

The  
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A  
**PSYCHIC DIGEST**

Edited by  
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PRICE, 9d.

VOICES FROM THE VOID.  
UNUSUAL PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.  
THE MYSTERIOUS SPIRIT HAND.  
THE MAN WHO BIT A GHOST.  
&c.

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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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## Voices from the Void

**A Dream That Saved the Forth Bridge from  
U-boats.**

By **DR. RICHARD EDEN**, in the "Sunday Sun," London.

Dr. Eden tells of warriors who came back after death to announce their passing; why Sir Oliver Lodge decided to make public his belief in Spiritualism; how the late Sir Frank Benson saw his son after death, and of the dream that saved the Forth Bridge from being destroyed by U-boats.

**I**NVESTIGATION has shown that moments of intense emotional excitement have the effect of stimulating psychic phenomena. Thus, soldiers who are face to face with death often enjoy astonishing visitations. Some foresee their own death and others receive sudden warnings which save their lives. Many who make the supreme sacrifice are seen by relatives at home, at the precise moment of their death at the Front!

How account for these remarkable facts? Look, first, at some of the evidence.



Dr. George Johnston, of Portman Square, London, has told the Society for Psychical Research of how he dreamt about his son's death long before news of the event reached him from the War Office.

Of course, thousands of parents had similar dreams during the Great War, due no doubt to their constant anxiety for their sons' welfare. But some of these dreams are worth closer study, for they bear the stamp of something more than just coincidence. This one is a case in point.

### **Men Were Going Through His Kit.**

Dr. Johnston's son was a lieutenant in the 1st King's Shropshire L.I. He had been at the Front 18 months, during which time his father had never once dreamt about him. On the day of the fateful dream, Dr. Johnston was under the impression that his son's battalion was resting, and his mind was quite easy.

However, unknown to the father, the battalion was unexpectedly called into action to recapture a trench, and during the hand-to-hand fighting which followed young Lieutenant Johnston was killed.

His father, at home, lay half-awake at day-break on the following morning. Suddenly he became aware of a dream or vision, in which he saw two soldiers standing over a pile of clothing and accoutrements which he knew to be his son's.

The soldiers bent down and lifted a pair of extremely muddy boots, and then something fell on the floor with a metallic jingle.

"That is his revolver," the father thought, but immediately afterwards he realised that it was too light to be so. And as the dozing man lay watching this scene he became inwardly sure that his son was already dead, and these men were going through his kit.

On waking, Dr. Johnston tried to dismiss the vision as the product of his imagination, but it was useless. Later, the official telegram duly arrived



to confirm the dreaded news which his dream had told him.

Two details of the vision were highly evidential—the muddy boots and the “metallic jingle.”

Later inquiries showed that the attack had been carried out under appallingly muddy conditions. And when the lieutenant's kit reached home it was found that instead of a heavy service revolver, Lieut. Johnston had been using a light French automatic pistol which (said his father) “in falling would have made exactly the sound I had heard.”

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Captain Eldred Bowyer-Bower, of the Flying Corps, was shot down and killed in France in the early hours of March 19, 1917. The first official news that there was anything amiss reached his parents on March 19, when he was reported “missing.” It was not until nearly two months later that his body was found and his death duly notified.

### **Experience of Sir Oliver Lodge.**

But long before the War Office had discovered these facts, Captain Bower had appeared in visions to three people at home. One of these—a half-sister—did not even know he had returned to France; another was a child who roused the household shouting that she had seen the Captain upstairs. The third was an old friend of the family who had not corresponded with Capt. Bower's mother for 18 months, and yet on March 19—the day of the fatality—she sat down and wrote a letter asking how Captain Bower was, because she was feeling “in great anxiety” about him.

Coincidence? That “explanation” only begs the question. I could match this case with hundreds of others. They would be attested by quite ordinary people who know nothing about Spiritual-

ism. Chance would not account for them. The only rational theory is that somehow or other the mind or spirit of the dying airman was able to reach out across space and contact those he had left behind. His last thoughts would naturally be of his home and the friends he loved.

Several times I have been privileged to discuss these things with Sir Oliver Lodge, and more than once I have heard him correct the fallacy that it was the death of his son in the last war which started him on Spiritualism.

For years, Sir Oliver had been attending seances, and it was, in fact, at one of these that he received the first hint of his personal bereavement. Through a medium he was warned, shortly before his son Raymond's death, to expect a great blow, but that the pain would be relieved by his faith in survival. Sir Oliver prepared for the worst.

After Raymond's death, he felt more keenly than ever the sorrow of those who, like himself, were bereaved through the war. It was this which decided him to make his long-standing conviction of survival public knowledge. At great risk to his career, he wrote a book describing the message he received from the "spirit" of his son. It became a best seller.

"I am more certain that there is an after life than I am of anything else," Sir Oliver has told me. "And I don't doubt that those who surrender their lives in defence of their country and the things they hold dear are cared for by loving helpers when they pass to the other side. I only wish that every mourner could share my conviction—that human survival after death is proved right up to the hilt."

Sir Oliver is convinced that death can only mean, at most, a temporary separation. "Love bridges the gulf," he says, "and those who are parted for a while enjoy re-union ultimately in the Beyond."



Since the outbreak of war, Sir Oliver Lodge has been receiving more and more letters from people who want to know about Spiritualism—evidence of the increasing interest which the war has developed.

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Few who knew Sir Frank Benson, the great Shakespearean actor who died a little while ago, penetrated his secret. Sir Frank owed his immense faith in survival to a vision. He regarded it as the most sacred experience in his life.

When sleeping in a canteen in France he was awakened suddenly to see his son, Colonel Eric Benson, in uniform, bending over him.

"My God, Eric, is that you?" he exclaimed. The son replied: "Yes, dad. You know we always agreed that there was no such thing as death. Well, here I am to prove it!"

### **Cases of Noted Novelists.**

Not till three days later did Sir Frank receive a telegram, confirming the knowledge he had gained clairvoyantly of his son's death. Sir Frank himself told me that he never doubted survival from that day. Previously, it had been a belief, but from then onward he regarded it as confirmed beyond doubt.

One of the best proofs I have ever heard was that vouched for by Mrs. Kelway Bamber, a well-known London novelist. Her son Claude joined the Air Force, and was killed in action in the early days of the war.

Distracted, she went to a medium, and was gratified to receive a message saying her son happy and well. But still she doubted, and next time she attended the seance, she said boldly, "I do wish you could give me some evidence, Claude, that it is really you speaking, and not the subconscious mind of the medium."

She was not to wait long in suspense. A few

weeks afterwards, she went to see the same medium again. Once more her dead son purported to speak. This time his voice, coming through the entranced medium's lips, trembled with excitement.

He spoke of a friend named Willie, who had joined the Flying Corps with him.

"Willie has just crashed to his death in France," he declared. "His body is lying amid the wreckage of his 'plane in a little wood three miles behind the German lines. It is near the village of W—— on the Western Front. Nobody knows yet that he is killed!"

Dumbfounded, Mrs. Bamber straight way got in touch with the War Office. But they had no news of Willie, good or bad. Two days later, however, he was reported missing!

Then, after three weeks, it was announced that his body had been found—

Amid the wreckage of his 'plane;

In a wood three miles behind the German lines;

Near the village of W——;

And on the Western Front!

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Berta Ruck is another novelist who has had a similar type of experience. Only, in her case, there was no outside medium. She "picked up" the message for herself.

One day during the last war she decided to dedicate a new novel to the memory of a friend's young son. This boy—he was only 18—had been serving as an air pilot and had just been shot down and killed.

### **She Re-wrote the Dedication.**

"The night after I had written this dedication," said Miss Ruck, "I had a vivid dream in which I imagined this boy was speaking to me. But the only words I could catch were 'And his



observer. . . . And his observer.' "

As soon as she could, she got in touch with his mother, and told her her experience. Berta Ruck's friend paled, and then she told the novelist something that the latter never knew. The boy's bosom pal was an observer, and this man had gone up with him that day, and been killed.

So Berta Ruck re-wrote her dedication, "To the memory of —, and his observer." "That was the most natural thing to do," she told me. Quite innocently, she had given her friend a good piece of evidence that the boy still lived—and remembered.

If they wished, the padres who played such a noble part in cheering our troops in the last war, could tell many a story of the remarkable visions which were glimpsed by dying soldiers in their last minutes.

The Rev. W. J. Hopkins, vicar of St. Luke's, South Lyncombe, Bath, is one of many war-time chaplains who have no doubt at all about telepathy between the dead and the living.

When he was serving at Port Said, he attended to a soldier who was mortally wounded by a shell splinter during an air raid. Shortly after this man's death, a cablegram arrived for him.

The chaplain was asked to open it and found to his surprise that the message took the form of only one question: "Are you safe?" followed by a woman's name.

The cable had been dispatched by the soldier's wife. After making allowances for the difference between London and Egyptian time, the Rev. Hopkins discovered that the wife's presentiment of her husband's danger coincided with the precise moment of the air raid.

Often amid grim tragedies of the battlefield, the supernatural intervenes in a practical way.

Many men were saved from certain death in the last war by a warning vision or voice.

My friend and colleague, Dr. Hereward Carrington, President of the American Psychical Institute, has devoted a great deal of care towards evidence of this kind. Here is one example, typical of thousands, wherein a soldier's wife was saved by a warning vision:

**"So Loving and So Beautiful."**

"One night, while carrying bombs, I had occasion to take cover when, about 20 yards off, I saw my mother beckoning to me as plain as life.

"Leaving my bombs, I crawled near to the place where the vision had appeared. Suddenly a German shell dropped on the place where I had just sheltered. But for that vision, I should have been blown to pieces."

Only those who have been placed in peril of their lives can know how much depends on keeping calm and clear-headed during the moment of crisis.

Mrs. Cochran, widow of Colonel Cochran, formerly commanding the Hampshire Regiment, has described one such incident as it was related to her by a chaplain home from the Front.

A transport soldier was returning from the line one night when he was caught by gas shells. He put on his gas mask, and in trying to take a short cut across the fields got his feet entangled in some barbed wire.

He tried desperately to free himself, but the more he struggled, the more securely was he trapped. All around him gas shells were falling, and he expected to be hit every moment.

Realising his terrible plight, he prayed to God for help. Suddenly there shone a light close beside him, and in the centre the form of an angel appeared—"so loving and so beautiful," he said, "that all my fear fled. Then I found myself free



and able to get up. I stepped down into the road, feeling dazed. There I found a man lying gasping for breath. He had been overcome before he had had time to put on his gas mask."

Here was a vision which saved two lives. If it was only imagination, it certainly was vivid and timely. Or was it an answer to the struggling soldier's prayer?

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No one who knows Thomas Inch, the famous strong man and physical culture expert, would describe him as an emotional person. He is shrewd, hard-headed, and business-like.

Yet he, in common with many other level-headed people, has occasional flashes of clairvoyance which enable him to peer into the future. Anyone who lived in Scarborough during the terrible bombardment it received in the last war is never likely to forget it. Inch was residing in Scarborough at the time, and was able to prophesy exactly many details of the raid.

On the day before the bombardment, he was so impressed by his premonition that German gunboats were about to raid Scarborough that he rushed round among his friends, urging them to leave town as soon as possible. One of his clerks, whom he sent back to London, had occupied a house which was struck during the raid and blown sky-high.

Often these hunches occur in symbolic form. Then they are not so easy to interpret.

In this war, the Nazi 'planes have many times visited the Scottish coast, and we can imagine how dearly they would like to destroy the Forth Bridge.

In the last war, though few people know it, the bridge was only saved from destruction in the nick of time, and then only through an old lady's prevision.

The facts are vouched for by Ruth, Countess of Chichester. An old nurse came down from Scotland to visit Lady Chichester. She told of a dream which had recently disturbed and worried her.

### **Drama of the Forth Bridge.**

The dream was repeated, and was so insistent that she wrote to her nephew, who was employed on work on the bridge, giving him an account of it, and asking if it meant anything.

Back came the nephew's letter. "What you saw," he wrote, "were not whales with castles on their backs but submarines with their periscopes showing above the water."

He went on to say that at the time when her letter arrived they were busy protecting the bridge against submarine attack by surrounding the pillars with concrete to absorb the shock of a torpedo.

Every pillar had been thus protected, except the third one. Work on this was only half complete. So the nephew plucked up courage and showed the letter to the foreman, whose Scottish birth and fey background taught him not to ridicule it. At least, he thought, no harm would come from speeding-up the work of protection, so men were put on in shifts to fill the full 24 hours, and in due course the third pillar was concreted.

On the very day that the bridge was finally made safe, two German submarines actually appeared in the Forth and attacked the bridge! But the necessary precautions had been taken in time. The bridge was proof against attack. And one of the U-boats was later captured!

Stories like this soon exercise the word "coincidence" from the vocabulary of the student of psychical research. Surveying the evidence as a whole, he finds it hard to escape the conclusion that there is a spiritual power working behind



the veil, and in wartime it may be responsible for saving much human life. It is as though a strong and kindly hand seized the victim by the arm, and thrust him out of the path of danger.

That leads you to ask, "What kind of spiritual power?" and this question suggests others. What happens to the souls of those who are not fortunate enough to return from the battlefield? Is there a place in the Beyond where they can waken unaffected by the terrible shock of sudden and unnatural death?

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### IMPORTANT.

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**O**WING to various circumstances, The Harbinger of Light Pty., Ltd., as a registered company no longer exists. "The Harbinger of Light" will be issued monthly as usual, under the editorship of the Rev. J. T. Huston, but from Adelaide instead of Melbourne.

All drafts, cheques, money orders, and postal notes should be made payable to The Harbinger of Light, Adelaide (omitting "Pty., Ltd.").

The new address of "The Harbinger of Light" is:

Rev. J. T. Huston,  
194 North Terrace,  
Adelaide, South Australia.

"The Harbinger of Light" may be obtained at the Newspaper Kiosk, cnr. Swanston and Collins Streets, Melbourne.

# Unusual Psychic Experiences

By MARCELLA DE COU HICKS.

**T**O one who is in the habit of contacting phenomena, there are always certain incidents that stand out from the rest, however thrilling each and every experience may be. In this article I want to tell you of some of the more unusual phenomena I have experienced—things that have impressed me as being out of the ordinary.

What a strange statement—that last! As if the faintest rap from spirits were not sufficiently “out of the ordinary” to provide thrills! How strange to live so continually in touch with the so-called supernormal that it becomes as commonplace as bath or breakfast—just an everyday part of life—yet that is the condition of living that I have achieved.

At a private trumpet seance a couple of years ago, at which were present only myself and another medium—Lily Cullen, in spirit life for almost a hundred years—my niece, Margaurite, who left the earth plane as a three months embryo, and Chief Acorn, my faithful bodyguard, all manifested in a remarkable and highly evidential manner. As was my custom, I had brought pencil and tablet into the seance for taking notes and had been holding them in my hand while conversing with my spirit people. The other medium sat across the room from me, a full twelve feet away, and there was a table between us. Suddenly I felt the pencil gently taken from my fingers, and Lily said: “Open the tablet and hold it on your lap—I’m going to try to write my name for you.” I did as she told me, and the pencil began to scratch.

In a moment she said, “There, I think that’s



very nicely done." Whereupon, Margaurite exclaimed, "Let me have the pencil!" Again the scratch, scratch of writing, the pencil at times touching my fingers as they held the tablet. Suddenly, Chief Acorn's voice boomed out, "That very nice—now me try. Me no write—me make picture." There was a transfer of the pencil, and then more scratching, followed by a disgusted, "No good—no good. Me make again."

More activity of the pencil, and finally it was deftly tucked behind my ear. When the lights were turned on at the end of the session, we found on the table the name "Lillian Cullen" in most beautiful script. Below it, "Much love to auntie—from Margaurite." I was very curious about the way she spelled her name, and asked her later why she didn't spell her name "Marguerite" in the usual way and as her mother's name was spelled. Her answer was that she liked to be original, and had made up that spelling of her name herself. She had hoped I'd like it.

Under Margaurite's message were two drawings of an acorn, the first scarcely recognisable—the second a real little beauty—an acorn with its "cap" on. Underneath were some strange characters that Chief Acorn said represented his name in the language of the Cherokee. The following year I met an Indian Chief at a Spiritualist Assembly. I asked him if he could write or picture "Chief Acorn" in the Cherokee language. He said he could and forthwith drew for me symbols which, when compared with Chief Acorn's own signature, proved to be identical.

One medium friend of mine has a guide who is particularly adept at locating people on the other side of life—sending his call out through the spirit world and bringing into the seance someone particularly wanted, if they are at all reachable at the time. A club to which I belonged had

lost a member whom we shall call Nellie Brown. She had been very fond of me, and I knew she would want to come and talk to me if she could know about the channel of communication. So, while sitting with this friend one time, it occurred to me to ask her guide to try to bring Nellie to me. I am told that when a name is vibrated out into the ether world, it registers there as if coming over a sort of universal radio.

The call was sent out, and five Nellie Browns came into that seance room. They had heard the call, but none of them knew me. Of course, Nellie Brown must be a very common combination of names, and there may well be thousands of Nellie Browns in spirit life. Finally, a sixth Nellie Brown came into the seance, and voiced timidly, "Oh, what IS this? Where AM I? Who sent for me? Why, my goodness, there's Marcella Hicks!" After she had ceased to be fearful, and more or less understood what was happening to her, we had a real visit. She inquired about club members and club activities. Then she told me something I didn't know—that another member had passed on the day before, but was still in a rest home sleeping. Nellie had seen her, but had not spoken to her.

Upon my return home that afternoon, the club president called me by 'phone and told me of the death, date of burial, etc. How surprised that woman would have been had she known I already knew the facts and how incredulous had I told her how I knew **them**.

Just before embarking for Australia, I went to see a friend who is a marvellous medium of deep trance. The first entity to possess her was an uncle of whose death I had not heard. He had only recently passed on, and due to the fact that I had been travelling about his family had been unable to reach me. So, he told me all the details about his going and mentioned his wife and other



members of his family by name. Contacting him in this way, it just couldn't seem real to me that he was gone. He was exactly the person he had been when I had visited his home on earth and exhibited the same dry and particularly funny characteristics.

When my two sisters and I were little girls at home, an old itinerant printer, who had lost wife and daughters under most tragic circumstances when he was a young man, used to come to see the three of us of an evening—and always brought a little bag of candy. We scrambled all over him to his delight, and called him "Mac." One of the pleasantest and most surprising experiences I ever had was the return of old Mac, who died when I was a young girl and of whom I had not thought of in years. At a private trumpet session a voice suddenly boomed out, "Well, well, well—now what sort of a pow-wow is this? Marcella, this is old Mac. Here I am with my little bag of candy—peppermints, I think. I don't suppose you'd sit on my lap to-day, but you have many times in the past." Whereupon we had a good talk about old times, and he told me of the lives and work of the many mutual acquaintances he had met in the new life. He spoke of his last effort—a little paper called "The Hustler"—that he had published in a nearby town not long before he had died.

At this same session the other medium had brought in a clock, with alarm set so that we should not run over into the time allotted someone coming later. She had laid the clock on its face in a far corner so that the luminous dial would not disturb the darkness of the seance chamber. Suddenly, in the midst of the session, the alarm began to ring, much to our annoyance. The medium got up to shut it off, and got completely "lost in the dark." After she had fumbled about for a moment a voice from one of the trumpets said, "Keep your seat, lady. I'll attend to

it." And then, with a sound as of metal touching metal, the ringing ceased. The spirit had pushed the edge of the trumpet rim against the alarm button, and shut it off.

If I remember aright, it was at this same seance that I had it demonstrated to me how clearly spirit entities are able to see in the pitch dark. I had a Bible on my knees. I do not remember what spirit was manifesting at the time, but I asked if he could read fine print in the dark. He said, "Certainly. It is not dark to me. Open your Bible, and I will read any text exposed."

I opened the Bible at random, and the spirit began to read from a chapter in John—verse after verse. When the lights were turned on we found every word to have been correctly read.

One remarkable happening was the immediate return to us of a little lady we all loved—while she still lay in her coffin at home. She greeted us happily, telling us of the beauty she had found, and that her understanding of Spiritualism had been of inestimable value to her in her passing over. There were no mysteries for her to solve as to what had happened to her. She came especially to comfort her husband who had hardly been able to tear himself away from his vigil beside the still form at home, but some urge had compelled him to attend the weekly seance meeting they had for years attended together. She said, "I made you come, dear. I wanted you to be sure that I am tremendously alive, though I no longer inhabit that worn-out garment you will bury to-morrow." Can you understand the unspeakable comfort this contact brought to that grieving husband?

At an Indian "pow-wow" in Chesterfield, Indiana, a group of some 30 people, of which I was one, was fairly drenched with water thrown on us by a lot of hilarious Indian spirits. I heard



one woman gasp, "Oh, my heavens, I'm wet to the skin and this dress is not water-spot proof." She had no sooner given voice to her consternation than she said, as if in stupefaction, "Why, I'm perfectly dry!" All the rest of us were going through the same experience.

Indians are particularly lively spirits, and always enjoy doing the spectacular and bizarre. No harm in it—they just lack development and balance—though some have evolved to the quintessence of culture, and I have heard them deliver discourses of great beauty, wisdom and erudition.

One of the most remarkable things ever occurring to me personally was to receive the portrait of my father made on a piece of paper between two slates taped together and resting under my chair at a seance with America's beloved Etta Bledsoe. I had been attending through the winter an afternoon class conducted by Mrs. Bledsoe, at which a "dead" artist had frequently manifested through the trumpet. I came to class one time prepared to see to what degree he could still manifest in material. Between the slates I had placed a blank piece of paper and a sliver of brown wax crayon. Then I had taped the slates securely together and at no time had anybody else touched them. When the artist came to the trumpet, I asked him if he could draw a portrait on the paper within the slates which I had secretly placed under my chair. He asked me whose portrait I wanted, and remarked that my father was present. I said by all means to give me a picture of papa. My father had been gone at the time for more than 20 years, and no one in the group had ever seen him or a photo of him. When the slates were opened after the seance, there on the paper I had placed between them was a speaking likeness of my father in his prime. But, curiously, there was pink in his cheeks and his lips were

red. There had been only the brown crayon between the slates. Next time the artist manifested, I asked him where he got the colour for lips and cheek, and he said, "Oh, off the lips of the ladies present." So you see that substance and material are no barriers to spirit performance in any aspect.

I have, among my treasured possessions, a signature of Abraham Lincoln, declared by a student and collector of "Lincolnia" to be genuine. Lincoln has often written through my hand to my youngest son to whom he is much attached through certain mutual experiences in life and because of the similarity of their natures. But when he uses my hand, the penmanship does not necessarily resemble his in life because of being modified by the human instrument through which it must pass. This signature, which I so treasure, came differently. It was signed to a message written upon a card which I personally brought with me to a sitting with the famous slate writing medium, P. L. O. A. Keeler, at Lily Dale, New York. I also took with me the slates used and several other cards. I personally placed the cards between the slates, and at no time did Mr. Keeler touch any of it except when he took from a shelf some rubber bands and placed two endwise and two crosswise around the slates. We sat across from each other at a wooden table that was perfectly bare. It was around 11 in the morning, and the bright sunlight streamed in upon us. Resting elbows on the table, we each held two corners of the slates, elevated in mid-air to about the level of our nose—and waited.

Suddenly we heard scratching, and the slates began to jerk, sometimes so violently that we had difficulty in keeping hold of them. I could FEEL the power manifesting, and could positively HEAR the writing going on between those slates. It finally stopped. I opened the slates and every card



I had placed between them was full of writing. There were messages from my father, my sister, two very dear friends, and Dr. Beecher and Lincoln. Since it may be of interest to some of you, I shall quote verbatim some of these messages:

"Dear Co-worker,—

I will gladly help you in your work.  
Command me. A. Lincoln."

"I have found the spirit world a verity.  
H. W. Beecher."

From a dear friend:

"In the days of the fulness of mortal life and strength, it seemed to me that I should live forever in the body. Those I saw falling by the wayside day after day did not impress me relative to any condition of myself. But I found the summons confronted me to move on, after all. I went over unprepared. It is well, no matter how secure we may feel in life, to give thought to the future change now and then, for one will surely come.—I am,

Ray D. Price."

I had known Ray Price since I was a girl of 15, and he had been in the after-life about two years when this message came through. Mr. Keeler could not possibly have ever heard of him—furthermore, I had never seen Mr. Keeler, nor he me, till the very morning of my appointment with him. Ray came to me two days after his funeral, and told me what I had placed in his hand as he lay in his casket. He said, "You put into my lifeless right hand a little pink blossom, and told me to remember it when I came back to you. I was standing beside you when you did it."

In our developing group at one time was a Sufi, whom we shall call Arbak Hahn—a most cultured and highly educated Hindu, and an adept at legerdemain. He had interested himself in Spiritualistic phenomena solely to find the "trick"

—and had become a most ardent devotee of Spiritualism when he finally had to admit that there was no “trick” to discover. I shall never forget his delight—his most tremendous upheaval of feeling—when, at a materialisation seance conducted by America’s famous Ethel Post Parrish, his tiny mother, looking no larger than a 10-year-old child, came out of the cabinet and greeted him. She patted his hair, stroked his cheeks and kissed him, and they talked together for a full two minutes in Hindustani, which, of course, none of the rest of us understood. She reached up to a vase of flowers and pulled out a rose, kissed it, and gave it to him—then disappeared like a puff of vapour.

I could continue endlessly with these experiences, but fear I have already exceeded my space. I do want to tell you, however, about watching Juliette Pressing’s mother weave ectoplasm. Mrs. Pressing is one of the founders and editors of “The Psychic Observer,” Lily Dale, New York. Not so long ago I saw her materialised mother, a most beautiful spirit, take a piece of ectoplasm about the size of a small handkerchief and weave it into yards and yards and billows of misty, chiffon-like material till she stood in it to her knees like an angel standing in a cloud—a lovely, lovely sight.

Oh, friends—if you would only let yourselves have some of these experiences of close and homely contact with your so-called dead, life could take on such a different meaning! You would know as I know—there is no death—there are no dead. And you could say and whole-heartedly mean it, “O, grave, where is thy victory—O, death, where is thy sting.”



## THE POLTERGEIST.

### The Dead Hand Acts At Perry Barr.

By JOHN HINGELEY.

WHEN Martin Huntley entered my den the other day I knew he had not come on business. It is surprising how quickly one comes to read the faces of one's friends. Fear, pleasure, hope, pain, timidity, disappointment, all leave their marks upon the mobile flesh, and an observant eye soon learns to distinguish one from the others. I knew as soon as I saw him that Martin was puzzled, and I told him so.

"See here," he said, "you are getting more like Sherlock Holmes every day. Actually it is uncanny. All the same, it is because of that I am here now." He put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a round, flat piece of metal, dropped it on to the table so that it "rang," and said: "Solve that!"

I laughed.

"Well, my friend," I said, "I am no Sherlock Holmes. I cannot tell by looking at your boots who is your dentist; neither can I judge the character of your cook by the colour of your necktie. Some men might, but not I. I do know, however, that you have a new Airedale puppy, that you have changed your tailor, and that you slept badly last night."

"Good heavens, man," he said, "how in the name of Scotland Yard do you know that?"

Smilingly I offered him a cigarette. I purposely paused before replying—the effect is always so much better. Then:

"The simplest thing in the world. You told me three weeks ago that your old dog had 'gone

home' and that you were getting another from Smithaman. I happen to know that Smithaman has an Airedale bitch. Besides, I can see three brown, crinkly hairs no your coat. Also, I saw you out with him last. As for your tailor, I was in Jefferson's three days ago and he happened to say he was making a suit for Martin Huntley and asked whether he was 'all right.' The bad night advertises itself. I should say that you lay awake trying to find the solution of a problem—but I haven't the ghost of an idea what that problem may be. So you can start from the beginning."

"There is no beginning," he said. "Or rather, the whole thing began and ended in a few minutes. It occurred on Friday night and was all over in 10 minutes. Nothing has happened since, just as nothing happened before. So the whole of my story is just a recital of what I felt, saw, and heard when, for an hour or so I had the house to myself just after tea.

"The wife was out for the day—gone to visit some friends at Warwick. The cook was off for her half-day, and the other girl had asked for an hour off. That meant—it always does—two hours at least. I was in the dining room. There was a good fire. I was reading the 'Mail.' Tony—the new Airedale—was dozing on the hearth at my feet. Suddenly the lights flickered. I glanced up and Tony roused himself and stared at the opposite wall. I went on with my reading. Two or three minutes later the lights flickered again and went out. Then two things happened simultaneously. Tony growled. I could see in the firelight the hairs of his neck bristling. There was a rap on the door of the old cupboard on the far side of the fireplace. Then the light went up. I patted Tony, murmured, 'Mice, old chap,' and went on reading.

"But the dog was uneasy. Instead of settling



down, he prowled round the room sniffing, came back, and finally flopped down against the wall under the window. I could see him staring at me with that unwinking look that dogs have and, I suppose, his uneasiness communicated itself to me. I called to him, but he would not budge.

"I was just filling my pipe when it happened. Without any warning the light failed again; there was a tremendous thud on the cupboard door, and something dropped on to the floor in front of it with a ringing noise.

"Tony's nerves gave way with a snap. He set up a most hideous howl, followed it with a pitiful whining, and scuttled round the room with the stump of his tail doing its best to get between his legs.

"I was so concerned about him that I have no clear recollection of what followed. I believe I heard another noise as I jumped up. But what amazed me most was the fact that the room door was open and the hall light burning—I could see it through the crack. Tony made for the door, and I followed him. I noted as I passed that the room switch was still on.

"That was all. When I went back to the room the light was on as usual, and there was nothing to be seen except—lying on the floor, two feet from the cupboard, was this coin. The cupboard door was locked. I opened it. The noise was explained by the fact that the upper part was full of plaster. The ceiling had given way and made a most unearthly mess. But that didn't explain the failure of the light—or the coin.

"I've said nothing about it all to anyone in the house—you know how nervous womenfolk are—but I've worried about it ever since—trying to find a solution. And I can't."

I picked up the coin. It was a Queen Anne guinea. It was badly discoloured, and one side looked as though it had been in contact with some

strong acid for the design was almost bitten away. Apart from that it looked ordinary enough.

"H'm," I said, "suppose we walk round to your place and I have a look at things. The explanation is porbably quite simple. It is even possible that your explanation to Tony was the true one. Still, one never can tell!"

Martin Huntley lives in a queer little house tucked away on the right hand side of Oscott Road, just at the foot of the hill. It has been in the family for generations and it would have gone years ago (like most of its contemporaries) to make way for building developments except that Martin sticks to it like grim death. Some day, I suppose, the authorities will exercise their rights of compulsory purchase, but until then he will hold on.

"It isn't that it's much of a house," he says, "but it's mine as it was my great-great-grandfather's, and I keep it for sentimental reasons."

I was thinking of this as we walked along; thinking, too, of that ancestor of his. I knew him by reputation, for I had gone through a pile of papers—letters, diaries, and the like—years ago which belonged to him. And, judging from the queer stuff he recorded in his journals, he was a strange character. I imagine that, had such a thing as this happened to him, he would unhesitatingly have attributed it to supernatural causes, for he believed he was constantly in touch with occult forces. By the time we reached the house I was half prepared to see his long-since-dead hand in the affair.

We turned in at the gate and Huntley applied his latchkey to the front door. We made straight for his den and he left me in search of a "peg," returning to say, "We are in luck—the wife is out."

So, without fear of interruption, I made my examination. Acting on the principal of the French



police, I attempted to "reconstruct the crime." We even brought in Tony and settled him on the hearth. Huntley sat in his chair with the "Mail" in front of him, I turned on the light, saw that the cupboard door was locked, and actually drew the heavy curtains across the windows. Then I went over to the far side of the room and viewed the scene.

P'ft!

The light flickered; the dog looked up and growled. Huntley dropped his paper and looked across at me queerly. I put my finger to my lips and waited.

Another flicker. Tony rose stiffly, the hair of his neck bristling. Slowly he prowled round the room and flopped by the wall under the window.

Without further warning of any sort the light failed and we were in semi-darkness, only the faintest light filtering through the windows. I heard a thud upon the cupboard door and the ring of metal upon the floor. Tony yelped as though he had been trodden on, and moved, whining, to the door. I snatched at the curtains and dragged them apart—just as the electric light flickered into being.

And there, a yard in front of the cupboard, was a tarnished Queen Anne guinea!

"Poltergeist!" I said, beneath my breath.

"Huntley," I said aloud, "there's something here that would interest Sir Oliver. I cannot explain it—there are some things too deep for ordinary men to fathom. Let's get rid of the dog first, then we can act."

I opened the door, and Tony scuttled through, to set up noisy barks of defiance now that he was well out of the danger zone.

"Now," I said, "I am satisfied that you gave a very exact account of what happened the other night, and I am convinced that what happened was

not due to either your or my agency. I have an idea that your ancestor is at the bottom of it. He's either afraid for the security of the house, or he knows you are in some sort of pecuniary difficulty. Somewhere in this house, probably in this room, most probably in that cupboard, there is a secret hoard of money, and he has taken this extraordinary way of acquainting you with the fact. Possibly he has employed natural means as far as possible. Mice might explain the falling plaster, and failing light is by no means uncommon. But it seems to me that neither mice nor men can explain these coins. So let's get to it!"

We began by emptying the cupboard. The shelves were loose, and one by one, as we cleared them, we lifted them out. We probed in and about the broken ceiling, tapped the walls, sounded the floor and wainscot, and all without result. I think we were both disappointed as we replaced the shelves and their contents, and cleared up the mess. I know we had little to say, and when it was finished we looked at each other and laughed half-heartedly.

"Well, Martin," I said, "I suppose I'm an old fool to have said what I did, and you're another for believing me. But, after all, it's queer, isn't it?"

"It's more than queer," he said. "You were absolutely right about my financial position. Money is abominably tight. I've none to spare; and I've had a call from Panters, Limited, that payment on my partly-paid shares must be made by Monday next. Heaven knows where it's coming from, for I don't."

And so I left him.

He was round at my place again two days later.

"Old fellow," he said, "you were right. It was old Anthony Huntley; and there was a hoard. Read that."



He dropped on my desk a scrap of paper, brownish-yellow. On it, in faded ink, above the signature of Anthony Huntley, was written:

Dec. 25, 1713.—I for one have never entirely condemned the slothful servant who (fearful of consequences) hid in a napkin his master's treasure. With reasonable care such treasure may be rendered safe from unlawful possessors. Believing which I wrap up in a napkin a talent of gold, so hiding it that I defy any to discover it without my aid—the which aid I will surely give when and by whom it may be required. Therefore, whoever thou mayst be that readeth this, know there are more things in heaven and earth—that ancient saying—nor doubt that it is true.

"You see," said Huntley, "after you had gone I stayed and puzzled about it all; and again yesterday. Then it suddenly struck me that the shelves seemed extremely thick and heavy. So I cleared the cupboard again and got them out. I saw at once that they were not solid—as we thought—but built up of layers. I got a chisel and prised off the top one. The whole of the central layer was hollow, and in the cavity were good golden guineas—twice as many as I need for Monday!"

And so—that's that!

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## THE EDITOR TAKES TO THE AIR

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Recently the Editor completed a series of Health Talks over the air through Station 3AK. These were greatly appreciated by listeners.

The compere of the session was Miss Mary E. Foley, well-known in health circles and the organiser of the Health Forum.

Miss Foley also conducts competitions for health remedies through 3AK with cash prizes for listeners.

## PSYCHIC TRUTHS.

### Told in the After-life.

By EDWARD C. RANDALL, Author of "The Dead Have Never Died," Etc.

**T**HIS individual life of ours, whether it had birth within the palace or the hut, no matter how it turns and curves and falls among the hills as it courses from mountain-tops, through valley lands, or lies at times in stagnant pools of ignorance and vice, festering in the sun, must some day reach the great ocean of eternal life, from whence it came, clean and pure.

The age of faith is past. The teaching of the church no longer satisfies the hunger of heart and brain: this is an age of fact. The present calls upon all men to think, not to believe.

This life is but the creative plane, a preparatory stage of development for the reality that comes with dissolution, which is merely an increasing of our vibratory action.

Some mortal lives are not lived, that they stand out like trees aflame along the green and wooded shore when waters beat with endless wave; others, like undergrowth within the endless forest, remain unknown, but each must, according to the immutable laws of progression, at some time, obtain perfect development, which is the heritage of all; that is the law of life.

In the kingdom of the mind there can be no personal dictation; there is no God but universal good; no Saviour but oneself; no trinity but matter, force, and mind.

Dissolution and change have come to every form of life, and will come to all that live. The world cannot stand still. The great law of the



universe is progress. Evolution is a constant force.

This is the age of man; we have passed the age of the gods. If our development is such that we can comprehend the life and the conditions following dissolution, it must be within our grasp as surely as progress has been possible at all times, and among all people since the world began.

People are doing their own thinking, and with thought comes doubt, the stepping stone to the temple of knowledge. We are swinging away from the old moorings; new views come with changing times and conditions. Knowledge is the torch that fires our enthusiasm, and makes advancement possible.

All truth is safe, nothing else is safe; he who holds back the truth, through expediency or fear, fails in his duty to mankind. The thought that there need be no more groping in the dark makes the pulse quicken. The realisation that fear can now be eliminated from the human brain fills every heart with joy.

The fact that we may come into touch with those in spheres beyond and know that they live, and how and where they live, will lift the burden of sorrow from every heart that mourns its dead. This is an age of intellectual emancipation. Those who walk with open eyes will find the truth, for it lights the way across the continent of every human life.

Truth is always an achievement; it becomes such by reversing appearances, turning rest into motion, solids into fluids, centres into orbits, breaking up enclosing firmaments into infinite space. The energy of an active agent seems to end with disorganisation, but it really passes into another form.

The appearance of Nature one nearly always finds to be not false, but elusive; and our first interpretation of natural conditions is usually the

reverse of the reality. Of course, this must be so; it is the wisdom for creation, and the secret of the world; else knowledge would be immediate and without process.

If a man never becomes more than he is now, the whole process of evolution, by which he has come to be what he is, turns on itself. The benevolent purpose, seen at every stage as it yields to the next, stops its progression, dies out, and goes no further; the little bubble of existence that has grown and distended till it reflects reality in all its glorious tints, bursts in a moment into nothingness.

Life beyond the grave is the promise that hope has ever whispered to all who have lived. Time was when every cradle asked us whence, and every coffin whither; this generation, for the first time in history, is able to answer these questions.

The sovereignty of the individual must be gained by effort. The weak must be taught; the strongest at some time must bend and obey. The eternal dome of thought is high and broad, and each should do what he can to change the night of intellectual darkness into perfect day. Every man who discovers a fact adds something to the knowledge of the world.

To every mortal who thinks rightly, Nature's laws become natural laws. Let fear and superstition and dread of the future be banished from the minds of men, so that they may clearly see and perfectly understand Nature; then will knowledge come to them, imparted by those who have journeyed into the next stage of progress, the spiritual, or stage of acute intelligence.

Dissolution is a step in evolution, and involves no mental change, adding nothing, subtracting nothing, but simply increasing the opportunities for observation and learning.

God is Universal Good, which has been, and



is, the dominant factor both in the physical and spirit-plane; this force for good has held kingship since the world began. A new branch of literature, relating wholly to the laws of psychic phenomena, is just entering the cycle of progressive thought.

The supreme need for each man is to reason, and to remain, ever after, true to his convictions. Where reason leads, one may follow publicly and openly. This is the highest conception of duty. Men who deny to others the right of public speech are not qualified for speech themselves. Love for humanity is the basis upon which mankind must stand to gain ultimate good; to help a sprawling beetle to gain its feet is an act the result of which will follow one through eternity.

Beyond the great divide, await all those for whom you mourn; all unsatisfied ambitions, providing they are tending toward progression, you will have the power to gratify by work and application. Brood well upon that with which you store your mind. Each grain of knowledge will grow and bear its fruit.

All beauty is expression in varied language, not of words, but of pure ideas, hopes, and joys. Emotions have a language not yet comprehended, that will at some time be understood by this world of ours.

If you would impress your thought on others, and spread the truth, make that thought the highest expression of truth. Make your life a continual song of thanksgiving for the good you find, and the good you do to others.

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## THE STRENGTH OF LIFE IN GOD.

Impressional Writing Given By "MAURICE," A  
Spirit Friend.

### In Daily Life.

**A**S we in the spirit world look at the lives of you on earth, we can see a shining light surrounding those who have found the reality of God as the All of all life, and who are trying to walk in the light of that illumination in all they do.

It does not matter if their lives are humble and filled with just the small things of daily routine.

If they have within them the consciousness of God, and are growing to feel Him as the influence that permeates all, and are trying to do each task as they feel He would do it—to do it in a way befitting their kinship with Him—then they have that which lifts up and irradiates the apparently meanest work and reveals it in its true nature—part of the appointed way—part of the path that is within His care and love—part of the road that can be trodden gladly in the knowledge that His hand is on both themselves and it in blessing.

There will be many times when life calls for patience and perseverance, for the realisation of the touch of God and of His in-dwelling power does not remove the obstacles from the pathway.

But it does give courage and strength for their surmounting—it gives the peace that comes from the effort to rest quietly in God's guidance, and the stability that comes from knowing that He is there and that His strength can be tapped within oneself, and released into functioning activity.

The knowledge of the all-embracing and all-filling power of God, the sensing of even a frag-



ment of the might and comfort of His love and understanding, and the growing awareness of the guiding of His infinite love and wisdom, and of the availability of Himself and His life and power will develop a sure trust and dependance on Him in all things, in all who are willing to give those truths fair trial.

As the love in men's hearts feels that of God and reaches out to Him in these ways, there comes the strong perception (which yet is often so delicate as to be inexpressible in words) that His love and theirs are indeed akin—that they can realise a little of Himself because of His life within them—that He and they can meet and touch—that where He leads they can follow, for He is with them and in them.

And there comes the realisation that if they walk with Him, living in Him, and allowing Him to function through their every deed and word and thought, their life on earth can truly be that which is according to the will of His love and wisdom—a phase of training leading on to fuller life—a time of progress gained through discipline well met and lessons learned—a time in which weaknesses can be worked out, sorrows healed and turned into great blessing, and true joys held in quiet peace and serenity in the knowledge that He hallows them and that they, too, are part of the life that is fair in His eyes and seemly in His children.

### **In Joys and Sorrows.**

Joys and sorrows often come into life, but they do not of themselves bring good or ill—that depends on the way in which they are met.

Those who meet them in the security of their knowledge of God and of His life within them will not go astray, but will find progress and sure growth through all that comes into their life.

Pure joys and the homely happinesses of life

will be taken as coming, as in truth they do, from God, and the thought of God in all of life will be an acid test for the distinguishing of purity or its opposite. The things which are tainted will be let go—and nothing lost by their going—the joys that are pure and good will be welcomed and enjoyed in the knowledge that He shares in them and blesses and sanctifies them.

Homes, as well as hearts, that have such joy in them, have an influence which is uplifting and brings true refreshment, and they provide another instance of the light-radiating contrast of which I spoke.

You on earth cannot see this light, but you can feel, and be pleased by, its effect upon you when you sense it in others, and you can play your part in giving it to them also.

And sorrows that are met with the thought of God there to bless and help can be borne with stability and calm.

They may indeed cause grief that is very, very deep and sorrowful, and impose a strain that seems almost unbearable, but those who reach out to the strength of God, and search for it within themselves, will be upheld and helped to walk along the dark path they tread, into light which is filled with that strength of His which they, by their efforts, have made their own for all time.

Sorrows met alone, or in the belief of despair that God is not there or has no love, embitter the heart and seal away from its consciousness the lesson it could be learning.

But those met in His strength, acknowledging that to be a living fact, and taking it and using it as He intends all should do, will, as I said, lead on to a greater light and joy than that known before.

Whether the sorrows are caused by one's own faults, or by the faults or suffering of some other, this thought of God in all, and of His strength



available, will give power to overcome or to endure.

Those who realise that God is there, waiting to be shown forth by them, in the overcoming of their faults, or the strong and patient dealing with those of another, will find in that truth a sure help for their difficult path, and an incentive to further effort.

And if they suffer physically, or minister to those who do, and who may not always be easy to tend, the same thought will uphold them and give them strength to hold on in the right way.

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## RESCUE CIRCLE DANGERS.

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### Dr. Sexton's Alarming Experience.

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By A. T. PEAKE.

THE Rescue Circle experience recounted by Austin Jones should serve as a warning to many inquirers who enter the seance chamber in a state of mind which some might describe as unfriendly.

Dr. George Sexton once attended a seance at the house of an avowed sceptic with serious results. The doubter, a well-known secularist, said that "provided the spirits came, they could do exactly what they liked without any interference."

The meeting was held in an elaborately furnished drawing room; there were present about eight people, one of them being a young serving-maid. There was no prayer; there was no hymn; the meeting started with all those present holding hands in a circle and waiting for results.

#### An Uproar.

They were not disappointed. In a very short time the room was in an uproar. Valuable bric-a-brac was hurled about the room and smashed; the

furniture crashed from one end of the room to the other; a heavy sideboard was turned right over; many of those present were controlled by entities of a most deplorable character, who added to the general confusion by cries and shouts in the foulest language.

Those present who had contrived to retain possession of their own bodies pleaded with the visitants and asked them to go without any result. An attempt to pray called forth hoarse laughter and curses. Some of the unwilling mediums began to show signs of extreme bodily exhaustion, and the gravest results were feared.

Then there came, through Dr. Sexton, one who was higher and more loving: Robert Owens. Raising his hands as if to hush the turmoil, he asked, "What did you expect? You gave them full permission; what did you expect?"

### **An Obstinate "Guest."**

Even then it was some appreciable time before the unwelcome guests could be prevailed upon to depart. One in particular, more determined than the rest, refused to go until a promise had been tardily given that he might come again. Finally a date was fixed some time ahead. This entity had controlled the servant, who was, of course, greatly alarmed at her experience and had no wish to repeat it.

On the day fixed for the second visit the family closed up the house and went to the seaside. Such is the ignorance of the uninitiated, they regarded a promise as something lightly given that could be avoided by absenting themselves from the scene. They were to realise that such was not the case. At three o'clock in the afternoon, on Brighton Beach, the girl was controlled as arranged. Fortunately, those present were able to keep their heads and get the girl back to normal without any very bad results.



## THE MYSTERIOUS SPIRIT HAND.

By DR. HEREWARD CARRINGTON.

**D**R. Hereward Carrington has spent 40 years in the investigation of psychic phenomena, and has published over 30 works dealing with various phases of psychic phenomena. In his "Psychic Science and Survival," he gives us 20 phases of phenomena as virtually proved to have happened, and another eight, including spirit communication, as being highly probable.

Writing in "Guide and Ideas," he tells the story of his lengthy investigations with Eusapia Palladino, the famous Italian medium. He says:

"I have seen extraordinary and unaccountable phenomena for which I had no explanation, and which continue to puzzle me even to-day. I am convinced that, whatever else they might have been, they were not fraud!

"Some of the most striking of these occurred in the presence of a famous Neapolitan medium named Eusapia Palladino. They were occurrences I shall never forget, for they left an indelible impression upon me.

"Eusapia Palladino was an illiterate peasant woman, who could read and write little beyond her own name. She was, however, the possessor of strange powers, which had been studied by eminent scientific men in Europe for more than a quarter of a century. In her presence solid tables floated in mid-air, thunderous raps were heard, musical instruments played of themselves. In broad daylight bodies—or bits of bodies—were built up in space before one's eyes, only to dissolve and disintegrate a few moments later, leaving no trace of their momentary existence. Impossible, you say? Well, I am reminded of the words of Professor Charles Richet: 'I do not say

that these things are possible; I only say that they are facts.' With that I fully agree.

"What happened at Palladino's seances? Just about everything.

### **Uncanny Happenings.**

"Inside a cabinet was placed a small table, and upon it various small instruments. The medium sat on a chair outside the cabinet, and in front of her was the seance table—much like a kitchen table, only lighter. One investigator sat to her left, carefully holding the left hand, foot and knee. Another sat to her right, taking charge of the members on that side of the body. The remainder of the sitters grouped themselves around the table or stood about the room, close to the cabinet and medium.

"The sitting usually began in bright white light, and many of the initial phenomena occurred at that time. Then red light was substituted, and the medium would pass into semi-trance. More striking manifestations took place then. Raps and glowing lights would be noted. The curtains of the cabinet were often blown out, as though by a strong wind inside. Movements of objects in the cabinet were heard. The seance table would completely levitate (lift) a number of times (this in full light, giving the investigators ample opportunity to verify the fact that there was no material connection between medium and table). The small objects in the cabinet would come floating out and be played upon, or placed on the seance table, or thrown into the room; sometimes by visible hands.

"Touches were sometimes felt by the sitters on both side of the medium. Musical instruments floated about, playing. Heads, hands and bits of bodies finally materialised, and were seen and felt by the sitters.

"At the conclusion of the seance a cold breeze



was frequently felt, issuing from an old scar in the medium's head, or from her finger-tips or her left knee. The lights were gradually turned up, and the seance ended. Such was a typical seance given by this medium.

"The so-called materialisation of wholly or partially formed heads and hands were striking. I have seen these form and vanish and on more than one occasion I have held one of these hands within my own, and felt it melt and dissolve within my grasp.

### **The Unknown Hand.**

"On one occasion the following extraordinary manifestation occurred: The controllers were Mr. Frank Tilford (of Park and Tilford Company) who held her right hand, and Mr. Daniel Frohman, who held her left. Certainly they were practical men of the world, not easily bamboozled. The light was dim, but sufficient to see the medium. On this particular occasion we had also tied the medium's wrists to the wrists of her controllers.

"During the seance a little white hand came from beneath the table, untied the knots, coiled up the rope and threw it into the room. Eusapia, in half-trance, exclaimed, 'It is not my fault. Tie me up again!' So we fastened her wrists to those of her controllers a second time.

"But once more the little hand came forth, untied the ropes, and threw them into the room. In the dim light we could see the whole procedure.

"Now, all this untying took an appreciable time, and while it was in progress I leaned over and spoke to her two controllers.

"'Will you please verify the fact that you are holding the hands of the medium—not dummy hands and not the hands of someone else? Will you trace the arms to the shoulders and see that

these hands you are holding really are hers?’

“Mr. Tilford held up the hand he was controlling. ‘Here is mine,’ he said. Mr. Frohman then held up his hand and said, ‘Here is my hand.’ While both the medium’s hands were thus accounted for and visible, the little hand continued to untie the knots, coil up the rope, and throw it into the room.

“These seances with Eusapia Palladino will always rank in my memory as among the greatest thrills in my career. For here were seeming ‘miracles’ performed under one’s very eyes, in one’s own laboratory, under one’s own test conditions. I shall never forget them, and if every medium with whom I ever sit in the future turns out to be a fraud it would not swerve my conviction that I saw, in Eusapia’s presence, remarkable manifestations of which modern science knows nothing, and the reality of which it even refuses to recognise. If only we could discover another Palladino.”—“Progressive Thinker.”

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## THE MAN WHO BIT A GHOST.

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By DR. NANDOR FODOR, in the London  
“Sunday Pictorial.”

A CERTAIN Mrs. Harrison had not long ago a small basement flat in Manchester Street, behind Selfridges. She fell ill with influenza. A young girl, bringing in her breakfast, dropped the tray with a cry of fear. She slammed the door behind her, leaned against it and gasped:

“A man followed me. He was just a shadow. I could see through him. . . .”

Mrs. Harrison laughed. The girl was seeing things! She had never been disturbed in that flat. In fact, she found it extremely peaceful.



Though, as she mused, she remembered that a lady visitor, some time before, claimed to see something ghostly in her room: a man of an extreme pallor and marks of suffering in the face, standing behind her and staring into nothingness.

In the evening a friend who came to cook her dinner called to her from the kitchen:

"I did not know you had a visitor. Who is the man who got into your room just now?"

No one came into the room. But the friend insisted that somebody must have, and Mrs. Harrison could not help thinking of the maid's morning adventure.

It would have been odd if, after such beginnings, the ghost would have vanished from the scene. Remember, Mrs. Harrison was ill with 'flu. She may have had fever. Her imagination was stirred.

She tells me that at two o'clock that night, as she sat up in bed, she felt that she was not alone. There was the sense of a presence in the room.

An ice-cold shiver ran down her spine and she grew very frightened.

Then comfort and assurance came to her from an unknown source. She felt three gentle pats on her shoulder as if by an invisible protective hand and all fear had left her. The sense of presence was gone. The room became peaceful again.

Mrs. Harrison moved to a bigger flat. As her lease was still holding her, she rented the basement flat in Manchester Street to Dr. Julius Reiter, a German newspaper representative.

She did not tell him that the flat had a ghost. She hardly believed in it herself. Dr. Reiter made the discovery himself. He rang up Mrs. Harrison and asked her: Did she know that the flat was haunted?

He had had some extraordinary experiences since he moved in. This is how they began:

(I am now quoting from a statement which, after I cross-examined him, Dr. Reiter signed for me.)

"I was in bed in a state of mind which is difficult to describe. I felt that I was walking along a dark road.

"Suddenly, there was a girl close behind me. For some reason I did not want to turn around and look at her. In the same moment I felt myself thrown on my bed and shaken vigorously. The shaking lasted for 15 to 20 seconds and left me numb, unable to move.

"Another evening, as I went to bed, a luminous figure appeared in the dark. I only saw the upper part of its body.

"With uplifted hands the apparition bent down twice. I don't know why. He was a swarthy foreigner, with dark hair, cadaverous face and ghostly white hands. I felt paralysed and could not move a limb. In a few seconds the figure was gone and I fell into a deep sleep.

"Next morning, my right foot hurt badly. It felt as if somebody had twisted it.

"A fortnight later something very terrifying happened. I was in bed, awake. Suddenly, things seemed to change. I was sitting in a chair and somebody was offering me a drink. There was a glass in my hand and I held it out.

"At that moment somebody upset the bottle and started to fight. He came at me with a rush and tried to strangle me.

"I defended myself. He caught my finger and bit it savagely. Somehow I got it away.

"As he was grasping for my throat, I caught the small finger of his left hand in my mouth and, with a snap, I closed my jaws on it.

"A sickening feeling came over me. The finger was ice-cold. It tasted like rubber. It had no blood circulation. It was the finger of a dead man!



"The clock struck twelve, and the horror lifted. I was still in bed, quite myself and unable to move.

"I realised now that I was not attacked in the body, but that something psychological had happened to me. That something, however, was so real that I felt sick and faint from fright."

Dr. Reiter was anxious to convince me that he was not telling a story and that he was not dreaming. He could only describe the mental state in which he was as a state of divided consciousness.

"It is for you to say," he continued, "whether my attacker was a ghost or not. I have not enough experience of these things. I've just told you, very frankly, what happened. The rest I must leave to you."

I was favourably impressed with Dr. Reiter. He stood my questions well. He admitted that he was what we may call psychic. Things occasionally happen to him at which others, less highly strung, laugh.

I told him that the obvious thing to do was to find out the history of the house. Had any strangling drama ever been enacted in it?

If that were the case, he must have contacted the memory of that scene and re-enacted the part of the victim.

Violent human passions seem to impregnate the surroundings, and a sensitive nervous system periodically may pick up something of the past.

Dr. Reiter then told me that a well-known medium, Miss Lily Thomas, came to see the place and gave him such a story.

She said that the ghost was a Spaniard, and that 20 years ago he had committed suicide in that very room. The house was a nursing home at the time and Carlos Ferdinando was a patient.

He was in love with a girl and strangled her. Then, afraid of the consequences, he took his own

life. Now his ghost is bound to the scene of the crime. It is brooding over it and re-lives it as in a nightmare again and again. He thinks that the room is still his and that Dr. Reiter has no business to be in it.

He tried to throw him out.

Inquiries disclosed the fact that the house was indeed a nursing home in years gone by. The matron only moved out a few years ago, but she left no address.

To me, the room seemed just like an ordinary room. I would have given much to feel the unaccountable cold draughts of air of which Dr. Reiter complained. He said that they came in the middle of the room in a vortex.

I have no doubt, however, in my mind that Dr. Reiter had a borderland experience.

Fights between man and ghost are rare, but strangulation dreams in queer houses are fairly frequent.

Such dreams may have a perfectly normal explanation. But if, unknown to the dreamer, death by strangulation had taken place in the house, the coincidence must be considered more than odd.

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## POSTAGES

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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.



## OBITUARY.

Mr. M. A. Whitfield, of Launceston, who was in his seventy-sixth year, passed to the higher life on March 14. Mr. Whitfield was a Spiritualist, and for years was a subscriber to "The Harbinger of Light." Most of his life he was engaged in pastoral pursuits, having retired two years ago. Mr. Whitfield was a son of the late Alfred Whitfield, who migrated to Australia in 1842 with his brother, the late Dr. F. Whitfield. Mr. Alfred Whitfield was a subscriber to "The Harbinger of Light" when Mr. W. H. Terry was editor. Mr. M. A. Whitfield leaves a widow and one daughter, three sisters and two brothers—the Misses Whitfield, Horace and Henry, of Launceston, and Mrs. Tisdall, of Melbourne. Always of a sympathetic and unselfish nature, he made many friends. The cremation funeral took place at the Carvilla Crematorium Chapel two days later.

"There is no death in God's wide world,  
But an eternal scene of change,  
The flag of life is never furled,  
It only taketh wider range."

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There are many who think that when their loved ones pass over that they are parted, and in the bodily sense this is true, but in the spiritual sense it is not so. The love-chord cannot be broken—the one who is missed from the home still remains with those they loved. Never think that they leave you altogether when the earthly body is laid aside. Still with you, they will remain true, and you may look forward to the meeting time when you will know that they have been with you always. Some may not believe this, but it is nevertheless true.

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**VALUABLE 3in. CRYSTAL;** formerly owned by Gifted Seer; £2/10/-. Miss R. MEYERS, 11 Beach Road, Dulwich Hill, New South Wales.

## THE PROBLEM OF MESSAGES

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At the Edinburgh Psychic College recently, Mr. Scott Harrison spoke of the problem of messages given through mediums which were partly correct and partly incorrect. We were inclined, he said, to regard the mechanism of communication as altogether too simple. He considered that it must be enormously complicated. The most experienced medium must get a certain amount of muddling and mixing of messages. Wireless could tell us something about the problem. The wireless receiver was adjusted so that it could select waves of a certain length from the crowd of messages in the ether. Some people got messages more certainly through some mediums than through others. Personal wave-lengths varied.

There was also the question of misinterpretation. The speaker detailed descriptions given by a psychometrist to whom he had submitted a letter. The descriptions seemed nonsense to others, but actually they gave realistic impressions of a journey he had made in consequence of receiving this letter.

Another speaker, Mrs. Helen Hughes, the well-known medium, said confused or imperfect messages often resulted from the medium or the control being insufficiently developed and suffering from nervousness like a person speaking through the telephone for the first time.

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Early training can develop a small virtue and kill a vice. At dissolution, each sense is quickened, and all that fills what we call space is visible to the spiritual senses and tangible to spiritual touch and brain. Space must then take form, substance, and reality—a world of thought, boundless and endless.



## GENUINE AND FALSE

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A correspondent to "The Age," Melbourne, writes:

"Any altruistic Spiritualist agrees that the fortune teller must go. The fortune teller is like the "quack" who poses as a doctor and has no knowledge of the subject. Who is to distinguish between the real and the false?

"The authorities do not 'jump on' all doctors because there are a dozen 'quacks' at large. They ask the reputable doctors who is genuine and who is not. Before there can be any imitation there must be the real, and it is undemocratic that the genuine Spiritualist should be penalised for the sake of the fortune teller. Let the authorities consult those who are genuine to find who are not, and refrain from taking on themselves control of that of which they know nothing.

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Spiritualism is so perfectly consonant with the dictates of reason and so perfectly adapted to human needs that the thoughtful man or woman involuntarily exclaims: "If it is not so it ought to be."

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## Domestic Remedies.

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HOW TO RECOVER HEALTH WITHOUT DRUGS.

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HOME TREATMENT OF COMMON AILMENTS  
with

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SIMPLE REMEDIES

By REV. J. T. HUSTON, Nat. Dip.,

Past President of the Australian Physiotherapy Association.  
For 25 Years a Naturopathic Practitioner.

Author of: "What to Eat," "The Naturopathic Home Herbal," "The Silent Power," etc.

PRICE, 1/6; Postage, 2d.

## BURWOOD SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

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After being in existence for 35 years, the Burwood (N.S.W.) Spiritual Church celebrated its anniversary for the first time in its new church on Saturday, March 21, and Sunday, March 22. A rally was held on the Saturday afternoon, at which Mr. Carter and Mr. Isaac Jones gave addresses. In the evening a supper and dance was enjoyed. At the service on Sunday afternoon, Mr. Alf. Rainer gave a trance address and clairvoyant readings, and was assisted by Mrs. Atwell. The evening service was so crowded that many people stood at the sides.

In dedicating his two nephews, Mr. Roy McNeilly stirred the audience with a spirited address on what it means to be a Spiritualist. The lecturer, the Rev. Neil Michie, held those present with a telling talk. Clairvoyant readings were given by Mr. McNeilly and Mr. Michie.

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## TO CONTRIBUTORS

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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.



## PSYCHIC TRUTH.

**A**N article in an English newspaper describes Daniel Home as "The King of the Mediums," but concludes: "During the 50 years he has been among the spirits he has never once come back to attend a seance and confound the sceptics."

What puerility of reasoning! If Home did come back at a seance who would believe him? The medium would be dubbed a fraud, as Home himself and all other mediums have been similarly called in the past.

Home does not need to come back to prove that the phenomena he produced are possible. Scientists of international repute who have investigated the existence of ectoplasm, and the phenomena of Spiritualism, have testified to the reality of the former and the genuineness of the latter.

Men like Robert Browning, Dickens, Faraday, etc., cannot be compared with Sir William Crookes, who painstakingly and methodically investigated psychic phenomena.

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Dr. Robert Chambers, F.R.S., LL.D., author of "Vestiges of Creation," "Cyclopedia of English Literature," etc.:

"Already Spiritualism conducted as it usually is, has had a prodigious effect throughout America, and partly in the old world also, in redeeming multitudes from hardened atheism and materialism, proving to them, by the positive demonstration which their positive cast of mind requires, that there is another world, that there is a non-material form of humanity, and that many miraculous things which they had hitherto scoffed at are true." "I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from imposture; and when fully accepted, will revolutionise the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters."

## THE R.C. VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE Rev. Edward A. Freking, S.T.D., who often has acted as spokesman for the Church, expounding the Catholic view of Spiritualism says: "‘In part,’ Spiritualism is not new phenomena—it was practised in prehistoric times. Spiritualism’s belief in a spirit world is **not** unique. Christians believe in the spirituality of the human soul together with the existence of spirits, angels, and devils.

"Spiritualists believe in communication with the departed, the Church has **not** pronounced on the essential nature of the phenomena, but forbids the faithful from participation in Spiritualist practices. There can be no doubt that most of the manifestations result from sleight-of-hand trickery and fraud, but to ascribe **all** to the devil is, of course, **absurd**. There is, shall we say, 1 per cent. of **genuine**, inexplicable phenomena occurring. Curiously enough, people have learned nothing from attempted intercourse because the **communicator cannot be identified with certainty**.

"Anyone who possesses acquaintance with the literature of Spiritualism must know that the religious system expounded by the spirits is contradictory and **nearly always** subversive to Christian teaching."

### Spiritualism’s Comment.

To say that "people have learned nothing because of the lack of positive identity, and because of differences of opinion or explanation on the part of communicating spirits, and therefore that our religion is ruinous or subversive to Christianity" is rather a pathetic statement to make in view of the fact that the Christian religion is divided into hundreds of different denominations or systems, each claiming to be correct. If we



are to regard the Christian religion as the only correct one, which of the many systems are we to adopt? How did these many systems come into being? History of religion both ancient and modern tells us that each came into existence because of differences of opinion on the part of leaders who claimed to have received information either from God, saints or from some other divine or unseen force, which practically upsets the mythical religions of the ancients who believed in **many** gods. Spiritualism is **not** subversive to the teachings of the Master, Jesus of Nazarene, but it does not accept some of the interpretations placed upon His teachings by modern Christian systems. One of the first lessons which Spiritualism teaches is that we should learn to think and act constructively, and to help others to do the same. If we find some who cannot or will not follow along, we should in all kindness allow them to pursue their quest for truth in their own way and wish them God-speed.

Taken as a whole these articles are splendid propaganda for Spiritualism. Admittance even that 1 per cent. of the phenomena is genuine will cause thousands to search for it. We are at once more impressed with the great need of eliminating everything as far as possible which is not evidential.

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## TO AGENTS AND CHURCH SECRETARIES

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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."

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Count thy days as pearls to be worn when earth for thee is done.

## THE CHURCH'S REMEMBRANCE OF THE DEPARTED.

### Suggestions for a New Creed.

By the Very Rev. Dr. CHARLES L. WARR, Dean of the  
Thistle and Chapel Royal, Edinburgh.

THE Christian Church should consider its attitude to the whole question of the departed. Some general agreement might be reached along the lines of the following tentative suggestions:—

(1) There was a progressive principle and a divine purpose working through all creation, and over all was the inscrutable Providence of God.

(2) The purpose of God was that from the evolution to the eventual dissolution of the universe should be born a world of immortal spirits, who, being at last made perfect and conformed to His likeness, should be fitted to enjoy eventual fellowship with Himself.

(3) It was the desire of God that all souls whom He had made, and to whom He had granted the privilege of free-will, should at length attain to that transcendent destiny, though warring against that purpose were antagonistic forces which they called the powers of Evil.

(4) The soul, at the moment of death, did not die nor sleep, but persisted in conscious life, retaining whatever attributes were necessary to the continuance of memory and affection, and of all that constituted full personality.

(5) It would seem improbable that the soul, delivered from the body, was subject to sudden change in character, inconsistent with a normal process of development, being neither propelled to a condition of goodness hitherto unattained, nor yet to a condition of penal condemnation from



which there could be no escape, but that every soul at death went to its own place, and to an environment appropriate to its spiritual value.

(6) Time and space, with their attendant limitations, being obliterated in a world of spiritual reality, they might believe that there was full fellowship of soul with soul, and that to those who, at their death, were found in an advanced spiritual condition, was given a ministry of help and service to such as had not so worthily profited by their earthly opportunity and experience.

(7) To the soul at death, they might anticipate there was vouchsafed a full and convincing revelation of the purity, holiness, and love of God and of the meaning and effect of the sins committed against Him in its earthly state; through which, in penitence, humility, and self-surrender, it might, in God's mercy, be cleansed and purified and permitted to enter on another stage of its God-ward progress.

(8) Since, therefore, the soul after death must continue to be faced with the crisis of personal choice and effort, it continued to stand in need of succour and assistance.

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Professor Elliott Coues, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, Norwich University, etc., Professor of Biology in the Victorian Agricultural College, Member of the National Academy of Sciences, author of "Field Ornithology," "Air Fauna Columbeana," etc.:

"Will you have the opinion of such a person as I have described, who for about 10 years has studied, watched, and followed the phenomena of so-called Spiritualism, and who speaks from personal experiences with almost every one of them? Then let me tell you that I know that the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism are true, substantially, as alleged."

## AUSTRALIA IS AT WAR

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### How It Affects the "Harbinger of Light."

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First, there is a shortage of paper. Therefore, we have to reduce the size of our journal. We are doing this by leaving off the cover and using four pages of the magazine as a cover.

In order that we can present the same amount of reading matter, some of the articles will be printed in smaller type. In future articles dealing with Spiritualism only will be published.

Then the printers are handicapped by their staff being depleted owing to their operators being called up for service. There is the further difficulty of securing skilled operatives to take their place.

This results in delay in setting the "copy" and delay in getting the magazine printed and published.

We desire to assure our patrons that we are all doing our best to get the "Harbinger" out on time. In cases of delay we beg our readers to extend to us their forbearance and patience.

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Alfred Russel Wallace, F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L.:

"My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts."

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Don't let us spoil to-day's sunshine by worrying about to-morrow's rain.

Weakness of character is the only defect which cannot be amended.



## SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

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### Adelaide Branch Formed.

**A**N important step in the investigation of psychic phenomena in Australia has been made by the establishment of a branch of the Society for Psychical Research in Adelaide. The headquarters of the new body are in a central part of that city, and an experienced researcher and adviser will be in daily attendance to answer enquiries. Study groups are to be formed, and a valuable library of more than 1000 books on psychic subjects will be available to members.

In stating its aims, the new body quotes a recent writer:

“Psychic research is inexcusable meddling unless its objective is truth and not curiosity rampant. It accepts tremendous responsibilities, for it confirms or changes by its verdicts the deepest currents of human thought. We are what we believe, and if the state of the world to-day is any criterion, then at present the vast majority hold some pretty wretched beliefs. A sure and solid belief in survival means a positive view of life here and hereafter, and no one is the same again after realisation has dawned and the path has opened out before tired, searching eyes.”

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Live and Think,  
For yesterday is but a dream,  
And to-morrow is only a vision;  
But to-day well lived makes  
Every yesterday a dream of happiness,  
And every to-morrow a vision of hope.

It helps the world a lot just to want to be helped.

## SAILOR SON.

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**T**HIS verse was written by a mother who has lost her son at sea. It was published in the London "Sunday Express," and with it was sent this note: "I hope that it will help other mothers to bear a similar loss." The verse will find an echo in many hearts.

I stood on the shore at midnight,  
At the edge of a silver sea,  
And all I knew of beauty  
Came in that hour to me.  
The ache in my heart was lifted,  
I knew not sorrow or pain,  
For out on the far horizon  
You gently spoke my name.  
And I knew the sea, your covering,  
Hid only an empty shell;  
Your voice in the misty shadows  
Had whispered "all was well."  
A path of moonlight gleaming  
On a sea of azure blue  
Had wakened a land of beauty  
Which held my dreams, and you.

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## FROM HAFED, PRINCE OF PERSIA.

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Given Through David Duguid, 1875.

. . . "But, as I have said, the old Past must give way to the Present, and that again to the Future—Greece, Persia, Rome. Rome is now rising by the might of her arms; but she is stained with the sin of enslaving the subdued peoples. Alas! we Persians have been guilty also of this black crime against God and man. Are we not all bound to worship the same Great Spirit, who alone has the right to enslave us—to bind us to His service, as the great and only Master of Mankind? But



Rome, too, will have her day! Even now a King hath come who will have the dominion; and a nation will yet arise to eclipse great Rome—a nation whose dominion will girdle the earth—whose language will spread from shore to shore. But she, too, must decline and fall; but her fall will usher in the glorious Golden Age, the theme of the prophets and the poets of all the ages—that good and blessed time when man shall cease to fight with man—when peace shall prevail on every side. O, then shall the Heavenly Host mingle with the spirits of earth, in loving and light-giving communion!

O, for that happy day when we shall once more commune with our brothers of mankind!—when we shall once more teach them and lead them in the paths of purity and truth—no longer kept out from intercourse by the sin-locked door. But, alas! the world must pass through much tribulation before the coming of that glorious time, before men will submit to live in peace and harmony under the righteous rule of the great Prince of Peace."

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## **"PROOFS OF THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM,"** by Rev. Henslow

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We require a copy of this book for our Psychic Library. Write stating condition of book and price to the Editor.

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Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare do our duty as we understand it.—A. Lincoln.

If we are going to let our lights shine simply to illumine our own faces, we might as well let them go out.—A. G. Gordon.

Gladness seems a duty! The faith be mine  
That He, Who guides and governs all, approves.

## "THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT." 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.*

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*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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## THE NEED OF PSYCHIC FILMS.

By E. R. LITTLEHALES, in "Light."

**T**HAT the world is in a state of chaos needs no pointing out.

While there may be difference of opinion as to the immediate causes of the war which has produced this chaos, no thinking person can deny that the underlying cause is ignorance; the ignorance of people who regard themselves as superior, and destined to dominate others; the ignorance that seeks to obtain happiness by greedily taking from others their possessions.

At the root of all this ignorance lies the supreme ignorance of mankind—his ignorance of his spiritual nature and the kind of life that awaits him hereafter. The majority of men undoubtedly think of themselves as bodies, bodies which must be housed, fed, cared for and kept going for as long a life as possible, in the greatest possible degree of ease and comfort. The first and foremost object in life must therefore be to get, and to hold. Material gain must be man's main consideration, his main object in life. As to whether



there is a future life—he does not know. It is impossible to find out, perhaps even impious to try. At any rate, getting and holding take so much attention that there is no time for thought of other things. That is the outlook of the average man. Not until that outlook can be changed shall we have the firm foundation on which to build a new order.

The greatest need of the world to-day is that men should be taught to understand their true nature; that they are not bodies, but spirits using bodies as instruments; and that when the body dies, the spirit will continue its existence, operating then through a body of finer material.

To get these elementary but all-important facts into the heads of the common run of mankind, is an enormous task; but it is of tremendous importance, and every single individual who already possesses this knowledge should strive to enlighten others, and not be discouraged from this effort by the apparent insignificance of the little he can do. Conversation and the lending of books are a help, and the giving of books to public libraries. These things anyone of modest means can do. Others may be able to arrange meetings for discussion and then lectures. There are excellent lecturers whose services can be obtained for a reasonable fee. There is little need for increased output of books on the subject. Spiritualism and psychic research already have a wide literature which is constantly being added to. The urgent problem is to induce people to study it.

The best way of reaching and influencing large numbers of people is by means of films, and a serious effort should be made to use this marvellous medium. What is needed is a series of stories of romance or adventure or whatever else appeals, used as a means of conveying sound information on man's spiritual nature and the after-life.

Unfortunately, a film was recently shown, entitled "Spellbound," which was advertised as a Spiritualist film and which was morbid and unwholesome in the extreme. In some quarters, Spiritualism is still considered scarcely respectable, and this film will undoubtedly do much to confirm and spread that view. The harm it may do is incalculable. Anyone seeing it who might have had some interest and been disposed to enquire into the subject, might well be turned away from it by this film. It leaves the impression that Spiritualism is poisonous and dangerous, and to be shunned by all sane people. It is a film against which all Spiritualists and psychic researchers should strongly protest. It is a distortion of the truth, and cannot fail to intensify the prevailing prejudice against things psychic.

It would be a valuable service to suffering humanity if a few people would combine to seek out suitable stories for the cinema that will present the truth pure and undefiled, and at the same time appeal to producers as likely to be a success commercially. The subject is one with endless possibilities for beautiful and intensely interesting films. There must be much in existing literature that could be used to good purpose. Moreover, the subject would appeal all the more strongly at the present time, when men need so badly to turn their minds from the misery and suffering of the terrible strife in which we are involved, to the inner truth, the indestructibility of the spirit and its glorious opportunities of progress.

By carrying on persistently this work of enlightenment by films, the minds of the multitude could, in some degree at least, be diverted from the materialistic viewpoint, and they would gradually grow accustomed to regard themselves as spiritual beings here and now as well as in the hereafter.



Mr. CHARLES NEIL, Organiser of Spiritual 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/-.

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