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The Harbinger of Light

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT, PTY., LTD., Wentworth House, 203 Collins St., Melbourne.

A Monthly Digest Devoted to

Psychical Research, Spiritualism, and Spiritual Philosophy

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

We search the World's Press to tell you of Spiritualism's progress

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JOHN WESLEY'S SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE

MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART ON LESSONS FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

JOHN WESLEY, his experiences and his work, formed the theme of Mrs. St. Clair Stobart's address to the Spiritualist Community at the Service in the Grotian Hall, London, some time ago.

Wesley, she stated, started as a zealous minister of the Established Church and apparently possessed all the qualities essential for success. Yet, in his earlier experiences as a missionary amongst the North American Indians, he failed and was so miserable that he wrote in his diary: "What if the Gospel be not true?" His great work began when, attending a meeting in Aldersgate Street, London, he became suddenly aware that God was present and was branding on his soul a great truth—a truth so simple that it had hitherto escaped him, namely, that sin and death can have no power over the soul that is made in the image of God.

"The effect was magical," said Mrs. Stobart. "Immediately, the pettifogging sins which had troubled his conscience, and the intellectual doubts which had disturbed his religious peace of mind, dissolved, like gossamer in the morning sunshine, under the glow of a divine radiance, which warmed his heart, assured him of divine grace, and revolutionised his life. For he realised that this was a revelation, a tiding of great joy, which must be broadcast to the world.

"He had been a long time learning it, and I am going to suggest," Mrs. Stobart continued, "that he would not have learned it then—for his mind had worked along purely moral and intellectual lines—if it had not been for an early influence, which, conscious or unconscious, must, when the time was ripe, have given objective reality to his belief in the spirit world—the influence, namely, of those spiritualistic occurrences which took place in his father's rectory at

Epworth, whilst he was a boy, a schoolboy at the Charterhouse.

Phenomena at Epworth.

"The occurrences which disturbed the peace of the rector's family circle, for about four months, from December 1716 to April 1717, were of the poltergeist type—noises of all kinds, knockings here, there and everywhere, groanings, clatterings as of smashed bottles, gobblings as of a turkey-cock, steps up and down stairs at all hours of the day and night. All mischievous, but not malicious. Now, John Wesley believed implicitly, with everybody else, that these occurrences were of an objective nature, and they were accepted by the whole Wesley family as indubitable communications from the spirit world.

"The influence of those early, crude, but objective experiences enabled him to understand that the whispering of the spirit in that dingy room at Aldersgate Street proceeded, not from a mere ecclesiastical and metaphysical abstraction, called the Holy Ghost, but from a real, live, sympathetic holy spirit.

Extraordinary Happenings.

"And probably no one was more astounded at the spiritual and physical results which at first attended the licence afforded to individual experience than Wesley himself. Extraordinary scenes occurred during his campaigns of field-preaching, of which he had learned the art from Whitfield. People fell to the ground in trance, in states of ecstasy, or were thrown into fits, and seemed as it was said, to be literally torn by Satan. The worst cases of paroxysms were only recovered by prayer.

"Wesley was, however, never carried away by these occurrences. He scrutinised them with watchful eye, to distinguish true from false, and to discover the cause. He said he had seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears things which to the best of his judgment could not be accounted for by the ordinary course of natural causes, and he therefore believed these should be ascribed to the extraordinary interposition of God.

"And so, as of old, signs followed them that believed. Wesley healed the sick and recovered the dying. He exorcised evil spirits, as easily as he converted sinners, reclaimed drunkards and aroused the indifferent. And all by means of supernormal faculties vouchsafed in furtherance of his efforts by the Spirit of God. Why have none of our speakers these powers? People make much to do to-day, about the new discovery of spiritual healing. But Wesley's Journal tells of cures and wonders worked by faith and prayer, designed, as he put it, by God, for the further manifestation of His work, to cause His power to be known, and to awaken the attention of a drowsy world.

"And now, what was the attitude of the Churches towards Wesley? The Churches, when they found that Wesley was urging men to seek truth in their own hearts rather than in ecclesiastical tradition, shut their doors upon him, as also upon his brother Charles, and their great contemporary Whitfield, and drove them out into the fields and hedgerows.

"Wesley, when explaining to many hundred communicants in Dublin, in 1789, the original design of the so-called Methodists, clearly announced that 'his followers were not to be a distinct party, but that they were to stir up all parties, Christians and heathen to worship God, in spirit and in truth: but the Church of England in particular, to which they belonged from the beginning.

Spiritualism the Common Factor.

"And similarly I, as a Spiritualist to-day, have no desire that Spiritualists shall be a party distinct from the Churches—those institutions in which have been centred the religious sentiments of a lifetime. I desire, with John Wesley, that our spiritual knowledge shall permeate the Churches—all Churches, all religions, and enable the various Churches and religions to make their various appeals to the various grades of thought and feeling and nationality—with Spiritualism as the great factor of belief, the least common denominator of them all. Let Methodists continue to worship in Methodist Chapels, Church of England folk in the Church of England Churches, Muslims in their mosques, and so on ad infinitum. Thus I pray that all churches and religions may welcome the new inspiration which alone can restore to them their ancient pentecostal power. And I pray that history will not repeat itself and that the Churches will not reject the new inspiration which is being brought to them.

We Are Spirits Now.

"The thought which should concern Spiritualists is: 'What if the Gospel of Spiritualism be true?' This is an overwhelming thought, for if Spiritualism is true, then we, you and I, are not primarily human beings who may, with luck, turn into spirits one day, much in the same way that caterpillars turn into butterflies—we are spirits, here and now, and our human nature is only a temporary accretion. Spirit is the fundamental reality. Everything else is ephemeral and in a sense unreal and if this is the case then our whole world is to-day being run on a wrong sense of values.

"But it is not the Spiritualism of the seance-room, and of the mixed circle that will save the world. That is psychism, and is is only the preliminary, the useful preliminary, to the Spiritualism which comes to the individual heart in its search for contact, not with its own departed friends only, but with loftier souls. We must, as individuals, hear the voice of God. That voice alone will be, as Wesley found, the trumpet call to salvation—to salvation of the world.

"And I personally pray that we Spiritualists seek not to form a new Church, but to be the influence which will bring back to the existing churches that Pentecostal inspiration which was of old the mainspring of their power."—"Light."

A VERIFIED PREDICTION THROUGH PLANCHETTE COMMUNICATION.

(By Dr. Margaret Vivian.)

My next and more tangible association with mediumship occurred 22 years ago. In this case too, the medium, whom I will call Miss X., was non-professional; in fact she had no idea that she possessed any psychic power, and although she was the means of setting my feet on the Spiritualist road, she still professes to attribute her remarkable achievements either to telepathy or to the workings of her subconscious mind. We have received the most evidential communications, and yet she herself adheres to an agnostic outlook. She was spending Christmas with me, and one wet December afternoon I found in a cupboard an old planchette. I have no idea how it came to be there, but having nothing better to do, we decided to experiment with it. There were three of us, and we tried it with various permutations of sitters, but it remained a dead piece of wood until Miss X. placed her hands on it. Then it sprang to life and wrote rapid replies to the rather futile questions we asked. "That is all very well," I said, "but so far the answers to all the questions asked have been known to one or other of us," and I proceeded to trot out the well-worn theory of telepathy. "Let me ask a question to which no living person knows the reply, and in order to avoid any suspicion of guess-work, I will ask the question mentally, without telling you what it is." My mother was suffering from a mild attack of influenza, but she was an old lady, and I mnetally enquired whether she would recover. "No," was the curt reply. "In that case, when will the end come?" "Tuesday, seven p.m., was the immediate answer. I admit that in spite of my scepticism, I was startled. "What was your question?" said one of the sitters. "I would rather not tell you until I know whether the answer is correct," I replied, and planchette was put aside. The following Tuesday evening my mother was apparently progressing normally, but I made a point of staying with her until seven o'clock, lest by any chance there might be anything in what I regarded as the vagaries of a toy. When the clock had struck seven, I left the room, took out my car and went to the chemist to replenish a medicine bottle. When I reached the shop, the chemist told me that he had received a telephone message asking me to go home at home. When I got back, I learned that my mother had died suddenly at ten minutes past seven, and later I discovered that the hall clock was ten minutes fast. This experience impressed me so much that I begged Miss X. to carry out further experiments in automatic writing, and later, we found that the writing could be obtained just as easily with a pencil held in Miss X's hand, which runs rapidly over the paper, giving us long scripts in a style quite different to her own. These are automatic and not inspirational, for she has no knowledge of what is being written. The handwriting bears some resemblance to her own, but this, I think, is to be expected.—"Psychic Science."

What Happens After Sudden Death?

'KILLED IN ACTION'—BUT THEY D O NOT KNOW THAT LIFE HAS LEFT TH EM.

By SHAW DESMOND, in "Everybody's Weekly."

WE ARE LIVING in a time when sudden death may be the portion of any of us, and especially those in the fighting lines, though the chances are mathematically thousands to one against any of us being injured or killed.

But even with what I believe to be now the certainty that the war will not be of long duration, we naturally want to know what happens after sudden death.

As I write, many thousands of young soldiers and also civilians are asking themselves these questions.

I am able, upon unchallengeable evidence, to make the following statements:

"Shocked" Into Higher Life.

First, that it is now definitely known what happens to people who are suddenly "shocked" out of this life into the higher life of spirit. Secondly, that it is possible to speak with those who have so met sudden death. Lastly, that the life of what we call "the next world" is not only not unlike the life on this plane, but it is as real and infinitely richer in experience.

I have myself, with perhaps a hundred others, not so very long ago, spoken to a young soldier who was shocked out of life by high explosive. He spoke to us in his Cockney accent, but using the larynx of a lady present. His voice was loud and plain.

This young man told us that he was astonished to find himself looking at his own body, which had been hurled up into a tree. He did not know he was dead. Very few of these boys who are shocked out of life do realise that they are dead. They feel themselves so much alive! It is one of the differences between dying an easy death in one's bed, with time for soul preparation, and dying without notice.

Sees His Body.

When a young man has, for instance, been killed by a machine-gun bullet, he often believes that he has only had a knock on the body. Often, he looks down to see his own body lying at his feet—that is to say, at the feet of his spirit body—the body which goes on after the death of the physical body, which is then laid down. It is just like throwing away a discarded suit of clothes.

His next memory may be awaking in a sort of nursing home on the Other Side of death. He sees white-robed nurses about him, and a doctor or two. Outside he can see the blue sky and hear the birds singing just as on earth. It is a sort of new birth.

He actually believes, as a rule, that he has "just met with an accident," and that he is in an ordinary hospital. He finds it impossible to believe that he is "dead."

A nurse comes with some flowers for his table. She smiles to him. He tries to speak to her, but she tells him to be as quiet as possible. "You have only just come over," she says, "and you need rest. We are going to put you to sleep for a bit."

Nearly all those shocked into the next world pass into a long, refreshing sleep which may last but a few hours or for many months or even years. It is the sleep of recuperation, and is intended to allay the shock of sudden passing.

Confirmed.

Many of the facts about the nurses and doctors whom we meet upon the Other Side after sudden death, and similar facts, have over and over again been confirmed by men and woman of the highest rank, scientific and social.

I recently visited a lady who is well known for her many charitable works. She had frequently been given the conditions of life after death by her brother Ronald, who once described to her their method of building houses on the Other Side of death.

"You Are Lying!"

She testified to the fact that the earthly interests and hobbies of people were continued on the Other Side. Furthermore,

they were able to follow with interest happenings on earth.

This lady's father, George Holme, was killed in an accident forty-one years ago. On November 12, 1939, before 500 people, her dead father came through to her, and in his own voice described his after-death conditions; also the existence over there of his son and brother, and many other old friends.

One of the dangers is that a man or woman, suddenly shocked by accident or war into the next world, may persist in the belief that they are still inhabitants of earth. I with others have often heard such people declare: "I am not dead. You are lying to me!"

It was to prevent this, and to give the essential information to such, that I wrote this article.

Laughed.

Such people are met on the Other Side by spirit guides who endeavour to make contact with them. If they are hungry, they are brought food to eat, something which also makes some of them believe that they have not left the earth.

When Sir Oliver Lodge told the world of science that his son Raymond had told him that people ate and drank in the next world, the scientists laughed.

They do not laugh to-day! Every single independent observation by science, psychic and other, has confirmed Sir Oliver Lodge's contention.

Over There in that world, you can find to your hand all the means of continuing the special work to which you were attached on earth.

That is to say, all except one!

Everything Is Yours.

For there is no business there. No economic problems. In a world which, as we now know, they can form all things by thought, by thinking them into existence by a process which we are now mastering, they do not need "money." You build your house, by thought. You "think" your gardens and flowers and vegetables into concrete existence. Everything is yours—not for the "asking," but for the "thinking."

I know a former motor-boat world speed champion, who informed his wife that Over There he was still working upon his marine engines. I have been spoken to this "dead" man since his passing in the presence of others. He was Sir Henry Segrave!

They Meet Again.

Many of my correspondents ask me whether, if shocked out of the body, or even if they die in a natural way, they will meet those they have loved over there.

I state most positively that "love" persists beyond death. That in the world of the "third plane," those who on earth have loved and lost, meet again.

Frequently, scientific men I know, as I myself, have spoken with little spirit children. Not only that, but I have been present with perhaps twenty others in a house in North-west London, where we held a Christmas party with a number of spirit children.

These little ones spoke to us in their own voices, and one of them even placed on my knees a little drum taken from the Christmas tree.

So let me comfort all who, through war or accident or otherwise, have lost those near and dear to them. You will yet meet on the other side of death.

Some of you even whilst in this life, by prayer and thought may be able to contact your "dead" ones.

Splendid Future.

We human beings have a future of unimaginable splendour before us in the long road of evolution. Even this terrible war is but an incident on the journey which brings us to the stars.

For this earth is a school, through the different classes of which we have to pass. And life is the schoolmaster. When you feel about to faint under your sorrows, remember that they are just schoolmasters to prepare you for that greater, more spacious future in which you will meet those who have gone before.

You can be Cured

if cure is possible by learning and obeying Nature's Laws and by the use of natural herbal remedies.

The Marol Herbal Remedies are compounded according to the needs of each patient who also receives my personal attention.

Before supplying remedies or giving instructions for treatment it is necessary to fill in and post to me my Enquiry Form. This, together with my advice costs you nothing beyond 3d. for postage.

No case is undertaken unless there is a reasonable prospect of a successful result.

. T. Huston, Room 9, Floor 1, Wentworth House, 203 Collins street, Melbourne.

For There Is No Death

DO THE WAR DEAD COME BACK?

Mr. H. W. Shirley Long has been conducting an investigation into Spiritualism on behalf of the "Sunday Pictorial" (London), and the following article from his pen is an account of his first experiences:—

TODAY I begin to make my report on an investigation that is of tremendous importance in thousands of homes up and down Britain. Do the war dead come back? Can the men who have given their lives for their country on land, on sea, and in the air, return to give a message of comfort and hope to the living? The question grows in urgency as each week the official casualty lists are issued, and as each merchant ship falls victim to a German mine or torpedo.

I am approaching my work on this investigation with an open mind. I am strictly impartial. I shall record for you in this article only the things I see and hear, the stories I can authenticate. During the past weeks I have taken my own initial steps into Spiritualist research by talking with reputable mediums and psychic research workers. I have examined letters and documents. I have talked with ordinary people who have experienced psychic phenomena. I have listened and observed.

The first Spiritualist seance that I have ever attended took place a few days ago in a large house in Wimbledon. In Spiritualist circles this place is famous as "The House of Red Cloud," for it is here that Mrs. Estelle Roberts holds meetings and seances, and has a healing centre. Mrs. Roberts is one of Britain's best known and most experienced mediums. This was a "direct voice" seance, which means that through the mediumship of Mrs. Roberts the voices of spirits would speak direct to the sitters.

Fifteen People—

There was nothing special about this seance. It was a weekly meeting of a circle of people. I had been invited to come if I wished, and there was no sort of preparation for my visit. I was not introduced to any of the sitters, and except for Mrs. Roberts and Mr. Maurice Barbanell, a well-known psychic research worker who introduced me to Mrs. Roberts, nobody there knew anything about me.

Of the fifteen people who sat in the seance I judged that Mrs. Roberts knew, slightly, three or four of them, because they frequently come to these meetings, apparently. But when she walked into the room she had no idea who would be there, any more than a doctor knows who will be in his consulting room.

Now, it is because I believe this article may be read by people who have, like me, never had any experience of psychic phenomena, or knowledge of Spiritualist practice, that I fill in these details. For thousands of people today are closely watching the growth of Spiritualism, as they watched it during the last war. It was the last war which gave to Spiritualism its greatest forward movement. The world-wide loss of life, the grief and travail of bewildered men and women, turned people's thoughts to the question of survival after death.

Two Great Leaders.

Two great spiritualist leaders emerged in this period, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge. Both had been independently, studying psychic phenomena for many years, but the suffering of the last war caused them to stand forth and affirm their faith in Spiritualism. Both of these men lost sons in the war. The loss came after they had declared their belief in Spiritualism, and it spurred both Doyle and Lodge to redouble efforts for their Cause. Just what that Cause, that Belief, means to thousands of men and women in this war, I began to discover for myself at my first seance with Mrs. Estelle Roberts.

A simple bare room, with a circle of chairs, a deep easy chair for the medium. No apparatus, no wires. A gramophone at one side. The sole piece of "apparatus" was a small tin trumpet, or megaphone, about two feet long, edged with luminous paint, which was placed on the floor in front of the medium's chair. I was able to examine it.

Fifteen of us sat round in the circle.

There was no holding of hands, or touching of fingertips on tables. The lights were switched off, the room with blinds drawn, was in complete darkness. The gramophone began playing softly.

A simple extempore prayer, a well-known hymn, then I detected the heavy, hissing, breathing of Mrs. Roberts, who was going into a deep trance. Silence. Then at the suggestion of an experienced sitter, we all relaxed and chatted normally.

I discovered, later, that complete relaxation and ease of mind are essential for good results at seances. Emotion, drama, or tension, defeat the purpose. The luminous paint on the trumpet glows whitely in the middle of the floor. I note that it is well out of arm's reach of any of us, or the medium. A low, rather guttural voice issues from the region of the trumpet. It is a man's voice, not very distinct. "Hullo, Red Cloud," somebody says, across the room.

A Voice Speaks.

This, then, is Red Cloud, the spirit guide of Estelle Roberts, the Red Indian who controls her. As the seance progresses I gather that he acts as a kind of master of ceremonies, on the "other side," instructing the spirits how to speak, marshalling them for their turn to use the medium. After Red Cloud, the voice of a girl issues from the trumpet, and the trumpet rises from the floor and points in the direction of two people sitting in my right. They answer this voice. Obviously from the conversation, conducted in normal, happy, everyday tones, the voice is, to them, the voice of their dead daughter.

The trumpet drops gently to the floor, rises again, and points in the direction of two people on my left. The voice of a man comes through. After a preliminary indistinctness and hesitation, the voice gains strength. It is obviously the voice of a young man. It is a breezy, London voice.

"Hullo, that's my Uncle," it says.

A man to my left replies: "Hullo, Reg. Yes, it's me."

"I went down in the Courageous," said the voice. It took on a quickness, a sense of urgency, with these words.

"Where am I?" it continued.

A woman next to me said:

"You're with us at the House of Red Cloud."

"This is my first time. I wish mum would come. I am just a sailor boy who thought he was doing his bit. I got drowned. At least I thought I did."

The voice of the man on my left said:

"How did it happen, Reg? Did you get off the Courageous?"

"Yes. I was in a boat. It was swamped. But I'm all right now.

"Tell mother my hair is as sandy as ever. It all seems ridiculous. They said I was dead, but I'm not. We try to make you understand that we are always around you.

"I've met my pal, Bill. I've got all the boys with me."

A woman on my left asked the voice emerging from the trumpet a question:

"Are you happy, Reg?"

"No. Not really. Lots of us are upset. We didn't want to die. We didn't want to leave our homes, our wives and kids."

Suddenly the trumpet moved round and pointed in my direction. The voice spoke at me.

"Tell Them We Can't Die. . . "

The trumpet clattered to the floor.

Was this really the voice of a British sailor who had gone down in the Courageous? I talked with the people who had answered the voice of "Reg," after the seance, and to round out the account I will give you the results of my questioning now. The people present at the seance were the uncle, aunt and cousin of Reginald Byrne, who lost his life in the sinking of the Courageous. I found his name in the casualty list. He was nineteen years old, had been at sea since he left school. He was a naval airman, 1st class. His parents live in Harlesden, and his aunt, uncle and cousin in Worcester Park.

Reg. Bryne Communicates Again.

A week or so ago, at another seance, not with Mrs. Roberts, they made contact with Reginald, but this was the very first time he had spoken directly to them. The cousin, Miss Fairweather, told me that she is convinced that it was "Reg" speaking. The voice, the breezy, youthful mannerisms, the reference to his auburn, sandy-colored hair, his recognition of his relations, his allusions to the names of his friends on board the Courageous, are all to her proofs of the identity of the voice through the trumpet.

I myself was given, later, some rather startling corroboration of one sentence spoken by the voice of Reg Byrne. He said: "I was in a boat. It was swamped." I saw a letter from the Naval Welfare Authorities, and a letter from his particular chum on the Courageous, which both gave descriptions of how Reg. Byrne died. And he was on a raft, which was launched, but from which a number of men were washed overboard by waves and drowned. Byrne was one of those men.

The direct voice seance with Mrs. Roberts lasted very nearly two hours. Not long after the voice identified by his relatives as that of Naval Airman Byrne came through, another man's voice issued from the trumpet. At this moment the trumpet moved across the floor on its open end, and came to rest facing two people sitting on my left.

A Flying Officer.

"Sonny, this is Hal. Can you hear me? Can you really hear me? It's Hal, your brother."

Again it was the voice of a young man. It seemed nervous, anxious. It faded and hesitated.

A man and a woman answered:

"Yes, Hal. Yes, old man, we are here. Speak up, we can hear you."

"I want you . . . to . . . give . . . my love . . . to my wife. It seems such a short time since I died . . . six months, is it? I crashed in an aeroplane."

The voice quickened, and seemed to struggle a little for expression.

"I'm so excited . . . Thank you for looking after my wife and baby. . ."

The man who was answering said:

"What would you like him to be called, old man?"

"I would like him to be called Hal."

"Yes, we thought you would like that," said the man and woman on my left softly.

The voice from the trumpet resumed.

"I was not married very long. I'm another war casualty."

A question came from the darkness, "Where did you crash?"

"I can't remember. I crashed, then oblivion."

Another question: "Are you happy?"

"No, not exactly. I wanted to stay with my wife and child."

"What are you doing?"

"Just hanging around. I want to be near my wife. She's got over it all nicely, now."

"We'll try to bring her here one day," said the woman in the circle.

"Oh, will you?"

There was a rising emphasis on the word "will." The word was uttered with a note of hope and pleasure. It was the voice of a young man who has been promised a tremendous thing to look forward to.

It was the most impressive word I heard during the whole afternoon.

"Yes, we'll try. But not yet, of course. Not until she is quite well," said the woman's answering voice.

"Yes, of course. It's about six weeks or a month ago, isn't it."

"Were you there?" came the question.

"Yes, of course I was. If I could have taken any of those pains I gladly would have done. . . .

"This is my first time. . . I will come again."

The trumpet rolled over, the voice stopped.

Verification.

After the seance I talked with the two people who had talked to the "voice" of Hal. They told me that he was Flying-Officer Henry Emden, R.A.F.

He was one of the very first casualties of this war, for he was killed in the famous air raid on the Kiel Canal on September 4, 1939.

At first he was posted as "missing," then he was officially reported as dead. Later it was learned that he was one of the three British airmen given a military funeral by the Germans at Kiel. I have verified his name and details in the official casualty list. The people present at the seance were his brother, Mr. W. Emden, who works in the estate department of a famous insurance company, and his aunt, Mrs. Williamson, of Pinner.

With them I checked the points of identification we had heard. For Mr. Emden this was his first direct voice seance; and the first time, for Mrs. Williamson, who is an experienced spiritualist, that her nephew has come through by direct voice. Flying-Officer Emden had, as his "voice" said, been

married only nine months when he died. His son was born six weeks ago. His voice was clearly recognisable as being remarkably like his own voice in life, I was told.

There were other points of identification, such as his references to the work his brother had been doing to help his wife, and manage his affairs. Mr. Emden has had little experience of spiritualism beyond attending one or two clairvoyance meetings at the Aeolian Hall, London, but he assured me that in his mind there was no doubt that he had heard the voice of his dead brother that afternoon.

As I have said, I attended this seance with an open mind. I am impartial. Before the siance I was able to inspect the room, talk with some of the sitters, talk with Mrs. Estelle Roberts. I am satisfied that what I heard could not be a display of super ventriloquism. That there could be no gramophone records used. That these people present were not "planted" there by previous arrangement. I found the stories of Naval Airman Byrne and Flying-Officer Emden impressive, amazing. Had I not heard them with my own ears I should have difficulty in believing them.

"Lost" on the Rawalpindi.

It was during a visit to the Aeolian Hall, London, where Mrs. Estelle Roberts gives clairvoyance every Sunday afternoon, that I heard the story of Mrs. Veares, of Poplar. It appealed to me and interested me so much that I journeyed down to London's East End to visit her. She lives in Galbraith-road, Cubitt Town. They know there is a war on down there, for every merchant ship that goes down means a widow or bereaved mother in dockland. Mrs. Evelyn Veares, aged thirty-three, married with one child, had a brother at sea. Alec McNeil was 25 years old, a ship's carpenter and joiner, who signed on in the merchant cruiser RAWALPINDI.

His family were expecting him home on leave when they learned the news that the RAWALPINDI had been sunk after a sea battle with the German pocket battleship DEUTSCHLAND. Later a telegram arrived, announcing that Alec McNeil was "missing, believed dead." That is the sort of message which causes greater suffering than the blunt announcement of death. There is always that last forlorn hope. Maybe he is a prisoner? Maybe he has been picked up by a neutral steamer?

Mrs. Evelyn Veares has for a few years had an interest in spiritualism, and as the weeks went by without news of her brother, she decided that perhaps a medium could get some sort of message or news for her. She had heard of the Aeolian Hall meetings and made up her mind to visit one. But the journey from Poplar to Bond street is a long one for an East End housewife on a Sunday afternoon, and it was early in February before Mrs. Veares managed to get there.

She told me in her own words of her experiences at the meeting.

Alec McNeil "Gets Into Touch."

"Mrs. Roberts called out that she was speaking to a young man who had gone down on the RAWALPINDI. She described him, his colouring, height, age.

"I clutched the arm of my husband, sitting next to me, and said: 'I believe that's our Alec.' He told me to speak up and answer Mrs. Roberts. I did so and she gave out some more description, and his name. What she said was all quite correct.

"But, of course, I was still very uncertain that it was my brother.

"Then Mrs. Roberts said to me: 'Did this young man have a scar on his right leg?'

"I couldn't answer that question. I didn't know anything about a scar, but I said I would try to find out and let Mrs. Roberts know.

"After that Mrs. Roberts said that Alec had a message for me. He was saying that he knew that I had had a snapshot of him enlarged and framed.

"That was quite true. The picture only came back from the shop the previous day. There it is," and Mrs. Veares pointed to it.

"What about the scar on your brother's leg?" I asked her.

"I asked my other brother and my mother that," said Mrs. Veares. "Alec did have a vivid scar on his right leg. He got it from a burn when he was a child."

Mrs. Veares is satisfied in her own mind now that her brother Alec has been in communication from the other side.

Later, I was able to verify the facts of Mrs. Veare's case, as she told it to me in her home, from a shorthand record taken down at the Aeolian Hall. Mrs. Veares came to the Hall as an unknown member of the

audience. She has never met Mrs. Estelle Roberts or anybody connected with her. She gave no warning or previous notice that she was attending the meeting. But to her, the evidence of the scar on her brother's leg, and his knowledge of the photograph, are conclusive.

REVELATION IN WAR-TIME.

At the Edinburgh Psychic College, recently, Mr. Harvey Metcalfe, Glasgow, gave an address on "Psychical Research and the War." The psychic faculty had been developed, he said, by many serving soldiers during the last war; and it was very probable that as the present war went on we should have more and more a development of the faculty of ultra-perception. Psychical research along this line had been able to produce facts, and could also spread the spirit of good hope. This feature characterised the American Civil War. The Spiritualist movement, then in its early stages, had then an accession of two million people. Many of the soldiers during that war became clairvoyant. The same experience marked the Boer War. Such experiences, as happened more numerously in a time like the present, coincided with the faith of the Christian Church. They became aware of the etheric body. The matter was put simply in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians—"There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The speaker gave some instances of psychical experience during the war, including one of bilocation. He felt that power directed upon us from the other side of life would not only produce evidence of the actuality of the other life, but would eventually remove all the causes of war.

OTHER-WORLD CONDITIONS.

A Practical Existence.

In a trance address to a large audience at Edinburgh Psychic College, Mrs. L. Bailey, O.B.E., Crewe, spoke of after-earth conditions. The subject, she said, was of special interest at present in view of the numbers being hurled into the spirit world by the war. It was a practical world. Some thought of it in terms of mysticism, as of a place formed of colour and light. They must not think of those whom they had lost as diaphanously clothed ghosts. Why should they be amazed when told that those in the spirit world had houses? Those in the next stage of life found they could do all the things they could do here and a lot besides. It was not a passing out into a place where you sat about on beautiful hilltops looking at gorgeous sunsets, where you were continuously seeing only the beauty of things. When they thought of life in terms of eternity they would agree eternity would be boring indeed if one saw only continuous beauty. Action was what made it worth while. In the planets of the after-life, as on the earth, there were different spheres. On the earth the criterion was the money one possessed. In the spirit world it was a question of spiritual or soul understanding. This life was something greater than just the "now." The individual was something bigger, finer, more powerful than the body. They had radiations that could reach out to those other planes of life.

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Sharks Who Prey On Death

By DURWARD REID, in "Tit Bits."

CAN our loved ones who have passed beyond communicate with us? Many scientists and leaders of religious thought say yes. Others regard Spiritualists as cheats and charlatans. But one thing is certain and unassailable—the message of Spiritualism cannot be gainsaid by mere obstinate disbelief. For time and again it has brought real comfort and solace to those in grief.

There are charlatans in this field as in others. They are the vultures of sorrow. Now in war-time, they may expect to reap a richer harvest. This article is not only a sincere defence of Spiritualism, but a timely exposure of the swindlers who operate under its cloak.

I NOTICED the woman in black as she went in to the Spiritualist meeting. Her face looked dead. Even if she hadn't worn mourning you might have guessed that her mind had been numbed by a great grief. An hour or so later, as we all came out, I saw her again. She was transfigured. A new light shone in her eyes. The light of hope.

"Yes," she was saying to the friend who had brought her, "I know now that death is not the end. I know that we shall be reunited. I can think now of all the lovely things of our life together. I couldn't bear to before." That woman's experience has been shared by thousands of others. They have seen past the bitterness of death to the life that lies beyond it. Spiritualism has changed their world. It has lifted their burden of sorrow and despair.

Not a New Religion.

It is not a new religion. It is not a substitute for the Christian Message. It is an addition to that Message. It helps us to understand some of the "dark sayings" of the Bible. It gives new meaning and purpose to the Christian life. But just as in the early days of Christianity there were false prophets, so there are to-day.

"The records of psychical research are full of deceit, fraud, and illusion," said the Dean of St. Paul's the other day. "But when one has discounted all this there remains a residuum of established facts which, prima facie, suggests the hypothesis of survival."

Others equally eminent—great scientists as well as leaders of religious thought—have put the last point still more strongly. They assert that the human personality lives on after death. The "established facts" to which Dr. Matthews refers have proved it. Such men are not easily deceived. They are on guard always against "wishful thinking." They make no statements unless they are convinced by irrefutable evidence of their truth. They know all about the "deceit, fraud, and illusion." But the proofs on which they rely have withstood every test. They cannot be explained away. And so they have proclaimed unhesitatingly their belief in our survival of bodily death. Keep that in mind always as you read this article. For I am writing here of the swindlers who are twisting the Spiritualist revelation to their own selfish and sordid ends.

False Prophets.

These sharks exploit grief. They prey on those who mourn. It is necessary to warn against them. True Spiritualists will understand that—and approve of it. Most of the fake mediums have been exposed in the first instance by Spiritualists. But I want the wider public to realize that the exposure of these frauds does not affect in any way the vast amount of world-wide evidence for survival.

There would be no forged £5 notes if there were no real fivers. In exactly the same way, there would be no fraudulent mediums if there were no genuine ones. In one recent case the victim of the fraud was a seaman's widow. The socalled "medium"

practised as a palmist and clairvoyante, and kept tab on all the gossip of the neighborhood.

Trickster's Ruse.

She approached the bereaved woman, who had never seen her before, one Sunday after church. "I have a message for you," she said. "You are to throw the Chinese idol into the river. The one your husband brought home two years ago. It is unlucky. It is making your little girl ill. If you keep it she will die." "What do you know about the idol—or about my daughter's illness?" demanded the startled widow. "Nothing. I just had the message to deliver. I've done it. You are Mrs. ——, aren't you?" The widow nodded. "Who is the message from? I don't understand it."

"I was at a Spiritualist meeting. The message came through when the medium was in a trance. I had just heard from my husband—he died some years ago. Then I was told to come to this place to-day. You were described to me and I was given your name and told what to say. My husband was speaking through the medium. He said there was a sailor beside him."

Sorrow's Price.

The two women walked to the widow's home together. The widow took a very ordinary-looking Chinese idol from the mantelpiece, carried it down to the river and threw it in. "Would you like to come to a Spiritualist meeting with me?" asked the trickster as they made their way back.

The widow agreed eagerly. She attended one or two meetings. She was deeply impressed. But she wanted some further message from her husband—and so far she had received none. She spoke about it to her new friend. "Is there nothing we can do?" she asked. "You've said you were a bit of a medium yourself?" "Well, we can try, if you like. I'll get one or two people to come round and we'll have a seance on our own."

The widow duly received her "spirit messages." The sham medium knew just what to say—the other woman never realized how much of her life with her dead husband she had revealed, or how much of her private affairs was known to other people. After the first "seance" she offered a fee. The "medium" didn't want to take it—but admitted that her mediumship left her so exhausted she could do no work next day. After that, of course, she was forced to take more than the widow had originally thought of giving.

Other seances followed. The widow's savings were gradua'ly being transferred to the swindler when her brother discovered what was happening. He had the sense to go to one of the officers of the Spiritualist Association the fake medium had used as background. The fraud was unmasked.

Healthy Distrust.

The widow is still a Spiritualist. But she now has a healthy distrust of mediums who are not vouched for by a reputable Spiritualist Church or Society. Sometimes the frauds are on a more elaborate scale and aim at "big money." Bogus "slate messages," supposed to come from her dead husband, induced an Irishwoman to hand over her insurance money to a fraudulent medium for investment in an oil company that did not exist.

These people, like other victims of the plausible scoundrels who claim powers they do not possess, had found consolation and hope in Spiritualism. It was that which made them vulnerable. Yet the consolation and hope are real. And it is especially important in war-time that the facts about the after-life should be known as widely as possible. I have just been reading a little book, "After Sudden Death," by Shaw Desmond, which makes that point very cogently. It is admirable as a popular introduction to Spiritualism. But keep always in mind the fact that there are dishonest mediums as well as genuine ones.

Money is the Test.

How are we to distinguish between the true and the false? Here is a simple rule. Always distrust the medium who talks money. As a rule, genuine mediums don't ask fees, unless to cover expenses. They don't advertise. Usually it is only possible to get in touch with them through a Spiritualist Church or Society.

In the darkest hours of bereavement the Spiritualist message can bring comfort and reassurance. But a fraudulent medium may do endless harm. Above all, it cannot be bought. And whoever promises to sell it to you stamps himself as cheat and charlatan.

Automatic Writing

ADVICE ON USE OF THE PLANCHETTE.

By the Editor.

The following article is republished in order that those who are unable to visit a medium, may develop this form of mediumship for themselves. At this time there are many who desire to seek the consolation, assurance and assistance of those on the Other Side, and we know of no better method to do so than by the use of the planchette, if a medium is not available.

THE simplest, and, for the beginner, the best method to develop automatic writing is to use a planchette. This is a scientifically-made instrument of wood, usually heart-shaped, attached to the broader end are ball bearings. Near the pointed end is a hole, into which a piece of pencil is inserted. A large sheet of paper having been spread upon the table, the sitter or sitters (two people often use it) lay their hands, or the tips of their fingers, lightly upon the upper surface and await results.

If sitters are sufficiently mediumistic, the instrument will begin to move, slowly at first, but faster and more decidedly later, and probably, after some preliminary strokes, circles, etc., it will settle down as if guided by an unseen hand and begin to write. Sitters need to be patient, this is the first and most essential quality. Neither on this side of life, nor on the Other, can results be easily obtained; they may have to wait for some time—even to try, try, try again. If it will not move for one person, it will probably do so for another. When it does move, do not be too hasty in asking questions—do not expect to get tests right away.

Some people feel that the planchette moves of itself, so to speak, as if it were alive; with others, the impulse to movement seems to be given as if from their arms. Sitters occasionally do not know what has been written until the planchette is removed and the writing deciphered; others get the thought of what is about to be written simultaneously with the movements. Scarcely two mediums have exactly the same experiences, therefore experiment, wait, persevere, until you get clear communication with Intelligences who have gained pretty full control of the instrument, and are able to give you satisfactory messages.

The unseen operators use the magnetic and psychic forces of the user, which gather at the large end of the instrument and are directed to, and focussed at the pointed end that holds the pencil. The ability to obtain satisfactory results by means of the planchette is a form of mediumship that is more common than is generally known, and which enables one to develop his psychic faculties as well as to get into communication with spirit friends.

Not a Plaything.

Neither the planchette, nor any other form of mediumship, should be used as a mere pastime or entertainment. To do so is to desecrate a wonderful faculty, and may be the means of losing it, which at a later time may be greatly regretted.

If possible, use the same room for each sitting. Quietness and subdued light is helpful. It is not necessary to sit in the dark. The body should be comfortable and the mind free from care and anxiety. Maintain a positive attitude. Keep awake—sleep is a negative state. The waiting time may be passed by reading a devotional book, as "Christ in You." This will give good conditions.

Set apart a regular hour and length of time for the sitting. Announce aloud when and how long you intend to sit. Give it that time and no more. It is unwise to neglect one's everyday duties in the desire to develop mediumship; "The common round, the trivial task," are factors in our development of character, or we would not have them to do. Do not discuss the fact that you are sitting for the development of automatic writing with anyone who is likely to be antagonistic to it. "See thou tell no man," advised the Master Psychic.

Fasten a large sheet of smooth paper upon a table. T he table should be of a comfortable height, so that there shall be no strain on the sitter's arms. A card table is ideal.

Place the planchette on the paper, the tips of the fingers resting lightly upon the centre of the instrument. Keep the arms free from the table. (Should two persons be sitting, the right hand of the one and the left hand of the other should be used).

o o o

As far as possible, keep your thoughts off the subject of automatic writing during the sitting; this is the advantage of reading a book. When the movements begin, neither aid nor resist them. Curiosity or over-anxiety respecting what is being written often interferes with the communication, whilst resistance entirely inhibits it. When writing begins, keep calm, and ask for directions respecting future sittings and other particulars, as methods, etc.

Although there may be a sincere desire on the part of the sitter to get into communication with the spirit world, it may take some time to obtain satisfactory results, calling for patience and perseverance. Do not think, however, that nothing is being done during this time. Those on the other side may not find it convenient to work through you just at the time you have chosen, or existing conditions may not be favourable at the outset; but if you are in earnest and are persevering, keeping your part of the arrangement, success will come. Those in the Beyond, because of their own life and duties, are not always able to respond at once to our call, but are nevertheless more anxious to get into touch with us, than we are to open the channels of communication with them.

Use Your Judgment.

When communication has been established, there will come the necessity of using your judgment. Submit the messages to the test of common sense, accept nothing unless it commends itself to your reason. At the same time, do not reject a message because it does not agree with your religious, philosophical or other opinions. "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good."

When you have got into contact with a guide on whom you feel you can rely, and of whose identity you have no doubt, do not accept messages from any other source except by his approval. Further if you desire good and trustworthy messages, keep your mind filled with good thoughts; the communications then will be of a mental and spiritual character, giving you a deeper knowledge of the things that matter.

It is interesting to note the accounts of spirit messages received by people who previously have known nothing of Spiritualism by the use of the planchette or other mechanical devices.

There was Judge Dahl, of Norway, who became so convinced by messages received through the mediumship of his daughter, Ingeborg Kober, on the ouija board and by automatic writing, that his sons lived on, that he not only was converted to Spiritualism, but wrote two books about it. Dr. Reginald Hegy, of Johannesburg, South Africa, an agnostic, received such convincing messages and high spiritual teachings over an instrument similar to the ouija board that he, too, has published a book setting forth his findings and conclusions. ("A Witness Through the Centuries"; 6/6, post free). Lady Caillard, of England, also published a book, the contents of which were received by her form her husband over a mechanical device known as the Communigraph. ("Sir Vincent Caillard Speaks from the Spirit World"; 1/1, post free). In America, we have Margery Crandon, who is perhaps the most outstanding physical medium in that country.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Sir Arthur Doyle, in "The New Revelation," says:—

> This form of mediumship gives the very highest results, and yet in its very nature is liable to self-deception. Are we using our own hand, or is an outside power directing it? It is only by the information received that we can tell, and even then we have to make broad allowance for the action of our own subconscience knowledge. It is worth while, perhaps, to quote what appears to me a thoroughly critic-proof case, so that the inquirer may see how strong the evidence is that these messages are not self-evolved.

This case is quoted in Mr. Arthur Hill's book, "Man is a Spirit," and is contributed by a gentleman who takes the name of Captain James Burton. He is, I understand, the same medium (amateur) through whose

communications the position of the buried ruins at Glastonbury were located:

A week after my father's funeral, I was writing a business letter, when something seemed to intervene between my hand and the motor centres of my brain, and the hand wrote at an amazing rate a letter, signed with my father's signature and purporting to come from him. I was upset, and my right side and arm became cold and numb. For a year after these letters came frequently, and always at unexpected times. I never knew what they contained until I examined them with a magnifying glass; they were microscopic. And they contained a vast amount of matter with which it was impossible for me to be acquainted.

Unknown to me, my mother, who was staying some sixty miles away, lost her pet dog, which my father had given her. The same night I had a letter from him consoling with her, and stating that the dog was now with him. "All things which love us and are necessary to our happiness in the world are with us here." A most sacred secret, known to no one but my father and mother, concerning a matter which occurred years before I was born, was afterwards told to me in the script, with the comment: "Tell your mother this, and she will know that it is I, your father, who am writing." My mother had been unable to accept the possibility up to now, but when I told her this she collapsed and fainted. From that moment the letters became her greatest comfort, for they were lovers during the forty years of their married life, and his death almost broke her heart.

As for myself, I am as convinced that my father, in his original personality, still exists, as if he were still in his study with the door shut. He is no more dead than he could be were he living in America. I have compared the diction and vocabulary of these letters with those employed in my own writing — I am not unknown as a magazine contributor — and I find no points of similarity between the two. There is much further evidence in this case for which I refer the reader to the book itself."

Explanations and Evidences.

People who maintain that in such operations it is the personality of the automatist which is doing the writing or speaking are as foolish as those Spiritualists who maintained that it is always some discarnate entity at work.

Automatic writing or speaking might sometimes be explained by the normal knowledge of the automatist, sometimes by forgotten knowledge, sometimes it was abnormal, and in some few instances it might be said definitely to indicate some supernormal intelligence at work — perhaps from 10 to 15 per cent. It is foolish to attribute to a discarnate intelligence that which could be better attributed to incarnate intelligence.

A working-class Frenchwoman, investigated by Professor Richet, in his presence wrote long connected sentences in Greek. The "Scripts of Cleophas," were written automatically by Miss Geraldine Cummins, and purports to be an account of the times of the early Christian Church, and a supplement or continuation of the "Acts of the Apostles." The book contains information of a kind that could not have been known to the writer. An American automatist, Mrs. Curran, has written books purporting to come from Patience Worth, who lived in the time Elizabeth, and which has become best sellers through their intense interest. One of the best known contained a large proportion of Old English words current in the time of Shakespeare than even the authorised version of the English Bible.

Mr. Shaw Desmond's book, "Echo," is another outstanding case of the kind. It was written at an extremely rapid rate, and dealt with the life and times of the early Roman Empire, depicting the life of the gladiators and the Roman Court. Certain items had been questioned by authorities on the period, but later investigation had practically proved that the writer of the book was right.

Automatic writing has the danger that it is so easy to indulge in that some people overdo it. Self-control is necessary. If such experimenting be kept within reasonable limits—once or twice a week is enough for most people—they would be more likely to get reasonable communications.

DID WE GET IN TOUCH WITH NEXT WORLD ?

(By the Special Reporter of the "South London Press.")

THE lights went out. And it was so dark in that Balham seance room I would have welcomed an ordinary street black-out as sunshine. Twelve of us, three from the South London Press, sitting in a circle holding hands; the medium (Jack Webber, ex-miner from Wales, considered a telephone between this world and the next), roped in his chair, the front of his jacket sewn up.

While the medium grunted, puffed disconcertingly, we waited. For what? A sign that there is no death, perhaps, or proof that here was blatant fraud. We sang—out of tune because most of us were scared. I'll be honest—my personal desire was for a glass of beer, because at that waiting moment it seemed symbolical of all things material—and safe.

And then it began, slowly at first, a luminous metal trumpet floating in the air. Coming towards me (shudders), going away again. Back to me again, quite still about an inch from my face. Two things occurred to me: (1) That if the medium was doing all this for our benefit he should have a trade union, so great seemed his distress; (2) if, in truth, the trumpet was in the hands of a so-called spirit (I hate that word) my thoughts were probably open to inspection.

Consequently I said mentally, "If this isn't phoney, tap me on the knee twice." I was tapped on the knee almost immediately at least a dozen times. Very faintly a voice came through the trumpet. It might have said "Ted." On the other hand it could just as easily have been "Fred," and after this effort the trumpet promptly crashed down to the floor.

All this time the medium was in trance—a state I can only liken to a very painful sleep. We were told that a spirit was in complete charge of his body. Soon that spirit spoke, asked us, very surprisingly I thought, to sing "Just a Song at Twilight." Up went the trumpet again, so rapidly that I could visualise it being caught up in a mighty whirlwind.

A voice then joined in the song. Carroll Levis should have been there to "discover" that voice. A rich, powerful baritone that must have been heard three houses away. I thought it significant that the trumpet vibrated like one of the old type horn gramophones. This is mentioned as Welsh miners often have good voices, and to discount ventriloquism. "Put the lights on for a moment," said the medium guide. Webber's jacket (remember it was sewn and we had put ropes all round it) was on his lap.

The lights went out again.

Rain in the Room.

I had bravely remained equable so far, but the next item on the list jolted me far more than all the sensational (horrific if you like) phenomena we had experienced so far.

It started to rain. . . .

You think I'm crazy. Twelve of us, including three reporters, will vouch that for 30 seconds in this Balham back-parlour it drizzled with rain.

Two trumpets whizzing about now from one end of the room to the other faster than any human hand could propel them.

A mouth organ high up in the ceiling playing on its own. . . . a drum beating . . . . luminous objects wafting about all over the place.

A child's skipping rope, well, just skipped on its own (Have you heard the "Salt, mustard, vinegar, pepper" rhythm of street children when they skip?) in the middle of the floor.

A face, very faint and shrouded in white, materialised above a luminous slate.

And so on to the piece de resistance—a table floating of its own accord round the room, touching several sitters on the head.

Earlier, I should add, the lights had been put on for a second so that we could see that the medium's jacket was back on.

Here are our Impressions:

COLLEAGUE ERIC KINTON.—I know Harry Edwards (the medium's "manager") as a former political candidate, an amateur conjurer, and a good fellow. I was slightly shocked, therefore, when at the start of the seance he invited us to bind the medium, sew up his coat, and so on in the manner of a conjurer. The "absolutely no deception" attitude unfortunately created suspicion in my mind.

I don't suspect trickery. If Harry's conjuring ever reached that standard it would be a miracle—no compliment to Harry's conjuring, I know. I heard voices in the trumpet, and for all I know they may have come from spirits. But I don't want to talk to my friends through such mechanism. In fact I don't want to meet them at all in total darkness. I'm out in the light if they want me.

COLLEAGUE KENNETH POTTS.—It was my first seance. I helped to rope the medium to his chair and festooned the final knot with cotton. At the end I examined the ropes. They were just as I had tied them. The cotton was intact. I wasn't particularly scared after the first few minutes of darkness—just embarrassed that I didn't know the words of the hymns.

During the seance trumpets cavorted within an inch of my nose—I could feel the draught—a levitated table touched my head, a skipping rope was dropped politely in my lap and a large steel bolt arrived on my knee. If it was fraud, how were the objects placed so accurately, how did the whirling trumpets miss every sitter, why was the light bulb hanging from the ceiling never touched? It was pitch black, remember. Personally I am convinced there was not a single conjuring trick pulled in that room.

MYSELF.—I think it was genuine, too. But at the same time am wil'ing to listen to any non-spiritualist reader who is prepared to produce the same results under identical conditions. Everything was very material; calculated to impress scientific, analytical minds. As a spiritualist points out, these things are probably the toys of the movement expressly provided to convince those who cannot be convinced in any other way. Afterwards, I am told, there are many more uplifting ways of obtaining evidence.

I agree that spiritualism is one of those things that ought to be true even if it isn't. There can be no finer ideal than the thought of trave'ling on with those we love into a world where character and one's own spiritual evolution is the only cheque-book necessary. Fraud? Frankly, I don't think so, although it is a pity there was so little "direct voice."

SPIRITUALISM—

Noted Medium's Address.

The opinion that theologians had been driven from fields of debate by scientists because they were making the Bible the only debating ground was expressed by Mrs. Helen Hughes, the noted medium, when she addressed a public meeting in Perth, Scotland, recently.

At the outset, Mrs. Hughes said that one question being asked to-day was:—"Is Spiritualism a religion?" If religion was a system of thought and teaching based now upon the proposition that life was spiritual in its original and ultimate destiny, then Spiritualism was undoubtedly a religion—and a very high religion. "Why?" she asked. "Because it is continually preaching and demonstrating the fact of spirit to a world which, by judging its reception, is entirely unaware of spiritual existence and the spiritual world. On the other hand, if religion is merely the worship and observance of outward forms and symbols and total dependence upon priests and books rather than spiritual salvation, then Spiritualism is not a religion. It is something higher. If religion is the philosophy of spirit—that system of teaching which gives to us the explanation of this life and the life to come, then spiritualism is a religion of the very highest order.

"Many people tell us that we as spiritualists are not a religious body, because we are not under priestly control. Remember this: it is possible to be religious without being under priestly control. It does not take a universal knowledge to be good, and it does not take a college education or training to be good."

Spiritualism, she felt, demanded to search into every department of life and wholly tested all that they believed was true. Religion was not something outside them. Religion was a condition of their heart and mind. It based the way to a clearer understanding of the spiritual way of life. With it they got a sense of balance; a closer knowledge of the intricacies of life. It gave them faith to grasp the unseen hand.

People who did not believe in evolution, she said, had their minds chained to old ideas. It was the height of folly to think

that things should stand to-day exactly as they were two thousand years ago. They were continually proving that that which was in the Bible was happening to-day, to-morrow, and always.

The trouble in the world to-day was that we still had a great many "Thou shalt nots." So long as they depended on other people thinking for them they would never come to true spiritual understanding.

Religion in the past, said Mrs. Hughes, had been losing ground because the theologists had refused to impress new ideas. They refused to move with the times and development of man. The last few years had been of outstanding scientific development and orthodoxical religion. Theologians had been driven from fields of debate by scientists, because they were making the Bible the only debating ground. Spiritualism, in her opinion, was going to be the religion of the world in the future.

Mrs. Hughes pointed out that religious leaders were the materialists. Men and women of great knowledge who impressed materialism in the past were now converted to the spiritual side of life by Spiritualism. This was an age of religious revival, and religious conceptions had been changing ever since there had been any religion at all.

If Spiritualism was true, what value had it? she asked. She had travelled all over the country and was assured that Spiritualism had accomplished much. The trouble with their movement to-day was that they had so many people who worshipped phenomena and forgot God. Without God Spiritualism was in vain.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND SPIRITUALISM.

Spiritualism hits the headliners with a bigger bang than any other form of faith. It brings "dead" names back into public affairs, provides comfort to bereaved believers.

Four years ago Archbishop Lang of Canterbury decided that ignoring the new "religion" was no longer an effective method of safeguarding orthodoxy. Some of his bishops were urging active inquiry into the challenge of spiritualism. The shrewd Primate appointed a committee of investigation.

Picking his people with care, the Archbishop chose 11 men and women—a psychologist, a lawyer, an author, and plain Churchmen. Painstakingly, they set about a task which was to take two years.

A year ago they reported; one member of the committee had dropped out, but—spiritualists alleged—seven of the remaining ten signed a pro-spiritualism report.

Their four main findings:

"Spiritualism cannot be disregarded. It fills gaps in our knowledge. It demonstrates that communication with the dead has been effected."

"After making every allowance for alternative explanations and theories, there remains a residuum which can only be explained on the grounds of discarnate intervention."

"We have been unable to prove the existence of Spiritualism's physical phenomena, for we have had no evidence of materialisation, the direct voice, or apports."

"The Church should set up a body of people who, under its direction, shall keep in touch with responsible Spiritualists."

This was too much for Archbishop Lang. The report was printed, but by the Primate's orders it was circulated only to the 24 diocesan bishops of the Church of England.

Requests for publication of the report in full were made in both Church and Spiritualistic camps. But recently an incautious word by Dr. Lang turned whispers into an uproar. Preaching in Fleet Street's own St. Bride's Church to a congregation of newspapermen, he tactlessly reminded them:

"A primary part of your business to circulate news."

News-seer Hannen Swaffer, Spiritualist champion and famous columnist, was provoked to the obvious retort: "Why doesn't he circulate the news of the report of his own committee? . . . If he himself won't give Fleet Street the news, how can he expect Fleet Street to print it?"

Meanwhile the "Psychic News," with the front-page slogan "Life After Death

Proved," sprang into the arena to publish all it could gather about the suppressed report.

Its first revelations were "Primate's Secret Committee Votes Nine to Three in Favour," and that the reason for the report not being published was that it presented Spiritualism in a favourable light. The Archbishop acidly characterised this "unauthorised and inaccurate."

Subsequent issues of the "Psychic News" corrected the voting to seven against three. It listed the committee members said to have signed the majority report:

Chairman: Dr. Francis Underhill, bachelor Bishop of Bath and Wells and a proved water-diviner.

Evelyn Underhill, a relation of the Bishop, who writes articles for the spiritualistic journal "Light," was the member who dropped out of the committee. One of her first publication was "A. Barlamb's Ballad Book," and a favourite recreation is talking to cats.

Dr. William Brown, famous Oxford psychologist, who has devoted over 25 years to psychic research. An unknown medium once predicted his brother's death, and Professor Brown rushed out to France in time to see him before he died.

Canon Harold Anson, Master of the Temple, "who believes that the Archbishop will publish the report in due course."

Dr. Walter Robert Matthews, Dr. Inge's successor as Dean of St. Paul's, who protested against the pigeon-holing of the report. To the Society of Psychical Research he admitted that many people had found in mediumship "a confirmation of the Christian faith, and even a way from agnosticism to belief."

Canon Laurence William Grensted, an Oxford philosophy don. His wife is psychic and he drew up the report.

Paul Ernest Sandlands, King's Counsel.

Lady (Gwendolen) Stephenson.

Still hoping to taunt the Archbishop of Canterbury into publish the report, editor-director Maurice Barbanell, of the "Psychic News" assured him:

"Journalists are eager to hasten the salvation of the world and Europe. The Press awaits the opportunity of reminding its readers of the things that are unseen and eternal."—"News Review."

"THE MURDER OF THE ROMANOFFS."

(Excerpt from "The Murder of the Romanoffs," edited by Sir Bernard Pares, K.B.E., Hutchinson & Co., Page 34.)

Kerensky writes:—"There were some strange people in the Duma Red Cross Department: one was Saponka, the Duma stenographer-in-chief, who was a mystic and a theosophist, and there was Mrs. Ge, a marvellous clairvoyante. The detachment was, at that time, stationed near Tarnopol, and at its head was a great friend of mine, also a member of the Duma, I. P. Demidov. He and his wife were already aware of Mrs. Ge's mysterious gift, having had striking proof of it on several occasions.

"One winter evening, when the four of them were together, Mrs. Ge suddenly fell, without the usual preliminaries into a deep trance. 'Question her,' said the theosophist Saponko, 'she is at her best now.' Not unnaturally, Demidov asked first of all about the war. 'I can see foreign armies pouring into Galicia' answered Mrs. Ge, and the Russian armies in retreat. I can see an insurmount-barrier between us and Warsaw. I see men leaving the trenches and holding out their hands to the enemy. Demidov thought it would be the Germans begging from our soldiers, but the real meaning may have been the impending fraternisation. 'What will be the outcome of the war?' 'On the Western Front I can see a fierce battle," replied Mrs. Ge, and the Allies are victorious, but Russia is not amongst them. 'And the Emperor?' 'I see him in a room, on the floor, killed.' 'The Empress?' 'Dead by his side.' 'Where are the chi'dren?' 'I cannot see them. But, beyond the corpses of the Tsar and Tsaritsa, I see many more dead bodies.' . . ." Kerensky goes on to add that the incident was immediately recorded in writing.

Contributed by H. L. Williams, Norfolk Island.

SEANCES "TAPPED" BY NAZIS.

NAZI spies in Great Britain are "tapping" seances to obtain secrets of British naval and military moves, says Victor Lewis in the "Daily Sketch," London.

They are using the spirits of Air Force men killed in action to get information about the air bases from which our bombers set out on their devastating raids on Nazi airfields.

Airmen and sailors, invited to attend spiritualist seances in London and provincial cities to endeavour to communicate through mediums with the spirits of colleagues lost in action, are unwittingly giving away valuable information to enemy aliens.

The organisers of these seances—serious-minded investigators of spiritualism—are entirely unaware of the extent to which they may have been helping the enemy.

But so many cases have been reported by men who went to seances and became suspicious that warnings are being issued by naval and military authorities against the dangers of "careless talk" in the overpowering atmosphere of a seance.

British counter-spy organisations have collected proof that Nazi agents have contrived admission to the circle at seances attended by men in the Forces.

Air Gunner's Story.

Recently a young air gunner who has taken part in several raids from this country disclosed to me his experiences. In one raid his 'plane had made a crash landing. Two of the crew had been killed.

"I knew nothing about spiritualism," he told me, "but when I was on leave in London a man staying at my hotel talked to me about it. He asked me if I would like to go to a seance and see if the medium could talk to my two dead friends. I went. There were about 20 people there. In the half-dark a voice—I couldn't really tell where it came from—started mentioning my two dead friends' names. The voice asked questions, apparently addressed to my pals.

"When it was over, other people in the room started asking me questions. The medium had said one of my pals had asked about people at '——' (mentioning the name of my station in Britain). The man who had taken me to the seance asked if the name mentioned was accurate. Another man asked me if it was true that ours was the only 'plane not to return from the raid. Like a fool I answered both questions.

"Then I got suspicious. I suddenly realised nothing had been said before about ours being the only 'plane to crash. So I dried up. When people started to go, the man I went with disappeared. I never saw him again."

A MESSAGE AND VISION OF HOPE.

Received by a Brother of the Brotherhood for God on 11th May, 1940.

An Angel, a Spirit Messenger from God through Jesus Christ wrote:—

I am permitted to come to inspire you Brother. Once against the human race is at the cross roads and only the Father knows what will happen. As far as we Spirits can forsee, the fierce strong encounters do not appear of great duration in time, one side will become spent because it is putting its all into the beginning of the struggle. Thousands are beginning to pass into spirit life in consequence of this sudden change and everything is being done to care for them. Wait I am being taken away.

Brother I have been shown much of perplexing interest.

First I saw an eagle swoop down amongst animal life, there appeared only lambs and sheep in the open, but as the eagle got down among them there came from the woods around, a lion, a jackal and other brute beasts and these, excepting the jackal, leapt at the eagle and after a short fight destroyed it. The jackal did not enter the fight, but waited for the carcase. So fierce however had been the conflict no carcase was left and then the jackal turned upon a sheep for satisfaction but he too was slain.

This is a picture of World conditions and the ultimate outcome. The Countries occupied by the conflict will be drenched with

the blood of many but a new order will come about in reality, one which will be practical.

Let your prayers be for the upliftment of the Human Race. Strive for better living conditions under spiritual aegis.

. . . .

It is gratifying to see a vision of so satisfying an outcome. It has not always been thus in the World's history. In the future Knowledge and Wisdom will always overcome brute force.

CAN SPIRITS STOP WAR.

A correspondent to the "Evening Star," Ipswich, in answer to a criticism, writes:—

There seems to be no doubt the Church of England Commission on Spiritua'ism has found in its favour. To "Truth" and others who have so often heard from the pulpit that Spiritualism is fraud, evil and devilish, this may seem a betrayal, but the Spiritualists' attitude is one of amazement that the truth of the hereafter and communion with spirits has escaped the orthodox churches so long. For ninety years modern spiritualism has been proving to the religious peoples of Europe and America that their Bibles are true, and that God did and still can speak to His children through the lips of prophets; that the angels did come down from Heaven, and do so still; that the sick are healed by them as in the times of Christ and Paul and the early Christians.

So many ministers of the Church of England have investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism, become converts and are sincere and enthusiastic about it that they seem to have out-voted the others who had not investigated.

Whether the spirits know everything and are powerful enough to stop this war, who can say? They can no more compel obedience from us than can a Higher Power. Christ did not stop the wars of His times, but said His Kingdom was not of this world. He did not stop His own crucifixion though "legions of angels were at His command." Perhaps the angels of Spiritualism could stop the war, as God could, but the gift of freewill bestowed on man seems to preclude interference from the world of spirit.

Spirits, in their capacity of guardian angels, have done and do protect, guard and guide those who place themselves in touch with them. But they, like God and Christ, have to be approached or thought about and, according to our faith, so is our deliverance from evil.

KNEW HIS SON WAS SAFE.

Father's Message.

Within a few minutes of the wireless announcement of the sinking of the submarine Starfish a Portsmouth father of one of the crew knew that his boy had been rescued and taken prisoner.

And the German wireless has not yet announced the name!

The rescued son is C.P.O. Winston C. L. Clarke, who has been in the submarine service about 12 years and is a torpedo instructor.

The father is the secretary and manager of the Christian Spiritualist Fellowship Church. He obtained the glad news of the safety of his son through his spirit guide.

"I was able," he told an Evening News representative, "from the first wireless announcement of the sinking of the Starfish to get through to my guide, and I found out definitely that my son was one of the rescued.

"The news of the sinking came as a great shock to me and my family. Mother cried and the girls cried. We sat in a family circle and I got through to my spirit guide and asked if he could give me any information. He said he would. In eight minutes the reply came through: 'Your son is safe. He is injured slightly and is in hospital. He is well treated and is going on satisfactorily. You are not to worry.'

"I was able to give my family comfort, although my family are not of my religion.

"Every day since I have had bulletins sent through to me as to how my son is progressing. A further message was that he has been discharged from hospital and sent to a concentration camp.

"The following day I received a postcard from my son which briefly says: "I am quite well. Don't worry!' "

An Exposition of Spiritualism's Declaration of Principles

By Marcella DeCou Hicks.

(Continued from July Issue.)

FIFTH.—We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact, proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.

I desire to assert that there is not one of you reading this discourse but that has had some irrefutable demonstration of contact with the so-called dead. Either that, or has heard from a reliable and authentic source the story of some such experience. I always say the "so-called" dead because there actually are no dead, since a man is far more vitally and vibrantly alive after he has been released from his hampering body of flesh than he ever was while circumscribed and inhibited by his physical overcoat.

Again—orthodox people will tell you that the dead know nothing and nobody wakes up to himself or knows anything until the "Day of Judgment," therefore it is not possible to talk with a departed loved one, and even if it were possible, it would be wicked to do so because the dead should be allowed to "rest in peace." Oh, the barren, hopeless, devastating bitterness of such a belief! Tell some orthodox person that you have had the sublime comfort and inspiration of contact with your beloved mother or darling child in spirit life, and he will assert, with horror in his voice, that you must have contacted the devil. And all the proof positive of all your senses that you may bring to bear in the matter will not convince him one iota. His belief in the badness of the devil would seem to be so much greater than his faith in the goodness of God that he may from thence on give you a wide berth for fear of personal contamination, or possibly he may conclude that your mind has gone a bit askew. If you try to explain to him that the devil was purely an invention of Zoroaster, to provide a sort of chief hobgoblin as a contrast to an anthropomorphic God of magis, and if he ever speaks to you again, it will be amazing. To him you will be a soul irretrievably lost.

Spiritualism has proven beyond all shadow of doubt that communication with those in spirit spheres is not only possible but of such frequent occurrence as to be entirely commonplace. Through the various channels of mediumship and psychism such as clairvoyance, clairaudience, inspiration and the illumined mind, the sensitive is able to communicate at will with the higher octaves of life and through the instrumentality of the mediums of trance, trumpet, independent voice, transfiguration and materialization any person at all is able to achieve direct audible and visible contact with loved ones who have preceded him into the hereafter. To those of us who are familiar with these phases of psychism, they do not admit of argument.

SIXTH.—We believe that the highest mortality is contained in the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them."

No man can live conscientiously according to the Golden Rule and be other than a righteous man, a moral man, and a follower of the Christ. No better life could possibly be lived than one that adhered adamantly to this rule.

Henry Ward Beecher recently said to me: "As a minister of the Gospel I dared not say openly everything I had come to believe, though I did say plenty that was not along the line of the tenets of my own Congregational creed. After much travail of spiritual floundering I came to the conclusion finally in my own soul, that all any human being needed to live a life acceptable to our Heavenly Father and Christ Jesus was the Golden Rule; that creed and doctrine, church and denomination mattered nothing in the final analysis. I concluded that baptism and all the various forms and ceremonies and rituals attendant upon the functioning of religious service were of account merely and only as symbols to im-

press the human mind with some sort of sense of worship, and had no value and no significance to Almighty God. I made up my mind that church membership and church attendance had nothing whatever vitally to do with Christianity or with ultimate salvation; that utterly regardless of credo, dogma, doctrine, church or denomination, one could not possibly go wrong or son, if he obeyed in all things the command 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,' and that any disbedience to this command was in itself a sin against God."

SEVENTH.—We affirm the moral responsibility of the individual and that he makes his own happiness or unhappiness as he obeys or disobeys Nature's physical and spiritual laws.

This is tantamount to saying that Spiritualism does not accept the "vicarious atonement" and neither does it. Spiritualism acknowledges the perfection of the greatest teacher of all time, Jesus the Christ — the most highly developed psychic that has ever lived. Spiritualism teaches that Jesus was the way-shower, the demonstrator of the sinless life; that though human, even as we all are human, he had achieved perfection. He had evolved spiritually to the point that he understood and could use intelligently all the laws of spirit as applicable to the life of the earth plane.

Spiritualists do not believe that Jesus died on the cross to save the unborn billions from their sins. He was crucified in a savage retaliation for preaching a revolutionary doctrine of LOVE, Forgiveness and the Golden Rule; for teaching unpopular truths and reforms. He died, a martyr to the cause of true religion—the Fatherhood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

Spiritualism asserts man's own and irrevocable responsibility for all that he knowingly and willingly does, says and performs. How could our sins and mistakes be laid upon the back of another and that other, by infinite suffering, wash our sins, though as scarlet, white, white as snow? I have yet to contact the theologian who can in the least degree explain this most inexplicable matter.

The Spiritualist knows that he must undo his mistakes and rise above his sins by deliberately working out of the retrogression he has imposed upon his own soul before he can hope to make spiritual progress; that he cannot pray himself out of the consequences of wrong doing; and that no "death bed repentance" can qualify him for a place with the blest."

In Spiritualism there can be no alibis. No man can blame another for his misdeeds and shortcomings—for his wilful and intentional acts and upon his transition into spirit life he takes his place and position exactly where, in justice he belongs, whether it be in some place of darkness or with the dwellers or with the dwellers in the light. From whatever position he finds himself occupying, he can begin to work out his own salvation.

EIGHTH.—We affirm that the doorway to reformation is never closed against any human soul, here or hereafter.

It is this last and final affirmation that makes Spiritualism the great religion of hope and joy. There is no such a thing as a "lost soul" in the Christian denominational interpretation of the term. How any mortal can revere, love or worship a God so vastly more cruel than any human being as to damn to eternal punishment and torment any soul for anything whatsoever, is a mystery that has no solution.

Why should the door of reformation ever be closed? We came out of the eternity of Spirit and we are bound back into the eternity of Spirit; this earth life being merely a passing phase of eternal growth and developement and the earth plane itself but a transient stopover on our endless journey from everlasting to everlasting. Is it logical, is it sane, is it just, that any soul be damned from any passing phase or aspect of a never-ending journey? IT IS NOT!

Spiritualism, based upon logical deduction, upon incontrovertible demonstration from spirit levels of life, upon research, experiment, irrevocable proof and plain common sense, teaches that no matter in what condition a spirit-soul may enter spirit life, it is possible for that soul to work out of its condition into something increasingly higher

and better and to take up the work of eternal progression.

Spiritualism has no hell except the personal hell a man makes for himself through living a life that creates for him a spiritual vibration rate so low that upon passing from he physical he gravitates into the darkness of those with whom his rate synchronizes. Even so, his condition is by no means hopeless, since at any time that he comes to a full realization of his transgressions and sincerely wishes to make recompense therefor, he may follow a spirit light out of his darkness and begin his own rehabilitation. The door of reformation is never closed.

(The End.)

BACKGROUND OF 2ND A.I.F.

Army of New Nation on Ancient Battlegrounds.

(By Department of Information)

Nowhere in the World War of 1914-18 did the men of Australia leave their mark more clearly than in the Holy Land. In Palestine the men of the 2nd A.I.F., many following in the footsteps of fathers in the original A.I.F., will find a background of tradition.

The very names of the hills and villages will bring stories to mind of flying columns—horsemen who appeared at dawn, recklessly snatched victory at dusk, to earn from the enemy the name of "Flying Death."

The gateway to Palestine for the old A.I.F. was the ancient caravan route out ofEgypt. The first great battle—Romani—was fought on soil which felt the feet of Biblical hosts. Napoleon rested there, before swooping down on Egypt. On August 4, 1916, in victory, the Australian Light Horse recorded on the sands of Sinai, the first big step towards the Holy Land.

SERIES OF RAIDS.

Katia, Bir el Abd, El Arish (where Napoleon nearly lost an army), Magdhaba, Rafa, and countless minor raids followed, and the great Australian whalers slaked their thirst at historic wells and rested in palm-hods which marked the sites of ancient cities.

It was at Rafa that the desert riders first saw Palestine, its poppies peeping through fields of barley—barley—wild flowers everywhere. White lilies and butterflies, bluebells and Star of Bethlehem—colour which gladdened eyes accustomed to desert glare, drifting sand on the ridges and, on the plains, nothing but hillocks and prickly bushes.

After Rafa there were battles for Gaza, to which ancient city Samson journeyed, soon after, as it is recorded in the Bible, he "found a new jaw-bone of an ass and took it and slew a thousand men therewith." In the first raid on Gaza the A.I.F. entered this old city of Delilah. They fought on battlegrounds of the Israelites and the Philistines—stormed hills old when the Roman legions charged.

FIGHT FOR BEERSHEBA.

Then there was the fight for Beersheba, where the Australian horses watered at Abraham's Well. It was here that Grant's famous 4th Brigade charged on horseback, bayonets fixed, riding recklessly into artillery and machine-gun fire, leaping their horses clean over the Turkish bayonets, dismounting behind the trenches to attack from the rear, while other squadrons galloped into Beersheba to conquer the historical town.

Then up the Philistine Plain—a wild chase after a broken enemy for 50 miles with memories that here the chariots of ancient armies were used. The next campaign was through the Judean hills—narrow passes and rocky hills—on the way to Jerusalem.

No conqueror ever gave up Jerusalem easily and the Turks after 500 years' rule, resisted strongly, but the Holy City fell. Jaffa welcomed the horsemen and the Jewish colonists gave prayers of thanks in their tabernacles.

CHRIST'S BIRTHPLACE.

By steep mountain tracks Bethlehem was taken and the Light Horse heard the bells of Christ's birthplace—the home of David, and the scene of Ruth's story. They suffered the bitter cold of the Judean mountains; then down to the heat of Jericho and the Dead Sea and on through the Mountains of Moab to the Hedjaz railway where the Mountains of Moab merge into the Arabian Desert to meet Lawrence's Arabians.

The Australian forces had by this time divided for Allenby's big drive, which in that fortnight from September 19, 1918, saw A.I.F. troopers galloping to Damascus and Aleoop through the Turkish 4th, 7th and 8th armies, taking 75,000 prisoners, every gun and nearly every aeroplane—150 galloping miles through the Plain of Armageddon, past Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, through Damascus and past the Mountains of Lebanon.

Thus the new army, the 2nd A.I.F., will not fly the pennons of an untried force, but colours carried to victory throughout the length and breadth of the Holy Land.

"Prove The Spirits"

COMMUNICATION THROUGH THE OUIJA BOARD.

[The Auckland Quest Club recen tly invited members to submit contributions of fully verified experiences. The following paper was awarded first place, and the writer of it has given us permission to publish it. In the introduction he states that this is only one of many incidents which led him from non-belief to absolute conviction in Survival. He then goes on to give details of the incident.—Ed. H. of L.].

FIRST I should state that among our party of investigators was a young lady who quickly proved herself a most excellent medium of communication between those in this life and those in the next, and that in a very wide variety of ways.

From the start our guides and her parents wished to shield her from the rude glare of publicity, and controversy, so I shall simply refer to her as "Olive," and say that her usual friends just knew her as a nice bright girl, very efficient at work, at sport, and in many of the arts. Now as a happy mother she has dropped the practice of her wonderful gift.

We always commenced our sittings in a well-lit room, with paper and sharpened pencils sufficient for two hours writing at our utmost speed. Olive, like the rest of us, always remained quite normal, except when she was spelling foreign or difficult words on the Ouija Board. Then she would speak with all the earth characteristics of our communicators who usually were quite at home with us and quickly made us feel at ease with them in an atmosphere of warm friendship.

However, on this particular evening things started differently. When Olive touched the Ouija Board she exclaimed, "Oh dear! there is a big distressed man here." Then she said to him, "Friend, I am afraid you have come to the wrong place."

Suddenly her voice changed to that of a man's and began to speak. I wrote down every word. Here is the conversation. Only the names have been changed.

H.Q.—"Find Nora! Where is Nora? Where am I? Is this Auckland?

Writer.—No, you are near Cambridge.

H.Q.—"Is she here?"

W.—There is no Nora here. What is your name please?

H.Q.—Quinn! Henry Quinn, of Parnell. Oh my God where am I and where is Nora. My name is Henry Quinn and I lived in Parnell. I can't even remember other names.

W.—Do you remember the name of your street.

H.Q.—No I forget everything. I passed over in July. My name is Quinn, my age, I don't know. Can't you get Nora for me. Where is Auckland, and where is this confounded place.

W.—About 100 miles south of Auckland.

H.Q.—"Don't talk about the confounded south to me. I want Nora"!

W. (aside).— "He is good on the Ouija."

H.Q.—Yes I practised to talk to Nora, and confound it I never found her."

Olive.—Really Mr. Quinn you must have come to the wrong place hadn't you better look for Nora somewhere else.

(One of our Guides). — Greetings Friends, it is your Guide O'Brien is here. Good evening, you have come across a stranger who is quite lost, the poor man is nearly demented. We must try to help him. Wait just a minute, we will ask him some questions in our own way. There was a pause for some seconds, then O'Brien spoke again. "Well, friends, as far as we can gather, his name is Henry Francis Quinn. He passed over in Parnell, Auckland, and he leaves a wife and 3 children. He can now only remember the name of one child which is Reggie and his wife's name is Nora. He appears to be about 37."

Father O'Brien continued: "Now I want to help, and I am sure you would wish to help too, so would you write to the Registrar and find out. It will be evidence for yourselves and will help him too. You know I haven't great faith in what many

say, as they forget so much. I have heard of a man in Sydney, thinking he lived in Wellington, and getting people mixed up and disappointed. He evidently wants to help his wife and to tell her he still exists and is not in the grave."

Here Henry Quinn broke in with:—"You will do your best for me, you good people to find Nora. She can't live without hope—so let my wife know. I must go now, so good night, and thank you."

Other communicators then joined us and filled the evening with interesting conversation.

The following Sunday morning I caught the 4 a.m. Express, and feeling rather hungry I noticed in a saucer by my seat an untouched sandwich. I thought that if it were not for convention I might eat that. However I contented myself with an apple.

On my way back home I had a sitting. Posait, one of our several child communicators said, "Uncle, I was with you till the train left, weren't you hungry?" Thinking of the apple, I said "Yes, but I had something to eat." She exclaimed, "Oh, Uncle, you surely didn't eat that old sandwich." I was glad I could plead "not guilty," and she seemed much relieved.

In Auckland guided by a Directory I went to the address of H. F. Quinn, it was an unoccupied workshop. A passer-by told me that Quinn had died suddenly some months ago. The family lived a mile away. It was a lovely spring morning. When I arrived the boys were leaving for church. I understood that their mother had already gone on. A little later I decided to attend their church, and as one of the ministers was leaving after the service I introduced myself and said I had a message for Mrs. Quinn. He said Mrs. Quinn was not present and the boys were with the choir.

I then told him my message had been received from the late Mr. Quinn . . . . through the Ouija Board. He turned on me heatedly and concluded his remarks with, "If Mrs. Quinn does the right thing, she will send you about your own business, and as for you and your Ouija Board you can go to the Devil, so there."

Everything went black to me. People were close around, but my thought was "I do hope I don't upset the poor widow like this, but I must see it through."

I went back to the house. Mrs. Quinn met me at the door. I said, "I am a stranger to you," then, taking the three sheets of foolscap from my pocket, I added "I have brought a message."

Mrs. Quinn asked me to be seated and held out her hand asking for the message. I held back, I felt panicky. I said, "It is very good of you to receive a stranger like this, and I am an utter stranger. This message is from the other world. If you do not wish to see it I will leave at once and not trouble you."

Mrs. Quinn broke in with "Please let me see it—who is it from."

Still feeling uneasy, I said, "It is from Mr. Henry Quinn." She again asked for the message, but I said, "Before you read it, I must tell you that the Rev. D. at your church just told me that if you did the right thing, you would send me about my business, and as for me and my Ouija Board I could go to the Devil, so there."

Mrs. Quinn was amused and said, "If it had been the Rev. Z. he would have told you more than that."

It was a great relief to have this message received with gladness, and to be told that it was full of most convincing evidence, that it was really from the late Mr. Quinn. Neither his people nor himself had ever heard of any of our circle—nor had we of them.

As already mentioned, on my way home we had another sitting. Among other communications was one from a well known spirit child of 12 years, called Flora. Among other remarks she said, "That minister was very rude to you, but he will apologise if he is a gentleman." Now as I had wished to make sure whether I had really heard him correctly or possibly had heard something clairaudently. I had written the Rev. D. saying that as he had terminated our conversation with the remarks (fully quoted) apparently he objected to people receiving communications from their departed loved ones.

The Rev. D. replied with a very long but courteous letter giving many (to me) most absurd objections and saying "Hence my rudeness to you."

I therefore take it that I had quoted him quite correctly, and also that our little Flora was right in suggesting that he would "apologise if he was a gentleman."

He was to be commended for replying to my letter so fully. He said he had been thinking a good deal about our conversation.

Just prior to my next trip to Auckland we received a nice and coherent communication from Mr. Quinn for his family. Naturally it was perused with interest and gladness by Mrs. Quinn. Just as I was about to leave she said, "Now, I have something I must tell you, you will be amused. After the boys' last choir practice, they were called into the vestry and asked: 'Has that man been bothering your mother again with messages.' On receiving a negative reply, the minister said, "Well if ever he does, you just let us know and we will fix him."

The inquiry was just a little early. Mr. Quinn and his family were soon able to communicate freely with each other through their own automatic writings. The departed father sometimes took a very interested and enterprising part in helping to direct the family's most important affairs, and in recommending elevating literature, etc.

Before consenting to the reading of this contribution at the Auckland Quest Club I submitted it to Mrs. Quinn for permission.

She kindly wrote saying she would be only to happy for it to be used in any way that would help other to know the great fact that after this life we do really survive, and that under better conditions. She would gladly verify the statements.

The pity was that such a lot had been omitted from them. My excuse is that time and space have restricted me.

HITLER'S ETHERIC ALLIES

(By Stanley Beck.)

Is Hitler the tool of subversive forces which seek to hurl the world back into the Dark Ages?

The writer of this thought-provoking article is a Canadian newspaperman who is visiting Australia. He has found time, during 35 years of intensive newspaper work, to dabble in the supernormal as a hobby.

Whether right or wrong in his theories, he at least offers comfort and hope in a time of unusual stress.

—EDITOR.

WHEN Adolf Hitler, late in 1939, predicted he would occupy Paris on June 15, 1940, the British Empire smiled and America grinned. The prediction was characteristic of Der Fuhrer's love of bombast.

But, one by one, various fantastic predictions from the same source were fulfilled until Nazi troops goose-stepped into the French capital on scheduled date—June 15.

To conclude that Hitler is a clever guesser is to evade the issue, to stick our heads ostrich-like into the sand. No mundane mental yardstick could take into account innumerable unknown future complications and reach a forecast with such uncanny accuracy.

Behind every action is a cause. What is the cause of Hitler's consistently successful moves, and his consecutively accurate measurements as to the length of time required for each conquest culminating in the capitulation of Paris on the exact date he predicted several months ahead of time?

Hitler, like of Joan of Arc, is a clairaudient. He is attuned to invisible but perverted elements of the etheric world. He is counselled and controlled by these subversive forces. He is obsessed, obeying impulses which do not emanate from his own brain. Such obsession will ultimately lead to madness, and signs of approaching insanity are already manifest.

Will He Capture London?

Hitler has predicted he will occupy London on August 15, 1940. (In a later boast he is reported to have stepped the date up to July 31.) We shall soon know, but there are indications that his etheric counsellors, whose commands he hears clairaudiently or absorbs by inspiration, have this time miscalculated. Despite the longer range of vision in the world discarnate,

foresight in that region does not exceed certain limits. Unforeseen eventualities can alter future circumstances on the line of time. Stiffening of British resistance plus greater aggressive tactics, accelerated aid from the Dominions, speeding up of American assistance, and other factors recorded in the daily press, tend to materially weaken the probability of a successful conquest of the British Isles by August 15 or even at a later date.

Another optimistic factor is a universal law, ignored by Hitler and his astral guides: the law that hate recoils upon itself. The more intense this hatred, the more violent is the repercussion. It is a tangent of the fundamental fact in Nature that right must ultimately prevail. Hatred is temporal; it warps and cankers, materially and spiritually, individually and nationally.

Therefore, even if Hitler's latest prediction should happen to be fulfilled, it must by virtue of universal law be reversed within a reasonable time because justice lies within the British cause. Nature is progressive in every element, from the lowest form of life to the highest. Nature strives eternally, during every moment, in every sphere of animation, to improve, to heal, to cleanse. A rubbish heap is immediately attacked by myriads of Nature's scavengers, and the fertile earth sprouts growth to hide the scar. The rubbish heap of tyranny and savagery, born of Hitlerism, is a violation of natural law and must automatically perish in due course. And the processes of Nature can be speeded by man's own efforts.

Hitler's Eventual Downfall.

What is this etheric world from which Hitler reputedly draws his inspiration and advice? Twenty years ago I ridiculed its existence. Today, after much tedious and intensive investigation, I am compelled to admit its presence. And I am also willing to admit the probability (advanced as an assertion by one of England's most noted psychic researchers) that Hitler is a clairaudient.

This statement, admitting the authenticity of mediumship, opens a field too broad to be condensed in a few hundred words. Just as there are grades in every human activity, so are there grades in mediumship, and various strata in the astral world. This astral arena is populated by those who formerly inhabited this earth. Each individual ego, clothed in an etheric body, continues in existence, more active, more potent. The lower strata of this society remain shackled to the earth by earth desires. Their incarnate interests are retained. By inspiration, by obsession, they wield a power few understand. Mundane ambitions continue to control, and they spur kindred mentalities in the flesh to enact their wills.

Higher spiritual forces react against them in due time, tempering and obliterating their mental maladies. They are aided by the unalterable decrees of universal law. One of these decrees demands a like harvest for all seed sown. Hitler, therefore, must ultimately reap the whirlwind.

Material Acceleration.

Should we rely on the eternal and more potent higher spiritual powers to exterminate this Nazi blight which is transforming the green earth into a charnel-house? These powers will eventually prevail but not so speedily as we would wish. "The mills of the gods grind slowly."

To retrieve the world from this existing menace within our own generation, we must give impetus by material aid, continuing to pour men and munitions into the fray, confident in the knowledge that higher spiritual forces are aiding us as well as natural law.

So many of us are abysmally unaware of the invisible powers surrounding us, both for good and evil. Many of those who glimpse the facts are timorous to discuss them openly, dreading unthinking ridicule.

We have harnessed the rivers, conquered the air and sea, but we shy from contact with those finer and more vibrant vibrations that interpenetrate the material. Scientific men probe every phase of worldly affairs for human use, but there is a far greater arena awaiting exploration, ready to be tapped.

Even in mesmerism, astounding feats can be performed. By mesmerism, during which the physical senses and physical organs are rendered dormant, temporarily liberating the astral, unbelievable results can be attained. Any mesmerist, who has studied this science for other than degrading comedy, knows that (by utilization of astral projection or extra-sensory-perception) events at any distance can be faithfully described, past incidents reconstructed. And these are only two of its unlimited possibilities. If these things are

possible by accelerating the latent psychic faculties within ourselves, how enormous are the likelihoods in the wider realm of the ethereal.

Scientific groups probe and advise on business and economic matters. Except for private research societies, the unlimited field of psychism is left to flounder in the hands of a comparatively small group who, scattered and unorganized, cannot fully function for the common good. This science is as old as time but was imbedded during the fourth century of the Christian era when psychics were exterminated by wholesale murder. But truth crushed to earth will rise again, and, though psychism was not revived until less than a century ago, it is rapidly gaining credence. All religions, including our own, were founded on psychic manifestations, etheric visitations. It is paradoxical, therefore, for the orthodox to deny etheric existence.

If it is true that Hitler is a clairaudient, he is in contact with the lowest elements of the etheric realm. Being gross and partially material, these elements function all the more easily in material vibrations. Such elements possess the attributes of cunning, treachery, deceit. They can endure for a time but they cannot eternally survive. Love, affection, kindliness, charity—these are stronger than hate; these things endure; hate eventually dissipates.

Vampires Invisible

Where is the grosser element of this etheric world? It blends within our own. And who are its inhabitants? Their eyeless skulls are scattered on the face of our terrestrial globe, but still they gloat upon the sights of mortal flesh.

Their bones lie parched on desert sands, they rot in marshy bogs, or wither in the serried graves that fringe the huddled haunts of men. Yet still they roam at will on new and old familiar trails, unhindered by the flimsy fetters of material death.

Though dead, they play a potent role in earth's affairs. Encumbered was their stride when vicious wills were leashed within their temporal abodes. More freely do they move today, with wider scope, with sleepless vigil and increasing skill.

They sway the destinies of mortal men; they veer the course of nations.

With persistence worthy of a nobler aim, they undermine our scruples, they shatter our ideals. With demoniac ferocity they assail the bulwarks of our complex civilization.

Vampires invisible, save to etheric eyes, they goad to violence, obsess to madness. Engendering hate on non-existent precepts, they sow the seeds of war.

A Polluting Horde.

Centuries have dissolved within the mists of time since countless millions of this vagrant horde were cradled in the womb of life. Less steeped in years (as we apportion time) are myriads more in this unnumbered carnal host.

Unseen, except to phychic vision, they encroach unbidden on our every task, disturb the tenor of our ways, harass and interfere by inspiration's subtle wiles.

The vices which they garnered here are magnified by unrestricted license in the zone that interpenetrates this orb. Unshackled by decorous customs we respect, unchecked by man-made laws, they hurl their venom on the earth. Debasing habits nurtured in the flesh now crave for outlets in the living flesh. We are that living flesh.

To some of us untutored in the code of death, that which we call the body is the all-in-all. But if we pierce the veil that shrouds the tomb, we find that life continues on, and more dynamic still. The mortal garments we discard are symbols of mortality, the properties of earth. Released, we fling these garments back to earth, their purpose ended.

Prolific earth has clothed a countless multitude since light first dawned upon this rolling sphere. Some idealistic souls have striven more or less to elevate their fellow men. Their footprints on the murky sands lead ever upward toward the cleaner soil. But few they were compared with that polluting horde which revelled in the muck and mire. Still many of them revel in the things of earth, although their earthly journey's done.

And so they hover near, reluctant to depart. They seek by devious cunning ways to penetrate our consciousness and thus, by partial or complete control, acquire synthetic taste of physical sensations.

They are the dregs of life discarnate, these battalions of the astral scum.

These are the vengeful forces linked with Hitler. They are his allies. They will drive him mad.

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Editor:—REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D.

Vol. 71. August 1, 1940. No. 8.

THE COVER.

Our readers will miss the usual cover of the magazine. In order to make the best use of the amount of paper allowed to us, we have temporarily dispensed with the cover, and will use smaller type for some of the longer articles. By these means we shall be enabled to provide as much reading matter as hitherto fore.

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J. T. HUSTON, Editor.

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