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A
PSYCHIC DIGEST

Edited by
Rev. J. T. Huston, N.D.

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**Psychical Research, Spiritualism, Progressive Thought,
and Spiritual Philosophy**

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EDITOR: REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D. ADELAIDE

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Christmas: Its Meaning and Message

(By Rt. Rev. L. W. Burt, Sydney, N.S.W., Bishop
of the Liberal Catholic Church.)

The great Christmas Festival is unique in that it draws mankind into closer friendship, into a unity of thought and endeavour, such as exists at no other period of the year. As the Christ Spirit is reborn at Christmas, blessing mankind with its quickenening fragrance, human divisions vanish, disputes and separateness give way to goodwill and brotherliness, as if by some mysterious magic power. As the Christ-Mas increasingly enfolds all creatures in its healing embrace individuals become more sympathetically united and manifest in greater measure the one Divine Life which slumbers in each human heart. This increased unity allows the Angel hosts to contact mankind more intimately with the result that during Christmas a breath of heaven floats o'er the earth.

Although in modern times Christmas for many people means nothing more than a season of gaiety and social festivity, when generosity and good feeling abound, such is the transforming influence of

Christmas that we do well to consider and understand something of its true nature and significance.

Christmas is primarily a religious festival. It commemorates the Christbirth with three distinct sets of meaning. This celebration of the birth of a Divine Being is not exclusively a Christian festival. It far ante-dates the Christian era. It has a deeper meaning, a more universal significance, than is understood by most people. Increased knowledge of this subject raises our thought of Christmas from a single historical event to a mighty cosmic reality, to the Divine Presence in Whom "We live and move and have our being."

Almost every religion of which we have any record celebrated a festival on or near the 25th of December to commemorate the birth of a Divine Child whose Mother was adored as a Virgin. In nearly every case the great Being is regarded as a Saviour. He is usually the Founder of the religion of those who worship at His shrine.

In India for instance from remote ages the middle of December has been a time of great rejoicing when people decorated their houses with garlands and exchanged presents. There the Lord Krishna is adored by His devotees as an incarnation of God, and is designated: "He who takes away the sins of the world."

In ancient Egypt the birth of both Osiris and His Son Horus was celebrated on the 25th of December. On that day the image of the Divine Child was taken out of the sanctuary with appropriate ceremonies, just as in our time, in certain branches of the Christian Church, the Bambino, or image of the infant Jesus, is brought out and exhibited to the laity.

In Babylon Tammuz, a sun-god was worshipped as the Saviour. His Mother was invoked as: "O Virgin Istar"—or Astoreth. She is pictured with the Divine Child in her arms. Her head is surrounded by a Halo and crowned with twelve stars.

In Persia the sun-god Mithra was called the

Saviour. His birth was also celebrated at the winter solstice. He was said to have been born in a cave, and His advent was prophesied as an expected Messiah.

Similar arresting resemblances to the Christian story are to be found in the religions of ancient Mexico, of Scandinavia, and of Greece, whilst the Romans held a festival on the 25th of December, which they called the birthday of Sol—the Invincible.

With such convincing evidence before us we are forced to admit that the great Christmas festival has a meaning and a message for all mankind and not for Christians alone. The Founders of all great religions are Messengers from one supreme Source, the Great White Lodge, the Inner Government of the world. The basis of Their teaching is taken from the Sun Myth—the story of Creation.

For that reason they all made use of similar symbolism. Likewise we always have the birth of the Founders of the religions celebrated at the time when the sun, in the northern hemisphere, having receded to its farthest point in mid-winter, begins to rise again in the heavens and a new solar year is born.

That is why December 25th is the date universally chosen to symbolise the Birth of the central figure of several great religions. Dean Farrar, an eminent English clergyman, has said that all attempts to discover the exact date of the birth of Jesus are useless. The present date was fixed by Pope Julius I. in A.D. 337, for the birth of Jesus was not always celebrated on December 25th. That date was chosen for our Christmas festival in order that we should fall into line with the great religions of the past in honouring the birth of their Founders.

This similarity in the stories of the lives of other great Teachers does not discredit Christian tradition but enhances its truth. Furthermore the events of the Gospel story not only repeat in symbol the lives of the Great Teachers, but, in addition,

they foreshadow the spiritual birth and development of every human being. They foretell the birth of the mystic Christ in the cave of the human heart, sometimes called the "Second Birth," just as surely as they commemorate the physical birth of Jesus in Palestine 2,000 years ago.

Let us celebrate Christmas then with wider understanding, keeping in mind these three important aspects of the Christ Birth. Firstly, there is the Birth of the Cosmic Christ, symbolising the Birth of Creation. Secondly there is the Birth of the Historic Christ, the birth of Jesus, the human birth in its picturesque setting, so intimately related to motherhood in our race and all that it implies. Thirdly there is the Birth of the Mystic Christ in the heart of each individual. The Apostle Paul referred to this Mystic Birth in the words: "Christ in you the hope of glory," and "my little children of whom I travail in birth till Christ be formed in you" and similar phrases.

This Child Christ is ever born of an unseen Divine Father, but a visible human mother. So also is the Father of every one of us the unseen Spirit, whilst our mother is of the visible earth—the material body. In man's evolutionary ascent to the goal of human endeavour the Birth of the Mystic Christ in the cave of the heart is marked by a great ceremony of Initiation when Angels chant divine harmonies to welcome the pilgrim soul. To the stable come three kings, bringing gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. They represent three aspects of human nature which in the past have each reigned in turn. First the physical body ruled in primitive man. It developed power and co-ordination. Then emotions and passions took charge of the growing man and they for a time were king. Later he learnt to rule his lower nature by the light of reason, and so the third king ascended the throne of his being. But when the Divine King is born, when the Child-Christ is enthroned in the heart, the three kings lay their gifts at His feet, the gold of love, the

frankincense of pure thought, and the myrrh of self-sacrifice.

This wider knowledge of the meaning of Christmas teaches us one great and important lesson. It teaches that Christmas foretells the Christ-Birth as the glorious goal for you and me. While we commemorate with reverence and gratitude the birth of the Historic Christ of the past, we must also look with aspiration and resolution to the future when the Mystic Christ will be born in us. Christ, the great Teacher, was born and lived that perfect life upon earth as a pattern and example for us to follow. Being "The first fruits of them that slept" He showed us the way that we too might attain "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

In our Christmas rejoicing then let us lift our voices in praise and thanksgiving, ever remembering that the Birth of the Cosmic Christ brought the universe into being, and that He is the source and sustenance of our existence. That the Birth of the Historic Christ gave to humanity Our Lord the Christ, the Founder and Unseen Witness of our Christian Faith. Then let us raise our eyes to the mount of Initiation in anticipation of the birth of the Mystic Christ in the heart of each individual. This "Second Birth" admits the disciple to the Communion of Saints and places his feet on the Path which leads to the summit of human evolution where he joins the glorious company of "Just men made Perfect."

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
But not within thyself
Thy life is all forlorn.

"Hold then! where wouldst thou flee?
The Kingdom is in thee;
Seeking for God elsewhere,
His Face thou'lt never see.

“How far from here to Heaven?
Not far, not far, my friend;
A single inward step
Will all thy journey end.

“Than him in whom Christ dwells
What church can holier be?
He is a temple filled
With God’s own majesty.”

—————:o:—————

MORE SCHOOLING AFTER DEATH.

(Canon W. H. Elliott in “Sunday Express.”)

“Character is for a life that comes after this. Character is a growth into our true being, which is only here on this earth at school for a time.

The end in view is growth of personality, which would be silly if death could ever end it.

In actual fact death cannot touch it. We wake up after death exactly as we were before it, and then there is more schooling to be done, more journeying, more growing.

In these long ages of eager concentration on material living and material benefits, we have well-nigh forgotten the unseen world about us and the unseen world beyond us.”

—————:o:—————

LIKES THE PSYCHIC DIGEST.

An old subscriber, residing in Gordonvale, N. Queensland, writes: “I must congratulate you on your production of the “Psychic Digest.” I get a lot of comfort from it. I have been getting it for many years and I think it is getting better each issue. If only I could get some of my friends to read it, but they seem to be afraid to do so. May God bless you in your good work.

OBSESSION—ITS TREATMENT AND CURE

(This article, the first of two, is based on the psychic side of obsession, and is the summary of a lecture recently given by C. S. Collen-Smith, of "World Service", to healers and members of the W.S.G., in London.)

The Mentally Wounded.

For over thirteen years a human procession of the mentally wounded has passed through C. S. Collen-Smith's consulting room. They are the cavalcade of those temporarily disqualified through illness in the battle of life. One of the gravest wounds which can afflict the human brain and personality is that state of disease, named by metaphysicians 'obsession.' This is a state of mind in which abnormal symptoms exhibited are ascribed to the persevering efforts of an evil spirit, fighting to gain mastery over his victims. It varies from what is known as 'possession' in that it emphasises the efforts of the demon from without; obsession is rather a state when the demon-entity is credited with being in residence in the body and must accordingly be exorcised by appropriate agencies. The lecturer believes that a discarnate entity can, and often does in fact, have such control over feeble-minded or neurotic people.

The Key to Baffling Problems.

"Modern science," he said, "with its patient and laborious researches into human psychology has given us the key to many of these baffling problems, showing that the mind is a complicated, delicate instrument, peculiarly at the mercy of the perceptions of the senses and their multitudinous impressions on the brain." Both Prof. William James and Prof. James Hyslop supported the case for discarnate possession. Prof. James wrote: "That the demon theory—not necessarily a devil theory, will again have its innings is to my mind absolutely certain." Prof. Hyslop said: "There is growing evidence that the facts of obsession lies at the basis of much insanity and can be cured." The lecturer, whose work

has been in line with these scientific pioneers for more than a decade, told his audience of some of his early efforts to persuade the medical profession to work with sensitives and with personalities in the Beyond inspiring them, in order to rid unfortunate people from the thralls of these dark invaders who penetrate the human aura.

History in the Making.

In June, 1935, three London Physicians, and, later, Dr. Marshall, famous for his work in cancer treatment, met Col. and Mrs. Knox-Gore, and Collen-Smith, when an interesting meeting with certain personalities in the Beyond took place. The object of this meeting was to cement co-operation between scientific healers out of the physical body and the band of earth doctors who would be prepared to follow instructions from those on the other side of life. Collen-Smith, himself, was to be the link between two worlds, temporarily united in a joint mission of healing, and in a joint crusade to fight the dark forces. "We were assured," the lecturer told his audience, "that we were making medical history that day in England."

Psychic Side of Obsession.

Undeveloped "dead" people in the lower planes, unable to progress in the Beyond and filled with the strong lusts and cravings which they indulged in the world of matter, often try to attach themselves to the human auras of feeble-minded people still living in this world. Now because these spirits desire to continue their physical pleasures and are inextricably bound to the earth, they find that the only way possible for them to satisfy their need is to attach themselves to the delicate environment of a human body, from which point of unholy obsession they can pick up in a kind of second degree the sensations which a human being indulges in. This interference with people from outside the earth, inevitably produces mental collapse and what is termed 'insanity' in one of its acute forms if the obsession

is not removed from the aura. Mental deficientes have very little resistance to the thoughts of others even on the earth and still less for those who are desiring to obsess them from the Beyond. Patients are placed in lunatic asylums and are attended by doctors—men who generally have a solely material attitude of mind towards medicine—who give them repeated doses of drugs, which merely allows the obsession to obtain further hold as the physical resistance of the patient is lowered. As the drugs take effect on the physical body, so the etheric body tends to stand out beyond the physical, and this allows a discarnate entity to obtain stronger hold.

Young Girl Cured of Dire Mental Disorder.

One of the early cures with Collen-Smith was able to effect was that of a young girl in a terrible mental condition brought about by shock. This cure is perhaps best told in the following letter which was received from the girl's home and published in a London newspaper. It was brought about by active co-operation between a London physician and Collen-Smith:—

Bedford Hill, London.

“I was helping a distressed woman whose daughter was in a terrible mental condition brought about by shock. Brain specialists were consulted, with the result that she was to have treatment in a lunatic asylum for two years. It perhaps meant her being there for life. No hope was given. The mother was frantic. She consulted the family doctor, who endorsed the specialist's views. I had studied the girl during the fortnight that I was there and was absolutely sure in my own mind that insanity was not apparent. If, as the specialist said, she was to go into an asylum for two years, she would, realising where she was, go completely out of her mind. I asked if I could take the matter in hand, to which the mother consented. I decided to consult Mr. C. S. Collen-Smith and got his advice, not knowing at the time that he was concerned with

the new treatment for insanity. He went out of his way to help me and, together with Dr.——, he succeeded in bringing her back to her normal self, banishing the obsession. She has now returned to her secretarial work in a large business firm, and her employer states that she has taken a new lease of life."

It is interesting to note that the above case had been diagnosed previously by a specialist as dementia praecox. The obsession which took place was definitely ejected and, as reported above, the patient completely recovered.

A Vampire Spirit.

Yet another remarkable cure of obsession published in a London newspaper, has been made by Collen-Smith. It is best told in his own words: "I was called in by a well-known London physician to diagnose a patient who was puzzling him. The patient's condition had baffled doctors both in England and on the Continent. She complained of great pain in the lumbar region of the spine, combined with fatigue and difficulty in sleeping. On occasions, pain became intense and she experienced a feeling of deadness which gradually crept up the arms to the elbow. As soon as I saw her I realised that this was a case of obsession. I found that when my fingers came nearer than a foot from her spine, extraordinary reflex movements of the arms and in the upper parts of her body took place. She shivered violently. I made passes down the spine, somewhat on the lines of the method used by Dr. Cannon, and with a sudden sweep dislodged the entity who was possessing the patient. Immediately two red bruises appeared on the neck and the patient fell forward and lay quite still for a moment on the floor. These red patches prove my contention that the spirit holds on to the person obsessed much in the same way as the vampire clings to its victim. When the spirit was released these red spots disappeared. The patient then rose slowly to her feet,

remarking: 'Good heavens! What have you done? I can feel my limbs for the first time in a year.' It is important at this stage to remember that the patient consulted me, advised by her physician, purely as an osteopath. She was a Roman Catholic and had no idea that I was treating her for obsession."

The Method of Cure.

Certain entities cannot be dislodged from the aura of the patient except by giving a static charge of electricity which is applied to the spine. C. S. Collen-Smith does not favour this method as he prefers to use magnetic passes, the power—a psychic force—coming from his own hands, and himself used as an intelligent channel of conveyance of power from those working with him in the Beyond. The method of cure involves the full use of the powers of the sensitive. The sensitive must discern the presence of the obsessing entity and be able to, not only eject him, but also to reason with him by words, or actual thought messages, for it is important to remember that the obsessor needs to be released from his near-earth plane of consciousness, made aware of spirit helpers on the other side of life and induced to leave earth conditions, in future, alone. Otherwise, the whole process repeats itself in the case of another victim.

Yet another point to note in the psychic treatment is that the patient does not get well immediately, in every case, as a certain amount of injury must be done to the etheric aura of the patient in the process of tearing away the obsession.—"Psychic Review."

(Next month the sequel will deal with the history of obsession from the Middle Ages to the present day, and with the work of such scientific healers and pioneers as Dr. C. C. Jung, Dr. Titus Bull and Dr. Carl Wickland, author of "Thirty Years Among the Dead.")

CHRISTMAS.

By Effa Danelson.

(Late Editor of "Occult Digest.")

The gift giving season is upon us, and few there be . . . who can resist making someone happy, although it may be in a small and humble way. The Christmas Spirit never flags, although centuries have been added to centuries. Generation after generation has filed into that Great Beyond, yet there still remains the same kindly spirit, the same sweet, humble Spirit of giving to the world the message of a New Birth.

Hark, ye Children of Faith, for the Spirit of Truth has sent its messenger . . . loved ones are lingering by your side, triumphant in the New Birth. Behold the Messenger, as the Spirit of Understanding whispers its Message of Life, "Behold! a Child is born within you this Day . . . that shall give you Eternal Life."

Who is there among you that does not worship at the golden shrine of hope? A new hope, a new life, is promised. Those having eyes, see . . . having ears, hear . . . the voices of their living dead. Just a step beyond the portal, they hear voices . . . long since thought dead by those who linger at the sepulchre . . . speak in no uncertain tones: "Rejoice, and be exceedingly glad, for this Day within the hearts of men there is born a new hope that will bring Peace to the World, giving sight to the People of Earth through the New Birth."

Peace Through Unity.

Yes, Christmas is the season of gift giving . . . the Death and Birth of Time. We hail thee as the Great Humanitarian Day. In thy great mission to humanity thou has taught them to forgive. Thou has taught them to laugh and be gay . . . to be unselfish in giving succor to the needy children of men.

To many, the day means much that is sad, but though their hearts are weary with the drudgery of Life they sing the song of Peace and Good Will.

From across the border line those who love us mingle their voices with ours in their sweet message of hope and good cheer.

Swiftly time is passing. Each recurrent season adds to the wealth of knowledge for the Children of Earth. There is no backward turn in the road . . . though the winding path at times may lead us to think there is. The reflection of the past is the counterpart of the present and the casting shadow portrays that which is to follow. The unshed tears of the morrow are the pearls that lie hidden deep in the hearts of humanity. The thorns of yesteryear are the jewels in the crown of life. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad that you have come to this way at this time.

Centuries of turmoil and bloodshed have aroused humanity to the meaning of the anthem "Peace, Good Will toward men." Unity is the clarion call that will bring Peace through tolerance and recognition of the law of right giving. The eternal Now is the open door . . . wait not for To-morrow's promise; reap the golden harvest of Peace, ever abiding Peace, filling your universe with Love.

Greetings, Beloved, in this the natal month of the year, for unto the world is born again the Hope, the joy of renewed Life and Peace restored.

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I KNEW MY BELOVED WOULD DIE.

By Estelle Roberts in "Sunday Pictoral."

Two little girls were playing in a third-floor room of a house in Isleworth, Middlesex. Suddenly there was a darkening of the window, just as if a black thundercloud had cast its shadow on the glass. One of the little girls glanced at the window. "Oh, don't look, don't look!" she called to her sister. At the window stood a knight in shining armour, a glistening sword held upright in his outstretched hand. His visor was thrown back. His features were clearly visible. But, most astonishing thing of all, he appeared to be standing in the air! "Told not to look, the second sister, like all girls of the age, promptly turned to the window. She screamed and ran from the room. The knight and his armour and his sword disappeared into thin air, as abruptly and alarmingly as they had appeared. I was the little girl who first saw the knight. And that was my first experience of seeing a spirit, a ghost, or whatever you prefer to call it. I was eight. I didn't know what it was or what it meant.

But it made such an impression on my childish mind that, although I have since seen and spoken to thousands of spirits of all kinds, all ages, from all generations, my recollection of the knight in armour has never for one moment been blurred or confused.

That, then, was the first warning I had that in later years I was to make my astonishing excursions into the unknown, become the agent of what I believe is the greatest work in the world. I know now the name of the knight in armour, a name you would also know, instantly, if I could tell you. But at present I am respecting the wish of my knight to remain anonymous. From that first appearance when I was eight to four months ago—I am fifty now—I never saw him. Then four months back he came to see me and spoke. He told me he had come

to earth to bring greater light and understanding to humanity. His sword, still glistening, pointed downwards. An ominous sign. It meant trouble on this earth.

What was the effect of this apparition to a child of eight? The immediate effect, I must confess, was not very pleasant. My father, an engineer, rushed to the room when my sister screamed. When I told him what had happened he reprimanded me angrily for being "naughty," said I had seen a bat.

My sister had fainted. When she recovered, she said she also had seen the knight. So she, too, was reprimanded for being "naughty"! At school I was neither very brilliant nor very stupid. But I had one strange talent which no other child in the classrooms possessed. I could constantly hear "voices." They were talking to me all the time. The other children called me a "dreamer." Little they knew that when I seemed too abstracted to take notice of what they said, I was listening to conversations far more fascinating! My parents, good, sound Church people, deliberately suppressed my psychic tendencies. I do not blame them. It was natural. They knew nothing of Spiritualism. Neither did I. They attributed my apparition and voices to imagination, just as most normal people would if their child came and told them they had really seen a fairy at the bottom of the garden. Being easily influenced at that age, I believed the same. I thought I imagined my voices. Sometimes I would try resolutely not to listen. At others I listened in terror and bewilderment.

At fifteen, I got a job as a nursemaid. I hoped that my work would occupy my mind to the exclusion of these strange manifestations. It didn't. As I wheeled a child out in the pram, my spirit forms seemed to follow me. I could hear them all the time. They told me things I didn't know, could never even have guessed. More and more I fought against it. As another year or two went by, I became old enough to realise that I was "different"

from other girls. I began to wonder if I was going insane. That spectre of fear was to follow me for years.

I married before I was seventeen. My husband and I were devoted. I confided in him. He said I must be "fey," and could find no other explanation. I quickly proved to him it was not imagination. One night as I lay in bed, I saw quite clearly the form of an aunt of his pass slowly through the room. "Your aunt has died," I told him quietly. "Don't be absurd," he retorted. "How do you know?" I could not say. I only knew. The telegram came early next morning. She had died the night before. During the war, it often became my painful duty to acquaint friends of the passing of their sons or husbands at the front. I could always tell them before the telegram arrived, usually before it was dispatched. Why, I still did not know. Enlightenment had not come. My husband, never strong, was taken seriously ill after the war. We lived in Loose, Kent. I had to work to keep an invalid husband and three children. Life seemed very hard. My voices tried to cheer and comfort me. They gave me no consolation. Rather did they bring bad tidings. For when I saw spirit forms round my husband's bed I knew that his time had come. I sent the children out of the house. I sat with him alone, watching and tending him in his last hours. His death brought to me the most eerie experience of my life. Remember, I loved this man. He was the father of my children. And I had already been informed definitely that he was to die and leave me a widow. Can you imagine the strain of sitting at that bedside waiting for what I realised was inevitable to happen? But that was only the start of my ordeal. As the time drew near I could see the spirit forms of his father and mother by the bed, sharing my vigil. They hovered over him, waiting to receive him into their own world.

Then I saw fresh figures, the figures, as I know now, of spirit doctors. They brought with them

something which looked to me like a muslin wrap, described by spiritualists as an ectoplasmic shell. I sat there terrified, thinking I was seeing ghosts. Still more nerve-racking developments to follow. For when my husband died—passed quietly over, thank God—a thin cord appeared to emerge from his head. It was gossamer white, rather like a cord of silk, daphanous, almost transparent. Gradually, while I sat watching, spellbound, this same silk-like substance emerged from other parts of his body, until finally the complete spirit form was visible, looking down on the lifeless body on the bed. Do not laugh. You may not be able to see these things. You may think it the imagination of an overwrought woman. It was not.

As I have since proved thousands of times, I am clairvoyant. I can see spirits in every minute of the waking day. If I met you I could tell you what spirits were around you, who are your guardian angels. You probably cannot see anything of the kind. I can. It took two hours for my husband's spirit to emerge entirely from his body. It was carried away in the ectoplasmic shell. The doctors and the relatives departed. I was left alone with the corpse.

Worn out physically and mentally, distressed and anxious, I rose to leave for the doctor's, to tell him of my husband's death. As I got to my feet, a strange noise burst in on my numbed senses. There was somebody in the house! I went to the kitchen in a state when I didn't care if I met the most violent burglar in the land. Somebody was in the kitchen. I had to go and find out who it was, what they wanted. I had seen my "ghosts." Now I must tackle something in human form. I opened the door, ready to challenge the intruder. I meant to reproach him with invading the house of the dead, order him to leave or be reported to the police. There was nobody there. But I found something much more startling than the presence of a burglar.

On one wall, by the window, the wallpaper had

been torn from the walls, and hung in two strips from each corner, like open doors on hinges. It stood out right into the room in a strange unnatural fashion, just as if a man of mammoth proportions had split it open down the middle, flung the two sections outwards until the wall had been stripped to the corners of the room. Yet three hours before, I had been in that kitchen, had seen the wallpaper stuck to the wall in a normal manner, without the suggestion of a tear. I did not rush out of the house in a panic. For at that moment, the thought crossed my mind, "Something more than material wisdom is at work here." I stopped to try to think it out. I recalled every detail of the things I had seen in the chamber of death. I examined the wallpaper again. I could not understand. "There is something here I cannot explain," I said to myself—and went for the death certificate.

The funeral. There were few mourners. I had practically nobody to comfort me. I stood at his graveside weeping and desolate and lonely. How should I feed my children? What kind of a future could I expect? Then I got sympathy and encouragement from a quarter least expected. As the parson read the burial service I stood with eyes fixed on the grave. Suddenly, I saw quite clearly my husband hovering over his own coffin. I could recognise his features. He was looking at me, smiling gently, an encouraging cheer-up smile which told me as eloquently as words that I must not despair. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," intoned the clergyman. It did not worry me. For I realised in that moment that my husband was not dead, he had not left me. He would watch over me until I could join him on the Other Side. A great consolation spiritually, but not materially. I left the graveside pondering my future, thinking how I could best make enough money to keep my children.

I decided to leave Sussex, and took a house at Hampton-on-Thames. There began a weary search for work, iron rations for me, less for the children.

I did not know it then, I was being tested for the work which I was fated to undertake later on. I had to suffer, to know want and hunger, if only to strengthen the bonds of sympathy which now make my heart and efforts go out to the poorest of the hundreds of people who come to me for help. I found work as a waitress at a London cafe. It meant leaving home at seven in the morning, getting back at eleven at night. My oldest girl looked after the rest of the family as much as she could. Each night when I got home I had to prepare them their lunch to take to school next morning. But all the time, as I tramped the cafe floor with aching feet, I could hear my voices, see my visions. Behind the heads of customers whom I served I could see the forms of guardian angels. I could have given these customers of mine much more valuable food—spiritual food—than the sausage and chips most of them ate. I kept silent. I knew people would think me mad if I talked. And I wasn't at all sure they might not be right. For even at this time, I did not know I was clairvoyant. I was frightened still of my own sanity.

About this time, Harry Hawker, famous test pilot to the Sopwith firm, made an attempt to fly the Atlantic. He was lost for a week. He was picked up by a vessel at sea. A canvas boat he had taken in the plane had saved his life. That made me stop and think, once again. For just about the end of the war, I had worked at Sopwith's sewing aeroplane canvas. I had done most of the sewing for Hawker's boat. And I knew as I did it that Harry Hawker would come down with it in the sea, that it would save his life. I had told my friends so at the time. Once again I had been right.

My economic difficulties were solved by my second marriage. And shortly after that I saw the great truth which has directed my life and inspired my work ever since. I was invited to the Spiritualist church at Hampton Hill by a neighbour. It was not an impressive building. Just a tin shed, with few

trimmings inside or out. The medium, a Mrs. Cannock, still practising at the age of eighty or thereabouts, delivered an address on Spiritualism, passed on what purported to be messages from the Other Side. I was not too impressed. But after the meeting Mrs. Cannock came to me and said, "You are born medium. You have a great work to do in the world." The truth burst on me suddenly. I had known all about Spiritualism from childhood. I had seen the spirits. I had heard the voices. I had known and never realised!

A Mr. Stockwell, president of the church, spoke to me. "I can get on the platform and pass messages on just like Mrs. Cannock," I told him, full of the knowledge which had just burst on me like a light. "Have you been trained? Do you sit in a circle?" Mr. Stockwell asked. I told him I did not know what he meant. I said to Mrs. Cannock that I would agree to go on the platform and use my powers if I could get some manifestation of spirit power other than the messages and visions I had experienced from childhood. I felt I must have proof from outside my own eyes and ears. She asked me to sit alone at a table one hour a night for the following seven nights and see what happened. I agreed. I sat faithfully there for six nights, nothing happened. Impatient, sceptical, and a little angry with myself, I tried the seventh night. As the hour finished I rose. "That's that," I said to myself. "The finish of Spiritualism for me. I returned to the door, anxious to take out the children.

As I moved to the door I felt something pressing on the back of my neck. I walked across the room. The pressure was still there. I looked round. The table at which I had been sitting was suspended in mid-air, the edge of it actually touching my neck. It was held steadily in the air, half-way between the floor and ceiling, without any visible means of support. As I looked it moved back across the room, descended gently to the floor in its ori-

ginal position. I went on the platform at Hampton Hill Church the following Sunday, as I had promised. And the believers there were astonished that I, untrained, ignorant, could pass on the messages I did. "You must go on with this wonderful work," they said afterwards. And that is how I first became a Spiritualistic medium.

It took a long time, many strange and distressing experiences, to convince me. I had waited till I was thirty-four. Thank God, I waited no longer for almost every minute since has been occupied with the divine work of bringing comfort to sufferers, healing the sick, and, by many strange and miraculous manifestations, conviction to the unconvinced.

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SPIRITUALIST PROPAGANDA.

Mr. S. C. Day Lawson, N.S.W., writes:

"I have just seen the picture "One of Our Aircraft is Missing." It is a propaganda picture from Britain. The most interesting scene as far as psychic societies are concerned is when the airmen have to convince a Dutch school mistress that they are what they claim to be."

Spiritualists who have seen the picture will help our propaganda if they will write to the manager of the cinema in which it is shown, expressing their appreciation of the film.—Ed. H. of L.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

We have arrived at what in other days was called "the festive season"; and surely, even in present-day conditions, the term may still be used without irony. We know that for many people there will seem to be nothing to be particularly festive about.

Someone has said that Christmas is essentially a feast for the children, only as celebrating the birth of a Divine Child, but because children are in that state of ignorance and innocence that they alone can enjoy the season. The inference would seem to be that children are happy because they don't know any better! But the satire misses its mark—it reflects not on the children but on their elders. Yet there are many who, if they have not preserved the child-spirit, can still preserve a sense of proportion. The troublous things about us to-day are very far from being the whole of the story—they are only a relatively small part of it.

To those of us who have taken the advice of an oldtime statesman to "use large maps," even the tumult and the terror of the time is full of hope and meaning. It means spiritual evolution, the thinning of the old material veils, the quickening of the soul of Man to the recognition of things beyond the narrow range of the senses. It is a painful process, of course, but only, in any severe form, for those who do not understand the nature of the great changes which are going on in our world to-day.

In any case, "it is a poor heart that never rejoices," and even those who do not see what lies beneath the fear and fret of the world to-day may gain relief from their distractions by turning their eyes away from the spectacle, if only for a little space. Our troubles are fed not so much from any source and fountain of ill as from the morbid attention we bestow upon them.

We cannot say to the despondent soul, "There's

a wind on the heath, brother!" because, although that may be truly the case, the wind is likely to be a rather bleak one! But we can point to the holly, the mistletoe, the Christmas rose—all things of beauty. There is a spell in the air, "so hallowed and so gracious is the time," and a glow at the heart of things, which, if we could but abandon ourselves to it for a space, would warm our souls more kindly than red brands.

For those who have reached the assurance of survival and immortality, the greatest enemy has been vanquished—the fear of Death has gone, and the other fears are small in comparison. They are a grisly train of spectres, truly; but they are only spectres, not substantial enough to scare those who know them for what they are. Let us forget them for a while; they are not important enough to be kept in memory all the time. They are a kind of incubi—a vampire brood.

Let the only phantoms at our Christmas feast be real ghosts, the spiritual presences of those who, from the unseen world, gather with us in the family-circle to keep the high festival.

Many years ago, Dr. Ellis Powell, in a seasonable address to the London Spiritualist Alliance, referred to that passage in "Raymond" where Sir Oliver Lodge described the return of his son to join the family reunion at Christmas, 1915. Raymond had asked that a chair should be set for him. "Keep jolly," he wrote, "or it hurts me horribly." And he added what for us is a solid fact: "There will be thousands and thousands of us back in the homes on that (Christmas) day, but the horrid part is that so many of the fellows don't get welcomed." Dr. Powell concluded the story with a sentiment that has become only more real and vital with the passing of the years. He said:

"I hope that chairs will be placed in thousands of stricken homes this coming Christmas-tide," and that, instead of finding in our re-

(Please turn to foot of next page).

MY APOLOGY.

(By L. H. Williams.)

Since, in 1884, I took over the connection of my late father, the Rev. David Williams, M.A. Oxon., with "The Civil and Military Gazette," Lahore, India, I have been, for sixty years, a regular literary contributor to the press. E. Kay Robinson was editor and Rudyard Kipling sub-editor. Of course, I knew Kipling. Let me describe him to you. A small man, with brown moustache, wearing large spectacles, a broad-brimmed solar topee, mushroom shape, a dirty white cotton suit splashed with ink-stains, and very loquacious. On one occasion I sat up with him till the small hours; he did the talking.

Beyond my wife's psychic faculties, which only perplexed me, I knew little or nothing of Spiritualism and my wife was very scared of her own gift. In 1925 there came into my hands Dennys Bradley's "Toward the Stars." The book so astounded me that I read it till a late hour. The first thing I did was to calm my wife's fears and assure her that her faculty was quite in the natural order of things. This happened at Hobart. Next, I introduced myself to the Spiritualists. The President said to me, as soon as I mentioned my name, "We would like you to lecture for us." I asked, "What about?" He replied, "On your article in "The Mercury" of

stricted Christmas cheer something inopportune, misplaced and ghastly, many a bereaved heart will take courage from this assurance of a deathless presence, and face the darkened future with a new and glowing certainty of reunion."

From this, as well as many other points of view, we can with a good heart and with complete assurance, utter once more the old-time wish, "A Merry Christmas!"

—"Light."

last week. This article by me was entitled, "The Influence of Hinduism on Christianity." Many articles from my pen were appearing in "The Mercury" at that time.

My first lecture was soon followed by invitations to lecture at other centres, viz., the Theosophical Society, Psychological Society, Rotary Club, and also I gave six talks over the wireless, entitled "Metapsychics"—the late Mr. Britton Harvey congratulated me in writing on being the first man in Australia to capture the wireless for Spiritualism.

But it was when I posted my articles on the new science of metapsychics to my editors, who would have gladly inserted philosophical, ethnological and historical articles by me and remunerated me for them, that I suffered defeat. In revenge, I caused to be printed at my own expense, hundreds of copies of pamphlets with which I bombarded editors of the Public Press in India, Australia and New Zealand. I must note one exception in the attitude of editors. In 1928, Mr. W. H. Simmonds, of "The Mercury," Hobart, published my article headed "Talks With the Dead." I have only to add this. The mule is a stubborn and stupid animal but man is worse, and his knavery and folly are boundless—see Gibbon. In rare cases, the man whose mind is keen and alert can quickly grasp a truth even though it be new and strange.

"But man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he is most assured;
His glassy essence like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

—Shakespeare.

Norfolk Island,
October 31, 1943.

HELL-SPOTS.

(By Helen Braddock Carpeter, M.D.)

As I lay in hospital in a distant city, I heard, from day to day, and on through the night, at intervals, weird, heartrending cries. The sounds were so unlike the ordinary cries of human beings, yet so human, and so different from any animal that I know (for I love animals and know their sounds so well) that I wondered if the cries might not come from some ward in the hospital given over temporarily to the protection of insane people who, for some reason, could not be immediately conveyed to the State Asylum. Later, this not being probable, I concluded that the sounds might come during the stress of approaching accouchement in some other part of the building. But at last even this could not explain the insistent frequency of these cries of despairing impotence which assailed my ear.

At last, during my convalescence, I could bear the strain no longer, and summoned a nurse in the dark hours of the morning, and demanded, "What are those cries? What does it mean?" She replied that on the opposite side of the court, around which the hospital was built, a Medical Institute was located and these cries were the cries of animals used for experiment. "Ah! God!" I thought, as a swift rush of clammy chill covered my body. "How long must these things be?" To me, at that moment, all the world seemed stripped of everything, and every sound save these hundreds, yes, thousands of seething hell-spots distributed over our land, whence came the cries and groans of suffering life, unbelievable to one who has not heard. Though a physician trained to the thought that vivisection is necessary, yet vaguely realising that, even so, thousands of useless experiments are made, over and over again, upon these abject creatures, thus blunting the sensibilities of the onseers and hardening the hearts of the operators, this experience was a revelation.

SPIRIT HEALING AT THE TEMPLE OF LIGHT, BRISBANE.

On March 31, 1937, when working on a farm at Goovigen, Central Queensland, I was kicked by a horse and received a Potts compound fracture of my right foot. I attended the Rockhampton General Hospital and was treated by one of the leading doctors for two years. For twelve months of that time I was unable to do any work. An arthritic condition had set in and, as the foot was still extremely painful, at the end of the two years I was advised to go to Brisbane to see one of the State Government insurance doctors.

On arrival in Brisbane I visited the General Hospital only to learn from the Honorary Orthopaedic surgeon—a well-known specialist—that, in his opinion, there was nothing that could be done to relieve my suffering and that I would either have to “carry the pain to the grave” or follow his advice and have my foot amputated.

That was in March, 1940, I was then twenty-six years of age. The prospect was not very bright for one so young and I visited a Church I had not previously entered, and where no one knew me or of the trouble I was in. It was Miss Marion Steel’s “Temple of Light” on the fourth floor of Albert House in King George Square, Brisbane, and oh, what a revelation for me those sacred portals held!

During the course of the service, Jock McGregor, one of the medium’s spirit controls, entranced her and told the congregation of the wonderful healing he had experienced while inhabiting his earth body. I felt the story was directed to me, that it was an answer to my prayer, and as I sat enthralled as Jock revealed how through his own faith in the Healing Power of the Christ Spirit—that same power that Jesus felt drawn from Him when the woman touched the hem of His garment and was healed—and through the help and advice

he, Jock, received from the Spirit World, his own foot, which he had been advised to have amputated, was healed, a passage in the Bible came to my mind: "According to your faith be it done unto you," and I resolved that if Jock could have sufficient faith to be healed, then so did I.

I asked Jock for his help and advice and he told me not to have my foot amputated, that he and the Band of Healers would help me. I carried out all the instructions given to me by Jock McGregor and kept strictly to the diet prescribed, and I am thankful to say that within a few months my foot was healed.

My mother was very upset when I told her that I was not going to follow the medical advice and have my foot amputated. She called on Miss Steel and told her she had no right to interfere with the specialist's advice when amputation had been advised, but Miss Steel told her that it rested entirely with me, that I was the one to know whether I had sufficient faith in the Divine Healing Power to be healed or not. I know my mother is thankful now that I did have the faith, and I shall be eternally grateful to God for the help and guidance I received through those noble souls who have dedicated themselves in the Master's Service to heal the sick and suffering—God bless them!

On the 23rd January, 1942, I joined the V.D.C.-F.F.D., and although I do a lot of hill climbing and strenuous work my foot never troubles me and I have not been on sick parade since joining up.

—:o:—

A JOURNAL'S APPRECIATION.

The editor of "The Harbinger of Light," Rev. J. T. Huston, produces a valuable organ of Spiritual Philosophy worthy of the support of all thinking folk who regard this life as the mere ante-chamber of a more beautiful hereafter.—"Financial Gazette."

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

(By Harriet E. Johnson.)

“Joy to the world! the Lord is come.”

“Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee” (Isaiah, ix. 1). A song of Christmas morning, an answer to the angels’ strains of the evening. The sun greeting the Magi’s star. So this hymn begins in a burst of spontaneous ecstasy. Every living thing is as the slave, who has broken his fetters and steps forth into the sunshine from the dungeon darkness, whence he had never hoped to be freed.

The hymn in figure and allusion is a sort of epitome of the song of joy in the expected Messiah, which runs through Isaiah. The prophet pictures in various poetical strains the rejoicing of nature and of men, and the effect of this rule of righteousness upon all life. Sin and sorrow will be no more, thorns and briers shall give place to myrtles and fir trees.

It might have been the song of the shepherds as they returned to their sheep on the mountain after the act of adoration before the manger cradle.

The mystic blackness of night is changing to the rosy gray of dawn; and, stimulated by the coming light, the skin-clad countrymen, who had journeyed together thus far in silent awe, speak, though in disjointed ejaculations, of the angel vision and song which had sent them into Bethlehem.

“Thou sawest it too, brother?” “Yea, and heard,” was the response. “A coming and a voice such as Jahveh sent to the prophets of old,” eagerly added the youngest of the three, a powerful, dark-browed youth, who might well have been the reincarnation of the great Amos, whose name he bore.

“Ah, thy youth sharpens thy vision, my son,” said the first who had spoken, a very old man. “I can scarcely think it was more than a dream such

as I so often have in these days. Didst note the babe as anything out of the common?"

"No, for it was not," broke in the third shepherd, whose maturer years made him mayhap less of a mystic than youth or patriarch. "Yet we need the Messiah cruelly, and assuredly there was a light and a voice of promise."

As he said these words, they broke through the last copse of brush on the mountain side, and came into the open pasture where their charges, the sheep, were just beginning to lift their heads to greet the dawn. For the sun was appearing to grace this day of the Lord, and everything in nature seemed to be striving to give expression in worship.

The shepherds gazed upon one another in incredulous joy. Whence this feeling of ecstasy and conviction, that the blessed era promised of the prophet had come? Yet the heavens were singing, and they were impelled to add their voices to the mighty chorus.

Let men their songs employ,

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains

Repeat the sounding joy.

"It will be as the prophet has promised," cried the young Amos. "Listen:

Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:

Let earth receive her King;

Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,

And heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:

Let men their songs employ,

While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains

Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground:

He comes to make his blessings flow

As far as sin is found.

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FORTUNES OR SURVIVAL PROOFS.

(Reprinted from "Psychic Review".)

The psychic papers have been making a great fuss lately because several mediums have been prosecuted for fortune-telling under the Vagrancy Act.

"Psychic News," which "told fortunes" in 1939, to the effect that there would be no war, has been devoting front page articles to these "Victims of the Vagrancy Act." Recently I referred to "A catechism of Christian doctrine" published by the Catholic Truth Society, which stated: "The first Commandment forbids all dealing with the devil and superstitious practices such as consulting Spiritualists and fortune-tellers, and trusting to charms, omens, dreams and such fooleries." There is no doubt that in the public mind Spiritualism is not only closely associated with fortune-telling, but many people think that Spiritualism is just another name for fortune-telling.

I have been saying for the last thirteen years, much to the annoyance of many Spiritualist church treasurers, and many of their congregations, that we shall never earn the respect of intelligent people until this pest of fortune-telling is destroyed in the Spiritualist churches. If people want to go to fortune-tellers in Oxford Street, or other places, let them do so; but when a medium, who is supposed to be a Spiritualist because of his or her psychic abilities, tells fortunes in Spiritualist churches and is prosecuted, it is bound to reflect on the whole of that Movement.

What seems so significant to me, reading the reports in the psychic weeklies of prosecutions of mediums for fortune-telling, is that little or no re-

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ference is made to the Survival proofs given by the medium. Perhaps there seem to be grounds for denying that they have actually attempted to foretell the future.

“Quite Inconceivable.”—Home Secretary.

When Mr. J. R. Clynes, then Home Secretary, received a deputation headed by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, he listened to the Spiritualist case and is purported to have said: “As to the evidence of grievance under which you are labouring, you have left me in no doubt.” He then read a statement which as far as he could say represented the Home Office view. Mr. Clynes said: “It is quite inconceivable that the law would ever be invoked for the purpose of interfering with scientific research into psychical phenomena. The sole function of the Government in this matter is to protect the public against fraud, imposture, and mental terrorisation. In every large community there are numbers of ignorant and credulous people who would be willing to part with their money in order to have their fortunes read, and would place implicit reliance on what was revealed.”

You would think that this statement would be a clear indication both to the Spiritualists Churches and to the mediums that the Home Office would not prosecute those giving Survival proofs, but is concerned solely with those mediums who are fraudulent, or who are foretelling the future. The case seems simple to me, and I repeat what I have said ever since I first came into the Spiritualist Movement: “Mediums should give only Survival proofs and have nothing to do with fortune-telling.”

Spiritists and Spiritualists.

Of course there would be an immediate fall in the numbers of people attending most Spiritualist Churches. My advice is to let them go. Those people can only be called spiritists, and would be of no use to those in the Beyond, nor would they have any

inclination to carry out the implications of Survival expressed in our teachings.

I have visited dozens of Spiritualist Churches in various parts of the country where blatant fortune-telling has been given under the cloak of a religious service. The mediums purported to see what would take place some months in the future to the people they addressed. They seemed as confident as could be that a house should not be sold in March, but that the person addressed should wait until September; or to another, that the black cloud which was round them at the moment would be dissipated "in a three"—perhaps three weeks, perhaps three months, perhaps three years!

If They Could Not See a Small Cloud. . .

I think I can prove my case to anyone who has a logical mind. If these petty mediums scattered up and down the country thought that they could see what was going to happen to these people living their simple lives in simple surroundings, then you would think that the "big London mediums" would be able to forecast accurately something very great, which, far from being a small cloud, was threatening to envelop the earth.

Now if these "big mediums" were hopelessly wrong over the war, can you blame the Home Office for wishing to protect the "numbers of ignorant and credulous people who would be willing to part with their money in order to have their fortunes read and would place implicit reliance on what was revealed."

Our Job . . . Prove Survival.

I repeat, the work of the sensitive should be to give Survival proofs, and he should refuse to have anything to do with fortune-telling. If the law still descends on such sensitives then we have a clear case to fight for (as Mr. Clynes said) "It is quite inconceivable that the law would ever be invoked for the purpose of interfering with scientific research into psychical phenomena."

EXAMINATION OF THE MEDICAL PROPOSALS IN THE BEVERIDGE REPORT

(Compiled by G. Henry Moss, in Collaboration With
Nature Cure Authorities.)

The prospective imposition of a State Medical Service on the people of this country, as outlined in the Beveridge Report, should engage the serious attention of all persons opposed to the official benediction and universal expansion of questionable orthodox medical practices, which include serum-therapy, coal tar drugs, vivisection and surgery carried out to excess.

The evils of the present panel system would also be magnified a thousandfold. Many panel doctors attempt to fulfil their duties in a conscientious manner, but others are in the habit of keeping their patients waiting for prolonged periods, whilst private paying patients have been known to enter the surgery by another door. The Trade Unions have had reason to complain of the treatment experienced by their workers. Coroners have remarked on medical neglect of panel patients. Many doctors with the biggest panels are in the habit of letting employees "go sick" without sufficient justification. Officials of Friendly Societies have repeatedly protested against the encouragement of malingering, as it eats up the Benefit funds too rapidly.

The Beveridge report states:—"The possible scope of private practice will be so restricted that it may not appear worth while to preserve it." This hints that the logical outcome of the scheme will be the abolition of the family doctor, though this will be delayed to allay opposition. In a hundred per cent. State Medical Service, with private practice abolished, only orthodox allopathists would participate, and it may be impossible for a Nature Cure practitioner to treat a case of illness without committing a criminal offence. Further, the Report

does not include proposals for indemnifying unorthodox practitioners in the event of their means of livelihood being cut off.

In a State Medical Service the public would be at the mercy of medical civil servants who would evidently work under the direction of the Chief Medical Officer in each municipality, with day and night shifts, and thus the free choice of doctor would be impossible, excepting, of course, to persons with political influence. Any patient requiring treatment would be the victim of the particular doctor who happened to be on duty at the time of his visit.

It is an axiom in political economy that a monopoly is bad for the community, and therefore a State Medical Service would inevitably bring about an intolerable amount of slackness, inefficiency and unscrupulousness among medical men, and there would be no means of redress by the public, who still remember the admissions of Dr. Cronin in "The Citadel." Lord Derwent stated in the House of Lords on June 1st, that the Beveridge Plan would turn the medical profession into a squad of salaried functionaries—of State lackeys—and would not give the public a square deal. As the doctor's income would be assured by the State, the evils of the present panel system would be legalised beyond possibility of dispute.

There would be no incentive for a doctor to study, because after his qualifying exam. he would be pitchforked into a safe job, where he could rest on his laurels for the term of his natural life. Thus the standard of medical intelligence would be lowered, and the profession would attract men of an inferior type.

The public imagine that a State Medical Service would be directed by the Government and local authorities. This is not strictly correct, because responsible administrations of the scheme would be the members of the British Medical Association—the most powerful and ruthless Trade Union in Bri-

tain—and it therefore follows that these men would obey the dictates of the British Medical Association even in defiance of local bodies. In this connection we are reminded of the Great National Strike in 1926. The Trade Unions demanded direct control of certain national affairs, but the Government wisely refused to sanction such an ill-advised idea.

Democracy again stands in grave peril. We are fighting Fascism from without, but overlooking the advent of Fascism from within. Many people appear to think that the medical profession oppose a State Medical Service. Nothing is further from the truth. The proposals embodied in the Beveridge Report originated with the medical profession, and it is their intention to elaborate the scheme and to make it as expensive as possible to the State.

The present allopathic method of treating disease by suppressing symptoms is obviously wrong, and is responsible for most of the chronic diseases which afflict the community. People will be educated in the "New Order" to bow to disease as a natural heritage of mankind. The Nature Cure healers who treat disease by dealing with the cause are to be outlawed, and their practical goal of a community free from disease will fade into obscurity. Will the public surrender their independence and become slaves of a system which portends decay and death? Men who torture innocent animals are not likely to have any mercy on human beings!

TO ALL FRIENDS OF MEDICAL FREEDOM:
ACT NOW, OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE!

—"New Life."

—:O:—

"I see the personality of Jesus as the perfect Conscious Medium controlled by the Spirit of God. And that, I claim, is what we all should be: conscious mediums controlled by the Omnipotent Spirit of Light."—Olive B. Pixley in "The Trail."

PRAYER.

(By J. H. Brisbane.)

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed, the burden of a sigh, the falling of a tear.

We learn that God is Spirit, and Spirit permeates all things, seen and unseen, material and ethereal. Having that knowledge, we understand that God is within. We are all part of one great whole, and in spirit equal. So we ask, "To whom do we pray?" Many people have the conception of a mighty personage sitting on a throne, ready to judge each one for his wrong doings. The result is one of fear and trembling. Their prayers are of a nature seeking forgiveness and a place in heaven. But to those who have a broader understanding of God, we find prayer to be the outpouring of feeling.

To the mourner it is a spring of hope, the realisation of life immortal, and the desire of progress for those loved ones who have gone on before. It is the source of spiritual comfort when all others have failed. It is the human calling on the divine spark within in times of travail. To the joyful, it is the expression of thankfulness for the blessings received, and should be the desire that kindred souls should share the blessings of life.

To the sick, it is the desire for better health. By prayer, the thought vibrations are set in motion, and those healing angels receive the message, and come with love and healing to help and and sustain the weary and sick. To the needy, the plea for help never goes unanswered and unheeded. "God helps those who helps themselves" ever let us remember. So prayer is, in this instance, the summons for extra courage to face life's problems.

As we are part of a great whole, none can be forgotten, and nothing is lost.

To the wanderer on life's often weary journey, it is the plea for guidance by the way; we have ample illustration in "Lead Kindly Light amid the encircling gloom."

To the old and the young, the rich and the poor, it is the expression of the inner feelings of mankind. In our prayers for peace we send forth a great thought vibration which, if concentrated and strong, is a step to that peace we all so much desire.

"Pray on, oh heart, although the darkness deepens,
Heaven shall make perfect our imperfect life."

:0:

KINDEST THOUGHTS FOR 1944.

By G.A.W., Dunedin, N.Z.

Yes, Thoughts are Things; that's very true,
And so to-day I send
A packet of my Kindest Thoughts
Along to you, my Friend,
With Right Good Wishes packed between
To keep those Kind Thoughts sweet
Against the other kind which breed
But hate and dark defeat.

So, on each day throughout the year
Take out a Thought of mine
And match it with a Thought of yours,
E'en tho' the world repine.
If all those folk who Peace desire
Would send a strong Thought out
Those Thoughts would find a homing place
And Peace be brought about.

SUPPRESSED ANGLICAN REPORT ON SPIRITUALISM

[The following was published by "Psychic News" in their issue dated July 24, 1943.—Ed. "H. of L."]

Dr. Temple recently answered questions on the report on Spiritualism which his Church has suppressed. The occasion was a London meeting of workers in an ordnance factory. Written questions had been solicited for his address on "Religion and the Post-War World". He was asked: "Is there any truth in the statement that is being widely circulated that the report of a committee set up by the previous Archbishop to inquire into Spiritualism was suppressed by Dr. Lang when found to be favourable to Spiritualism?"

Dr. Temple replied that the report was not prepared for publication, and there was never any idea of publishing it. It would be bewildering to the public if made available to them. A few members of the commission were in favour of Spiritualism, and some against it. If it were published it might not be welcomed even by Spiritualists.

Then another questioner asked: "Would it have been published if it had been against Spiritualism?" To this Dr. Temple replied that the report would not have been published had it been unfavourable. Spiritualists will find these answers extraordinary. To say that some members were in favour of Spiritualism and some against it, is to give a curious reading of the facts. Of the ten members, the seven most influential signed the majority report declaring that Spiritualism had been proved. This majority verdict takes up the bulk of the report. The minority of three, the most unimportant members, merely sat on the fence.

The excuse for non-publication given by the chairman of the committee (Dr. Underhill, then Bishop of Bath and Wells—he signed the majority report) does not coincide with Dr. Temple's ex-

planation. When the editor of "Psychic News" wrote to the chairman, saying the suggestion was being made that the report was deliberately suppressed because it presented Spiritualism in a favourable light, the bishop replied: "The report itself disclosed much difference of opinion, and it was consequently felt that there was need of further careful investigation into the subject. On that account it was decided that the report should not be made public."

The Chaplain to Dr. Lang (Dr. Temple's predecessor) later stated: "It is not proposed at present to publish the report. When it came up for review it was felt that further investigation was required, and that premature publication would be liable to give rise to misunderstanding."

Later Dr. Underhill stated: "The position is rather delicate and uncertain now, and will not be clarified until the further investigation has been completed."

"Psychic News" revealed that members of the committee were surprised by these statements. They have never been asked to conduct any further investigations!

Dr. Matthews (Dean of St. Paul's), one of the committee members, who also signed the majority report, publicly protested against the findings being pigeon-holed by the Primate. Why should he protest if the report was never intended to be published?

Canon L. W. Grensted, at one time Dr. Temple's Examining Chaplain, has told in "Psychic News" that he drafted the majority report, which was accepted after it was fully discussed and revised. He himself signed it. He has made no secret of his seances.

After the press of this country had made many references to the suppressed report, Mrs. Stobart wrote to Dr. Lang. She did so on behalf of 150 Anglican clergymen who wanted the report published. His chaplain replied:

"The Archbishop is giving consideration to the suggestion that the question of making public the private and confidential document submitted to him and his brother bishops on the subject of Spiritualism should be re-considered. This is a matter which does not concern the Archbishop alone, and some time will elapse before he has an opportunity of consulting the others concerned."

If, as Dr. Temple now says, it was never intended to be published, why did his predecessor, Dr. Lang, think it necessary to consult the bishops about its publication? Dr. Lang asked Mrs. Stobart to "use her influence" to "suppress the press clamour", which was really a public demand for the publication of the report. The bishops met, and they decided very loyally after a secret conclave that the report should be suppressed. One reason given was that "in respect of practical guidance to Christian people on a subject fraught with grave dangers, the report does not seem to be so clear as to make its publication desirable." But the committee did not reach the conclusion in its report that Spiritualism was a subject fraught with grave dangers.

"Psychic News" has revealed that several members of the committee fully expected the report to be published. Unfortunately they gave a pledge to leave the decision to Dr. Lang before they started their inquiry. Some stated that had they known beforehand how the report would be smothered it was unlikely that they would have all agreed to a pledge of silence. The whole situation was summed up by an Anglican canon, Gerald H. Rendall, who denounced the suppression in a letter to the "Modern Churchman". Dr. Temple may like to reflect on his words:

"The ill-advised fulminations or injunctions of reverend 'Fathers in God', of the hush-hush policy which prompted suppression of the findings of the Archbishop's Committee of Inquiry, reflect the timid

(Please turn to foot of next page).

SLEEPING MAN CONTROLS A MEDIUM

Addresses Meetings Thousands of Miles Away.

It is a generally accepted principle that a man cannot be in two places at once, and in a world of matter that principle stands. Man, however, is something more than matter, and psychic science offers a considerable body of evidence that the mind, and even the etheric body, may manifest more or less independently of the body. The records of telepathy, astral travelling, and phantasmal appearances suggest that human activity is not confined to the location of the physical organism.

A most remarkable case is recorded by Mr. Edgar Tozer, of Melbourne, an experienced and highly respected spiritualist. Early in 1942 he received a letter from Texas, U.S.A. It was fully addressed, and came from Rev. Maud Spillings, of whom Mr. Tozer had never previously heard. It contained details of a circle held twice weekly, at which it was claimed that Mr. Edgar Tozer frequently addressed the sitters through the entranced Mrs. Spillings, and at times spoke in the direct voice through a trumpet.

Differences of longitude suggest that such manifestation would coincide with Mr. Tozer's sleeping hours, and normally he was quite unaware of these nocturnal activities. He accordingly wrote for further particulars. Mr. Fred Lake and others added their testimony to that of Mrs. Spillings. They claimed that at their circle the spirit of an Australian did actually speak through Mrs. Spil-

clericalism which has so often been the bane of the official Church.

“Few realise the extent and weight of the resentment which action of this kind provokes. Taboos on free discussion not only irritate: they give colour to the slogan, ‘Clericalism is the enemy’.”

lings, and in reply to questions as to his identity, he claimed his name was Edgar Tozer, that he still resided on earth, and that his address was "Amherst", 346 Barkly Street, Elwood, Melbourne, Australia. These particulars made it possible to write to him and verify the identity.

Spirit and Mortal Co-operate.

Mr. Tozer's wife passed to spirit life some years ago, but he has regular weekly talks with her through a mediumistic friend. Early this year he suggested that she might accompany him on these visits to Texas, and later Mr. Lake and Mrs. Spilling and they certainly express his personal views and were surprised to find both Mr. and Mrs. Tozer addressing their meetings. Full details of some of these addresses have been supplied to Mr. Tozer, and they certainly express his personal views and opinions. The report of the proceedings is signed by Rev. M. Spilling, Mr. Fred Lake, Mrs. F. Lake and Rev. Elizabeth M. Strong.

Here is a case which affirms that a person still incarnate is capable, during his sleeping hours, of travelling thousands of miles, controlling a medium, giving long addresses, and supplying details of his identity even to the number of his house. Yet on awakening Mr. Tozer had no knowledge of these nocturnal activities.

Mr. Tozer's Story.

Mr. Tozer says: "I enquired from a spirit-teacher, asking explanation of these nocturnal visits, and he verified the facts on the guidance, protection and spiritual adjustments necessary to free my spirit from my body. He explained his silence in not telling me of his part, until Mrs. Spillings' letter arrived, by saying he desired me to get the proof from the American source, so that it would be perfectly convincing. Now, after receiving regular reports for over one year from her, there is no possible doubt concerning the truth of what I write, hence I have no hesitation in publishing to the

world the facts of what may be justly proclaimed by the universe, a miracle of modern Spiritualism.

“My main objective in making public this phenomenal experience, is to show that the powers of the soul and the spirit of man are limitless, so far as human conception is concerned. Such experience (when earned by assiduity and continuance of purpose) is by no means easy to attain, nor can it be had for the asking.

Spiritual Privileges must be Earned.

“It must be remembered that (like all things spiritual) the privileges of it must be earned, when the manifestations become automatic, and do not need to be asked for as a personal favour from the spirit world. I realise that such manifestations are by no means common, and while they seem to be miraculous, they are simply one of the many spiritual functions of the soul of man, which are governed by the master-minds of the spirit world, who lose no opportunity to give help to those who are vibrationally entuned into their surroundings.

“The spiritual moral to be derived from this inter-communion of souls (both in and out of the body) is such that it provides embodied-souls of earth with the practice of a form of spiritual activity which transpires at the secondary resurrection of man’s soul, at the time of the change-over when the soul leaves the temporary natural-body, to inherit the spiritual-body, when it enters spiritual-life in God’s Country.”

The case is not unique. I remember Mr. J. J. Morse telling me that in his early days, when speaking at Brighton, he was controlled by a strange spirit, and on returning to London it appeared that Mrs. Burns (wife of James Burns, editor of the “Medium and Daybreak”) had endeavoured to control him, and was able to tell him of the subject of his address and the arguments used. This was verified by those present at the meeting.—“The Two Worlds.”

CHRISTMAS AND THE POETS.

(By Florence Pulsford, in "Theosophy in Australia")

The transcendent wonder of the Christmas festival, commemorating as it does the birth of the solar system and of the Christ Spirit in the human heart, as well as that of the infant Jesus at Bethlehem, makes it a subject of intense fascination to the poet. It has provided him throughout the centuries with inspiration for some of his noblest verse. The profound human appeal and the simple beauty of the legends surrounding the Birth at Bethlehem make them fitting subjects for the most gifted of our poets.

In presenting Christmas through the eyes of the poet I have been confronted with some difficulty. There are so many aspects of the theme—the incidents of the glorious night of two thousand years ago, the effects of those incidents on humanity, the ways in which the festival is celebrated—to mention but a few. The subject is so vast that its adequate exposition in a magazine article is quite out of the question, and the idea of touching on one aspect only does not appeal to me. So I have chosen at random from our poets a few extracts, which to me are of particular beauty, some for the thought expressed, some for the language used, and some for both. Some of these are well known to all, the others possibly will be new to many.

Milton has given us in his "Ode on the Nativity" what is perhaps the most widely known and best loved of all Christmas poems. One of the loveliest stanzas in this long poem is that in which, after describing the wild weather usually experienced in northern winters, he tells us of the calm and peace of that wonderful night.

"But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds in wonder wist

Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the wild ocean,
Which now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave.

The same idea is revealed by Herriek, who adds a fanciful note by giving the sun a knowledge of what was about to take place, causing it to set with joyous anticipation of the birth of its Source. All nature is impregnated with a sense of hushed expectancy:

The sun sets brightly in the sea,
Foreknowing what his morn shall be,
And dreams throughout the dewy night
Of rising on the Source of Light.
The day has ended mild and calm,
The sea-wind scarcely sways the palm,
The olive-trees beneath the hill
Sleep, in its folding, hushed and still.

So much for the weather. What of the setting and the Event? Many exquisite thoughts on the happenings of that evening have found utterance. A charming note is displayed by the 17th century religious poet Richard Crashaw in his "Hymn of the Nativity." In his conception of the scene no lamp was needed, for the shining eyes of the Child gave light to the whole stable. It is also possible to read into these lines the more esoteric meaning of spiritual darkness and ignorance giving place to the daylight of illumination when the face of the Christ within is unveiled:

Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble infant lay,
The Babe looked up and showed His face;
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, Sweet, and did rise
Not from the east but from Thine eyes.

A lovely 16th century German carol gives us in different words the same conception of the in-

dwelling Christ, who lives and grows and blooms in the heart of each one of us:—

The secret Flower shall bloom on earth
In them that have beholden;
The heavenly Spirit shall be plain
In them again,
As first it was of olden.

The thought which we gain from Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Connor and Down, is a deep realisation of the pathos inherent in the idea of a divine incarnation, the idea of the Supreme Being, the God of all, taking the form of a helpless infant:

To-day Almightyness grew weak;
That Jacob's Star which made the sun . . .
The Word itself was mute and could not speak.
Borrowed a star to show Him light.

The more mystical interpretation of the Incarnation, which tells of the Life of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity descending into and vivifying primal matter, in order that worlds and forms may be brought into being by the action of the Third Aspect, and remaining prisoned in matter to sustain the life of the universe, is no less poignant.

The ever-fresh and ever-new beauty and fragrance of the Christmas season is exquisitely expressed in a stanza by Jean Ingelow. Every Christmastide we can, if we wish, relive the wonder and sweetness of that first Christmas:

It was so long ago;
But He can make it NOW;
And, as with that sweet overflow,
Our empty hearts endow.
Take, Lord, those words outworn,
Oh, make them new for aye,
Speak—"Unto you a Child is born,"
To-day, to-day, to-day.

Even in a brief article such as this, we cannot ignore Kipling's delightful little story of Saxon

England, "Eddi of Manhood End." Eddi was a humble priest who arranged a midnight service "for such as cared to attend." However, the inclement weather and the Christmas festivities combined to keep people indoors, and no one answered the summons of the church bell. In spite of this the faithful Eddi went on with his service and before long was rewarded with a congregation of two—an ass and an ox who came in seeking shelter from the storm:

They steamed and dripped in the chancel,
They listened and never stirred;
And, just as though they were bishops,
Eddi preached them the Word.

He told the ox of a manger
And a stall in Bethlehem,
And he told the ass of a Rider
Who rode to Jerusalem . . .

And when the Saxons mocked him,
Said Eddi of Manhood End:
"I dare not shut His chapel
On such as care to attend."

In conclusion, the following lines of Adelaide Proctor are a guide to the practice of true Christianity at this time of distress for so many thousands of our brothers and sisters. The lines are in answer to a wish to have lived on earth at the time of the birth of Jesus, and to have had the opportunity of directly worshipping and serving Him:

Hush! such a glory was not for thee,
But that care may still be thine;
Are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child Divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now
To thy heart and thy home to take?
Are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Mary's sake?

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