride
Despotic Empress of old Ocean's tide;
Shouldst thy tam'd Lion—spent his former might—
No longer roar, the terrors of the fight:
Should ere arrive that dark, disastrous hour,,
When, cowed by luxury, thou yield'st to power;
When thou, no longer freest of the free,
To some proud victors bend'st the vanquished knee;
May all thy glories in another sphere
Return, and shine more brightly still than here:
May this—thy last-born infant then arise,
To glad thy heart, and greet thy parent eyes;
And Australasia float, with flag unfurled,
A new Britannia in another world!

A CONVINCING MESSAGE

By Herbert Soanes. P.R. Brisbane

BARBARA Wensley, a child control, entranced the Medium, and gave quite a number of personal messages to those present in the congregation. In the past I have seen not a few sitters expect to receive a message upon their first visit to this Centre. Mrs. Buck, the late organist, however, has frequently testified to the fact that she had attended there each week for a whole year before she received her first and very brief message, which was subsequently proved most definitely to have come from her father.

However, upon the said night of June 15th, Barbara called out: "There is a Mr. Brown here,—now,—looking for someone; does anyone here know a Mr. Brown?" Notwithstanding the fact that this is a comparatively common name, no one claimed acquaintance for quite a long period. Then Mrs. Brown—who is eighty-eight years of age, hard of hearing, never having attended such a meeting, and not having been out of her home at night for twenty years—said quite tremulously: "My name is Mrs. Brown!"

Barbara replied: "Yes, that is right, he is for you. It is your dear husband, Mrs. Brown. While seeming to be in a listening attitude Barbara exclaimed: "What is this that he is trying to say about a watch? He wants to know what you have done with his watch." Mrs. Brown then gave considerable details and named the person to whom she had given it.

Barbara then said: "Mr. Brown is now talking about some gold sleeve-links, do you know anything about them?"

Mrs. Brown again replied in some detail and stated the name of the recipient, and her reasons for presenting them to him.

Mrs. Brown replied in a similar manner when reminded of other familiar articles, and then excitedly asked: "Can my husband see me?"

Of course he can replied Barbara, and he has requested me to tell you that he is waiting patiently for you to join him in the Spirit world.

Mrs. Brown seemed more surprised that her husband could see her, and exclaimed: "Please tell him that I am ready and anxiously waiting to join him."

I might add that so elated and bucked-up did she appear to be that I am afraid that her meeting with her husband will actually be delayed. Mrs. Brown was kindly brought along to the meeting by a member of this Centre (Mrs. L.), who was astounded at her friend receiving such a comparatively long message upon her first visit. Needless to say that such intimate matter cannot be faithfully portrayed in cold type. It must be actually witnessed to be fully appreciated.

POSTAGES

Because of increased postal rates, correspondents desiring a reply to their letters are requested to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Unsolicited contributions submitted for publication will not be returned unless postage is enclosed for that purpose.

The postage for the "Harbinger of Light" is 1½d., except to members of the forces at home or abroad, postage in such cases is 1d.

DECEMBER ISSUE LATE

An Explanation

Our December issue was published late owing to labour difficulties, due to some members of the printing staff being "called up" for military duty.

The lateness of the issue was only one of the difficulties confronting the publishing of the journal, which, owing to war conditions, are likely to be repeated. We ask, therefore, the consideration of our subscribers during these trouble-filled times.

SEEN AND UNSEEN.

Clergyman on Mediumship.

"Would that I had the mediumship gift; I would rather be able to transmit convincing evidence to people who need it than take any position the Church could offer me. There are plenty of people willing to take the highest offices of the Church; there are so few people able to do this intermediate work between the seen and the unseen." This statement was made by the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas, of London, a well-known speaker and writer on survival, in an address at Edinburgh recently.

Mr. Drayton Thomas, speaking of his personal experiences, said he had had these for twenty years. He had written books about them, and he was going to write more. "They do speak to us, but only when they get a clear channel, and that class of mediumship is very rare." There was great need of this work, he said. It brought consolation to people in bereavement; it was cheer, encouragement, and inspiration.

A Sixth Sense.

What was this mediumship? It was different from an extension of the ordinary senses. He did not think an extension of any of their five senses would help them to get in touch with the kind of thing they were talking about. What about a sixth sense—what in this country they called sensing?

His father, who was a Wesleyan Methodist minister—one of the most accurate and conscientious men he had ever known—had told him, speaking through the mediumistic channel, that this sensitivity which enabled some people to hear and see clairvoyantly was owing to the fact that

in these people the ethereal body was more active than in ordinary people. The ethereal body that would be theirs when they left the flesh behind was theirs before the flesh grew to its pattern. That was what they said from the other side. In rare cases the ethereal body was freer to act than was generally the case, and then strange things happened. Most first-rate mediums said that even when they were little children they heard and saw strange manifestations. These were signs of mediumship of quality, and such people might train themselves to be intermediaries between the seen and the unseen.

Sensitiveness.

Some people asked how was it that so many who died made no sign afterwards? The answer was—Because they never got the chance. They could not do anything unless the means were supplied. The means was a sensitive soul that could catch their thought.

The speaker described some of the communications that had convinced him of their reality. He had been greatly privileged, he said. He wished that his fellow-members of the Church had his knowledge. They should try to live up to what they knew. What was wrong with the world was that people were selfish, and nations were selfish, and if there were selfishness and injustice there would be wars here and wars there. When the nation was made up of people who were willing to live what Christ taught, and sacrifice themselves for others, there would be peace and joy. That was what they were telling them from the other side. He was glad to see so many interested in these matters; but they must not be satisfied with the little bit of extra knowledge. They must use it. The use of it was in daily living. Whatever creed or absence of creed was theirs, here was something that would inspire them to make the best of their life.

MR. CHARLES R. CAMMELL

Appointed Editor of "Light."

Mr. Charles Richard Cammell has been appointed editor of "Light" in succession to Mr. George H. Lethem, who has retired.

Mr. Cammell, who was born in 1890, was educated at Eton College, and was for a short time at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. His early days were spent near Langholm, Dumfriesshire, but he afterwards settled on the Continent, living for many years in Geneva. In 1921 he came to Edinburgh, where he was co-editor with Mr. Lewis Spence, of the "Atlantis Quarterly." In 1935, he was appointed associate editor of the "Connoisseur," in succession to Mr. H. Granville Fell, who was then appointed editor.

GOD OF THE NAZIS.

Germany has apparently become so used to the idea of "ersatz"—the substitute—that the Nazis believe everyone else shares the same taste. Not satisfied with supplying their people with artificial things, the Nazis have decided to let the world know about their spiritual faith. They do not hesitate to stress their belief in the Godhead—of Hitler. Recently in a broadcast to America, a Nazi speaker began:

"There was once a poor man whose name was Jesus and who preached exactly that which the Fuhrer, this truly God-like man, is so resolutely turning into practice."

Other examples are: "The Fuhrer is the hope of the world, the Saviour that all humanity needs." "God is lonely, so is the Fuhrer." "What God has not done, Hitler can do." Though such words may sound modest for a mere mortal to utter

about his leader, God is the only one who will ever understand how a mortal could dribble such phrases, and Hitler is the only one who could lap up such worship.—M.D.

PROFESSOR TALKS OF GHOST STORIES.

Stories about ghosts are common around Christmas and New Year. Our ancestors were very similar to us in this regard. Professor Hamilton Thomson, of Leeds University (England), declares that "the foundation of the medieval ghost story was the belief in the world of spirits, good and evil, which were always ready to answer the call of the magician, or, on occasion, ready to make their existence known without any intervention at all. A very thin veil divided the seen from the unseen, in the opinion of the medieval people."

Professor Thomson, after relating a number of stories of the appearance of the devil, suggests that "it was natural that people of that time failed to distinguish very clearly between apparitions of demons in human, or any other shape, and apparitions of the dead. Most of the stories of monks were humorous rather than terrifying. The object of the tales was pious edification. They were not written to frighten or terrify. They were tidings of an invisible world in which both the teller of the story and the hearer implicitly believed." Professor Thomson further says: "For every one direction in which people were superstitious then, there are ten ways in which they are superstitious now." We think the professor is right, and it is part of the work of Spiritualists to kill superstition, and superstition will go out of the ghost story, when people are prepared to put the ghosts in the witness-box and examine them, instead of flying in terror before them.

GHOSTS IN THE PRESS.

If there was any doubt about the extent to which Spiritualism is getting a hold upon the people, the contents of the press during the past few weeks would have completely removed it. Even a magazine run by the Australian Army carried a long ghost story recently. A few years ago the press at Christmastide confined itself to a ghost story of a column or so, by an imaginative writer who had no first-hand experience, and who dressed up his fancy in fictional form. This year for two or three weeks surrounding Christmas the papers seemed to vie with one another in telling ghost stories. Some were true, some were only supposed to be true, and some carried their refutation upon their faces. The papers have told us of two or three haunted houses in London. They have opened their columns to stories of the war and of ghostly appearances said to have been seen by some of "the boys." There is one thing perfectly sure, and that is that the "best" ghost stories have never been told since they concern intimate relationships between denizens of two worlds. Scrooge in real life would have been too much ashamed of himself to allow the cause of his change of character to become public property.

NAZI SUBSTITUTE FOR BAPTISM.

Nazis are encouraging a ceremony, known as "name-giving," as a substitute for baptism. Held in a registrar's office, the ceremony has the flavour of an old pagan rite. Its significance is boosted in these words:

"As our ancestors gave a new-born child a powerful name, filled with symbolical meaning and

courage, so we desire to include the new-born in the tribal clan and give it a name as a lien for a life's journey. This symbolical and holy act will, according to ancient custom, be linked with our wish that our children become valuable members of the German race." The mother is handed the children's "Lebensleuchter" or candles for life, and the father, as protector of the tribal clan, receives the child from the tribal mother and names him. Guarantors promise to protect the guaranteed children from the vicissitudes of solitary life, as commanded by tribal laws, and the ceremony ends with the signing of the name-giving documents.

PSYCHOMETRY, CLAIRVOYANCE AND PREDICTION.

By W. HARRISON.

UNIVERSITIES in Britain and America and leading psychologists are now interested in extra-sensory perception. In my own quiet way I have been investigating this field, and would like to pass on some of the information gathered from a series of psychometric and clairvoyant readings obtained for experimental and personal purposes during the past three or four years. As the experiments are still in progress, it is impossible at present to formulate any final conclusions, but they have gone sufficiently far to enable me to state certain definite facts which have thus far emerged.

The readings were obtained from a number of sensitives in widely separated parts of the country—mostly by post, but sometimes at personal sittings; and fresh readings were obtained at intervals of from six to twelve months. Some of

these sensitives were mediums, but others were not. Some of the latter derided the idea that spirits were in any way instrumental in conveying information to their minds, and some were openly hostile to Spiritualism.

In the case of readings obtained from mediums, the names of spirit people said to be in my environment were generally given, and in some cases descriptions were given of a sufficiently detailed character, including nature of last illness and mode of passing over, to enable me to identify them with certainty. These spirit helpers gave definite messages bearing on the problems concerned. The readings given by sensitives who were not Spiritualists revealed as clear a knowledge and understanding of the present conditions as those given by mediums.

What inference is to be drawn from this? My own opinion is that the faculties of psychometry and clairvoyance are not in any way dependent upon the agency of spirits, though spirits can and do manifest their presence and render aid on many occasions. After all, the sensitive is himself (or herself) a spirit functioning in a material body, but also possessing the faculty of functioning independently on the psychic plane. Also, J. W. Dunne, in his book, "An Experiment With Time," has shown conclusively that there are many normal persons who habitually observe events before they occur, persons who experience flashes of prevision, both in dreams and in waking hours; and I am personally satisfied that we, each and all, carry about with us, not only our present conditions, but also a record of all our past and also of some small portion of our future.

The distance in time over which a psychometrist can sometimes sense events in one's past life is really astonishing. In one reading, the sensi-

tive informed me correctly of an important and singular event which had happened to me 35 years earlier, although I had not consciously thought of this incident for very many years; and this event was sensed merely from contacting a small article which had been in my possession only a few months.

The question now to be considered is, how the information given in the reading reaches the mind of the sensitive? Spirit-agency may or may not be involved. It is not essential, and is, I think, often entirely absent—but, even if present, the problem is only removed one step further back, viz., how does the spirit entity glean the information?

In the case of one of the best readings received, the medium informed me that her control (a Hindu) had expressed a desire to meet me and speak personally to me; but, as this was not possible, owing to distance, he wrote to me through the hand of the medium instead, giving me a truly remarkable reading. In a further script, obtained from him some months later, he gave his explanation of how he worked in such cases, which is as follows: "We contact your aura, through the article held by the one through whom we work, and since all that has been is there recorded, for those who know how to read it, we read it for you to the best of our ability, and from that which has been (working upon the same vibration) we deduce largely that which will be, coupled with some prevision, and give you of our findings."

This explanation finds confirmation in the statement made by the discarnate F. W. H. Myers, to be found on page 103 of "The Road To Immortality," in which he refers to the aura as some "very fine essence which accompanied the human being and yet is not within the human being. I

refer to the store of memory that hangs about you and each individual like a cloud."

It would seem, then, that all articles which have been in contact with any person become impregnated by, or saturated with, his aura, as a sponge with water, and that it is from this fraction of the whole aura that the Sensitive is able to read that subject's thought-impressions and memory. Herbert Bland, in his book "Psychometry," makes a similar statement: "Without a mental aura surrounding each human being and without it establishing a satellite aura in and upon inanimate objects within its influence, psychometrical readings would be impossible . . . Thought and memory are not confined to the brain. They overflow and radiate until a thought aura is projected around each of us. This thought aura contains all our history and reflects our physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual states."

It is immaterial whether a hard or soft article is used for contact. An apparently solid object is, of course, not really so, but merely a concourse of atoms composed of electrons revolving in relatively vast areas of ether-filled space, which the human aura apparently penetrates and fills. Some sensitives express a preference for a hard substance, others for a soft one.

A further conclusion arrived at from my experiments has reference to the much debated question of the apparent conflict between prediction and free-will.

Each reading obtained covered, generally, a future range of time of from one to two years, and mostly consisted of an outline of present conditions and influences, with a forecast of their future outcome. Some readings, however, included prevision of new factors or openings, not

yet visible on the horizon, and a forecast of future resultant actions.

The first set of readings were, in general, in agreement as to future developments; but, as time elapsed, fresh and unforeseen incidents arose which caused doubts to arise as to the expediency and wisdom of following the course predicted and intended to be followed; and so, by an act of free-will, the course of events was deliberately altered.

Further readings were then obtained and these correctly described the changed conditions, and included predictions of entirely new future events. This indicates, beyond question, that free-will is operable and a factor in life incalculable with any degree of precision, and that it can in certain circumstances completely frustrate the fulfilment of a prediction dependent upon the human will.

This personal experience bears out the conclusion arrived at by Mr. H. F. Saltmarsh in his book, "Foreknowledge," that "there is a future which is now determined by the present and the past, but that it is not inexorably fixed and unalterable—it is to some extent, at least, plastic, and can be modified by actions that we, as beings possessed of some degree of freedom of choice, initiate in the present."—(From "Light.")

"Silence is part of the Eternal,
All things that are true and lasting have been
taught to men's hearts in the 'Silence,'
Silence teaches no creeds, only that God's hands
are around the Universe.
Listen to the voice of Silence, for it is the Voice
of God."

Contributed by T. T. Nightcaps.

MORE BLOOD DONORS NEEDED.

Two hundred people are needed urgently by the Victorian Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service to supply blood for stored serum to be sent overseas for use among the sick and wounded of Australia's fighting forces.

Behind this request by the Army Medical Corps lies one of the most dramatic discoveries of the decade, the discovery after much research by medical scientists, that whereas whole blood—that is, blood with the solid part, or cells, still in it—will not keep more than three weeks, the fluid part, or serum, when suitably prepared, may be preserved for 12 months.

Furthermore, research established early in 1940 that this serum is just as good as whole blood for use in cases of severe wound shock, and therefore is a vital life-saver, a life-saver which will save a life where nothing else might.

And so, your blood given here in the comfort and safety of Australia, can be the magical means of saving the life of one of Australia's sons fighting our battles in the dangers and discomforts of war thousands of miles away. Incidentally many pints of blood given for this stored serum—of which about 5000 pints have been prepared—have already done just that.

It all sounds rather like magic, but it is hard cold practical fact, and provides one of the most practical ways in which women, or men, debarred by age or other reasons from enlisting, can help those who have gone abroad to fight for us.

At present 200 donors are needed a week for this branch of the Service's work alone, a total of 10,400 a year. Although there are about 7000 donors attached to the Service, the possibility has

to be faced, unless fresh volunteers come forward, of there being a lack of donors to supply blood for this stored serum for two important reasons—one, that not all donors have the low titre serum which is needed for the preparation of this stored serum, and two, that donors are called upon to give blood not more than once every three months.

The first reason reduces the number of possible donors by about two-thirds of the 7000 attached to the Service, so that at present, with only a three monthly call on them, there is no margin of safety in the number of donors available for the giving of blood for this very essential service of supplying stored serum for going overseas to our sick and wounded men.

The actual taking of a pint of blood occupies about 20 minutes, then there is a 20-minute rest period plus a cup of tea given the donor by a V.A.D. Appointments may be made by donors several days in advance to avoid dislocation of working hours.

The average person needs to allow only an hour for the whole operation and then can go quietly about his ordinary business again, exhilarated by the thought that he has done a very vital thing to help the men who are fighting for us. In a few cases a slight feeling of discomfort may be experienced for a little more than an hour, but even then 100 per cent. efficiency will be regained by the donor within 24 to 36 hours.

Anyone between the ages of 18 and 65 wishing to help with this vitally important work of the Victorian Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service should send their name to the secretary of the Service, Red Cross House, 289 Swanston Street, Melbourne, who, after certain enrolment preliminaries, will make arrangements for a sample

to be taken of the volunteer's blood so that it may be tested to ascertain to which blood group it belongs.

PIONEER PASSES OVER.

Mr. Harry Bannister.

With a record of association with the Spiritualist Movement for over half a century, Mr. Harry Bannister passed to the higher spheres on November 20. Mr. Bannister, who was in his eighty-third year, was formerly a prominent business man of Geelong, Victoria, and was highly respected in the community. With Mr. T. Wall (a former Mayor of Geelong), Mr. Bannister was responsible for founding the Movement in that city, and was at one time President of the Geelong Spiritualist Society. All his life he was an ardent student of our philosophy and a generous supporter of the Movement and of "The Harbinger of Light" in particular.

REALISATION IN LOVE

IN what manner do we accept this world, which is a perfect gift of joy? Have we been able to receive it in our heart where we keep enshrined things that are of deathless value to us? We are frantically busy making use of the forces of the universe to gain more and more power; we feed and we clothe ourselves from its stores, we scramble for its riches, and it becomes for us a field of fierce competition. But were we born for this?

Cannibalism

In the lands where cannibalism is prevalent, man looks upon man as his food. In such a country civilisation can never thrive, for there man loses his higher value and is made common indeed. But there are other kinds of cannibalism, perhaps not so gross, but not less heinous, for which one need not travel far. In countries higher in the scale of civilisation we find sometimes man looked upon as a mere body, and he is bought and sold in the market by the price of his flesh only. And sometimes he gets his sole value from being useful; he is made into a machine, and is traded upon by the man of money to acquire for him more money. Thus our lust, our greed, our love of comfort, result in cheapening man to his lowest value. Our desires blind us to the truth that there is in man, and this is the greatest wrong done by ourselves to our own soul. It produces ugly sores in the body of civilisation, gives rise to its hovels and brothels, its vindictive penal codes, its cruel prison systems, its organised method of exploiting foreign races to the extent of permanently injuring them by depriving them of the discipline of self-government and means of self-defence.

Love the Key

Of course man is useful to man, because his body is a marvellous machine and his mind an organ of wonderful efficiency. But he is a spirit as well, and this spirit is truly known only by love. When we define a man by the market value of the service we can expect of him, we know him imperfectly. With this limited knowledge of him it becomes easy for us to be unjust to him and to entertain feelings of triumphant self-congratulation when, on account of some cruel advantage on our side, we can get out of him much more

than we have paid for him. But when we know him as a spirit we know him as our own. We at once feel that cruelty to him is cruelty to ourselves, to make him small is stealing from our own humanity, and in seeking to make use of him solely for personal profit we merely gain in money or comfort what we pay for truth.

So I repeat we can never have a true view of man unless we have a love for him. Civilisation must be judged and prized not by the amount of power it has developed, but by how much it has evolved and given expression to, by its laws and institutions, the love of humanity.—Extract from Rabindranath Tagore's "Sadhana," ch. V.)

SIGNPOSTS FOR THE INQUIRER.

By Herbert E. WISEMAN
(England)

IF a person is genuinely anxious to obtain personal proof of after-death survival, he must not lay down practically impossible conditions beforehand. He must be prepared to do what thousands of former sceptics have done in order to secure the evidence that has ultimately convinced them. There are three or four alternative courses open to him, of which attendance at a public demonstration (his own suggestion) would, as explained later, be likely to prove the least satisfactory.

In the first place, nothing could be better than to follow the example of Robert Blatchford, the erstwhile militant atheist and materialist, whose uncompromising anti-God and anti-Christian

articles in his (now defunct) weekly journal, "The Clarion," aroused a storm of controversy 25 years ago. In his little book entitled, "More Things in Heaven and Earth" (published by Methuen in 1925), Mr. Blatchford has given an account of the events that led up to what is, in effect, a complete recantation of his previous strenuously upheld convictions regarding God and the Soul.

Faced with the loss of his beloved wife, and quite unable, in spite of his philosophy, to believe that death had extinguished that "sweet and vital personality," he began to study the standard books on spiritualism. Being convinced as the result of this study that there was "something in it," he requested a friend to make an appointment for him under the pseudonym of "Mr. Roberts," with Mrs. Osborne Lennard, the famous London medium, who was a complete stranger to him. As soon as she was entranced (in broad daylight) Mr. Blatchford found himself, to his amazement, in the presence of an invisible someone who knew the most sacred and intimate details of his married life, and who, apparently, was keenly interested in and had full knowledge of what had been happening in his home since his wife's death. Some of the statements concerned things done by his daughters of which he was quite unaware, but they were confirmed in practically every detail on his return home. The question of identity was clinched for him when he suddenly heard what appeared to be his wife's own voice, speaking some distance away from the medium and calling him by his pet name with a unique pronunciation characteristic of her. Summing up the results of his two sittings, Mr. Blatchford declares: "That my wife was present and spoke to me is the only solution which explains everything that was said."

First Steps

If unable to adopt this course, one should either (a) secure admission to a local investigating circle, of which I have no doubt there are many available, or (b) start such a circle himself with the aid of half a dozen sympathetic friends. No professional medium is required, but, for the latter procedure, it would be advisable for him to obtain the advice and, if possible, the active assistance of an experienced spiritualist in order to avoid the pitfalls in the way of novices. Sometimes, startling evidence is obtained by beginners, even at their first attempt. For example, a relation of mine took part, with other girls in the same theatrical company, in an experiment behind the stage, purely out of curiosity, "to see if the table would move." To the girls' astonishment, not only did the table move most vigorously, but a message was rapped out, purporting to come from a deceased relative of one of them urging her to return home immediately as her mother had been taken seriously ill. This message was received with complete scepticism, as the mother had written only a day or two previously, when she was apparently in normal health. Fortunately, a telegram, confirming the message, was received later in the evening, just in time to allow the daughter to catch the mail train home.

The inquirer may also attend public meetings in the principal cities. Advertisements of meetings are to be found in most newspapers. There are, however, so many people seeking personal evidence at such meetings that the inquirer might be lost in the crowd. It might even be a long time before a message is given, but let that person be sincere and the way will open for the other side to open communication.

PILATE IN NEW LIGHT

By C. COXON, in "World Service"

It would be difficult to find any outstanding historical figure whose character has been so misrepresented as that of the great Roman judge, Pilate.

Pilate realised immediately that the charge against Jesus of conspiring to attain military supremacy was preposterous. He realised that the claim of Jesus was purely metaphysical and spiritual.

How could Pilate convince Rome of this? He knew that no distinction could be drawn there between the spiritual claim of Jesus and that of a revolutionary military leader. Pilate was only too well aware that the official mind of the Roman War Department would be incapable of assimilating his defence of Jesus's true aims in the world. The might of Rome was threatened; that was enough.

It is astonishing that investigators have failed to notice, much less analyse, this vital aspect.

"CONSOLATION"

He is not dead, though 'neath the earth his body
lies,

The out-worn garment he has cast aside;
Clad in new raiment, tall and straight and wise,
And journey on, rejoicing—no, not dead,
He views the road of Life with clearer eyes;
But only gone a few short steps ahead.

PSYCHIC GIFTS ACCORDING TO THE SCRIPTURES

By Marcella DeCou Hicks

THERE are orthodox people who insist upon a literal interpretation of every verse in the Bible and flay as heretics and followers of demons all of us who possess psychic gifts. Could anything be plainer than the Bible itself when it states that there are diverse gifts of mediumship, various ways of manifesting each gift; that all are God-given attributes of spirit by which man can profit according to his use and understanding of them? In the First Corinthians, chapter twelve, verses 4 to 11, we read:

"Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are diversities of administrations but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophesy; to another discernment of spirits; to another diverse tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues. But all these worketh that one and the self same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

What do orthodox people do with these verses? It has often amazed me that they accept without a quibble all the Bible stories of prophecy, spirit contact, intercommunication, miracles, all kinds of phenomena, but refuse to recognise the fact that prophets, miracle workers, spirit contacts, intercommunication—all manner of phenomena—still function in the world of today. And they accuse us, who are in touch with any of these "abnormalities," of being in league with the devil.

They assume that two or three or four thousand years ago—which represents but a moment in eternity—God chose a certain method of expressing Himself to humanity, and then, for some inexplicable reason, ceased so to manifest and ever afterwards anybody who found expression through so-called supernatural elements must of necessity be doing wrong. And they will quote long passages of scriptures to prove their point. If I can prove by the Bible that intercommunication and spirit return are possible and sanctioned by Spirit and you can prove by the same Bible that they are not, then what becomes of the Bible as a consistent criterion for conduct? However, we are not concerned with Bible contractions in this paper but only with dissecting the verses quoted and applying them to the present; finding their analogies.

“For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom,” which means that the spiritual vibration rates of certain psychics of earth are of such velocity as to synchronize with spirits of great culture discernment and erudition on high planes of discarnate thought, thus enabling the psychic to understand much beyond the ken of ordinary men, to possess an insight into divine law and of course to give his fellow man wise counsel. This type of mediumship is rare, but it does exist. Only the deepest and most reverent students of divine law and those of the highest spiritual development achieve “the wisdom.”

“To another the word of knowledge”. . . . Notice that wisdom and knowledge are not treated as being synonymous. Earthly wisdom may or may not be the outgrowth of knowledge. Wisdom, meaning good judgment, is often an inherent quality, and men of great erudition may not

possess it, whereas frequently the man of limited schooling may have that well-balanced sense of values known as wisdom. Knowledge, as a gift of psychism, indicates a vibratory harmony with those in spirit who have great understanding of God-principle, cosmic law, karmic fundamentals, and of the divine scheme of creation; a contact with those in spirit who have delved deeply into first causes and have a vast comprehension of spiritual as well as mundane matters. Psychics of this phase of development are also rare. Personally I know of only one. He is a man who has given up everything of earthly consequence—luxury, fame and fortune which were his for years—to devote himself wholly to a spiritual service of awakening his fellow man to the debacle that impends on this planet if mankind does not spiritually awaken and bestir himself to apply the remedy. Truths of spirit that this psychic achieves in his contact with avatars in spirit life are marvellous beyond telling and stupendous in their import. He is indeed, attuned to the highest forces that contacted ever this earth plane, and unquestionably he possesses the “word of knowledge.”

“To another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit”. . . . Who, reading this discourse, does not know of at least one case of spiritual or divine healing—possibly several? Many psychics there are who through prayer, faith, or the “laying on of hands” bring about cures where systems of therapeutics have been unable even to alleviate—all of it accomplished through a harmony with spirit sources. Few things savour more of the miraculous than these healings.

“To another, the working of miracles . . .” By miracles is meant those things, matters, hap-

penings for which humans can find no physical explanation according to their understanding of the laws of mundane life, earthly existence and nature, as they know it. Actually there can be no such a thing as a miracle since everything that happens whether in the realms of the so-called supernatural or in the commonplace things of life takes place according to some phase of divine or natural law, which embraces all the physical laws recognised by man and the spiritual laws of which he may know nothing.

Conceding then the term "miracle" to such event for which the average man has no explanation—what could be more miraculous than that certain psychically gifted humans, having constitutionally inherent in their physical make-ups certain chemicals in definitely required proportions and relationships, should, under proper conditions, exude from their bodies chemical emanations or effluvia, ectoplasm and sensigol gas, from which a spirit, wishing to manifest visibly and solidly to the non-psychic, can build a simulacrum of his physical body, enter this materialised body spiritually and animate it for contact with loved ones who long for reunion? All of us psychics and nearly all spiritualists have contacted authentic and genuine manifestations of this "miraculous" gift.

What more miraculous than that a human should have inherent within his physical make-up those elements that can be manipulated by spirit so as to produce a physically audible voice, either through the trumpet or independently?

What more miraculous than to be able to bring "apports" through brick walls and securely locked doors—inanimate objects and even living things from the most remote corners of the world? Who dares to say that such things do not happen?

In an issue of "True Magazine"—a detective publication of the "hard boiled" school and certainly not disposed to favor psychism or spiritualism, there is an account of an unquestionably authentic collection of apports locked in a glass case and carefully guarded at Leland Stanford University, California. The collection consists in part of an African witch doctor's belt, South Sea Island dolls, the skull of an American soldier, birds' nests containing eggs, Mandarin costumes, and some fifty miscellaneous objects.

Each of these apports materialised under the strictest of test conditions, supervised by Thomas Welton Stanford and through the instrumentality of Charles Bailey, bootmaker, who was brought from Australia, for especial testing and demonstration. He was placed, after every inch of himself and his clothing had been searched and he had donned a suit prepared for him by his investigators, in a fine wire cage, securely taped to the floor so that no slightest opening would permit even a silver of paper to be inserted. Thereupon, surrounded by twenty selected doctors, clergymen, lawyers, newspaper editors and others of conservative mind, in a room from which everything had been removed except the cage in which the medium was confined and the chairs on which the twenty men sat, and moreover with the room brightly illuminated, apports began to drop about the medium. There were articles from Assyria and Babylon, live fish wrapped in sea weed, rare fetishes used only by tribes in the darkest interior of Africa, a leopard skin six feet in length, head dresses from the hill tribes of India. If you who read this article are doubtful in this matter, I refer you to Leland Stanford itself for verification.

"To another prophecy". . . . Do not our mediums look into the future not only of people but

of nations and prophesy even as the prophets of old? It is not relevant that I go into the *modus operandi* of prophecy at this time. I only state it to be an established fact that certain psychics possess his God-given gift of prophecy. Practically all of us know of psychic forecasts that have proven themselves one hundred per cent. correct.

"To another the discernment of spirits". . . . Do not clairvoyants and clairsaudients discern spirit entities—see spirit forms and activities, hear spirit voices and converse with spirit people? These two are the most familiar and common of spiritual gifts.

"To another diverse tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues." Frequently in a vision or in a condition of astral projection a medium will contact a spirit entity and converse with him in a tongue, which in normal condition, he knows nothing. Moreover his subconscious mind will translate such speech into the medium's known tongue so that he will recollect the import of the whole matter when he returns to his body or to normal condition. And he will bring back the message received through such communication to some one or some group of earth for whom it was meant, thus interpreting the unknown tongue.

In trance condition, of course, a medium is able to speak in, and to understand, any language, spoken or understood, by the entity in charge of his body.

I have a friend, a very famous literary man, who is possessed of what he terms the "lifted memory." This man is able to converse in the language of the lost Atlantis and has found two or three others with a similar lifted memory who understand him and whom he can understand. This ability to use a tongue long lost in antiquity came suddenly and quite involuntarily and with

no spectacular circumstances involved, and it manifested in confirmation of a deep truth which this man believed he had discovered. Of course there is an hypothesis indicated here which I am not permitted to enlarge upon in this paper, but I insist that I state facts.

And finally, it has been said that Spiritualists ignore and belittle the Christian Bible. Indeed they do NOT. Would it not be the height of folly to ignore or belittle that which gives the most concrete proof of the divine source of every psychic gift ascribed to mediumship, thereby rendering impregnable the foundation upon which Spiritualism is built? Let the intolerant think this over.

"THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

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GREETINGS AND GOODWILL

By ERNEST W. OATEN, Editor of
"The Two Worlds"

OUR happiness depends largely upon two factors. It has often been said that "Life is what we make it," and certain it is that our outlook on life determines very largely the measure

of our happiness; while on the other hand the pressure of material circumstances sometimes brings an overwhelming influence to bear upon us, which does a great deal to modify our mental outlook. Yet it is probably true that it does not matter much what happens. The thing that really matters is what effect we allow it to have upon us. Happiness is very largely a matter of temperament, and it is very true that we can do much to modify our own circumstances. Time is a strange factor in our conscious life. Whether it has any real or abiding existence is open to question, but certainly it has a relationship to life as we are at present experiencing it. So much so that a timeless world is almost as inconceivable as a spaceless one.

At any rate, the New Year is both a time for stocktaking and a period for new resolve. "There is nothing too good to be hoped for." We are learning to know that we have within us potentialities undreamed of, powers which are inexhaustible, and though the flesh may fail, and circumstances often tend to modify our activities, yet it is ever true that the real spirit of man can never be crushed until it admits its own defeat. In the words of Henley:—

"It matters not how strait the gate,

How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the Master of my fate.

I am the Captain of my Soul."

This is the spirit which should dominate the New Year.

It is up to every one of us to realise that we are immortal souls; that even the greatest enemy which man has ever supposed himself to have—the enemy of death—is incapable of gaining a final victory over us. We are destined to subsequent victory no matter how often the arrows of fortune

may be hurled against us. There is one thing which the Spiritualist is learning, namely, that to the man who does his best, earth life is probably the worst period of his existence. It is the time when he is struggling to grow, when he is striving to assert his spiritual supremacy, when he is endeavouring to find himself, in order that he may bring all his forces to bear for his constant progress and eternal happiness. We have just passed through the period when friendships have been renewed, when we have each found comfort and strength and happiness from mingling with or remembering our friends. A tiny strip of cardboard with a name inscribed, dropped by the postman through the letter box, has awakened memories and brought home to us the fact that we are not alone. And true it is that friendship and comradeship give stimulus and strength, and help us to face the future with greater vigour. We feel better able to face the uncertainties of the future when we are conscious of a friend at our side. This is one of the joys which Spiritualism has brought to most of us—the sense of eternal friendships and continual companionship. Immediately behind the cloud of visible things, in the world which is permanent, the realm which is enduring, there are companies of friends, none of them willing to live our lives or perform our tasks for us, but willing and able and anxious to befriend us, to stimulate and to advise, that we may better be able to exhibit our courage and strive forward to larger things. No man is down and out while he has a friend, and no man is negligible whilst he can be a friend.

One of the sweets of Spiritualism is that which the critic and the scoffer, and perhaps even the scientific investigator, know nothing about—the sense of intimate and constant companionship,

the sense of a friend who is ever at our side; and what a band of friends they are and can be. The little boy who was asked for a definition of the word friend said that "A friend was someone who knew all about you, and loved you just the same." It is such a friendship as this that we get from the other side of life—a friendship which is constant and unchanging, which is not subject to the sensitive susceptibilities of this life, but which ever sees something better within us than has yet been revealed. The sense of such companionship is, we believe, within the compass of everyone to attain, for all of us have spirit companionships, and though material circumstances may be trying, though the economic and political outlook may be uncertain, though even in the spiritual realm we be sorely oppressed, the man who is conscious of the fact that he walks "hand in hand with Angels" can face the future with a smile upon his face, and can say with Browning:—

"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world."

The mere materialist may quibble at such a statement, but if eternal law, eternal justice, and eternal wisdom are at the helm, then no matter how stormy the seas may be at present, the man who has confidence in God and man can truly say "All's well."

Spiritualism is winning its way into the world's heart. Whether it wins way into the world's mind is quite a secondary matter, for if the heart of the tree be sound, no matter how bare the branches may be at present, the summer will bring renewed life. There at the centre of things is the eternal indwelling life. You and I are a part of it. Let us go forward in 1942 determined to take one more step towards claiming our own.

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