

The
Harbinger of Light

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A
PSYCHIC DIGEST

Edited by
Rev. J. T. Huston, N.D.
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Wonderful Apport Seance.
I have Heard the Dead Speak.
How I Became a Medium.
Psychic Photography and "Experts".
Fake Medium Trapped.

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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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Wonderful Apport Seance

Gifts for the Sitters

[The following remarkable article is condensed
from one published in "The Two Worlds," and
written by its editor, Mr. J. B. McIndoe.—
Ed. H. of L.]

RECENTLY I was privileged by an invitation to sit with Mrs. Bailey, of Belper, the remarkable apport medium. The sitting was at her home in Belper and lasted for about an hour. Besides the medium and Mr. Bailey, there were present: Mr. and Mrs. L. Crowcroft, of Doncaster; Mr. Annable, who is a regular sitter; Mr. Percy Wilson, M.A., Mr. Laurence Wilson, B.A., and myself, the three last-named meeting Mrs. Bailey that evening for the first time.

Mrs. Bailey insisted that the sitters should examine the seance room thoroughly before the sitting began. It was a small room upstairs. There was nothing in it except the chairs on which we sat, a small table and a tambourine, two small pudding basins and two plaques. The window had no curtain but was permanently black-out. It was

easy to see that there were no facilities in the room for concealing objects of any kind. We sat in complete darkness except for two faint streaks of light coming through the door. It was a very hot evening, and, in spite of the fact that the men were sitting with their coats off, we soon felt as if we were in a Turkish bath—a state of affairs not usually considered conducive to physical phenomena.

Mr. Bailey sat next to his wife on her left, Mr. Annable on her right, and I was next to Mr. Annable. The medium's hands were free, but the sitters, during most of the seance, sat with hands linked to each other. Mr. Bailey's right hand and Mr. Annable's left, which would otherwise have been free, held the wrists of the sitters next to them; thus all hands were accounted for.

The seance opened with prayer followed by hymn singing, which, with brief interludes, was kept up till the end. Almost immediately after the singing started, things (which we later discovered to be flowers) fell on the sitters and occasionally I felt drops like water falling on my head. But it was scent—not water. Then "One Feather," the chief control for the phenomena, greeted us and talked briefly to her friends about the health of his medium. Then "Marjorie" came along and later "Tom Tom." The flowers, distributed by Marjorie, now came in greater numbers. But now they seemed to be laid gently on our heads and shoulders rather than to be dropped on to us.

A Service of Fresh Fruit

I heard Mr. Annable say, "Thank you. Give one to the gentleman next to me. Put it in his mouth." A smallish hand came on the back of my head, slipped over it down my face, and something was put into my mouth. There was no mis-

taking it, it was part of a fresh peach. The others got their share. I was given two pieces, the second being about a half of a fairly large ripe peach. "Tom Tom," who distributed the fruit, sweets and scent, is evidently a bit of a humorist, for Mr. Crowcroft, having first announced that he had had a nut put in his mouth, discovered that it was only a peach stone. Later I rescued that stone and have planted it along with some of the cherry stones in the hope that they will grow.

After this, sweets were put into our mouths, some kind of large gums with a very pleasant flavour. Mr. Percy Wilson had three and I had two. Then came cherries, ripe and well flavoured, of which I had five. As we were sitting with linked hands we should not have known how to dispose of the stalks. However, that difficulty was overcome; the hand, which had put the cherries into our mouths, held on the stalks and removed them.

Showers of Scent

Presently we were refreshed by showers of perfume, coming in small quantities at first, but later in showers resembling fairly heavy rain. I know that my shoulders and shirt sleeves were well soaked, and I could detect three different scents, but I could not be sure what any of them were. The control said that one was antiseptic. Though we had been warned to close our eyes, there was so much scent about, that, in spite of this precaution, it got into them and made them smart—so that it was a relief to be told that we might unlink hands and dry our faces. Twenty-four hours later, the faint odour of the scent remained, also some slight yellowish stains on our clothing where the heavy drops had fallen.

Now "Marjorie," Mr. and Mrs. Bailey's daughter, who passed on as a child some sixteen years ago, came on the scene again, and with her

came more flowers. A friendly little person, she seemed to take delight in decorating the sitters. I could feel small fingers sticking flowers inside my collar and into my clothes wherever she could find an opening and it recalled a similar experience, many years ago, when sitting with a Yorkshire medium.

An Ectoplasmic Rod

"Tom Tom" came in once more. The tambourine began to float above our heads, shaking all the time and finishing with a number of bangs, on what, I do not know, but it may have been against a materialised hand. Mr. Laurie Wilson, who was favourably seated to observe it, told me afterwards that, as it crossed the streaks of light showing from the door (mentioned earlier) he could see the shadow of a rod, about as thick as a walking-stick, moving with the tambourine and extending in the direction of the medium.

Ectoplasm

"One Feather" explained that, owing to the heat of the room, it would not be possible for any forms to build up or for any voice phenomena to occur, but he said that they would try to show us some ectoplasm. The conversation by the controls had, of course, been through Mrs. Bailey's vocal organs.

The two plaques which had been in readiness, were placed in front of the medium. These were soon filled with a faintly luminous substance which overflowed on to the floor. A ribbon of it, apparently about a foot wide, ran across the floor in front of my feet. It must have been about four feet long. Mr. Percy Wilson, who was at the end of the room opposite the medium, says that the ectoplasm seemed to come in waves and ripples across the floor towards his feet and reached almost up to his knees.

"One Feather" bade us farewell and a memorable seance ended with a short prayer expressing our thanks. A few incoherent words from the medium, then "Oh! It is dark, it is dark!" and she was herself again.

The light was switched on and we found a profusion of flowers all over the floor and stuck in our clothing. We gathered them up and brought away about half of them. These were put into three vases, and a photograph was taken the following day. They included 23 roses, 7 sweet peas, 3 water lilies, 6 very fine carnations (these did not appear to me to be English carnations), and 12 sprays of a flower which I cannot name. Its blooms were orchid shaped on stems like lupins or delphiniums, each stem about 18 inches long. All the flowers were fresh, some appeared to be wet when received, and all seemed to have been pulled or broken, not cut. Except for the water lilies, they were quite fresh the next day, although they had not been kept in water overnight.

Before the seance we saw some of the foreign birds which formerly were the chief apports. Several hundreds of these have been received, some of them being of considerable market value. Recently a number were lost after having been shown to some evacuee children, one of whom inadvertently opened the door and allowed them to escape. We also saw a red squirrel running about in a large cage in the garden. This is the only remaining quadruped from the collection of rabbits, hares and squirrels which have been apported. By Mrs. Bailey's request live animals are no longer brought. The feeding of the birds presented a problem. On one occasion, when a number of birds had been apported, this difficulty was commented upon; the answer was a shower of

bird-seed on the floor, sufficient to feed them for many days!

I cannot speak too appreciatively of the way in which Mr. and Mrs. Bailey welcomed us to their home and entertained us. Mrs. Bailey is a non-professional medium. No one who sees her and talks with her can entertain the slightest doubts as to her sincerity and honesty. I have previously had experience of the apportioning of flowers and scent, but never have I seen them brought in such profusion and variety.

These are but two phases of the phenomena displayed by this very remarkable medium. Taken along with the reports, which are now current, of physical phenomena in different parts of the country, they may indicate a recrudescence of the phenomena of the early days of our movement. If this proves to be the case, let Spiritualists see to it that our mediums are guarded against over-sitting, that they are properly looked after, and that the phenomena are reserved for suitable occasions and for SUITABLE SITTERS.

Lastly I must mention that this article was written out on the day after the sitting and was submitted to Mr. Wilson and Mr. Crowcroft before publication.

FROM ONE READER TO OTHER READERS

"Don't Talk," runs the slogan, but at this time of year there ARE words to be spoken, Glad Words of Good Cheer. So I'll speak them quite freely—MAY THE YEAR '42 BRING PEACE, WITH CONTENTMENT AND SUNSHINE FOR YOU.
G.A.W.

'I Have Heard the Dead Speak'

DIRECT VOICE EXPERIENCES

Marcella DeCou Hicks

TO my way of thinking trumpet voice manifestation is one of the most satisfactory demonstrations of spirit contact that the non-psyhic can possibly experience. Because—regardless of the fact that he is not clairaudient, or psychic in any degree—he is able to hear the voices of his spirit loved ones and visit and converse with them exactly as if they were back upon the earth in the flesh. To be sure it will probably be in the dark but what of that? Haven't you ever sat in a dark porch on a summer evening and talked with a friend or friends whom you could not at the time see? And was there anything unsatisfactory about it? Spirit contact through materialization is perhaps even more satisfying in a way—but so **fleeting**, whereas, if one wishes, he may spend a whole trumpet session of an hour or more talking with one spirit-soul—a real visit.

I am well aware that many so-called "psychic investigators" as well as many mediums, who themselves lack the chemical requirements for physical phenomena, deny that trumpet manifestations can be authentic. In the first instance I would attribute the denial to simple ignorance, in the second to plain jealousy. (I have always believed that Spiritualism would come into its own much more quickly were there less jealousy within its own ranks.)

However, if everybody else on earth denied the possibility of trumpet voice, I would still know that spirits DO speak through the trumpet because I have experienced trumpet phenomena in

my own home with only myself and two of my sons as a battery, and moreover where fraudulent manoeuverings were out of the question.

I am not a trumpet medium, and, so far as I know, neither are my sons, but together, at least on this one occasion, we provided sufficient of the proper chemicals, or elements of force, so that the home-made trumpet lifted itself from the table, flew behind me and came to rest on my right shoulder. My father's voice issued from it in greeting, and two other voices spoke. Then the trumpet fell to the floor and would not lift again. The two boys were busy with school and not sufficiently interested to pursue the experiment so I never knew what "battery" possibilities might have been developed among us, but I **did** prove that spirit entities speak through the trumpet.

In the years since I have had hundreds of trumpet sessions, both alone with a medium and with groups, and through this type of spirit contact I have renewed or continued old friendships, discussed current issues and problems, and learned much concerning spirit life and derived much comfort, consolation and happiness. No matter where I may make my contacts—in cities—widely separated and where I am totally unknown—the same spirit friends come to me, proving beyond all doubt that they have been following my movements and were acquainted with all these circumstances that surround my life.

I have listened to the most profound discourses from the great and near-great—such spirit-souls as Benjamin Franklin, Geo. Washington, Voltaire, and more recently arrived spirits as Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Thomas Edison and Conan Doyle. None of them came with any fanfare of trumpets but very simply and very humbly. Abraham Lincoln once said to me: "Child, do not think of me as 'The Great Emancipator'

or as 'the great' anything. Do not think of me even as a one-time President. I am just Abe Lincoln, doing the best I can in all humbleness." It amuses me sometimes to think what a tremendous shock lies in store for some of our supreme egotists!

I talk frequently with my father, in the other life now for twenty-five years, also with my sister, grandparents and many other relatives and friends. They still retain their interest in earth matters and in the affairs of those they left behind. Also I have made many new friends in the Spirit World—spirit people I have never known except through trumpet contact. One of these is Dr. Mary Wanzer, first woman physician to be licensed to practice medicine in California. She came to me quite unexpectedly, saying that she and my father had become well acquainted in the spirit world and that he had found her so much like myself that he had thought we should enjoy knowing each other and had told her where she could find me. Dr. Wanzer told me of her life and her work and gave me the name and address of a woman physician in San Francisco to whom I could write for verification of all she had told me. Subsequently I wrote to this lady and found Dr. Wanzer's information to be accurate in every detail. Next time I contacted Dr. Wanzer she corroborated the fact that the lady had been a student under her. Our friendship has been a most natural and interesting one, and I regard her exactly as I do any friend of earth. I have got in touch with her not only through the trumpet, but through clairvoyance, materialization and spirit photography. At the time her face appeared as an "extra" on a photograph of myself, I had no idea who she was. Later she materialized and told me the face was hers and to verify it by sending a

photo to a person whose name she gave me. I did so, and she was identified, though the party said the pictured face was not the duplicate of any photograph of her he had ever seen.

I have had long and helpful talks with my friend in spirit, Dr. Henry Ward Beecher, through the trumpet and have often verified in this manner subject matter that he has given to me inspirationally before I have sent it in for publication.

While alone in seance with a dear friend who is a trumpet-medium-extraordinary, I have heard at least half a dozen Indians come war-whooping into the room, making an unearthly din and racket, as pleased as children to make themselves heard. My own body-guard, Chief Acorn, has told me many Cherokee words and expressions and customs of his tribes, which upon study and investigation I have found to be correct.

I have many times heard spirits sing through the trumpet—solos, duets, trios and have many times sung duets with one of them myself.

Spirits manifesting through the trumpet for the first time usually make their inexperience very evident, and it is something most amusing. An old friend of my girlhood, whom I had not seen for more than thirty years, came through one time and his first words were, "Well! Well! So it's you, Marcella. You haven't changed a bit. What's this tin horn for anyway?" He didn't seem to realize that he was magnifying his voice by means of the trumpet which another spirit was holding for him. His voice was a series of whispers, squeaks and yells, but, on the whole, his conversation was understandable. He came back again and again and soon acquired facility in using the instrument. Later on he came and fired this bombshell at me: "Marcella, do you know, I didn't believe ANY of this at first!" Astonished I said, "Well, what on

earth DID you think was happening?" He replied, "Oh, I thought I was in some sort of a dream. I knew my physical body was gone, and I thought that perhaps I was losing my mind too. Then I went home with you several times and recognized your mother. Though her hair had turned silver I knew her. As I got acquainted with all these people who come to see you every time I knew we couldn't ALL be crazy." It would seem that there must be just as much doubt and ignorance on the other side of life regarding inter-communication as there is here on the earth plane.

I wanted to go into some of the suspicious aspects of trumpet phenomena, such as the fact that it must take place in the dark, and also that voices do not often manifest the timbre and cadence they possessed in life; but space does not permit and I must wait until another time. I do want to say just this one thing more: Death has never taken any one **from ME**. Death can never take any loved one from those who learn and use the many ways of inter-communication so generously provided by a loving Father-God, ways which are as natural and simple as breathing. The door is never locked. Why languish in hopeless grief and despair when all you need to do is to lift the latch?

THANKS

Many of our Subscribers in renewing their subscriptions have added 6d.—we presume to cover the additional postage now imposed. We appreciate these acts of thoughtfulness, which is a help and tender our sincere thanks for their consideration.—J. T. Huston.

Spirit Photographs and the Experts

By James Coates, Ph.D., F.A.S.

(Author of "Seeing the Invisible," &c., in the "Hindu Spiritual Magazine")

THE investigator of psychic phenomena always claims to be an expert. In the case of spirit photography "the expert" is sometimes a photographer, but as frequently is not. In most instances he claims to be a Spiritualist actuated by the highest motives and his main object is to rid the movement of persons who indulge in fraudulent practices. The persons suspected and banned by him are usually physical mediums; of these the few photographic mediums before the public are his special aversion. To not understand is a sufficient reason for condemnation. He may or may not have had a sitting, possibly he has had one. On the strength of this he is prepared to pose as an "expert." To that sitting he brought his doubts and suspicions. When he received his print, there was probably a face on it he did not recognise, or one which someone else had already obtained; it may have come across the plate or actually upside down. There may have been other "things" on it, which had no meaning for him. The whole looked like faking and very badly done at that. It became an easy matter—following the line of the least resistance—to decide that this photograph was produced by misplayed ingenuity.

Another "expert," who knows seven different ways of producing bogus spirit photographs—but not one genuine one, says that almost anything can be done with a photographic plate, and what appears is the result of that anything.

Another suggests that there are certain laws in photography without which nothing can take place. He does not say definitely that psychic photography is fraudulent, but avers that all sitters should be photographed by two cameras and the plates should be independently developed. Without this all so-called investigation of psychic photography is worse than useless. This looks very fair and very formidable. Judged by the well-known laws of photography, nothing can come on the one plate which does not appear on the other. This is very plausible and is correct as far as ordinary photography is concerned, but does not touch psychic photography at all. It leaves out the main essentials:—

1st. The Intelligences in the Invisible who are operating under difficulties and through appropriate media

2nd. The state of the person or persons, who are the mediums, and the conditions favourable to the exercise of their mediumship.

3rd. The state of the sitter, who like the medium, must be in a quiet, undisturbed state of mind.

4th. The essential blending of all three in a more or less favourable state of harmony, and lastly, but also essential, the camera mostly used and impregnated with the nervaura or magnetism of the medium.

In addition to his state of mind, the sitter brings certain psychical entities, thought-forms, and images of departed persons liable to be shattered by the fussy and dominant mannerisms of "experts," whose object is not to obtain psychic photographs but to demonstrate a foregone theory, in which the five propositions stated above have no place.

I respectfully maintain that the photographic

plate does faithfully record what is presented to it; that it is an impartial witness on account of its purely mechanical processes; that the plates are not subject to either hallucination, suggestion or auto-suggestion, and so far can be relied upon to reproduce whatever is presented—seen and unseen, in light or in darkness—according to the laws of photography.

Opinions may be divided as to the nature of the things, objects or persons chemically recorded on the plates. But they are there because something from them—reflected or refracted light—has been gathered up by the lens and passed on to the plate. Whether by accident or intention the object or subject be there, its presence is recorded all the same on the exposed plate. This is a simple statement of fact. When we come to psychic photography—with or without the camera—we enter into a region in which the ordinary laws of photography are not set aside but are subordinated to other laws—forces in operation—not at present fully understood. For instance visible objects and subjects have not been photographed of which I have several cases, whereas, on the other hand, that which is invisible—of no material substance and of the nature and character of thought—has been. The operations, which take place in psychic photography are not wholly chemical as far as camera, lens, light, and chemical results are concerned. We have all these plus something else. That something is of the nature of a *nervaura* or vital magnetic force emanating from a peculiarly endowed individual—the medium. This force—sometimes called ‘fluid’—may be enhanced by the presence of sitters similarly affected. Under these circumstances the films are affected by ordinary light, and by a light emanating from the unseen object. By this invisible light photographic

plates—both in and out of the camera—are impressed with images, symbols, reproductions of things material, and in many cases with the faces and forms of living persons—not visible—and by portraits of the departed, but only in the presence of a medium, specially gifted, and never otherwise. Moreover the said medium must be healthy, imperturbed, and more or less in sympathy with the work and the sitters.

Anyone who has taken pains to study the late Mr. J. Trail Taylor's experimentations with two photographic mediums, of whom the late Mr. David Duguid was one, will find abundant material for reflection. In the presence of Mr. Duguid—with whom Mr. Taylor was in friendly sympathy—results were obtained outside all the known laws of photography. I have had similar experiences with Mr. Edward Wyllie. Mr. W. Walker, of Buxton, reported similar cases obtained at Crewe recently. But I wish to emphasise the results obtained through the mediumship of Mr. Duguid by Mr. J. Trail Taylor. These results have been condemned by "experts," ignorant of all the facts, as fraudulent. This has always been the case, where experts "opinionate" without having all the facts before them. The most, so pronounced, outrageously fraudulent looking "extras," were genuinely produced. If not so, the evidence of the then highest authority in the photographic world, i.e. Mr. J. Trail Taylor and of competent witnesses must stand for naught, with these "experts," who assume to know, but do not understand, and many of whom have not seen, much less carefully investigated that which they so readily declare to be fraudulent.

In psychic or occult photograph I do not assume that spirits can be photographed. I am content to admit on the strength of the evidence

which I have collected and obtained at first hand, that some photos are produced otherwise by those in the Invisible. This only happens when the mechanical, chemical and other processes of photographic procedure are supplemented by appropriate mediumship—and **never without it**. When the camera is not employed the plates are affected by invisible light, heat and other unknown forces emanating from mediumistic persons, plus something which proceeds from Spirits said to operate within the sub-conscious self or selves of the mediums. "The extras," obtained through camera and the "things," impressed which appeared on plates held in the hand, never appear without the presence of suitable media.

This brings me to the point overlooked by those who suggest that for scientific investigation of photographic work of this description, it should be a *sine qua non*, that in every experiment there be at least two cameras, and that the plates exposed in these be immediately and independently developed. I will admit that it is not of much importance who develops the plates. But why two cameras and not half a dozen and each with a self-important operator deliberately antagonising the psychic effort?

Mr. J. Trail Taylor employed a stereoscopic camera, which he operated himself, but not excluding the presence of Mr. Duguid or the presence of sympathetic and intelligent witnesses whose object was to get at the truth and not to discover fraud. Mr. Duguid was treated as a medium should be, as a man, a friend, and not as a suspect which would be to destroy the harmony essential to obtain successful results. Under careful testing, hundreds of extras were obtained, but not one identifiable picture of a departed. Psychic photography was established because the medium was

not ignored. Experts do so completely. I can guarantee that they can experiment, day after day, year after year, with two or more cameras; develop the plates independently, in full distrust or in accord of one another, and succeed in obtaining—nothing.

With a suitable psychic, properly treated and with whom harmonious relations have been set up, it is probable, as with the Taylor-Duguid experiments, something would be obtained and that—defiance of the very laws of photography so much talked about.

The sine qua non is not two cameras and independent development, but an identifiable portrait of a departed obtained under satisfactory and harmonious conditions.

Never in the history of psychic photography has an identifiable portrait of a departed been obtained as the result of this so-called scientific investigation with one camera or several, but because of the presence of a vitally vigorous and sufficiently imperturbed medium whom the Intelligences in the Invisible were able to use, and with whom the subjects were in harmony.

Expert photographers, scientific investigators, and the would be dabblers, who claim to be "experts," start on the wrong basis in assuming that this matter can be settled on the ordinary lines of practical photography, ignoring and condemning mediumship, without which psychic photography is impossible.

Psychic photography is a phase of physical phenomena. The mediums for this phase are very rare, and are treated by these expert Spiritualists with suspicion. Physical phenomena are becoming non-existent through the treatment of mediums by "experts." It would be much wiser, in my opinion, to patiently study mediumship and co-operate with

the Intelligences controlling them and in this way obtain the better results. **Then the phenomena presented would bring their own best evidences.** This has ever been the experience of those who have gone thoroughly into the matter. The "testing spirit," so sedulously applied to physical mediums is wholly wrong. But, admitting it to be right, then let it be applied without fear or favour to all trance, inspirational, healing and clairvoyant media, and see what the results will be. So-called scientific investigation suggests that they be harassed; that before appearing in public, a committee of experts should test them in the anti-room, with spirit test tubes, by electricity, push pointed steel instruments under their nails, and employ the usual medico-police methods to ascertain whether they are shamming or in trance states. Granted they come through the ordeal, insist that two of these ill-used ones, stand side by side, and deliver speeches and descriptions identically alike in words and manner, without which there is no evidence that they are controlled by the same intelligence. It might help, that when the entranced mediums were speaking, to fire a pistol off near their heads to see if they are still in trance or merely imposing. When the "experts," are done in carrying out their crusade for purifying the movement, will we then get that which we do obtain now—evidences of the persistence of the departed in our welfare, of supernormal intelligences expressed in trance states? I think not. Yet the foregoing is the mode of procedure by which physical mediumship has been fast relegated to the dim past of the Modern Spiritualistic movement—by not outsiders, but by those claiming to be Spiritualists.

THE INDEPENDENT VOICE

By Dr. A. J. Wills, Ph.D.

[The close resemblance to a radio broadcasting station is shown by the amusing and unexpected messages received under most unfavourable and unlikely conditions as explained in the following article.]

INDEPENDENT Voice Phenomena resembles "Trumpet or Direct" voice, except that no trumpet is used. This leaves all the force to be used for messages. The voice comes directly from an ectoplasmic "voice box." This is a new larynx, built up apart from the medium. The ectoplasm, however, tends to take the shape of the medium's larynx, as if polarised to that condition, so to speak—like the bits of a jigsaw puzzle which fit in a special place and form. This causes the duplication of the tones of the medium's voice, or that of a sitter contributing a large share of ectoplasm, and an inexperienced inquirer will often say, "That is not my mother's voice," etc. This is a natural objection, but wider experience shows that when conditions are perfect the spirit operators can overcome this tendency, or polarisation, and then there is no doubt as to the identity of the person speaking. The medium is generally in trance and cannot talk normally, while the new larynx is being used by the spirit operators and sensitive sitters also feel difficulty in their throats, caused by the drain on their psychic power, resulting in dryness, coughing and inability to speak clearly. The medium can, in such cases, often speak at the same time as the spirit. Photos of "Margery," the famous Boston medium, show the voice box formed on her shoulder, hence it is easily (but wrongly)

assumed that the medium is speaking. Here are some illuminating experiences:

June, 1940, at Mrs. Birkner's seance, while a spirit was speaking to his wife in independent voice, I silently stood up beside him (the confidence of the medium in my long experience and ten years personal friendship with her, permitting this). I could distinctly "feel" him beside me and sensed him looking round at me inquiringly, by his voice changing direction as he continued to speak, just as any person would. I noticed that his voice was on the same level as my mouth and on the same level as my mouth and on his saying "Good bye," the medium instantly began speaking, unmistakably proving that she was seated four feet behind the man and her voice at about two feet lower level. I was the only man present out of eight persons, and her high soprano voice was markedly different from the deep bass voice of the spirit man.

Sometimes they speak of the voice box as a mask, into which the spirit visitors have, in some way, to thrust themselves, and it is described as a rather unpleasant experience. One visitor, commenting on this method of communicating, said, "Davy," (a child guide of mine) is still 'wiping his mouth' after it," indicating that some psychic contact was made, via the mouth, the impress continuing on the other side for a moment. Davy himself said later, "Daddy Wills, remember this is our first attempt through this lady, and we got some of the scientific part mixed up, as it was pretty nearly too deep for us, but you will admit that we are good amateurs, Goodbye, Daddy Wills." A guide then explained that Davy, bewildered with his new experience, "did as a child in earth life would do if a stranger kissed him. You have seen children wipe their faces and pause

and look at the person who kissed them." This also shows the continuing natural instinct of a child on "that side of life."

November, 1940, at Mrs. Birkner's seance, Davy came through saying, amongst other things, that he would be with me at a public dinner on Saturday night. He said, "They will have a lot more ice-cream than they need, so ask for two plates, one for me." I remarked that I had another invitation for the same night and he suggested going to one and then slipping away to the other. I told him that they were twenty miles apart and proposed that I go to one and he to the other. He promptly and unthinkingly assented, "Yes," then, in a hasty panic-stricken way, cried out, "No, No, No, I can't eat if you are not there." So we agreed on one dinner for both of us. This bears out the idea that, while they can see and hear independently, they cannot contact our physical earth, except through the material person of the one to whom they are attached.

The instant that Davy said, "Good-bye, Daddy Arthur," a man's deep, hearty chuckle began and stopped off suddenly. Recognising the voice of one of my spirit teachers, I said, "Hello, Doctor," He then came through, somewhat abashed it seemed, and said, "I did not know that I was in the 'voice box,' Lady Jane" (my wife, who usually precedes him) "was coming through, but I had to laugh at Davy's boyish ideas and did not know that you would hear."

This is strikingly like the sound room of a radio broadcasting studio, where casual sounds and incautious asides are instantly broadcast.

Then the Doctor withdrew and my wife came through, greatly amused both at Davy's comical ideas and the doctor's accidental "slip of the tongue." One of the mediumistic sitters had seen

my wife, as the meeting started, standing in her wedding dress beside my chair and had described her to me. My wife expressed her appreciation of this lady's mediumship and graciously thanked her for telling me what she had seen. After speaking of other matters she retired very happy and still amused.

Then the Doctor came back to give his message. He was still upset at unintentionally intervening between my wife and the voice box, again remarking, "I did not know that you would catch my laugh." Because I had instantaneously recognised him on hearing his well-known laugh, he came through, temporarily, to explain why he had preceded my wife, contrary to the usual custom. Seemingly, he was so amused at Davy's ideas that he did not realise how close he was to the voice box when he uncontrollably laughed and which Davy had just left ready, apparently for my wife to use.

These are instructive points of great interest, showing that they laugh, talk, etc., independently of earth and are only able to reach us audibly when a voice box is available, constructed from ectoplasm.

A most unusual and strikingly spontaneous manifestation occurred in 1938 when the brother of the medium (he had been ailing for some time), sitting beside her in the seance, came ill and slid from his chair to the floor unconscious. The unfinished meeting was briefly closed and attention given to the patient. As the medium knelt beside her brother anxiously calling to him another voice was heard (that of her other brother, Frederick, who had passed away some years before) calling in crisp energetic tones, "Harry, Harry, snap out of it." This voice came from beside the medium, away from the light, and no one near. From frequently having heard this spirit brother come and

talk in circles, I had no trouble in recognising his well-known voice, the tone, manner, etc., characteristic of him. This was repeated several times, until presently the patient recovered enough to be taken home.

Here was an unmediated demonstration of the return of a brother to assist in the recovery of his sick brother and to comfort his sister, the medium, with evidence that he was there helping in the emergency. The voice was heard plainly by the group standing by after the shortened sitting to see if they could help. Such occasions are rare, especially as the medium's disturbed mentality at the time was a most unfavourable condition for the production of phenomena. Possibly, as the meeting had just prematurely closed, and the sitters were still present, there was a sufficient residue of power, which this entity accustomed to manifesting was able to use on the notable and urgent occasion.

In a seance with Mrs. Birkner on one occasion, I was sitting beside her and was able to lean forward and listen to her breathing, while a man's vigorous voice was talking through the voice box, out over the table some five feet away from her. Her breathing was soft, regular and natural as a sleeping child yet at the same time the man's deep, bass voice was loudly and plainly talking to his wife at the opposite end of the group. This was followed by a woman's voice, that by a child and others, but all the time the medium's breathing was even and unaffected by these entities speaking. I noted that between each spirit person's message the voice swung back towards the medium's solar plexus, fading as it neared her, and similarly when another voice spoke it swung out from the medium's solar plexus, gaining vigor till it reached its maximum over the table.

HOW I BECAME A MEDIUM

By Winifred Moyes

(Editor of "The Greater World" and Noted English Medium)

EVER since we started "The Greater World," people have asked me to tell how I became a medium, but I felt that only the teaching given by Zodiac mattered, and that the personal should be eliminated as much as possible. However, in conversation with callers, more and more I have been shown that little things in my own experience have been helpful to them. So, on the chance of any incident in my life proving of value to another, I will write freely about myself, and I hope those who do not agree with this course will be tolerant. The spirits who have spoken at the Zodiac Circles impress upon us that our experiences belong to the world if they provide encouragement or warning to others.

Religion in its highest sense was brought into my life when I was about nine years old, because we attended a Church where the Rev. Arthur Chambers was curate. Although I was so young I was enthralled by his eloquence. I thought it was part of my hero-worship that I so often saw bright beings standing on either side of him while he was preaching. Soon, however, he was made Vicar of Brockenhurst, Hants, and for years we saw him no more.

From about ten years of age my health became troublesome, and in this narrative I am obliged to refer again and again to my health because my physical weakness turned my steps into paths which otherwise I should not have taken.

Difficult School Days

School days were almost a nightmare, for if I survived one term I was at home the next. The doctor said I was not to learn anything I did not wish to. Fortunately at the college I attended, they concentrated on literary and artistic subjects and the duller lessons were given second place.

Things were very difficult at home for many years. Not only was my mother delicate, but my father's health began to fail through overwork. He was an author as well as a journalist, and after a day of strain on a big daily newspaper devoted hours to writing books. But on looking back I can see now that these hard times were testing stages and essential preparation for the work we were to undertake in time to come.

At eighteen I became secretary to the editor of a monthly journal; but it was only by his consideration that I was able to stay there for two years. I was at home ill for six months and then went back to him for about another year. The next breakdown was more serious, and I have learned since that I was not expected to survive.

Yet at the end of a year, because our financial troubles were increasing through my father's ill-health, I was obliged to take another post, and became sub-editress of two monthly journals. These ran for years, but came to an end during the war owing to paper shortage.

I could not take part in the various sports I loved so well, but I found great consolation in reading. In the home, we had always been accustomed to hear the "thought of the day" discussed freely. Religion had its place, but more from the mental standpoint than from the spiritual. I studied many of the eastern as well as the western teachings, attending various lectures when I was well enough. At that time I lived in a hostel in

the heart of London, and there met people of many nationalities.

No Interest in Spiritualism

Strangely enough, although I was familiar with many "isms" and "ologies," I never troubled to investigate Spiritualism because I felt it was dangerous to "meddle with evil spirits."

From childhood I heard voices and saw visions, but as we did not understand clairvoyance or clairsaudience, we could not explain them, but I always associated these experiences with Christ.

Now comes the incident from which the Zodiac Mission sprang, and it shows the patience of the guides.

My father had become a chronic invalid and for fifteen years before his passing was unable to work.

My salary being needed in the home, we took a tiny flat in the suburbs for mother, a younger sister and myself, my father living at the seaside.

It was the Christmas before the end of the war when I first saw a planchette, and even then did not know its real use. My friend—now Mrs. Margaret Hoare—bought one to amuse her guests at a Christmas party. Seeing the fun it caused and having different people at our little party, I bought one also, and it was used by the boys home on leave with great effect, for they produced anything we wanted!

Unsought and Astonishing Spirit Messages

The next day my new sister-in-law, S., who had been at the party, called and expressed curiosity about the "little board." She asked me to get it out and see if we could make it move without pushing it. I pinned a large sheet of paper on the table and she sat down and placed her fingers on the planchette. In a few seconds she was in a deep trance! We saw she was uncon-

scious and were throughly scared, but almost immediately the pencil commenced to write messages from my mother's people, about whom S. knew nothing at all.

After about ten minutes, to our immense relief, she regained consciousness, and was astonished to see what she had written. We realised we were in touch with those we loved in the Spirit World and were delighted; no thought of danger crossed our minds.

My sister-in-law used the planchette several times, and we were very disappointed when the message came that she must not go on with it, and that I was to take the messages instead. I protested that the board would not move for me, and the reply came: "Try the pencil alone."

We could not continue our sittings, for mother had to move to the seaside in order to nurse my father. Once or twice I did try to use the pencil but could get nothing except: "Go on with this—remember, remember, remember," written with an emphasis that almost frightened me.

About a year later my mother returned to live with us and we decided to try again to get the "writing." But another difficulty arose. All those who knew we had had Spirit messages impressed upon her that it was highly dangerous because of my extreme delicacy, with the result that she begged me not to attempt it. Seeing the nervous state she was in, I could not do otherwise but give way, as it seemed to me that the "writing" could not have God's blessing if it made my mother so distressed.

The Voice That Urged Me to Sit Again

But in the August of that year I went to Jersey for a little rest, and while there had one or two psychic experiences, and also heard a Spirit voice saying repeatedly: "Go on with the writing;

go on with the writing!"

On my return I told mother and she made no further objection, merely saying that she would write some letters as her fears might attract an adverse influence. My younger sister, Dorrie, was quite willing to sit with me. In a few moments the writing started with great rapidity, but the first message was: "Your mother is sad; tell her to come in." Dorrie crept to the door and called her softly. She came running up the hall, and from that day to this she has been a most devoted and enthusiastic Spiritualist, and one of the best sitters I know. We had a wonderful evening, it seemed to us.

Very soon Margaret (Mrs. Hoare) joined the circle and she has sat with us ever since, showing a devotion beautiful to witness.

Every message received was taken down by Dorrie and a typewritten copy made of it. It is interesting to turn back to the old records, which are very evidential, for all that has taken place regarding the expansion of the work was foretold over the years by Zodiac, who, however, used symbolical language so that we might not interfere with the plans.

For months the messages were given by my grandmother on my mother's side, a saintly old lady who has been described in detail by clairvoyants many times at our public meetings.

It was at least six months later when, on commencing our sitting and expecting the usual first sentence: "Grandma is here," large letters appeared instead—ZODIAC. I stopped, saying to mother: "Whatever do they mean?" She replied: "Perhaps it is the name of your guide." Before I could answer, my hand was rushed across the paper, the pencil writing: "Yes, yes, yes!"

Zodiac soon asked us to allow some of our

friends to join us, and their loved ones gave messages to them too. This lasted for some time. I did not like the idea of full control and was very relieved that it was my hand only that was used. However, one evening the message came that it would tire me much less if I allowed Zodiac to take full control—would I consent? I did not like to refuse, but it was not until months later that Zodiac brought me to my feet and spoke through me.

The First Time Zodiac Spoke Direct

That again seemed to be caused by an "accident." My brother and his wife had moved to Westcliff-on-Sea, and we were invited to spend Christmas with them. It was arranged that on Christmas Day, after tea, we should have the writing. Unfortunately for our plans, a visitor called, and to our dismay stayed until nine o'clock. By that time our nerves were on edge with disappointment, and I declared it would be impossible to get a message at all. However, the others begged me to try, and it was then, under what we considered to be adverse conditions, that Zodiac dispensed with the pencil and spoke direct through me.

Since then, hundreds of people have attended the Zodiac Circle and hundreds of spirits have spoken through me.

Up to 1928 my sister, Dorrie, took the notes—a gigantic task! I typed them out; they were carefully checked and then sent to Mr. Ralph Goddard and Miss Agnes Goddard, in Hampshire, who gave up all their leisure to duplicating the messages and sending them out. In time, about 600 people were reading them weekly. No charge was made for attendance at the Zodiac Circle or for the typescript; but it cost about £5 a week to produce and send out the records, nearly all this out-

lay being borne by Mr. Goddard.

For several years I was on the staff of a London daily newspaper, and every evening from 7.30 until midnight I was typing the notes or answering a vast correspondence in connection with with Zodiac's teaching.

Urgent Message Through Sister's Mediumship

During that time my health was very troublesome, and for two years I hardly knew how to drag myself about. Early in 1928, through Dorrie (who by that time was also used by the Spirit World) I received an urgent message that if I did not give up office life, Zodiac would not be able to use me, for my physical weakness would be too great.

I had no idea what we should do without my salary, but I obeyed the guides and sent in my resignation. But my faith was far from intact and for three months I suffered terrible anxiety about the future. Also, Dorrie and Ralph Goddard were to be married at Easter, and that meant the loss of our wonderful note-taker.

However, in a marvellous manner the way opened. On Good Friday, Mr. Aeschmann, who was then almost a stranger to us, suggested that we should start a paper so that the Zodiac messages might reach the general public, and "The Greater World" was founded. It was also arranged that Mrs. Whittaker and he should take a duplicate shorthand note at the Zodiac Circle. This continued until we opened "Greater World House," Herne Bay, in 1930, when Mrs. Whittaker became the hostess. Then Mrs. Margaret Hoare took the notes with Mr. Aeschmann, and that arrangement has been continued ever since.

Why I Have Told the Story of My Life

I am afraid this narrative seems very long and uninteresting, but the reason why I have told

the story of my life is this: From a physical standpoint everything was against my being used as an instrument, yet the work has been carried on without a break for eleven years. Zodiac has emphasised many times that spiritual laws can govern physical and natural laws, and perhaps my experiences may strengthen the faith of others who feel that everything is against the development of their mediumship.

Some people may ask why the spirit healers could not cure me. We are taught that pain has its place in earthly life. Zodiac said years ago that my physical and mental sufferings had provided a "bridge" over which he could come and use me. It is not easy for highly-evolved spirits to contact us. They must have a certain condition, and pain has a cleansing effect. Therefore, the factor which "spoilt" my life has been used for the Divine purpose. It will be remembered that St. Paul had "a thorn in the flesh," but when he besought the Lord to take it from him, the reply was: "My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Maybe this thought will help some of the delicate people who long to do so much for God.

Had it not been for Spirit power, I should not now be in the body. At times I still suffer great pain, yet the loving protection of the Great Father is demonstrated constantly through the guides, for although I have not had a holiday for five years and work 14 to 16 hours a day, I find that "His grace is sufficient for me," and every year I am getting stronger.

My sister, Mrs. Ralph Goddard, is used as a medium for rescue work, with wonderful results. The healing done by the Mighty Mohawk, through Mrs. Margaret Hoarse, is too well known to be described here. I owe everything to the devotion

of good men and women on both sides of the veil, and I close the story of my life on a note of deep gratitude to God, Who so patiently has led me through the valley of suffering out on to the sunny planes of service.

(—"The Greater World.")

RATIONED REVIEWS

COMPLETE COLOUR PRESCRIPTION, by Roland T. Hunt. In this far-sighted work, the author shows that colour is as essential as food, and that it provides a key to the diagnosis of many of our ills and to rebuilding of our physical bodies and our cities. (Our copy from Daniel, London. English price, 1/6.)

OUT OF THE BODY, by John and Erica Oxenham. The name of John Oxenham is familiar to most people, for he was the author of forty novels and at least twenty-eight other published books on different subjects. This is his last work and is the result of a dream he had four months before his death. One feels sorry that Mr. Oxenham and his daughter should have opened the preface with the statement: "We have no connection whatever with supernaturalism, spiritualism, or psychic research." But the account of his experience out of the body are a preparatory glimpse into the bright World of Spirit. (Our copy from Longmans, London. English price, 3/6.)

SPIRIT GUIDANCE, by A. W. Austen. This is a collection of interviews with some of the best-known guides of British mediums. The author has put questions about their philosophy and teachings. An interesting summary of what the Other World thinks about people on this side. (Our copy from Psychic Press, London. English Price, 4/6.)

LINKS THROUGH SPACE, by William Blackwell. Here is a brightly written narrative of personal proof of

survival. Mr. Blackwell set out as an impartial observer twenty-four years ago, and this record of his experiences is crammed with unassailable proofs, most of which are also stories of real human interest. (Our copy from Goodmount Press, London. English price, 1/6.)

TO THE GREAT SPIRIT. This a selection of prayers by Silver Birch, the spirit guide of Hannen Swaffer's home circle, and will be welcomed by all admirers. (Our copy from Psychic Press, London. English price, 1/-.)

WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW, by Jane Boyd. A 48-page pamphlet of personal experiences and helpful hints, which should be useful for inquirers. The fact that it is published by a conservative firm is an indication of the interest in Spiritualism that has awakened in Britain. (Our copy from Longmans, London. English price, sixpence).

NOTE.—Owing to war conditions we are not stocking these books, but copies may be obtained through your bookseller.

SURVIVAL PART OF LAW OF NATURE

Lecture by Mr. M. BARBANELL,
Editor of "Psychic News"

"**N**ONE of us knows in these days of stress and anxiety when we may be called on to face the greatest adventure that comes to every human being. I mean the possibility of sudden death. It may come at any day, hour or moment. Are you prepared to face it?"

That was one of the searching questions asked by Mr. M. Barbanell, of London, editor of "Psychic News," during his address at a Spiritualist demonstration held at Blackburn, England, recently.

As far as Spiritualists were concerned, de-

clared Mr. Barbanell, survival after death was not a hope, a belief, an opinion or a theory, but it was a fact which every reasonable person could prove for himself. In short, they said that survival was a part of the law of nature—a biological happening.

Listening to the Dead

Through mediums they received communications from those who had passed on. The reason the dead returned was very simple—"they came back because they love us. They have discovered—they had no knowledge beforehand—that having passed through the gates of death they are still alive, and have come eagerly to us with this great discovery."

Somehow or other many people who called themselves religious thought it was wrong to disturb the dead, to call them up. "We don't disturb the dead; they disturb us," continued the speaker "They say, 'We are not dead. You are the ones who are dead. We cannot make you hear us.' No human being has the power to make anyone come back who does not want to. If they wish to return and if they can find the right channel they come back."

Anglican Church Accused

Spiritualists had to break down religious prejudice and destroy vested interests which made a barrier between this life and the next, where there should be none. He contended that leaders of religion, when it came to this great and profound subject, were more interested in protecting their vested interests than in arriving at the truth. He did not say that lightly. It was a serious accusation, but it was one he could support.

A few years ago the Church of England de-

cided to inquire into Spiritualism. Of the committee of ten, seven drew up a majority report, unanimously agreeing that Spiritualism was true.

But that report, he said, was suppressed. If the majority had decided that Spiritualism was untrue did they think the report would have been suppressed? Did they regard it as Christian ethics to suppress something because they did not like it? Though the report was a closely guarded secret, he had seen it, though it was marked "Private and confidential," and he had read what it said about Spiritualism. "No one can deny it," he commented. The excuse was made that it was unwise for the public to see it. Though the report had been suppressed, it would make no difference, because truth could not be suppressed—it must come out sooner or later.

DIFFICULTY WITH NAMES

By Ella M. Horsey

MOST mediums have difficulty in getting names through correctly, and Mr. J. Arthur Hill in a recent article in "Light" suggested that the trouble might be partly due to difficulties on the other side. In support of this view, the other side has expressed itself. Let me quote from the notes of a sitting with Mrs. Osborne Leonard some time ago. My brother says:

"There is so much I want to say to you at sittings that I forget. I told you once that only a part of our consciousness is at a sitting. I have to bring in the part of me that is near, but sometimes I can't bring it all in—the most important part is left outside. I should have known a thing in our condition, but here I might not know that I knew it.

"When I'm talking in a sitting sometimes, and I have to speak about something that isn't naturally flowing into me from my outside self, I may get stumped. If I was talking of another person far away, and concentrating on the thought and memories of that person, supposing you suddenly asked me to tell you my own Christian name, it might take me some time to get back to it.

"In our own state I have a better memory than I ever had, but when I come back, part of me is not in this condition at all. My etheric body is here, but only a portion of my consciousness.

"Only part of your consciousness is in your present body; that is why you forget things—all your consciousness can't operate at the same time. If it could, you would have a perfect memory. You have heard of memory freaks who remember every possible date—that is because they have devoted all the consciousness in their brains to remembering just that kind of thing."

RELIGION IN RUSSIA

By PAT SLOAN, Editor, "Russia To-day"

THE Soviet State is officially atheist. This of course has its advantages, for no unscrupulous statesmen can claim that "God is on our side" in the U.S.S.R.

The basis of Soviet policy is a faith in Humanity. The ethic of the Soviet school is, "Be a good comrade, be a good worker, thou shalt not exploit thy neighbour." This should appeal to all practical Christians.

As to worship: Every religious faith may worship in its own way. Complete equality is enjoyed by Christians and Jews, Buddhists, Hindus and Muslims. All must finance themselves out of

the contributions of their believers, which is only fair.

As to education: Since the Soviet State is impartial, it cannot permit any religious sect to get a hold of the minds of the young in the schools. If it did this, it would open up once again those vicious controversies between Catholics, Protestants and others to control the schools, which have done so much harm to our own educational development.

As to anti-religious propaganda: This is permitted. But a critic will achieve a miracle if he can produce any anti-religious propaganda in the U.S.S.R. which is not a justifiable attack on (a) the support for private property by the churches, (b) the reactionary social effects of certain religious superstitions, (c) the active participation by the church in counter-revolutionary politics, (d) primitive superstitious beliefs.

For those interested, I recommend the works of Dr. Julius Hecker and Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury.

A PIECE OF NATIONAL SERVICE

(Published by the Society of Friends)

We can keep our hearts from the cankerous growth
of hatred;

We can arrest the spread of evil lies and whisper-
ing rumour;

We can shed goodwill and cheer among our fellows,
even among those we are being taught to call
our enemies, for they, too, have fear and an-
xiety in their hearts;

We can, through service, overcome the grief we may
be called to bear;

- We can reduce great thoughts to practice by deeds of charity;
We can guard against intolerance, and as we are inflicting suffering
We can be brave enough to bear it for ourselves;
We can feel ashamed that our work for peace has failed, and from that shame serve peace yet more devoutly;
We can give thanks for life; for the indwelling Spirit can overcome even a world at war;
We can serve our nation and our race in this: that by sowing the seed of universal love and justice, mankind will reap the harvest of a warless world.

V.M.F.

AN EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD'S OPINION

I note with pleasure the improvement in style and subject matter and sincerely hope the "Harbinger of Light" will play a big part with the dawn of that "New Order" so much talked about, and so help poor, groping, grovelling humanity to find a satisfactory answer based on scientific evidence to that all important question:

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

W. L. Roper, Chatswood.

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WAR-TIME INTERCESSION

Tune: "Lead Kindly Light"

Saviour, to Whom none ever called in vain,
To Thee we pray;
Grant to our loved ones Thy protective care
By night and day;
When dangers lurk, midst battles' raging din,
O! be Thou nigh, and give them peace within.

When duty calls, where'er their task may lead,
Thou too art there;
Thou dost in Thine embracing, pitying love,
Their peril share.
Grant them true courage, faith which shall not fail;
Thou art our hope, through Thee may they prevail.

In pain and weakness, be their strength and stay,
Thou Son of God;
With bleeding feet the path of sacrifice
Thou too hast trod;
Thou knowest, Lord, how great, how sore their
need,
Stretch forth Thy quickening, healing hand, we
plead.

For all at home, who watch in anxious care,
We too would pray;
Be Thou their comfort, their sustaining power,
Through each dark day;
Till right shall triumph, war and hatred cease,
And man with man shall live in righteous peace.

—E. Josephine Bamford.

FAKE MEDIUM TRAPPED.

By Elliot O'Donnell.

EXPOSURES of bogus mediums are to be welcomed in these days when anxious women seeking news of their missing men-folk easily lend ear to bogus "messages."

This is a good time to relate my part in an exposure which has come to be regarded as a classic example of detection.

Madam Vesper, a medium from the Southern States of America was advertising, chiefly by sandwich men and handbills, that she could obtain finger-prints of President Wilson, John Gilbert, Rudolph Valentino and other notabilities who had passed over.

Her charge for sittings was somewhat exorbitant, but being curious to witness some of her psychic phenomena, I arranged with Herbert Andrews, a young New England chemist, to accompany me to a sitting.

About a dozen people were present. Madame Vesper sat at the head of a long table and the rest of us sat on either side.

By the left side was a tray full of a preparation of paraffin wax.

After the lights were out we sat for some time in hushed expectancy. A sudden gasp made us all tense.

It was Madam Vesper, the medium—so a stout, elderly woman informed us—going under the control of Taranako, the spirit of a once powerful Black Crow Indian. More gasps and other queer noises such as the clapping of hands, chattering and groaning followed, and then, in one corner of the room appeared a dimly luminous figure.

Confederates.

Nearer and nearer it came to the table, and as far as I could judge in the dark, close to the medium.

This for a few seconds only, and then, just as slowly, it retreated.

Lights were turned up, and on the tray being examined, finger-prints were found on the wax, which, prior to the lights being extinguished, was seen to be perfectly smooth and quite free from any smears or indentation.

Taranako informed us that the imprints were those of Valentino, and this would be found to be true when they were sent to Hollywood to be identified.

Fresh wax was substituted for the old, and more imprints obtained.

At the end of the performance I suggested to Andrews that the results were "phony."

We went there again, purposely arriving early, and seated ourselves according to a pre-arranged plan, on opposite sides of the table and as near the medium as possible.

We could not sit next to her, because those places were already filled by two people, both of whom we had seen there before. One was the stout, elderly woman.

"Confederates" I read in Andrews' eyes. After the first "spirit" had put its hand on the tray and departed the wax, as before, was examined by those present.

"Why, it's covered with something and looks all wet," a thin little man exclaimed.

"I think I can explain that," Andrews said quietly.

He then walked to a curtained-off recess in the corner of the room from which the "spirit" had emerged and pulling aside the drapery, re-

vealed a lady in a white garment crouching against the wall.

Detected.

Catching hold of one of her hands he held it up to the light.

"See her fingers," he cried. "They are stained yellow! That is owing to the strong solution of iodine I succeeded in putting on the wax just to prove to you that Madam Vesper is a fraud and the alleged spirit finger-prints phony, made by this woman who is Madam's accomplice.

"The luminous effect is produced by a preparation of commercial sulphides of calcium barium and strontium, which you will find on her garments."

The detected "ghost" said nothing; she was apparently too ashamed and frightened. Indeed I felt rather sorry for her; she was quite young and rather pretty.

Madam Vesper was loud in protestations of her innocence, declaring it to be a wicked plot on the part of Andrews and myself to ruin her. And, of course, her two confederates at the table supported her.

Those yellow finger tips, however, were difficult to get over, so Madam Vesper thought it discreet to leave the city by an early train in the morning.

—Exchange.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Mrs. A.K. (Sth. Preston, 5/- to March, '42; C.T. (Hampton), 2/6, to March, '42; A.J.K. (Willoughley), 2/6, to March, '42; E.K. (Marybow, Q.), 5/-, to Dec., 41; W.J.H. (Ouyen), 5/-, to July, '42; G.H.F. (Concord), 5/-, to June, '42; A.M. (Bromelton), 5/-, to July, 42.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS AND WELL BEING

PATIENTS of Æsculapius were invited to sleep in the sacred grove, describing their dreams next morning to the priest. Dreaming, it was noted, is a function of the unconscious. The dream was valuable, but required the priest to understand it. Even a little understanding of a patient set healing going.

A patient set free from a giggling propensity, discovered to have begun through a desire to thwart an unsympathetic governess, was found to have exceptional energy joyously applied, as a reaction from suppression and frustration which threatened to make her an invalid for life.

So long as people were self-centred, looking to see what they could get out of the world and how the world would serve them they were living as miniature beings. People who were always conscious of themselves suffered eventually from nerves, which sometimes took the form of asthma, dyspepsia or a social behaviour.

AN EVENING WITH SPIRIT FRIENDS.

Contributed by Josephine Kat

After many weeks of patient work, and long hours in a darkened room with two trumpets placed upon a small table in the centre, and buoyed up with a promise given by the control Red Feather that their efforts would be rewarded, four members of the Essene group in Brisbane, namely, Mr. Heywood (medium), Mr. Miller, Mrs. Plumley, and Mrs. Reed were overjoyed when, a few weeks ago, they heard the direct voice of one of Mr. Heywood's controls, and to know that Red Feather had honoured his declaration.

Then Essene Lodge members were invited to

a stiting. Twelve in all, we journeyed to Geebung with a feeling that in some way the night was to take us all a step further in this great knowledge of survival after death.

We watched Mr. Miller stage a perfect blackout, not one chink of light came into that blackness, only the dimly luminous side of the trumpet was visible. The absence of a musical instrument made it necessary to raise the power by singing, so we began and were soon rewarded by a tapping in one of the trumpets as the other rose slowly and brushed across our hands in some cases touching us not altogether lightly on the head. We sang more robustly—the power must be kept going—the trumpet circled round the group and exclamations of surprise could be heard punctuating the singing as one after another received definite proof that the trumpet was passing their way. Once again the tapping was heard and we ceased singing, a voice called a name and a sitter answered. The voice claimed to be that of her mother. Proof was asked for and was given to the satisfaction of the sitter, her mother touching on details of their family life when she was with them in the flesh. Power began to wane, so once again our voices were raised in song. The tapping came again, we ceased singing and another voice called a name. Each entity spoke plainly and each established proof to their claim of relative or friend. In the writer's case her father came, he called her by the pet name that only he used when she was a child. He spoke of himself as "Happy-go-lucky," and memory came of the stress put upon the patience of a methodical serious-minded mother, because of this characteristic. Family names were given and the mother's present illness spoken of. To one came a friend who when in the flesh had enjoyed many fishing trips with the sitter, and incidents that

had occurred on these trips were freely quoted. Prior to the sitting the control came through and promised that every sitter would have the delight of hearing the voice of at least one loved one. No one was disappointed. After the last voice had been heard a shaded light was turned on. The two trumpets had been placed back on the table in the same manner as they lay before the sitting. Then a control came through and gave us an outline of the method used by the other side to produce a voice box in the trumpet for the use of the entities. He described the scientific side of the work, after which he closed the sitting in his own delightful way. We went on our homeward way honoured and happy that we had been accorded such a privilege.

PSYCHOLOGY OF DREAMS

At a weekly meeting of Edinburgh Psychic College, Dr. A. B. Scarf, Wallesey, gave an address on "The Psychology of Dreams."

Categories into which dreams might be divided were (1) those caused by external stimuli, (2) those due to ill-health, (3) those caused by psychological processes, and (4) prophetic dreams. Giving illustrations, he mentioned under the first category dreams of an opera singer in an opera house being traced to a cat calling on a garden wall.

Chest trouble often caused dreams where the walls of a room closed in on the dreamer. Heart patients often dreamt of falling over a cliff. The emotional content of actual experiences sometimes became "free floating" in the mind.

An unjust and severe, perhaps cruel, Victorian parent would cause a child later in life to quarrel with anyone who represented authority,

the parent representing authority to the child. The mechanism of dreams was defensive against a nervous breakdown. Dreams of flying were usually due to a desire to escape from responsibility for unpleasant conditions. He believed in the actuality of prophetic dreaming. There were many examples of people who had this gift. Dreams were a means of releasing the pent-up mind, and were a valuable expedient in these days of stress and sorrow and bereavement.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

Contributors that merely state that Mr. — gave an address. Mrs. — gave clairvoyance and someone else sang, that there was a good meeting may be of local interest, but does not interest our readers as a whole.

We want News. Certified accounts of evidence from the Beyond; control items that tell a human story and that will either induce the reader to investigate Spiritualism, or give comfort to some bereaved one by giving proof that their loved ones are still living and interested in them. Above all, as our space is restricted—be brief. Tell the story in as few words as possible.

Do not send poetry nor communications nor prophecies.

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.

SENSATIONS AND REACTIONS FROM CONTROL.

By Mrs. Osborne Leonard (the Noted British
Medium).

Many mediums have sensations and reactions before and after control. In the early days of my mediumship I seemed to have a larger and more varied set of reactions (or perhaps I was more conscious of them) than I possess now.

For some time previous to my going into trance each morning, I was conscious of a nervous tension, and I found it best to abstain from thinking of, or doing any normal task before the sitting. I always felt "wobbly" internally, especially before going into trance for someone who was a stranger to me. This feeling increased until within a few minutes of the sitting. In such a case, instead of feeling exhausted, as one would normally be, I would suddenly recover, perhaps only a moment before going into trance, and would feel a little weak, but suddenly very clear headed. While sitting in the chair waiting for the trance state to come, I sometimes felt as if my legs, feet and hands had swollen to an enormous size, especially the hands. This was an extremely unpleasant feeling, and I always tried to overcome it, or ignore it. When I was a child I used to have it. Then it disappeared, and I did not feel it again until I started trance sittings.

These were the only physical symptoms I ever had, and I feel sure I could have avoided them (as I began to do a few years ago) if I had known how to live quietly, diet correctly, and prepare and control my thoughts previous to a sitting.

Since I have been able to do this I have realised that in the past the Guides had to clear away the accumulated poisons in my system in order to entrance me, and keep me in trance for the somewhat long period that my sittings occupy, but now I am able to make it quite unnecessary for this to be done.

My mental reactions previous to the trance state were these:—

I was sometimes aware of unseen forces around me, and occasionally I would hear a name, which afterwards would prove to be that of the Spirit communicator who sent messages in the sitting, though the sitter might be (in such case always was) an anonymous one.

During the trance state I have never been conscious of any reaction, but immediately afterwards I have sometimes felt an intense desire to fall into a normal sleep at once, and whenever I have been able to do this quickly it has proved to be very helpful and refreshing..

At other times I have felt that nothing could make me sleep, and have wanted to be active in the open air—walk, or do some gardening. .

This is exceptional, though, and is more like an overtired restlessness than normal strength of vitality.

Always, under any and every condition of sitting, I know that I shall only get back to the normal, both physically and mentally, by being alone. If circumstances permit, I always arrange to undertake some other work or recreation by myself. This has been at the request of my Guides, and seems to help them to “put the power back” (whatever that may mean or entail) from day to day, and I know it will not fail me if I obey their instructions and co-operate with them whole heartedly.

EMERGENCY FUND

We acknowledge with gratitude the following donations received during November and December.

K.A. (Woorndoo), £1/16/-; L.L.C. (Horsham), £1; A.C.K. (Hobart), 10/6; C.A.R. (Morouba Bay), 10/6; M.E. and W.H.W. (Elsternwick), 10/6; E.G.S. (Gympie), 10/6; Mrs. N.S. (Tecoma), 10/6; W.A.P. (Coburg), 10/-; G.H.H. (Owen's Creek), 10/6; A.A.B. (Mandurana), 10/-; E.J.D. (Armada), 10/-; E.J.D. (2nd Donation), 10/-; J.A.B. (Sth. Africa), 9/6; C.N. (Kirribilli), 6/6; J.E.S. (New Plymouth), 5/6; B.E.P. (Yepoon), 5/-; E.F. (Eaglehawk Neck), 5/-; D.G.H. (—), 3/-; Sister M., 2/6; P.A. (Orange), 2/6.

AN APPRECIATION.

By George Lindsay Johnson, M.A., M.D., B.Sc., etc.

(Dr. Lindsay Johnson is the author of "The Great Problem," one of the classics of Spiritualism. This monument of research and learning, will remain an authoritative work on survival for many years to come).

"The Harbinger of Light" surpasses anything in psychic literature that I have come across for a long time. The October issue in particular is a marvel of information, and I could not abstain from congratulating you on its production.

The spirit finger-prints by Dr. Nandor Fodor is a remarkable essay, and places the evidence entirely on another footing, and establishes beyond doubt the reality of the finger-prints of Mrs. Margery Crandon and "Walter." It also explains

the apparent fraud of the dentist's thumb-prints against Margery's.

The predictions of Madame Boriska Silbiger are most impressive, and what is more wonderful is that they are in exact correspondence with those of the son of Lord Roberts, both of whom are now on the Other Side. Now the remarkable thing about it lies in the fact that the seer of Buda-pest, cannot know anything about Lord Roberts' son. Now it is evident that if two parties, one in the Spirit-land and the other still alive on earth, make the same predictions, they confirm one another in proportion to the number of coinciding events that agree. And as they all or nearly all agree on the main points, it seems to me a proof that they will come true.

If anybody predicts a number of events, and they nearly all come true after a period has elapsed since they were published to the world, then in proportion to the number of events that have been truly predicted we may assume that any future events will also come to pass in like manner. I think that is good logic. The predictions of this Hungarian lady have in many cases come to pass, and that is my reason for believing that she is a true prophet.

PSYCHIC LIBRARY

Wentworth House, 203 Collins Street, Melbourne

This library has been provided to meet the requirements of those interested in psychical literature, and who desire to keep themselves abreast of the developments occurring in many parts of the world to-day in the realms of Psychical Research, Occultism, Spiritualism, Psychology, New Thought, and allied themes.

The Library contains over one thousand volumes.

Among these are important standard works by scientific and other authoritative writers, some of which are now out of print and unprocurable.

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In our endeavour to make this Library the most complete in the Southern Hemisphere we are dependent on the good-will and practical support of those who are interested in psychical matters. May we therefore have your valued co-operation by enrolling your name among the subscribers?

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Books may be obtained by post. The subscriber paying postage each way (4 oz. 1d.) They are requested to deposit a small sum to cover postages from the library. They are allowed two books at a time.

Subscribers are requested to refrain from marking, turning down or folding the leaves, or in defacing in any way the books—especially as a number of them are out of print, and therefore, cannot be replaced.

TO AGENTS AND CHURCH SECRETARIES

We propose to submit small accounts quarterly, larger accounts monthly. Receipt will be enclosed in the next account. All monies received will be acknowledged in "The Harbinger of Light."

Mr. CHARLES NEIL, Organiser of Spiritualist Propaganda, of 51 Kirribilli Avenue, Sydney, N.S.W. (tel. Sydney XB4669), suggests that one of the most effective ways of

spreading psychic knowledge is to buy modern psychic books and to lend them to inquirers.

He is prepared to supply the following books:—"On the Edge of the Etheric," by J. A. Findlay, 3/6; "Rock of Truth," 5/6; "Towards the Stars," 6/-; and "Oahspe, the Kosmon Bible," 6/6. Add postage 1d. for each 1/-.

THE ROCK OF TRUTH

[On looking through our files we came across this excellent review of Mr. J. Arthur Findlay's book published in *Psychic Science* for October, 1933. The writer, the late Stanley de Brath, was one of the foremost exponents of our philosophy and anything coming from his pen merits consideration.—Ed. H. of L.]

WE are sorry to see the author of "On the Edge of the Etheric" plunging into the bottomless slough of theological disputation and advancing "Rationalist" arguments many of which have been discredited by serious students.

This book is in two parts: Part I is a violent and one-sided diatribe against Christianity as Mr. Findlay understands it. How one-sided it is will appear from the fact that the Appearances after the Passion are scarcely mentioned, though these were the great message of Early Christianity and were the crux of St. Paul's trial before Festus. Part II gives the philosophy of Spiritualism, and for this part we have only unstinted praise. "Spiritualism" to most minds means only phenomena-hunting with a strong admixture of fraud, with scarcely any thought of the profound philosophical aspects of the subject or its scientific value.

Both parts of the book are written from the dry intellectual point of view.

On the first part we shall say but little, except to point out that such a statement as that "the moral tone of Christianity is undoubtedly due to the fact that it was born at a time when the wisdom of Greece and Rome was at its height" is at issue with all that Gibbon has written.

Plato died in 347 B.C. and the Augustan Age ceased with the accession of Nero, A.D.54, who exhibited in public, "marriage" with a man, and in presence of the high society of Rome "all that night conceals in the case of a woman." (Tacitus, *Annals* xv, 37).

Three causes were in operation to disintegrate the Roman Empire:

1. The progressive deterioration of character due to wealth, slavery, cruelty and scepticism.
2. The development of Christianity, and its primary principle of Love.
3. The later Northern Invasions.

Of these three, Slavery and the Amphitheatre were the chief. Cheap labour was found by masses of slaves. No ray of pity brightened the lives of these poor wretches. Locked up at nights in underground prisons, and denied the most elementary human rights, they were not only a danger from insurrection, but no free labour could compete with slave-labour in such volume, and the few smallholders that remained, migrated to the towns to swell a proletariat that lived by dependence of the rich, by selling the votes that nominated magistrates to lucrative posts, and by doles. At the amphitheatre, not the populace only, but the elite of Roman society, enjoyed, actually enjoyed,

the spectacle of poor wretches torn to pieces by wild beasts, and betting on the deadly gladiatorial fights. This was stopped by the self-sacrifice of the Christian monk, Telemachus. The whole story of the Rise of Christianity may be read in Gibbon, in the admirable summary in the "Encyclopoedia Britannica," and abbreviated in my own book—"The Drama of Europe."

Of course, much that Mr. Findlay states with reference to Christian doctrine is true, and also much that is misleading, but we have a better criterion.

A Frenchman who was asked what most struck him in England, replied, "The number of hospitals and similar works maintained by voluntary contributions." The very large scale on which such beneficent institutions are so maintained is a testimony to the effect of Christianity. The doctrinal aspect counts for comparatively little nowadays, though much that Mr. Findlay states is undeniably true: the personal Trinity and the personal Devil, the Day of Judgment, the resurrection of the flesh, eternal punishment, the personal Deity of Jesus, and the whole idea of successive "dispensations" are remnants of an out-of-date theology and should be superseded by the Law of Spiritual Consequence which is the real system of Divine Governance of the world. One cannot but share his indignation at the apathy with which the new revelation of Spiritualism is regarded by the Churches.

Part II opens on p. 82 with the statement (from the Etheric world) that men and women there have an etheric body, the exact duplicate of the material body, for on this etheric body the material body is framed. That etheric body is cellular, and every cell clothes itself with matter

here in this world. This origin of life is the first thing that biological Science needs. Alfred Russel Wallace showed this in his "World of Life" in 1910.

Mr. Findlay says, from such communications, (which many men of science still claim to be merely trivial) that the Universe is made up of Mind, Etheric substance, and physical matter. In this he is putting "Mind" for "Spirit," but to this we have no objection.

He develops the teaching of Spiritualism under the seven principles of the Spiritualists' National Union, and adds: "When the time comes that machinery does our work for us, a sound economic communism will naturally follow. Capital and Labour will automatically cease to function apart from the State." That is the problem before our statesmen to-day; it may perhaps be less "automatic" than Mr. Findlay anticipates.

He gives an interesting example of clairvoyance. He says: "Many people have this gift. The other day a friend of mine attended a funeral. As the coffin was lowered someone took a photograph of the mourners, and when the plate was developed, the photograph of the man whose body was being buried, appeared standing by his wife. This was shown to the officiating clergyman, and he replied: 'Yes, I saw him standing there just as the photograph depicts it.' My friend then said, 'Well, you should tell your congregation that from the pulpit' to which he replied, 'I would not dare; my Bishop would object.'"

Mr. Findlay remarks with perfect justice: Could anything exemplify better the hopelessly illogical position of the Christian Church?

On p. 214 he gives an excellent example of the

spiritualist explanation which excludes the possibility of the action of the subconscious mind—that bugbear haunting so many “scientific” men. He states correctly, as did Dr. Geley in his book, “From the Unconscious to the Conscious,” that “Mind is of two degrees, one directing growth, and the other capable of appreciation and intelligent thought. The first is called the sub-conscious, and the other the conscious mind.” People often speak of the former as though it were a separate and distinct type of mind. That is not so; the sub-conscious is perhaps ninety per cent, of our whole mind. Its creative faculty should be proof enough that it comes from the Unseen world for which Mr. Findlay suggests the name Etheria, for all the “spheres” or “planes” above the earth, of which he gives an illuminating diagram on p. 259.

The Epilogue expresses the author’s hope that “the book may help Christian people, and through them, those of other creeds, to extricate themselves from the quicksands of superstition and to reach the rock of Truth”: not, of course the truth, unadulterated and eternal, but as much truth as is comprehensible by our infantile minds, and perhaps a little beyond them.

This leaves Beauty and Goodness still to be attained. However, we cordially share Mr. Findlay’s hope, though we think that substantiated and positive statement of fact (of which there is no lack) will be of more avail than polemical argument, never final, and likely to offend many more than it will convince. For instance, we notice on p. 132 that “Jesus taught that we are to sell all and give to the poor.” Obviously he taught no such thing as a general duty—that was counsel given to a young man who claimed to have observed all the Commandments from his

youth up, on a special occasion, "If thou wouldest be perfect." Jesus, who had the faculty of clairvoyance, knew that he would go away sorrowful. It is the same with the "Needle's Eye," which was a wicket gate to enter the city when the great gates were closed. It is almost funny to read that the Epistles of St. Paul "have no historical value; they are unsigned and no one knows when written" (p. 138). No mention is made of the supreme spiritual powers and insight of Jesus, of his predicting his trial, death and resurrection, nor of the teaching of Love which established Christianity.

Spiritualists who, like the present writer, are also intelligent Christians, may well repeat Canning's dictum—"My enemies I can deal with, but Heaven save me from my friends!"

PURPOSE OF SPIRITUALISM.

Spiritualism has not come to build up another institution, but if it can make men more broad-minded and progressive in their outlook it will have done a wonderful service to the world. In a doubting and sceptical age, it is removing the terror of death by proving the survival of human consciousness. Never before, in the history of the human race, have we had such emphatic evidence. Now we have a broader and more beautiful view of life, for we know that those deep and grand emotions and aspirations of our nature will find expression in fairer fields.

The organisation known as Modern Spiritualism might cease to exist and be forgotten, but not so the knowledge and experience and light it has carried to the mind of man. The day of organised religious systems is passing away, but the true temple of individual spiritual knowledge is lifting

its dome to the heavens. Organised religions, with their definitely unchanging faiths and beliefs, have become a hindrance to progress. Spiritualism has come to lay the foundation-stone of the Church of the purified heart and enlightened mind. The true Church of God is not one that has stone buildings in every land, but the one which stands glorious, though invisible, in the souls of spiritually enlightened men and women. The idea of a spiritual world must no longer remain a mere hope or uncertain belief in the mind of man; it must become a living reality.—The Rev. C. Drayton Thomas.

TRANSITION OF MR. JAMES SLEE.

Mr. James Slee, one of the best known Spiritualists in Victoria, passed over on December 6th last at the age of 77 years. Mr. Slee became attached to the Victorian Association of Spiritualists in 1895, through Mr. Terry, and was a highly developed trance medium. He was an associate and a friend of H. Junor Brown, John Ross, James Smith, Mr. Morgan, and other noted Spiritualists of the early days. His son (who is to-day secretary of the V.S.U.) and daughter were dedicated at the Lyceum by the conductress, Mrs. Burbank, in 1898. Right up to his transition, Mr. Slee followed the activities of the V.S.U. with consistent interest, and he had been a subscriber to "The Harbinger of Light" for nearly fifty years. The transition service was conducted at the Fawkner Crematorium by his son, Mr. A. J. Slee, and Mr. E. S. Mayger, president of the V.S.U.

ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY

LIBRARY SUPPLEMENT

(Continued)

T1	Affinity	W. Bowley
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T5	Descent of Man	Chas. Darwin
T6	Discourses Through Mediumship	Cora Tappin
T7	Experiences in the Unseen World	W. Stainton Moses
T8	End of the World	Dr. W. Halcombe
T9	Fate and Free Will	A. S. Wadia
T10	Faces of the Living Dead	Estelle Stead
T11	Freedom Through Truth	J. Cameron
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T12	Immortality	Dr. Peebles
T13	Janardana	Anon.
T14	The Koran	—
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T18	Nurseries of Heaven	G. Vale Owen
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T21	Pyramid, The God's Stone Witness	M. Bloxam
T22	Psychology, Talks on	Prof. W. James
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T28	Vital Magnetic Cure	Anon.
T29	What all the World's a Seeking	R. Waldo Trine

PRISONERS OF WAR

Advice to Next-of-Kin

The Australian Red Cross Society appeals to next-of-kin of prisoners of war to follow carefully all instructions issued by the Society when sending their three-monthly next-of-kin parcels.

Failure to follow these instructions causes delay in despatch, and also wastes a considerable amount of the voluntary workers' time at the Red Cross Packing Centre, from which as many as 400 parcels are despatched each week.

The following are simple rules for next-of-kin to follow:—

DO be certain to wrap the parcel carefully in strong paper or in a strong cardboard box and tie with strong string.

DO be certain to print in BLOCK LETTERS ON OUTSIDE OF PARCEL full particulars of name and address of prisoner as well as that of sender. Prisoner's address to include service number, rank, initials and name, as well as prison number (if any) and prison camp.

DO be sure to indicate clearly both on the wrapping and inside the parcel the relationship of the sender to the prisoner. For instance state whether the sender is the mother, wife or sister, etc. of the prisoner.

DON'T include any prohibited articles. Lists of articles which may or may not be sent are set out in blue Leaflet B.14, obtainable at all Red Cross Headquarters in capital cities.

DON'T include any civilian outer clothing such as trousers, sports coats, etc. in parcels for members of the Forces—only Civilian Internees are allowed these.

DON'T include a khaki shirt. They may not be sent. Only coloured shirts are permitted.

To assist next-of-kin when preparing their parcels

the Red Cross has compiled the following suggested list of contents for a parcel:—

1 Fine Tooth Comb.	2 Tooth Brushes.
1 Nail Brush.	1 Washer.
2 Prs Underpants (Woollen)	1 Pr. Gloves.
1 Shirt (coloured).	1 Balaclava.
2 Singlets (Woollen).	1 Pullover.
1 Towel.	1 Dentifrice.
1 Cake Soap.	2 Lead Pencils.
1 Tin Chocolate & Chewing Gum.	1 Cake Washing Soap.
1 Razor & Blades.	1 Shaving Brush.
2 Prs. Socks.	1 Shaving Soap
2 Handkerchiefs.	1 Scarf.
	1 Housewife.

This parcel is considered ideal for a first parcel, and as a basis for subsequent parcels. Senders are asked, however, to remember that maintenance and replacement of prisoners clothing and effects is of importance as the months go by. For that reason it is wise to include in second and third parcels such things as boot polish, boot brushes and hussifs and to send supplies of articles such as razor blades and toothbrushes, which wear out with use. The wearing-out factor in regard to clothing should also be remembered.

Next-of-kin are asked to conform carefully to the rules set out by the Red Cross in its Blue Leaflet. The list of permissible and prohibited articles has been carefully considered and has been laid down by International agreement between warring powers. The reason for prohibition is not always obvious but the public is assured that there is always a good and sufficient reason why such regulations are made.

It must also be remembered that the fact that such parcels may be sent to enemy territory is in itself a privilege; in order to enjoy that privilege we must conform to the regulations which make it possible.

"THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT." MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

A Monthly Digest of Spiritualist News.

Correspondents requiring a personal reply to their letters must forward a stamped addressed envelope for the purpose. Contributors must send postage if they desire their MS. returned in case it is not used.

Address all communications to the Editor and make all drafts, cheques, postal notes and money orders payable to "The Harbinger of Light" Pty., Ltd., Wentworth House, 203 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I., Australia.

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

Editors REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D.
MARCELLA DE COU HICKS.

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DEATH'S OPEN EYES

HOW often one hears the expression, "eyes closed in death." Nothing could be farther from the truth, for the so-called dead now see as we mortals cannot hope to see. Death does not close the eyes—it opens them—opens them to vistas of beauty never beheld by the physical eyes of mortality.

In this heavy, sluggish, burdensome body of flesh and in the circumscriptions of mortality one is subject to all manner of hampering limitations, and one of them is the limitations of eyesight. The range of physical vision is limited to things near at hand, growing less and less clearly defined as the gaze travels out and finally fading into indistinctness and indistinguishability, as it reaches the horizon. And there are many people so handicapped in life that even objects near at hand can be discerned only with the aid of spectacles.

In the material world there are literally billions of things that are so minute that they can be detected only with the aid of powerful microscopes, and other things so remote as to be dis-

cerned only through telescopes. We are so accustomed to these limitations that we do not sense how definitely we are restricted by them. One does not miss that which he has never had.

Can you imagine then, the "new heaven and the new earth" which reveal themselves to the newly awakened spirit who has just left the prison of flesh? There are infinitely more life and activity visible to the eyes of the spirit than mortal man has ever conceived of.

Psychic vision, even during mortality, sees far beyond the capacity of physical eyesight and when the spirit is released, psychic sight immediately becomes many times more acute and the scope of vision is increased a thousand-fold. The newly released spirit enters a universe teeming with motion—every atom vibrating with life and energy. Things, hitherto invisible, on the earth plane and in the material, show up plainly, and the ether pulsates with electronic force.

Sometimes, when one is released from the handicaps of the body, and first beholds the teeming life, activity and energy of the universe, he finds himself so confused and bewildered that his vision must be rendered less keen, and gradually allowed to adjust itself to all the sights of the new environment.

As a spirit progresses, the ability to see also unfolds until eventually both microscopic and telescopic vision is achieved, and the minutest particle in all creation is easily visible, as well as planets and suns trillions of light years away. A spirit, after attaining a certain degree of development is able to see anything, any time, anywhere, whether of the material planes or of the spiritual spheres.

Another phase of seeing vouchsafed the spirit through "death's open eyes," is an insight into

the hearts of mortals and fellow spirits. The eyes of spirit see people and circumstances exactly as they are.

Those in spirit see motives and therefore are able to judge justly. They see WHY human beings do and say the things they do, and this privilege of understanding the inner man is one of the greatest blessings of the unseen world. Perhaps a man enters the Spirit World harbouring a grudge against some one on earth. In the course of time he naturally gravitates back to that individual, and suddenly sees him, not as a stubborn, hateful, mean, disagreeable mortal, but as a spirit imprisoned in the flesh, fighting the temptations and impulses of mortality. He sees the circumstances surrounding that man's life—his limitations of intellect, his problems of heredity and environment, his griefs and his despairs, his faults and his virtues, and, in the light of a new and more perfect understanding, all is forgiven, and the once unfriendly spirit concentrates upon helping his erstwhile enemy to overcome his wrong impulses.

Thus indeed does death open the eyes, in that it not only reveals to the spirit a boundless universe of living energy, activity and purpose, but shows, to the mind of spirit, mortals and immortals just as they are inherently in their innermost phases of being. The spirit attains to a fuller and richer life because he has achieved the ability to understand fully.

Death does not close the eyes—it opens them.

—Marcella DeCou Hicks.

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