THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO
PSYCHOLOGY, OCCULTISM
AND
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

Founded in 1870 by Mr. W. H. Terry.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT."—Goethe.

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LEADING FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE :
Amazing Phenomenon in Spain.

ISLAND OF WHISTLING GHOSTS:
Spiritism in Central Pacific.

ARMAGEDDON OF THE MIND:
Initial Encounter in America.

DEBATE ON SPIRITUALISM :
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Edited by W. Britton Harvey: SEPTEMBER 1st, 1925. **Author of "Science and the Soul."**

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The Editorial Chair.

The Golden Age.

There is a lot of loose thought expressed concerning the Golden Age, which is popularly supposed to have come and gone. But has it? In one sense the present is certainly a very "golden" age. In no other period of human existence has man so fervently worshipped at the shrine of material riches. It is the one absorbing thought in the minds of the vast majority of men. We are living in an era of unadulterated materialism, which has largely smothered the spiritual and substituted the doctrine of "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." It is a "golden" age alright, but not of the kind usually understood by the term. The real Golden Age has not yet emerged. It belongs to the future. To-day we are at the dawn; a few years hence the light of Truth will shine with added lustre, and years later still it will shed a radiant glow throughout the world. Then will be realised the Golden Age of humanity—the emancipation of the mind from the thraldom of error, the dispelling of the darkness of ignorance, the unshackling of the soul from the trammels of cast-iron creeds, and a world-wide recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of Man. When that times comes we shall have got right back to Christianity pure and simple, and shall realise the full weight of the Master's dictum—"The Truth shall make you free."

Formal Christianity, with its mechanical methods of worship, will then have become supplanted by the practical teachings of the Founder of our religion, and men and women will have begun to understand the cogent question put by Micah the Prophet—"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" This, coupled with the equally sane and acceptable dictum of James—"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world"—will be recognised as practically embracing all that mankind needs in the form of religious tenets.

* * * *

Ritual and ceremony, acquiescence in man-made doctrines, and the observance of complex formulæ offered in the name of religion, are as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," unless behind and beneath them lies the Christ spirit—the spirit that induces a man to love his neighbour as himself, to minister to his fellows in distress, to hold out the hand of sympathy to the bereaved, and to sing the Christ-like pæan of universal brotherhood. This is the spirit and the teaching of the Christ—the teaching which He so freely translated into practice. There is no theology in The Sermon on the Mount, and nothing incomprehensible in the sublime and love-breathing rule for the guidance of the race—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

In short, the essential features of the teachings of Jesus are simplicity itself, and the man who strives to emulate His peerless example will have nothing to fear on crossing the border-line, which divides the material from the spiritual plane., He will have no exacting and jealous Judge to face; there will be no need for misgiving concerning punishment for his inability to accept certain theological beliefs, and no alarming doubt need haunt his mind as to the existence of a fiery hell and eternal torment. If his life has been rightly ordered, and his character consequently developed along spiritual lines, all will be well. It is Character, and Character only, that counts. St. Paul tells us that we brought nothing into the world, and can take nothing out. This is perfectly true in its application to material things. But the statement requires modification. For we do carry something forward with us—something that we did not bring into the world, but which our physical existence is intended to develop. And that "something" is **Character.** It is the one thing that survives the crash of dissolution.

* * * *

As the Bishop of London said some time ago—"A man is the same five minutes after death as he was five minutes before death." This is undoubtedly true. And what is it that constitutes the man in any real and abiding sense? It is Character. We shall unquestionably awaken to consciousness in the spiritual world precisely as we have made ourselves in this. Death works no miraculous change. It does not transform a sinner into a saint, as the result of an expiring cry for mercy. Whether we repent or not, we shall have to reap as we have sown. The earth life is the seed time, and immediately we enter the realm of spirit we shall begin to reap the harvest. The nature of that harvest will be inexorably determined by the nature of the life we have led in the flesh. It will correspond precisely in every detail to our every thought and every deed.

The alleged efficacy of a death-bed repentance will then be found to have no foundation in fact, and there will be no shifting of the burden on to the shoulders of another. Repentance is undoubtedly desirable and necessary, but after that we shall have to "work out our salvation," and when we have passed through the purgatorial process and atoned for our sins of omission and of commission, we may hope to spiritually progress until, by much striving and holy aspiration, we ultimately attain to the glorified condition of "just men made perfect." This is the teaching of Spiritualism—the teaching of the Golden Age to be—and, in its original and unadulterated form, it was the teaching of the matchless Exemplar whom Spiritualists, of all others, should seek to emulate and serve.

Wayside Notes.

A Memorable Controversy.

We imagine that all our readers will be greatly interested in the verbal combat between Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Arthur Keith—the opening phases of which are reproduced elsewhere in this issue—if only for the reason that it will provide them with much "ammunition" which they will find serviceable when called upon to defend the cause.

We do not propose, at this stage, to comment on the merits of the debate. It is, as it were, sub-judice, seeing that there are two more instalments to be published, and we do not wish to prejudice the mind of the reader at the outset. He, or she, can study the respective "briefs" carefully and then form an unbiassed opinion. We may, however, quote one paragraph in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's opening statement without violating this principle:

> Why should anyone wish to escape the facts? That is one of those questions to which I can find no answer. There is no gainsaying that our belief excites the greatest possible repugnance in many minds. One would really suppose that our message was something blasphemous and obscene which was put forward by unprincipled teachers with some ulterior and selfish motive. It is met by the most wild denials, the most grotesque explanations, the most desperate and occasionally unprincipled efforts to discredit everyone concerned.

Every true Spiritualist must share Sir Arthur's dilemma. His comments apply in a peculiar degree to the various churches. They are all, more or less, arrayed against Spiritualism, and yet its phenomena offer indisputable **proof** of what the Christian Church has professed to believe and has taught through all the centuries—that there is a Spiritual world and that we are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses.

The religious teachings of Spiritualism, of course, differ from what are known as orthodox theological doctrines and dogmas, but surely that is not sufficient warrant for treating them as "something blasphemous and obscene." There are differences of opinion on many points within the Church itself, and therefore one would naturally expect it to be tolerant towards those who are not within its pale. Many of its representatives are. But the majority are not. That is our principal grievance against the Church. It does not exhibit the Christ spirit towards a vast body of sincere seekers after truth, who have no feeling of animosity against it, but rather a desire that it should broaden its borders and make it possible for them to worship at its shrine.

"Other sheep have I that are not of this fold." There we have the spirit of true and expansive catholicity. And that is what the Church lacks. However, the time is coming when it will probably court the co-operation of the Spiritualist. Then it may feel ashamed of its past—and Spiritualists will forgive!

Our Guardian Angels.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." That is a thought-arresting text. Or, rather, it ought to be. And here is another: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him." What is the meaning of these assurances? Are they intended to be taken literally, or are they merely the picturesque play of the Oriental mind? For it must be understood that the Bible, from cover to cover, was written by Eastern authors. No white man had a hand in it—except to introduce certain interpolations of his own! The average man has never adequately grasped that fact. And many scholarly theologians have not, in our opinion, made sufficient allowance for this significant circumstance.

The Bible is almost invariably read through Western, rather than Eastern spectacles. The inevitable result has been that many important passages, intended by the writer to be a metaphorical expression of a spiritual truth, have been taken literally and interpreted accordingly. This mistake has given rise to gruesome misconceptions and much false teaching that is being jettisoned as fast as the Church considers it expedient to rid itself of the spurious cargo. The literal is now being distinguished from the metaphorical. The Oriental dressing is no longer taken at its face value. Its underlying spiritual teaching is better understood and consequently, we are getting nearer the truth to-day than ever before.

But what about the very directly-phrased texts of Scripture with which this Note opens? Are they to be taken literally, or regarded simply as quaint ideas belonging to the characteristically imaginative mind of the Oriental? There may be many who could not possibly accept these declarations in a literal sense on the authority of the Bible alone. Such as these may be referred to human experience in corroboration of the Scriptural testimony.

Right down "the ringing grooves of change" we find abundant records of angelic appearances and of the interest which these celestial visitants take in their brethren still enrobed in mortal garb. John Wesley knew all about them. He tells us that some of them are nurses, others are doctors, and others, again, shield us from bodily harm. He even makes them shut the mouths of lions! There was no doubt in the mind of Wesley about the ministry of angels. And there are countless individuals living to-day who are thoroughly convinced that he was right, although the vast majority of his immediate followers may know practically nothing of this inspiring reality.

We have each our guardian angel, or angels, whose privilege and delight it is to help us along the rugged pathway of life. Their mission is one of Service. It is the mainspring of their existence, and in this way they are "entering into the joy of their Lord." Remember, then, that no truer words were ever written than these—"He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." And the very consciousness of that fact should make us very circumspect concerning the nature of the life we lead. For our guardian angel knows all about it!

A Resurrected Lie!

Apparently there were people half-a-century ago who could lie about Spiritualism quite as unblushingly as many of our opponents can to-day. Perhaps they were guided by the principle—or lack of principle—that the end justifies the means. But, unfortunately from their point of view, "the end" is generally very different from what they anticipated. There is such a thing as digging a pit and falling into it oneself. We are led to make these comments by the publication in a recent issue of the Brisbane "Telegraph" of a paragraph reproduced from the files of that journal of fifty years ago. This is how it reads:

> THE CRAZE FOR SPIRITISM.—It is stated in the "New York Chemical Review" that 3,000,000 of people in the United States have been afflicted by the spiritualistic craze. Of all the forms of insanity this is considered the most hopeless. Leaving out the idiots, there are 24,000 madmen in the republic, and of this number 7,500 cases are directly traceable to spiritism. Educated and scientific men, as a rule, are unaffected by the contagion, which chiefly deludes the illiterate.

The author of this delectable contribution must

have had a very fertile imagination. We have no means of checking his estimate, that there were three million Spiritualists in the United States of America in the latter part of last century, but certain official statistics are available which entirely discount the allegation that there were at that period 7,500 cases of insanity "directly traceable to spiritism." According to the "British Medical Journal," out of 14,500 cases of insanity examined in the United States in 1878—forty-eight years ago—only four were attributed to Spiritualism. Yet two years later—making the fifty years—we are told in this resurrected paragraph that the number had increased to 7,500!

If you are going to lie at all, there is nothing like being thorough! Presumably the man who faked these figures thought so too! If there is any truth in them, and having regard to the enormous strides which Spiritualism has made in the United States during the past fifty years, there ought to be tens of thousands of Spiritualist lunatics in that country to-day and sufficient Insane Asylums to form quite a familiar feature of the landscape! Yet it seems a difficult matter to rake up a bare dozen demented devotees, whilst the British Lunacy Commissioners reported a few years ago that "they were unable to refer to any statistics which would be applicable to the allegation that devotion to Spiritualism is a frequent source of lunacy."

In fact, from a perusal of the official figures, it would seem that Spiritualists are about the sanest section of the community. The records, at all events, show that there are scores of insane orthodox persons for every insane Spiritualist. So that's that!

Psychical Phenomena in the Home.

Very few people have any idea of the extent to which psychical phenomena are occurring in the world to-day—not merely in the presence of professional mediums, but also in the home circle with only members of the family in attendance. The vast majority of what Dennis Bradley describes as "the herd" is quite convinced that the phenomena produced through the agency of "professionals" are bare-faced frauds and, therefore, only scoffs at the best-accredited records. But they must be very peculiarly-constituted beings if they also apply this argument to the private demonstrations taking place in thousands of homes where there is certainly no incentive for fraud. Families do not generally foregather for the purpose of deceiving themselves, whether in connection with psychical phenomena or any other form of investigation.

Yet it is within the sacred precincts of the home that some of the most amazing happenings are being witnessed to-day. Of course, very little is heard about them. It is not a subject for public comment, for the simple reason that it would be tantamount to "casting pearls before swine." Now and again, however, publicity is given to some of these experiences. For instance, Mr F. T. Langhorn, of Sellons Avenue London, writes in a recent issue of "Light":

> I should like to mention that four of us in our home here have very beautiful times with those who have passed on. Often and often are the flowers taken from the vase and handed to us. On four occasions in eighteen months have we had flowers brought to us. Narcissi twice; 121 violets once, and four large tulips once. We have seven or eight friends and relations regularly visiting us, besides, and not least important, our guides. They play the gramophone, carry it round above our heads while playing, wind it, turn over records.
>
> Last Wednesday they took the trumpet off. My father sang through it. All whistled through it by turn in tune. My little sister spoke through it, also my grandmother. They have each, in total darkness, written their signatures and given a message, picking up the pencil in turn and dropping it on the table audibly by request. At times the table is taken right away from us. They play a tambourine, ring a bell in tune with the gramophone, and shake hands in no uncertain manner, stroke our heads or faces, and, most important of all, are always helpful and lovable. I personally have been helped wonderfully.

Are we to be asked to believe that this is all "faked?" And are all the other phenomena in countless households also fraudulently produced? Can anyone but a fool accept such an explanation? The only alternative, of course, is to admit their genuineness. But even the great majority of those who feel sure they must be genuine evince but a passing interest in these stupendous wonders. That is the most extraordinary feature of all. To us it is as inexplicable as the phenomena themselves.

"The facts, the brutal facts, are there," declares Professor Richet, the eminent French physiologist, after scientifically investigating them for thirty years, "and Science will have to accept them." But even such a bold and unqualified declaration by such an eminent authority fails to impress "the herd"—they still go on wallowing in ignorance, and if one tries to interest them in the subject they are [illegible] likely as not to wind up the conversation with some such exasperating invitation as—"Come and have a drink!"

Verily, this is a "perverse and stiff-necked generation!" It makes us tired!

The Influence of a Hymn.

A very pretty story relating to the American Civil War was told by the late Professor Drummond, the eminent Scottish minister and author of the noted work, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," in the following terms:—

I wonder if you have heard the story of the two Americans who were once crossing the Atlantic and met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked around, and, although he did not know the face, he thought he knew the voice. So when the music ceased, he turned and asked the man if he had been in the Civil War.

The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

"Were you at such a place on such a night?" asked the first.

"Yes," he replied, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened because the enemy were supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was still and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn:

> All my trust on Thee is stayed,
> All my help from Thee I bring;
> Cover my defenceless head
> With the shadow of Thy wing!

"After singing that, a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said the other, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focussed upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang out:

> Cover my defenceless head
> With the shadow of Thy wing!

I said: "Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home."

CREEDS AND MODERN THOUGHT.

"A Creed in Harmony with Modern Thought," written by Dr. Jacks, is the principal article in the "Hibbert Journal" for July. Taking as wide a survey as we can of modern thought, the writer remarks, we are inclined to think that the main difficulties of the harmonisers of creeds and modern thought will not arise from the findings of the physical or the biological sciences, but from a different quarter altogether. They will arise from the researches, at present little known to the public, of a widely scattered group of thinkers who are applying their scientific faculties to the critical investigation of the New Testament. It is probable that not more than half of the modern thought that is now proceeding in this department could, by any conceivable exercise of ingenuity, be harmonised with even the least elaborate of creeds.

Writing of the Gospel story and the higher criticism of to-day, C. J. Cadoux states that not only criticism, but religious feeling also is moving away from the belief that Jesus was virgin-born. Even those who still hold that belief generally admit that it must rest rather on doctrinal than on evidential grounds, and that, even so, it is not a sine qua non of belief in the divinity of Jesus. The evidence that Jesus miraculously healed the sick is cogent. The evidence that He raised the (apparently) dead is strong, but not quite decisive. In regard to the "nature miracles" (crowd feeding, walking on the water, &c.), many are appealing nowadays to the unanticipated wonders of modern psychology and science in support of their belief in them. But when we remember the Oriental love of the marvellous, the dates of the Gospels and the personal dominance of Jesus, such an appeal strikes the writer as unnecessary.

"When I was shipwrecked, I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues." "Good gracious! How could they talk?" "They couldn't. That's what made them wild."

Dobson: "The finest thing you can eat is an apple. 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away.' " Hobson: "That's right, old chap; and an onion a day keeps everybody away!"

RATANA AND HIS CURES.

By the Rev. C. IRVING BENSON.

It is not surprising to learn that Ratana, the Maori faith healer, and his followers, have become a cause of anxiety to the Anglican Church leaders in New Zealand. There is talk of forming a new ecclesiastical organisation to be called "The Church of Ratana."

His story is a curious one. He was first heard of in 1920 as a miracle man who had risen among the Maoris. Such amazing stories were told of the cures he worked among his own people that Europeans began applying to him for treatment. Replies to their letters told them to pray for healing, promising that Ratana would also pray for them. Some who are said to have been cured sent him money, only to find it returned a few days later. P. T. Moko, his secretary, who handles all his correspondence said that he had 160,000 applications for treatment in the last three years, and has returned a total of £100,000, voluntarily sent to him by applicants whom he is said to have cured.

* * * *

Ratana's most famous "cure" dates back a little over two years ago. A Miss Fanny Lammis, of Nelson, had been a life-long invalid. She could not sit up in bed without supporting herself by a frame which bound her from head to foot, and she had not walked since childhood. She wrote to Ratana asking how she could be cured. He told her to have faith "in the Lord your God with a sincere, truthful, reverent and untiring belief that the Lord has power to heal." Miss Lammis says that she prayed unceasingly for two days after receiving Ratana's letter. Then, near midnight, she felt a "wave of strength" enter her body, and, getting out of bed for the first time in twelve years, she went to the door of her room and called down the hall, "I'm walking, Mother." She is said to have been completely cured.

He steadfastly declines to meet Europeans, and lives a simple life among his own people. Those who have caught fugitive glimpses of him say that his is an athletic rather than an ascetic figure, that his thick black hair is well sprinkled with grey, that he dresses in European clothing, and that except for his bronzed complexion and incessant smile he resembles a prosperous country gentleman.

* * * *

Shortly after the war ended, the Maoris were swept by an influenza epidemic, and Ratana was one of its victims. It is said to have left him stone deaf. Deprived of his hearing, he turned to reading, and what happened next day may be related in his own words. "I began by reading the New Testament," he wrote shortly afterward. "I came to the passage where the centurion appealed to Jesus to heal his servant, who was at the point of death. Jesus commended this man's great faith. He healed the sick servant while He spoke; for when the messengers sent to Jesus by the centurion returned, they found that the servant was healed even at the moment Jesus spoke. So I said to myself. 'My word, yes; I believe that is quite feasible.' So I started out on my work in that assurance. I have carried out the pattern to the fullest extent of my ability."

With Ratana's "cures," as with those of other faith healers, no medical verification is forthcoming.—"The Herald." Melbourne.

"LIFE TRANSCENDENT."

If you feel depressed, are overtaken by sickness, have to face material troubles, or are worried about the manifold perplexities of this earthly existence, you should take a dose of "Life Transcendent" in the morning and a double dose at night!

This little book by Olive Mercer is full of cheer and breezy optimism—the product of a soul that has caught the Vision and responded with the enthusiasm of one born anew. All the disappointments, pains and trials, and the seeming inequalities of life, are placed in their proper perspective and made subordinate to the divine purpose which shapes our ends and determines our eternal destiny—"You are greater than your environment. You are greater than your heredity. You are greater than every circumstance, than every happening that can befall you, because you, the Real You, is spirit, and Spirit is Reality and can mould all things according to its vision." And soon, right to the end of this delightful refreshing brochure, we have to climb!

Every page is an inspiration and a source of upliftment to the weary and heavy-laden. It is therefore just the book to send to the care-worn and despondment—a spiritual tonic that should give renewed vim to life and a lively spring to those of faltering footsteps. Copies can be obtained at booksellers or direct from the Author—Miss Olive Mercer, 262 Leith Street, Dunedin, New Zealand, Price 2/-.

Wireless telephone communication between persons on ships at sea and on land has been proved practical by a conversation between two sister 150 miles apart, one being on the German liner Columbus and the other on the German vessel Deutschland. The sisters discussed social affairs, fashions, and other matters for eight minutes at a cost of two and a half dollars.

Island of Whistling Ghosts.

SPIRITISM IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC.

By ARTHUR GRIMBLE, M.A., F.R.A.I., First District Officer of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony.

Everyone has heard of the West African "bush telegraph," by which the black people can send news speeding in a few short hours across a thousand miles of swamp and jungle. This is wonderful, but no longer a mystery to us, for we know that the messages are conveyed by the tap-tapping of drums, and incidentally, we have borrowed the black man's dot and dash idea for our own Morse code. But in the islands they have a way of annihilating distance that leaves us thoroughly puzzled. Without the aid of drum taps, or smoke signals, or any other physical mechanism that one can imagine, the brown man of the central Pacific manages to collect news, as it were, out of the empty air, from islands many hundreds of miles beyond his horizon.

How is it done? Through the spirits of the ancestors—the Whistling Ghosts—says the islander. That sounds too preposterous to discuss, so let me relate instead some facts from my own experience.

During 1917 while stationed on Tarawa in the Northern Gilberts, I had to visit Arorae, a southern island, on certain administrative business. It happened that the day before I sailed a very celebrated native sorcerer named Tabanea had died on Tarawa. The decease of such a man was a news item of first importance to the whole Gilbertese race.

A GREAT SURPRISE!

On our way south we called in at the island of Onotoa. Judge of our surprise when we discovered that the news of Tabanea's death was no news at all to the Onotoans. No ship had preceded us to their island, yet they knew not only the date of his death, but also the nature of the seizure that had killed him—a paralytic stroke. In answer to questions they were polite, but evasive; someone had told them, but nobody could remember who it was. I concluded that one of the ship's boys had somehow managed to spread the news, though none of the crew had landed. Being pressed for time, I made no further enquiries, and, after only a couple of hours at Onotoa, sailed on to Arorae.

Now it was essential, as I thought, to the success of my business at Arorae that no native rumours from the Northern Gilberts should reach the shore. Every precaution was therefore taken to avoid contact between the islanders and the ship's boys. I was simply dropped with my dunnage into the shore boat that boarded us, and then the ketch hauled off again. Yet when I landed it became obvious that the whole of Arorae knew everything that mattered about the circumstances of Tabanea's death, including date, hour, manner, and village.

"DEAD" ANCESTORS AS INFORMANTS.

I was lucky enough to corner almost at once an old native of the island who was willing to answer questions. According to him the thing was as clear as daylight. There were certain people who had the gift of speaking with their dead and gone ancestors, and it was these ancestors who brought news in from the outside world.

Not all of them: a long dead one was no good, because his ghost had departed to the Land of Shades, and could never return. And one quite recently dead was equally impotent, because his spirit was still confined to his home island. But the ancestors of the middle distance, so to speak, were the useful ones, for they inhabited the air just above the tops of the cocoanut palms, and were free to wander up and down the whole length of the Gilbert Group, seeing and hearing everything that happened on the islands below them. To specially favoured descendants they would often communicate news items thus picked up. Many of them, in fact, were so obliging that they would allow themselves to be called up occasionally, and would answer questions in their own language.

"And what language do they use?" I asked incredulousy.

"They whistle," answered my informant, with owlish solemnity.

I ought to have known better, but I laughed. For the space of a whole pipe the old man sulked. Then he let himself be coaxed again.

"You are a white man, and very wise, perhaps," he said "but you dis-believe a thing that can be proved, and that is not wise."

"Proved?" I asked. "How can you prove it?"

"You shall hear the whistling ghosts when you will," was his unexpected answer. "The woman Watia, who is of my kin, has the power."

INTERVIEW WITH THE WHISTLING GHOSTS.

The chance was too good to be missed. We arranged for an interview with the whistling ghosts. About 9 o'clock the following night I was at the rendezvous. This was a small hut, a mere leaf thatch raised on four posts, that stood open to all the winds of heaven in a large clearing by the ocean beach. The place was flooded with moonlight, and resonant with the continual thunder of surf upon the reef.

Under the thatch a hurricane lamp glimmered. Within its circle of yellow light sat an aged madder-coloured crone, a crumpled ruin of a woman with eldritch locks, smoking a cutty and muttering to herself. She glared at me with a morose eye as I entered, and motioned me to be seated on a small mat. She and I faced each other across the lamp.

There were no formalities whatever. There sat the half-naked hag, mumbling and sucking her pipe; there sat I waiting for her to say something. She spoke no word, and for perhaps three minutes nothing happened. Then suddenly across the dull roar of surf that filled the hut, was drawn a little keen thread of whistling. Just one or two flute-like notes, and it stopped. I could have sworn it came from behind my left shoulder. I turned quickly—nothing—nobody. But there it was again, up in the roof, this time; as before, three or four staves, and silence. I looked at my companion; she was still talking to herself. As I watched her twitching lips, a perfect shower of chirrupings fell upon us from the rafters; not a continuous trilling from any one direction, but a scatter of single notes, like a multitudinous dust of fugitive silver sparks, now here now there, stabbing the murmurous gloom. And then the fragmentary music began to collect itself together; intervals shortened, a rhythm set the air beating, until at last the whistling became an unbroken sweetness, a lilt and fall of rippling cadence aflutter in the poised shadows of the roof.

I sprang to my feet and stepped out into the moonlight. In that white glare every object was as sharply visible as in broad daylight. No tree, no cover of any sort, stood within 50 yards. There could certainly have been no human confederate concealed either on the ground or on the starkly-illumined roof of the shack. I circled the building and then went in again to flash a match up into the rafters. Nothing. But, still the whistling went on. It was like an invisible bird hovering around my

head—uncanny; its very quiteness was more unnerving than the roar of a thunderclap. It did not cease even while the old woman at last spoke to me: "The Ancestor waits," she grumbled. "Do you not hear him? What would you know of him? Ask your questions and then begone."

STRIKING FULFILMENT OF PREDICTION.

I had decided in advance on my question. "When will the next Japanese ship visit Arorae?"

Now there was a catch in that. I had recently been quite reliably informed that no Japanese ships would be trading round the Gilberts for a couple of years or more.

The hag lifted her face in the direction of the whistling, and without any respectful preliminaries simply muttered my question into the air. Immediately the music ceased. There was a pause of perhaps half a minute; then a few sharp staccato notes rang out, followed by three or four trills of exquisite sweetness, and there was again silence.

"The ancestor has spoken," said the sorceress. "Count 23 days from to-night, and the Japanese ship will arrive."

That finished the sitting. Knowing what I did of Japanese shipping and having had my information straight from the shipowners, I went away thoroughly convinced, but clumsy in the matter of prophecy. I was rather angry at having yielded during my visit to a distinctly cold feeling in the spine. Nevertheless, I did not fail to count the days, as instructed.

And did the ship arrive? She did. To be quite accurate, she appeared on the twenty-second, not the twenty-third day. To that extent, then, the prophecy was in error. But the fact remains, that contrary to every expectation, even that of the shipowners themselves, a Japanese vessel did indeed arrive at Arorae within 24 hours of the date foretold.

I deal in facts, not explanations. The whistling may have been a trick—who knows? Possibly it was ventriloquial, though I do not understand how the old hag in the shack could have whistled and talked in the same breath. But even supposing that part of the proceedings to have been pure flummery, how are we to explain the curious rightness of the prediction? Coincidence? Perhaps. And was it coincidence, too, that the people knew all about Tabanea's death? Again — perhaps.—"Sunday Times," Sydney.

GUIDANCE OF ANCESTORS.

Prince Yasuhito Chichibu, the second son of the Emperor of Japan, recently left Tokio in a cruiser for Hongkong, on his way to Oxford University, where he ceremony at a shrine he was notified that the spirits of his Imperial ancestors were going with him on this unprecedented voyage—it will be the first time a member of the Japanese Imperial family has been educated intends to remain for two years. In a picturesque abroad.

The Prince is 22. King George, on learning of the intended visit, recently sent a message to the Prince Regent saying, "He will be most cordially welcomed by myself and my people, and his presence here will give fresh proof of the close friendship which unites our nations."

CORRESPONDENTS AND POSTAGE.

Will correspondents requiring a personal reply to their letters be good enough to bear in mind that they must enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the purpose. Otherwise the letters will be acknowledged in our columns under the heading—"Replies to Correspondents."

EDITOR.

A LIFE POLICY.

DISCOVERED THROUGH SPIRIT GUIDANCE.

Mr. E. F. Owen, Clifton, Sumner, New Zealand, writes under date, August 1st.—

I desire to bring under your notice the following case as showing super-normal influence:

My son, R.W.O., was sitting with his young lady, Miss A. (now his wife) for "table-moving." Their attitude of mind was more curious than studious. After a time the table spelt out the name Lionel A. (This young man was a brother of above-mentioned lady. He was a tram conductor in Wellington, N.Z., and was killed about three or four years ago).

The following conversation took place by means of the table:

"I am anxious about a life policy."

"What life policy? Can you give us any information about it?"

"Am not sure whether I paid up all the premiums. Can you find out?"

"How much was the policy for?"

"£100."

"We will make enquiries."

As the rest of his family were all present in another part of the house they were asked if they knew anything about a life policy. They all disclaimed any knowledge of the matter. Returning to the table they questioned as follows:—

"Where is the policy?"

"In the old shed at bottom of garden, in the right-hand corner of second shelf amongst a lot of old papers."

"Can we find it now?"

"Yes."

Being night-time a lantern was lit and the young couple went and searched in the spot indicated and found the policy for the amount stated.

Unfortunately, upon enquiries being made the next day, he had omitted to pay the premiums for some time, so that the policy had lapsed.

My son has now developed the gift of "impressional writing" and we are in possession of over 750 pages of writings through him on all kinds of subjects relating to life on the "other side." He has also had other remarkable experiences.

I write this as an encouragement to others, and to help them to recognise that "table-moving" has its useful place in spiritual unfoldment.

UNIQUE APPEAL FOR PRAYER.

A New York message states that the Lord's Prayer was recited in half a dozen tongues when nearly 100 masons, stonecutters and laborers in work-clothes joined with contractors and clergy in a prayer service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, before laying the first stone for interior walls of the nave recently.

The service was requested by the men themselves, according to Bishop William T. Manning who, in full episcopal robes, conducted it in the open air on the nave foundation near the south wall.

No tradition of the men's crafts was involved, Bishop Manning said. The request came from their spontaneous feeling of the special and sacred character of the work they are doing in rearing one of the great cathedrals of the world.

Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, and when I have been over-praised, it has been my greatest comfort to say to myself, "I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this."—Darwin.

The Armageddon of the Mind.

THE INITIAL ENCOUNTER IN AMERICA.

Recorded through the Hand of V. MAY COTTRELL, Napier, New Zealand.

Child of earth, I greet thee!

Thou are interested in the mental conflict that is being waged at this time in the minds of the people of a great Continent. Indeed, the whole civilized world is watching with keen attention what is apparently, a little drama of real life being played out in that tiny city of the plains, which is situated in the heart of the mighty American continent.

This seemingly trivial incident—a trial which centres round the use of a particular text book in the local schools—is but the beginning of a mighty movement which will eventually remould the minds of the people, not of America only, but of the whole world.

And thus does the world march on towards Victory. She is gradually shaking the dust of the dark ages from off her feet and emerging into the radiant sunlight of a new day. But before this glad new day may dawn upon the world, in all its glory and splendour, must come that greatest of all battles—The Armageddon of the Mind.

* * * *

The human mind has long been the battleground of the emotions—joy and sorrow, hope and fear, love and hate jealousy and sacrifice—eternally waging their age-long battle for supremacy therein. But now comes the parting of the ways, when the animal nature in man must give place to the Divine.

It is the Divine urge in them which is sending so many of God's children out into the wilderness of doubt at this time. The minds of these people are utterly refusing to be bound any longer by senseless tradition. They desire to know the Truth as it has been revealed unto mankind through means of scientific study and research and a lengthy investigation of natural processes.

The real man, which God created in His own mental image and likeness, can no longer remain bound by the chains of his ancient animal ancestry. He must be mentally and spiritually free, so that his mind may roam amid those starry spaces wherein real inspiration abides. When man finally achieves this freedom of thought he will be enabled to meet and mingle mentally, with those who have evolved sufficiently, on another plane of existence, for them to faithfully interpret the will of God.

In order to contact the Good within himself, man must first get into spiritual touch with those on the spirit side of life whose duty and pleasure it is to bring spiritual light to those who sit in the darkness of their own ignorance. This spiritual communion does not necessarily reach the conscious mind of man, so as to be recognised by him for what it is, but it is very real, for all that, and forms a very important part of God's plan for the uplift and enlightenment of His children.

* * * *

When mens' minds are hedged about with the thorns and briars of unreasoning prejudice, the result of false teaching in generations long past, it is difficult and well-nigh impossible for the servants of the Most High to find an entrance into these minds, in order to do good work there for their beloved Master. These barriers must be broken down so that the light of God's Truth may penetrate the darkened corners of men's minds, in order that a new and wider vision may be vouchsafed to them.

This clearing process is now going on in the world. These bramble-infested areas are being summarily dealt with. The rank undergrowth of centuries is gradually being broken down and removed, with the result that God's messengers are now finding access to minds which had hitherto been closed to them.

Once having entered such minds these servants of God begin to "clean house" in earnest. They set to work with a will on the accumulated rubbish of centuries, and very soon the dust and cobwebs of ignorance and false teaching are flying before the vigorously wielded brooms of knowledge and understanding, until, presently, we see minds so treated emerging from the dirt and disorder of other days into the light and purity of a new understanding of Life and its meaning and purpose.

* * * *

Many there are in the world to-day who are coming to realise more and more fully what it is that is happening therein at this period of time. These clear sighted ones gladly welcome the new trend of affairs, believing in their hearts that this is the beginning of a new era, the dawn of that new day which has long been prophesied. Hence these wise ones are making all speed to set their own mental and spiritual houses in order, seeing to it that they are thoroughly cleansed and purified and made ready for the abode therein of an honoured guest.

For, behold, Truth, the Bridegroom, cometh to his own at last and it were meet indeed that his Bride, whose name is Righteousness, should be ready and waiting to receive her lord in that secret chamber which is to be found in the heart of each one of God's children.

But it is of minds which we have thus far been utterly unable to enter, in order to cleanse and purify them, that I would now write. Such minds resist all our efforts on their behalf, and they it is who, by their numbers, are blocking the wheels of progress and keeping the world in a state of semi-barbarism, a condition of things which millions of their fellow mortals have far out-grown.

* * * *

Others, again, permit us to "clean house" for them to a certain extent, but refuse to allow us to throw out of their minds much that we know to be rubbish, mere useless litter, but what they, in their blindness, look upon as priceless treasures, which no one must be allowed to interfere with.

Hence we have at this time a battle raging in that far-off land of America, a war of ideas and beliefs. The old worn-out ideas are fighting for survival with all the frenzied strength of desperation, in order that they may oust the new knowledge from the proud place it has already made for itself in the minds of the people.

By this it will be seen that this is the initial encounter between the opposing forces, the first real battle in that great struggle before-mentioned, the Armageddon of the Mind. Both new and old are now busy marshalling all their forces in the hope of overcoming their enemies and eventually crushing them out of existence.

But when Might contends with Right the end is ever the same. Might may triumph for a season, but it cannot long prevail against those great forces of Good which stand ever at the back of those movements which tend towards the betterment of the people as a whole.

Thus, however much the exponents of Might—as here indicating the old order of things—may be-

lieve in the cause which they are championing, they are doomed to the final disappointment of utter and overwhelming defeat. Victory is not for such as they—on the contrary, it is for those whose minds and hearts are open to accept that new knowledge which is destined to mean so much to the lasting welfare of the Race.

* * * *

This question which has recently come up for discussion once more and is now being threshed out in that little city across the sea, concerns the truth or falsity of the evolution theory, which is now no theory at all but a proved scientific fact. It is, however, only one of the many points that are now being raised and around which fierce mental conflicts will soon be raging.

There is no need for alarm because of this, however; rather should the people of the world rejoice and be exceeding glad because it shows that a real spiritual awakening is at hand. These pitched battles, between opposing minds, are but the signs and portents of the new order which is coming, wherein the sunlight of Truth will presently illumine the minds of the majority of the people, bringing peace, and happiness and prosperity in its train.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

If we think kindly thoughts, we shall speak kindly words, and do generous deeds.

Do not let the eclipse of your faith cause despair; for, even if it become total, it is only a passing phase in your spiritual experience.

Disappointments are like shadows cast on our lives that sometimes severely test our faith and our patience.

Sacred music lends us wings by which we can soar into a celestial atmosphere.

Surely we can trust the Love that guards us each defenceless night to lead us safely through "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" into the light of Eternal Day!

Never seek to communicate with the departed from mercenary or ulterior motives, for you thereby attract evil spirits who will rejoice in deceiving you.

Do not imagine that you will win a crown of glory in the next world without conflict and effort in this.

Belief in the plenary inspiration of the Bible is impossible to the thoughtful and intelligent reader, and God does not require it of us.

R. C. N.

WATCH FOR THE RED DISC!

Those of our Readers who receive this issue of "The Harbinger of Light" with a RED DISC embellishing the wrapper, will be good enough to understand that it is intended as a reminder that their SUBSCRIPTION for the current year is now due.

All Subscriptions are payable IN ADVANCE and unless those concerned forward their remittances promptly, we shall be forced to the conclusion that they do not desire to continue.

OUR MARVELLOUS POWERS.

By the Editress of "Gossip," Adelaide.

Have you ever read Bulwer Lytton's book, "The Coming Race"? If so you will be familiar with his descriptions of the fluid which he calls "Vrill."

As a result of a series of experiments which have been carried on in Adelaide for some years a force analagous to that of "Vrill" has reached the demonstrable stage of its development.

I was very sceptical as to the possibility of there being any definite, tangible potency in the soul-force or magnetism of an individual but at a private demonstration of the powers of an Adelaide man in this direction my scepticism became shaken and I wanted to see more and find out what he really meant by what he calls the "Vrillic force.'

I knew, for instance, that, theoretically, every one possesses a magnetic aura which radiates some distance from the body, and I had read that people might be at one and the same time both broadcasting and receiving instruments of thoughts and emotions. But that anyone could put such energy into their thoughts and emotions as to send electrical waves of energy flowing to such a degree that they could be felt in a tangible fashion by the recipient, was somewhat unbelievable.

Last week, however, I had a practical demonstration of the force, distinctly felt the vibrations in brain and body, and it has aroused my curiosity. At all events I had the best sleep I'd had for weeks after having it turned on me for a short time, so I'll see if more information about it can be obtained.

There must be many forces of which we know practically nothing and it is just possible that this one may open up vistas of which we, at present, know nothing. At any rate it doesn't hurt anyone to get off the material plane occasionally and maybe we all have a tendency towards getting out of the theological tomb within which dogmatic religions have kept us for so long.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.: "The Harbinger of Light" is very interesting and contains some very vigorous writing.

Mr. Edward C. Randall, New York, Author of "The Dead Have Never Died" and "Frontiers of the After Life": There is no magazine from which I get so much real worth as I do from yours.

Dr. Crittenden Van Wyck, Hayward, California: Enclosed please find 2 dols. 60 cents for another subscription to the best of all magazines.

Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, Weston Vicarage, England: "The Harbinger of Light" continues to maintain its high standard of interest and I always read it with great pleasure.

A Bachelor of Medicine, New Zealand: It is a beautiful magazine in every way, and may you be blessed for the glorious message you are giving out to humanity.

A Victorian barrister: We look forward to "The Harbinger of Light" so much that we would not miss it for worlds.

A State School Teacher, Queensland: Let me congratulate you on the high tone of "The Harbinger of Light." I look most eagerly for it from month to month. It makes one proud of Spiritualism. My prayers that your courage and faith fail not.

"Margery" and Ectoplasmic Rods.

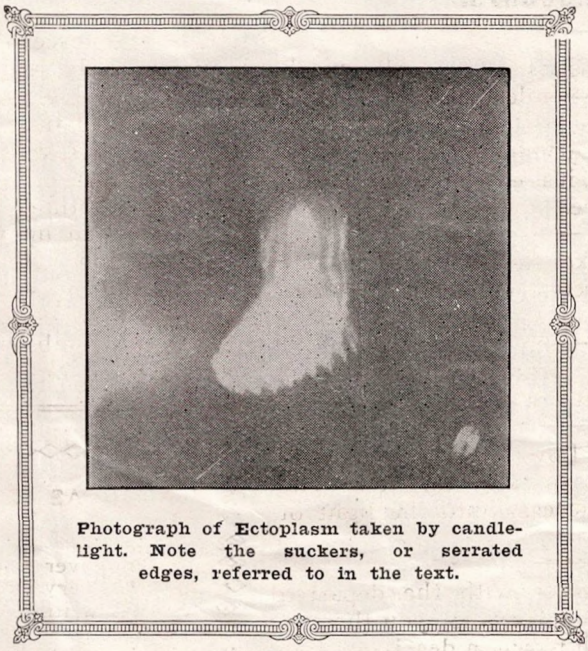
NEW SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS.

By THE EDITOR.

Several of our readers are desirous of knowing if anything further is being done in investigating the psychic powers of "Margery," the pseudonym formerly assumed by Mrs. L. R. G. Crandon, the wife of a Boston surgeon and physician, whose mediumship was subjected to a lengthy investigation by the "Scientific American" Committee, with inconclusive results so far as the majority of the investigators was concerned, although Dr. Hereward Carrington and Mr. Malcolm Bird were convinced that genuine psychic phenomena were witnessed.

For the information of our inquiring supporters it may be stated that from the latest files of "The Banner of Life," Boston, to hand, we learn that a new official series of sittings is being conducted by the American Society for Psychical Research, under Mr. Bird, the Research Officer of the Society. The journal named describes the investigators as "honest men with open minds," and goes on to say:

> The conditions of the experiment are wholly in the hands of the investigators, in their own building. All arrangements are made in the absence of the Psychic and her husband. The investigators have struck a new note in psychic investigation. **They frankly conduct things as if the investigators themselves were strangers, trusting no one, trying to eliminate every human factor. Every ankle, every wrist and every head bears a luminous band.** The circle is in galvanic circuit from start to finish. A galvanometer outside reveals any break. The records are made into a dictaphone and it is understood that if the records contain no suggestion of fraud discovered, such fraud is assumed to be non-existent.



Photograph of Ectoplasm taken by candle-light. Note the suckers, or serrated edges, referred to in the text.

Previous experiments had established the fact that the mystifying psychic substance known as ectoplasm flows in varying quantities from the organism of the medium—photography had conclusively demonstrated that fact—and the present group of investigators are directing their efforts towards finding the extreme distance to which the ectoplasmic "rods" can reach and to measure the pressures downward, upward and lateraly which the "terminals" can exert. Other phenomena, however, occur during the seances:

> Incidental to all these sittings, there appear at everyone an announcement of certain facts concerning the apparatus which can be known only to the mind of Walter (the "control" of the medium) and cannot by any possibility be present in the minds of any carnate sitter. These subjective manifestations, which can only mean the separate existence and presence of an intelligent Walter, are being carefully preserved, with signatures of the sitters.
>
> The whole experience is one: a voice in the cabinet, proved to be entirely independent of the vocal apparatus of the Psychic, tells us of a fact which cannot be known to any of us and it is immediately proved to be true. This voice then promises or prophecies a physical phenomenon. The phenomenon then occurs. The camera confirms it. To the unprejudiced mind, the real open mind, this series of occurrences seems to make a complete chain of evidence of the existence in the seance room of a discarnate intelligence.

With respect to the ectoplasmic "rods", it is stated that whilst some of the experiments seek to show the extreme range of reach, others demonstrate the ability of the "control" to change the "terminals" into the shape and size necessary for the problem before him. The "terminals" appear to vary from a size ten by four inches, down to a rod of less than one-half inch in diameter. For the first time in this mediumship not only two, but three "terminals," appearing at one time, have been observed and measured.

A clear idea of what is meant by "terminals" of the psychic "rods"' will be gleaned from the representation of them which illustrates this article. It has, however, nothing to do with the "Margery" investigation. The photograph was taken by a Sydney lady at a private Circle two-and-a-half years ago. She was entirely non-plussed as to what it depicted and wrote to us for an explanation. On expressing our surprise that none of the sitters was visible in the picture, she replied: "The background was a brown cloth curtain about 6ft. high and 4ft. 6in. wide. Three sitters besides myself. Candle light only. Exposure 45 minutes. A stormy night, raining in torrents (not a thunderstorm). The "patch" is above the heads of the sitters. We think the candle light was not strong enough for a general picture."

To those familiar with ectoplasmic phenomena it will be obvious that we have here the "terminal" of a psychic "rod." Ectoplasm in fact, appears to be the basis of all psychical phenomena of a physical character, as will be readily understood by those who have studied the experiments of Dr. Crawford, Baron von Schrenck Notzing and Dr. Geley. Dr. Crawford, in his "Psychic Structures at the Goligher Circle," refers to this mysterious psychic matter, emanating from a certain type of medium as "rods," the free end of which expands, as seen in the picture, and although generally invisible, when passed across the hand gave "a sensation of roughness, as though **serrated.**"

He further says that in the phenomenon of levitation these "rods" grip the table by a suction process. "At the critical point (angle 45 deg. or thereabouts)," he adds, "sounds were heard on the surface and legs of the table, as though **suckers** were slipping over the wood or were being forced off, or were taking new grips."

The "rod" is distinctly seen in the picture under notice, and there can be no mistaking the serrated edges or sucker-like formation at the base. It is, apparently, a similar phenomenon that has been discovered in connection with this fresh series of experiments with "Margery," and we shall probably hear more of the matter at a later date.

GREAT DEBATE ON SPIRITUALISM

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Arthur Keith in Public Arena.

Intense Popular Interest in Literary Combat.

[There is probably no more conservative or dignified jou nal published in Great Britain to-day than the well-known "Morning Post," a London daily newspaper commanding a large circulation. For this reason it is certainly very significant that it should recently, of its own initiative, opened its columns to a debate on Spiritualism between Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the outstanding champion of the movement, and Sir Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, who is admittedly one of the highest authorities in the world on anthropology. The discussion continued over six consecutive issues of the journal named, being opened by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, followed by a rejoinder the next day by Sir Arthur Keith, and so on until each combatant had exhausted his allotted space.

The controversy aroused intense public interest throughout Great Britain and was conducted in a studiously courteous spirit. A few years ago such a discussion in a leading London newspaper would have been considered entirely out of the question, which simply illustrates the marked change of attitude on the part of the Press of Great Britain and also the measure of public thought, which the subject to-day commands.

For the enlightenment and mental entertainment of our readers we purpose to reproduce this unique debate in extenso, in conformity with our policy of keeping our supporters informed concerning every development of importance in various parts of the world. Subjoined will be found the first of three instalments, and at the conclusion of the argument the reader will be able to form his, or her, opinion on the merits of the case submitted by the respective participators in the fray.—Ed. H. of L.]

THE DEBATE OPENED.

BASES OF RELIGIOUS OPPOSITION.

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

I am happy to respond to your invitation and to state a case for Spiritualism—though it is a word which I detest. It sounds as if we claimed to be more Spiritual than other people, which is by no means the case. Spiritism is no better, since spirits may be both good and evil. If I were permitted to coin a word, I should say that we cultivated Angelism, and that we ourselves were Angelists, since we aspire to keep in contact with intelligences which are higher than our own. However, the old clumsy word has been sanctified to us by the efforts and self-sacrifice of three generations of pioneers, so we must take it as we find it.

It is understood that some doughty critic has the office of answering this statement, so I would temper it in such a way as to make his task not too difficult or invidious. Thus, if I were to base my beliefs upon my personal experiences, and if I were to urge—as I well might—that I had in the presence of witnesses seen two of my "dead" relatives and had held clear and evidential conversations with a number of them, I would place my friendly commentator in the awkward position of either admitting my contention or of answering that I was a liar or a madman. I feel that it would be unfair to him to place him in a dilemma where he must choose between acquiescence or rudeness, so I will ignore and suppress the more intimate part of my experience.

I woulld say, however, before I pass on, that on one of the last occasions, when I had experience of the direct voice, three people in the circle were talking to three separate voices at the same time. Each of the witnesses was a person of high repute, and though I do not feel justified in publishing the names, I would certainly furnish them privately to anyone who doubted my statement. I mention the fact because it so completely covers that facile explanation of ventriloquism with which so many of our critics endeavour to escape the facts.

WHY THIS WILD ANTAGONISM?

But why should anyone wish to escape the facts? That is one of those questions to which I can find no answer. There is no gainsaying that our belief excites the greatest possible repugnance in many minds. One would really suppose that our message was something blasphemous and obscure which was put forward by unprincipled teachers with some ulterior and selfish motive. It is met by the most wild denials, the most grotesque explanations, the most desperate and occasionally unprincipled efforts to discredit everyone concerned.

Why this furious antagonism which unites for once the most inveterate enemies, the believer in ritual, the Protestant sectarian and the rational agnostic? Have we brought ill news to the world? When we carry our point and it is universally accepted will the world be the worse for it? Surely it is evident that this will not be so. We make two major assertions. The first is that personality carries on beyond the grave, and that death opens out a new life in a new environment, but with a similar individual equipment. The second is that such personalities are not so far removed from the world of matter that it should be impossible for them, if the material conditions are right, to get into communication with us once more.

These are our two larger propositions which we prove by such an array of evidence drawn from thousands of witnesses, and supported by some of the best brains of humanity, that we may well say: "If you dispute this, then how can you accept any religious statement that has ever been made in the world's history?" To this the agnostic would answer, no doubt, "You can't," which, however unreasonable, is more logical than the position of our orthodox opponents.

A SHADOW ON LIFE.

But these two assertions of ours—survival and communication—are surely not in themselves either irreligious or of evil import. It is the obscurity of death the cold uncertainty of it which casts a shadow on life. There is nothing in our view to arouse frenzied opposition. But there are minor assertions which depend upon the statements which we receive from those who have passed on. These statements are briefly that they have found things over there very different in detail from anything that they have been taught by their Churches. The mere fact that they have experienced no change in themselves, either in appearance or in feelings, is a great surprise. They are functioning in a fresh medium, but as everything around is to scale, they feel no difference.

They do not, save in very exceptional cases, find

themselves in terrible or in glorified places, but they are units in a busy, happy world, where every natural talent has full opening for its expression, with unlimited room for future intellectual and spiritual development. It is not merely harps, crowns, or thrones which are reproduced, but there is a universal analogy to familiar things. In fact it is a rational life with rational objects, where we find those standards of comfort and pleasure which are natural to the human mind, and those forms of work which are most useful and congenial. The amount of happiness and beauty varies in the different planes, but even the lowest and dullest work upwards in the end. Nothing is ever lost.

A HEARTENING MESSAGE.

Is this an ignoble philosophy? Why should it arouse contempt or dislike in so many minds? It is not revolutionary as regards past teaching. The general idea that life there is the sequel of life here is preserved. But it is explanatory and detailed. It varies as we receive it, as descriptions of earth life would vary according to the viewpoint of the writer, but in the main the accounts are singularly alike. They are detailed in many posthumous books which are neither read by the general public nor reviewed by the average journal, and yet are, in my opinion, the most important, and in some ways the most enthralling literature in existence.

I hold that the general message is the most heartening which has reached the human race for two thousand years, that it is a God-sent revelation of truth, and that it very especially meets the wants of the evolving mind of humanity, which hungers for positive knowledge amid all the claims of conflicting faiths. Those faiths are sufficient for some They are notoriously unsatisfying to others. Here is a religion built upon experience and absolutely convincing to many, who had found that they could not honestly subscribe to the old formulas, as they were presented.

But the question stil remains unanswered as to why the opposition should be so furious when the general result is to remove the fear of death and to make the loss of loved ones seem less irreparable than before? There must be a reason. What is it? I think it can all be expressed in one word—misunderstanding.

The orthodox were unduly alarmed that some immense change was about to be demanded in their beliefs. On the contrary, their beliefs will be largely justified and harmonised with the general order of Nature. The man who was a militant rationalist and has become a Spiritualist is at least nearer to orthodoxy in a broad sense than he was before. Spiritualism may be added to any religion, and though it cannot fail to widen it, it will not destroy it. Therefore, the religious opposition is due to misunderstanding.

So it is with Science. There is no reason to think that our knowledge of the next plane of existence will lessen our desire to find out Nature's secrets upon this plane. Science will not be affected, and the first law of Science (notoriously broken in this connection) is to follow any new fact or alleged fact without prejudice wherever it may lead. It is these two resistances upon the part of organised religion and of organised science which have been reflected in the popular Press and held back the movement. I use the word "organised" because, of course, many clerics like Archdeacons Wilberforce and Colley, Arthur Chambers, George Vale Owen, Haweis, and others, together with a long array of individual Scientists, are on our side.

OFFENSIVE FRAUDS.

But there is another misunderstanding which is fruitful in evil. The observer sees many obvious absurdities placarded and exaggerated by the Press, but he never understands that these absurdities or falsehoods are as offensive to the average sane Spiritualist as to himself. We do not believe in or encourage fortune-telling, though we think the unjust laws upon the subject sweep the true psychic into the same net as the false one. We abominate all fraud in mediumship, and look upon it as the most blasphemous action a human being can commit. We are aware, however, that psychic knowledge and cool judgment are needed to determine what is fraud and what is not. The bogus medium is our worst enemy.

Again we laugh as heartily as our critics at the use of big names, and when the Shakespeares and the Shelleys begin our interest ceases. They are the products of inflated vanity either on this side or the other. At no spiritual meeting are such productions taken seriously, unless, indeed, their own outstanding merit compel attention. Neither do we accept all that we get even from the best mediums, but we remember that we also are spirits here and now, and that we have our own right of judgment in our converse with other spirits who have won their freedom.

When all these points are understood the public will realise that we have been much misapprehended. There was a generation of Spiritualists who, sick of contention, were content to say: "Well, let it go at that. If the world rejects what we know to be true let them remain in ignorance. What can it matter to us?" A wider and more earnest spirit now prevails and we sincerely wish that the world, for its own great comfort and gain, would share with us the all-important knowledge which we have won.

ANOTHER DIFFICULTY.

One more misunderstanding—the most common of all. The observer says how absurd are these phenomena, the quivering table, the levitation. How can one connect such childish things with the dignity of death? It is a difficulty which kept me for many years as a psychic researcher rather than as a Spiritualist. And yet the explanation is simple and sufficient. It is that these material signs are signals to call our gross minds, which can only be impressed by phenomenal things, to attend to this new matter. The falling apple and the twitching frog were the forerunners of gravitation and electricity. These humble signals serve the same purpose. They arrest the attention and start a line of inquiry and thought which leads to higher things. The telephone-bell is a lowly thing in itself. It may call attention to an all-important message.

This opening article has been devoted to a very superficial view of the general philosophy of the subject. I accentuate it, because it has been so much neglected that the general public has little idea that there is any philosophy at all at the back of those phenomena, which are the things which catch the eye and lend themselves to debate. It is an all-important pilosophy. It is the most coherent and reasonable religious system ever presented to the world; just, satisfying, capable of proof, and founded not upon tradition, however venerable, but upon actual experience and communication with those who have advanced one stage further than ourselves.

It throws a light upon all those anomalies and perplexities which have alienated earnest minds from conventional Christianity and yet it has brought the Christ influence back into the lives of many of us, and has caused us to realise what He stands for in the scheme of creation. In succeeding articles I will endeavour to expose some of the foundation-stones upon which our knowledge has been reared, and to meet, so far as I can, any objections which may be urged.

Sir Arthur Keith Replies.

THE CONAN DOYLE PROSPECTUS.

WHAT ARE THE REAL ASSETS?

By Sir Arthur Keith.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is more than an "angelist": he is a brilliant evangelist. So rare and refreshing are the fruits of Spiritualism with which he tempts us, that not only I but every reader of the "Morning Post" would be numbered to-day amongst his converts, but for one hindering circumstance: are his tidings true? For in things spiritual just as in things temporal a mere prospectus, such as he has placed before your readers, is not a sufficient guarantee that dividends can, or ever will, be paid. Before we place our entire capital in the hands of his directorate—and a human soul is the most precious of possessions—we must look at the venture with the cool and searching eye of the man of business. It is the only way of getting at the truth. For there is only one way for getting at the truth—a critical examination of the evidence.

In the spiritual world, just as in the temporal, we have to make certain that each promise of the prospectus is amply covered by a tangible and realisable asset in the possession of the company. This is the method pursued by every man of science in his laboratory; it is, or ought to be the way of every stockbroker. To adopt any other method is to gamble, and gambling, sooner or later, ends in ruin—financial ruin in the temporal world, moral ruin in the spiritual world.

A GLOWING PROSPECTUS.

Before a business man embarks his own, or his client's, money upon a new venture he scrutinises the names and reputations of the men concerned in the flotation. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's name stands for honesty, courage, and fearlessness; anyone subscribing to the New Jerusalem of Spiritualism can be certain that there will be no "hanky panky" practices permitted in any venture with which he has to do; should they occur we can depend on him to give them the most ruthless of public exposures. To venture all our capital—to risk our immortal souls—we must know not only the Board of Managers; we must know the personalities behind the Board. It is not enough to see and handle the heap of gold-containing ore stacked on the table of the board-room in the city office of the company; we want to meet and cross-examine the mining engineer who surveyed the lode and brought home the samples.

No doubt the secretary of the company will seek to make us take the plunge straight away by painting a glowing picture of the new El Dorado. If the prospects are as he paints them, then there is all the more reason to extend our inquiry. Neither manager nor directors should feel hurt if we ask permission to send our own expert to report on the company's property—to examine the extent and richness of the lode, to see the stamps at work and note the output of yellow metal. If we seek for such additional guarantees there cannot be—or should not be—any complaint of bad faith on their part.

This method of inquiry is the way pursued by good men of business just as it is the way of good men of science. For in the search for truth the business man and the scientist go to work in exactly the same manner. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle cannot, and I know will not, cavil, nor bring any charge of bad faith against us, if we seek to get at the important personalities or "mediums" who claim to have the ability of communicating with late members of our community who have been buried or cremated—or to adopt the euphemistic phrase of the creator of Sherlock Homes—who have "passed on."

EXAMINING THE BOOKS.

The form which our enquiry is to take, the nature of the evidence which we are to demand, are so important that I would crave the use of another simile to make my position clear. The simile which I am to employ is one with which Sir Arthur and I are familiar, for both of us were trained as medical men. We have each had to buy a practice. From the advertisement columns of a medical paper we selected the one which most nearly met our means and aims; we interviewed the seller; we looked at his house, his consulting room and his district; we were perhaps impressed with his honesty, and signed an agreement on the spot. If we did so we acted in an unjustifiable and reckless way. If we were to be businesslike or scientific, then it was our duty to make an examination of his books, or, what is better, to have called in the aid of an expert auditor, and then to have acted on his report.

The seller, if his practice was equal to his advertisement should not feel sore at our lack of faith; if he spoke the truth he need fear no inquiry. In the present instance Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is the seller; I, the buyer. He has inserted his glowing advertisement in these columns, but so far has not published his "books"; no doubt he will yet place them fully and freely before the readers of this great paper, and when he does I shall willingly play the part of expert auditor to the best of my ability.

STILL EMBODIED SPIRITS.

Any reader, or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle himself, may with some show of reason at once challenge my qualifications to play the part of an expert auditor in the Spiritualistic world. By way of extenuation I would plead that I have been a student of the human body—both in its living and its dead state—for over forty years; it is my daily business to examine the way in which it is made and the manner of its working. The method in which I collect and sift evidence is exactly that pursued by Sherlock Holmes when, like a sleuth hound, he followed up the trail of crime or of mystery—until the culprit was captured or the mystery was solved.

Sherlock Holmes' method of finding out the truth is that of Sir A. Conan Doyle, and fortunately it is also mine; we are in agreement as to how the truth is to be discovered; our facts are to be such that everyone may verify them. A still more fortunate circumstance in the Spiritualistic world is, that when death knocks at our door and we "pass on," we are still embodied spirits wrapt, according to Sir Arthur's account, in a new "medium." For our author has definitely expressed himself thus concerning the state of the dead. "But there are minor assertions, which depend on the statements which we receive from those who have passed on. These statements are briefly that they have found things over there very different in detail from anything that they have been taught by their Churches. The mere fact that they have experienced no change in themselves either **in appearance or in feelings,** is a great surprise. They are functioning in a fresh medium, but as everything around is to scale, they feel no difference."

In the spirit world, then, on this showing, my

craft of anatomist is still valid; beings with the appearance and feelings of humanity must be capable of dissection and examination. These newly-embodied spirits can speak, therefore they must have vocal cords, throats and tongues; they can hear, therefore must there be sound waves and ears to catch and register them; they can feel, therefore must there be a nervous system and brain—for we can conceive no means of feeling except through a nerve system. Therefore I claim that my training and vocation qualify me to advise as to the soundness of any flotation of Spiritualistic stock.

THE SPIRITUALIST'S LABORATORY.

Let me now meet another objection which may be lodged against the role in which I now appear. The fact that I have never taken part in a Spiritualistic seance may be thought to rule me out of court straight away. What is there in a room or laboratory in which Spiritualists carry on their investigations that is not in the room or laboratory in which ordinary students of the human body conduct their inquiries? In either case the room used is enclosed by built walls, laid floor and plastered ceiling; the same air and electrical conditions prevail in both; the same kind of living beings occupy the experimental chair; the inquirers are provided with a corresponding equipment of brain.

There is no method of investigation used by Spiritualists that we have left untried. We are all provided with the same kind of eyes, ears, and fingers; we ordinary students of the human body come by new knowledge by the same means as are accessible to Spiritualists; they have no means which are not accessible to us. It is true they prefer to carry out their investigations in darkness while we prefer the full light of day. There is but one order of Nature; that order holds, or should hold for the Spiritualist's laboratory just as it does for ours. Thus, if my personal experience is drawn from a physiological laboratory it is as valid for critical purposes as if it had been drawn from that of the Spiritualist.

AN IRRESTIBLE APPEAL?

I have turned aside from the straight course of my argument to devote two paragraphs to the establishment of my credentials. I now return to a consideration of Sir Arthur's confession of his Spiritualistic faith. It is in no slighting sense that I compare this confession to the prospectus of a company on the point of launching an issue of new stock. Such a prospectus becomes the legitimate subject of criticism by the financial correspondent of every newspaper; on the strength or weakness of the prospectus clients are advised to subscribe or withhold.

Now, what are the prospects held out by Sir Arthur to his subscribers? He promises that "personality carries on beyond the grave," and that "such personalities are not so far removed from the world of matter that it should be impossible for them, if the material conditions are right, to get into communication with us once more." He promises much more than "harps, crowns, or thrones"; we are to have "a rational life with rational objects"; we are to have such "standards of comfort and pleasure" as are "natural to the human mind; and thus forms of work which are most useful and congenial."

If such promises are really true—if by merely passing on we can enter this fairy-like land and become the objects of our dreams—millionaires, owners of Derby winners, successful publicans, Prime Ministers, immortal poets, preachers, painters, and writers of fiction, to say nothing of becoming scratch men at golf and masters of centuries at cricket—then who can resist the appeal now made to them?

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is well within the mark when he claims that "the general message is the most heartening which has reached the human race for two thousand years.' Mahomet in his highest moments did not promise half so much. What we now want to know is: can he make his promise good? What proofs can he put before us that will convince us that he speaks the sober truth—no more and no less?

SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

Why, then, is there no rush for the stock thus freely offered on the Spiritualistic market? Sir Arthur thinks it is the result of misunderstanding on the part of clergymen, agnostics, and scientists. These are men who will face the truth in whatever form it appears. They will face it all the sooner if the truth is agreeable. Sir Arthur may rest assured that when he produces the proofs on which his prospectus is based, as he certainly will do in his next instalment, he will find those same men amongst the most ardent of his followers and subscribers. Nay, if his proofs are convincing I promise him that London will be deserted and tenantless before a week is over. All will flock to the New Jerusalem.

We have been given but a passing glimpse within the spirit world; there is so much more we should like to know. The evidence provided by fossil forms is now so complete that we may rest assured that man has been gradually evolved from a low and humble form of animal. Are all these grades of evolution still existent in the spirit world? Has each grade and race of mankind its own region in space for an abode? Where are those regions? Out of what form of matter are these spirits fashioned? There are a hundred and one queries one would wish to put to the leading protagonist of Spiritualism or "Angelism," as he would name it.

[In our next issue we shall publish Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's reply to Sir Arthur Keith, together with a further rejoinder by the latter.—Ed. H. of L.]

PERSONAL.

According to latest arrangements, Mr Stephen Foster, of Sydney, was due to commence his lecture tour of the Commonwealth—referred to in the last issue of this journal—towards the end of August. He expected to leave Sydney about the 24th, and his first engagement was listed for Newcastle on the 29th. Lismore and Singleton residents will also have the pleasure of meeting him during September. We again wish the traveller a very successful time in his propaganda enterprise, and trust that Societies in the various centres visited will facilitate his activities in every possible way. Mr James Turner, Secretary of the Occult Society, Sydney, writes:

"Most satisfactory results are attending our efforts in the planning of Mr Stephen Foster's tour of the Commonwealth, to commence in September, and we wish to sincerely thank several friends and co-workers in Newcastle, Lismore, Singleton, Toowoomba and Brisbane for their support and assistance; also Mr Edgar Tozer, of Melbourne, for having taken on the task of making arrangements for us in Victoria and Tasmania, and our gratitude is due to the Editor for his valuable assistance in connection with the "Harbinger of Light."

Man's Survival After Death"—Those of our readers who have forwarded orders for this book will naturally wonder when the new edition is going to arrive. We have received a letter from the Author stating that the final proofs were being revised and that the work would be ready "shortly." When the parcel comes to hand we will immediately despatch copies to those whose orders still await execution. Possibly they think the publishers should be similarly treated!

SEEING WITHOUT EYES!

"The Daily Express," London, tells the story of the "British Helen Keller," Miss Eva H. Longbottom, a young woman of Bristol, who has been blind from birth but "sees sounds." An L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M., she is not only a ballad singer, having appeared in oratorio, although the conductor's beat is to her invisible. The "Express" says she first became aware that sound was becoming vision to her whilst attending a concert at which Mr. Ben Davies sang; and by comparing impressions with friends she had this idea confirmed. The "Express" adds—

Here are some main colours which Miss Longbottom sees though she is conscious of infinite variations:—

Red: Deep voice, contralto or bass. "Sometimes the red is almost physically painful."

Orange: A powerful voice with a full ring.

Violet: High notes with rapid vibrations. A most pleasing colour. It is peculiar to the violin and piano, and sopranos and tenors.

Apart from her colour sense she possesses many other mystifying qualities. She goes to "see" the films, has the captions read to her, and, apart from that, dislikes any further information. She visualises the picture play for herself, and astonishes other people by the correctness of her descriptions.

"I HEAR ROB BARKING."

In the course of an anecdotal article dealing with dogs in the "Evening News", London, the Hon. Mrs Edward Stuart-Wortley tells the following touching little story of a pet dog:—

Rob Roy was the adored and adoring friend of a friend of mine. His master fell ill and Rob hardly left the sickroom. He would lie on the bed for days and nights together, almost motionless, his favourite sport forgotten, his customary walks declined.

By and by the master recovered, but not long after had the sorrow of losing his dog, a grief only assuaged by the conviction that he would meet him again some day in another life.

Years went by and my friend lay on his deathbed, rapidly sinking. He had been unconscious some time when suddenly he lifted his head, a look of great content on his face, and said quite clearly: "I hear Rob barking. I am coming, old man, wait for me!"

PERMANENCE OF PSYCHIC INFLUENCES.

Dealing with "Unexplained Phenomena of a World Half-Revealed" in "Onward," E. Hermitage Day writes:—

There is in a village on a western coast a very old house with a large room attached to it, under its own roof and entered by its own door from the garden. In the summer it was used as an extra bedroom for visitors. But one after another who slept in it awoke in terror, with the sensation of having been immersed in the sea or rolled over and over on the beach by great waves. At last, and by chance, it was found that generations ago, when many a sailing ship was wrecked on that terrible coast, the room had been used as a mortuary for the bodies of sailors cast up by the sea.

Platinum wire has been drawn so fine that a mile of it would not weigh more than a grain, while seven ounces of it would extend from New York to London.

MIRACLES DO HAPPEN!

Speaking recently at St. Benet's Church, Mile End Road, London, on "Miracles and Prayer," Sir Oliver Lodge, as reported by "The Morning Post," said:—

In science the material world was studied, and we were liable to think that this was all, but there we made a mistake. Religion also dealt with material things, for we had soul and body. The spiritual and material overlapped. There were people who would like to take the miraculous part out of the Bible, which they regarded as superstition. Matthew Arnold said miracles did not exist.

The miracle of Pentecost was held by some to be imagination, superstition. I tell you it is not so. Those things can happen; not to the same extent because the occasion was a unique one. The Spirit came, and came with physical manifestation accompanying it, as it sometimes does. Don't think those things are imagination. Try to learn from the miracle what happened. The real miracle was the conversion of those fishermen into the teachers, Apostles, and self-sacrificing enthusiasts that they became. The spiritual world dominated the material world.

From the same Address the "Sunday Express" quotes a fable of two frogs told by Sir Oliver to illustrate his argument that miracles can happen:—

Two frogs fell into a bowl of cream. The sides were slippery, and they could not get out. One gave it up as hopeless, sank to the bottom, and was drowned. The other said, "No matter, I will swim as long as I can keep on." So he swam into the cream until the stuff solidified, and he was safe and sound on a pat of butter of his own making.

The laws of which the frog knew nothing were apparent. We are all in the same predicament. Go on working in faith, and something may happen to us. Miracles can certainly happen to animals. Have you ever seen a cat mew to have a door opened? It cannot open it itself, but it knows you can. It has faith.

RESIGNATION.

Often will our days grow weary,
With the lot our life is cast,
But most things which make life dreary,
Quickly go and cannot last.
'Twould be well if all could find,
That each cloud is silver-lin'd.

When we find the day most trying,
Clouds of sorrow drifting o'er,
There are many sadly lying,
Sick or crippled, suffering more.
'Twould be well if all could find,
That each cloud is silver-lin'd.

Sorrows slowly teach the soul
Time is swifty passing by,
And that earth is not life's goal
But a fairer world on high.
'Twould be well if all could find,
That each cloud is silver-lin'd.

P. A. JENSEN,
San Francisco.

A large organisation of business men in Boston is pledged not to employ cigarette-smoking boys, and the example is being followed by firms all over America.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.

Seeing one of the circus elephants with his trunk in a pail of water, a little boy exclaimed, "Oh, look, mamma, he's filling his fountain pen!"

Cullings From My Psychic Diary.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY SUMMARISED.

By EDWARD C. RANDALL, Author of "There is No Death" and "Frontiers of the After Life."

II.

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

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

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

Dissolution and change have come to every form of life, and will come to all that live. The world cannot stand still. The great law of the universe is progress. Evolution is a constant force.

* * * *

People are doing their own thinking, and with thought comes doubt, the stepping stone to the temple of knowledge.

We are swinging away from the old moorings; new views come with changing times and conditions. Knowledge is the torch that fires our enthusiasm, and makes advancement possible.

All truth is safe nothing else is safe; he who holds back the truth, through expediency or fear, fails in his duty to mankind.

The thought, that there need be no more groping in the dark, makes the pulse quicken. The realisation that fear can now be eliminated from the human brain, fills every heart with joy.

The fact that we may come into touch with those in spheres beyond and know that they live, and how and where they live, will lift the burden of sorrow from every heart that mourns its dead.

This is an age of intellectual emancipation. Those who walk with open eyes will find the truth, for it lights the way across the continent of every human life.

Truth is always an achievement; it becomes such by reversing appearances, turning rest into motion, solids into fluids, centres into orbits, breaking up enclosing firmaments into infinite space.

The energy of an active agent seems to end with disorganisation, but it really passes into another form.

The appearance of Nature one nearly always finds to be not false but elusive; and our first interpretation of natural conditions is usually the reverse of the reality. Of course, this must be so; it is the wisdom for creation, and the secret of the world; else knowledge would be immediate and without process.

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

Life beyond the grave is the promise that hope has ever whispered to all who have lived.

Time was when every cradle asked us whence, and every coffin whither; this generation, for the first time in history, is able to answer these questions.

The sovereignty of the individual must be gained by effort. The weak must be taught; the strongest at some time must bend and obey.

The eternal dome of thought is high and broad, and each should do what he can to change the night of intellectual darkness into perfect day. Every man who discovers a fact adds something to the knowledge of the world.

To every mortal who thinks rightly, Nature's laws become natural laws.

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

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

* * * *

God is Universal Good, which has been, and is, the dominant factor both in the physical and spirit-plane; this force for good has held kingship since the world began.

A new branch of literature, relating wholly to the laws of psychic phenomena, is just entering the cycle of progressive thought.

The supreme need for each man is to reason, and to remain, ever after, true to his convictions. Where reason leads, one may follow publicly and openly. This is the highest conception of duty.

Men who deny to others the right of public speech are not qualified for speech themselves.

Love for humanity is the basis upon which mankind must stand to gain ultimate good; to help a sprawling beetle to gain its feet is an act the result of which will follow one through eternity.

Beyond the great divide await all those for whom you mourn; all unsatisfied ambitions, providing they are tending toward progression, you will have the power to gratify by work and application.

Brood well upon that with which you store your mind. Each grain of knowledge will grow and bear its fruit.

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

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

Be consistent, looking to the harmony of natural law to guide you, and build your living on the same simple principle.

Open your soul and stretch out, as it were, with eager hands, and let the spirit of Good enter and abide.

Make yourself attuned to the most harmonious vibrations, so that your impulses will be good, and then obey them. They are apt to be the suggestions of a fellow-soul working out his salvation; and, by letting the impulses hold sway over you, you not only do a good act, but help that struggling soul one step farther on his way.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

A PASSPORT TO FELICITY.

By R. L. SUMMERLIN, Brisbane.

Every heart hath some fair dream,
Some object unattained,
And far off in the distance lies
Some Mecca to be gained.

The inequalities and sorrows of existence greatly affect thoughtful minds, even if their own way be comparatively smooth and free, for always the ugly heads of war and pestilence uprear their grisly shapes above the ramparts of the fairest civilisation, and the Death's-head grins evilly, if obscurely, at every bountiful feast. How can these facts be reconciled with the belief that all is for the best in this the best of all possible worlds. Thinkers do not subscribe to the dictum, neither do they see approaching a millenium ruled by the Goddess of Reason.

Dr. Gustave Le Bon, the noted psychologist, says in his book, "The World Unbalanced"—"The manifest error committed by the professors," commenting on conditions before and since the late war, "was just their belief in the sovereign power of Reason over the destinies of Nations. All history should have taught them, on the other hand, that sentiments and passions are the real guides of human groups, and that rational influences produce an almost negligible effect upon them." And far along the aisles of Time ring the echoes of wrongs committed under the stimulus of these blind impulses. Scepticism and materialism have so shaken and sapped the instinctive belief in a future life that very many no longer credit it, or feel convinced that means of grace were ever there derived.

Equally on this matter the voice of Science, so authoritative in other fields of investigation, is dumb, and, at present it seems futile to expect any change in an obvious bias. Its attitude is well summed up by John Fiske who declares—"There has grown up a kind of Puritanism in the scientific temper which, while announcing its unalterable purpose to follow Truth, though she lead us to Hades, takes a kind of grim satisfaction in emphasizing the place of destination."

* * * *

The milk of human kindness will never be warmed at such a breast and it remains for Spiritualism to proclaim again the immanence of the "Kingdom of God" as a never-failing anodyne for all the trials and pains of mortality. This it has done for all those who have looked deeply into its philosophy, and even to the casual the proofs of survival which it offers are an attraction to be found in no other system. The time is ripe for the study of unseen things, and the avowal of a sincere belief in that hidden empire, which will be discovered by the earnest quest of the traveller who will climb the hills of doubt and at last view, shining across the deep divide of death, the glittering and fadeless lights of the country of our dreams.

Spiritual ideals and aspirations, which will there find fruition, will also bring fresh conception of earthly duties, if only the well-grounded conviction arises that the accident of death in no-wise interrupts the pursuit of a high and worthy ambition. There is to be found the aftermath of all the actions of humankind, there the result of all the "dim eyed world has taught," and there also fresh channels for talent suffocated beneath the thousand hindrances of poverty, weakness, and all the "ills that flesh is heir to," and with the helping hand of a greater magnanimity made to serve at last as stepping stones to the high purposes of spiritual life.

* * * *

How little is known of the causes that contributed to climaxes that, without knowledge of the qualifying circumstances which would, to a greater or less degree, have condoned them, seemed so heinous! When the passions which have obscured men's eyes at the time the events took place, and immediately afterwards, have died out, and correct perspective allows of better judgment, then, frequently, the harsh verdict of contemporary opinion is forgotten in the emotions which the sublime appeals of pity and pathos evoke.

If time will for us here thus soften the hard eye of criticism, what miracles of atonement and benevolence will be wrought when eventually we are clothed in the bright garments of eternity! With the impulsion of a greater love than we have dreamed, divine justice and recompense will re-assemble wrecked schemes and tangled destinies, which, with ever-increasing momentum, will move towards their perfect integration.

With this larger hope, suffering may be construed as a passport to a high felicity, welcomed even as the means for necessary appreciation of the lights and shades of the tremendous picture of the life of the soul and the removal of the superficial growths that prevent the intuition of a long lost Eden from whence it one time found its way.

Another life the life of day o'erwhelms,
The past from present consciousness takes hue,
And we remember vast and cloudy realms
Our feet have wandered through.

* * * *

There seems a popular conception prevailing, of Heaven as a nebulous state peopled by phantoms divorced from all the emotional needs inherent in the human heart. Rather must it be one where these needs find a high and refined level, tending to reach that altitude, in new and unprecedented combinations, when the incomplete adjustments of misdirected thought and action will have been found faulty and, by discipline, corrected. And with this view, so much in accord with what we observe of the upward trend of all evolutional processes, those who look towards that state as a reasonable and natural realisation, but quickened beyond present comprehension, should concur.

Great Truth: on which centres the heartfelt desires of untold numbers,
May thy rolling waves ere long wash away the mud and debris of uninformed opposition,
And d'sclose on the redeemed shore of spiritual knowledge the iridescent mass of thy buried treasure.

Is it not strange, my friends, that after all I have said to convince you I am going to the society of the happy, you still think this body to be Socrates? Bury my lifeless body where you please, but do not mourn over it, as if that were Socrates.—Socrates; 469 B.C.

Don't worry. Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come."—Lowell.

HOW TO KEEP THE FLAG FLYING.

Has it ever occurred to you that one way in which you can help us to keep the Flag of Spiritualism flying in Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand is to purchase the Books we stock for your edification and enlightenment?

Should you desire to help by this means, send for the New Catalogue now ready at the office of "The Harbinger of Light."—post free on application.

COMING EVENTS FORETOLD.

The Editor of "The Harbinger of Light."

Sir,—

Reading in the current issue of "The Harbinger of Light" the tribute paid to the psychic powers of Mr Walter Blake, of Prospect, South Australia, by Mr A. A. Arnold, J. P., I also, with your permission would like to add thereto.

Three weeks before the settlement of the recent seamen's strike I called upon Mr. Blake in a casual way to have a friendly chat. During the course of the conversation I remarked: "I wonder when the strike will end?" For being engaged in business on my own account, like many others I was unsettled as to what I should order or do. Mr Blake said: "I see a picture of a conference in a couple of weeks' time, but it may be three weeks before they finalise, so have no fear, go right ahead with your plans, and if things don't come as I have stated, and in the said time," he smilingly added, "don't speak to me any more." Mr Blake's prediction worked out right.

A few months ago Mr Blake was having afternoon tea at my house when he suddenly said: "Get ready to build at once, for you are going to receive a good offer to sell your home almost immediately." He described the person who would make me the offer. The next day I did get an offer, and the person making the same tallied with the person described and who was an absolute stranger to both Mr Blake and myself.

I have experienced and heard of some very remarkable clairvoyance through Mr. Blake.

Yours sincerely,

P. D. TEMBY.

Adelaide, August 5th.

EXPERIENCES OF MAJOR COLLEY.

In relating some of his psychic experiences before the London Spiritualist Alliance on a recent date, Major C. C. Colley son of the late Archdeacon, said that on one occasion he was impressed to go from Oxford to Birmingham to visit a friend for no apparent reason, but found that he was needed to receive a particular psychic message which meant a great deal to his father, although it was unintelligible to him.

On another occasion he was kept in a trance state which prevented his going to South Africa as a private during the Boer War. He had at the time an Artillery Commission, which he had not taken up. He learned later that all his platoon had been killed in one battle.

Another incident recounted was of a remarkable experience with a materialising medium, when, in good light, a piano was levitated, "combing his hair," as he described it.

A DANGER WARNING.

An incident illustrating how we may be protected from danger or death by timely intervention from the Other Side, was recently related by Mr Tudor Pole, writer and lecturer, to members of the London Spiritualist Alliance. He said:

> Not long ago, in Amsterdam, I was about to take a train to The Hague. At dinner with friends I said, "I am going to catch the 10 o'clock train to-morrow to The Hague." I heard a voice say "No." Now my custom is that unless warnings are repeated three times I do not heed them. I like to have them emphasized. So I took no notice. Next morning when I was dressing again I heard the word "No." I came to breakfast and afterwards was about to get into a taxi when I heard, "You must not travel by that train." So I went to the station and put my belongings into the cloakroom and caught another train. Later I heard that that train had been wrecked and that there were a number of deaths and casualties.

A FLAMMARION STORY.

The decease of Camille Flammarion revives an interesting story told by him of the circumstances under which he came to establish his observatory at Juvisy. He received a long letter in verse commencing "Illustrious Master." He read the first few lines of the letter, and seeing nothing but what he regarded as false praise of himself he threw the letter away without bothering to finish it, especially as the signature was unknown to him.

Later he received another letter in the same handwriting; this time, however, it was addressed "Dear Master" and was in the same laudatory style. Once more Flammarion threw the letter away after a cursory glance. There came a third letter from the same person beginning simply, "Dear Sir," but as it was still a long one, he treated it in the same way as its predecessors.

But Flammarion's pertinacious correspondent had not finished. Finally he sent a brief note which ran: "Sir, you are discourteous. Three times I, as an admirer, have offered you as a gift the park and mansion which I own at Juvisy. You have never answered. I demand that you at once telegraph me, yes or no." It was as well that Flammarion read this letter, for it goes without saying that it was thereby that he became possessed of the property at Juvisy, which, with characteristic generosity, he dedicated to the public's use.—"Light."

The following frank confession has to be placed to the credit of Professor Charles Richet author of "Thirty Years of Psychical Research": "In my servile respect for the classic tradition, I mocked at what was called Spiritism; and after reading the astounding statements which Mr. Crookes had published, I allowed myself—and here do I publicly beg his pardon for it—to laught at them as heartily as almost everyone else was doing. But now . . . I beat my breast and cry Pater, peccavi! How could I suppose that the savant who has discovered thallium and the radiometer and foreshadowed the Rontgen rays, could commit gross and inexplicable blunders, or allow himself to be duped for years by tricks which a child could have exposed." ("Proceedings S.P.R.," July, 1899.)

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

VICTORIA.

MELBOURNE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTIC LYCEUM.

The Lyceum Psychology Club is the name of the new Club which held its opening conversazione on the 11th July, under the Presidency of Mrs C. Suffolk. It is anticipated that the Cldb will be a great success, and that in this way the teachings of Psychology will be spread. Members and visitors meet every second Thursday evening at the Henry George Club Rooms, St. George's Parade, City, to learn and discuss the principles of Psychology. Coffee is served in the Club rooms and a very sociable evening is spent.

On the 19th July at the morning session, Miss Gardiner delivered a short address, the title being "What is God" and at the evening service we had the pleasure of having Miss Richardson to instruct us on "Why the World expects the Return of the Christ." The 26th July was recitation Sunday and a very pleasant Sunday morning was spent listening to the childrens' recitations, and in the evening Mrs Bell-Jarvis delivered a stirring address on "The Power Within." MrWaschatz was the exponent at the morning session on 2nd August and his talk on "Happiness" was much appreciated, "The Soul's Desire" was the subject of Mrs Bell-Jarvis' inspiring address at the evening service. On the 9th August, Mr Lumley led the morning session in a discussion on a Lyceum reading, and very ably instructed us on several points we were not quite clear upon. Mrs Bell-Jarvis' evening address was very edifying and much appreciated by the audience, "Spiritualism and Psychology" being the subject

We wish to thank the following mediums who, during the past month, have so unselfishly helped at our mediums' symposiums. Mesdames Martin, Peach, Develin, Browning, Alderwick, Eyard, and S. Wood; Messrs Davis, Winslow and Shaw.

G. M. GARDINER, Recorder.

S. O. L. CHURCH.

Since our last report our committee have decided to settle down at Peacock Buildings, 486 Bourke Street, so we now look upon it as our home, and a beautiful clean, up-to-date, artistically decorated and furnished one it is. Tea is provided between the afternoon and evening services at 1/- each.

During the last two months our evening platform has been very ably filled by our President (Mrs Hanger) and Mr J. Macdonald Moore, D.Sc., who have both taken interesting and uplifting subjects for their addresses, while Mrs Hanger and Mrs Arthur have given many comforting messages and convincing tests. Mr Moore is a great acquisition to our Society, being a much-travelled gentleman, one who has seen Spiritu-

alistic work carried on in all places and he is a deep occult student, with much wisdom to impart to all seekers.

Our grateful thanks are also given to the loyal and devoted band of workers who attend so regularly every Sunday afternoon, when the public are so well catered for by psychic, trance, and meterological readings, health diagnosis and magnetic treatment.

The Church Developing Class is doing well under the able instruction of the Leader (Mrs Hanger) and there are several promising psychic workers who are developing for public work.

It was a great pleasure for our Society to be able to take part with the other affiliated Churches of the Council to help to make the concert on behalf of Mr F. Wallace a success. It was a splendid evening and we hope the time is not far distant when Mr Wallace will be completely restored to health and strength.

Greetings to the Editor of our splendid journal, and best wishes for its increased success.

E. MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

CHURCH OF SPIRITUAL RESEARCH.

We desire to extend our hearty thanks to all friends and workers who are so ably assisting us to maintain the advancement of our Society in all sections of its adtivities, and also for their generous response to our appeal on behalf of Mr. Wallace and his family.

Mr Moorey's straight talks have lost none of their vim and forcefulness, whilst Mr J. McDonald Moore was delightful in "The Faith that Heals," delivering his message in a way which only a man of his personality could achieve.

A good representation of kindred Societies was in evidence at our last social and we suggest a spirit of reciprocation when they, in their turn, hold functions of a similar nature.

We extend hearty greetings to all and shall be pleased to welcome old or new friends during the ensuing month.

WM. GREENWOOD.

PRAHRAN SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.

Since our last report our services have been very successfully conducted. During the month the platform has been occupied by Mrs Hosford-Herbert, Mr Hopkinson, Mr Drohan, and Mr Jones, all giving bright and inspiring addresses. Mesdames Kelly, Plum, Marsden, Herbert and Miss French have proved capable Psychics at the evening services. Our afternoon services, too, have been very helpful to many seeking consolation and Truth.

A pleasing feature in connection with our Developing Class is the progress of a number of the students. The monthly visit by the Institute for the Blind Orchestra is looked forward to with pleasure.

L. J. PLUM, Hon. Sec.

MALVERN SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

We regret during the past month a slight falling off in the attendances, due to quite a lot of sickness amongst our members and congregation. We give them through this journal, our sympathy, and hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr Millen has given the lectures, every Sunday, on matters pertaining to Spiritualism. Two that were particularly interesting were, "The Transition of the Soul." and "Spiritual Gifts." After each lecture both Mr Miller and Mrs McMurran have demonstrated, with spiritual messages, which have been convincing to those that receive them. We thank the visiting mediums for their help: Mr and Mrs Bunning, Mr H. Williams and others. We would also thank the healing mediums, for the splendid work work they do. namely Miss McTawber, Mrs Hayes, Mr C. Miller and Mr H. Parker.

It was with thankful hearts, that we received the news concerning the success of the Wallace Relief Concert. The combined efforts of the various centres must have proved to him the genuine esteem in which he is held and sympathy in his time of trial.

Greetings to "The Harbinger of Light."

J McMURRAN, Recorder.

THE WALLACE CONCERT.

The concert held in the Assembly Hall, Melbourne, on Aug. 3rd, as a practical expression of sympathy with Mr F. G. Wallace who, with his wife, was seriously injured in a motor-car accident a few months ago, was well attended and yielded a very substantial surplus. It was organised under the auspices of the Council of Spiritualist Churches, the President of which (Mr. Edgar Tozer) presided. The proceedings having been appropriately opened by the chairman, the following excellent programme was carried out to the great delight of the audience:

"The Bedouin Love Song," Mr Arthur F. Kelly; "Villanelle," Miss Mary O'Mara; "Invictus," Mr Len Rogers; "Vissi D'Arte," Miss Olive Waite; "The Record," Mr Stanley Brookes; "Alice Blue Gown" (from "Irene") Miss Connie Leon, (late of Geo. Edwards & Co., London); "Waltz Song" (from "Tom Jones") Miss Mary O'Mara; "Parted" Mr Len Rogers; "Vale," Miss Olive Waite; "True Till Death" Mr Arthur F. Kelly; 'Sal" (from "Three Little Maids") Miss Connie Leon; "The Highwayman," Mr Stanley Brookes. Accompanists: Mrs D. Smithers, Miss Myrtle Lunn and Mrs E. Marshall; Hon. Treasurer: Mrs Ada Kemp; Hon. Manager, Mr Stanley Brookes. The Grand Piano was supplied by "Allan's."

NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE OCCULT LECTURE SOCIETY.

On Saturday evening, July 18th, Mr Stephen Foster and Mr James Turner conducted a social to aid the funds of the United Christian Spiritual Church at McCauley Road, Stanmore. The humorous side of "Numerology" was dealt with by Mr. Foster, and Mr Turner entertained with songs and monologues.

An inspiring address on "The Journey of Life" was given by Mr Foster at the I.O.O.F. Temple United Spiritual Scientists Church on Sunday, July 19th, and Monday evening, July 20th found him holding a psychometric meeting in aid of the library fund of the same church. Owing to pressure of business in connection with his forthcoming tour, Mr Foster did not appear in public again until Sunday, August 2nd when at 3.15 an interested assembly listened to a well delivered lecture entitled "Botanical Symbology" and again at 7.15 on the same day an address on "The Two Worlds" was greatly appreciated. Both meetings were held at the I.O.O.F. Temple Spiritual Scientists' Church.

Mr Stephen Foster conducted a psychometric demonstation at the Oxford Street Spiritual Church on Saturday, August 8th, and at the same church on Sunday, August 9th he gave an uplifting address concerning "Character in the Making" Phenomenal evidences of clairvoyance and clairaudient communication, through the instrumentality of Mr Foster, were witnessed at all meetings, and Mr James Turner's solos were well appreciated.

We are pleased to report overflow attendances at the week-night psychometry classes and developing seances, held in Mr Foster's own rooms at 220, Castlereagh Street,, and all concerned regret that his departure from Sydney on August 30th will cause a cessation of these enjoyable and instructive meetings.

Greetings to the Editor and continued success to "The Harbinger of Light."

JAMES TURNER, Hon. Sec.

UNITED SPIRITUALIST CHURCH (SCIENTISTS) SYDNEY.

We are glad to report good progress during the month, our Sunday meetings, both afternoon and evening, being very well attended, the rooms not being large enough to accomodate the people at the special services.

We are getting along very nicely with our Library Fund, and hope very shortly, to add a number of the latest books on Spiritualism, to our already large selection.

The mediums have given their services freely, for which we sincerely thank them.

Our usual monthly "At Home" was held on Saturday, July 18th, Mr and Mrs Geo. Carter of Burwood Church being the honoured guests. Mesdames Twelvetree, Hopkins and Mr Ward gave the lecturettes, and spoke in glowing terms of the work Mr Carter has done for the cause of Spiritualism. Mr David Edlstan and Mr Edmonds recited, and Mr Edmonds also favored us with some songs, which were much appreciated.

We have to thank the following speakers for their services during the month: Mesdames Twelvetree, Hopkins, Rose-Weekes, Levorna, Perry, Burrell, Nicholson, Saarijarvi, and Wood; Messrs Maskell, Cohen, Foster and Nicholson.

G. TUBB, Hon. Secretary.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

ORDER OF LIGHT (Incorporated).

Since our last report we have been making steady progress. Our Sunday meetings, which are held in the afternoon, have been well attended and many new people are coming into our ranks.

Our Socials are becoming very popular, and some very enjoyable evenings have been held. Our latest development is our Busy Bee afternoon and some interesting gatherings have been held. These afternoons are for friends, to give their spiritual experiences and for asking questions on spiritual subjects. A musical programme and afternoon tea helps to make a very enjoyable time. We are making preparations for our Annual Bazaar which is to be held early in November.

Much good is still being done by our Healing Class, and many have received much benefit by our healing thoughts and prayers.

Most of our services have been conducted by our Pastor, the Rev. Lily Lingwood-Smith. Others who have assisted are Dr. Clark Nickola and Bro. E. Lowe and Sister Martin. During the summer months we are hoping to hold afternoon and evening meetings and are expecting to have a busy time.

A Psychometry class, "Flowers only," is held every Tuesday night by our Pastor and is attracting large crowds.

We held a successful dance and supper on August 20th, and other interesting evenings are to be held later.

O. MILLS, Hon. Sec.

NEW ZEALAND.

WELLINGTON SPIRITUALIST CHURCH (Incorporated)

The subjects, with a scriptural setting, lent a modern interpretation, that Mr Webb dealt with during the month of July were "The Faith of a Daniel," and "Was Jesus a Psychic?" in addition, "The Religion of the Seven Principles" and 'The Progression of the Freethinker," were expounded.

The Ladies' Guild is quietly working for the proposed sale work, and there are also several earnestly working at home in the making of suitable articles for sale.

A very successful Social was held on the 28th, many willingly assisted with programme items, refreshments and monetary help.

At the half-yearly members' meeting Mrs E. Webb was elected President; Mr F. Turner, Vice-President; and Mr Rentoul to a vacancy on the Committee.

A cordial invitation is offered to all local readers of "The Harbinger of Light" to attend our meetings, also to all former or old Spiritualists.

GEO. BODELL, Hon. Sec.

Under the leadership of our conductor, Mr R. A. Webb, the Lycenm continues to make steady progress.

On July 19th we held our open session, when a delightful violin and piano duet was given by Seth and Elva Harris. Miss Gladys Webb gave a steel guitar solo, followed by a duet by the Misses L. and G. Webb. Recitations were given by Miss Minnie Francis, and Masters Harry Francis, Tom Furey, Charles Furey and Fred Parker.

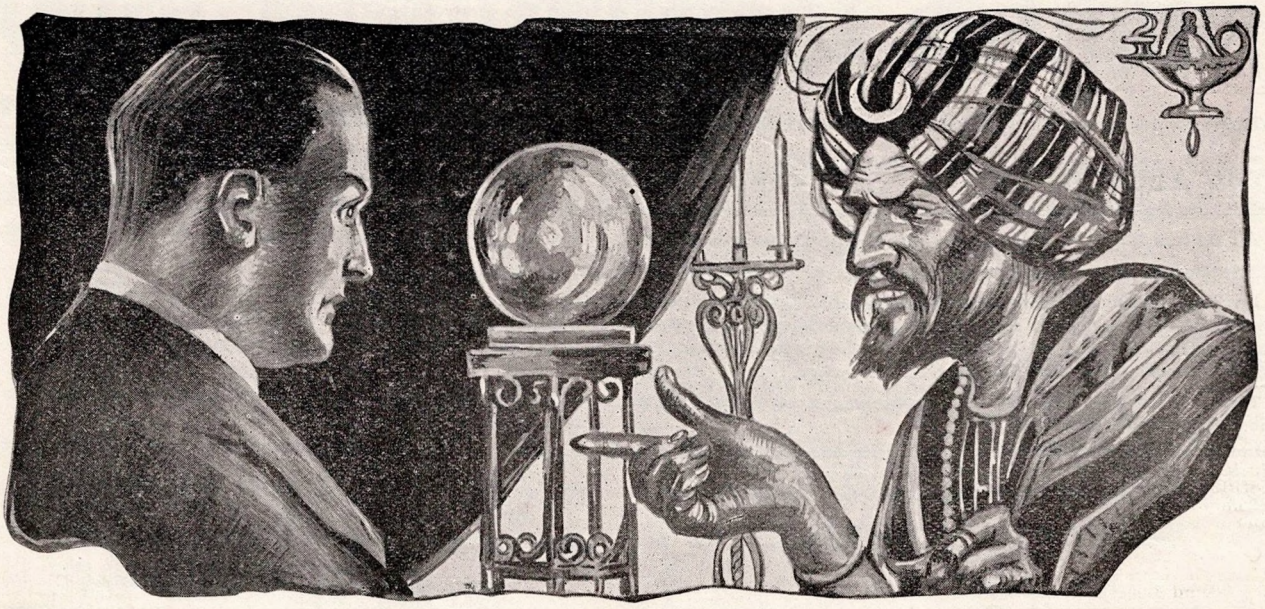
Best wishes to all other Lyceums and to "The Harbinger of Light."

(Miss) L. WEBB, Lyceum Secretary.

TO RECORDERS.

No other Reports had come to hand at the time of going to press.

Recorders are again reminded that all Reports must reach this office by the 15th of the month, otherwise they are liable to be omitted, as it is necessary to go to press as early as possible to enable the journal to be delivered in distant parts by the end of the month.



Some Secrets About Yourself That Even You Do Not Know

The Magic Power That Brings Startling Revelations About Yourself and Others. Now You Can Quickly and Easily Acquire It

A CERTAIN man had always laughed at everything that savored of the occult. Some of his friends had "discovered" a Hindoo Mystic—a seer whose readings had set them all agog with their startling fidelity to facts. So this man decided, by way of a lark, to call upon the mystic and investigate for himself. He spent nearly two hours in the sitting—and when he came out his eyes were wide with wonder, and he said: "I am never going to laugh at such things again." For the mystic had told him things about himself that he did not dream anyone but himself knew—some things, in fact, that he was hardly conscious of himself.

Perhaps you have had a similar experience. Perhaps some mystic has told you things so accurate and true to life that you were absolutely amazed and dumbfounded.

Perhaps also this mystifying seer made revelations about your past which may or may not have been in accord with the facts—and prophecies about your future which may or may not have been fulfilled since. But, at any rate, you were impressed and wondered how a man who had never laid his eyes on you before could tell you so much of truth about yourself.

What is the secret of such apparently magic powers? Coincidence, trickery, suggestion? In many cases, Yes. But often-times there must be some more substantial basis for these "revelations." For thousands of people have been convinced. Even successful, hard-headed, business men have been known to consult their favorite mediums when some big deal was pending.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

If you should go to the eminent Walter S. Binks you would get a "reading" that would explain much of the mystery away. You would find none of the atmosphere of the mystic's den—no sombre draperies, no crystal ball, no burning incense, no dim lights—instead, an everyday business office with Walter S. Binks at a big desk, looking at you with observant eyes.

And the things you would hear about yourself would make you start in your chair. Walter S. Binks would describe you to yourself as if you were an open book, and your face a printed page. You would receive an anlysis of yourself that would reveal hidden qualities that might change the whole course of your life.

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