The Harbinger of Light

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

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The Miracle of Direct Thought

(By George D. Abraham.)

(Reprinted from "Prediction".)

"But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

The visions of poets are often prophetic, but even the mystic Tennyson might have been startled could be have known that within fifty years of his own "Crossing of the Bar" hundreds would have satisfied that most agonised of human longings of which he sang so feelingly.

Yet true it is that numbers of those voices men thought stilled for ever are, quite literally, articulate to-day. And if you have not had the experience of conversing with the supposedly dead, hearing their voices as clearly as you do the radio, then the most exhilarating and convincing adventure in the whole undiscovered jungle of psychic research has passed you by.

Once indeed you have listened to the happy chatter of deceased children, the post-mortem reflections of famous men, the affectionate and eager greetings of "vanished" loved ones streaming across the Great Divide called Death, life is never

quite the same nor the prospects of dissolution quite so grim.

Here is a composite picture of a Voice Seance built up from this writer's experiences. The absolute truth of each incident is personally vouched for by him.

The house is a typical Georgian terrace dwelling of a kind common to South and West London. Inside a well furnished drawing-room, eight people are gathered. An elderly lady, with a look of supreme happiness, a lonely reserved single gentleman, a middle-aged couple, a young married lady, my wife and myself. Number eight, a large and obviously cultured woman, is our hostess, and the medium's wife. All are strangers to us, and as I afterwards learned, to each other, with the exception of the first-named, who has been here before. There are no introductions, and we merely sit in polite silence.

I am requested by our hostess to carry a couple of additional chairs to the seance room, which is on the first floor. Complying, I enter another large room which is entirely without normal furniture, save for several beautiful paintings on the walls and the chairs, which latter we are arranging in the form of a horseshoe. The window is completely obscured by an altar consisting of a white-covered shelf bearing two tall white candles and a golden cross surmounted by a picture of the Christ. The whole is draped around with deep blue velvet curtains. Between the candles a quaint incense-burner fills the air with an attractive scent, whilst from the ceiling rose a tiny red bulb provides the sole illumination. Beyond this the room is quite empty except for a stringed instrument lying on one of the chairs, and two "trumpets" placed face down in the centre of the horse-shoe. I examine these latter, which I find to be nothing more than ordinary brown paper bound with passe partout. Around each end is an inch-wide band of phosphorescent paint.

Returning below to await zero hour, I am again first to enter this room ten minutes later. I am immediately startled by a change most difficult to describe in words.

Materially nothing has altered, but this time the room is charged with what one can only call a sense of "presence" or power, the very atmosphere seeming as of highly potent electricity.

Puzzled by this contrast, I take my seat with the others. The medium enters and occupies the chair in the mouth of the horse-shoe. The hostess extinguishes the light, and accompanies us on the strings to the tune of a well-known hymn. The aura of the place seems very harmonious. For fifteen minutes there is no disturbance save for the laboured breathing of the medium and the occasional "cold breezes" that are familiar to all seance-goers.

Quite suddenly the larger of the two trumpets, visible by its luminous bands, moves hesitantly across the floor, and then after a couple of abortive attempts takes off into the air. Round the circle it floats, rising above our heads to the ceiling. An infra-red photograph is taken by one of the sitters, and later that week I see the incontrovertible evidence of a floating trumpet quite without visible means of support. The trumpet appears to poise just above our heads, and then with a lack of dramatic effect that is almost an anti-climax, a deep and pleasant voice issues from the mouthpiece, and in perfectly normal tones we are talking with the dead.

The speaker tells us he is a chemist, and in charge of the phenomena. He says conditions are good, and many people wait to speak with us. Some of these are quite as new to the direct voice as we are, and he abjures us to be patient with any who cannot speak above a whisper, remarking that they will improve with practice and encouragement.

Then for over an hour follows an amazing scene. Nearly thirty voices of men, women and children in various dialects and several different

languages "come through", some known to the sitters, and others not.

The elderly lady with the happy expression carries on a chat with her deceased husband. He has passed over three years before, and she has never missed a talk with him every week for that period. The middle-aged couple are re-united with their son who was killed in a motoring accident six months earlier. They have previously contacted him through a planchette, but this time communion is complete. Like all the visitors, he sounds extremely happy, and has no wish to return to Earth.

One of the big spots comes when the chemist guide tells us that there is enough power present to resolve us all into primaeval dust, house included. Thereupon he proceeds to demonstrate this, and we are really afraid for a moment, as that very solid Georgian room rocks on its foundations in a manner that only those who have been in an earthquake can appreciate. Only his reassuring laughter restores our physical and mental equilibrium.

By this time the first trumpet has been joined by the second, and we have two simultaneous voices. Besides being used as amplifiers, the trumpets are also a means whereby loved ones may be caressed, and one finds one's face or hair being gently and affectionately stroked or patted by them. Evidential, too, is the uncanny accuracy with which they locate the various parts of one's anatomy in a darkness "black as Egypt's night". Any human agency attempting such a thing would most certainly either miss its object altogether, or else nearly put one's eye out by mistake.

Suddenly the trumpet veers in our direction. "What are you holding her hand for, George?" queries a voice with a foreign accent. Startled to find that my invisible friend not only has X-ray eyes, but also knows my Christian name, I timidly enquire his name. "The same as your own", he replies cheerfully, quoting it correctly, except that he puts an "s" on the end. I query this, only to be

informed that he is an ancestor who lived on earth one hundred and fifty years previously. At that time the name belonged, not to an Englishman, but to a Polish Jew, and carried an "s" which was subsequently dropped. He then congratulates me on my recent marriage (correct), and proves himself quite familiar with the layout of my new home in the North of England.

At this point the guide chips in announcing the presence of a number of Spanish people, but only jumbled sentences come through. Only after all the sitters have denied any knowledge of the language does my wife reveal that she lived eight years in Spain, and that when she left on the outbreak of Civil War many of her friends were killed.

This is followed by conversations with both my father and my first wife, whose voices and expressions are unmistakable. The latter had experience of direct voice on this side of the veil.

So far the young lady has had no evidence, and, just as we are beginning to think she will be left out, it happens. As we learned afterwards, she is a newcomer, and a sceptic. The trumpet, steadying itself before her, a Broad Yorkshire dialect (which I cannot reproduce in print) booms out: "Well, well, my bonny lassie, it sure is good to see ye agen. Ah was fair sorry ye were too late to see me when ah left!" Quite without warning the sitter yells: . . . "Grandad! It's dear old Grandad!" and bursts into tears. The emotion on either side proves too much, and, as the trumpet crashes to the floor and silence, the hostess tells us the harmony has been disturbed, and that further results are unlikely.

Five minutes later the glow of the tiny red light shows the medium coming slowly out of trance. The tearful eyes of the girl are shining as she tells us in excited tones that she was brought up on her grandfather's farm in the North Riding, only moving to London when she married. "Bonny Lassie" was

her nickname, and when her grandfather lay dying she had rushed north, only to arrive too late.

Phenomena like these have been performed in red light throughout, instead of in darkness. Darkness is necessary until an advanced stage of development is reached, as the phenomenon needs ectoplasm for its manifestation, and this has to be drawn from the medium's body into conditions outside which closely resemble those within his body, namely darkness and warmth. A sudden light has the effect of cramming it back rapidly instead of allowing gradual re-absorption, and the result may be severe internal haemorrhage or other disorder.

The ectoplasm is used to mould a mask consisting of face, muscles, tongue, larynx, and vocal cords. This mask is connected by means of tubes to the medium's lungs, and his breath used in the voice production by the chemists and scientists present on the other side. The spirit wishing to speak dons the mask, and speaks through it much as we don a gas mask. The trumpet, of course, is moved by hands similarly materialised. At a further advanced stage, which I have also witnessed, the trumpet is dispensed with and the voices are merely in thin air, whilst the medium, instead of going into deep trance, remains awake, and at times converses with the visitors.

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AN AIRMAN'S MESSAGE

"I've left my body after an awful time of misery shut into a burning plane. We couldn't escape, but as the plane fell to pieces and crashed we saw the most glorious vision of rays of all colours. At first I thought it was the German searchlights. We could see people walking about in the air. I didn't quite know what we were doing, so I got out and found that I could stand too on this glistening platform of colour. It sounds mad writing all this. The queer thing was that I had no desire to look down and feel the height and pull of the earth. I had been released."

MODERATION IN OUR WISHES

("Progressive Thinker.")

The active mind of man seldom or never rests satisfied with its present condition, no matter how prosperous. Originally formed for a wider range of objects, for a higher sphere of enjoyments, it finds itself, in every situation of fortune, strained and confined. Sensible of deficiency in its state, it is ever sending forth the fond desire, the aspiring wish, after something beyond what is enjoyed at present.

Hence that restlessness which prevails so generally among mankind. Hence that disgust of pleasures which they have tried that passion for novelty; that ambition of rising to some degree of eminence or felicity, of which they have formed to themselves an indistinct idea. All of which may be considered as indications of a certain native, original greatness in the human soul, swelling beyond the limits of its present condition; and pointing to the higher objects for which it was made. Happy if these latent remains of our primitive state served to direct our wishes toward their proper destination, and to lead us into the path of true bliss. But in this dark and bewildered state, the aspiring tendency of our nature unfortunately takes an opposite direction, and feeds a very misplaced ambition. The flattering appearances which here present themselves to sense; the distinction which fortune confers; the advantages and pleasure which we imagine the world to be capable of bestowing, fill up the ultimate wish of most men. These are the objects which engross their solitary musings, and stimulate their active labours; which warm the breasts of the young, animate the industry of the middle-aged, and often keep alive the passions of the old, until the very close of life. Assuredly there is nothing unlawful in our wishing to be freed from whatever is disagreeable, and to obtain a fuller enjoyment of the comforts of life. But when these wishes are not tempered by reason they are in dan-

ger of precipitating us into much extravagance and folly. Desires and wishes are the first springs of action. When they become exorbitant, the whole character is likely to be tainted.

If we suffer our fancy to create to itself worlds of ideal happiness, we shall discompose the peace and order of our minds, and foment many hurtful passions.

Here, then, let moderation begin its reign; by bringing within reasonable bounds the wishes that we form. As soon as they become extravagant, let us check them, by proper reflections on the fallacious nature of those objects which the world hangs out to allure desire. You have strayed from the road which conducts to felicity; you have dishonoured the native dignity of your souls, in allowing your wishes to terminate on nothing higher than worldly ideas of greatness or happiness. Your imagination roves in a land of shadows. Unreal forms receive you. It is no more than a phantom, an illusion of happiness, which attracts your fond admiration; nay, an illusion of happiness, which often conceals much real misery. Do you imagine that all are happy who have attained to those summits of distinction, towards which your wishes aspire?

Alas! how frequently has experience shown that where roses were supposed to bloom nothing but briars and thorns grow. Reputation, beauty, riches, grandeur, nay, royalty itself, would, many a time, have been gladly exchanged by the possessors, for that more quiet and humble station with which you are now dissatisfied. With all that is splendid and shining in the world, it is decreed that there should mix many deep shades of woe. On the elevated situations of fortune, the great calamities of life chiefly fall. There the storm spends its violence, and there the thunder breaks; while safe and unhurt, the inhabitants of the vale remain below. Retreat, then, from those vain and pernicious excursions of extravagant desire. Satisfy yourselves

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THE VALUE OF THE HOME CIRCLE

(An Editorial, in "The Two Worlds".)

Mr. Leaf raised an important point in a recent issue where he discussed the necessity of a certain section of the people devoting the whole of their time to the development and practice of mediumship. There is one point, however, which he seemed to overlook. He (rightly, I think) assumes that the development of psychic faculty of some kind is possible to all, though it emerges more readily with some people than with others. Until everyone develops mediumship (which is not likely) there will be need for the professional medium, since good mediumship takes many years of careful study and training before it approaches reliability. I agree that the professional who has attained a high degree of proficiency is a valuable aid to the investigator.

The point I want to raise is that of "the family circle". Over sixty years ago Sir William Crookes stated that "the strength of Spiritualism" in this country consists in the thousands of homes in which one or more members of the family is a medium." Those, of course, were the days of large families, and one medium meant complete satisfaction for the whole family of six or more.

In Sir William's days, there were few Spiritualist churches or societies: the movement was propagated by home circles. The best mediums in the country were the products of them. Even where churches existed it was usual for Spiritualists to attend evening service, and then trot home, often taking two or three enquirers with them, for a home circle. There is no doubt in my mind that coming from a happy harmonious meeting, they took with them not only a wealth of power, but many spirit

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with what is rational and attainable. Train your minds to moderate views of human life, and human happiness.

helpers who, being familiar with the procedure, collected the psychic power from those at the public meeting in order to use it at the family altar.

Hence with one member of the family developing mediumship, the weekly home circle held on a week-day was the nursery, and the Sunday evening circle the demonstration bench, for the promotion of spiritual unfoldment. I have no hesitation in saying that some of these "after meetings" held at home with selected sitters were productive of many of the best results I have experienced.

Mr. Leaf points out that one of his difficulties in training mediums is their reluctance to "give off" their mental impressions lest they may be the victims of their imagination. I know how real such difficulties are, but in the sanctity of the home, sustained by the confidence of the family, much of that reluctance disappears.

I know that times have changed. In those days there were no picture houses, and we were eager to occupy our evenings with something interesting and elevating (which doesn't always apply to pictures). In those days we laughed at the few professional mediums who sat in darkness for materialisation and direct voice. Most amateurs sat in a good white light. We did not then realise what a tremendous handicap was imposed on the professional, who had a totally different set of sitters at each circle, and often a different room in a different town—some of them most unsuitable—whilst the amateur consistently had the same surroundings, and in the main the same sitters. In fact, in most of those circles we insisted that each individual should occupy the same chair at each seance. I have known spirit guides indicate, from observing the psychic emanations, that a sitter was using the wrong chair when none of the sitters were aware of the change. I should be the last to decry professional mediumship. It is fulfilling a useful function. It produces evidences which satisfy enquiriers; it comforts the bereaved, and stimulates further research; but it is

nevertheless true that he who sits for months and years in the same circle, and watches mediumship slowly unfold from the first uncertain stages to full manifestation, does know more about the "modus operandi" of mediumship than he who is content with the finished circle.

The gardener who sows his seed, fosters his plant, watches its growth, and lures it into fruition, does know more about the fruit, and can better appreciate its variety and flavour, than the man who buys it at the fruiterer's.

By all means let us appreciate the self-sacrifice of those who are devoting their lives to the spread of Spiritualism, but let us not imagine that that is the only royal road to spiritual truth.

Some of the phases of mediumship which used to be prevalent have faded away; possibly their places have been taken by others which need less power. For instance, what has become of "etherialisation"? in which the spirit form was quite visible to all, yet misty and ghost-like. One could put one's hand through it without serious disturbance. It was a type of semi-materialisation—yet I have known such forms give an address of 30 to 40 minutes, on matters concerning the nature of spirit life. It may be that "direct voice" has taken its place with a considerably less expenditure of power, but we seldom get sustained addresses by direct voice. Yes! there is a wide field of useful service for the professional medium, but the work of the professional gardener does not exclude the joy of the amateur who makes his plot of land produce excellent flowers and fruits. The joy of having produced his own favourites is greater to him than that of the man who goes to the florist for his flowers and fruit, and he feels that he knows them better.

The home circle has led to the call for the professional, but I hope the latter will not entirely supplant the former. The production of gigantic ocean-

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THE WILL OF HEALING

(By Andrew Jackson Davis.)

Man is an immortal self-conscious spirit, enveloped for wise purposes with matter of a grosser sort, over which he is designed to hold supreme control through intelligence and volition. His integral attitude for self-development and self-government surpasses the belief of his uneducated judgment. But he is reckless and faithless regarding the principles of his inner life, being ignorant of the riches within his spiritual constitution, and the penalty of this is disease, with its innumerable offspring. The kindest and most skilful physicians can bring no perfect health to those who are sick and suffering, because—in too many cases—doctor and patient know nothing of the psychological energies in the human organisation, or that crude and bitter drugs can do nothing compared with the kindly offices of our own spiritual forces.

The human organisation is regulated by two great positive and negative conductors, which are the sympathetic and pneumogastric nerves. Like the lesser and more delicate nerves, they take their rise in the brain, as the fount of vitality and sensibility. The sympathetic nerve transmits sensibility and life to all parts of the organism. It belongs to the great automatic hemisphere of mind. Instinct, impulse, and life are its attributes. We are concerned, however, more especially with the pneumogastric nerve, which confers energy and voluntary movement on the internal organism. It is in direct contact with

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going steamers has not made less important the fishing vessels round our coasts.

I want to see the time when the power of the spirit is manifest not only in the salon of the professional but in the everyday life of every home. It will then show its power to mould character, which is a higher attainment than convincing the intellect.

the attributes and designs of will, and is a motor nerve by which volition may impose its decrees upon the whole physical economy. It is in communication with throat, lungs, heart and bowels—that is to say, with those organs which are most subject to disease. Out of the established fact that this nerve is a conductor of mental decrees arises the treatment, and there may arise also the cure of these physical parts.

We affirm that man can maintain his health under any reasonable combination of circumstances, and, with this object in view, we counsel respiration as a means of transmitting spiritual vigour to weak and debilitated organs. The heart is covered with the cardiac plexus, which arises from the pneumogastric nerves. The lungs are supplied with another plexus of nerve springing from the same conductor. Lastly, the entire digestive functions are provided from the same voluntary battery at the base of the brain. The organs and parts named are under the immediate control of mind.

The mode of practice is to cultivate deep, slow and uniform breathing, accompanied by a strong exercise of the will to be healthy. In cases of general weakness, concentration should be on the extremities first, working upward and inward progressively. When the brain has been reached after ten minutes of steady and deep breathing the process should be repeated in the descending scale. By this pneumogastric self-treatment spiritual strength is received from the air. When the science of deep breathing has been attained by practice, and the will has been fixed coincidentally upon the general restoration of the system, the act of concentrating on a single diseased part will become less and less difficult.

Consumptive persons may enlarge their chests and lungs beyond the possibility of disease, and so with other complaints. In acquiring this power it may be necessary to practise thrice in each twenty-four hours, the time chosen being one hour and one-

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SPIRITUALISM THE SHIELD OF LIFE

(By G. C. Lowrey.)

Spiritualism never cast a shadow upon a home, never wounded a human heart, and never wronged a human soul. It is never deaf to the cry of the needy; never blind to the wants of the deserving, and its broad and noble heart, promptly responds to the call of the erring, and a cry from the soul for help is never denied. It is one of the mightly forces to-day working toward the uplifting of the human race.

Spiritualism strives to make men and women better by making them happier, and in this task has enlisted a great army of hopeful workers; and year by year the work is moving forward toward the goal of its brightest dreams.

There is another element which has a place in our philosophy, and one which needs cultivation, to the very utmost by us all. We need to form a cordon of strong hearts to ward off temptations from our fellow man, and to keep him from the hands of

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half or two hours after meals. The help of a sympathetic associate may, however, be indispensable at the beginning in certain cases. In conclusion, the spirit world will also lend its aid by forming a secret junction with the pneumogastric conductor.

And now as regards the sympathetic nerve and its wonderful principles of life, motion and energy are conveyed thereby to all systems of ganglia, the automatic interior structures, lympathetic vessels and the living blood of the organism, so that all parts of the body are sympathetically related, and no member can suffer without disturbing the whole. The intuition of the sympathetic nerve is wiser than the best physician, its pathological value being exhibited by the lessons which it conveys—as, e.g. the admonishment to sleep when fatigued, or to rest otherwise in prostration.

the destroyer. Universal love should make much of this warding off. Warding off outward ills which touch the body or the home, merely, is not sufficient to meet the needs of the human race, for the temptations which fight against the life, and lusts which war against the soul, need most to be guarded. The alien hand which strips the soul of its robe of purity and righteous character must be restrained.

There are hungerings of the heart for love and the touch of a gentle hand which can only be satisfied with heartfelt sympathy. We are glad that in the seance room and public meetings all these elements can be found, and most that takes place is elevating and helpful. The cultivation of such must necessarily strengthen all in the cause of right and truth. In this workaday world we are too prone to surround ourselves with an atmosphere of business that almost forbids friendship; but in the seance room and the public meetings where the perplexities troubles, cares, and irritations of life are put aside, we come to realise that human nature is not altogether selfish; after all, human hearts beat, and blood courses warm for others. In the seance room, of all places, love, kindness, human sympathy and brotherly love should be cultivated above all things.

Let each of us see to it that ours is a full-blossomed, perfect flower, whose grace and fragrance shall be delightful to the Master of the Garden, and may be infuse more love and goodwill toward humanity, and more of the true spirit of fraternity along life's pathway. Why should we wait till the sungoes down and the cares that infest the day fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away, for Spiritualism to unfold its fragrant and beautiful flower?

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A prominent spiritualist told us that in a restaurant where he went for a meal there were notices upon the tables warning people not to waste bread. It said: "By every piece of wasted bread stands the ghost of a dead seaman."

"THE OTHER SIDE" OF A SITTING

Peter is a young airman who was killed early in the war. From time to time he has spoken in Glasgow to members of the Circle of the Open Door, through the trance mediumship of Mrs. Edith Thomson. He has told us of his experiences in his new life, the difficulties he has encountered, and the adjustments he has made.

"I used to think it would be quite easy to give evidence," said Peter; I thought that I would only have to remember certain facts and pass them on. I did not at that time realise how many factors were at work in a sitting, or how much depends upon the sitter.

"If the sitter is suspicious of the Medium, then, however delicately it may be hidden, the atmosphere is charged with suspicion. This has a stifling effect upon the communicator, as if he were wrapped in cotton wool and could scarcely breathe. Everything he meant to say goes; sometimes he can't even think of his own name. He has a sense of frustration, and gets impatient with those assisting, who, in turn, are short with him. The sitter, meantime, is probably tapping his pencil on his pad and thinking, 'This is just what I expected.' At the end the communicator, exhausted, feels, 'If that's communication, I'm finished. It doesn't get you anywhere.'

"Sometimes, in such a sitting, when I am trying all I can, the atmosphere seems suddenly to change; there's a little more air to breathe, an opening in the cloud. Something I have said has struck a chord. I think, 'At last they know it's me!' But the moment passes, and things are as they were."

On one occasion Peter undertook to help a friend who had the opportunity of communicating with his relatives. Knowing that the chief difficulty would be that when he entered the controlling point the communicator would forget what he wished to say, Peter promised to stand by and prompt him. Together they prepared the evidence and rehearsed

it thoroughly so that this would be a completely satisfactory sitting.

Bewildering Interruptions.

The day arrived, and the communicator began to give his carefully prepared evidence, but was interrupted by a sitter saying, "Do you remember such-and-such?"—an incident quite away from his train of thought. He lost control, and turned to Peter with a baffled, "What do I do now?"

Such irrelevant questions Peter finds very disconcerting. "Imagine", he said, "how you would feel if, during conversation at the tea table, someone suddenly said, 'What is your name?' Sometimes that question has been asked when I'm quite sure I've already given my name. It's not fair to switch suddenly from one topic to another."

Peter thinks that his friends are particularly sceptical, but he has found that gullibility can build as great a barrier as scepticism. One of his friends in spirit communicated with a relative who was a convinced spiritualist. "My dear boy", she said, "I know it's you. You don't need to give me any evidence. Tell me all about your life and the world you're living in." Then she proceeded to give him at length her own ideas on the matter. When subsequently recounted this was unconvincing to his nearest relatives, who naturally remained incredulous; it was also completely bewildering to the communicator. He said afterwards to Peter, "If that's what I'm doing, and if that's the world I'm living in, the sooner I make for a lunatic asylum the better."

Peter has found that it is better to forget he is giving evidence, and to behave naturally. When he stopped putting out great effort he succeeded better. He has drawn up a code of rules for the benefit of his friends (in spirit) who wish to communicate:

Be as natural as possible.

Keep your head, your sense of humour, and your temper.

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THE HYPOTHESIS OF TELEPATHY

(By the late W. T. Stead.)

The hypothesis of telepathy from the unconscious mind of the living can be invoked to account for almost any message said to be transmitted by the dead. But there is one class of messages for which telepathy from incarnate minds, conscious or unconscious, cannot account. That is the class of messages which relate neither to past nor present events, but which foretell an event or events which have still to happen.

A Friendly Warning.

Julia made a prediction, which was given me not really as a prediction, but as a friendly warning intended to save another friend from making engagements which she would not be able to keep, as at a certain time she would be three thousand miles away in England. My friend laughed the warning to scorn. The prediction was twice repeated, and both times treated with contempt. Engagements were entered into which, when the time came, had to be cancelled, because my friend found it necessary to go to the distant place which Julia had named, and as Julia had predicted.

A Prophetic Warning.

It will be objected that the prophecy in this case may have helped to bring about its own fulfilment. Let us admit that for the sake of argument. The same objection cannot be urged against the next item of evidence that I am about to produce. Some years ago I had in my employment a lady of remarkable talent, but of a very uncertain temper, and of anything but robust health. She became so

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Take your time.

Surely that would be an equally good code for sitters. Perhaps we might add:

Don't ask disconcerting questions.—"Light."

difficult that one January I was seriously thinking of parting with her, when Julia wrote with my hand "Be very patient with E.M.; she is coming over to our side before the end of the year." I was rather startled, for there was nothing to make me think that she was likely to die. I said nothing about the message, and continued her in my employ. It was, I think, about January 15 or 16 when the warning was given.

I am Repeatedly Reminded of Warning.

It was repeated in February, March, April, May and June, each time the message being written as a kind of reminder in the body of a longer communication about other matters. "Remember, E.M. is going to pass over before the end of the year." In July E.M. inadvertently swallowed a tack. It lodged in her appendix, and she became dangerously ill. Thetwo doctors by whom she was attended did not expect her to recover. When Julia was writing with my hand, I remarked, "I suppose this is what you foresaw when you predicted E.M. would pass over." To my infinite surprise she wrote, "No; she will get better of this, but all the same she will pass over before the year is out." E.M. did recover suddenly, to the amazement of the doctors, and was soon doing her usual work. In August, in September, in October, and in November, the warning of her approaching death was each month communicated through my hand. In December E.M. fell ill with influenza. "So it was this", I remarked to Julia, "that you foresaw." Again I was destined to be surprised, for Julia wrote, "No; she will not come over here naturally; but she will come before the year is out." I was alarmed, but I was told I could not prevent it. Christmas came. E.M. was very ill. But the old year passed, and she was still alive. "You see you were wrong," I said to Julia, "E.M. is still alive." Julia replied: "I may be a few days out, but what I said is true."

About January 10 Julia wrote to me, "You are going to see E.M. to-morrow. Bid her farewell.

Make all necessary arrangements. You will never see her again on earth.'' I went to see her. She was feverish, coughed badly, and was expecting to be removed to a nursing hospital, where she could receive better attention. All the time I was with her she talked of what she was going to do to carry out her work. When I bade her good-bye I wondered if Julia was not mistaken.

Julia's Prophecy Comes to Pass.

Two days after I received a telegram informing me that E.M. had thrown herself out of a four-storey window in delirium, and had been picked up dead. It was within a day or two of the end of the twelve months since the first warning was given.

This narrative can be proved by the manuscript of the original messages, and by the signed statement of my two secretaries, to whom, under the seal of secrecy, I communicated the warnings of Julia. No better substantiated case of prevision written down at the time—and that not once but twelve times—is on record. However you may account for it, telepathy conscious or unconscious breaks down here.

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BOOKS WANTED

Many books, owing to the war, are out of print, including ''On the Edge of the Etheric'', ''The Rock of Truth'', ''Towards the Stars'' and ''The Wisdom of the Gods''. **Mr. Charles Neil**, whose advertisement appears in this issue, would like to buy copies of these and other spiritualist books.

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SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

Our Church is not looked up to as the burning and fanatical champion of the poor and the oppressed. It has settled down to an easy acceptance of ''society-as-it-is''.

MIND AND MATTER

(By L.S.B., Sydney.)

The brain, being the organ of thought, is the material instrument through which the mind is able to bring forth an idea. Matter alone, even of the highest form cannot of itself conceive an idea and materialise that idea in a basic materialist world.

Quoting Marx: "That thought is a product of matter which in its development has reached a high degree of perfection, namely of the brain, and the brain is the organ of thought, and that, therefore, one cannot separate thought from matter without committing a grave error, is quite correct."

At death, when the material brain ceases to function, the mind operates through etheric matter of a finer quality. Quoting Findlay's "Edge of the Etheric": "Mind and matter must go together. Mind cannot operate on nothing. No mind—then no matter. Thus, so long and wherever mind exists, there must also be matter."

At death, then, the mind functions through etheric matter; therefore one cannot say that life ceases to exist at death. Those who do, do so because they know no different. On what do they base their assertions? They neither know nor care, but could at least answer intelligently, and say "I don't know."

Recent investigations into Spiritualism by the "Australian Association of Scientific Workers" proved a failure because of lack of preparation. If success is to be attained in any measure, in any field of science, elections, wars, etc., then preparation must be the forerunner of that success. But it must be said that preparation does not always mean success.

To the layman, all that seems necessary to produce psychic phenomena is a darkened room, where one sits for a short time, and where weird and won-

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THE BIG BEN SILENT MINUTE

When the chimes of Big Ben sound the hour of nine at night in the Parliament clock tower in London, men and women the world over unite in prayer and dedication to the cause of righteousness. For one minute the hearts of millions turn to the Infinite for light and strength. In this one minute they realise the reality of their oneness in spirit. During the chimes the meditation is on this prayer:

"Our Father,
Thy kingdom come;
As it is in heaven."
Thy will be done on earth

During the striking of the hour the prayer used is "Be still, and know that I am God."

A daily minute of prayer and silence is now observed in almost every part of the world. In this silence that unites us with the unseen hosts of heaven we can join in thought with those we love wherever they may be.

As your clock strikes nine each night, will you too observe the minute of prayer? By entering the silence at that hour, wherever you are, you help to form a strong cordon of prayer that encircles the earth every of the day and night. For almost fifty years Unity students have observed the nine o'clock hour of prayer.—"Weekly Unity."

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derful things are expected to happen. This is a gross absurdity, stupid, and unscientific.

The Association of Scientific Workers knew nothing of the science of psychic phenomena, nor did they know how to go about obtaining this. It is sufficient to say that one must know the conditions and how to prepare the conditions necessary for such results. One must know to some degree what to expect. A knowledge of what to do and how to do it is most important, otherwise the experiment is doomed to failure from the start.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX TELLS OF SPIRITS OF "DEAD" FRIENDS

Among the large majority of religious-minded people a professed or secret belief in Spiritualism is almost universal, wrote Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and continues: By Spiritualism I mean possible communication with the dead.

Personally, after careful study and experiment, I am convinced that such communication exists much oftener than even the believers are aware of, but it rarely comes through paid mediums.

My faith in unseen guides who endeavour to protect and lead us for our best spiritual interests grows daily stronger. That these guides are not all powerful, nor all wise, but merely possessed of clearer vision and truer insight, and freed from some of our material restrictions, I also am convinced.

They suggest and prompt us often; they cannot control us when we are determined to follow our selfish impulses. Most of us who have set our heads wilfully to follow some absolutely selfish impulse have experienced a peculiar loneliness and disappointment when the goal was gained. This is because our guides cannot go with us to this goal. And who has not felt the almost material touch of invisible wings and arms when selfishness has been overcome and the right road pursued?

It does not seem to me that these guides are the spirits of our dead friends, but rather beings who have been delegated to look after us from the hour of our birth—divine nurses, as it were—beings who have perhaps in other incarnations and on other spheres been associated with our lives.

Mediums have often in trance given me messages which were said to be spoken by the spirits of dead friends, but I never found them to be convincing. I think many of these psychic people hear and see things which are occurring in space about us, and hear our desires and believe they are in com-

munication with spirits of the dead when they are simply in touch with thought forces.

I remember going to visit numerous mediums in company with a lady who had lost a child and intensely desired another. Every psychic save one told the lady that her spirit friends were about her saying that she would be the mother of a child before two years have passed. Several gave the names of these dead friends—people who had really passed away. Yet the woman never became a mother since then, and a period of ten years had passed.

The mediums heard the woman's desires, and believed they were hearing it from spirit voices.

Many of these psychics foretold other events for this woman, and for me, which really occurred later; but the trouble with most of these people is they do not understand their own powers, and they are not able to tell the difference between telepathy and absolute seership.

We are often asked why, if the dead can come back at all, they do not frequently return to aid, comfort and protect the dead ones who remain often to pass through the direst afflictions and misfortunes.

This question I have answered satisfactorily to myself. We are pupils in college; the dead are graduates gone forth into the larger world. We may write, telegraph and telephone them back to us on rare occasions, to give us their continued regard; they may even surprise us now and then by an unexpected visit. But were they to come continually to assist us at every turn, and tell us the answer to every problem, we would never develop our characters, never acquire the education we are sent here to obtain, and they would not be able to go about their Master's business.

I am convinced that the souls of the departed do sometimes, though rarely, seek communication through these mediums, because we have not established our own spiritual wires. But these "centrals" so mix the messages with their own and our

own thoughts and feelings that meagre satisfaction results.

As a study these experiences are interesting—no more; but it is through the medium of our own souls we must look for absolute knowledge finally.

I searched through strange pathways and winding
For truths that should lead me to God;
But further away seemed the finding
With every new by-road I trod.
I searched after wisdom and knowledge—
They fled me the fiercer I sought;
For teacher and text-book and college
Gave only confusion of thought.
I sat while the silence was speaking,
And chanced to look into my soul;
I found there all things I was seeking—
My spirit encompassed the whole.

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THE WORLD'S GOLDEN RULES

Do as you would be done by.—Golden Rule of the Persians.

Do not that to a neighbour which you would take ill from him.—Golden Rule of the Greeks.

What you would not wish done to yourself, do not do unto others.—Golden Rule of the Chinese.

He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on.—Golden Rule of the Egyptians.

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbour to do to you, do not to him. This is the whole law. The rest is a mere exposition of it.—Jewish Golden Rule.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Christian Golden Rule.

RELIGION IN RUSSIA

The Soviet State is officially atheist, writes Pat Sloan, in "Russia To-day". This, of course, has its advantages, he goes on, for no unscrupulous statesmen can claim that "God is on our side" in the U.S.S.R.

Whether God is on the side of Russia or not, I cannot say, but that country's resistance to the German hordes is one of the miracles of military history. We have had several Days of National Prayer—what have been the results? I have asked dozens of people, but nobody seems to know. What, for instance, has taken place as a result of the last one?

Sloan goes on to tell us that the basis of Soviet policy is a faith in humanity. The ethic of the Soviet school is: "Be a good comrade, be a good worker, thou shalt not exploit thy neighbour." He comments on this: "This should appeal to all practical Christians."

The first two principles many good Christians try to follow, but what of the third? However would the world go on without exploitation? Speaking in Hyde Park some fifteen years ago, I once defined business as being made up of men who swindled each other, knowing quite well they were swindling and being swindled, and out of the profits they paid the rent and kept their wives and families.

Sloan continues: "As to worship: Every religious faith may worship in its own way. Complete equality is enjoyed by Christians and Jews, Buddhists, Hindus and Muslims. All must finance themselves out of the contributions of their believers, which is only fair." We agree, and we would like to see the Church of England dis-established for the same reason. It would make some of the clergymen think more about their sermons and earn their salt.

The preacher of the future need never worry about the State no longer guaranteeing his stipend if he has the following attributes: Spiritual aware-

ness; is able to speak with and receive messages from those who have passed on; has the gifts of "discerning the spirits", as Paul wrote; the gift of healing; knows about the world for which he is preparing his congregation when they die; great teachers in the Beyond are able to speak through him; if he is able to comfort those who mourn by acting as an intermediary for those who have died —to give proof of survival and a message from the dead; if he is able to take his part in making a better world, inspired by the God-Spirit and His Messengers in the Beyond.

You notice that I have not included the following as being in any way necessary: Oxford or Cambridge accent; having rowed for his college; having married the only daughter of Lady ——; having won a D.S.O. in the South African War; having climbed mountains; or having a course of parson's drawl. Perhaps you can think of other things!— "World Service."

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THE "HARBINGER" REFERENCE LIBRARY

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We have received donations of books from Mrs. Dandon, S. Townsville, "Hafed"; and from Mr. A. Bradford, S. Brisbane, "On the Edge of the Etheric", "The Torch of Knowledge", "The Unfolding Universe", "The Melody of Life", and "The Open Vision". We also purchased a number of volumes from an old subscriber at about half price. As soon as we have a reasonable number of books, we shall publish a catalogue of them, and make them available to our readers. All books donated will bear the name of the donor.

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Creeds and religious organisations clash against one another; but true saintliness . . . is much the same in all reilgions, and breaks the barriers of creeds.—Gilbert Murray (1866-).

FROM CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S LOG

In her book, "There is No Death", Florence Marryat writes as follows regarding her father, Captain Marryat, the novelist:

"I do not think it is generally know that my father, the late Captain Marryat, was not only a believer in ghosts, but himself a ghost-seer. I am delighted to be able to record this fact as an introduction to my own experiences. Perhaps the ease with which such manifestations have come to me is a gift which I inherit from him; anyway, I am glad he shared the belief and the power of spiritual sight with me.

"I do not believe my father had any 'nerves' . . . and his hardness of belief on many subjects is no secret. What I am about to relate, therefore, did not happen to some excitable, nervous, sickly sentimentalist; and I repeat, I am proud to have inherited his constitutional tendencies, and am quite willing to stand judgment after him.

"In my work, 'The Life and Letters of Captain Marryat', I relate an anecdote of him that was entered in his private log, and found amongst his papers.

"He had a younger brother, Samuel, to whom he was very much attached, and who died unexpectedly in England whilst my father, in command of H.M.S. 'Larne', was engaged in the first Burmese war. His men broke out with scurvy, and he was ordered to take his vessel over to Pulu Pinang for a few weeks in order to get the sailors fresh fruit and vegetables.

"As my father was lying in his berth one night, anchored off the island, with the brilliant tropical moonlight making everything as bright as day, he saw the door of his cabin open, and his brother Samuel entered and walked quietly up to his side. He looked just the same as when they had parted,

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MY DEAR BOYS . . .''

An Airman's Prayer.

Almighty and all-present Power,
Short is the prayer I make to Thee:
I do not ask in battle hour
For any shild to cover me.

The vast unalterable way
From which the stars do not depart
May not be turned aside to stay
The bullet flying to my heart.

I ask no help to strike my foe;
I seek no petty victory here;
The enemy I hate, I know
To Thee is also dear.

But this I pray, be at my side
When death is drawing through the sky:
Almighty God, Who also died,
Teach me the way that I should die.

These striking lines were contained in a letter written by Sgt.-Observer H. R. Brodie, since re-

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and uttered in a perfectly distinct voice, 'Fred, I have come to tell you I am dead.'

''When the figure entered the cabin, my father jumped up in his berth, thinking it was someone coming to rob him; and when he saw who it was and heard it speak, he leaped out of bed with the intention of detaining it, but it was gone.

''So vivid was the impression made upon him by the apparition, that he drew out his log at once and wrote down all particulars concerning it, with the hour and day of its appearance. On reaching England, after the war was over, the first dispatches put into his hand were to announce the death of his brother, who had passed away at the very hour when he had seen him in the cabin.''—''There is No Death'' (reprinted in ''Light'').

ported probably killed, to the boys of Melbourne High School, and published in their school magazine, the "Unicorn".

Brodie was posted missing after R.A.A.F. operations in July, and the letter was found among his personal belongings.

An old boy of Melbourne High School, and on the school staff when he joined up, he wrote:

"My Dear Boys,—I write because I love you. You are students at the school, where, as a student, I was taught much, and where, teaching you, I learnt much more. Between us there is that bond, and because of it I ask you to be patient. Give me for once your full attention; I cannot threaten impositions now.

"I do not write for myself alone. Consider this letter written by the youth of the whole world, by the countless men, who, born of every race, baptised into every creed, wearing every type of uniform (or none at all), and performing every conceivable task, are working, fighting or dying for man's freedom. We had from our fathers a world that was good. It was not good enough. To-day, because of that, it is being shattered to fragments. We cannot save our cities, they are gone; but in the ruins we may still preserve freedom, and, freedom saved, the cities of the future will be for you to build.

"Ancient peoples believed that human sacrifices offered over the foundations of a town procured it permanency and power. The blood of a generation is shed for your cities, and not shed by bound victime, but by free men. Do not waste their sacrifice. The future is yours. Use it well.

And now I write for myself alone. If I wronged any one of you by word or deed, forgive me. If I taught anything of worth, act upon it. If I taught what should not have been taught, drive from your minds the memory of that teaching, not of that teacher. Do not forget me too quickly, for I shall not forget you.—Your friend,

Hugh Brodie (Sergeant, R.A.A.F.)."

WORTH-WHILE MESSAGES

(By Rev. Wm. R. Woods, Canada.)

Have the communicators from the Other Side brought anything worth while? That is to be judged by those who read. They have at least made it abundantly plain that the moral order of which we have come to know something here prevails there inevitably and universally. Their messages reinforce with tremendous realism and impressiveness the truth that when this life is past there shall be given to every man according as his work shall be.

Back in the 18th century, Swedenborg emphasised the fundamental principle that, after death, the individual taking with him all that he is, excepting the physical body, gravitates unfailingly to that condition which corresponds with his "ruling affection or ruling love". Coming to our own time, one of the communications of E. C. Randall (author of "The Dead Have Never Died") puts it in this form:

If you live a good life, the day of your death will be a great day: for it will be a day of liberty; **but if you do not live as you should,** the day of death will find you in bondage, bound by fetters of your own making. The manacles of earth are not nearly so binding as these will be. Follow where the light of spiritual guidance beckons, and do the things you find to do upon the way. Many tasks will be disagreeable, and not to your liking, but they will be the very tasks you will need to perform.

Randall's own summing-up is the following:

When anyone goes out of this life and enters the etheric, where everything, the good and bad, is intensified beyond mind-measure, the storehouse of the brain is opened, and he or she is confronted with the record which has been made. Nothing is forgotten; the good get reward, otherwise courage would be lost; punishment for wrong-doing is terrible beyond words. Everyone must bear his own

burden, must meet again every wrongful act, and make, in ways that are provided, complete restitution. This is very difficult, and the way is very long.

Interests in the Beyond.

Beside such great basic principles, there are given through many channels indications of the nature of the environment and the interests and activities that occupy the dwellers there, which many will regard as of deep and practical moment. And it is significant that allowing for such slight differences of detail as might be expected among various writers, there is almost complete unanimity as to the general features of the picture presented.

For those whose lives have been unselfish and helpful, and who have striven to do their best according to their light, fhe environment is of wonderful beauty and attractiveness. In etheric bodies, freed from the infirmities and limitations of the physical, with senses keener and more perfect, they enjoy the society of congenial spirits, and are busily occupied with employments that make for progress and advancement. The life is intensely real, and varied and complex in its interests beyond our conception.

Vast and varied fields of reality are opened to the research of the student and the scientist. Chemistry, astronomy and mathematics of incomparably extended range attract their devotees. There are colleges and lecture halls where those who are learned discourse upon all the varied problems of being. Teachers and philanthropists busy themselves with the development of spirituality and the higher excellencies of personality. The missionary spirit is universally operative, and many are devoted to helping to free those of lower status from their ignorance and superstition.

The uncounted millions of little children who enter that region furnish congenial occupation for multitudes of loving hearts and gentle hands. Thus do we learn concerning Him in Whom we live and

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THE HEALING CRISIS

(By Malcolm Blakeley.)

"I followed your instructions, but got a miserable headache, and felt so tired I returned to my usual diet." I have heard this more than once! Sometimes their condition is more annoying: sore throat, colds, boils. Such symptoms occasionally appear during a fast, or a change from a very bad diet to a very good one, and this reaction is a healing crisis.

Oddly enough, such symptoms should be welcomed. As explained in previous articles, disease is the result of an impure system. When the patient fasts, or changes to a healthy diet, the body is given a chance to recover, for it is a gift of the Maker that all Nature is self-healing given the chance, and once this opportunity is afforded to the body, it gets to work immediately.

A healing crisis is not essential, however. Its presence depends on the patient's condition; but when it does occur it signifies the effectiveness of treatment in clearing out poisons. Headaches from such dietetic changes or fasting, are caused by the charging of the bloodstream with stirred-up poisons; sore throats or armpit swellings arise from glands overtaxed by increased work; and colds and boils are just two more ways of eliminating toxins.

Some people live badly, but have not the life force to eliminate morbid waste by illness. The usual channels are insufficient to cope with their excesses, and the results cause an unpleasant future discovery that the body is gripped by one of the incurable diseases. It is unprofitable, therefore, to boast of living wrongly, and "**getting away with** it". No one can cheat natural laws.—"Psychic Review."

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move and have our being, that in this new and better land, even as here, "**His tender mercies are** over His works."

CALLED HOME: Rev. CHARLES TWEEDALE, of Weston.

Rev. Charles Tweedale, vicar of Weston, Otley, Yorkshire, passed to the higher life on Thursday, June 29, after a long period of suffering caused very largely by an impure water supply, leading to lead poisoning.

Spiritualism thus loses the physical services of one of the bravest clergymen who has espoused its claims. For nearly forty years he has boldly affirmed the fact of personal communion with the spirit world, and his two books, "Man's Survival after Death" and "News from the Next World" constitute a record of personal experience and logical argument which earned him a high reputation both as a researcher and a student.

Chas. Tweedale was a clever and versatile man. He was no mean musician, and was the inventor of a special varnish for violins, which was in wide demand. He was quite a competent astronomer, and a contributor to the press on that obtruse subject. In addition, he made his own reflecting telescope, and even published a volume of instructions on "Reflecting Telescope Making (Werner Laurie). He was also a skilful photographer. As a clergyman he had a wide parish, and had earned the goodwill of his parishioners, independent of their denominational allegiance. His was a wide country parish, and his life was a continuous struggle to maintain a large vicarage and dignified appearance on a very inadequate salary. His ability as a parish priest should long ago have earned him preferment, but his advocacy of Spiritualism had caused him to be so penalised as to effectually prevent any such recognition. Many efforts were made to undermine his position as a clergyman in consequence of his honest proclamation of his spiritualistic convictions.

He held a close friendship with Wm. Hope, the most famous of all spirit photographers, and conducted many scores of experiments with that great

medium. In fact, the Church at Weston contains a memorial plaque to the memory of Wm. Hope. No Spiritualist Church thus honoured that great medium. Charles Tweedale was a brave, honest and outspoken man, who put truth before creeds and brotherhood before smugness. To his wife and family, all of whom are highly mediumistic, Spiritualists will extend their wide sympathies. Rev. Tweedale will not be forgotten, and in the silent hour I doubt not many of us will be conscious of his presence and continued activity.—E. W. Oaten, in "The Two Worlds".

Tweedale's Speedy Spirit Return.

Within 36 hours of his passing, the Rev. C. L. Tweedale, one of Spiritualism's pioneers, has returned to his Yorkshire vicarage, where he witnessed so much convincing psychic phenomena through the mediumship of his wife and his youngest daughter, Dorothy. He has also returned to friends in London, Southampton and Reading.

"Of course, we knew we should see father again," Dorothy Tweedale told a reporter. "He had said often that he would return 'to rejoice his friends and confound his enemies', but we did not expect the manifestation to take place so soon after his passing.

"He 'died' on a Thursday, and in the early hours of Saturday morning he came to see us. Mother and I were sleeping in the dining-room. When I went to prepare for bed I felt that something was due to happen.

"The room felt charged with electricity, as though a mighty dynamo were at work in it. The first indication was the distant chiming of bells—silvery bells, a long way off—and while they were ringing we heard the noise of a plane passing overhead."

There was singing, too. The words were: "Joy bells ringing, pilgrims singing." Then began what Dorothy Tweedale describes as the most thrilling demonstration of spiritual power she has seen.

There was a brilliant light at the side of the room; ectoplasm began to swirl in clouds before a picture on the wall, and then Stradivarius, the famous violin maker, a spirit friend of the Tweedales for many years, appeared in head and shoulder form.

"A little afterwards", she said, "father appeared, first as a man in his prime, looking healthier than I had even seen him; then as he was before death, and again as a young man of 35 or so. Every detail to the thread of the clerical grey suit and the white collar and cuffs, with links, could be seen."

For half an hour afterwards relations and friends appeared one by one to Mrs. Tweedale and her daughter, and then a hand appeared from nowhere to draw what seemed to be a green curtain across the spot.

"We thought it was the end," she went on, "but another hand drew the curtain to the other side, and for another half-hour or so we saw people, this time in full-length form. Father was there again, and with him, one by one, came Conan Doyle, Robert Blatchford, Chopin, Cardinal Newman and Mr. Ross, the late Vicar of Denton, near Otley (a friend of father's for very many years).

"It was rather like watching a cinema film. Altogether the manifestation lasted for at least an hour, and then I was exhausted. Sometime earlier mother had said she could watch no longer.

"Then the colours, which had been so vivid that we could see the rosy complexions of some of the visitors, began to fade, the picture became blurred, and you could feel the power leaving."

Mother and daughter are naturally convinced that Tweedale, with the aid of spirit friends, has returned to prove survival. They say that he has given a private message to Marjorie Tweedale, another daughter. The other night, when Dorothy Tweedale was playing Chopin music in the dining-

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QUESTIONS RELATING TO PSYCHIC MATTERS

(By W. C. Blakemore, Brisbane.)

Many people are searching for something outside orthodox religious teaching to satisfy their spiritual cravings for an explanation of the mystery of our lives, and the apparent finality of death.

Is life, they ask, just a soulless juggernaut under whose crushing wheels we are called upon to immolate ourselves; that takes no heed of our hopes and fears, either for ourselves or for those whom we have known and loved, who have disappeared into the black darkness that cannot be penetrated either by prayer or our longing and loving sight?

Is there any evidence, they ask, that can be brought to bear upon these problems? Is there a beneficent Force, a loving Power, Who will calm the mind, take away the fear and despair of those who see only the work of evil that seems to sweep the world, leaving death and destruction in its train?

In the answers set out I have endeavoured to show that the investigation into the phenomena of psychic research has provided conclusive evidence that such a beneficent Power is at work to combat the evil and instil into our minds (as we listen to the guides that are sent to minister unto us) such a knowledge of spirit that we will not be ignorant of the conditions that obtain in the next state of our existence.

Consequently when we find our footsteps on the terrain of that country, we will not be lost sheep in a strange land, but full partners with those who have preceded us, whom we will be delighted to

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room; her sisters heard a whistling accompaniment —a custom of their father's.

"We expect to see him again, often," says Dorothy. "He will be resting now, but we know he will be here again."—"Psychic News."

meet again; who have proved, as we shall, that there is some truth in the Latin tag, "per ardua ad astra" —through trouble to the stars.

When death occurs, does the new body resemble the old? If so, then the new life starts with a body of old or earthly appearance?

The soul, or etheric body, with which the released spirit manifests, can and often does resemble the old or physical body, to show to those left on the physical plane that they are not "dead", but very much alive; this is done for evidential purposes. The risen spirit does not necessarily retain this resemblance or the disabilities of the earth body, but gradually discards all the appearance that obtained during earth life for a more youthful one, from which all trace of age and disease disappears as the person gradually severs his connection with his physical life and all the ills that accompanied it.

Have the animals spirits. If so, why?

Animals, the same as human beings, have etheric bodies in which to function in the next state of life. In fact, both human beings and animals have everything possessed by them in a physical body. Where the conditions are suitable in a seance room, animals are often attracted to their earthly owners, when there has been a bond of love between them.

What about infants who have lived only a few hours or days?

When conception takes place, then a personality is born, and although the life may not reach physical birth—the body in embryo being destroyed by accident or design—the life that was meant to function in a physical body has its etheric body, and develops into the larger and perfect human spirit. Deprived of its right to live in a physical body, small children are taken care of in a state or place called Summerland, where women who have not been able to satisfy their maternal instincts in earth

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A FAMOUS MEDIUM: CHARLES BAILEY

(By W. H. Evans, in "Light".)

Charles Bailey, who won fame as an apport medium, was by trade a bootmaker. His mediumship began in 1889, and for many years he was the private medium of Thomas William Stanford, a wealthy citizen of Melbourne, Australia. Through Bailey's mediumship he made a collection of many of the apports received, which consisted of ancient coins, Babylonian clay tablets with cunieform inscriptions; while live birds, fishes and reptiles were brought to the seances.

Mr. Stanford endowed the Leland Stanford University of California with a sum of fifty thousand dollars for psychic research, and his collection of apports is there, and forms part of the psychic museum of the University.

In his "Rigid Tests of the Occult" (reprinted

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life, or who are devoted lovers of children, find their life's work in bringing these small people to maturity.

Why should Biblical, natural, and heredity teachings apply to the lowest forms of life that apparently are without spirits?

As we understand more about the evolutionary principle, we realise that all life has developed from lower or more primitive forms to the higher and more complex types. We now know that matter, like the apparently inert composition of the rocks and the substances that the earth is composed of, is now known to be in violent motion, and has no longer the solidity it had during the materialistic conception of it in the nineteenth century. Where intelligence or spirit enters life we are not at the moment able to say, but in the vista of life that science has laid before us, at some period life developed intelligence, and the quality of that intelligence grows from age to age.

from "The Harbinger of Light"—Ed. "H. of L.") Dr. C. W. McCarthy, a medical man of Sydney, records many sittings with Bailey. The medium was searched, stripped, and tied up in a sealed sack which had openings for his hands so that he could hold the apported objects. No furniture except chairs and a table were kept in the room; the fireplace was blocked up, and the only window was papered over.

Bailey's chief control was a Dr. Whitcomb, a Melbourne physician; another was Dr. Robinson, who claimed to have been a professor of Syro-Chaldaic literature in New York, and a third control was a Hindoo named Abdul, who was the one who brought the apports. The seances were held in the dark, but under the stringent conditions it was impossible for Bailey to smuggle in any of the objects. How could he, for instance, hide about himself a live 18-in. long shovel-nosed shark, or a crab with dripping seaweed?

The Clay Tablets.

Some of the clay tablets and Egyptian and Indian coins which were so abundantly produced were submitted to experts: the clay tablets were said to be forgeries, but the coins were genuine, though neither rare nor valuable. Conan Doyle, speaking of the clay tablets, suggests that these imitations are produced by certain Jews in a suburb of Bagdad, and, being heavily charged with the magnetism of the makers, it might have been easier for them to be apported. The clay tablets, although not genuine, were genuinely brought to the circle under the conditions described. Live birds with nests and eggs in them were frequently brought and sometimes were left, but they usually disappeared after the seance.

On the invitation of Prof. Falconer, Bailey visited Europe and gave sittings at the rooms of the Milan Society of Psychical Studies. At these seances Bailey refused to be stripped, and this caused some doubt. Nevertheless genuine phenomena did

occur. The report signed by Sig. Baccigaluppi, A. Brisschi, Dr. Clericitti, O. Cipriano, Dr. F. Ferrari, A. Marzorati, Odorico, Radealli and Dr. E. Greffni, says: "The committee, whilst it deplores (a) the medium's strange obstinacy in refusing to consent to allow himself to be thoroughly undressed; (b) having been obliged to submit to conditions of total darkness at the critical moment of the apport; (c) having been unable, because of the short time accorded the research, and in consequence even of the very nature of the phenomena, to apply any method which might enable the committee to state, precisely and scientifically, the process and origin of the phenomena in question, is, on the other hand, obliged to state: (1) that during the course of seventeen seances, notwithstanding the search of the medium's person by different individuals and by various methods, nothing has ever been found which might justify the hypothesis of fraud: that even admitting that for some of the phenomena an approximate explanation might be found, as far as others are concerned—e.g., the apport of living birds, the instantaneous disappearance of a small bird, etc.—it does not seem possible to formulate a likely explanation; (2) that, moreover, the hypothesis of suggestion becomes inadmissible if we take into consideration the number of experimenters, who were constantly being changed, and who were differently seated each time, as well as the natural traces which were left of the phenomena. Given this, the committee, whilst making reserves in the archaeological value of certain apports, believe it is able, in principle, to come to a conclusion in favour of the objectivity of the facts, and calls the attention of science to these phenomena which find no sufficient explanation in recognised laws."

In "Psychic Research", June, 1931, Harry Price gave some extracts from a letter received from Mr. H. L. Williams, a retired magistrate from the Punjab. He records the receiving by apport means

(Please turn to foot of next page).

OF WHAT INTEREST IS IT?

(By M. Guthrie, Brisbane.)

If Spiritualism were of merely academic interest, it would be intriguing and attractive, but not of much practical benefit.

But what is meant by "academic"? Some people associate the word with the Greek philosopher, Plato, who taught in a garden belonging to his friend Academus (from whose name is derived the adjective). His subjects were religion, literature and philosophy. Plato affirmed nothing; he produced arguments for every side of the subject under discussion, and left the inquirer to make up his own mind.

In so far, Spiritualism really is "academic". It supplies proof of what it teaches; forces nothing upon the hearer; leaves him to use the intellect with which he has been endowed. It asks him to examine

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of "A Saracen helmet of scale armour, each scale (3,000 of them) a silver coin with inscription; 30 to 40 Chinese carved figures in ivory of exquisite workmanship and draped in silk arranged to represent a royal court; a complete mandarin's robe which a friend of Mr. Williams saw fall from the ceiling; live birds . . . Babylonian cunieform tablets; . . . punic tablets; faience figures from Egypt; cut and polished stone, coins in gold and silver and copper with inscriptions in Sanscrit, Persian and Arabic and plaster casts of hands and feet of adults and children obtained from materialisations. Mr. Williams says that a number of the homes of Sydney are stocked with these apports."

Such a record of results is indeed great, and one wonders why such a medium has not been made available to scientific men, or why such phenomena have not attracted more attention in scientific circles. But the old adage is: There are none so blind as those who will not see.

the subject on every side; to be fair; never biassed because what he hears is at variance with what he had hitherto believed. It also furnishes the proofs of its arguments. Go to any Spiritualistic church, gathering, or circle, and you will be astonished with the evidence the mediums produce of the continuity of life after the mortal body is done with. It will not be long before you will get a message yourself from some loved and lost one you never expected to contact again "till the Resurrection Day". You will find that he is more alive, more alert, than ever he was; takes the same interest in you that he once did; helps you whenever you are receptive enough to heed him. The matter then becomes removed from the realms of the "academic" to that of the "practical". The astral body in which the spirit of our "dead" friend now functions, is still material, but a material so fine and impalpable, that only those psychically gifted can see it; these are the "spirit forms" which our mediums see when they are giving "messages". But even if you cannot see them, you can very often feel them, or sense them. Don't you often glance over your shoulder when going about your ordinary work, feeling that some one is near you? Don't be alarmed; it is only some one whom you loved, and who loves you, trying to tell you he is not "dead", but near you, trying to help you in some problem, trying to lighten the load you carry. Help him to help you; mutuality is one of the laws of progress, both in this world and in the world of spirit. To attune yourself to that world of spirit is not to unfit you for the life you must live in this. It may do so, if you do nothing else. You would not sit all day with your ear to the telephone; you only use it when you need it. So with intercourse with the spirit world: it is well to have your regular times of communication, but not to be obsessed by the idea that you must be in constant touch with it. You can be, unconsciously, but, as a rule, you are a very busy person, and can't afford the time. (Please turn to foot of next page).

TWO EVIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS

Sir Oliver Lodge Returns.

(From "The Two Worlds": By the Editor.)

Following a public meeting last year, I was spending a few quiet moments chatting before the fire with a lady whom I had not met before. Presently she turned and said: "There's a very tall elderly man standing beside you. He's slim in build, square in the shoulders, very clear complexion, slightly bald in front, has a prominent forehead, and a well-trimmed short grey beard and moustache. His hands are long and delicate, and his nature studious. I should think he was eighty. I see him in a long overcoat with a fur collar, and he leans on a stick. He raises the stick, and says, 'Remember the Lake!'" I hesitated. Then came the remark: "He again raises the stick, catching hold of it by the middle, and shaking it, I having to say, 'Remember the old oak!'" And then I knew! Much interesting matter followed—but that must wait.

The last time I visited Sir Oliver Lodge was at his home in "Lake", near Salisbury. After lunch he and I went for a short walk. We went up the road, and turned into a cart track across a field. Skirting the hedge we came to an old gnarled oak. Lodge raised his stick, and with the handle struck the bole of the oak, saying, "That's been here longer than I have, and will be here when I'm gone. We will go back now. This is my usual walk." The

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So we see that Spiritualism is of both academic and practical interest. It should be cultivated, a certain amount of time spent on it, just as you would spend a certain amount of time on other useful things. And if it is to be of any use to you, you must heed the lessons it teaches you: honour, purity, kindness, charity, foregiveness. A really and truly Spiritualist is the happiest person on God's earth.

incident is but one of many which imply that Sir Oliver has not forgotten an acquaintance with whom he from time to time corresponded and occasionally met. I had never mentioned our visit to the oak to a single soul.

———:o:———

IS THE BEYOND CROWDED OUT?

Robert Blatchford's Computation.

Robert Blatchford, in his book, published some years ago, "As I Lay a-Thinking", writes: Here is the latest argument against human survival. Someone has calculated that since man appeared on the earth, some 280 billions of human beings have died, and there will be no room in the universe for all those spirits.

In the universe! Our solar system is a mere mote in the vast beam of the milky way, but let us see what accommodation it affords for "the poor old dead". The orbit of Neptune, our most distant planet, is nearly 17,000 million miles. Our 280 billions, placed head to foot in single line would reach 315 million miles, or about one-fifty-third of Neptune's orbit, and within that orbit is an area of 5,580 millions of miles in diameter. The 280 billions of persons spread out along the orbit of Neptune would each have a space 106 yards wide, and 2,794 million miles long. Allowing for the tapering of this strip towards the centre, each person would have an estate of at least 50,000 million acres to live on. That is to say an estate six times as large as the whole continent of North and South America. No room! Some of the star clusters in Casseopeia, or Andromeda, I forget which, are estimated to be 100,000 light years from our Sun. That would mean an area 200,000 light years in diameter. I wonder how many billions of billions of spirits could march a million abreast along the milky way? Courage, brothers and sisters; there will be room to spread our wings!"

REINCARNATION

(From the Book, "A Message to Humanity".)

"A question was asked by a member of the circle, as follows: 'Is reincarnation a natural law as seen from the spirit world?' And this answer was given through the medium: 'That is a profound question, and a subject that would take a full evening or more to enter into; but, in passing, we may say on this subject that the assertions of certain individuals, both on your plane and from the spirit world, have been too dogmatic, and often purely speculative. The process would not be so important were it even an established fact. The all-important thing is to make the most of your present given conditions, and develop yourselves to the highest possible point therein."—F. Elmore.

———:o:———

BLOOD TESTS AND TELEVISION TO REVOLUTIONISE SEANCES

(By Dr. Nandor Fodor.)

Television, ultra-violet photography, blood tests sound recorders and graphology will revolutionise psychical research. The seance room of the future would be in total darkness, and observers in another room would be able to see on a screen everything that happened in it.

The cost of the apparatus was alone holding back the experiments. Cinema pictures of seances were already being taken. Ultra-violet photography was more complicated than infra-red, and not so developed, but he was sure the full solution of the problem was at hand.

Before very long it would be possible to take ultra-violet photographs with no visible light at all, and go as far as to take cinema pictures in total darkness.

Through sound recording they could record not only the actual voices but the direction in which

they travelled, and the place in which they originated.

The results of a blood test had shown that the blood of a medium changed while under control. A graphologist had also proved that some characteristics in the handwriting of a medium under control were contrary to the writer's normal character.

Spiritualists should not concern themselves solely with mourners. Spiritualism concerned people before they were mourners. It taught them not to fear death.

[Note: Dr. Fodor was formerly research officer to the International Institute of Psychical Research.]

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A SPIRIT VISITOR

The most remarkable experience of my life was during May, 1940. I was sitting up in bed enjoying a morning cup of tea; the curtains were pulled back and the sunshine was streaming into the room. An exceptionally tall man appeared beside my bed; he had dark hair, with what looked to me like a silver streak, and huge eyes and a beard, but his upper lip was clean shaven. He wore grey flannel trousers and a blue check sports coat; he looked at me for a moment, and then smiled, and before I had time to say "How do you do?" or "who are you?" he vanished. I told my husband, but as neither of us could place him we did not discuss the subject with anyone else. Four days later we sat with Helen Duncan at Shoreham. "Albert", the medium's spirit guide, addressed me by name, and said, "So you didn't recognise me when I visited your home?" To which I replied, "Why, no! you did not appear in ectoplasm, and I did not know you had a patch of grey hair. Albert laughed and said, "That was no grey, but merely the sunshine gleaming on my hair."

As I had not mentioned this to the medium or to anyone else other than my husband, it was, to me, highly evidential.—Alice Ford.

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