

NOVEMBER, 1947

The Harbinger of Light

A Monthly Digest devoted to
**Psychical Research, Spiritualism, and
Spiritual Philosophy**



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

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Materialized Spirit Plays the Piano
A Case of Positive Proof
W. T. Stead Proves His Automatic Writing
Angels of Music
Spiritualist Becomes Congregational Minister

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

THE Harbinger of Light

A MONTHLY DIGEST DEVOTED TO

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

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

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MATERIALIZED FIGURE PLAYS THE PIANO

From "The Two Worlds"

At a seance held recently in Manchester with Trefor Davies, the well-known physical medium, some remarkable phenomena occurred which demonstrated dramatically and convincingly the reality of spirit return. Prior to the seance every precaution was taken to ensure test conditions. The medium was personally examined, roped in a chair, and his thumbs tied by a thread so that it would be impossible for him to wriggle free without breaking the cotton. The room was thoroughly inspected and was almost clear of furniture. A piano, which was closed, stood outside the circle. The proceedings were under the capable direction of Red Cloud, Spirit Guide of Trefor Davies, and all the usual phenomena which occurs with this medium were repeated for the benefit of investigators present. Toys were thrown across the room; a luminous plaque moved swiftly in all directions; a musical box was heard playing as it moved around the room above the heads of the sitters; apported water was sprinkled over their heads; and cool breezes came at welcome intervals.

A Giant Arab

The first outstanding manifestation was the full figured materialization of a giant Arab, approximately

seven feet high, (the medium is not taller than five feet seven or eight inches) and as he appeared to sitters he created a profound impression. His only apparel consisted of a loin cloth and Arab headdress and his flesh appeared to be exactly the same as ordinary human flesh, complete in every detail, even to a small moustache. In order that all could view him thoroughly he walked around the circle to every sitter and on occasion bent his head, for close examination, to some of those present.

A spirit then make a lengthy communication in a loud and clear voice through the trumpet, to one of the sitters.

Table Bumps Ceiling

This was followed by an astonishing demonstration of psychic force. A table which had been placed in a corner of the room was levitated above and around the circle and actually bumped the ceiling in the process, finally resting on the floor in the middle of the circle. This, however, proved somewhat of a handicap when materialized forms appeared later and the sitters requested the spirit people to remove the table. This was immediately complied with. One of these materialized forms was recognized as the mother of Frank . . . she spoke to him for some time, kissed him, and then his wife, moved over to Marion (their friend) and kissed her also. Later they testified to the fact that it was living warm flesh that they had kissed. This form appeared to the other sitters as an old lady with white hair and wearing a hood.

After this, very powerful tenor and soprano voices were heard singing through the trumpet.

Spirit Pianist

The second outstanding manifestation was the full figure materialization of a powerfully built man who took the sitters by surprise when he went outside the circle, opened the piano, and played a few notes.

A CASE OF POSITIVE PROOF

By Horace Leaf, F.R.G.S.

(Mr. Leaf writes, *inter alia*: "My intention of revisiting Australasia is long standing, but the idea of bringing Mr. Frank Decker with me is quite new. He is willing to come if the field can be adequately prepared. I trust you will do all you can in the matter.

"My job as Good-will Builder is just commencing, and as soon as it is done I will make tracks for New Zealand, etc., and with Mr. and Mrs. Decker, all being well.")

I was very fortunate in my first physical seance since my recent arrival in U.S.A., where I am to act as International Good-will Builder for the Federation of Spiritual Churches in connection with the Spiritualists' Centennial Celebrations, to be held in the spring of 1948.

The psychic was Mr. Frank Decker, long famous as a voice medium. His supernormal powers are, however, much more comprehensive, and he is just as

When the sitting had been in progress for nearly two hours Red Cloud came back and said that the ectoplasm would have to be returned to the medium's body, which was by this time in a state of heavy perspiration.

After a short interval the Spirit Guide spoke on certain aspects of the phenomena, such as the passage of matter through matter, and when the light was switched on, it was discovered that the medium had passed through his ropes which nevertheless remained knotted and tied to the chair as before, and the medium's thumbs were still held together by the cotton thread.

Once again the spirit people had demonstrated their ability to contact us from the Spirit World and had proved their presence in the circle by manifestations of their own remarkable powers which were clearly beyond those of any person present at the seance.

likely to entertain his sitters with materializations and even with clairaudience.

I first sat with him in 1928. He was remarkable then, but time has added to his powers and to-day he is perhaps the only physical medium prepared to give scientific proof of spirit-return in his ordinary seances. No medium has been more frequently tested and no medium has more successfully come through these trying ordeals.

For me the autumn of 1936 stands out most impressively as the richest period of my psychic investigations. During my long association with Spiritualism and Psychical Research I have had many remarkable proofs of the reality of supernormal phenomena, both through my own mediumship and through that of some world-renowned mediums. None, however, surpassed in richness of the series of five test seances given by Frank Decker before a Special Committee of the American Society for Psychical Research, in Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

Some notable psychical researchers were present on these occasions, and they, too, were breathless with amazement at the powerful and unusual manifestations that came through Decker's mediumship. These seances made me ready to expect anything at the recent seance I attended in New York on August 12, 1947.

It is unnecessary to refer to the ordinary "spirit" communications that occurred. Suffice it to say that many a joyful exclamation of surprise and affection was uttered by the various sitters as their friends and relatives in the Beyond unexpectedly spoke to them in clear and unmistakable terms. One incident, however, may be mentioned because of what may prove to be its subsequent value to Spiritualism. Among the sitters was a well-known leader of a Nonconformist Christian sect. Within the hearing of us all, "Patsy," one of Frank Decker's spirit helpers, told this gentleman that he intended writing a book on his psychic experiences in relation to Christianity as soon as he retired from

the ministry. "No one but you and I know this," said Patsy with a sly laugh. "Am I right? You have told no living soul of your intention." This the astonished and delighted clergyman admitted to be the case.

My special aim in writing this article is to mention the fact that, to the delight of the entire company of sitters, Decker's controls undertook to give two definite proofs of the independence of the voices speaking through the trumpets (two were used at the same time) from the medium. A stranger from South America was requested to sit on the medium's lap and place his fingers in the medium's mouth while the voices continued to speak. Not only was this successfully accomplished, but to make the test doubly sure, the Icelandic consul, an experienced psychical researcher, was later invited to sit on the knees of the medium and place his hand over Decker's mouth, while a sustained conversation was carried on by a spirit voice with a relative at a considerable distance from the medium. Every word of this conversation was heard by the sitters.

After the seance I specially interviewed both testers and received from their lips the assurance that the tests were fully and satisfactorily carried out.

Needless to say, the effect of such tests as these to the ordinary sitter who, while making no claim to being scientific, know and value scientific tests, is invaluable. In this case the seance ended in a spirit of buoyant satisfaction on the part of all who were privileged to be present. If we had more of this sort of mediumship, Spiritualism would soon attain the public credence to which all experienced Spiritualists know it is entitled.

My own task during the next twelve months, during which I shall traverse the United States from east to west and north to south, including Canada, will be to lecture on and demonstrate the truth of mediumship and Spiritualism. After that I hope to revisit New Zealand, Tasmania, and Australia, and may succeed in persuading Mr. and Mrs. Decker to accompany me.

WHAT DOES YOUR CHILD THINK ABOUT SURVIVAL?

A Warning and a Challenge to Parents

By Phyllis M. Costigan

In "World Service"

Having told her small son — whose father was killed in action — that his daddy had "gone to live with Jesus," a friend of mine began to wonder if she had not been skating on thin ice. For it was not so long after that statement, that Robin, aged six, said: "When people die, they are put into big holes, aren't they?"

This might have been a challenge to the half-truth he had heard a week or so before, had not the boy continued, much to his mother's relief and surprise, "But that's not the part Jesus takes, is it? It's something inside!"

With very little encouragement, he had reached a conclusion that many older people of supposed greater intelligence still doubt. The grave had no perils for him, and in after years when some truth perchance comes to him in far greater knowledge than he has now, he may be able to realize how very near to right thinking he was. But for most of us, the problem of what we should tell our children about Death and the After-life still remains a very great one.

Some people, I believe, like to leave these things — as they often do the problems of our natural life — to be discovered by the children in the best way they can. If they grow up unable to accept all they were taught at school or in church, it is just too bad.

One also finds, all too often, that even when parents have some sort of belief in what lies beyond the grave, it is far too vague and uncertain to be discussed any-way! This sort of thing makes for lack of confidence in children, besides giving that awful feeling "if mummy and daddy are not sure — who is?"

The Proper Approach

To a child, what its parents think matters a lot. Not so much when it has begun to learn at school, or grown

old enough to read about things for itself, but while it is still tiny enough to be unable to grasp things but big enough to be set wondering.

Of course there are many doubts, perhaps even in the minds of believers, about the hows and whys of what constitutes bodily or physical death and the nature of another existence. But the danger lies not so much in telling a child there are so many unsolved problems on this earth of ours, but in completely declining to tell it anything.

How is it possible to begin? For those who have no doubts themselves, it is not so difficult to convince a child. But in the earlier stages of its life, one might do worse than tell it what my little friend Robin would say, "There's something inside that goes on living in a different place."

It is essential that the child neither develops fear of any kind, nor an over-imaginative mind. So the best place to begin that early instruction and guidance is, as usual, in the home.. There is no need to paint the pictures of angels with harps on one side of the fence, and dark dungeons on the other.

Proper Explanation

To give some general idea of that "little something" going on and still being able to love and learn, see the flowers and hear the birds, would put away any childish fears that may develop with the disappearance of a loved one from the household.

For the child that has a little pet which perhaps dies, a lesson can soon be taught. There is no need to make the mistake of keeping it a dark secret. Why tell the child it has "run away," or make the whole thing mysterious when the lack of knowing what has happened to its little favourite might cause far more anxiety in the child's mind than an honest admission it has died.

If the child could see it buried, and then be told that God takes a "little something" that does not go into the earth, and that the creature is quite happy, it

will be enough to help that boy or girl over the period when it learns we "go into graves."

Real Child-training

Children remember these sort of things, particularly when it concerns something they love. What different existence might belong to animal life and all the details that are still to be solved need be no concern or worry. Once a child is satisfied on any point, it will not bother about diving too deeply. You will find that in a child's mind is the desire for the story that ends "happily ever after," and if you can supply this you are well on the way to giving it its first lessons about itself.

As time goes on, it may through its schooling get acquainted with the ideas of Heaven versus Hell. And it is as well to bear this point in mind when setting out on the first course of instruction. If the earliest training has given a logical idea of life continuing, without any reference to decided Happiness for the so-called good people and an existence of misery for the so-called bad, it should not be difficult gradually to introduce happy and unhappy states as the child would be accustomed to in this life.

Win the Child's Confidence

The idea that we are just as much with God in this life if we try to do good as we know it, and just as far away from Him if we are cruel and unkind, will not make it seem unreal that in spirit too we can be near God or a long way off.

Nature, too, can offer many lessons for the young mind. Teach it to see the new leaf that lies behind the one that falls to the autumn wind, and let it grow up in the knowledge that nothing passes out of existence. And try above everything to get as near the Truth as possible.

So many religions err because they fail, not to hold the older congregation, but because they have failed to win the confidence of the children in their first lessons.

A well-meaning mission once lost the presence of a small child at its Sunday school, by a very simple

mistake. A new Sunday school building had just been erected, and the lay-preacher offered a prayer thanking God for having built it!

Proper Answers Necessary

If only that man had thanked God for giving men strength to build it, I might have grown into a worthy missionary! So try to keep the ideas simple, natural, and, above all, logical.

It is surprising how logical children are. Remember the case of the small boy who, having seen a funeral and having been told the "box" was taking Mr. Jones to God, concluded that God would be too busy "unpacking Mr. Jones" to hear his prayers that evening!

The story of Jesus and His Resurrection still provides the keynote to all our children might learn about Death and the great Going-on. Of course a child will ask: If Jesus appeared, why not other people too? And how are we best to answer that? We might do worse than quite simply stating, "Sometimes perhaps they do, if God wants them to, just as Gabriel appeared to Mary, when they have some special message to bring."

Natural Explanations

If, then, in after years, the child grows up still unable to accept the belief of Everlasting Life, we shall at least have done nothing to spoil its first thoughts. We shall have put the position as reasonably as possible; no child could ask more of its parents.

And since most problems of life and death are debatable anyway, we are not supposed to be infallible. But if you are at the beginning of the journey into that great mystery with a little child's mind, you can be sure of one thing, the idea of "always being" is as natural to a child as that it should have parents! It's somewhere on life's later road it is likely to get damaged, if the foundation is not solid enough.

————— :O: —————

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HOW W. T. STEAD PROVED HIS AUTOMATIC WRITING

From "Psychic News"

William T. Stead became assistant editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette" in 1880 and succeeded John Morley as editor when the latter entered Parliament.

In consequence of articles attacking social vice, he was imprisoned for three months, and his connection with the paper ceased in 1889, but in the following year he founded "The Review of Reviews."

He was always mistrustful of his own gift of automatic writing until twice, within a short space of time, and against the run of circumstance, messages proved correct.

The following extract relating these incidents is taken from A. T. Baird's book, "Casebook for Survival," to be published shortly by Psychic Press.

I had two women friends (says Stead), who were as devoted to each other as sisters. As is not unusual, they had promised each other that whoever died first would return to show herself to the other to afford ocular demonstration of the reality of the world beyond the grave.

One of them, whose name was Julia, died in Boston shortly after the pledge was given.

Within a few weeks she aroused her friend from her sleep in Chicago and showed herself by her bedside, looking radiantly happy.

After remaining silent for a few minutes she slowly dissolved into a light mist, which remained in the room for half an hour.

Second Appearance

Some months after the friend came to England. She and I were staying in Eastnor Castle in the West of England, when Julia came back a second time.

Her friend had not gone to sleep. She was wide awake, and again she saw Julia as distinct and as real as in life. Again she could not speak and again the apparition faded away.

Her friend told me about the second visit, and asked, me if I could get a message from Julia. I offered to try, and next morning before breakfast in my own room my hand wrote a very sensible message, brief, but to the point.

I asked for evidence as to the identity of the transmitter. My hand wrote: "Tell her to remember what I said when last we came to Minerva."

Message "Absurd"

I protested that the message was absurd. My hand persisted and said that her friend would understand it. I felt so chagrined at the absurdity of the message that for a long time I refused to deliver it.

When at last I did so her friend exclaimed, "Did she actually write that? Then it is Julia herself, and no mistake."

"How," I asked, bewildered, "could you come to Minerva?"

"Oh," she replied, "of course, you don't know anything about that. Julia, shortly before her death, had bestowed the pet name of Minerva upon Miss Willard, the founder of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and had given her a brooch with a cameo of Minerva.

"She never afterwards called her anything but Minerva, and the message which she wrote with your hand was substantially the same that she gave to me on the last time when Minerva and I came to bid her good-bye on her deathbed."

But there was a slight mistake. Minerva had come to her instead of Julia going to Minerva, but otherwise the message was correct.

I then proposed that I should try for more messages. My friend sat at one end of a long table, I sat at the other. After my hand had written answers to various questions, I asked Julia, as another test of her identity, if she could use my hand to call to her friend's memory some incident in their mutual lives of which I knew nothing. No sooner said than done.

My hand wrote: "Ask her if she can remember when we were going home together when she fell and hurt her spine."

"That fills the bill," I remarked, as I read out the message, "for I never knew that you had met with such an accident."

Looking across the table, I saw that my friend was utterly bewildered.

"But, Julia," she objected, "I never hurt my spine in my life."

"There," said I, addressing my hand reproachfully, "a nice mess you have made of it! I only asked you for one out of the thousand little incidents you both must have been through together, and you have gone and written what never happened."

Imperturbably my hand wrote, "I am quite right; she has forgotten."

"Anybody can say that," I retorted, "can you bring it back to her memory?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Go ahead," I answered, "when was it?"

"Seven years ago."

"Where was it?"

"At Streator, in Illinois."

"How did it happen?"

"She and I were going home from the office one Saturday afternoon. There was snow on the ground. When we came opposite Mrs. Bull's house she slipped her foot on the kerbstone and fell and hurt her back."

She Remembered

When I read these messages aloud her friend exclaimed, "Oh, that's what you mean, Julia! I remember that quite well; I was in bed for two or three days with a bad back. But I never knew it was my spine that was hurt."

Here we have the appearance of the deceased in bodily form twice repeated on fulfilment of a promise made before death.

RELIES ON DIVINING ROD

Capt. Nobby Buckley, Guinea Airways pilot, who runs three boring plants in his spare time, says he has never been let down by a water diviner.

While sinking a bore at National Park yesterday he demonstrated to a colleague that it would lead him to water blindfolded. The diviner—a long metal rod with a right-angled bend at one end—swings in the direction of the water. Not only does it locate water, but it enables the depth to be estimated.

My colleague was unable to grasp the hand-piece of the diviner tightly enough to prevent the rod from swinging in the direction of the bore.

As far as I can find out, water divining has no scientific explanation, but Capt. Buckley thinks it may have something to do with magnetism, as the drill is generally highly magnetised on being removed from the bore.

They also experimented with a bushman's diviner—a forked willow twig—and it curved almost double over the water.

Capt. Buckley says that water divining is not a particular gift to certain people. The diviner will work with anybody, but the vibrations are stronger with some people than with others.—“The News,”

This is followed up by the writing of messages, attested first by an allusion to a pet name that seemed to reduce the message to nonsense, and secondly, by recalling to the memory of her friend with the utmost particularity of detail an incident which that friend had forgotten.

No other medium was concerned in the receipt of these messages but myself. I had no motive to misrepresent or invent anything. As my narrative proves, I was sceptical rather than credulous. But things happened just as I have them down. Can you be surprised if I felt I was really getting into communication with the Beyond?

FIRST STEPS IN MEDIUMSHIP

Supplementary Home Training for Novices

By J. Stuart Morrison

(All Rights Reserved)

The fifth of a series of practical hints and elementary exercises for student mediums specially written for "The Harbinger of Light" by the author of "The Home Circle Handbook"

More about Psychic Tone

Students who have been practising the elementary exercises will be surprised to discover that each time they re-read these lessons they learn something new. This is because they are beginning to share the author's own experiences, and not only that, but they are changing their own psychic tone and becoming attuned to the spirit group through which the author works. Then there is also the fact that many things are implied in these scripts without being fully expressed in words. In fact, even if some of these thoughts were expressed in words they would mean nothing to the person to whom such things are purely theoretical.

Before proceeding any further, go back to Lesson 3 and study the notes on Dominant Psychic Tone.

* * *

You have probably noticed the empty, cold feeling of a newly-erected church, particularly if this church has been built on an allotment previously used for other purposes. You may have also noticed that even the most devoutly spiritual meetings, when held in public halls and places of entertainment, frequently lack that soothing atmosphere which is to be found in old cathedrals and other places which have been sanctuaries for divine worship for a number of years.

The sanctifying of a building does not depend upon the truth of the doctrines and the theology preached therein, but upon the devout aspiration toward God and things spiritual which dwells in the hearts of the worshippers. Continual heartfelt prayer and hunger for God's blessing releases psychic forces which enter into the very walls and furnishings of the place, and even radiate out beyond those walls into space. The aura

of every sanctuary exists not only on this plane, but also in the worlds of spirit. It is a meeting place for souls incarnate and discarnate. Under its influence the hard shell which encases the average human soul softens, becomes thin, and may even melt away at times.

That is why it is advisable to set aside a corner of each Spiritualist Church for a seance and healing room, and also to sanctify a corner of one's own home as a place for meditation, prayer, and psychical development. Make every effort to protect this sanctuary from the dissonant chords of one's daily life. Use it as a place of retreat from the world. Charge it with the highest spiritual forces which dwell within and work through you. Those who can afford to set aside a special room for this purpose are indeed fortunate; but a corner will do, and a certain chair, and perhaps some symbol of concentration (which we will deal with later). The author has a friend who uses a seat beneath an overhanging tree in his back garden, and the atmosphere there is so beautiful as to almost force one to one's knees. Apart from the fact that constant meditation and devotion conducted in the same place and under similar conditions has a moulding effect on the local Psychic Tone, the student will find that the habit has a strong psychological effect. It follows the laws of association of ideas. It forms an association sequence which — plus the influence of the aura of the sanctuary — aids in more rapidly and effortlessly attaining the state best suited to psychical development.

Points of Concentration

Religions, occult groups, nations, and families all possess specific symbols — badges, crests, armorial bearings — in which is summed up the ideals and aims of the group. The Christian draws inspiration from the cross, while your knight of ancient lineage reveres his family crest and would suffer much rather than cast a stain upon it.

These symbols and crests are more than mere physical equipage, for years of concentration upon them has imbued them with spiritual power. They have become

centres of concentrated mental and emotional force in harmony with all the virtues, and perhaps the vices, which tradition has associated with them.

For example, through the Cross or any other visual representation of Jesus, the student may identify himself with the entire body and power of Christian thought. The same is true of the symbols of Theosophy, Rosicrucianism, Freemasonry, and other occult groups. Concentration upon a symbol draws to the student spirit helpers with a bias toward the ideas and ideals with which that symbol is associated. He identifies himself in spirit with that group and inherits its powers and its limitations. There is much to be said in favour of using ancient traditional symbols, there is also something to be said against the practice.

Every Spiritualist church and developing class should have its own symbol. The simpler the design the better, but it should not embrace any of the traditional symbols unless that church or class wishes to identify themselves with the occult forces of the parent body with which that symbol is associated. The main point, however, is that the symbol must represent to each member of the group their highest and holiest aspirations.

Concentration

By their very nature our earlier exercises tend to keep the conscious mind a little nearer the threshold than is advisable. Real progress cannot be made until the student develops the ability to enter into the subjective state. This can be attained by concentration and meditation upon an external object, a symbol, or an idea. The main purpose of the exercise is to become detached from a consciousness of self.

Concentration is a process of synthetizing all thought in one subject so as to shut out all distracting sensory, emotional, and mental disturbances. By taking a symbol, or an article if you like — it could be a freshly cut flower — and centring the attention upon it as a state of mono-ideaism is attained. Then by meditating on the subject the student seeks a realization of everything for which it stands. Memories and associations well

up from the depths of the subconscious mind. These must arise quite spontaneously. They must not be sought for. There should be no groping, no effort. At first there will be a temptation to day-dream. As soon as this is detected the mind must be brought back to the original point of concentration.

By persistent but gentle mental discipline you will soon find no difficulty in this exercise of free association. Eventually a stage will be reached when memories and associations seem to be exhausted. The mind is as free as an eagle, poised, waiting. It is a state without conscious thought, yet free of suspense. It is almost a form of trance, yet a trance with the consciousness just on the threshold. It is here that inspiration comes to the student. The door is opening. Then, as if in a flash, he will seem to be filled with infinite knowledge. This sense of omniscience will soon pass, but when it does the student will know that a change has taken place in himself. He may have no visions, hear no voices, yet by losing himself he has found himself.

Success may not come at first. Patience is necessary. Nothing can be attained until the three primary exercises have been fully mastered, and the student has power to govern the vital forces of his various bodies.

Then is the time to go forth in search of his soul. By reaching out from himself toward the subject of concentration, yet seeking deep within himself to find its meaning, he will reach the highest peak of spiritual ecstasy, and when he descends he will have passed through the first initiation, and he will have glimpsed — even if only in the form of dim shadows — the path which he must follow from now on.

—————:O:—————

Death is the door of life. There-through the soul may pass to a more complete functioning of Being than is ever possible 'neath body-rule. Death promotes the worthy soul to spheres of activity 'neath holy law, and affords opportunity of service, incredible to earth-bound mentality.

—F. H. Haines

ANGELS OF MUSIC

By Alice Gaze

A dark, bitter night. The wind roared up the narrow stairway and under the attic door above with a shriek which made Jimmie shiver, and screw his thin body a fraction further into his corner; whilst the rain lashed upon the window with a vehemence which threatened to break through the frail barrier.

"Gosh!" muttered Jimmie, "this ain't no night fer me to play ter the theatre folk on the road." He picked up a much battered violin and played "Annie Laurie" and "Killarney" in a sweet, appealing little tone. "That's the sort they like, ain't it, ole fiddle? But you an' me don't, leastways not much! Let's play this ole storm, fiddle."

Jimmie came out of his corner, tucked the violin more firmly under his chin, and proceeded with some amount of skill to copy the rise and fall of the wind and rain, with a final shriek on the E string which doubled him up with laughter. Then he straightened up, the old violin held lovingly to his breast; his pale cheeks were flushed, his eyes were afire, and he cried with lips that trembled — "God! Where are you, God? Teach me ter play real music — like — like —" Again the prayer went unfinished, and again an Angel smiled and bore it tenderly into the glory Jimmie could not see.

Darkness fell, and Jimmie slept under a tattered coat, the violin still clasped to his breast. He dreamed a strange man stood beside him; short, thickset, with a great mass of dark hair and fiery eyes, and he stooped and took Jimmie's violin, and poured forth such music as Jimmie had never heard, nor dreamed of — deep, sonorous chords, vibrating, thrilling, then changing into a soft, tender melody that seemed to be calling — calling! Jimmie's tears streamed — it must be God come to answer his prayer! God, with that great crown of hair blowing in the wind! God, with those deep fiery eyes looking far, far into Heaven, and bringing Heaven's music forth. And when at last it ceased, Jimmie whispered, "Are you God?"

The strange visitor smiled, "No, Jimmie, but God taught me to play." "I arst Him ter teach me," Jimmie said excitedly. "And He will, Jimmie, but if we want to play God's music we have to learn God's way. Shall I tell you how God taught me?" Jimmie nodded eagerly.

"Well, Jimmie, God put music inside me when I was little, and I learned to play quite a lot; I did not play the violin much, though I did play it, for best of all I played the piano. I loved it like you love your fiddle; but, Jimmie, the better I played, the less I could hear. Every year I learned more of the glory of music, but every year I could hear less — till at last I could not hear a sound at all."

Jimmie drew in his breath — "Oh," he whispered — "don't God love us then?" "Yes, yes, little one, God is All Love, Jimmie, and because I could not hear with my ears, He let me see and hear music inside my head; I could see all the notes and chords, and hear how they went, and so I could write down, and know they were lovely. It was God's music, not mine Jimmie, and that's how He taught me to play."

"And when God took me into heaven, beautiful Angels of music came and taught me more and more; and when you come to Heaven, Jimmie, which won't be very long, then they will teach you, too, and make you very happy, for you will hear and play God's music, because in spite of all He has given you to learn, you have asked Him to teach you. So, for a very little while, Good-bye Jimmie."

—"Spiritual Vision."

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D. D. Home was once accused of being American born. In his book, "Incidents in My Life," page 40, in a letter written to "Times," April 6, 1863, he stated: "One writer kills my child, another my father, and a third calls me an American." "The newspaper reports of my having made a large fortune by my powers are simple fabrications or 'conjectures.'"

SPIRITUALIST WHO BECAME CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER

Rev. Edwin Butler Was "Spirit Guided"

Reprinted from "Psychic News"

I have heard the "dead" speak and convince relatives of their identity many times — once in a language **unknown** to the medium and at a seance which I arranged myself, when none of us had previously met the medium and nobody except myself knew who the sitters were to be.

I have seen the sick healed; have heard the future foretold accurately; and I have never regretted following advice which has been given to me through a medium; though I have always had cause to regret when I have disobeyed.

The so-called dangers of Spiritualism are in my opinion and in my experience almost non-existent, and the percentage of fraud I have met with has been very small indeed.

Definition

Since 1937 I have been a Christian as well as a Spiritualist, and find no incompatibility, though I think definition is needed.

A Spiritualist is "One who knows or believes that the dead survive and can communicate with the living." A Christian is "one who accepts Jesus Christ as his Leader and Lord and Master."

The steps to full Christian belief I have been moved to take not solely by theological training but also by spirit guidance; I know that to many Christians I seem dangerously unorthodox, yet more and more I find myself assenting as never before to Paul's letters, made so lively and intelligible by seeing before my own eyes and hearing with my own ears the phenomena of which he talks.

I was ordained as a Congregational minister after taking a degree in Divinity at London University, and have had the somewhat bitter experience of testifying to truth and having my testimony rejected, though not by all.

Almost exactly two years ago my best friend died in India. He was a padre who had been at college with me, the only one who, as we say, "had the knowledge." Within a fortnight of his passing he came back to speak with his father and mother and myself.

Since then hardly a week has passed without close and intimate contact with him, save for one short interval when he was "away on other work."

I told my church of his return, and the storm broke.

But he and the band with whom he now works (all servants of the Master) planned for me. I gave my church notice of resignation and then "they" told me to sit back and to take no further step. "Do nothing, nothing."

I therefore asked my Moderator (corresponding to bishop) to take no steps at all about my future. He respected my wish and has been a true, though puzzled, friend.

I was promised by "them" that I would be preaching in my new post at Easter. This was early in February. On February 21 a letter arrived from H. D. Jones (I'd never heard of him) just as I was setting off for a week-end in London.

I met him, and he told me about the Rev. Cyril Deeprise, sounding me to see if it was at all possible for me to leave my church and take Cyril's place.

He didn't know I was already awaiting orders, and I had had no contact whatever with Deeprise.

The Other Side told me to go over the top — full steam ahead. And on Easter Sunday I spoke in a G.M.S.A. church.

On April 11 I was appointed as Deeprise's successor and just over a week before that Cyril himself came to greet me as "Edwin Butler — my successor."

I come to the G.M.S.A. as a Christian minister "under orders" — but not the orders of my denomination (to which I still belong). I come to proclaim the fact of survival, and to preach my Master — the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

SHE TRAVELS IN HER SLEEP

In "The Two Worlds"

Mrs. Nellie K. Small, of Norwich, who served in the W.R.N.S. during the last war, has perfected the art of remembering her astral travel experiences and has actually been able to check up on some of the incidents she has witnessed during sleep state. The following are cases which she has been able to verify with actual events.

During the Chinese war she saw a British soldier go out alone in a boat, across a very wide river, and perform a deed of valour. Later a British soldier was decorated for a deed of valour on the Yangtse River. Another experience Mrs. Small had was during the last war, when she saw and also took part in the fall of France, sharing all the agony of mind our soldiers felt as they laid down their arms. During the invasion of Malaya, before the fall of Singapore, she found herself again in astral travel, assisting women to escape. This was rather remarkable because Mrs. Small had volunteered for service in Singapore, but was at the last moment unable to go, although girls of her own watch were there at the time of her experience.

A somewhat different type of happening was the occasion when her grandfather died. Without even knowing of his illness she found herself assisting at his passing. Later, when she was able to check up details with her mother (who was present at the transition) she found that it was exactly as she had seen. A yet more striking event was when her uncle passed over suddenly. Three days after his passing she attended, in spirit, a wonderful reception given in his honour, although at that time she had not yet been informed of his transition. This puzzled her very much until the following week when she heard the news of his demise. On the occasion when the Duchess of Bedford was lost, Mrs. Small assisted at the passing of an English lady, of high social rank, from a plane before the plane crashed. This was actually at the time she met with her death, yet she did not know that the lady was missing when she retired that night.

HOW THE "DEAD" SEE US

By Dr. F. H. Wood

In "Psychic News"

It is a thought-contact, rather than a visual or aural one as we on earth imagine. If there were a love-bond between them and the person, or even an animal left behind, they would probably know, for instance, whether that person or animal were in pain or danger, and would try to help them.

Prayer forms a strong link for seeking and giving help, on either side, but all loving thought is in itself a prayer, whether directed through God or some other intermediary.

Other links and channels for transmitting psychic power and help are (a) spirit affinity or interest; (b) the desire to serve; and (c) real sympathy for the individual in distress.

Method

As to the method by which the eyes or ears of a medium may be used by someone on the Other Side, to enable that someone to see and hear what is passing on our side, the psychic laws governing such contact are still imperfectly known, but the explanations given by the Rosemary guides showed that it was sometimes an overshadowing or blending of the aura of the medium with that of the guide, whereby pictures and ideas could be transmitted from one to the other.

At other times the contact was so close that it was possible for the spirit-friend to use the actual eyes and ears of the medium, vicariously, and so become aware of what was passing.

But in all these cases the passive permission of the medium was essential. The latter could inhibit a spirit-contact if necessary, just as spirit-people could inhibit thought-contacts from earth, if they chose to do so.

Many spirits — the great masters of music, for instance — were obliged to exercise this inhibition at times, or they would get no rest from the attentions and adulation of their admirers upon earth.

SYMBOLY OF CHRISTENING

By Edith Stephens

In "Spiritualist Free Press"

I recently attended a baptismal service where twelve babies were waiting to be christened. The ceremony was a long, dry one, full of the creeds and rituals of a Church of England service. Everything around the font looked bare, hard, and cold. The only flowers were one small bunch of pink blossoms, and in the background the walls were cold and drab looking.

The babies grew very tired of the long ceremony. One began to cry, and then another, and presently they all tuned in to what might seem a large family rehearsal. This did not deter the priest, who plodded through the printed ritual. Godmothers were hot and bothered trying to quieten the infants; mothers and relatives were tired of standing. With others, I became rather "fed up," and decided to withdraw from this physical baptism and opened myself to the ethereal counterpart of the service.

Transformation

Tuning in with the divine laws of spirit, I witnessed a wonderful revelation. The whole scene changed as I stood there and appeared to me in its true form, a service which God must have ordained for those who were being christened into His Way.

The christening font was no longer a drab, uninteresting stone vessel with only a small bunch of flowers. It was transformed into a fountain covered with beautiful white Madonna and Arum lilies. The pink flowers were changed to pure white sprays ranging from the floor, around the sides, and covering the top of the font. In place of the well of water appeared a large water lily, which covered the well of the font.

The priest held each child in his arms and blessed it, and held its head over the font; but instead of his hands being dipped into the water and placed upon each child's head (as in the physical manner) the waters became crystallized dewdrops in the water lily. As he placed his hand upon the babies' head the "dew-drop" turned into a varicoloured jewel.

The scenery in the background also changed. Instead of the dull stone wall, it became enveloped in a beautiful soft healing-blue colour upon which appeared various flowers of soft pastel shades.

Unusual Vision

Hanging over the font, suspended from the ceiling, was the lid of the font — but it was completely changed from a hard piece of wood into a huge circle of ectoplasm, continually revolving into circles of white smoke-like clouds, and in some places steadily clearing almost into vapour. Amidst these clouds were cherubims, angel faces and spirit children of all nationalities, and in the centre of a pure golden light stood Jesus, holding a little lamb. Then came a message clearly: "Feed My lambs."

The ceremony ended, and I reluctantly came back to earth once again, feeling unworthy to have received such a wonderful revelation, but blessed in knowing that God watches over His own.

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FROM THE HOME CIRCLE

Contributed by J. J. Raynes

After we had been urgently advised to have nothing to do with Spiritualism, our Guide opened the seance by saying:

"As the glorious light of dawn bursts through the mists so does Spiritualism with its glorious Light and Truth burst upon mankind. Grasp it, friends, because it is TRUTH At present Spiritualism is but a tender bud but there will come a day when its petals will burst into a lovely flower casting a fragrance the world over."

Sceptic, to our Circle, "Mr. Spook, if you were of any use you could solve this Magazine puzzle for me."

Guide: "Wise men solve their own problems. We would like to help you—you understand—but we play fair."

CLEAR SEEING AND CLEAR HEARING

By W. H. Wallis, Elsternwick

A good case of clairvoyance was given me at one of the Spiritualist churches in Manchester some time ago.

The medium on the platform addressed me as follows:

"I see with you the spirit of a middle-aged woman, a little above the average height, open countenance, fresh complexion, blue eyes, cheerful expression; she says you don't know her but your mother does, and she would be glad if you would carry the description home. The spirit holds up her left hand, from which I notice the first joints are missing; her name is Ann — your mother will fill in the surname. Her husband is wearing uniform (not military) with gold braid on hat. She would like you to let her people know that she is still alive."

On conveying the message home, mother said. "Of course I know who it is — Ann Marsh, who, when a girl of about fourteen, had the misfortune to get her hand drawn into the mangle when washing clothes and her first joints had to be amputated. Her husband is John Marsh, station master at Castleton on the L. and Y. R. Co.

Another good case of clairauidience was with Mrs. S——, medium. At a table seance at the Manchester Central, Mrs. S—— said, "There's a spirit here who is in trouble; his name is Tom ——. He had been in the employ of Dr. A—— and collected some accounts, which he had misappropriated. He was most unhappy and couldn't progress out of earth's conditions. Would the doctor forgive him?" The doctor replied, "I thought you knew me better than that, Tom. Of course I forgive you. Don't think anything more about it. Get on with you work, and may God bless you."

There's more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine who need no repentance.

The table sounded as if a score of Boy Scouts were beating a tattoo on their kettle drums, signifying how pleased the spirit people were at the turn of events.

There's a deeper meaning in that portion of the Lord's prayer, which says, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," than we think when we rush through the church services on Sundays.

Does our conscience recall our sins and do we forgive our debtors? It will save a good deal of unhappiness if we put matters right now.

SHE FEARS DEATH

A Leader in "Psychic World"

The amount of work Spiritualism still has to do in this land is indicated by a pathetic letter published in the "Daily Mirror" recently.

At the age of twenty a wife, who has "a loving family," husband and small baby, is faced with the fact that she must soon die.

The only advice her local vicar could give her was to love God and have faith.

She asked, "How can I love a God who is cruel enough to allow me to love my husband and bear him a child only to take me away when they need me most? How can I have faith in religion?"

The young wife pleaded with anybody who can truthfully say that they face death with calmness and confidence to tell her how and why they do so because she was terribly afraid.

No Spiritualist can read such a letter and feel self-satisfied. It shows that there still persists a lamentable ignorance of our facts.

Faith in God or religion should not depend upon earthly life being a short or a long span. God must not be blamed for the fact that many people pass on in youth.

The divine plan is, according to wise spirit teachers, that each of us should have all those experiences on earth which would equip us for the next stage of life, the one that starts beyond death.

Man has the great gift of free will, limited though it is in many respects. By his exercise of it he often cuts short his earthly life and the earthly lives of others.

War is one example. Slums, dirt, lack of proper sanitation, which are all the results of man's actions, or lack of actions, curtail earthly existence.

What is important in human life is the way it is lived. For thus character is shaped — and character is an eternal possession.

If the writer of the letter realized that death would not separate her from her beloved family, she would not fear its approach.

A "DEAD" HAND WROTE THE ANSWERS

By M. A. S. Blackheath in Sydney "Sunday Sun."

I had been studying late and a tough, mathematical problem had me beaten.

At last, to please mother, I went off to bed, leaving my pad and pen lying on the table. Rather to my surprise I fell asleep immediately.

Next morning on my way from the shower. I stepped in to have another look at the problem still on my mind. Then I stopped, amazed as I saw the problem solved "to the bitter end."

My mother coming on the scene laughed at my surprise and said: "Darling, you must have finished it last night and being so fagged you just forgot!"

Dad now came on the scene. His version left me still more puzzled. . . "Why, Margot, whatever is the matter with you! You came out here about two o'clock. I heard a noise, crept out, and there you were working away. I went back to bed and I heaved a sigh of relief when I heard you, not long afterwards, go to your room."

"But—" I stammered—"I couldn't have. And, anyway, look at these figures. That's not my writing."

And then I noticed — "Phipps'" writing. Mother bustling with the breakfast had the solution . . . "Sleepwalking—you would naturally be queer. And listen my lady, you're coming with me to the doctor. You've worked yourself to the verge of a breakdown."

But a tonic didn't help me solve the problem of those lines of writing and figures added to mine.

From old exercise books with corrections they were easily identified as those of my dear old governess and friend "Phipps" (Miss Phillips) . . . and she had been dead for years.

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FEAR OF DEATH

By Horace Flower

In "Theosophy in Australia" (abridged)

Another very vital factor that we should publicly face is the general ignorance and consequent fear existing in regard to what is called "Death" but which we realize as the casting off of the physical body. Vague or generalized abstruse statements do not help or comfort those who have been bereft of the physical presence of their loved ones. Throughout a stricken world people of all creeds, colours, classes, and nationalities are feeling frustrated, lost, and unhappy. They need a new vision and some proof of the continuity and purpose of life if they are to go on living constructively and creatively in a world where destruction and cruelty have sickened their souls.

All over the world there has been a resurgence of activity connected with research into man's psychic powers and qualities. Spiritualism everywhere is using and seeking new mediums to demonstrate "that other world" which is open to the clairvoyants, clairaudients, and automatic writers. Over in Mother Britain we see such outstanding figures as Lord Dowding, Hannen Swaffer, and Margery Lawrence challenging the outworn current beliefs and dogmas that orthodox religion has burdened the masses with. Lord Dowding is simultaneously educating thousands of English people in subjects which he has studied as he unveils the facts relating to the survival, in a finer state, of the individual consciousness.

ALL ABOUT OBSESSION

Dr. Carl Wickland, who devoted his life to the study and cure of all types of mental disorder, has written a comprehensive account of the whys and wherefores of obsession.

Entitled "Thirty Years Among the Dead," it is also the story of the noble partnership of a man and woman who sought, with the help of the Other Side, to relieve the victims of obsession and to assist and guide the discarnate earthbound entities responsible.

Open Testimony

The book is an open testimony to the success of the doctor and his wife in their methods.

Dr. Wickland's approach was to apply a charge of static electricity to the patient sufficient in strength to dislodge the obsessing entity.

Then, induced by invisible helpers and guides, the spirit entranced a medium. Mrs. Wickland, a first-class trance medium, was always used for this purpose.

In this way Wickland came into direct contact with the entity and was thus able to attempt to bring about a realization of his or her true condition and a conviction of their higher potentialities.

In many cases, as the book reveals, remarkable and irrefutable evidence that discarnate entities are the cause of such diseases as hysteria, melancholia, idiocy, immorality, and insanity, to name but a few, was obtained.

In many cases, too, the identity of the spirit was unquestionably authenticated.

For those sceptical of the far-reaching and terrible effects of obsession, the book contains a number of highly detailed and corroborative accounts which have no other explanation.

Usually they reveal that the patient recovers, although there may be several obsessing entities that require dislodging.

Murder

That obsession can lead to murder and all types of revolting crimes is also discussed. As Wickland

explains, habits, desires, and inclinations are rooted in the mind and remain with the individual after he is freed from his physical body.

The spirits of many criminals and murderers remain for years in the earth sphere and often attempt to continue their former activities by controlling the body of those who are sensitive to their influence.

To substantiate these claims, the author instances a number of well-known murders and gives ample proof that discarnate agencies were the influence behind them.

As well as bringing to the public eye, the realization and the remedy for this vast and most terrible of human problems, Wickland also throws light on the manifold hidden and invisible dangers which confront the unwary psychical researcher.

In this connection, he urges that psychical research should be placed on a scientific basis.

It should be made safe and sane by eliminating those entities who lurk on the threshold of the unseen, ever ready through deception and falsehood to pervert the truth which enlightened spirit people are constantly endeavouring to convey to humanity.

In "Thirty Years among the Dead" Wickland contributes much of the suffering and misery of this earthly world to the influence of those who have "died."

But his assertions are not wild; behind each he builds a solid wall of fact.

(Obtainable from "Psychic News" Bookshop, price 15/4 (English currency), post free.)

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Knowing Scientists!—Scientists who know want us to fully understand that a real new era is upon us. We have not two worlds, but one. No vacuum is in nature; but one world of man and his angels. All space is filled with spirit life.—"Liege Messenger," Belgium.

In the Beginning!—All systems of religion began with the worship of the Great Spirit, and a creed in support of spirit communion from which arose our Christian creed with its communion of saints.

A NEW WORLD ORDER TEN COMMANDMENTS

By Rev. Allan Brown

In "The Unitarian Church Calendar"

1. Thou shalt recognize, believe in, and worship God as the moral authority in every situation, and seek to emulate the spirit of Jesus, by honest thinking, honest feeling, and honest intention.

2. Thou shalt have faith in the potential goodness of humanity everywhere, and acknowledges man's equality before God.

3. Thou shalt believe an enduring peace is possible, and that every constructive effort of every individual is of sacred importance.

4. Thou shalt be devoted to truth which involves reasoning and not rationalizing.

5. Thou shalt be unselfish and not exploit thy friend, thy neighbour, or even thine enemy, for thine own ends.

6. Thou shalt learn both how to abound and how to be abased; and evince humility while appreciating the rights and ability of others.

7. Thou shalt live in a spirit of sacrificial good will and tolerant understanding.

8. Thou shalt give attention to the sense of humour and cultivate a symmetrical character; this necessitates the removal of the plank from thine own eye before thou seekest to remove the splinter from thy neighbour's eye.

9. Thou shalt be genially patient, tolerant, and courageously sincere.

10. Thou shalt keep the highest ideals of service and yet be a realist and believe that the spirit of Christ is the practical answer; BUT THAT DISCIPLINE or international law and force must play an essential part in maintaining the peace of the world.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do—DO IT WITH ALL THY MIGHT."

In the spirit of Kipling (who has not yet come into his rightful place), may we seek with totality of personality, to re-discover the lost incentive to **WORK** and to worship with qualitative love. The world needs, yea demands, nothing less.

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work **FOR** money,
And no one shall work **FOR** fame;
But each for the joy of working,
And each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It —
For the God of Things as they are!

BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM

By Olive M. Stevens

It is always surprising to me how much time Christians take in stressing the fact that Christ came to save them, and how little they dwell on the technique which Christ plainly demonstrated whereby they might save themselves.

Are there spiritual laws? Definite laws which always work? I am convinced that there are, and one of them is illustrated in the Old Testament, by Elisha and the widow's scraps of meal and oil, while it is again demonstrated by Christ when He fed the multitude. And this same law, being simple and easy, can and should be used by all.

Here is the law, always worked in three successive steps: (1) Take what is at hand and bless it; (2) give thanks that it is sufficient for your purposes; (3) share the good with others. Begin to-day to use the talents and resources that are yours already and watch your own substance and success increase.

Many are the stories which I could tell you about my own and other people's miracles from using this Spiritual Law. But I would rather tell you how it was used by a man of my acquaintance who prefers to do his work without praise, and asks me to withhold his actual name from this little story.

He was anxious to spread the truth about life after death and so for many years he spoke from the platform, and kept in touch with the best exponents of Spiritualism throughout Australia. But the spread of this truth seemed too slow, and he wished he could do more. To material vision, his chances of doing anything were slim. He was past the seventy mark as to age, the war had tied up his resources and reduced him to very restricted means, and the necessity of earning his own living.

What did he have to give? Taking that first step of the Spiritual Law he gave what time he had to spare and his own enterprising ideas. He attended a certain Spiritual church held once a month in a picture theatre, and studied the publicity angle. He decided that interest had been created by the lecture, and the audience wanted to know more. What they needed, he thought, was literature. He had a few good books on Spiritualism, and he purchased and distributed magazines, notably "The Harbinger of Light." He had taken the second step — and found that his time, ideas, and small resources were sufficient for his purpose. And now he took the third step and shared his good with others. That is, he brought along his books and magazines, and started giving them away at the door to departing audiences.

The following month they came back, wanted more, but in many cases insisted on paying for or ordering more books and magazines for friends. The increase had commenced, as in Spiritual Law it always must. He put back into his enterprise the money that they paid and brought more books and magazines, and began placing some in libraries as gifts. His work has grown. After three short years he is able to import from London and elsewhere several hundreds of pounds worth of books and magazines. In this way he is making a very impressive contribution to the work of spreading knowledge of Life after Death. Not for him the feeling of being "old and not wanted," for he is supremely cheerful and always busy.

OUR WEB OF LIFE

By Lillias Angell Haynie

Reprinted from "Mind Digest"

One day not long ago, I watched a spider spinning a web. Cautiously exploring his vast surroundings, he put forth light filaments out of himself, unreeling tirelessly, flinging them out, to seize upon the shallow fluttering background of a leaf.

I thought how like that spider is the heart of man, detached in a measureless ocean of space, planning, thinking, hoping; venturesomely sending forth, out of himself, slight filaments of hope and love, seeking a base, a connecting bridge, a something with which to steady them. He keeps on trying until the bridge is formed and his anchor holds—or drops into space, with all his tender filaments torn and shattered. The gossamer threads must catch somewhere, or go down in dust.

And the endless patience of the small weaver! He creates his web silently, slowly, steadily—a web so fragile that a breath would break it—in perfect conformity with the law of creation. He could not stop trying if he wanted to. That's his work, his appointed task.

Our human web of life is made up of daily living. All the little duties, the details, the many things that must be done, yet seem to "get us" nowhere. The hours we spend in work that seems to be unsung or unappreciated—these compose our web. We are caught in it, and must see it to the finish. And as we work, often we cannot even see what we are doing. So much is routine, seemingly hard and uninteresting at times. But sooner or later the pattern emerges, takes on meaning and coherence, and the shining web is finished, gleaming and frail, yet cable-strong, woven of filaments drawn out of our own bodies and minds.

Not all at once does the pattern become clear. It comes instead by a process of gradual growth: a flash here, a sudden illumination there. So the office worker, steeped in routine with only occasional flashes of delight

and recompense in his accomplishment; the housewife with her many duties; the servant trudging along; the men and women in high places, unselfishly fulfilling their tasks for the benefit of humanity; the broken and bereft, lifting their heads and going forward bravely with their daily work for the sake of others — all these people are weaving their web of life, patiently, sometimes rebelliously — yet in time the pattern will be clear.

The slender filaments have "caught somewhere," and the web eventually will be shining and complete.

An old Chinese proverb says, "The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step." The spider begins with one filament; then slowly, patiently forms that exquisite flawless thing known as a spider's web. Symmetrical and beautiful it is, and created out of himself. There's a lesson for us in the weaving of a spider's web!

MY SHEPHERD

(Abridged)

By Sally Owen

In "The Seeker"

The Lord is my Shepherd, how can I want? My Shepherd is my Lord. How can I doubt since I have heard His Word? He shades me from the burning heat of day, and to cool sweet pastures guides my way; He leads me on where silent waters flow, that I may find in Him my all and know. And when at length the fading sunlight shows that my life's day is almost at its close; when on my path the evening shadows fall, I'll find Him still, my All in All. And since by Him my wants have been supplied, and nothing needful ever yet denied, His goodness and His mercy all my days, shall lead me to the great Eternity of Praise.

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It is said an Eastern monarch once charged his wise men to invent him a sentence to be ever in view, and which should be true and appropriate in all times and situations. They presented him the words, "And this, too, shall pass away."—A. Lincoln.

TABLOID SERMONETTES

By Alcinous B. Jamison, M.D.

When man's mind and spirit senses are unfolded, he sees God manifested in everything, and is a nature lover.

It is better to know what you need, than to pray for what you will not appropriate to use.

Sin prompts a person to pray and if another person is prayed for, error will accompany good intentions and do harm.

No use to tell God, by prayer, what to do for sinners, as He governs by natural laws that are immutable and inexorable.

Eternal, natural laws compel man to be good, and fools to be punished until they become good.

The hope of sinners to be saved by prayer keeps countless numbers in a mental hell.

Nature's beneficent, natural laws demand the full price to be paid in good thoughts and deeds, to accomplish release from hell.

No honest person will regret paying the full price for redemption from error, but will blame religious zeal for misleading them.

How long will man fail to realize that God's and nature's laws are one and the same, intelligent, personal, immutable, and inexorable organic natural law?

Paradise is inhabited by uncreated, eternal mind-organisms (spirits), functioning in a potential, uncreative state — the word.

Eve's auto-suggestion (Satan) in Paradise, was to put forth the potential creative word, that was in the beginning and was made flesh.

Through the female and male principles of nature, Eve and Adam left Paradise by creating incarnate, mortal bodies.

There is no space or void in the universe, as it is filled with spirits who are in an uncreative or creative state of existence.

Spirits are the designers and creators of the phenomenal planetary systems and their heavens.

The fundamentalist is a primitive fig-tree in our Garden of Eden, and a leaf obscures his mental vision.

The modernist is a cultivated fig-tree of great promise, when a leaf ceases to obscure the spirit senses.

Some new-born animals do not see the mundane plane of life until nine days after birth.

Fundamentalists and modernists do not see, during a lifetime, the inhabitants of the spirit world that environs them.

One who possesses animalistic mind and senses is dogmatic in his subjective belief and faith.

Man substitutes for his mind and sense limitations, emotionalism and fanaticism, to jolly himself along.

By labour of thinking, man has confidence in himself to master the sciences, also to be good.

Man prefers Mammon's pleasures to the unfoldment of his spirit senses, and to be entertained by gods and goddesses.

There is no sacrifice in being good, but to sin, all is sacrificed upon the altar of a false god until enlightened.

———— : o : ————

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

Some day we too will be the invisible guests at the tables of our children, who will revere us for what we are doing today.

—Harlan Eugene Reed.

Do not wait for the end of Physical life to begin a search for the Spiritual way. Both are available here and now.

—J.P.W..

FROM A SPIRITUALIST'S NOTE-BOOK

In "Spiritual Vision"

"The 'dead' do manifest. We live in the midst of an invisible world. Psychical currents traverse the atmosphere. Every thought leaves its image upon the ether. Communion with the 'dead' is every bit as real as communion amongst the 'living'."—Camille Flammarion.

* * *

In the days of German Kaisers, a wandering soul, known as "The White Lady," always manifested in the Imperial Palace just before the passing of any member of the Hohenzollern family. The apparition moved always with the right hand raised; a signal, it was said, signifying "Halt."

* * *

One of the most interesting accounts of old-time spirit-manifestations is that known as "Hauntings by the Bell Witch," going far back to the year 1817. The locality was Robertson County, in Tennessee; and the strange doings of Bell Witch spread far and wide, hundreds of prominent people travelled long distances to see and hear for themselves. It was given all the prominence of our own "Cock-Lane Ghost" (January, 1762) which drew crowds from all over England (including members of the Royal Family) to the scene of the manifestations.

* * *

Once more, the mysteries that lie hidden in darkest Africa are second-page news. And once again, the pens of old travellers through Africa are writing commonplace explanations of the unexplainable. The narrow, materialistic minds still 'pooh-pooh' the idea that there is any agency except "fear and imagination," as the cause of the black man's magic.

* * *

When Khartoum fell, and General Gordon and his staff died, the facts were known to the natives in Sierra Leone, 3,400 miles distant, within a few hours. The news was relayed by "magic" drums, via the Sudan, Cameroons, Nigeria, Dahomey, the Gold and Ivory

Coasts, Liberia; through countries whose native tongues are unknown to the others. The native "radio" minds outstripped the telegraph by nearly one day.

GLEANINGS

"The first thing a kindness deserves is acceptance; the second, transmission."—George MacDonald.

"Go often to the house of thy friend; for weeds soon choke up the unused path."—Scandinavian proverb.

Dancing Spirits!—Visitors from abroad come to hear spirits dancing upon the table with materialized feet, audible to everybody. One sceptic could not believe his own ears, and placed his hand upon the table for further proof. With a cry of astonishment he quickly withdrew his hand; a spirit had stepped upon it and he became convinced.—"Calais-Dover Express," France.

The Man who has constantly contended against evil, morally and physically, outwardly and inwardly, may fearlessly face death, well assured that radiant Spirits will lead him across the luminous bridge into a paradise of eternal happiness.—Zend-Avesta.

The Soul is myself. The body is only my dwelling place. Death is not death; the Soul merely departs and the body falls.—Buddhist Scripture.

Millions of Spiritual Beings walk the earth, both when we wake and when we sleep.—Milton.

When thou shalt have laid aside thy body thou shalt rise freed from mortality and become a God of the kindly skies.—Pythagoras.

There is positive proof in the single sunbeam of the existence of the sun.

—Phillips Brooks.

Of all the lights you carry in your face, joy shines farthest out to sea.

—Anon.

QUAINT AND QUEER HAPPENINGS

By Horace Leaf, F.R.G.S.

In "The Two Worlds"

Discovery of new truths often depends on our observance of the unexpected. The science of electricity originated in the fact that Galvani noticed the movement of the leg of a dead frog. Mr. Leaf draws similar inferences in this article

There is a term used in connection with certain psychological methods, which signifies that allowance must be made for the tester's prejudices when forming a judgment as to the mental characteristics of the subject. In other words, there is always a likelihood of the tester seeing in his subject the characteristics he is unconsciously looking for. This may pervert his judgment. On the other hand, it may make him more aware of the truth of the situation.

As a world-wide traveller, I have proved this to be the case. It is astonishing what a lot of remarkable things one can find if only one looks for them; but unless on the lookout they may be entirely overlooked.

I would, for instance, have doubted the possibility of trees growing out of solid stone, had I not witnessed it on more than one occasion. I would also have believed that there is no evidence for spontaneous generation, had I not seen what I regard as proof of it. I would have believed that the Grand Canyon had been eroded by the waters of the Colorado River, had I not stood upon its rim and seen the impossibility of this being entirely true. I would have believed that man does not survive death, had I not seen, heard, and spoken to disembodied spirits.

Prejudice Often Ignores Facts

Prejudice is a strange characteristic and makes many people behave foolishly. I once heard a lecturer try to prove that there is not the slightest evidence that man lives after death. He built his case up carefully

and logically; his audience seemed satisfied that he had established his case.

After the meeting I had a long and interesting talk with him, and discovered that, notwithstanding his theories, he had had practical experiences to the contrary. His excuse for ignoring them was that they occurred too seldom to constitute satisfactory proof. He had fallen into the age-long fallacy that numbers prove truth.

If this were so, every religion and every political system would find it impossible to establish its claims on logical grounds. For example, Christianity started with one person, grew to thirteen, then to three thousand. To-day it numbers millions. At what number did it turn from falsehood to truth?

A Living Man Speaks through Seance Trumpet

Let us apply this mode of reasoning to Spiritualism. Some years ago a member of my family went to Yukon and after a time disappeared. Nothing was heard of him for fourteen years, and we all concluded that he had met with an untimely death. In 1922 I sat in a public voice seance with a medium in Sydney, Australia, and this relative purported to speak to me through the trumpet. I enquired whether he were dead. He assured me that he was not, but was at that time lying dangerously ill in hospital in Chicago, U.S.A.

"You have not communicated with me for a long time," I remarked.

"Yes," replied the Voice, "I know. I have been very remiss, but I will write you as soon as I recover."

Shortly after my arrival back in England the next year, I received the promised letter. In 1929 I visited this relative in Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A., and, although he had no recollection of the incident, we proved that at the time he spoke to me in Sydney, New South Wales, Aostrolia, he was lying dangerously ill in a hospital in Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

Now, an experience like that need not be repeated to produce convincing evidence that the human mind or soul can operate independently of its physical body; and if it can do this during life, there can be no reason why it may not do so after death itself. Nor is that sort of experience likely to be repeated, and I suppose it may be said to rank among the rarest of phenomena. But it is none the less true because of that.

Beyond Coincidence!

I once played poker with a professional card player and I observed that he possessed an uncanny faculty — he could tell me from time to time the exact card I was going to play! Without any preliminary remarks I suddenly said, "I will shuffle the cards and you call them." Carefully shuffling them, I placed them face downward on the table. Lifting them one at a time and looking at them I requested him to tell me what the card was that I was looking at. He called forty-six right out of fifty-two!

On questioning him as to how he did this, he was as puzzled as I was. "It just happened." But it did happen! I have little doubt that there are not a dozen people in the whole world who could surpass that performance. Quaint and Queer, but a fact. Interesting? Yes; but more than that. On purely logical grounds it can be demonstrated that what he could do we all can do potentially, and thus implies that there is resident within the human mind a faculty of which most people not only know nothing about, but would definitely deny.

More truth about the nature and destiny of the human soul can be obtained by looking for the quaint and queer, than by any other means. That is why mediums and psychic have always been regarded as peculiar people. They get right outside the circumscribed areas of tradition, theology and scientific speculation based upon normal experience, and so penetrate into the Beyond in one way or another.

CLAIRVOYANCE

In "Service"

Probably the greater number of people who make acquaintance with Spiritualism do so by attending a Spiritualist service. There they find a service of a religious tone which rather surprises them, for as a rule they have not been led to believe that anything of the kind exists. But either after or during this service there may be a demonstration of clairvoyance.

It is a fact that many people at first fail to comprehend what this means and implies, and indeed the demonstration, if it is to be accepted, presupposes a whole range of data. The existence of spirits is naturally assumed, as also their ability to communicate from their state beyond the grave, through the medium on the platform. The implication clearly is that there is no death, and that consciousness persists through the change which is so often regarded as the last word in finality. Unless these assumptions first be granted there can be no acceptance of clairvoyance. Therefore, when we present the clairvoyance to those who are fresh to the subject, and to whom these fundamentals are too big to comprehend all at once, it is little wonder that they fail to understand the demonstration.

The main points of the belief of a Spiritualist should clearly first be explained. As a foundation he believes that death does not affect anything save the physical body: he knows that the body has its youth, its heyday, its decrepitude, and its final dissolution. But since he has already learned to regard the body as an instrument through which the soul plays its tune in the daily orchestra, he no longer identifies himself with his instrument and feels no particular dismay at parting with it when the time comes.

The Spiritualist has learned to regard himself essentially as, in the words of the Bible, a living soul. It has never been claimed that death holds dominion over the soul, and a hundred points of evidence demonstrate

that it does not, hence the liberation of the soul from the limitations of the physical body is not so much death as an access to superior powers of life in a new environment. There is no intrinsic change in the nature of the self, except that it no longer exhibits itself through a human body and brain. Thought, which is essentially a soul activity, is now registered in the physical brain it is true, but is by no means brought to an end when that body dies. On the contrary, its power is accentuated.

Thought, therefore, being a force manifested both by those incarnate and excarnate, becomes a medium of exchange between the various worlds, between the living and the dead. But, of course, the ability to pick up the delicate impulses demands a high degree of sensitiveness from those in the flesh, and those who possess it in marked degree are rare. We term these mediums. Consequently, when it is announced that the individual on the platform who is to give descriptions is a medium, it simply implies that she is a special sensitive. In fact, it has been frequently suggested that the accurate term "sensitive" should be employed instead of "medium."

So the process which the enquirer observes is just the transmission of delicate impulses of thought from a soul excarnate to a soul incarnate, and thence by physical brain-and-sense mechanism and a voice to the listener. There is nothing whatever really strange about it, even though the idea be unfamiliar. And what could be more natural than the homely and kindly remarks, perhaps about details that may seem trivial to the uninterested, which are transmitted? Some people profess to expect philosophic dissertations on the problems of existence from the departed, when the stock subject of greeting and conversation among the living is in nine commonplace cases out of ten the weather.

The enquirer should listen carefully to the details that are given, even though in all probability he will

get nothing directly concerning himself. But he should note what is put forward, and then at leisure he should study these and ask himself carefully what are the possible explanations. Some things will be capable of explanation in one way and some in another, but the general run are only susceptible of elucidation by the fact that there is communication by thought between the living and the dead, though to arrive at this conclusion of course demands far more than a single demonstration. But the weight of evidence is cumulative and finally irresistible.

Sometimes the medium appears to take on the conditions of the communicating spirit, but that need not distress the listener: it is only seeming and not reality, because in a flash the medium is able to throw off the thought and the conditions with it. When the spirit comes into touch in thought with his old earth memories he seems to revitalize these, and perhaps most prominent, because most recent, of these are the thoughts of his last illness and the conditions which preceded his passing over. It is these that the medium picks up and, as it were, dramatizes. It does not in the least mean that the illness or distress is still perpetuated, for all that which pertains so closely and intimately to the physical must be left behind with the physical, but the mental impression of these may be revived. Very often re-dramatization of the last scenes provides the seeker with one of the most helpful tests of identity.

So here in this prosaic fashion, with the demonstrator on the platform and the listener in the audience, the bridge is thrown between two worlds. Thought spans the gulf and links the soul discarnate once again with the soul incarnate, to prove beyond peradventure that in place of so-called death we only have the continuance of life.

THE DRAMA OF DEATH

A missionary returning from Tahiti in Polynesia thus describes the beliefs of the aborigines:

"At the moment of death they think that the soul retreats to the head and goes out thence and undergoes a long and gradual process of re-absorption in God from whom it has emanated. . . . It is curious and interesting that the Tahitians believe in the extrusion of a real substance which takes the human form; they think this in accordance with what they are told by some of their clairvoyants, who affirm that as soon as the dying man ceases to breathe, a kind of vapour is disengaged from his head and is condensed a little above his body, to which it remains attached by a cord of the same substance. This substance, they say, rapidly increases in volume and takes the traits of the body from which it has come; and when this latter has become cold and inert the cord dissolves and the freed soul flies away amid the invisible messengers who come to assist."

Surely it is profoundly significant that the views of the aborigines, recorded nearly forty years ago, should be corroborated by the findings of our present-day psychic research. The superficial may scoff and suggest that modern beliefs are only savage superstitions furnished up with scientific trimmings. On the other hand it may be that glimpses of truth are vouchsafed to all who are ready to receive them, whether they happen to live in Tahiti or the Metropolis.

Move jauntily into the changing world. It is a great adventure. Carry your load with a smile, or if that fails you — grin. If you think of great qualities of mind and soul they will in time become at home in your heart. You are what you think you are, but your actions and attitudes are the only true evidence of what you think you are.

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