

The Harbinger of Light

A MONTHLY DIGEST DEVOTED TO

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

FOUNDED 1870

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ADELAIDE

VOL. 75.—No. 9.

PRICE 9d.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1944

The Medium Who Walked on Air

“Heyday of a Wizard”, by Jean Burton (Alfred Knopf, New York).

Nearly 100 years ago there was a boom in Spiritualism, and mediums set the ether vibrating with spirit music, spirit painting, icy currents of air, luminous faces, and words written in fire.

Jean Burton has written a lucid, witty biography of the most successful and the most enigmatic of these nineteenth century mediums.

Daniel Dunglass Home was born in a small Highland village. His father was the illegitimate son of the tenth Earl of Home. His mother specialised in prognosticating the deaths of her best friends.

In 1840 the Home family emigrated to America, leaving Daniel in the care of his aunt, Mary Cook. When he was nine, Daniel and Mrs. Cook went to the U.S., too, and settled at Greenville, Connecticut.

The older Daniel grew, the more mediumistic he became. When the family sat down to breakfast the furniture began to scuttle about.

Pillars of Cloud.

A Baptist minister, called in by Mrs. Cook to exorcise the spirits, could hardly make himself heard above the din of mysterious rappings.

"So you've brought the Devil to my house, have you?" screamed Mrs. Cook, hurling a chair at her nephew. When he was 18 she kicked him out of the house, and threw his Sunday suit after him.

Young Home "had no profession. He never did a day's work. He became simply—on a life-long, international, and really magnificent scale—the man who came to dinner."

Always ready to help the children with their lessons, or admire a housewife's new quilt pattern, he was taken in by families all over New England.

He repaid hospitality liberally by dispensing "spirit prescriptions" to the ailing, and smelling-out long-lost relatives and title deeds.

At 20 Daniel Home was America's star medium. He had only to enter a room for the furniture to quiver expectantly. "Pillars of cloud appeared in doorways, and spirit forms lounged near windows.

"If the audience glanced over their shoulders they might catch an ottoman in act of pouncing. Pianos playfully wedged old ladies against the walls.

"Hassocks stood up and tapped out messages. (Once the spirits ordered beer for Mr. Home.) Folding doors swung unnervingly open and shut."

The Angry Poet.

To his brilliant repertory of telekinesis (moving objects without touching them), young Home added the summoning of pseudopods (spiritual arms and hands, which calmly handed plates and played the piano).

Unlike most mediums, Home liked to work with the lights on. "Where there is darkness", he explained, "there is the possibility of imposture."

"Humbugging!" cried the crusty poet, Robert Browning, when Home visited England. But Browning's wife, the poetess Elizabeth Barrett, was "bowled over" when a wreath of clematis flew through the air and landed on her head.

Browning turned pale with rage, and later threatened to kick Home downstairs. Said the

wizard suavely: "He had hoped the wreath would fall on him."

In England Home made his most important conquest. In 1870, sober, brilliant William Crookes, Britain's famed Nobel Prize winner, who discovered cathode rays, and invented the Crookes electrical tube, sat in on Home's seances with an array of instruments—electro-magnets, glass, and wire cages, self-registering indices of variations in weight.

Crookes placed an accordeon in a wire cage, and held Home's hands in his own. Soon the accordeon began "floating about inside the cage, playing runs and chords".

Home Hovers.

Then Home summoned a "beautifully-formed" pseudopod, which Crookes seized and examined. ("It was warm and life-like, grasping my hand with the firm pressure of an old friend") until it melted away.

Crookes also watched Home rise smoothly off the floor and hover, while the scientist futilely searched the air for wires.

Finally Crookes witnessed Home's most spectacular act:

"Mr. Home went to the fire, and, after stirring it with his hand, took out a red-hot piece nearly as big as an orange.

"Holding it up in his hand, he said: 'Is not that a beautiful large bit, William?'

"'Pray do not hesitate to mention me', concluded Crookes, 'as one of the firmest believers in you'."

Home went on to conquer the court of Napoleon III. When he marched into the royal salon, the crystal chandeliers tinkled musically. A royal pseudopod appeared with a pencil, and signed itself, "Napoleon".

When the Empress Eugenie asked leave to kiss the hand to which she and her husband "owed so much", the pseudopod graciously raised itself to her lips.

Meanwhile tables covered with glass and plates sprang into the air; a silver bell was "snatched" from the hand of the Countess of Montebello, and "transported" to General Espinasse.

Home became one of the most famous men in Europe.

A semi-permanent house guest at the place of Czar Alexander II of Russia, he married the late Czar's god-daughter, Sacha de Kroll. The French novelist, Alexander Dumas, was best man; Alexis Tolstoy, author of "Boris Godoureff", stood sponsor.

The Brownings watched this progress with a sceptical eye. Wrote Elizabeth Barrett reflectively to her sister: "Think of the conjugal furniture floating about the room at night, Henrietta—extremely disturbing." "This dung ball," spat her enraged husband.

Many of the most talented minds of his day were shaken by Home's extraordinary performances. Professional magicians declared themselves utterly incapable of imitating his acts.

The clergy hardly knew whether to praise or blame him. For years rationally minded critics had ridiculed religious belief in miracles. Now famous intellectuals were recklessly propagating the idea of a great spiritual power, omnipotent as the law of gravity; mighty, vast untamable."

When he was 38 Home quietly retired. He had always refused a fee for his seances. He took his pay in jewels, clothes, fur coats, and so on.

Attended by his second wife, his secretary, and a host of admirers, Home moved regally from spa to spa, leaning elegantly on a cane. He died of consumption at Auteuil, France, in 1886, aged 53.—"The News", S. Aust.

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Realise it thoroughly: It is a methodical, not an accidental, world. If a housewife turns out a good cake, it is the result of a sound recipe, carefully applied.—Drummond.

I CONQUERED DEATH

(From "Nautilus Magazine".)

I believe that it is not the dead who conquer death in dying. It is we, the living, who must master this hardest test of life.

When my only son, Robert, was killed in action in the South Pacific, my world stopped. I stared stupidly at people in the street. I no longer ate regular meals, feeling that the sooner I could join my boy in death the better off I would be. I stayed away from church. God had forgotten me, I reasoned, so I would retaliate by forgetting God.

My son's birthday arrived, and I resolved I would spend the entire day at the cemetery. On my way there I stopped in the florist's to buy a wreath. The florist, an anaemic, grey-haired man, was fussing with a dried-up plant as I entered. He did not leave the pot, as I expected he would, but kept on plucking the dried leaves from a seemingly shrivelled stalk.

"Why do you fuss with that thing?" I snapped out finally. "It's dead."

He glanced up. "You're wrong, missus. Part of this plant has died, true enough. But the rest is healthy tissue. See this green stalk here. The plant will live for many years yet. Bear mighty pretty flowers, too. And seed. Some people are like plants, missus. Living close to the cemetery here, I get a good chance to watch them. They'll lose a son or a daughter, or a husband, and they'll let the part that is gone shrivel them too. Others will watch the shrivelled part drop off and go on growing, just as long as God has need of them."

"Just as long as God has need of them." . . . The thought lingered. Could God have need of me, I wondered. Still pondering the question, I purchased my wreath, walked to the cemetery, and laid the circlet of leaves and flowers on the tablet erected to my son's memory. I did not, however, linger in the cemetery as I had done before. I went home. I

prayed. Lips that had not prayed in months moved woodenly. I bowed my head. I knew God understood.

Thy will be done . . . Four words of the Lord's Prayer. This was all I could manage, yet the words were an open sesame of strength to my grief-torn heart.

That night I retired early. We think of grief apart from the physical needs of the body. Nothing could be further from the truth. The grief-shocked person is a sick person. A long night of rest is most essential. Sleep did not come to me; but I rested with my eyes closed. I murmured snatches of psalms half-forgotten. I repeated those four words of the Lord's Prayer again and again.

The next day I returned to my childhood diet of milk, vegetables and fruit. I drank six glasses of water during the course of the morning and the afternoon. I walked into the sunshine toward the park.

It was not easy. I was fighting the hardest fight of my life, and I knew it. But I had made three important steps: I had prayed; I had forced myself to rest; I had eaten simply and nourishingly. Gradually, as the days went by, I expanded my programme. I listened to the radio. I telephoned my friends. I looked for work.

I did not need the monetary return from the work. Widowed, five years earlier, my husband had left me fifteen thousand dollars in life insurance, together with a three-family house. But for the mourning, work is important, especially if it is something distinctly different. I, who had been a book-keeper for my husband, both before and after I married him, found my opportunity in this advertisement:

"Wanted: Woman to take charge of home when expectant mother returns from hospital; no other children.—BL 0711."

I dialed the number, won an interview, and obtained the position. It was a wise move on my part.

For weeks I had been living with death. Now I wanted to be where there was life. New life. My employers were a young pair in their middle twenties. The prospective mother, still in her first bridal year, had lost her own mother only a scant month ago. She looked upon me not as a "domestic" but as someone who was taking her mother's place. Baby arrived in short order—a seven-pound boy. I became "grandma" because there was no one else to take the name.

For six crowded happy months I remained with my "family". The young father, a chemist in a central food laboratory, was eager to give his son the best of his knowledge on nutrition. Often, as we sat at the dinner-table, we would have long discussions on food for infants, comparing modern methods with the old. The talk would broaden to nutrition for adults. I was a daily listener to radio food broadcasts. The subject of nutrition became an increasingly absorbing one to me.

In October we had a dinner guest, an elderly gentleman who owned controlling interest in a chain of special diet food stores. He talked of a small store he wished to open in our city, and said he was looking for a woman who liked food and wanted to know more about it, to manage this store for him. I was interested at once. It was like being led to a longed-for opportunity. I regretted leaving "my family", but I knew they could come to see me.

By December of that same year I was definitely launched in business. My small hole-in-the-wall store is proving a profitable venture, and an interesting one. I have formed new friendships; attained new goals; begun a practically new life at fifty-five.

Part of us always dies with those we love. We can let the whole of our body wither along with the dead, thereby destroying the divine purpose for which we were created, or we can resolve to live with what remains, making the most of it, believing that the way of courage is the surest way to walk with God. To do that is to conquer death.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS ?

(By E. W. Birkett.)

The terrifying experiences of members of the W.L.A. living in Gill House, Aspatria, Cumberland, have once again set folk asking, "Do you believe in ghosts?"

Whether one does or does not, there are unearthly manifestations that refuse to be pooh-poohed away. Here are several authentic creepy happenings from the experience of life-long friends. The names are altered so as to cause no undue embarrassment to the people concerned.

Midnight had just struck. The old farmer, his wife, six sons and two daughters had already been in bed for hours. Suddenly a splintering of glass and breaking crockery awoke them all. The girls rushed downstairs to gather up their precious cups and saucers, but when they reached the china cupboard everything was in its place. Nowhere in the house was there any evidence of breakage.

Many weeks later, a similar experience was theirs. Again they had been retired to bed for some hours when they were roused by one of the boys shouting, "Get up, lads, the parlour window has been smashed!" The girls had also heard the crash, but again there was no sign of any damage. What caused these phenomena?

The Uneasy Curtains.

A married friend of mine had changed his place of business, and had great difficulty in finding a suitable house. After much weary house-hunting, he came upon a beautiful old-world place with broad windows opening on a long green lawn. His wife was delighted with the place, and joyfully they set about removing.

They were soon settled in, and all went well for a while. Then John found it necessary to be away until late evening for a lengthy period. Nights were drawing in, and Margaret began to feel fidgety

—not really afraid of anything tangible, but not at rest. She felt that all was not well with the new house.

Then one evening she had a startling experience which was repeated almost nightly for several weeks. As soon as the curtains were drawn and the lamps lit, the centre window of the drawing-room opened slightly from the bottom, and a wild draught blew the curtains all about. Although John thoroughly investigated the strange business, he found no solution, and they eventually to seek another house.

A Hospital Ghost.

Nurse Brown was training in a famous hospital for women in the Midlands. She was on night duty with Sister James, and they had just made themselves a cup of tea (about 1 a.m.) in their room at the end of a long concrete corridor.

Just as they were ready to drink it they heard someone with a very heavy tread coming along the corridor. The footsteps halted at their door. Someone knocked. They called out "Come in!" expecting to see the porter. Not a sign of anyone!

Next day a poorly clad woman was carried in with very severe injuries—fatal injuries, in fact, and Nurse Brown noticed particularly that the poor creature was wearing a pair of hob-nailed boots.

The last occurrence is the only one where the "ghost" was actually seen, instead of being felt or sensed.

It happened during those bloody days in early 1918, when the hospitals were full of the tragic human backwash of the tide of war.

Nurse Brown served as a V.A.D. in a big northern hospital. The night Carson was brought in suffering from a severe head wound she was on duty and helped to quieten the poor fellow. He seemed to recover, and after several days looked much better.

One night when all was quiet, Carson suddenly sprang up out of bed and grabbed Nurse Brown.

The Sister in charge rushed to her aid, and later, with the help of an attendant, they were forced to put him in a strait-jacket. He was never really normal again, although he begged to be released each time the jacket was put on.

After supper one evening Carson pleaded to be released, and the Sister decided to remove the jacket for a while. As soon as he was free he went berserk, and, taking a great leap, jumped through the ward window to the garden many feet below. The cuts which he sustained were fatal, but just before his end he looked at Nurse Brown, and whispered, "I'll haunt you." Carson died next day.

Well, the war dragged on until November 11, 1918, but the flow of weary wounded men did not cease for many months. However, in time, the hospital was converted to peace-time uses, and V.A.D. Brown went south to qualify as a State nurse.

Years later she returned to the same hospital, and was put in charge of the children's ward on night duty.

All was very quiet on that first night until sometime about 11 p.m., when a small girl was brought in suffering from extensive though not severe burns. After the doctor had seen the child and Nurse Brown was left in charge, all was quiet again.

Suddenly, a piercing scream broke the silence, and the new patient rushed out of bed into the adjoining sitting-room to Nurse Brown. Nurse attributed this to delirium, and quietened the troubled child. Then she put her back to bed, and drew her screens round her. "Now you'll be alright, dear. There's no one here but me. Go to sleep."

Then all was still again, but not for long. Again the child screamed, and rushed out saying she had seen a man. Nurse Brown showed the child every possible hiding-place to pacify her. "Very well, nurse, I'll lie down and be good," she said.

Nurse Brown had just picked up her needle to

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MADAME BLAVATSKY—MAGICIAN

(By Rathmell Wilson.)

[Helena Petrovna Blavatsky's life was a fascinating one. She possessed strange gifts, strange powers; she was completely selfless, and her work and influence still live on although she herself is now dead.]

"Magic", wrote Madame Blavatsky, "is but a science, a profound knowledge of the occult forces in Nature, and of the power governing the visible or the invisible world."

The more I study her life and work the more I am convinced that in this short sentence may be found the key to her whole personality.

It is impossible even to begin to understand her until one has admitted that she was a magician.

Her phenomena were produced always with a good motive—generally in order to convince sceptics in an extremely materialistic age.

Towards the end of her life she came to deplore them. She abandoned them completely, and devoted herself entirely to her literary work, and the Theosophical Society, which she felt were more important, and would have more permanent results.

"I produced phenomena", she said to her great friend Countess Wach Tmeister, when writing her masterpiece, "The Secret Doctrine", "because people were constantly bothering me. It was always, 'Oh, do materialise this', or 'Do let me hear

do some hospital sewing when the child literally threw herself into her arms, and would not be comforted.

"Oh! nurse," she sobbed, "there was a man in the ward. He's a soldier, and he jumped through that window."

This was the ward where Carson had died. Did he keep his word?—"Prediction."

the astral bells', and I did not like to disappoint them. Now I have to suffer for it."

About the genuineness of these phenomena there will always be keen controversy.

Some (very foolishly, I think, after much study of the subject) maintain that they were all conjuring; some that they were never conjuring; some that they were sometimes conjuring.

In this article I am merely concerned with trying to prove that she had magic power.

All her life she was extremely psychic, but her occult gifts seem not to have become fully developed until 1858 when, aged 27, she returned to her Russian home from India.

Her father, Colonel Hahn, was utterly sceptical about them, but was soon convinced by a test which he devised for himself.

He wrote a word on a slip of paper, folded it, put it in his pocket, and continued to play a game of patience.

Raps were then heard on a plate; a young lady repeated the alphabet, and, at the proper letter, a rap was made. The strange word Zaitchik was thus spelt out—the name of his favourite war-horse in the Turkish war, which he had written on the paper.

Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, in his preface to Mr. Herbert Whyte's interesting little book, "H.P.B., an Outline of Her Life", tells of a story told him by an old school friend of his, second officer on board the steamer in which she travelled to Colombo in 1879.

"Can't you light your pipe?" she asked him. "No, I don't believe anyone could keep a match alight in such a wind."

"Try once more."

The second officer laughed, but struck another match. In the midst of the gale, and unprotected from it, the match burnt with a steady flame down to the fingers that held it.

On the same voyage the first officer made some casual reference to what he would do on the return journey. "No", said Madame Blavatsky, "you will

not do that, for you will not make the return journey. At Calcutta you will be appointed captain of another ship."

This proved to be correct, although the officer had signed an agreement to serve on the same run for five years, and there were many before him on the list for promotion.

Mr. Felix Cunningham, a young American, has described how once, when discussing occultism with a friend, Madame Blavatsky suddenly turned to him and said: "So you think it all a sham. I will give you a proof that it is not. Tell me what you would like to have. Desire something without mentioning it aloud, and you shall have it."

He thought of a rose and, to his astonishment, soon saw one appear near the ceiling. It descended towards him, the stalk stailing right into his button-hole. He noticed that it had been freshly plucked, that the dew was still hanging to it.

Madame Blavatsky then explained to him that once man had obtained control over the elementals, such a phenomenon is "simple as child's play".

The best proof that these phenomena—all absolutely authenticated—were not conjuring, would be to ask any conjuror to produce them!

"Nature", she wrote, in 1890, in her paper, 'Lucifer', "gives up her innermost secrets, and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake, and craves for knowledge in order to confer benefits on others."

There can, I think, be little doubt that true wisdom came to her, and that she used it well.

Always she was an heroic Bohemian, a mixture of Puck and Pythagoras, but occultism was her life, the only thing that ever really mattered to her, and it is upon her occultism as a whole that I feel she should be, and desired to be, judged.

Her phenomena are an interesting part of her life, but her books (written under the remarkable conditions which I described in my article in the

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ROSEVILLE SPIRITUALIST CHURCH

Address by Mr. H. B. Raine.

(Control: Dr. Samberino.)

Good evening. It is most pleasing to see so many young folk here to-night; therefore, I shall address myself to the youth. My subject shall be entitled, "The Morning of Life".

You must try and qualify for the evening of your days by improving the morning. Rejoice in your youth, and let your heart cheer you in the days of youth; but look farther on—what of the after-days? Young people have a different state of mind to those who grow old, because they have activity and brightness—they desire to exercise the young body, to bring glowing health into the system, but it is also necessary to exercise the mind with knowledge of things to come. After all, the morning of life soon passes into noon, and then on to evening, and if you prepare a healthy body for all the struggles ahead of you, you must try and realise that you are not going to use that body for ever; that some day you are going to take on a new state, a new covering, but you will still have the same mind, and if you can fill it with the beauty around, cast aside all the ugly things that will force themselves upon you, to step aside from the many temptations of life, make an effort, you shall see as time goes on that the castles built up by you in the morning of life shall be strong in the evening of your days, because now is the time for youth to do this. You would not construct a beautiful home

February, 1942, number of "Prediction") and her Theosophical Society, still flourishing and perhaps destined to play a great part in the difficult times ahead, are her greatest achievements.

In them she "being dead yet speaketh".

Together, they form her noblest monument.—
"Prediction."

upon sand: you must have a solid foundation. Remember the youth Jesus; how He constructed His life in the morning. He had the usual amount of exercises; He was a student of many things. At the same time He allowed these thoughts of love and understanding to enter into His mind world. When the time came for Him to stand up to the temptations—and there were many—He was able to go into the hills, and He would allow His mind world to rest, to wrestle with His mind against the many temptations and the evil that comes around.

Do you know, my friends, that evil comes around good people, and evil forces over here endeavour to turn that good mind into a bad one. Therefore, when you are in the sunshine of life, when your mind is full of joy, think ahead and remember that the present makes your future. When you get to the evening of your days, when you go to sleep—the last sleep of earthly life—make it so that you can wake up in the dawn of eternity with a clear conscience. You can enter into the home that you have constructed mentally, where you can be permeated by the love rays that you have sent out when upon earth. When you people try and concentrate upon the sick, when you sit in your meditation, you are sending out healing rays (love rays), but you must be sincere, especially you young people.

To-day all over the world youth has a better idea of the brotherhood of this work known as **Spiritualism** than many of the older people, because they have been witnesses to life's tragedies and sorrows. Their hearts have been touched because loved ones have been taken from them—their own friends and companions—but there was something within the mind that made them realise that life for those brave men did not stop by the enemy bullet. They knew that the brave young souls would go on marching, marching to eternity, when something was planted within the mind: a seed of comfort that the survival of the soul did not mean a long wait.

These young people (many of them) shall return; they shall bring about thoughts that shall be embedded within the minds of others.

And so, to-night, to the many young people here and to the many young people who shall read these words in other climes, I would like to say to build now, and as you go on through life, although your body may change, your eyes may become dim, you can still retain the thoughts that the Creator, the Great Divine Spirit, would like you always to keep despite those who are ever trying to take away from you.

Sometimes, my friends, we find that earthly life is full of mockery. Even people—God's children—use this wonderful work so that they may capitalise it; and while there is a veneer of cheerfulness there is an idea of suspicion, but the time will come when those thoughts shall rebound, and it shall take a long time for the mud to be wiped away.

Young people who are growing up, much is before you—glorious motherhood, proud fatherhood, sacrifices, many of them—but if your mind is strong you shall be able to go through; and you can ask, and you shall receive, the help of your friends over here. Use the power of thought in the right direction, because when you grow old, when you have reared your family, you can sit back and rest and wait, wait for the new life, wait for the sunset, so that you can say, "I have finished my work now, and I can enter without fear, knowing that there are those who will help me across the river." There shall be someone waiting, but try and realise that those who have gone before can come to you, come to that youthful mind when in a quandary, and help you. So many have been helped elsewhere.

Those of you who are still attending schools must find time for a little recreation, so that the mind may have exercise as well as the body; and then, remember, too, my young friends, the power of prayer. There is no need for you to recite the same old orthodox prayer, but just be sincere; get

your mind in order, and talk to your Maker just the same as you would talk to your earthly father.

I know there are young people in the world to-day who have not had a chance; circumstances have made it difficult. They have not been educated; material wealth was not in that humble home; and yet some of them, illiterate perhaps, have gone out into the world to do work—in the fields, on the ships and to do labour, ordinary labour. They have reared families in humble homes, and yet other people have looked down upon them because they could not speak the King's English; because they did not wear a tie with the colours of the old school; because they were not in so-and-so's class. How wrong, my friends! That is not the way to start the morning. You must remember that you are all children of the Great Living God, and He has not created the poor and the rich to scoff at one another.

Carry your minds back once again to the youth Jesus, the Christ. He was humble; His father was a humble carpenter, and He collected around Him humble folk. He died poor, and yet He is the greatest figure in the history of the world because He set an example in the morning of life.

And so it is with you as you leave the threshold of your home, when you say farewell to your home or your father; when you are going out to fight the battle of life, remember always to guard your thoughts, to try and help the other, and do not think you are any better because circumstances have given you a better education. Try and forget all about this so-called blue blood—all this aristocracy. That, my friends, has caused wars in the past, and this great catastrophe that is now being fought. If you have a new suit, and the other chap, the other youth, is in rags, if he is a trier, help him. Do not brush him aside (or her aside), and do not mock, especially at old men and old women, because by doing this you are mocking at your future selves.

The mind changes every few years toward the middle of life. A man or a woman really gains

more wisdom because there is the past and the future, but they make the present the time to think and build something for the coming event, and that is the entrance to the portals of life across the river into the new Home of Many Mansions. This place is the future for all of you—you cannot get away from it. All the money, all the science in the world cannot keep you here for ever, and when you come over here, you do not bring any beautiful garments or any property, because that has only been loaned to you: it belongs to the Creator. You just bring your mind, your ego, your self. Now is the time to think and to live on a vibration, if necessary, of sacrifice and love, and to help your neighbour and to look always upward, not downward.

When the obsession of fear comes around—it does to all—disappointments and sorrows, go into your room and meditate, and allow the power of thought to contact those over here who are so anxious to come to you; but it must not be only when the storms and gales imperil your very existence. You must meditate, too, when there is sunshine and beauty.

Remember, always, that the evening of life—and we see here to-night in this congregation many dear faces who are now in the evening of life, waiting for the dawn: the dawn of new life, where they **can make that great reunion** with others who have gone before—there is that hope that reunion may be soon, because they understand there no barriers to love. Would not you young people like to be the same when you grow old, to have the same reunion and understanding? So, therefore, my young friends, plant that tiny seed now, and allow the years to germinate it, and the thoughts of love and kindness to nourish it, so that it may bring you in the evening of your days, so close, so soon, to a life of beauty, love and understanding.

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Have no sense of limitation; you possess the power to overcome all. Learn to use it.

PROMISE YOURSELF

- To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.
- To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.
- To make all your friends feel there is something in them.
- To look on the sunny side of everything, and make your optimism come true.
- To think only of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best.
- To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.
- To forget the mistakes of the past, and press on to greater achievements of the future.
- To wear a cheerful countenance at all times, and to have a smile ready for every living creature you meet.
- To give so much time for the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticise others.
- To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.
- To think well of yourself, and to proclaim this fact to the world—not in loud words, but in great deeds.
- To live in the faith that the world is on your side—so long as you are true to the best that is in you.

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EMERGENCY FUND

We acknowledge with gratitude the following:
A.B.C., Queensland, £20; A.D.N., Grafton, £9 10/;
Aenos, 84/; M.R., Murrumbena, 21/; B.W.T.B.,
Whittlesea, 21/; F.J.T., E. Kew, 20/; H.L.W., Nor-
folk Is., 20/; M.C. 10 Mile, 10/6; H.J., Tuena, 10/6;
W.A.P., Coburg, 10/; C.B., Sydney, 10/; W.G.M.,
Hawke's Bay, 9/6; T.L., Seddon, 9/6; W.P.L., Mal-
vern, 8/; T.L., Marriatville, 5/8; R.S., Emerald, 5/.

THE FRAUDULENCE OF MEDIUMS

(By Rev. Wyndham E. Heathcote, B.A., Oxon.)

The greatest hindrance to the advance of Spiritualism is the fraudulence of mediums. The position seems to be as follows: All professional mediums are fraudulent sometimes. Some so-called mediums are fraudulent all the time, but such are not mediums at all. But all mediums are not fraudulent all the time. Upon that slender basis Spiritualism seems to stand. The greatest foes of Spiritualism are some of the Spiritualists who pretend to be mediums but are not; or those who, being real mediums, resort to fraudulence when the occasion requires. Those who are sincere Spiritualists know and regret these things, and in London, leading Spiritualists are eager to expose fake mediums. It would be surprising if mediums were not fraudulent, seeing there is such a lamentable amount of fraudulence amongst all classes and professions. The completely honest man is exceptional. But mediumship lends itself to fraudulence more than any other profession. One of the most puzzling of notable mediums was Eusapia Palladino. Dr. Carrington said of her: "Every group of scientific men that ever experimented with Eusapia knew very well that she would defraud them if the chance were given her to do so." But for all that, astounding phenomena were produced through her, and Professor Richet declared: "All the men of science without exception, who experimented with her, were in the end convinced that she produced genuine phenomena." Dr. Carrington allowed that also. To gain a true opinion about mediumship it is necessary to listen to both conclusions of scientists. The explanation seems to be that the powers or gifts are intermittent and are not always in operation. It was probably vanity which led Eusapia to use trickery. When the gift failed she said to herself, "The great Eusapia must not fail." It should be remembered that me-

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WHAT IS DEATH ?

(By A. MacLeod, Bromelton, N. Queensland.)

Let us look for a little at the views which have been held. Some had very little difficulty in arriving at the correct ideas of what is called death, having had the privilege of communing with spirits who came back to tell of the great world beyond, but those were few compared with those who knew of the Spirit world only by hearsay.

The Egyptians were taught that the earth-life was but a stage, on a great journey, which journey had many resting places; that death, the termination of one stage, ushered us into the great life beyond, with its many stages on the onward march, leaving the material body to fall back into its primal elements. The Egyptians were also taught that men should love one another, and use every means whereby to attain perfection of character, so that when they came to be weighed in the ever-just balance they should not be found wanting, but be fitted to make a good entrance into the spirit world, and with renewed vigour pursue the upward path.

Somewhat similar doctrines were more or less taught in Greece, but mingled with others that were certainly wrong. In the estimation of the Greeks, the more famous the warrior, the greater, the higher he was as a spirit—as a god.

The Persians again entertained ideas more like those of the Hebrews as recorded in the Bible. The first of the Hebrew books relating to man's primeval stage contains great error. It is therein stated that death was inflicted as a punishment on the race, because of the fall of the first pair from a state of purity. The ancient Egyptians, as well as the Persians and Greeks, held something of the same kind. But a little consideration on the part of every

diumship does not necessarily accompany high character or great intelligence. Mediums are instruments or channels.

thoughtful being will convince him of the falsity of the doctrine. Man is an animal, and as such his material body is subject to wear and tear, holy or unholy, pure or impure in spirit, that body is no better nor stronger than are the bodies of many of the lower animal creation. It gets jaded, and can know more fatigue, in many cases far less, than those of other creatures. It cannot always last, but must, like all material bodies, change; it must of necessity droop, decay and die. Again, life is the same in all animals; and if many, the complete animal, was created to endure forever in his material form, then why should all other animals die? But were this doctrine true, and the fall of man from innocence had not taken place, the world would soon have been found too small for the creatures on its surface. So you see death is a necessity—a wise and beneficent law of the Great Creator.

Rightly considered, death may be contemplated as a great and good angel, ever standing ready to afford aid to the way-worn pilgrims of earth. He comes, as it were, with open arms, to earth's weary suffering ones, and cries: "My son, my daughter, I come to relieve you of your bodily pains, all your troubles and sufferings, and to take you to the land of peace and happiness."

Why, then, should man be afraid to meet this Messenger of Heaven? There is nothing in him to cause this fear on the part of man. The cause lies in man's own evil condition. Death holds the keys of the golden gates of that glorious land, and only the good ones on earth will be admitted. He stands on the margin of the stream, to guide and guard mortals across, so that the waters may not sweep them away to those distant shores where evil reigns. But while to multitudes death is a terror—so much so that they would sacrifice all to avoid meeting him—there are others who madly rush into its presence. But woe to him who courts, uncalled for, the embraces of death! His eyes shall not open to see the glories of of the life beyond, but in darkness

shall he find himself a lonely wanderer of the lower regions, blind and deaf to all around.

Alas! Poor wanderers, when shall the light break in? This is not heaven's destiny; this is the result of your own evil doings. Instead of patiently journeying on, embracing every opportunity for reaching your destination in peace, you have madly demanded death, and now you are in the thick darkness of your own making. Such is the destiny of man. He, the offspring of the Great Spirit, is destined by Him to be a partaker of all the good things in the lovely land beyond the river, where holiness and peace and joy reign triumphant—the boundless land of light and love, even the Paradise of God. Be not numbered amongst those who, by their deeds, doom themselves to darkness and despair. Alas! Poor blinded wanderers, what would they not give to have their earth-life to live over again.

When death comes to him or her who has lived a good and holy life—who has loved God and man—see with what gentleness he lifts up the spirit. He says to such: "Come with me, my son; come with me, my daughter, and I will show thee thy dwelling-place in the glorious Land of the Spirit. Come and enter thou into the house prepared for thee by the Prince of Peace." But to the covetous, the robber, the murderer, the adulterer—to all who have done wickedly—he comes with a frowning face, and in terrible tones he utters their doom: "Come, I will show thee the prison reared by thy own wicked hands in the gloom and darkness of which thou must abide till the day thou repenteth of thy mispent life. Henceforth go and wander the dismal labyrinth of thy own creation.

Thus is death a blessed angel to some, and to others a terror and a curse. The good man, laid on a bed of pain, prays for help; and when Death looks on him, he meets him with a smile. He is not afraid. Why should he be? Death comes carrying the desired relief; he comes to take the weary one away from the old diseased element of clay, and usher

him into the new and enduring house above. Here lies a little infant, enduring pain and sickness, not brought on by itself; suffering because of others. Oh, what a happy relief does that little innocent experience when the Great Angel carries him up to the land where no suffering ever enters, and where the young spirit will develop in wisdom and goodness under the loving care of heaven's appointed nurses.

See there, that aged man, tottering, with bent form and feeble limbs, towards the grave! He has from youth to old age been thoughtless and unconcerned about the future life. His attention has been absorbed in the things of time and sense, and, as he comes near the end of life's journey he begins to think, and he finds his soul, his better part, almost buried under the accumulated rubbish of worldliness. He tries to pray, to praise, but how hard the task! Does Death frown grimly on him? No, that old man, though he has long delayed, has at last turned his face to God, and death is not so terrible to him. But vast is the difference between the state of such a one and that of the little child. Better for that aged man had he died in infancy, or a stage above it. He will find it hard work indeed to climb the ladder in spirit-life. But there is hope for him, for amid all his thoughtless worldliness, conscience is not clean buried up, and now he heeds its voice, now he wishes he had lived a better life, for now he sees clearly, that, while labouring a long life-time for the poor mortal body, he has neglected to provide for the ever-enduring part. The work is all before him, and it must be done, and done by him.

But how shall I speak of the gracious and glorious welcome which awaits the man who has lived a life devoted to goodness, whose whole course has been characterised by every virtue, he who has put forth a helping hand to the poor and needy, whose arm has ever been raised in defence of the weak, whose tongue has pledged the cause of the widow and fatherless, who has sought for peace and allayed

strife, who has, in a word loved God and his Father and man his brother! He will be welcomed to the bright and sunny land by thousands of the blessed, for him the trumpet shall sound joyfully as he is ushered into the Great Temple. O glorious entrance for him: there to mingle with the good and wise of all nations! O, that all men would follow this course! How many families would be once more united, and forever blessed, that are now scattered in fragments over the spirit world.

O, Great Death! May the good time soon come when thou shalt find everyone prepared to meet thee with gladness, and not with fear and trembling, calmly accepting thy proffered hand, even as the wearied little child falls asleep on the bosom of its mother. And may those of you who now know something of the spirit-life show, when death comes to you, that such knowledge has not been acquired in vain, and be ready to meet him in peace. Death is the angel who draws aside the curtain which hides the great spirit world from mortal vision. How many of all ages have eagerly desired to look into the hidden land beyond, and been unable. But there were always some, a few gifted ones, who were able to pass through and obtain a glimpse of the glories, the wondrous scenes of the spirit world. You of the present age who are so much privileged above those who have gone before, see that you be not like those of the past, who concealed their gift and often sold its use for paltry gold, or made it the means of promoting their ambitions and selfish ends, but let your light shine, and boldly proclaim before all men the truth of spirit communion; above all, fear not to declare to poor trembling mortals what death really is—that he is but the heaven-appointed agent to open up to man the bright land, where there is no God-created darkness, and where the terrors of death are unknown; where He reigns and rules, in love and truth, Who is King of Kings and Prince of Peace.

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OUR REFERENCE LIBRARY

Owing to having sold the "Harbinger" Lending Library on winding-up the "Harbinger of Light" Company, we are constantly in need of some of these books for our own reference. We have managed to purchase a few books on Spiritualism and kindred subjects needed in our work, but would like to complete our reference library. We would be grateful if our readers have books that, having read, they are willing to donate or sell to us. Please let us know what you have, and the price.—Editor "H. of L."

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Circular Letter posted to editors of the public press in India, Australia and New Zealand, by Col. H. L. Williams, Norfolk Island.

Sir,—It is an undoubted fact that, at the termination of your earthly career, you will become a corpse. This, there is no disputing.

Is it not time for you to begin a serious quest in order to ascertain, beyond peradventure, whether a corruptible corpse is going to be the ultimate end of your personality, or the reverse?

" 'Tis time

New hopes should animate the world;

New light should dawn from new revelations to a
race

Weighed down so long!"

May it be yours, then, my friends, when the Messenger comes, not to hail his approach with fear, but with joy and great peace, and find that he is a meek and loving angel, for such he ever is to those who walk uprightly; while to him who has done wickedly he appears with a dark and frowning brow, not of anger, but of grief, vexed that he has been unable to usher that spirit into the land of light, and must now let him wander away into the blackness of darkness.

REFLECTIONS ON I COR. XV.

(To the Editor.)

When reading the 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, I am of the opinion that the significance of the verse, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body", has escaped the attention of many people interested in psychic research.

The writer of the epistle, it will be noted, made it quite clear that the two bodies, both natural and spiritual—or, as we would say, the physical and etheric bodies—are contemporaneous, or in other words, are so existent until such time as the physical body wears out and ceases to function through accident or disease.

The spiritual or psychic body then, being released from its co-partner, goes to the place or state of existence that the soul and personality possessing it has prepared for it during the earth life. One would imagine, when witnessing the behaviour of people at funerals, that the disposal of the physical envelope of the spiritual body meant the end of the individual life of the person.

I have seen mourners attempt to throw themselves into the grave in their paroxysms of grief at the supposed loss of the loved one apparently gone from them forever! Orthodox religion has not been very kind to its adherents, because the only hope its teachers can give to the faithful about the destiny of those who have gone beyond the veil is that there will be a general resurrection at the last day, when the "dead" will rise from their graves, and a judgment day will follow.

Spiritualism teaches that individuals who have reached the end of their earth life do not have to wait until some mythical resurrection day to ascend to the new life; as soon as the parting takes place between the two bodies the soul body is free, the personality and the consciousness continue, and that

arisen person is, under proper conditions, able to demonstrate his or her conscious continued life to those who have been left to finish their journey on the earth.

Why orthodox religion does not realise the importance of the new evidence that psychic research has given to the world is a complete mystery. Myers, I think it was, who said, in effect, that no one in a few years' time would believe in the Resurrection, but, with the new facts at our disposal, all men could not fail to believe.

The world owes, and will continue to owe, to all who have pioneered the new truth, a debt of gratitude for the long and patient struggle over the last century to bring the facts under the notice of the sorrowful who had no knowledge of the continued existence of their loved ones, in spite of teachings of their religion.

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," and Spiritualism has demonstrated to the world in spite of all opposition, bigotry, fakes, etc., that life is continuous, that we prepare a place for ourselves in that wonderful after-life, where we can meet those who have gone ahead, and who will welcome us when it is our turn to take a step upwards and onwards toward that perfection that we are told is possible by those guides who lead us from day to day, and shelter us from the ills and trials that would be unbearable if we had to shoulder them alone.

W. C. BLAKEMORE.

Brisbane.

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What atom forms of insect life appear,
And who can follow Nature's pencil here!
Their wings with azure, green, and purple glossed,
Studded with coloured eyes, with gems embossed,
Inlaid with pearl, and marked with various stains
Of lively crimson, through their dusky veins.

—A. L. Barrauld (1743-1825).

PHOTOGRAPHIC THOUGHTS

(By William Butler.)

[Is it possible that thoughts can be photographed? Can it take place without any deliberate exertion of will or consciousness of what is taking place on the part of the agent. Mr. Butler believes it is so.]

At one time I happened to be acquainted with a chemist, an honest and simple soul of average good intelligence, who also as a sideline took photographs, in which latter capacity he was by far the less competent, judging from the samples I saw of his artistic efforts. I mention this fact as proof that, had he so wished, he could not have successfully faked plates or films with intention to defraud. Certainly he evinced what appeared to be genuine surprise at discovering upon his negatives "extras". In the first place these were just curious and inexplicable markings, but finally faces took shape as well, and even full-length figures. He was the more puzzled because, like the bulk of the public in those days, he was wholly ignorant of the findings of Spiritualism.

The "extra" that filled him with the greatest astonishment was one of a young woman, whom he at once recognised; she stood erect, and held in front of her, in both hands, a man's tall hat. He recalled how years previously he had been travelling with her in a railway carriage; they had indulged in some horseplay, as young folk will, with the result that she knocked his silk "topper" off his head and out of the open window. This incident much distressed his fair companion, though he tried to make light of it; indeed, she regarded the loss of his head-gear as of much more serious consequence than did he himself, and was not to be set at rest upon that score. His thoughts, however, were very soon turned in other and less frivolous directions. She passed out of his life, along with the offending hat, and had faded as completely from his memory until this picture of her, forming so unmistakably

upon the photographic plate, sent his mind back in a flash to the event narrated.

Not unnaturally, he jumped to the conclusion that she had left this world, and was anxious to convince him of her survival; although why him in particular, rather than anybody more closely connected with her, he never stopped to consider. If the young woman was still in the flesh, which is quite possible, then the most reasonable solution is that what he obtained was simply an objective impression of his own lingering recollection of her resurrected from the depths of his subconscious mind by some chance association of ideas.

Is one to assume, then, that thoughts can be photographed? May this occur, moreover, without any deliberate exertion of will, or the least consciousness of what is taking place, upon the part of the agent? Such I believe to be undoubtedly the case. On the other hand, faith may play a considerable part in bringing about desired results: very similarly as it does, though more completely, in the production of stigmata on the human body. Hence with regard to fairies, photographs alone do not provide sufficient evidence of their existence; especially if they are taken by a child, or when children are present. For the tiny creatures may then be merely thought forms emanating from the brain of some imaginative youngster, or, perhaps, those of several.

I was once solemnly informed by a well-known actor that while he was acting in some play of Shakespeare's, he had observed the Bard of Avon standing in the wings, and watching with manifest approval his performance. Though I refrained from disillusioning him, I could not help feeling that such an appreciation of his own histrionic powers was a little too flattering, and that what the lens of a camera would have registered (if anything at all) was not a likeness of Shakespeare actually in the spirit, but just a thought form of a somewhat stereotyped theatrical kind.

In "The Annals of Psychological Science (vol. III, May, 1906) an account is given of an attempt by Dr. A. M. Veeder, a scientist of Lyons, near Rochester, N.Y., to photograph thoughts under rigid test conditions. He, we are told, invited a number of friends to participate in an experiment to demonstrate the possibility of affecting a photographic plate by a purely mental process. To this end, "a plate from a package which had not been opened before was put in the holder and laid on the table, the shutter being closed. Each person placed one hand about four inches above the plate, with the other hand under the plate and table, and they were requested to fix their minds on a named object. After an exposure of about one minute the plate was taken into a dark room and developed." To cut a long story short, on the negative was found a spot, roughly the size of a silver dollar, which was what those subjected to the test had had in mind. The precautions taken against deception of any sort were of such a nature that there was no escape from the conclusion that a mental impression had indeed been thus precipitated. But this, in the opinion of Dr. Veeder, "cannot be successfully performed by sheer effort of the will without the peculiar sensitiveness of the mind, evidence of which was secured in the five persons participating in the experiment."

As spirits can, presumably, so imprint a picture of themselves upon plate or film, one wonders why a photographic medium should ever need to employ a camera. This problem seems to have presented itself to Conan Doyle, for he comments in his "History of Spiritualism": "The author has obtained results on plates which never left the dark room, quite as vivid as any which have been exposed to light. It is probable that if Hope never took the cap off the lens his results would often be the same." A view which is more than supported by George Lindsay Johnson, who states: "I do not believe that the camera lens has anything to do with the taking of the extra: as when I have used a stereoscopic

camera, the two images do not fuse when placed in a stereoscope. . . . I find I often get just as good results by holding an unopened packet of plates against the medium's forehead."

Mr. Bright, a former editor of the "Harbinger of Light", Melbourne, Australia, wrote to James Coates, author of "Photographing the Invisible": "A leading photographer here, now retired, devotes himself to trying to get spirit photographs. . . . He simply holds the plates in his hand. One day in Sydney, on a visit, he had been much interested in watching a man in a canoe in the harbour. This is not seen in Melbourne. That night he held his plate. Next day developed it. There was a small figure on the plate, and this on close examination proved to be a reproduction of the man in the canoe."

Jackson Holroyd, in a pamphlet on "Psychic Photography (first published by the International Institute of Psychical Research in 1934) claims to have discovered that "Psychic Photography is a natural phenomenon due to laws which operate in other fields of science"; which fact, he says, "disposes of the fraud theory, but also of the fallacy that the production of psychic photographs requires the possession of mediumistic gifts." To his entire satisfaction he proved that: (1) Images could occur at different depths in a photographic emulsion. (2) If such images were recorded of a sufficient density as to be printable, each image would print out at a different time in development. (3) It would be difficult to print more than one image at one stage of development, several prints being required fully to explore the negative. . . . Lastly, he found that if an extra showed itself before the print was fully developed, upon further development this marking or image invariably disappeared. Mr. Holroyd expresses himself as in agreement with Dr. Veeder that this class of super-normal phenomena "cannot be produced at will". It may be that the employ-

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TRUTH AND PROOF

(By J.H., Brisbane.)

We thinking people in a world of strife are searching for truth: a truth that will free us from all the fears of the unknown. What happens when we die, and whither goes the soul of man? Truth is reality, or fact, which we can comprehend and firmly grasp in our minds. To do this, we require proof by demonstration, which will be convincing evidence. Truth is not to be set in bounds, but is as boundless as the universe. Some of the truths with their accompanying proofs are as follows: Tolerance—which will need to be exercised much more in our post-war period—brings progression. Linked with tolerance comes reason. Did not the prophet say, over a perplexing query, "Come, let us reason together"? So we Spiritualists ask you not to condemn our religion because you have no knowledge of our teachings, but to investigate and reason among yourselves before either accepting or rejecting our beliefs. "Freedom of thought and the right to reason for oneself" is one of our principles.

We do not demand that you believe, but that you think things out for yourself, and reject that which does not appeal to you. Our religion is not based on belief alone, but on actual proof that there is a life after death, and that it is possible for those loved ones, gone on before, to contact those left on

ment of a camera depends upon the depth to which a psychic extra can penetrate the emulsion.

Many others have experimented in photographing thoughts; notably Professor Fukurai, of the Psychological Institute of Japan, who has presented us with an intriguing volume on "Clairvoyance and Thoughtography. But there is still plenty of room for further investigation of this fascinating subject, with or without a camera, along similar lines.—"Prediction."

earth. In the Bible there are many instances of spirit communication. Greatest of all, did not Jesus, after his crucifixion, appear to His disciples in the upper room, there to prove to them that He still lived; and before His ascension He told them, "In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you." And yet again, in the story so familiar to all, did not the angels appear to the shepherds and sing their joyful news that indicated the birth of Jesus? So, as these things happened in days past, to-day brings proof of spirit return.

Jesus did not lie in the grave, but went on to the Greater Life beyond, and so our loved ones return to say they still live on. They tell us that there is nothing to fear in death: it is but passing from one room into another, and there is opportunity to atone for the wrongs done on earth. They tell us that there is no burning hell, the only hell being of our own making of remorse and regret for the wrongs we did on earth. They tell of the happy re-union with loved ones, of the spiritual growth of those who have passed from this earth whilst children. Above all, they ask us not to grieve, not to mourn for them, because they can see us, and feel with us, and our sorrow is their sorrow too.

Think of those elderly loved ones who have suffered terrible illness after a life of toil and care. Think of the life ahead, free from pain for them, joyous with re-union, and a life of progression. Think also of those dear children, taken by God before they have experienced life here. They are cared for, educated, and loved, and you some day will meet them again. And think, too, as we all are thinking, of the many of our boys who will not return from the war. Is life finished for them? No. They have not died: they live and walk along life's pathway of endless progression, which is open for all to tread.

And so we hope that a little of our truth will lift the shadows of the Unknown, and give you a glimpse of what lies before you in the life to come.

THE WAY TO SEERSHIP

(By Nancy Dell.)

It is said that quite fifty per cent. of people are psychically perceptive, but even if one is not born with this power it can be attained and developed by anyone who is willing to give time to study and practice.

The word clairvoyance means: clair, clear; voir, to see. It is an extension of normal vision, or the faculty of seeing and becoming aware of things not at the time visible to the eye. It is, in fact, a sixth sense, and the visions beheld by the seer are either subjective or objective. That is to say, the first is a purely mental operation, while the second is when the vision is built up before the clairvoyant.

A seer has the choice of several media through which he can foretell the future; card-reading, formation of tea leaves in a cup, psychometry, and crystal-gazing, to name but a few. On the Continent, where, next to wine, coffee is the principal beverage, the grounds of the coffee are "read".

A beginner should choose the form in which he feels happiest. It is the act of deliberate concentration that induces a kind of self-hypnotism, and enables the seer to shut out the material environment. I have known a medium to handle a pack of cards, yet never glance at any of them. Another will apparently psychometrise an article, but will discard it and continue the reading with unconcern.

Others who study the tea-cup confess that they can get nothing from the crystal, cards, etc. Yet what each clairvoyance "gives" comes from the spiritual mind, and each uses the gift in the way suited to his individual purpose.

Many clairvoyants close their eyes when they are speaking. This, of course, enables them to shut out all sights which might help to distract their attention. They see the pictures of the people and events they are describing, and these visions appear

to them like a cinematograph film. Symbols flash into view so swiftly that there is often little time to relate the full meaning, and the sitter must interpret these symbols for himself. For instance, a goose laying a golden egg would mean the loss of a golden opportunity if the egg is not immediately seized.

A key, a forest, a bridge, all these are symbolical, and the real meanings are given to the clairvoyant in some mysterious and inexplicable way. The more experienced one becomes the less delay will be necessary to explain the symbols.

This war has made people take more interest in the Occult, and it is not surprising that there is a gradual but decided leaning towards Spiritualism and psychical research. The Bible is filled with instances, of warnings and dreams, and, it by clairvoyance we can avoid pitfalls and suffering, surely it behoves us to study this wonderful science, and so help to make the world a happier place to live in.

There are methods and rules which must be followed if one wishes to become a successful medium. One must first of all learn to concentrate.

"Prediction" has published many articles dealing with the Yogi of the East, who practise asceticism and various penances in order that they may attain supernatural powers. The method of Yoga is purely scientific. It is believed, and has been proved, that a man can create in himself any quality—desirable or otherwise—by meditation. And as meditation means attentive and sustained thinking this brings us back again to concentration.

You must rigidly adhere to a strict programme, and the time allotted to concentration naturally depends on the individual. If you can spare fifteen minutes or half an hour daily this is ideal. If not, two or three sittings a week will suffice, although, of course, in this case, progress will be slower. But whichever times you choose you must keep to them. It is no use, for instance, "sitting" at ten o'clock on Monday and at a quarter-past three on Wednesday. If you choose ten o'clock, you must see to it

that your development is carried out at that hour of the day.

Choose a quiet room, and, if possible, sit always in the same chair, with your back to the light. Do not sit immediately after a heavy meal; neither must you be hungry.

Relax completely. Remove all tension mentally, and mentally let go of all adverse conditions. By these I mean anger, worry, jealousy, hatred, sorrow. Make a complete mental picture of pleasant associations. Visualise these, and be there in imagination.

This will probably be difficult for a time, but gradually you will find it easier to relax and concentrate.

Then, after a while, the door of your mind will open, and you will receive impressions. You will gradually develop imagination, insight and perceptions, and as you visualise the people whom you know intimately, you will become aware that you are actually in touch with your friends.

Progress will depend upon how long it takes you to receive the psychic vibrations, but if you are able to compose the mind, this will occur quite early in your development.

It is easy to become distracted by the worries that crowd into the mind, but perseverance will eliminate all useless thoughts, and after a few sittings you will be able to project your mind into any distant place.

You must master your wandering mind, and think of only one person or place at a time. Later you will be able to visualise your friend as though he or she were in the room with you. You will be able to train your mind to project itself into that person's surroundings, so that gradually past and future events in their lives will be revealed to you.

This revelation may come quite suddenly. It may startle you at first, but do not be afraid. Clairvoyance can be a power for good in the world, and it is a gift of which you may well be proud. Be

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A PLANCHETTE SITTING

(To the Editor.)

Some years ago, on the passing of one of our children, my wife, feeling in need of a change, went on a visit to her sister residing with her family at Springsure, a wintry town about two days' journey by rail from Brisbane. During her absence my daughter and I attended seances at the house of a friend. It was the practice after the sitting for each one to try the planchette. On one occasion, when it came to my daughter's turn, the following message was spelt: "Tell mum that Ruthie has poisoned herself eating juby berries." No one in the circle (one a horticulturist) had heard of juby berries.

Thinking the message might have some significance, I duly transmitted it to my wife. On her return she informed me that when my letter arrived Ruth (her niece) and a little girl companion were in bed in a feverish condition, and there was no clue to their illness.

Questioning, however, elicited the fact that the girls had eaten juby berries, although previously warned not to do so.

It may be objected that knowledge of the fact was latent in the mind of one of the sitters, waiting the opportunity to express itself, but the personal nature of the message disposes of that objection. To the sceptic and agnostic no alternative to spirit intervention is too absurd or fantastic. **The words**, "tell mum" would seem to suggest that one of our children (we have three in spirit life) was communicating.

Brisbane.

D. McDONALD.

genuine and sincere, and never make a joke of your impressions. Help your friends to solve their problems and perplexities. Use it to help those who are sad and depressed, and you will experience a real glow of pride, knowing that you have started on your psychic career at last — "Prediction."

SIR ERNEST FISK AND SPIRITUALISM

“Occult phenomena are not religious but scientific. They are that or nothing. So it comes about that spiritualistic phenomena were as well known in the old world as they are to-day. They were as well known to Cicero as to Lord Balfour. They appear also in all countries and amongst people who have no religion. Occult phenomena are not religious phenomena, but scientific phenomena, and supply data which must be reckoned with if a true philosophy of the universe is to be gained. Any philosophy of the universe which ignores them must be an incomplete and truncated philosophy. This is being recognised **more and more**.

A good deal has appeared in the press about this matter. The Sydney Unitarian Church minister decided to speak upon it, but before doing so had a personal interview with Sir Ernest Fisk. As a result of this interview he discovered that Sir Ernest is not yet a Spiritualist. He has had no experience which convinces him of the truth of Spiritualism, that is, that we survive death, and that it is possible under certain circumstances for communication to take place between intelligences in the next world and intelligences in this world. Sir Ernest is not convinced of this. He is interested in the matter, and thinks it may be true, but he himself does not know. As a radio expert and accustomed to sending communications round the world, he wonders whether it might not be possible in the future to invent some kind of instrument whereby communication might be established between this world and the next, provided always there are intelligent beings living there who could communicate. This was nothing more than a conjecture on the part of Sir Ernest. It is said that Edison had the same idea, and actually made experiments. Sir Ernest thinks that the great advantage of having such an instrument connecting the two worlds would be that fraud

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HOW I KNOW

(By A. D. Newman, Cangai, N.S.W.)

I know that there is an invisible world and life after physical death, the same way as I know that there is a city called London, and that the air is filled with music and voices, inaudible to my ears except through the mediumship of a radio receiver. I know these things from evidence of other people and my own reasoning powers. If a person would disbelieve everything except what he sees with his own physical eyes, and hears with his own physical ears, he would be very ignorant indeed.

What would be the result if a judge would be required to pass judgment only on what he sees and hears himself, instead of accepting the testimony of reliable witnesses! Of course, what is conclusive evidence to one person, because he knows the witness's trustworthiness, would be doubtful to others, who do not know the reliability of the evidence.

I know a man who can see and converse with spirits, and I have no doubt about the truth of his statements, for I know him well enough for that.

Here are a few lines from one of his letters: "I find it very fascinating to be able to see the people who are functioning in the fourth dimension. And they seem to be equally pleased to see me. I talk to them, and they understand what I say. They can even read my thoughts, so I have to be careful. If folks realised that they are always under observation, they would often act very differently."

would be impossible. He seems to be not altogether without experience of the fraudulence of mediums, but it is doubtful whether even an instrument would exclude all possibility of fraud. However, it is interesting to know that Sir Ernest is thinking about the matter, and it is to be hoped that during his visit to U.S.A. and London he may come across an honest medium and an experience which will compel belief, or rather knowledge.—"The Pioneer," Sydney.

THE ORIGIN AND OBJECTS OF THE SPIRITUALIST PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM

The Spiritualist Progressive Lyceum is the Spiritualist Sunday School, and is a school of liberal and harmonious education.

It was first established by Andrew Jackson Davis, the remarkable spirit seer, on January 25, 1863, in Dodsworth Hall, Broadway, New York. Mr. Davis received his knowledge by visions and visits in spirit to those regions of the spirit world where spirit children are instructed in all those things that are necessary to fit them for the duties of life, over there. He saw hosts of spirit children assembled in large and beautiful halls, arranged in groups. Each group was under the tuition of a leader, who imparted information to them, and then invited them to express their ideas upon it. Each group was headed with a banner of a given colour, and each child belonging to that group wore a badge or sash of the same colour. Mr. Davis learned that there is a language of colours which is studied and taught in the Summer-Land; each group wore the colour that symbolised its degree of spiritual unfoldment.

The chief object of our instruction is to promote the health of body, purity of thought and desire, love of truth in all we say, justice in all we do, the cultivation of sweet reasonableness and spirituality. This is attained by removing obstacles to self-development, and providing the expanding intelligence with the food which it can assimilate according to its needs. The chief principle of our system is harmony. Its particular manifestation is music and singing, in which unity of feeling and purpose is symbolised and expressed.

The Lyceum method is distinguished from other modes of tuition by its comprehensiveness, variety, tolerance, and its perfect accordance with the laws of Nature. It teaches a religion of reason, beauty,

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RISE AND DECLINE OF CHILD PRODIGY

(From "The Mail" Special Representative in U.S.A.)

New York, Saturday.—William James Sidis, internationally famous as an infant prodigy many years ago, has died penniless at 46 in a Boston hospital. He was taken there from a shabby room, where he had lain in a coma for four days.

Tutored by his father, who was a New York professor, Sidis recited the alphabet when six months old; could read and write at two; discussed fourth dimension with his father's colleagues at 11; addressed mathematicians on "non-Euclidian geometry" at 15; and graduated from Harvard at 16.

Little was heard from him afterwards. Meagre records show that at 20 he was a mathematics professor in Texas; at 21 he was gaoled in Boston for assaulting a policeman in a Socialist demonstration; and at 26 he was an adding machine clerk in Wall Street.

He never married, having taken an oath of celibacy at 14. —:o:—

A POINT WORTH NOTING

By English law anyone guilty of interrupting a religious service may be liable to brawling. Since seances are held for the purpose of communion with the spirit world, it would appear that such gatherings have the same object as Holy Communion, except that Spiritualists consider it a two-way communion, instead of one way. The "Two Worlds" suggests that police who disturb a meeting of this kind may run the risk of prosecution themselves. To say the least, the legal aspect is worth while considering.

truth, and goodness. Its aim is the spiritual, moral and intellectual elevation of its members, and through them of the world at large.—"The British Lyceum Manual."

WHY WAS I KILLED ?

The greatest problem of all those deprived of a physical body in the heat of battle must be this question: "Why was I killed?" Many attempted answers have been made in book form, but Rex Warner, in his dramatic dialogue, "Why Was I Killed?" (John Lane, of "World Service", 7/9, post free), provides one of the most stirring of them all.

"My memory at the moment of attack is sharp enough: how we scrambled to our feet and went forward with a run . . . then it was all over, in a simple way, almost as though someone had pulled over me a black cloth . . . immediately I knew that I had been killed." These lines express the opening of the story. The unknown soldier is permitted to visit his memorial inscription. He writes: "In one of these places I now stand on the cold stone. It is the aisle of some abbey or cathedral."

At this historic spot he meets a group of people. At first they stand mute, re-living the scenes they had lived with their loved ones who had "gone before" in battle. Then an argument develops. It is the eternal argument of why must there be war. What answer would each give to the Unknown Soldier to his question, "Why was I killed?"

This group reveals types of human beings each representing political opinion and class distinctions. Being freed from his physical body, the Unknown Soldier can look into the mind of each person and read his thought about the present war. But he can do more than this! He can trace their past history and the course of events of the last war and of conflicts before that. Rex Warner's parable is charmingly written. It contains drama, an excellent plot, and a rare philosophy. The reader will be able to judge for himself whether the author has supplied a satisfactory answer to the title.

NEW BOOKS

Three books have come to hand, published by and obtainable from the Psychic Press Ltd., 144 High Holborn, London, England.

"The Enemy of Mankind", by Paul Miller. Price in England, 6/3, post free.

Fear of change, one of the strongest feelings in humanity, is the root-cause of much suffering.

Because men fear change, they cling to old ideas and ways of life, not because they are good, but because they have survived.

Much that survives in our world to-day does so because of the support, energy and protection given by vested interests.

It is these vested interests which make ideas, habits and teachings live on long after they should have been discarded, their usefulness having ended.

Persistence in old ways merely because they are old leads to orthodoxy, a condition in which new and beneficial ideas are obstructed.

The war between orthodoxy and progress is the oldest war, and it will be waged so long as there is room for progress on this earth.

It is the purpose of this book to show that orthodoxy is the enemy of mankind, because it is always in the path of advancing humanity, seeking to prevent change, and to limit the human spirit in its expression in all fields of endeavour.

"The Secret of Death", by W. G. Gates. Price in England, 6/3, post free.

This is a remarkable document, for practically the whole of it consists of revelations that came from those the world regards as dead.

The recorder, William G. Gates, is a journalist who has devoted 60 years to his profession. It was as a man trained to search for facts that he inquired into Spiritualism. At a time when he was very sceptical, he met an extraordinary medium, the wife of a journalist colleague.

Through her, while in trance, he received communications from a large number of people, some of whom had been "dead" for centuries. In nearly every case he was able, after some research, to prove their identity. More remarkable still is the fact that many of his communications were received in what is called the "direct voice"—that is, the spirit entities who spoke, did so by reproducing their earthly voices.

Some of the speakers were well-known in this world. Henry Ward Beecher, Canon Farrar, Charles Haddon Spurgeon and Father Ignatius.

This is one of the most enthralling books in the long record of psychic literature.

"Rogues and Vagabonds", by Maurice Barbanell.
Price in England, 7d., post free.

This is the story of an attempt to obtain simple justice for a body of Britons, men and women, who, although they are in every other respect regarded as decent members of the community, are stigmatised as "rogues and vagabonds", and deprived of their fundamental liberties. They are Spiritualist mediums, who are at the mercy of an absolute Act of Parliament, placed on the Statute Book 120 years ago, which makes their activities illegal, is responsible for their arrest, being fined and imprisoned, and compels the police to be the tools of sectarian bigots.

This is a book that every Spiritualist should read..

[Owing to war conditions the "Harbinger of Light" is unable to import these books.]

—————:O:—————

Man is a spiritual being; the proper work of his mind is to interpret the world according to his highest nature; to conquer the material aspects of the world so as to bring them into subjection to the spirit.—Robert Bridges.

THE OLD MAN AND THE CHERUB

A True Story.

(Told by Wyn George.)

Henry Child lay dying, one night in February, 1928. He was very old and very tired, being 91 years. All his life he had worked as farm bailiff to Mr. Scott Williams, of Wooland, Dorset, in the famous Blackmoor Vale. That he was held in high esteem by his employers was witnessed by a beautiful clock on the mantelpiece—their parting gift.

Long ago, when he started in life, he married a young girl, but alas, she died with the child she gave birth to, and he was left alone for very many years. I am told by his sister that the deaths of his dearest ones opened out a new life to him. Later in life he married again, but his second wife also died. He retired at the age of 70, and built himself a comfortable little home on a hill—King's Bere, Blandford. His two nieces live there now, a Miss Lane and Mrs. Berridge.

To return to my story of 1928, Henry Child was lying in bed; he had been very restless, so a Mrs. Trueman had come in to sit up with him. It was 10 p.m., there was a light burning, and as she watched she saw a change come over his face, so she called his two nieces into the room. Suddenly Miss Lane cried, "Look!" There, above his head, they all three saw the distinct form of a little cherub—angel they called it—just showing the head and shoulders with wings.

Henry Child's eyes were shut; the cherub gazed at him, and became very peaceful and quiet. The onlookers were not frightened: they simply thought that a messenger had come to take him away. The cherub was visible for about ten minutes, then gradually faded away. (It is very difficult to verify time at these moments.) It looked a solid-white colour.

Just before this the old man had said: "I don't want to go, but presently I shall have everlasting

life." He was unconscious after the visit of the little cherub, and passed away two or three days later.

I first had the account from Mrs. Trueman, and later found that Miss Lane's version of it coincided. The interesting point is that none of the three people had seen anything psychic before, nor have since.

I consider it strange and unusual that:

(a) All three should see the cherub; (b) their accounts agree.

They have only spoken of this to a very few people, but have very kindly given me permission to make use of it.

I should be very interested to know whether there are any other authenticated cases of cherubs have been seen.

[This strange story has been vouched for by two of the witnesses, one of whom has since passed on, and we have seen their signed statements, as printed below.—Editor.]

This is a true account of what happened.

(Signed) E. Lane.

This is exactly what I remember of it.

(Signed) L. Trueman.

—"Light."

—————:0:—————

THE FRIENDSHIP CENTRE Hobart, Tasmania.

We celebrated the ninth anniversary of our Friendship Centre on Saturday, July 1. We have once more had a very successful year, attendances keeping up well, with excellent talks on religious, educational and scientific subjects.

Our finances came out at £1 3/5 credit, which automatically passes into the Library Fund, as neither debit (if any) or credit is carried into the following year. We always start off scratch according to our rules.—M. L. Parrett.

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