The
Harbinger of Light

VOL. 73.—No. 10. OCTOBER 1, 1942.

A PSYCHIC DIGEST

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

PRICE, 9d.

Materialisations of Katie King.
Spirit Photography Tested.
Curiosities of the Bible.
Woman Divines Minerals.
Advice to Mourners.
&c.

Registered at G.P.O., Melb., for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Greater World Christian Spiritual Mission

Affiliated G.W.C.S. League, London, England.

94 PARK TER., NORTH UNLEY, ADELAIDE, S.A.

Sunday Divine Service, 7 p.m.
Open Healing and Inst. Class—TUESDAY, 8 p.m.
Leader: Miss TINGEY.

BURWOOD SPIRITUAL CHURCH

21 GEORGE STREET, BURWOOD, N.S.W.
N.S.W.).

Established 1907.

Sunday at 3 p.m., Public Circle; 7 p.m., Service.
Wednesday, 3 p.m., Healing Class; 7.30 p.m., Psychometry.
President, Mr. G. Carter; Vice-President, Mrs. Atwill; Secretary, P. H. Cormack, 14 Arthur St., Ashfield.
All Visitors and Speakers Welcome.

THE SPIRITUAL RESEARCH SOCIETY

ZERCHO'S BUILDINGS,
157 COLLINS ST., MELB.

President: Dr. J. N. MOOREY.

Vice-President: Miss A. LEECH.

Secretary: Mrs. LILY FOWLES, 64 Union St., Brunswick.

LIFE AFTER DEATH PROVED.

MARION STEEL

Trance Address.—Sunday 7 p.m. and with
Clairvoyance, Tuesday 2.30 p.m.
Wednesday 8 p.m.

TEMPLE OF LIGHT,
4th Floor
Albert House, King George Square,
BRISBANE.

MALVERN SPIRITUAL CHURCH

U.F.S. HALL, VALETTA ST.

President—Mr. Bernard Evans.
Hon. Sec.—Mr. W. F. Croft.
Asst. Sec.—Mr. Brown.
Treasurer.—Mrs. A. B. Frost.
Services:—3.15 p.m. Services and Circles.
7 p.m. service, address and overhead readings.
Tea between services.
Visitors, Mediums and Speakers, Welcome.

REV. NEIL MICHIE

Meetings: **22 WEST STREET, NORTH SYDNEY, N.S.W.**

Tuesdays 8 p.m.: Trance Lectures.
Thursdays 8 p.m.:

TRUMPET DIRECT VOICE
Sitters by Application only.

ST. JOHN'S CHRISTIAN SPIRITUAL CHURCH

CARRINGTON STREET, ADELAIDE, S.A.

Sunday Service, 7 p.m.

Spiritual Leader: Mrs. J. WATSON.

Hon. Secretary—Mr. E. E. MACK, 104 Unley Road, Unley, Adelaide.

The Harbinger of Light

A MONTHLY DIGEST DEVOTED TO
Psychical Research, Spiritualism, and Spiritual Philosophy

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

OCTOBER 1, 1942. PRICE, 9d. VOL. 73.—No. 10.

The Materialisations of Katie King

From Researches Into Spiritualism, by Sir William Crookes, F.R.S.

THE order of these seances was always the same. Miss Cook retired to a back room divided from the audience by a thin damask curtain and presently the form of Katie King would appear dressed in white and walk out amongst the sitters in gaslight, and talk like one of themselves. Florence Cook is a very small, slight brunette, with dark eyes and dark curly hair, and a delicate aquiline nose.

I have seen Florrie's dark curls nailed down to the floor outside the curtain, in view of the audience whilst Katie walked and talked with us. I have seen Florrie placed on the scale of a weighing machine constructed by Mr. Crookes for the purpose, behind the curtain, whilst the balance remained in sight. I have seen under these circumstances that the medium weighed eight stone in a normal condition, and that, as soon as the fully materialised form was fully developed, the balance

ran up to four stone. I have seen both Florrie and Katie together on several occasions, so I can have no doubt on the subject that they were two separate creatures.

One evening Katie walked out and perched herself on Miss Florence Marryal's knees. I could feel she was a much plumper and heavier woman than Miss Florence Cook.

After she had finally retired that evening she put her head out of the curtain again and said with the strong lisp she always had, I want Mrs. Ross Church (Miss Florence Marryat) who says:

"I rose and went to her. When she pulled me inside the curtain I found it was so thin that the gas shining through it from the outer room made everything in the inner quite visible. Katie pulled my dress impatiently, and said, 'Sit down on the ground,' which I did. She then seated herself in my lap saying, 'And now, dear, we'll have a good confab like women do on earth.' Florence Cook, meanwhile, was lying on a mattress on the ground close to us wrapped in a deep trance. Katie seemed very anxious I should ascertain beyond doubt that it was Florrie. 'Touch her,' she said. 'Take her hand, pull her curls. Do you see that it is Florrie lying there?' When I assured her I was quite satisfied there was no doubt of it, the spirit said, 'Then look round this way and see what I was like in earth life.' I turned to the form in my arms, and what was my amazement to see a woman fair as the day, with large grey or blue eyes, a white skin and a profusion of golden red hair. Katie enjoyed my surprise, and asked me, 'Ain't I prettier than Florrie now?' She then rose and procured a pair of scissors from the table and cut off a lock of her own hair and a lock of the medium's, and gave them to me. I have them to this day. One is almost black, soft and silky; the other coarse, golden red. After she had made me

this present, Katie said, 'Go back now, but don't tell the others to-night, or they'll all want to see me.'

"On another very warm evening she sat on my lap amongst the audience, and I felt the perspiration on her arm. That surprised me and I asked her if for the time being she had the veins, nerves and secretions of a human being; if blood ran through her body and she had a heart and lungs. Her answer was, 'I have everything that Florrie has.'

"On that occasion also she called me after her in the back room and dropping her white garment stood perfectly naked before me. 'Now,' she said, ' you can see that I am a woman,' which indeed she was, and a most beautiful made woman too, and I examined her well, whilst Miss Florence Cook lay beside us on the floor. Instead of dismissing me this time, Katie told me to sit down by the medium, and having brought me a candle and matches, said I was to strike a light as soon as she gave three knocks, as Florrie would be hysterical on awakening and need my assistance. She then knelt down and kissed me, and I saw she was still naked. 'Where is your dress, Katie?' I asked. 'Oh, that's gone, I sent it on before me.' As she spoke thus, kneeling beside me, she rapped three times on the floor. I struck the match almost simultaneously with the signal, but as it flared up Katie King was gone like a flash of lightning and Miss Florence Cook, as she had predicted, awoke with a burst of frightened tears and had to be soothed into tranquility again.

"On another occasion Katie King was asked at the beginning of the seance by one of the company to say why she could not appear in the light of more than one gas burner. The question seemed to irritate her and she replied, 'I have told you all several times before that I can't stay under

a searching light, I don't know why, but I can't, and if you want to prove the truth turn up all the gas and see what will happen to me.' This was agreed.

"The three gas burners were turned on to their full extent in a room about sixteen feet square. The effect on Katie King was marvellous. She looked like herself for the space of a second only, then she began gradually to melt away. I can compare the dematerialisation of her form to nothing but a wax doll melting before a hot fire. First the features became blurred and indistinct, they seemed to run into each other. The eyes sunk in the sockets, the nose disappeared, the frontal bone fell in. Next the limbs appeared to give way under her, and she sank lower and lower on the carpet like a crumbling edifice. At last there was nothing but her head left above the ground; then a heap of white drapery only, which disappeared with a whisk as if a hand had pulled it after her and we were left staring by the light of three gas burners on the spot on which Katie King had stood."

She was always attired in white drapery, but it varied in quality. Sometimes it looked like long cloth, at others like small muslin or jaconet; oftenest it was a species of thick cotton net. The sitters were much given to asking Katie for a piece of her dress to keep as a souvenir of their visit, and when they received it would seal it up carefully in an envelope and convey it home, and were much surprised on examining their treasure to find it had totally disappeared.

Katie King had always stated she would not appear on this earth after the month of May, 1874, and accordingly on the 21st she assembled her friends to say good-bye to them, and Mrs. Ross Church was one of the number.

The flowers were lilies of the valley and pink geranium.

From Annie Owen de Morgan, alias Katie, to her friend, Florence Marryat Ross-Church.

With love. 21st May, 1874.

Seventeen years after they looked just as fresh.

The farewell was pathetic, as if we had been parting with a dear friend by death. Katie herself did not appear to know how to go. She returned again and again to have a last look, especially at Mr. Crookes, who was attached to her as she was to him. Her predition has been fulfilled, and from that day Florence Cook never saw her again nor heard anything about her.

CONGRATULATORY MESSAGES

From Former Editors of The Harbinger of Light

AT a Trumpet Circle held by the Rev. Neil Michie in Sydney recently, W. H. Terry, the founder of the Harbinger of Light sent messages to the present editors congratulating them on their work and thanking them for their interest. Mrs. Annie Bright, a former editor said how much she appreciated the valuable work put into the Harbinger and the cause of Spiritualism. She said: "Have courage and carry on and we shall help you."

Mr. Chas. Neil, our Sydney representative whose self-denying and enthusiastic work for Spiritualism is well known was thanked for his activities with respect to the circulation of the Harbinger and encouraged to carry on the great work that he was doing.

Spirit-Photography Tested.

The Mediumship of David Duguid.

ONE of the great mediums of a former generation was Mr. David Duguid, of Glasgow. He was born in 1832, and passed to spirit life in 1907. He was a cabinet-maker by trade, and was for over twenty years employed by Mr. James Robertson, for many years president of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists.

He was a working man, of no great culture. He became interested in Spiritualism early in the 'seventies of last century, and he and his two brothers all developed mediumship. David became a trance speaker, and delivered many cultured lectures under spirit control, many of which are included in "Hafed Prince of Persia." A select circle was formed, at which Mr. Robertson and Mr. Hay Nisbet, the publisher, were regular sitters.

David Duguid was probably the finest painting medium this country ever had, and this despite the fact that he was accused of fraud in the last days of his life. For forty years he practised mediumship without a shred of suspicion against him, during all of which time he took no fees. Strange that the accusations of fraud should come in the closing stages of his life, when he adopted professionalism.

The two remarkable phases of his mediumship were painting and photography. In his presence remarkable paintings were produced in a few seconds, when he was held hand and foot, or securely roped in his chair, so that he had no access to either paints or cards. The largest of his

paintings (in which his hand was used) hangs in the Britten Memorial Library at Manchester. It is entitled "The Pool." It was painted by Jan Stein, the celebrated Dutch artist, through the hand of the medium, and is characteristic of the artist.

His photographic mediumship was carefully investigated on a number of occasions, and in every case convinced the individuals who made the experiments. Probably the most successful series of experiments were those conducted by Mr. Trail Taylor, Editor of the British Journal of Photography, and admittedly the head of the photographic profession in his day. Writing in the above journal, Mr. Trail Taylor was able to say:

My conditions were exceedingly simple. They were that I should use my own camera, and unopened packages of dry plates, purchased from dealers of repute, and that I should be excused from allowing a plate to go out of my own hand until after development, unless I felt otherwise disposed.

As I was to treat all those present as being under suspicion, so they must treat me, and every act I performed must be in the presence of two witnesses; I would set a watch upon my own camera in the guise of a duplicate one of the same focus—in other words, I would use a binocular stereoscope camera, and dictate all the conditions of operation. All this I was told was what the medium and his friends very strongly wished me to do, as they only desired to know the truth.

There were present at the various sittings a clergyman, a doctor who is a fellow of two learned societies, a gentleman who was a secularist of the Charles Bradlaugh type, two extremely hard-headed Glasgow merchants, Mr. James Robertson and Mr. Hay Nisbet, our host, his wife, the medium and myself.

I myself took the plate out of a packet just previously ripped up under the surveillance of my two "detectives." I placed the slide in my pocket, I made the exposure by a magnesium ribbon, which I held in my hand, keeping one eye on the sitter and the other on the camera. There was no background, I myself took the plate from the dark slide, and under the eyes of the two "detectives" placed it in the developer. A female figure was developed, in rather more pronounced form than that of the sitter. Many experiments of like nature followed. On some plates there were abnormal appearances, on others nothing, and all this time the medium, during the exposure of the plates, was quite inactive.

The psychic figures behaved badly. Some were in focus, others not so; some were lighted from the right, while the sitter was lighted from the left; some were comely, and other not so; some monopolised the major portion of the plate, obliterating the sitter; others were as if an atrociously badly vignetted portrait or one cut out of a photograph by a can opener, were held up behind the sitter.

Mr. Trail Taylor concluded that psychic pictures are obtained under scientific conditions. He says: "The psychic figures behave badly." In a word, they looked fraudulent, although they were genuinely produced. "While Mr. David Duguid was present he had nothing whatever, photographically, to do with the results." Mr. Taylor also concluded that psychic images might be produced without a camera.

Spirit-photography is a most interesting type of phenomena. At the present time there does not seem to be anyone who can fill the places vacated by David Duguid, William Hope, Boursnell, Hudson, and others.

"The Two Worlds," 10/7/36.

THE MATERIALIZATION OF AN ETHERIC FORM

By Frederic H. Wood.

THE existence of the "double," or etheric counterpart of our physical body, has long been recognised by psychic science. It has been known to manifest at great distances from the body. Long ago in Egypt they knew of it, and called it the "Ba" or soul of man; as distinct from his "Ka" (pronounced "Kaw") or spirit, which has no specific form. To these facts must now be added that it never dies, and that it proves the truth of reincarnation. Let me state some recent evidence.

On April 23rd Rosemary and I had our first sitting with Mrs. Duncan, at Preston. She had not been told beforehand of our coming. Of that I made quite sure. My spirit-brother J.D.W., now well-known to readers of this journal, had told us that he would try to manifest, along with Rosemary's brother H———, who passed on a few years ago, if circumstances permitted. Fortunately for us, conditions were good, and they both succeeded. "There are two men here belonging to the lady and gentleman on the back row," called out Albert, Mrs. Duncan's guide. "Which of you is going first?" he asked of them. Rosemary called for J.D.W. and a moment later my brother appeared in front of the curtain. Although enveloped in spirit-robes, I recognised him at once. "This is an unexpected pleasure!" said the materialised figure. Rosemary's brother H——— followed, and she recognised him too, although he did not speak, but merely bowed to her. Then came the thrill of the evening.

"There is something queer here!" said Albert. "I don't understand it, but I will let it come. Is

anyone here connected with Egypt?" "Yes," I answered. Several Egyptian forms and symbolic figures then manifested, and finally Albert said, "Will the other sitters please take a good look at the lady sitting next to the gentleman who last spoke?" This was rather embarrassing for Rosemary, but she did not flinch. "Now look at this," said Albert, and a moment later there stood before the curtain a perfect replica of Rosemary, clad in spirit-robes, wearing an Egyptian head-dress, and smiling happily. The form and features were an exact counterpart of Rosemary, a fact which the other sitters commented upon at once. "I am part of you!" said the figure, turning to Rosemary. "A part, yet not apart!"

At that moment the truth flashed on my mind. "Vola!" I exclaimed, in great surprise. The figure smiled again, bowed in acknowledgment, and was gone.

Readers of my Egyptian books will recall that "Vola" is the Egyptian personality of Rosemary herself. Through her has come the lost Egyptian speech which has confounded the critics and annoyed the Egypologists. Vola also remembers her life in Egypt over 3,000 years ago, and my books "This Egyptian Miracle" and "Ancient Egypt Speaks" contain much evidential detail about it. The whole story—some of it told in the dead Egyptian tongue—would fill a sizeable book.

Now let us see what J.D.W. had to say about this experience at our next home-circle sitting. "We queued up," he told me, "H——— and I." They then watched the earlier materialisations and saw how it was done. "Albert helped a lot," went on my brother. "Which of you is going first?" he asked us. "Then you called to me, and that call, by the way, acts like a prayer at a sitting: it draws power. The next moment I felt myself 'going thick' as it were. I spoke, but it did not

sound like my voice. Except for that and the solid feeling, I did not notice anything unusual. Then, this attempt having been successful, the Egyptian guides of our own circle who had come with us obtained Albert's permission to try an experiment of their own. They drew the Vola personality from Rosemary and imposed it on the ectoplasm. The etheric form was thus vitalised and solidified. I do not think such a thing has ever been done before. Then Vola spoke, in order to give you proof that it was she. The form was exactly how she looked in Egypt. Rosemary has inherited from Vola her smile of to-day. We could not have done it with most people" concluded my brother, "but through your regular sittings the Vola personality is both alive and detached."

Such was my brother's account of the incident as he witnessed it. What is the link between the conscious Rosemary and this living phantom of the past which took on ectoplasm and visible shape that night at Preston? Many years ago the Editor of "The Two Worlds" told me that the more he knew of our great subject the more mysterious it became. I agree, and would suggest that a fuller knowledge of the etheric "double" in each of us might help to solve many problems, including that of reincarnation. This latest episode confirms all I have written about Vola. It also confirms that Mrs. Duncan's mediumship is absolutely genuine. The meeting between the two mediums after the seance was very cordial, for both knew of each other's work, and each is unique in her own field.

Some years ago a self-advertising "researcher" —whom John Bunyan might have called "Mr. Facing-both-ways"—wrote a lot of nonsense about Mrs. Duncan's "cheese-cloth." I did not believe it at the time, and I only mention it now to dismiss it, and its author, with contempt. Just as Mrs. Duncan will help to destroy the pitiful ignorance

of psychic truth which still prevails, my voice and pen will henceforth attack Mr. Facing-both-ways and the false conclusions he and his like have tried to impose upon an ignorant, prejudiced, and gullible public. We will make that sort of "exposure" unprofitable, by exposing the "exposer."

REUNION.

(By Lucie Gerard)

"Reunion came to me early one morning before rising. I could hear the voice too of some wonderful singer singing the words of the sheet referred to. I said nothing of this to the other members of the household, but resolved to write down my inspiration. Imagine my surprise when my mother turned to me and said that she could hear a beautiful tenor voice singing. "Singing what?" I exclaimed. "That duet from 'Il Trovatore,'" was her reply.

The house was old; everything in it was old. There was an atmosphere about it that spoke of bygone days—days of powdered wigs and crinolines. Marie Louise was old too, her step had begun to falter, her eyes were dim, her figure shrunken, but there still remained the faint rose flush in her cheeks that told she had once been a very pretty woman.

Old! Yes, Marie Louise was old. She had reached the age of ninety-two years, but although she was one of the oldest things in the old house there yet remained something older—the harpsichord which stood in the corner of the old drawing room.

It was one of the first things to be impressed on her childish memory. That and the figure of a tall, stately woman seated at it, her fingers caressing the keys—her mother. Marie would crouch close to the instrument eager not to miss a note

for the soul of a great artist dwelt within her. But it was not through her fingers that her art would find expression. Her mother, listening to Marie's childish treble gaily taking up the tune, knew that some day the world would hail her as a prima-donna.

* * *

The critics were amazed at the beauty of her voice. "She has the voice of a nightingale," said one. The world came to worship at her shrine—none worshipped more than Eurico Notarelli.

They met at Covent Garden when she was making her debut in Il Trovatore, she as Leonora, he as Manrico. How their voices blended in the beautiful duet, "Ah Che La Morte." But it was as nothing to the blending of their souls. Eurico looked and was lost—lost in the beauty of that which was revealed to him. Marie looked and was won—henceforth she knew there would be no parting for them.

* * *

Marie Louise rose. She crossed falteringly to the old cedar chest, lifted the lid and took out the white velvet wedding gown. Lovingly she caressed its folds; strange that it had never been worn. They were to have been married when she had fulfilled her engagements and he had returned from his continental tour, but he had never returned. Caught in the maelstrom of war, Eurico had enlisted. He died in the cause of freedom, but Marie Louise had a strange fancy that he hadn't died; she fancied sometimes that he was very close to her, that she could hear his rich, impassioned tenor voice sincing once more the old refrain.

To-night he seemed closer than ever. Marie felt that she had but to stretch out a hand to touch him. She caught her breath. Yes, that was his voice; those well-remembered words thrilled her very soul. She slipped the white velvet gown over

her head. "As a bride goeth forth to meet her bridegroom," she whispered. She crossed to the old harpsichord. Tremblingly, her fingers ran over the keys. "Ah," she began.

The raiders came over that night. They left in their wake a trail of death and desolation. A bomb struck the old house; it demolished all save the old drawing room.

In the morning they found her—a pathetic little figure clad in a white velvet wedding gown. She looked asleep, but there was a smile of wonderful happiness on her face as if she had found something she had long been searching for.

A DEATHBED VISION.

The "Revista International do Espiritismo" (Brazil) relates an interesting death-bed vision. Mr. ——— was lying dangerously ill. He had been unconscious for 48 hours and the end was expected. His son, Thomas, had been closely watching over him. Thomas, however, had to attend to a business matter at the other end of the town and left his father in the care of his wife. A few minutes after the son had left the house, the old man recovered consciousness. He sprang up, sat on the edge of the bed and asked, "Where is Tom?" "Oh, he's just slipped out for a few minutes—he will return shortly! He's quite alright!" "Oh, no, he isn't," said the father. "He is in terrible danger." Shortly afterwards a messenger arrived at the house and told how Tom had hired a taxi to expedite his business. The taxi had been in a collision and at the moment of the father's concern was on his way to hospital, having been seriously injured.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects in life." —Voltaire.

BEYOND THE VEIL.

What Happens After Death?

(By James Leigh in "Prediction")

IT is zero hour at an R.A.F. striking base somewhere in England. A group of young pilots are gathered round their Squadron Leader receiving instructions on the flight they are about to make over Germany.

Maps are studied, weather reports are examined, and the final words of advice are given. Then they dash to their planes. The engines burst into a roar, the throttle is opened, and in a few moments the British bombers are soaring into the air.

That is the scene which was brought home to me as I sat, only a few night ago, listening to the message which was being transmitted through a famous medium.

The speaker was a young pilot who had lost his life when his plane crashed to earth in enemy territory.

He was trying desperately to send an evidential message to his parents. But what interested me more than the proof of survival after death was the account he gave of his experience in "passing over."

Some day all of us will have to walk through the Valley of the Shadow. It might help a little if we knew what awaited us there.

* * *

"With the machine out of control we sped to the ground in a dive at well over 300 miles per hour," said the Voice. "It happened too suddenly for us to feel any sense of fear.

"Next moment there was a thunder clap. I felt as if I had been jolted out of my body. Then everything went blank.

"When I came to, I seemed to be in a fog. At first I couldn't think. Everything seemed hazy and indistinct. Then I made out the figure of my rear gunner.

"He was bending over something—and he was laughing! With a flash of horror, I saw that the recumbent form was his own body. There were two of him!

"For a moment I thought I had gone mad. Then it suddenly dawned on me that we were dead. It was like waking up from a very bad dream.

"I didn't feel in the least angelic. I didn't even feel nervous. I was just dazed. But in a few moments the funny side of the situation struck me, and I burst out laughing, too.

"Now, when I think of it, I marvel at my coolness for though I had never given much thought to death, it was not what I should have regarded as an amusing experience."

The Voice paused, and then continued on a deeper note. "It was only when we thought of the sorrow there would be at home, when they learnt of the crash, that we realised the cold facts. We had said goodbye to our old lives for ever . . ."

* * *

Since the outbreak of war, hundreds of stories like this have been told at Spiritualist seances in the North country. You may dismiss them as nonsense. But experienced investigators are not so sure that these accounts of the after-life belong to the imagination of mediums.

After all, they have sifted the evidence for spirit communication, and know there is something in it. If a communicator establishes his identity, it is only fair to lend a sympathetic ear to his description of the next world. He should know what he is talking about, because he is living there.

Since the war broke out, many brave men of the Navy have made their last journey—across

the river which divides this life from the next.

Death came to them suddenly, unexpectedly, cruelly. How did it affect their spirits?

For answer, the spiritualist will take you into the seance room, and ask you to listen to the words of "those who have come back." This is what one sailor said about his harrowing experience when his ship foundered and he plunged into the icy seas:

"I had just come up on deck and was going aft when suddenly there was an ear-splitting explosion, and I was blown into the air.

"I remember thinking, in that split second, that we must have been torpedoed or mined. In a few seconds, the ship began to list horribly and we knew that she was rapidly sinking. There was scarcely time to get the boats away—those that were undamaged by the explosion—and eventually I had to jump for it.

"There was a fast tide. I was well supported by my life-belt and my thoughts as I struck the water were of my people at home. I wondered how they would get the news.

"I had no thought of death then, for I fully expected to be picked up any moment.

The next thing I remember was seeing the ship heave over, and it was then that I realised that I was being carried away from the boats. I called for help, and remember feeling very weak.

"Curiously, the cold did not worry me, but I was very conscious of a throb in my head, and found I was bleeding from a wound there.

"Suddenly I felt I was being swept into a long black tunnel, travelling at a terrific speed. Then I lost consciousness.

"The next thing I remember is that the darkness had cleared away and I was again on land. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw I was in our sitting room at home, and it gradually bore

in on me that I was dead. I put my hand to my brow, but there was no wound. Then I felt for the mantelpiece, but my hand went through it!

"Next I was startled to hear my wife's voice on the stairs. Realising what a shock it would be to her if she were to see me, I stepped back behind the door. She walked in, red-eyed and pale looking, and sat down in a chair by the fire. She looked cold, and glancing out of the window, I saw that it was snowing.

"Then my wife began to sob, and I felt that even at the risk of frightening her, I must somehow make my presence felt. I called her name softly, but to my surprise she did not look up. I called again, louder. But she did not appear to hear. I called louder still, but still she gave no signs of having heard me.

"Then the awful truth occurred to me. I was a spirit, unable to speak or be seen! I went over and placed my hand on her shoulder and tried to comfort her. And then she stopped crying, and looked up, straight into my face. But there was no light of recognition in her eyes.

"A sudden emotion overpowered me, and I fell at her feet, whispering my love, and trying to sweep away the great sorrow that seemed to surround her.

"Then her mother came into the room. I got up. They began to talk. And when I heard my wife speak, my heart leapt.

" 'Do you know, mother,' she said, 'I could almost have sworn John was here. I seemed to feel his presence. Isn't it strange?'

"Then a hand fell on my own shoulder, and turning round I saw a third figure—a man with the kindest face I have ever seen. He beckoned me to follow him, and led me out of the room. . ."

The story continued. No sooner had they crossed the threshold than the whole scene

changed. He felt as if he had been transported into heaven.

"There was a beautiful green field, and all around were trees and flowers and birds and music. I've never seen such colours."

And, then, it seems, the stranger spoke to him, told him he had been dead some weeks and that his wife was grieving so much that he had been awakened from his sleep to go to her and comfort her.

"And now," said the stranger, "you must rest again. Soon you will be able to return to your wife, but you will have your own work to carry on here. In a little while you won't need to rest so much, because then you will have more control over your new body and your life will be easier and less strenuous."

* * *

A fairy tale? Spiritualists believe it, because the After-life, to them, is a very real world. They can see, hear, speak. There are clothes, trees, mountains, valleys, rivers and songs. Spiritualists call it the Summerland, because the difference between this world and the next is the difference between bleak winter and high summer. Everything, there, is on a much grander scale.

The physician was giving an informal talk on physiology.

"Also," he remarked, "it has recently been found that the human body contains sulphur."

"Sulphur!" remarked the girl in the blue and white blazer. "And how much sulphur is there, then, in a girl's body?"

"Oh, the amount varies," said the doctor, "according to the girl."

"Ah!" returned the girl. "And is that why some of us make better matches than others?"

PSYCHIC PICTURES OF THE LIVING.

Photographing The Astral Body.

(By Harry Boddington)

THAT the "doubles" of living people are often photographed is too much for many people to accept. Whenever it happens, the photographer is invariably charged with fraud by "double exposure." It so happens that the "double" is frequently photographed when the original cannot by any means have been known—even by photograph—to the photographer.

"W. M. Mumler, the first psychic photographer, was the victim of a charge brought against him which ended in Mumler's acquittal," records J. B. McIndoe.

"It did not shake the confidence of his friends, but later, when one of Mumler's extras was recognised as the photograph of a living man, that was more than any of his friends could accept. They deserted him, and he ended his days in poverty."

Since those days, we have not only proved that the spirit body can leave the physical, but actually write through a medium's hand as in the case recorded in the article on automatic writing. Moreover, we have the classic case of Madame Vlasek who deliberately arranged to leave her body while travelling in a train and appeared to her circle of sitters as a fully materialised spirit.

The spirit body is therefore the vehicle of consciousness. It is something more than Dr. Geley's primal basic substance. It is substance fully organised as a living being whose only difference to embodied humanity is that its elements are more sublimated.

"The physicist has taught us that the atom, once conceived as the ultimate indivisible particle of matter, is no longer indivisible," says McIndoe,

"but can, nay is, constantly breaking up into electrons and protons, and being reconstructed into the various elements of our material world.

"This suggests the possibility that the 'superior dynamism' not only prepares the basic substance for the physical body, but also breaks down its atomic structure and liberates whatever energies are resident in the substances presented to it, and builds the spirit body co-equally with the physical.

"This possibility is strengthened by a hint gained from Dr. Crawford's experiments. Crawford propounded a theory that the spirit operators acted on the brains and nervous system of the sitters. From thence, small particles were driven off through the hands, fingers, and elsewhere, in a free state.

"The particles were supposed to possess considerable latent energy of a kind which could act on the body of the medium.

"They were set in circulation until they were under high tension, and at the appropriate moment were applied to the body of the medium to temporarily detach and project into the seance room some part of the gross matter from her physical organism in the form of the psychic rods, etc."

In the case of Madame Vlasek, elaborate arrangements were made before the successful appearance of the "double" on two occasions which were obviously the work of her conscious effort. In the majority of cases, however, we are struck by the fact that the spirit who temporarily leaves the body is quite unaware of the fact.

Thus Bligh Bond's friend, who gave the automatic writing through the hand of Margery Crandon, clearly proved his identity, but was quite unaware of the cross-examination he was submitted to at the time.

Probably, the following case reported by Pro-

fessor Asano, in "Pearson's Weekly," is of the same order. In this, we have to note the fact that one illustration is of a "dead" person and the other of an embodied spirit.

The point of interest is: If a living person gets upon a photographic plate without the least intention of consciousness of doing so, why may not the same rule apply to a large number of psychic extras, no matter whether the spirit is still embodied or disembodied?

This is Asano's story:

"Quite on the spur of the moment, I decided to visit a psychic photographer, living in Crewe, who is also a professional medium. I gave him my own sealed packet of plates and with these he took photographs of me.

"In one negative appears the extra or spirit figure of a girl. Her face is clearly recognisable as that of my cousin, and that alone eliminates any suspicion of fraud. In any case what should a provincial photographer in Britain know of a Japanese girl who died many years ago and who never once left her own country?

"Even more surprising was the result of another photograph taken of a Japanese friend and his two sons who accompanied me. Over their heads appears the face of his own daughter, at present in Tokyo!

"While that photograph was being taken, I am prepared to swear that no psychic phenomena was visible to the human eye. Yet the camera lens has recorded the features of a girl who was at that very instant 12,000 miles away!"

In this connection, Sir David Brewster's conclusions with reference to radiations possesses peculiar interest. He stated that all bodies throw off emanations in greater or less size and with greater or less velocities. These emanations, when feeble, showed themselves in images; when stronger, in chemical changes.

When they were stronger still, they affected the olfactory nerves, the nerves of touch, and in phosphorescent and luminous emanations which excited the retina and produce vision.

From this arises the conclusion that you cannot enter a room by day or night without leaving your portrait behind you. You cannot even wink your eye or lift your hand without the action being infallibly registered.

If that scientist's logic is correct, then Spiritualists have to add to it the assertion that the emanations possess inherent chemical properties which enable the images to become attached to sensitive emulsion. Further, that no matter whether consciously or unconsciously exercised, the thoughts of both living and "dead" people can give the directive impulse which produces the photographic result.

Thought thus becomes one of the most wonderful formative forces in the universe. It shows man to be the micromic expression of the great Cosmic Consciousness we call God.

Few people realise when they see psychic phenomena what mighty changes will follow in its wake. It is the spearhead of a revelation which will cleave its way throughout the world, separating honesty of purpose from the childish intrigues and diplomatic cunning which supplants the worship of God by the worship of gold and creedalism.

Heaven is not found in these. It is the bitter realisation of wasted lives that is bringing the myriad hosts back to earth in order to stem the tide which is filling the hells of spirit lands with remorse.

In their love for humanity, the angels have shut the gates of heaven behind them and mingle their tears with ours. Slowly we are learning that all phenomenal results are themselves the registration of thought action.

When, later, we understand that every thought

is indelibly imprinted on the tablets of time, we shall be so ashamed of its records that we shall fear to think a wrong thought. Clairvoyance, psychometry, prophecy and all psychic powers are but indications of the soul's inherent attributes. Recognition of these facts will form the foundation stones of the religion of the future.

—"Psychic News."

PSYCHIC TRUTHS.

Told in The After Life.

(By Edward C. Randall, Author of "The Dead Have Never Died," Etc.

WISDOM is born in the soul of man when he recognises that natural law governs and accounts for all things.

Wisdom is not a product of nature; it rules all nature, wherever its laws are obeyed. Wisdom rules all things, it becomes manifested in nature; and not outside of it.

Speculation is based upon logic, but the revelation of truth rests upon nothing but its own divine self.

All nature is a revelation of truth, even if we do not understand its meaning. It is like a book printed in a language not understood by everyone. Nature changes, but wisdom remains.

If a man is clean, he feels clean, and keeping clean, inspires him to clean deeds.

There are those now on earth who have an extended vision called Clairvoyance; and some of these see thought-emanations, and distinguish their character by the trend of the colour, as well as its clearness.

Only truth can stand the test of an analysis,

which destroys delusions and illusions. It enables one to see things as they are, in their real condition and relation to other things.

By breathing, and by the combustion of food, man exhales upon the material and spiritual atmospheres, elements that enter into the combination of external Nature, while his thought co-operates with and influences his surroundings.

The imagining faculty, which we all possess, is our creative faculty.

Every idea that we formulate and every idea formulated by others that we admit into our consciousness, will surely manifest on our physical organisms and in our life's experience.

Too many sip here and there, taking no deep draughts. They know just a little of these great themes, and dwell with them not at all.

Many writers on scientific subjects have almost ignored the office filled by the emotions in Nature's evolution. With mathematical precision they have, more or less correctly, classified certain phenomena; they have imagined that a survey of events and appearances constitutes all there is of knowledge. This superficial way of looking into things has been called "scientific research."

Wisdom, power, beneficence, and the peace that passeth all understanding, these come not from above, but from within.

If a man can make himself habitually right in his thought and desire, right in his will and purpose, he must become right in the tissues built up out of the mind's action.

With successful people in all walks of life, thought is concentrated on particular aims; but with the masses of mankind, it is but a wandering vagrant loitering upon the outer wall of circumstances.

The spirit world is the thought world. And as thought lives within the physical man, so the spirit world interpretates the material world.

Knowledge is merely a cultivation of that divine spark of wisdom inherent in all.

Memory is not only subject to will, but it has a will of its own. It is like a looking-glass, because it reflects what passes before it; yet, unlike a looking-glass, it retains and at will reproduces any figure that is wanted at the very centre of the plate.

Power is born of desire; no man can earnestly desire to live upon a high plane and yet be compelled to live upon a low plane, since we live in that state of development that we create for ourselves.

Success comes from self, from a corresponding condition of thought and desire. That which one desires to do, or to become, sooner or later, will be achieved.

Every life is placed exactly where it should be, and is in touch with the environment needed at that hour to unfold itself. When one comes to recognise this, he sees that his life is in his own hands, and that the power of his will is the measure of his ability, that whatever he wills to do that he can do.

The goal of yesterday we only reach to be lured to a grander view.

First, the natural, afterward the possible.

When will the popular mind be taught that there is no age, except as we permit it to affect us? We should put behind us all the thoughts of a life "here" and a life "there"; there is but one life, and that is eternal. Then, why reckon upon "age" at all?

Our knowledge of law is nothing to us, if we do not place ourselves in harmony with it.

A great many people mistake information for knowledge. What a man most needs is not that he may be possessed of an accumulation of facts, but that he may know where to look for his facts when he wants them.

Our thoughts have a definite effect, for good and ill, on those who come anywhere within our radius.

If a law is to hold good, it must work independently of longitude and latitude, and in its action manifest uniform results.

Thought is a force for us to make use of as we would use steam or electricity. Thought, therefore, is the connecting link between the will of the spirit in our innermost soul and the outward expression of the soul, namely, the body.

It is thought that builds the body. Thought is food, thought is force, the motive power, by means of which the soul expresses itself in physical form.

The thoughts of a spiritual mind will build up a healthy, strong, and well-nourished body, because it will draw to itself the elements of strength that are in food, air, water, and sunshine.

It is ignorance of law that causes all pain. The perception of law is the beginning of wisdom. Obedience to law is liberty.

The law executes perfect justice everywhere and at all times. Universal law is universal justice. Without law, or without justice, the universe could not exist a day.

The life of the race is lived again by each individual. The history of the human race repeats itself in each human being. Childhood loves the romantic, the monstrous and the mysterious, and is charmed with fairy kings and queens, with happy elves, and all the airy creatures that inhabit Fancy's picture world. So, in the infancy of the race, man loved the marvellous, the miraculous, and mysterious, and was enraptured with lovely visions and golden dreams. He lived in a world where cause had little to do with effect.

Put your organisation first or it won't last.

THE REASON WHY!

REV. LESLIE WEATHERHEAD, preaching at the City Temple recently, repeated a statement he has frequently made. "I think that the Spiritualists have established their case." He had not attended many seances but he had formed a wide acquaintance with Spiritualist literature. What impressed him in many of the communications, he said, was the eagerness of the communicators to get back whence they came. Raymond, speaking to Sir Oliver Lodge, frequently said: "I can't stay any longer, father!" Transmission of messages—just like the radio or telegraph—needs energy, and the power is not unlimited. To work with weak powers means uncertainty and even earthly sitters can often determine when the power begins to fail. When power fails it's time to be off.

An Unfortunate Phrase

Weatherhead stressed another point. He said: "Christianity includes as a great article of its belief—which, because it is expressed in a rather unfortunate phrase, we put aside as having no particular relation to ourselves—the 'communion of saints.'" I agree, says a writer in "Two Worlds." It is an unfortunate phrase. I would not like to confine Spiritualism to communion of saints. The inference is that church-people here and the denizens of the spirit world have something saintly about them. May be so! But I've never noticed it. "Communion of saints" implies a narrowness which is repulsive to me. This world, and a good deal of the other, is peopled by folk who are far from saintly.

My father was an ordinary decent citizen on earth. I frequently talk with him now. But if I called him a saint, he would explode. The bereaved mother whose son fell in the war isn't

pining for the communion "of saints." She wants her boy! Just the rough lad who went to sea and sung comic songs and laughed at Mae West and Charlie Chaplin. Ten words from him are worth more to her than a sheaf of exhortations from St. Gabriel or St. Michael. "Communion of saints" too often speaks to me of exclusive snobbery. "Only we few who hold similar opinions are the favoured of the Lord." How true it is that we are victims of slogans!

AUCKLAND QUEST CLUB AND PSYCHIC INSTITUTE

By L. Oldfield

We have no set rules governing the club, and alter our activities according to the existing circumstances, always keeping our fundamental principle well to the fore—that of proving the continuity of life, plus the implications implied therein. Our platform is very wide, as it is difficult to keep definitely to speakers on psychic subjects, but we keep as close to that as possible, and try to bring in the spiritual and psychic aspect wherever possible. Our lunch-hour talks are the most popular feature, and has kept interest alive, while we have had no demonstrators. We have great difficulty in securing mediums who are intelligent and reliable. We do not cater for the credulous type, but progress is slower without the evidence.

We are all voluntary workers, of course, and there is a President, two Vice-Presidents, Secretary, and Executive Committee of nine, also a Ladies' committee, to attend to the hostess work, and with so much to distract just now, it is diffi-

cult to keep the work going. In fact, we are merely marking time, and wonder, at times if it is really worth while to keep going, for, strange to say, there has been very little response from the general public lately. We do feel that if folk have to be fed on sensation and phenomena all the time, they are better left to seek for themselves. Our activities just now are few. Two lunch-hour talks per week, one by arranged speakers, the other, a discussion led by members or the "control" of one of our members who is very good in discussion—philosophical—a group for devotional healing one afternoon a week and a study and experimental class one evening each week. The black-out seemed to be the excuse for poor attendances at night so the usual meetings have been discontinued for the time being.

The main need I think is a band of willing and intelligent helpers, prepared to put time and energy into the work, and not look for results too soon.

"BACK CHAT" FROM A SPIRIT

An Adelaide Incident

Dr. F. E. Rogers tells this yarn, and many more, in the book he has just written, printed and bound himself, "Memoirs of a Medico."

Dr. Rogers came to Adelaide from England in 1923, and now he has retired from practice, printing has become his hobby.

"Memoirs of a Medico" is chiefly a rambling collection of anecdotes about people the doctor has come in contact with.

He tell a story well. Here is one about Mr. Burnett, an evangelist, who gave an impressive

funeral address at the graveside of a Spiritualist.

He didn't believe in Spiritualism himself. But he spoke in warm terms of the deceased, and then discursed on the happy after-life he would already be enjoying, according to orthodox views, with white-robed choirs, and golden harps, and so on.

. . . .

When he'd finished, "the widow chipped in with a speech." She said that while the evangelist was speaking she'd been in spiritual communion with her husband, and he'd told her that what the preacher described of life in the next world was all fictitious.

"Mr. Burnett waited patiently until she'd finished, and then stepped forward and said that he had been an evangelist for nigh on 40 years, and during that time he'd delivered 200 funeral addresses.

"And this was the first time he'd had any back chat from the corpse."

TRANSITION OF MARCELLA DE COU HICKS

We have received many letters expressing sorrow for the passing of our co-editor, and appreciation of her articles in the "Harbinger of Light." The following extract from a letter received from Queensland is typical of many others:—

> "Your account of the transition of Marcella de Cou Hicks occasioned me profound regret. Her productive life of service and honour offers inspiration to humanity. Her name will be written on the hearts she has left behind which, while sorrowing—yet not for her who has gone before us—realise that she has left a monument of virtue that time can never decay."

We tender our thanks to the writers for their sympathy and tributes of esteem.

DO ANIMALS SURVIVE?

"Do Animals Survive?" is a question that is always being asked. A writer who is not a Spiritualist and says he does not want Heaven without his cats, plays with the suggestion in a graceful little poem addressed "To Timbo with the Soulful Eyes," Timbo being a cat friend:—

I wonder, Timbo, what you think
Of us poor human creatures,
With furless bodies, rather pink,
And plainer type of features
Some people say you have no soul;
O, what a shameful libel!
If that were true, what use the goal
Foretold us in the Bible?
For how could we to bliss pretend
Without our pets to cherish?
If death for them should mean the end,
And they would merely perish?
No soul indeed! Shall you not rise?
The answer needs no telling:
They've but to gaze into your eyes
And see the soul indwelling.

Abundant evdence of the survival of animals is constantly coming from the Other Side. The Rev. Drayton Thomas, in one of those long and intimate conversations he has had with his father through our own gifted medium, Mrs. Osborne Leonard, put to him this very question, "Do Pet Animals Survive?" ("Life Beyond Death, with Evidence," p. 135).

"They do survive," his father answered. "The animals who come to this sphere are such as have grown naturally attuned to man. We have horses, dogs, cats and birds. I have seen birds on the higher spheres which are quite unlike any seen or heard of on earth. They looked like glittering gold

and silver, shot with colours more beautiful than anything pictured by man."

Florizel von Reuter, the famous violinist, in an automatic writing sitting with his mother, received from their friend Hattie Jordan ("The Consoling Angel: The Case of Hattie Jordan," p. 25) a most vivid message describing her life in the spirit world, in which she said, "We have a garden with lovely flowers and birds and butterflies, and I have my cat Nino, big and fat. He lies on the grass."

As to the evidence, Florizel von Reuter remarks that "Hattie" had a favorite cat in life called Nino. I remembered this, whereas my mother, whose hand was on the board, only remembered that Hattie had been fond of cats. The fact that I remembered the name is probably accounted for by the additional interest children take in pets. I was a small child at the time."

In a subsequent message received through the American medium, the Rev. Arthur Ford, Nino is mentioned again, and Hattie added, "Your grandpa has lots of animals and I go with my children (in the spirit world) to play with them."

Then we have George R. Sims. When asked whether on passing to the next world he had seen his favourite Poms, he said he found them existing to-day just the same as on earth, only that their coats were much more silky and more ethereal:— "There is the same affection and response for them," he said, "that you are always accustomed to."

We have never heard of anyone who has returned who in effect has not said the same thing. We know also persons (not Spiritualists or clairvoyants) still on the earth plane who have actually seen their pets who have returned after death and have heard them in their own homes make their accustomed affectionate little cries of joy. In the seance room, of course, such incidents have often happened.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE DARK.

By Mr. J. ARTHUR FINDLAY.

Author of "On the Edge of the Etheric."

May I draw attention to the great possibilities which are opening out before us through the development of photography in the dark?

By means of a suitable coloured filter, light waves below the infra red of the spectoscope can be produced which will affect a specially sensitised plate, and thus photographs can be taken in the dark. This means that photographs of levitations in a dark seance can now be taken, and, if desired, cinematograph photographs of the entire proceedings. It is also reasonable to infer that if we can now take photographs by means of infra red waves and a suitable sensitised plate, it will also become possible to produce a sensitised plate which will be affected by waves beyond the ultra violet, and thus aid enormously the development of psychic photography. In fact, it may be the means of proving objectively the existence of etheric beings, and it is not too great a stretch of imagination also to believe that some day a cinematograph photograph will be able to be taken of the etheric body leaving the physical body at death.

HOPE.

Explanation of G. F. Watts' Picture.

Abridged from "Grenadier Rolf."

The figure, with the world beneath her feet and all the strings of her life broken and useless—but one—is not playing, but listening, listening intently for any sound which may come to her, along that one string, from the Beyond.

The one unbroken string represents the dear

one who has passed out of sight into the Beyond. The one thought, every waking moment is "What has happened to him: where had he gone? What was he doing? What is he feeling? If I could only know something about it all, if he could only send me a message, how thankful beyond expression I should be.

The figure is blind-folded, because "Hope" is only "Faith" grown up. Her head is kept in the one position by the golden chain of "Love." The hand that is not holding the "Harp of Love" is held up in an expectant attitude and the two lower ends of the harp or lyre culminate in a heart (this is only to be seen in the better produced copies of the picture).

The figure could not possibly be playing on the instrument, as the one unbroken string, also the chain, both finish in the head of the figure.

The picture therefore represents "Immortal Hope"—the hope of another and an endless life.

MY GARDEN OF GLEANINGS.

(By C. A. Crooks, Leura, N.S.W.)

EDWARD P. Sheldon refers to the "Bell of the Angels in heaven, which rings at twilight, and can only be heard by those whose hearts are free from all passion and hatred and sin. He says a still sweeter and grander music is that made, not by heavenly angels, but by human hearts and souls; the spirit of human kindness is the angel the soul most needs.

"Duty alone is true. There is no true action, but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life; the truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfilment . . . and when we have done our work on earth—

of necessity, of labour, of love, or of duty—we too depart.

It is the appointed sphere in which each has to work out the great aim and end of his being to the best of its power; all else will affect but little the immortality we shall at last put on.

—Smiles.

* * *

Present joys, present blessings slip by, and we miss half of their flavor all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. We who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust, and He who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path—thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us—sleep, peace and home.

—Phillip Brooks.

* * *

Tune your ear to all the wordless music of the stars, and to the voice of Nature—and your heart shall turn to truth and goodness as the plant turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights and all the forces of the firmament shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid to thrust aside half truths and grasp the whole.

May the Angels of Inspiration and Divine Guidance, spiritual understanding and illumination decend upon us here, and now roll away the stone of ignorance, misunderstanding and misconception, the stone of materialism from our hearts and minds where we have kept the Divine Christ-consciousness entombed so long, and ascent into the consciousness of that larger life of the spirit—our heritage and real home.

—The Order of the Fifteen.

God is flashing messages every moment from

His million and one instruments all over the universe—have your receiving apparatus of body, mind, and soul attuned to the sending apparatus of the Loving Sender—Get in tune—I want all there is—Nature is full of the spirit of Love. Be on the look-out every moment for the free gifts of God that hang from the trees of life, that grow in every back yard, as well as high mountains. Cultivate a "hunger."

* * *

The light and life of the sun is poured out to be embodied in plants and growing things, so is the Light of Life of the Spirit—real sun poured out to be embodied in us as spiritual enlightenment. —H. A. Curtis.

THE UNITARIAN FAITH.

The Rev. G. E. Hale, B.A., Minister of the Adelaide Unitarian Church, in a recent sermon on, "What does the Unitarian Church Believe?" made some unusual and particularly modern remarks on the worth of belief in religion generally, and explained why Unitarians were indisposed to commit themselves to anything in the nature of a set creed.

He referred, however, to two historic statements which were more in the nature of covenants than of creeds. The first was enunciated by American Unitarians as follows:—"These Churches accept the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man." Another, enunciated by English Unitarians, was as follows:—"In the Love of Truth, in the Spirit of Christ, we unite for the Worship of God and the Service of Man."

Spiritualism proclaims the worship of an infinite, eternal and all-perfect spirit, the Father of all, the God of love, wisdom and law.

CIVILIZATION v. VIVISECTION.

Contributed by "Nathaniel."

POISON gas hangs over Europe like a cloud ready at any minute to drench the countries in agony and death. Why? Because Parliaments have passed Acts allowing men and women to experiment on living animals. In England it was passed in 1876. The Christian Church in Australia does not raise its voice to let congregations know the truth, as is done in England and America. There are 21 large anti-vivisection societies in England, the one in Scotland is so large that it has to have two headquarters.

Lewisite gas penetrates any mask, passing through the flesh, down the lungs, burning the victims inside and out. Spreading slowly, on that account is favoured for bombing from the air and can be sprayed upon cities with a hose from the aircraft. This is one gas only. The experiments are too ghastly to relate. Without these Acts of protection for vivisectors, there could be no poison gas, for the experiments could not be done on men and women.

Rev. B. Bouchier, M.A., in his lecture, "Vivisection without fear or favour," says "vivisection is essentially anti-human, as well, as being diametrically opposed to the Divine Will, for its true roots lie deep in cynical egoism, and callous selfishness, the prolific evil from which spring the vilest of crimes.

An extract from a Tasmanian broadcast. The Rev. R. Hunter, D.D., said:—"I am asking you for the sake of humanity and the dumb creatures who can speak only in groans and whines and tears—why a large part of the Christian world is itself dumb to the pitiful cries of the dumb animals?"

God has made them to be kindly treated, and

yet in the name of scientific research, so called, they are skinned alive, held firmly in steel clamps while teeth are split and nerves exposed—bowels torn out, kidneys lacerated—stomachs opened and glass windows inserted—bones split open and kept open for days. Eyes torn out. Allowed to live for weeks, till death releases the poor sufferers from the tortures of beings called men.

Surely the case is summoned up in the words of Bishop Westcott, of Durham, England. "I could not conceive a God of love whose only way is to murder one half of his family that the other half might live."

It is well to remember these words.

Happy loving animals done to death. We seem to hear—"not one sparrow falls to the ground without your Father's knowledge." The cloud of witnesses, in modern words, reporters, are ever present.

* * *

War Records.—During the last war hundreds of records, of deeds done by dogs, were kept. Two dogs, Rock and Rags, have each a whole volume of their own deeds.

Henry Bigelow, Emeritus Professor of Surgery, Harvard, "The future generations will look on vivisection of to-day, as we look on burning at the stake in the past."

Lord Chief Justice Colridge, of England, "there is no such thing as necessary cruelty, any more than there is necessary sin."

An Act protecting vivisectors was passed in N.S.W. in 1928.

Nations, like individuals, must reap as they sow.

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small."

THE LAW RELATING TO NEWSSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled their accounts, and ordered the periodicals to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to their former direction, the subscribers are responsible.

5. The courts have decided that "refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing or leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud."

6. If subscribers pay in advance for a periodical they are bound to give notice to the publisher at the end of the time that they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorised to send on, and the subscriber will be responsible unless an express note and payment of arrears are sent to the publisher.

ADVICE TO MOURNERS.

Listen To The Evidence!

ROBERT Blatchford, English writer, has sound advice for the mourner. He continually points to the inconsistencies of parsons who call the Spiritualists' belief in human survival of death gross superstition while preaching a religion based on the immortality of the soul.

Blatchford gives this advice to doubters: "I was a skeptic all my life until I took a course I respectfully advise other skeptics to pursue: I listened to the evidence."

Platitudinous philosophy, so often cited, is of no use to the bereaved: "Widowed men come to me in their trouble seeking wistfully for tidings of their dead," writes Dr. Blatchford. "They do not ask for cold philosophy or moral maxims. They want to know: 'IS SHE ALIVE?'"

All mourners should make their own inquiry. "One must have personal experience, evidence, cumulative evidence," he declares. "And such evidence is provided in plenty. It is advisable to those who come with love and sorrow.

"My advice to those who have lost husbands or sons or lovers in this cruel war is to IGNORE all attacks on Spiritualism. There is no case AGAINST Spiritualism; no case of any kind. THERE IS STRONG EVIDENCE IN ITS FAVOR."

That brilliant Frenchman, Leon Chevreuil, says that he who, having established a FACT, refuses to admit what that fact proves, condemns himself never to know anything.

Take, for instance, that case of Andy Gunn, of San Francsco, California: Andy joined the navy and occasionally wrote to his parents of his satisfaction with navy life. Right after receiving one of these cards, both Andy's father and a brother dreamed that Andy was in great trouble, and both dreamer distinctly heard Andy's voice. They told their dream next morning at breakfast.

That afternoon Mrs. Gunn answered the telephone, and without any introductory greeting Andy's voice came to her, saying: "I am helpless!" Then she heard groans, but nothing more. She called the operator, who said that no one had called and no connection had been made. Both Mrs. Gunn and Andy's brother had positively re-

cognised Andy's voice. The next day, official notice came that Andy had been "killed." He had been "dead" long before the phone had rung. Mr. Carrington frankly states that he has received several similar reports of voices on the telephone when no connection had been made. Intelligent logic should take the place of intellectual negation.

Captain William McKenzie, a Salvation Army chaplain with the Australian forces, testifies that at least six times in one week he has actually heard a voice from the Invisible . . . bidding him to get away quickly from the place where he stood; and just after he obeyed, a heavy shell struck and exploded at the spot he had just left.

In one of these cases, he was burying a number of bodies and was reluctant to leave his work unfinished; while he was burying the seventh body, the voice came again, saying urgently: "Run AT ONCE!" He did so. When he was seventy-five feet away, a big shell arrived, exploding exactly where he had just been at work.

No theory of "hallucination," or other twistification, can get rid of this; nor any reference to Captain McKenzie's "subconsciousness," for he was busy and reluctant to go. Spirit intervention is the only plain commonsense explanation. To many a highly "educated," supposedly "scientific" antispiritualist, the words of the ancient Festus apply: "Much learning doth make thee mad!"

Another of the instances narrated indicates what might be termed "tacit prophecy": A soldier, dreaming, found himself at home, looking over his mother's shoulder as she was reading the newspaper. It was the issue of the 25th of the month. His glance fell upon his own name in the printed list of "killed." He told his comrades about it, and they tried in vain to "josh" him out of his conviction that he would be "dead" on the 25th of the month. On the 25th he was found shot through the head. This incident seems to show

clearly that some intelligence, who had caused the boy's dream, knew in advance that he was to fall at that time.

ORIGIN OF "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

The following translation of a Hebrew hymn is copied from one of the publications of the Percy Society. It is originally written in Rabbinical Chaldee and has a sort of lifting measure. No doubt many will be surprised to find that the familiar nursery tale, which has been told to amuse children, in England, for many generations, has had so serious an original:—

A Translation of a Hymn From The Sepher Haggadah, Folio 23.

1.

A kid, a kid, my father bought
For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.

2.

Then came the cat and ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.

3.

Then came the dog and bit the cat
That ate the kid, &c.

4.

Then came the staff and beat the dog
That bit the cat, &c.

5.

Then came the fire and burned the staff
That beat the dog, &c.

6.

Then came the water and quenched the fire
That burned the staff, &c.

7.

Then came the ox and drank the water
That quenched the fire, &c.
Then came the butcher and slew the ox
That drank the water, &c.
Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher
That slew the ox, &c.

10.

Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That killed the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money. A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:—

1. The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrew nation. The Father by whom it was purchased, is Jewish, who represents himself in this relation to the Hebrews. The two pieces of money are Moses and Aaron.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, who took the ten tribes.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians, who destroyed the Assyrian monarchy.

4. The staff signified the Persians, who destroyed the Babylonian kingdom.

5. The fire indicates the Greek Empire, under Alexander, which destroyed the Persian.

6. The water denotes the Roman power, which destroyed the Grecian.

7. The ox is the symbol of the Saracens, who destroyed the Roman power in the Holy Land.

8. The butcher is the Crusader, who drove the Saracens off the Holy Land.

9. The angel of death is the Turkish power, to which the land of Palestine was still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to shew that God would take signal vengeance on the Turks; immediately after whose overthrow the Jews were to be restored to their own land and live under the Government of their long-expected Messiah.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

ALL the winter a little grey tree has spread its branches under the shadow of great pines in our garden. So grey and delicate were its trunk and slender arms, it was hardly visible against the towering forest trees. One morning I went out and found it transformed. Masses of white blossoms had crept from the heart of the tree to the farthest tips of each branch, and its loveliness almost took my breath away. It now stands as the most important tree in the garden.

There are people like this little tree. For years they scarcely register as individuals. They merge into their environment until they are almost one with the houses, offices, or homes in which they live the greater part of their days. Then something happens, and out of this background emerges an effort, an impression, which lifts them right out of the commonplace.

One of the most unobtrusive women I have known was a governess in a school in Sydney. She seemed born to efface herself. Not only did she have a pale, patient expression which indicated a willingness to accept all things, but she dressed in greys, and her voice seemed reduced to the lowest possible minimum on all occasions.

Her quiet acquiescence irritated the robust to

such an extent that she became the target of unnecessary gibes from both her fellow teachers and the older girls. She was apparently unaware of her unimportance. She taught French and had an obsession for French literature and philosophy, and as she had long hours of duty and often relieved other members of the staff, she had little time for enjoyment.

One day, however, she gently remarked that she was shortly leaving for France. From that moment she became a personage. It was realised that while everyone else had been playing at life she had been saving up for a direct object. Her very tenacity of purpose brought unwilling appreciation, and her longsuffering became strength when it was seen that she was about to step out of routine and walk into a strange world.

Behind voice, manner, and appearance each individual cloaks a life's experience which, if revealed, would yield a wealth of interest. The difficulty is that half the world is too engrossed with its own affairs to dig beneath the surface, and the other half never realises that anything but the surface exists.—The Mail.

THE EMERGENCY FUND

Aenos, N.Z., 85/6; G.W.C.S.M., Adelaide, 50/-; C.G.S., Gympie, 34/6; Adelaide Sp. Church, 21/-; E.J.H., Edgecliffe, 21/6; A.H., Matewa, 10/6; J.S., Yarrac, 10/6; E. G. Gordon, 10/-; Anon., Sydney, 10/-; W.A.P., Coburg, 10/-; M.C., Somewhere in Victoria, 10/-; St. John's Sp. Church, 9/-; E.B.F., Wilston, 5/-; C.L.H., Maryborough, 5/-; F.W.H., Riverton, 4/6; A.S., Chatswood, 4/-; J.B., Maylands, 2/3.

WOMAN "DIVINES" MINERALS.

MISS Evelyn Primrose was formerly official water and oil diviner to the Government of British Columbia, and is now carrying out research work in South Australia.

Miss Penrose, who "divines" minerals as others divine the presence of water, is convinced from her work in this State that resources which would be invaluable to Australia in war time are now being neglected.

Known in Canada as the "water witch," this gentle-looking Cornishwoman has ways with forked wire and her bare hands that make unlettered folk turn their money when they look at her.

There is, however, nothing fanciful about the Government departments and mining companies which have put to practical use her gift of finding where water run and where copper, gold, and even diamonds lie hidden in earth.

The British War Office, which is not notable for its belief in fairies, commissioned her in 1934 to find new wells on Salisbury Plain, when it was feared that existing wells had been contaminated by experiments with poison gas.

Miss Penrose herself says that the diviner's reaction to the presence of each kind of mineral is so different that each form of dowsing has a technique of its own; it is like the difference between playing the piano and playing the organ.

Besides what she calls the "different wave lengths" there is a physical sensation which varies with each subject; working with tin is "light and joyous," while copper is extremely painful, like a burning sensation, and coal gives a "kind of pins and needles sensation."

Half a lifetime of research on the accuracy of divining methods has taken Miss Penrose into

most parts of the world, and given her a harvest of adventures, from prospecting in the lion country of Kruger Park to divining in Chile and Peru.

Even her gloves—handsome affairs of a creamy, supple leather, embroidered with a bear robbing a beehive and Canadian wood flowers—recall one of her notable official expeditions, when the Government sent her to locate water in a drought-stricken area in the wilds of Canada.

They were made for her by the squaw of the chief out of caribou skin, which had first been carefully chewed by the craftswoman to make it supple.

"That was a disillusioning journey," recalled Miss Penrose. "I had imagined a tribe of noble savages living in barbaric splendour, and I found the most dirty and dismal reservation, with poor, half-starved looking people. I was treated very well, but perhaps not out of love.

"The women and children fled from me in terror, because they thought I was a witch."

At one time, when she lived on the tiny island of Sark, Miss Penrose was suspected of supernatural dealings, because she kept bees.

The superstitious Sark people looked on the bees as evil spirits, and Parliament decided that she could only be allowed to keep them if they were shut up in a hive.

For each bee found straying she was to be fined five francs.

—"The Mail."

When the strong man fully armed guardeth his own court, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him his whole armour wherein he trusteth, and divideth his spoils."

—Luke 11 : 21.

LITERARY AND OTHER CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE

Translators, Editors, and Printers Have Many Curious Errors, With Unexpected Results

By the REV. CANON M. GERRY

REFERENCE in a previous article by me to the cryptic "666" in the Book of the Revelation resulted in so much correspondence that it may be of interest to mention another somewhat similar instance of a hidden name.

In the book of Jeremiah, mention is made of a place called Sheshach. As there is no such place, the question arises as to what is meant. This is just another case of a cryptic device. By a plan known as "Atbash," whereby the last letter of the alphabet is substituted for the first, the second fast for the second from the beginning, and so on, Jeremiah disguished Babel (or Babylon) under the form "Sheshach."

This is how it was done:—Babel is written "BBL" in Hebrew, and Sheshach "SH SH CH." The author of Jeremiah substituted the second letter from the end of the Hebrew alphabet (sh) for the second etter from the beginning (b), repeated the process to get the second b, and finally used the eleventh letter from the end (l) for the eleventh from the beginning, thus converting B B L (Babel to SH SH CH (Sheshach) and so disguising the former under the latter. If you are interested in looking up the place, it is Jeremiah xxv. 26 and li. 41.

Among unique copies of the Scriptures may be mentioned the Coronation Bible used at the crowning of our sovereigns. It is a manuscript copy of the four Gospels, in the Latin, a quarto volume, and has been in use from at least A.D.

1000. It is a tenth century German work, elaborately illuminated, and was given by Otto I. to Athelstan, King of the Mercians and West Saxons (born A.D. 895), and grandson of Alfred the Great. Athelstan gave it to Christ Church, Canterbury. Some of its leaves are singed, the result of a fire in the eighteenth century, when it was nearly destroyed.

Another unique copy of the Bible is a Latin one, which bears the double autograph of Bishop Hugh Latimer, the interest being in the fact that the Bishop spells his name with an "i" in one place and a "y" in the other. There were two brothers on the Clarence River (N.S.W.), who spelt their name differently, but for one man, and he of the standing of the Bishop, to spell his name in two different ways must be, to say the least, unusual.

It is, of course, generally known that the later books of the Bible quote the earlier ones. But it is not so generally realised that secular books are also quoted. In the Acts of the Apostles the Greek poet Aratus is quoted ("We are also his offspring"), and in I. Corinthians a quotation occurs from Menander's "Thais" (Evil communications corrupt good manners).

Other such authors and works quoted or referred to include the Book of Enoch, mentioned in the epistle of Jude, the Book of Nathan the Prophet noticed in Chronicles, the Book of the Wars of the Lord, referred to in Numbers, the Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Media and Persia, mentioned in Esther, and the Book of the Acts of Solomon, referred to in I. Kings. Some of these works were religious in character and some not, some were Jewish, and some not; most of them are now lost.

Among quaint ideas about the Bible may be mentioned the belief that Ezra rewrote from memory the Scriptures after their destruction,

the conviction of a certain Englishman that "Sir Matthew" (up at the Hall) wrote "ST. Matthew," that the epistle to the Romans was addressed to Roman Catholics; that Moses wrote the account of his own funeral; and that David wrote all the Psalms, although some of them refer to the Temple, which was not built until after David's death.

There have been some curious translations of the Bible. The Scriptures were apparently originally written in Hebrew and Greek, and have been translated into the various languages, living and dead, of the world. For instance, an Eskimo version says that Canaan was "a land flowing with whale's blubber." We, of course, have it "flowing with milk and honey," but the Eskimos, having no word for "milk" and "honey," the nearest possible correct translation had to be made, with the above result.

One English edition of the Bible of 1607 refers to Kain and Habel. Another has "He that hath ears to ear let him hear," but that is a misprint perhaps rather than a mistranslation. A similar instance is the omission of "not" in the seventh commandment in an English version—a most unfortunate thing!

Familiar as I am with the rendering "every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth," I thought it extremely quaint the first time I met the rendering "of the celestials, the terrestrials, and the infernals." I do not of course suggest this rendering to be anything but literal and accurate.

It was a great shock to the translators of a South American Indian version to discover that they were on the point of saying in a translation they were at work on that God is very thin and poverty-stricken. There is only one letter's differ-

ence between "poverty" and "mercy" in the tribe's language ("paltseyaj" and "paltsenyaj"), and this was leading them into the mistake. For some years, when they thought they were saying in the Liturgy "Almighty God of His Great mercy hath promised forgiveness . . ." they had actually been saying "Almighty God of His great poverty . . . . " Fortunately the mistake was discovered and rectified before the Scripture translation was made.

Of the half million words and more in the English language the English Bible — the Authorised Version—uses only about 6,000, and some 4 per cent. of these are obsolete. You and I probably use fewer than 3,000. It is said that there are 773,746 words in the Old and New Testaments, about the equivalent of seven ordinary novels.

The truly dreadful way in which the Bible in the past has been printed, small type, the text chopped up in a mechanical way into little "verses" (convenient as this is for reference), and chapters (one of which actually ends in the middle of a sentence), bound in a sombre, not to say repulsive, binding, accounts, I believe, for some of the indifference now existing towards it. Publishers are beginning, I note with gratitude, to produce the Bible in type like a modern novel, paragraphed like a modern book, with wide restful margins, bereft of the clutter called "references," and bound in bright and attractive colours. Try reading it in this style.

The Bible is not a mere museum of curiosities, quaintnesses, and surprises; these interesting things are there, but they should be regarded as the sugar round the pill, or rather as the icing on the good solid cake.

THE CHALLENGE APPEAL

We gratefully acknowledge the response already made to this appeal, and donations to the Emergency Fund.

A donor, as X.Y.Z. below, may contribute more than one share, or two or more may join in contributing a share. In response to an enquiry a subscriber to the "Harbinger of Light" may solicit donations for this fund, each total of £10 will constitute a share.

	£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged	10	0	0
X.Y.Z., Edgehill (5 shares)	50	0	0
Anon. and Another, Werris Creek (2 shares)	10	0	0

THE USE AND MISUSE OF SPIRITUALISM

(By A.S.W.)

After a brief experience, it is quite clear to me that there are various degrees of spirit communication.

The need and method of testing the spirit is the purpose of this article.

It must be clear to all those who believe in a continuence of life after what is called death, that in the continued life the condition of the soul is not immediately transformed, in that we continue there very much as we finish here.

The possibility of getting in touch with those who have passed over makes it necessary for us to know, whether we are meeting with good or undeveloped good. It cannot be too clearly explained that undeveloped spirits can and do control, and this has led to much confusion in the past.

I do desire to make it clear, however, that there is a way of testing spirits which illuminates danger of being misled.

Our Master the Christ, "who understood the law of communication" and spirit of love, should be guide, and the test of every attempt to communicate and of every message that is received.

Without this I have found it impossible to know.

Then, the need to test and prove the spirits comes from the fact that, good and evil are present not only in this world, but in the next, and we must know the spirits that we are in touch with.

The method of testing them is by their attitude towards the Master Himself and His love. It has been sufficient for me in my investigation in the past and I would strongly advise any who are interested, and who intend to investigate, to accept nothing as truth that is not communicated in this way.

A LEGACY RECEIVED

We are in receipt of a sum of twenty-five pounds from the estate of the late M. A. Whitfield, of Launceston, Tas. The solicitors for the estate and through whom we received the legacy, were Messrs. Ritchie & Parker, Alfred Green & Co.

EXCHANGE AND REPLY POSTAGE.

The "Harbinger of Light" is a Philanthropy not a Business. Failure to send a stamp for a reply or to add exchange to cheques entails a loss which, in the aggregate, amounts to a considerable sum yearly.

TERRY MEMORIAL HALL

Temporary Change of Address

Owing to circumstances connected with the war, the work so long carried on by the Victorian Spiritualists' Union at 47 Victoria Street has been transferred "For the Duration" to 107-9 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

This central position will enable the V.S.U. to carry on its work closer to the centre of things and reach many of those who found Terry Hall a little inconvenient for them to reach.

The Harbinger extends its best wishes for success in their new location.

IN SUPPORT OF THE APPEAL.

The "Australian Financial Gazette and Insurance Chronicle" in a review of our August issue saye:—

This illuminating psychic digest is in the seventieth year of its existence, but that existence is in very peril of its continuance; surely this influential preacher of the Gospel of Consolation is worthy of the generous support of all who believe in a higher life beyond this earthly sphere. Unstinted has been the appreciation of the labours of the "Harbinger," but practical help in the matter of subscriptions and donations is urgently needed. See to it, students and believers in the spiritual philosophy.

WANTED FOR OFFICE FILE.

We require for filing, copies of our issues for January, February and March, 1941.

Editor "Harbinger of Light,"
Box 64A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

THOUGHTS ABOUT GOD.

"What better thought than think on God?"—Tusser.

"God is Spirit." "God is Light." "God is Love."—New Testament.

"God is an unutterable sigh in men's souls."—Heine.

"I had rather believe all the fables in the 'Legend,' and the 'Talmud,' and the 'Al Koran' than that this universal frame is without a mind."—Bacon.

"God is great; we must submit."—Muhammed.

"God moves in a mysterious way."—Cowper.

"Our safest eloquence about God is silence."—Hooker.

"If there be not a God, we must invent one."—Robespierre.

"To escape from evil, we must be made as far as possible like God; and this resmblance consists in becoming just, and holy, and wise."—Plato.

"The wrath of man is the rage of man; but the wrath of God is the reason of God."—Reynolds.

"A heathen philosopher once asked a Christian—'Where is God?' The Christian answered—'Let me first ask you—Where is He not?' "—Arrowsmith.

"Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."—Tennyson.

To the pure all things are pure: our house is not in order if this spiritual lamp of trust, which our earthly life but needs and feeds, is not its central light.

J. H. Thom (1808-1894).

STRANGE REINCARNATION THEORY.

When complex doctrines are held by those who fail to understand them (which is not at all unusual) they often lead to strange conclusions. The "Daily Sketch" reports that fifty-four Chinese seamen who were rescued from a torpedoed ship some months ago—and then refused to go to sea again, tried to escape deportation from Canada with an unusual plea.

They claimed that they had died when they were thrown into the sea from their torpedoed vessel, and were reincarnated when picked up by a Canadian ship.

Their re-birth made them Canadians, they said, and not liable for deportation. Canada disagrees and says "Back to sea or be deported."

"THE SONG OF AUSTRALIA"

"The Song of Australia" republished in June issue was written in South Australia by Mrs. C. J. Carleton, and won a prize given by the Gawler Institute in 1859.

She died at Wallaroo 68 years ago, and as she spent most of her life in South Australia, and the rest in England, one can assume that it was this State alone which inspired the song.

Carl Linger, who set it to music, was born in Berlin. He came here in 1849 and died 13 years later.

"The News," Adelaide.

KILNASCRENE

Wanted to purchase a Kilnascrene. Please state cash price to "Kilnascrene," c/o "The Harbinger of Light," Box 64A, G.P.O. Adelaide.

OUR LORD'S PRAYER

By Dr. Lamsa

As translated from the Original Syriac, the language in which it was first written.

Our father in universe
hallowed by thy name
come thy kingdom
let be thy wishes
as in universe so in earth
give us bread our need to-day
and release us our offences
as also we have released
to our offenders
and do not let us enter into worldliness
but part us from error
because thine is the kingdom
power and glory
from ages to ages
sealed in truth.

SPIRITUALIST WEDDING.

A Spiritualist wedding—the second held in Christchurch, N.Z.—was celebrated by Mr. E. M. Lovell-Smith at the Christchurch Branch of the Spiritualist Church of N.Z., the parties being Sergeant J. Graham, N.Z. A.I.F. of Auckland, and Miss Jessie Odlum, of Christchurch. After the ceremony 40 guests assembled at the Winter Gardens to wish the bride and groom every happiness.

Heroism can save a nation in difficult circumstances, but it is the accumulation of little daily virtues that makes its grandeur.

"THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT."
AUSTRALIA.

A Monthly Digest of Spiritualist News.

Correspondents requiring a personal reply to their letters must forward a stamped addressed envelope for the purpose. Contributors must send postage if they desire their MS. returned in case it is not used.

Address all communications to the Editor and make all drafts, cheques, postal notes and money orders payable to "The Harbinger of Light."

Box 64a, G.P.O. Adelaide, South Australia.

Subscribers experiencing any difficulty in obtaining "The Harbinger of Light" are requested to communicate with the Secretary.

Managing Editor: REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D.
Patron: H. M. ALLISON, Esq.

VOL. 73.—No. 10. PRICE, 9d. OCTOBER 1, 1942.

LIFE IN RUSSSIA.

AN illuminating lecture upon "Soviet Russia" was given some time ago at the Croydon National Spiritualist Church, Bedford Park, by Mr. Harold Sharp, a much-travelled and well-known worker in the Spiritualist movement.

In company with a Church of England curate, a Church Army and Y.M.C.A. worker, and a Quaker, he visited Russia to study the country and its conditions at first hand. After an extensive tour of the country districts, as well as the cities, he came to the conclusion that Russia since the Revolution had been misrepresented, and that the truth had not been told. From being one of the most unhealthy, intemperate and illerate countries in the world, he holds the view that from down-trodden Czarist Russia has arisen a country filled with new life, new courage and new ideals.

Education.

Every opportunity is given to Youth, and education is free and universal. Every child at-

tends school until 15 years of age, and in large towns and industrial or agricultural cities remains until 18 years. Examinations and class lists are unknown. Competition takes a more social than personal form, and in every school a Psychologist is attached, ready to seize upon and develop any special talent a child may show.

The University period is given only to those who will benefit from it, payment being given at the same time.

Religion.

Contrary to popular opinion, there is religious freedom under the Soviet Union, and, in the words of an Archdeacon of South Africa, a genuine attempt has been made to establish the "Kingdom of Heaven."

Unemployment is unknown, hunger is unknown (apart from war conditions). Sex has been placed on a higher footing, and the right to leisure, and the right to live a decent life, with security in old age, has taken its place. Men in dangerous work have special concessions, and humanity has taken the place of vested interests.

To paraphrase a well-known saying, "See Naples and die," Mr. Sharp gave an alternative version, "See the U.S.S.R. and learn how to live," for greater perfection and ideal of what life can be could be found in Russia more than anywhere else on earth.

WINDSOR PROGRESSIVE CHURCH

ALBERT HALL, ALBERT STREET, WINDSOR

Sunday Services: 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.
Demonstrator: Mrs. Pascoe. Leader: H. LeConte.

Mr. CHARLES NEIL, Organiser of Spiritual Propaganda, of 8 Hatfield, Waruda Street, Kirribilli, Sydney, N.S.W., suggests that one of the most effective ways of spreading psychic knowledge is to buy modern psychic books and to lend them to inquirers.

NEW AGE MISSION OF LOVE

Sunday Services, 7 p.m. at No. 17 Waymouth St., Adelaide.
All Welcome. Messages.
CONSULTATIONS AND HEALING DAILY
Surrey Chambers, 74 Franklin Street.
HILDA DAVIES.

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT

Subscription Rates Payable in Advance

The undermentioned Subscription Rates include Postage.

Per Year	9/6
Half Year	5/-
Quarter	2/6
South Africa or Great Britain	10/6
United States of America or Canada	2 dols. 60c.

Add Exchange to Cheques.

New Zealand Subscribers please remit by Post Office Order. Postal Notes are not negotiable in the Commonwealth.

D ON your wrapper indicates that your subscription is due with the next issue.

1 2 3

One of these figures on your message indicates the number of months that you are in arrears.

As the wrappers are prepared for and forwarded to the printer about the 15th of the month, a subscription received after that date is too late to have the letter or figure removed from the wrapper.

VICTORIAN SPIRITUALISTS' UNION

(VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS AND MELBOURNE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTIC LYCEUM).

107-109 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE

President—Mr. E. S. MAYGER.

Treasurer: Mrs. L HOSKEN Secretary: Mr. A. J. SLEE, 78 Ferguson Street, Williamstown.

THE HOME CIRCLE HANDBOOK.

By J. STUART MORRISON.

This typescript handbook should be studied by every home circle group. It contains full instructions how to form a circle for investigation of Spiritualistic phenomena, what to do, and, most important, what not to do. It contains information not to be found in even pretentious books.

Price, 1/6—Postage, 2d.

Progressive Spiritualist Church, Inc.

CNR. FRANCIS & MUSEUM STREETS, PERTH.

Sunday Service—3 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. Tuesday—8 p.m. Thursday—8 p.m.
First Saturday each month at Home—3 p.m.
Ministers—Rev. M. McDonough; Rev. Ripp.
DEDICATIONS, BURIALS AND MARRIAGES SOLEMNISED.
Vice-President—Mrs. E. PALMER.
Secretary.—J. A. McDONOUGH, 9 Darling Road, Sth. Perth.

Recovery of Health is Largely a Matter of Knowing How

HEALTH CULTURE

is a simple method of Home Treatment, without drugs or complicated processes. It is as certain in its results as it is simple and can be practised anywhere.

J. T. HUSTON, Nat.Dip. F.A.P.A., etc.
Box 64a, G.P.O. Adelaide, South Australia.

THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH, BRISBANE

MEIN AND BOUNDARY STREETS
Sunday, 3.25 p.m. Public Circle.
7.25 p.m. Service.
Tuesday, 8 p.m., Healing Guild Conducted by Mr. F. HARMAN.
Ladies' Social and Discussion Class every THURSDAY Afternoon at 2 p.m.
Mr. C. S. PAYNE, President. Miss G. BIGGS, Treasurer.
Miss J. HARMAN, Secretary (above address).

Wholly set up and printed by Hilton Press Ltd., 223-25 Moray St., Sth. Melb., for "The Harbinger of Light," and published by J. T. Huston, 16a King William rd., Adelaide.