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The Merchant Skipper.
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The Harbinger of Light

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VOL. 76.—No. 1. PRICE 9d. JANUARY 1, 1945.

The Best Will in the World

(By Rev. Irving C. Benson, D.D., Melbourne.)

[The New Year can only be new for us in any real sense in so far as we gain new insight and understanding of life and the world. The whole drama of life on this planet is the relation of the will of God and the will of man. The prophets were (and are) men who saw into the plan of God and grasped the main principles of the Divine working.]

One of the things which the Hebrews saw clearly is that God is the God of Purpose. He is not merely a Deity Who sits above the bright blue sky inhaling the incense of human praise, but He is the God of mind, purpose and plan. There is abundant evidence in history and literature that men in all ages have felt the pressure and presence of a Will, not their own, energising in the world. The world is not a circus in which some omnipotent lunatic is staging a farce; life is purposeful and meaningful. The prophets were men who saw into the will of God, and grasped the main principles of the Divine working.

Along with this sense of a Will without, men were aware of a will within—their own power to will. God had shared with man this ability to will

and choose, a faculty enjoyed by nothing else in the universe. God had tucked in a fragment of His own power in the making of man. Now the whole drama of life on this planet is the relation of these wills. Having shared with us this power to will, He respects us, does not drive us, having given us this gift He does not hold it on a string: we are free to go our own way, even to bring suffering upon ourselves and upon one another.

Divine Courtesy.

That is what happened in Abyssinia, in China, and now in Europe. Yet all the while God waits, believing that we who are mind of His mind, spirit of His spirit, will awaken to see that our highest good is to co-operate with Him. And so He waits, this Generous Giver, Who does not take back His gift: waits with an amazing courtesy.

"Our wills are ours, we know not how;
"Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

There is work to do in the world which can only be done with our co-operation. For instance, God's will is peace for the world. He has made it plain how peace can be established and maintained, but we have preferred to try other programmes of our own devising. The present war is no cause to abuse God and ask Him why He does not do something when all along He has been yearning to make such a thing impossible, but we were not willing. Only as the will of man is brought into harmony with the will of God can there be any advance towards the realisation of God's purpose. What is wrong with the world is that the will of God is being denied, thwarted and refused. God has a will concerning trade and tariffs, politics and police, concerning money and machines, concerning the inmost domestic details. To say that anything is outside the sphere of God's will, of God's interest, is atheism.

God Has His Plan.

The secret of the universe is harmony with God. "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy

name, Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." We must not snatch up the petition suddenly, "Thy will be done." It is "Our Father . . . Thy will be done." It is not the will of an Unknown God, a dark and tyrannous necessity, a mysterious, inscrutable force, which rules by virtue of being stronger. There is, as Alexander Maclaren said, no more horrible conception of God than that which makes Him merely or mainly sovereign will. "Thy will be done" may be the creed of a sullen slave, the prayer of a fatalist. "Thy will be done" may be the sigh of an unwilling servant who shuffles to a round of unwelcome duties and reluctant tasks. He who begins("Our Father . . . Thy will be done", is a son. He lifts his life actively and cheerfully to a joyous, loving purpose—eager to be in it. "Our Father—Thy will be done, in and by and through me, and for and by all the other members of the family." The will of God is the will of the Father, Whose dearest desire is the highest good of His children.

"Our Father, in all worlds, in all ages, and in my little life, let the energy of Thy will work itself out to its fruition!"

Why are We Here?

This will of ours is a dangerous gift, and the only wise use of it is to learn from God how to use it. To do as we like is to misuse it. I do not suggest that we must identify our wills with God because of the danger, but because, apart from Him, we do not know what to do with them. Like the natives in an African village who worshipped a pump, not understanding that it had a purpose. Our will is not an end in itself—it only has meaning in relationship. Life is a conflict of cross purposes until we discover what it is for. Why are we here? What is the goal of life? We are here to do God's will. Until we see that we have no more an intelligent philosophy of life than a fly crawling over the score of a Beethoven sonata.

When I pray, "Father . . . Thy will be done," I very soon discover that God has a will for me which outruns the limits of my own personality, and is infinitely broader than my own individual life. It is a will that takes me up and treats me not only as an end, but as a means to large, divine, immeasurable ends, which when complete will express the perfect will of God—the

One far-off, divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

Power for Living.

We have a wrong conception if we think of the Father's will as something to be suffered and endured. It is sustaining and strengthening. Instead of living my own little life, feeble and insecure and insignificant—the Father's great will energises through me, upholding me, empowering me: Submission to God strengthens the will. Obedience braces it and nerves it. The surrendered will is the empowered will.

What God Wants.

We have so often regarded prayer as a means of getting our own way or of persuading God to further our schemes. The little lassie who was overheard praying, "And O God make Constantinople the capital of China", explained that she had put it in an examination paper, and she was asking God to make it all right. Well, that is the kind of thing we older children do. We must begin every prayer with this: "Father . . . Thy will be done." You must not beg God to do what you want, what you like, what you will: you must ask Him to do what He wants, what He likes, and what He wills. Your Father is better and wiser than you are. He sees further, and knows more. Submit to Him. Ask Him to do what He would wish, even when you would naturally long for your own wishes to be done.

During the Civil War in America a Northerner said timidly to Lincoln: "Mr. Lincoln, I am very

anxious that the Lord should be on our side." "Oh!" said Mr. Lincoln, "that does not give me the least trouble in the world, sir. The only question is whether we are on the Lord's side. If we are on the Lord's side we are perfectly safe."

What is Conscience?

How can we discover the will of God and know it day by day? Many sad mistakes have been made by people who imagined they were doing God's will. We sometimes speak as if conscience were the voice of God. But it is only the medium of His voice. It is like a wireless receiver taking silent messages and making them audible. But our conscience may not be a very good receiver. The messages may be distorted. It may be dull or insensitive. It needs education. The only way is to be constantly open to Christ and to His Spirit. To become daily more sensitive to God's will is the purpose of prayer.

A Christ-instructed conscience will quickly tell us whether it is right or wrong. If it is wrong, then clearly it is not the will of God. If it is right—is it wise? We must use our reason. God does not guide us in spite of reason, but through reason. That sainted Apostle of India, Sadhu Sundar Singh, said: "Reason is a God-given gift, and should be fully exercised. When difficult problems arise we should endeavour to reason and come to a conclusion. But when we reach the point where we find ourselves helpless, then we may resort to the prayer of contemplation.

"In a contemplation reason ceases to function, but problems solve themselves naturally, the decision that we are unable to reach in the normal human way by processes of thought (now) becomes quite clear to us."

The Human Situation.

God, Who works through reason and instinct, also transcends both, and gives us clear guidance by His Holy Spirit, as Jesus promised that He

(Please turn to foot of next page).

THE MERCHANT SKIPPER

A Story given through the hand of Mrs. Hill, and specially contributed to the "Two Worlds" by Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding.

"So it is possible to communicate with the earth and be able to describe what I have been through. I am not a Christian in your Church sense of the word. I never could see any sincerity with Church religion, but I saw duty only was the plain religion of the plain man. I served previously in the Merchant Service, working my way up until I became one of the senior Captains of my Line. They were not big ships, but I was a captain by 1930, remaining with them to the end. I'm telling you all this because I want to explain myself, who and what I was, and where I've come from; it clears one's vision. I am a Scotsman from Dumfries, and I was in a convoy attacked by subs. and and hit, and though some of the ship's company escaped, I felt it was my duty to stay to the last, and, with the ship, went down. I see now that it was a very great ex-

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would. When reason has reached its limits, the listening prayer of contemplation brings an answer which embodies God's will and tells us what is the right thing for us to do.

The whole human situation turns upon the use we make of our wills. Do I insist on having my way, or do I realise that there is a Divine enterprise, a one increasing purpose, far above my little wants and whims? To do that Will is to enter into the eternal quality of life now: to know that plan and co-operate with it, give the answer to the puzzle of life on this planet.

Go out into the New Year, and lose yourself in a purpose far greater than yourself: in that adventure is peace—peace for our own hearts and the hope of peace for the world. The best will in the world is God's Will.—"The Herald", Melbourne.

perience, and I'm anxious to learn all I can from it, and to help my ship's company and all under my command in other ships who have paid this penalty and have been freed from further service on the earth plane.

Now I want to go into this carefully. I was on the bridge, the ship was listing heavily; the lads in the engine-room were already dead, killed by the explosion; all whom we could rescue were away in the boats, and I was holding her head to the waves, and keeping her afloat as long as I could to allow them time to get further away before we foundered. But the ship fell away more and more until I was unable to hold her, and then suddenly she seemed to give a lurch forward and break in two, and sank. I was thrown with the ship bearing down on me, the weight and the pressure were intense. That was my chief recollection: the pressure on my head, and suddenly I was free . . . no pressure, no pain, no singing in my ears; I was free . . . I was easily disentangling myself from the ship. I found myself in a place of complete calm and perfect peace and silence. At first there was very little light, but that grew more and more distinct, but I couldn't trace its source. As I knew I was alone, I didn't look for anyone, but I was soon joined by the boys in the engine-room. They came up to me and said: "Say, skipper, I didn't know you were here too; why didn't you push off with the rest?" They were foreigners, and didn't know our traditions, so I just told them that a captain's place was with his ship, and that was all that mattered, but they still found me, old and stupid and were unconvinced. They were young and overpowered with a sense of loss. They valued life, and they had lost it. I saw my death was a natural and fitting termination to my life. I was proud of having fulfilled the tradition of the sea, but they were different. I have never expected anything from death or from God excepting justice and fair treatment, and in my end I found all that I had wished for. I wasn't ambitious,

and I had no near relatives who needed me; it was fitting that I should go.

I was interested to find that these young fellows were thinking and speaking just the same as they had done in the ship. I was still their captain, and they obeyed me. I wondered why? We sat around and examined the ship, and discussed the attack for some time, then, growing restless, one of the men said, "Well, we can't stay here for ever, even if this is eternity." That made us all laugh, for we were still just the very same people of an hour ago. "What shall we do, sir?" was the next question, and I was ready for it in a sense. "No, lads", I said, "I'm no longer your skipper, but if you still want me to lead, I'll do my best; we seem to be what we used to call dead, so now, as we don't still see any change excepting that we are living under water, let's discover the new conditions. Can you walk? Can you swim? Can you rise to the surface? For whatever world we are going to live in, we should rise to the surface, and I for one want to see the sunshine again," and with that thought expressed we all found that we wanted to rise and throw off the conditions of death and disaster; and so we did, in an astonishingly easy manner. The sunshine on the surface was beautiful and warm and bright, and the colours so much more beautiful than I had ever noticed before. I felt well, really well. I'm not a young man, and I've felt tired for a very long time now, but that had completely gone, and I was alive and well, and there was akind of happiness inside me. I think we all have a secret dread that when the last hour comes we may shirk our duty, and if we have the strength to stand up to it we are rewarded. I'm just telling you this quite plainly for the benefit of others, that they may have strength when the moment comes, and realise how important it is.

I was happy on the surface just doing nothing, when suddenly one of the boys threw himself out of the water, saying, "Look, skipper, I can walk on

the water, what has happened?'' and before I had time to say anything he was out of the water in the air, if you can believe me. I said to him, ''Come and give me a hand, lad, I want to find out if I can do the same.'' ''Well,'' says the stoker, Jim Western, ''anyway, transport ain't going to stop us getting anywhere; what about going home for a spot of leave after all this!'' So off they go. I don't know where or how, but I had to stay. I didn't want to move, somehow. They went back to the home they'd left, but I'd none to go to, so I stayed and waited. I kind of knew that something would happen, and so it did; I wasn't alone long before all those whom I'd known came to me, those who'd gone before. My wife and my mother, and a child we'd lost, and some of my old shipmates. It was a grand meeting out there in the sunshine, and they took me home with them; but I never saw our arrival, I was so tired that I slept. And now I'm just beginning to know my way about these new but charted waters, and I've great plans to help the others. Let me write again, I'm so very grateful.''—Humphries.

Comment by Colonel Gascoigne.

Now for the explanation. Here is a sound, reliable man, with no set ideas except for duty; he fulfilled this to the last, and was rewarded. When he passed over he saw no shining guide because he had no faith in that sense, and therefore he could make no contact; there was nothing to draw the higher part of his soul to God. He had done splendid service in his earthly life all from duty, and that was accepted, and all value was given him, but the highest part of himself he had not attained to, and that he would have to work for. The non-belief in Christ during your earth life does not shut you out if you have striven to work for your fellowmen, and done the will of God, but it does shut you out of the greater light that can be yours, and you have to gain that faith and knowledge before rising to the supreme ecstasy of realisation of what being part of

the Christ spirit seems (means?) He never lost his head in life or death. The habit of holding on and waiting for a break in the clouds was still with him. He was at home on the waves, and didn't mind losing the company of the rest of the crew. He was growing a sense of power within him. Service was the keynote of his life, and duty was its expression. He had nothing to fear in passing over; forthright, honest, determined and brave, simple and direct, expecting justice and giving all . . . of such are the Kingdom of Heaven.

* * *

In view of Colonel Gascoigne's comments further remarks are not called for. I might point out, however, that this "levitation" or difficulty of keeping the new body on the surface, is a common feature of the series, as is also the immediate desire to begin service for others which is expressed by most of the more dutiful and responsible of the communicators.

The unexplained vanishing of the rest of the crew may have been due to their being met by guides and messengers invisible to the skipper himself.

In a later message Colonel Gascoigne refers to the skipper, whom he regards as a valuable recruit for the work in hand.—Dowding.

———:o:———

REFERENCE LIBRARY

We are in receipt of the following books for the library, and tender our thanks for the gifts:

From Z.C.M. Stables, Brisbane—"A Witness through the Centuries", Dr. R. Hagy; "We Knew These Men", Wilfred Brandon; "Spiritualism", Shaw Desmond; "Psychical Research for the Plain Man", S. M. Kingsford.

From Miss Robinson, Auckland—"Researches into Spiritualism", Sir Wm. Crookes.

From C. Neil, Sydney—"Teachings of Silver Birch", A. W. Austin.

WHAT IS NECROMANCY?

(By Rev. G. Eustace Owen, M.A.)

Few people deny now that psychic phenomena are possible, and the psychic teaching gives us a new "slant" on old truths. Yet many sincere religious people, knowing that the Bible forbids divination, augury, sorcery, wizardry, necromancy, and consulting familiar spirits, identify modern Spiritualism with these cults, and dub it "necromancy", condemning it on that ground.

Spiritualists know that communication with departed friends is a wonderful privilege, poles apart from the practices denounced in Scripture, and deny having any traffic with necromancy. Our accusers do not know what necromancy is.

Well, what is this necromancy? The word means "divination by means of the dead", that is, constraining a spirit or demon to enter a corpse and answer questions put to him. And this, readers, is how a necromancer would set about his business.

First he visits a grave, an ancient ruin, or some similar spot at full moon, between midnight and one o'clock, the best results being obtained during a storm. He marks a circle on the ground, interlaced with crosses, triangles and names, and consecrates it, clad in a girdle bearing the impressive superscription "Ya, Ya, Aie Aaie, Elibra, Elchim, Sadai, Pah Adonai, tuo robore, cinctus sum'; he also wears shoes marked with crosses and the name YHWH, and on his head a black silken mitre, and other travesties of sacred things.

Standing in the circle, he intones again and again awful forms of exorcism and conjuration, compelling the spirit to appear, after an overture of frightful howlings, tremblings, flashes and yells. If the conjurer makes the slightest error, the spirit will assault his mind and body; otherwise, the spirit must answer all the demands made of it.

The necromancer waits patiently till the spirit

passes through the terrible forms which announce both its coming and going. It is discharged with great care, and only when the last shriek has died and every trace of fire and brimstone has gone may the necromancer safely leave the circle.

Readers may laugh heartily over this magical rigmarole, but—this is the point—the pantomime described above is necromancy. During thirty years of psychic study I have never met a necromancer nor found anyone who has, though I would not deny the existence of such folk; continental satanists are said to use necromancy. But no British Spiritualists attempt such folly.

Spiritualism and necromancy are as different as chalk and cheese. The former needs no magical paraphernalia; no violence characterises its seances, and there are no shrieks, fire and brimstone. A necromantic seance was a carefully planned illusion in which the operator tried to control dangerous forces. Spiritualists never dominate, but collaborate with, spirits who wish to manifest. There is no compulsion or violence on either side.

* * *

Our critics may shift ground by arguing, "I still believe that Spiritualism is modern witchcraft, and is forbidden in God's Word."—"The Two Worlds."

———:o:———

All evil will be overcome by God.—Zoroaster.

* * * *

"Sometimes when it seems no light can break upon the scene—of failure and desolation—God will intervene! At the moment of despair, when hope is sinking low, something unexpected comes to set the heart aglow—and lift our eyes unto the hills, from whence there comes a call to struggle on, although about our paths the shadows fall. We arise with faith restored, for He has shown His hand, in a way too wonderful for us to understand.

MYSTERIOUS PICTURES—THEY RADIATE

Slowly and painfully, a crippled woman, paralysed for many years, and devoid of all sensation in her arms and legs, was recently seated by two doctors before the painting of a simple landscape hanging in a London flat.

One of them applied a stethoscope to her heart. Another checked her respiration and pulse. Then they stepped back quietly and joined a group of solemn scientists standing at the rear of the room.

All eyes turned as the curtains framing a doorway parted. A kindly-looking, grey-haired woman of 83 years stepped into the room, walked to the painting, looked at it intently for a moment, regarded the cripple in the chair, and left abruptly.

Several minutes passed. The crippled woman stared at the painting, curiously. One physician finally asked:

"Do you feel any sensation?"

"No," the woman answered with great effort.

The doctors looked at each other quizzically. The curious experiment they were conducting was a "one-in-a-million" chance to help her.

"Too bad!" one of them muttered, as they prepared to leave. But the patient's screams froze them in their tracks.

"For heaven's sake, wait!" she shouted. "There is an 'electric current' shooting through my right hand. I feel sensations in my arms and shoulders!"

"What else?" the doctors asked.

"My toes tingle!" teh woman said. "The calves of my legs are throbbing. It is a miracle!"

So it was to these observers in the living-room of Mrs. Jessie Kingsley Tarpey, whose amazing "picture healing" is the current sensation of all England.

Scientists who attended the demonstration were impressed. One was Dr. W. I. S. Rawson, Ph.D., who works with the Department of Pathology at

the War Office, and all agreed it had little to do with "black magic", spiritualism or superstition, and recommended that Mrs. Tarpey's amazing "gift" get a chance to prove itself further.

"I've known for years I had this power", said Mrs. Tarpey. "All I have to do is daub paint on canvas, and I transfer healing powers to it."

Hundreds of ill persons, including many with titles, have sat before Mrs. Tarpey's works of art, "absorbed" the rays and reputedly walked away cured.

How many of her patients, including doctors, have suggested that "picture clinics" be set up all over England for treating bombed civilians and shell-shocked Service men.

Official recognition already has been accorded Mrs. Tarpey, with her appointment as an associate member of the Medical Society for the Study of Radiesthesia.—"The World News."

[The two physicians not being Spiritualists are not in a position to admit spirit power. Suggestion may somewhat answer the case, but the medium's asseverations to healing power point to spirit power decidedly—B.W.T.B.]

———:o:———

In a recent address, Lord Dowding said that it was no good preaching religion without survival, nor preaching survival without religion. By religion he did not mean simply church-going: he meant a belief in those facts which ought to have an automatic effect on the way in which people lived.

* * *

Do not let us wait to be just or pitiful or demonstrative towards those we love until they or we are struck down by illness or threatened with death! Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love; make haste to be kind!—Amiel.

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL LORD DOWDING

By Palmer Emerson, in "The National Spiritualist".

The many readers who are familiar with the news items which have appeared in both the Spiritualist and the secular press regarding Lord Dowding, have surely a strong interest in his present enthusiastic Spiritualist activities in England.

Lord Dowding stands very high in recognition of the tremendous value of his services in conducting the finally successful air defence of England when attacked by the powerful force of enemy Luftwaffe.

Intimate as Lord Dowding was with "his boys" who carried out their perilous task, and deeply stirred by personal interest in their individual fate, he has naturally received innumerable communications from many who have "gone on" in that terrific struggle.

The multitudinous proofs of their survival, and of the whole vast sweep of Spiritualist truth, have been so overwhelming that Lord Dowding is now devoting his energies to spreading the truth wherever he can reach.

The "Psychic News" of April 29, 1944, includes mention of Cardiff, Glasgow, Edinburg, and Newcastle-on-Tyne as among the many places where he has lectured.

While addressing an audience at Cardiff, he remarked that personal experience was the most convincing thing in regard to proof of survival. One scene he described at that time gives a vivid illustration of the fact that not all of those who suddenly pass over, realise at first that they really have done so,

He told of one bomber pilot who was killed over Berlin, the scene being re-enacted through a trance medium. This pilot had tried to save his wounded navigator by pushing him through the escape hatch,

and had given his own life in this effort to save his friend.

But this pilot, when he spoke through the medium to Dowding, did not know that he himself had passed on. He thought he was being interrogated by a German officer, or by some member of the Gestapo.

"You speak English very well," said the airman to Dowding, "but I won't tell you anything."

When Dowding said, "I am Air Chief Marshal Dowding", the pilot facetiously replied, "And I am Cunningham, the famous sailor!"

"He would not believe me," said Dowding, "because he had expected to see me in uniform, and so the pilot added, 'I know his ugly mug. Anyhow, you needn't bother about me—the Red Cross people will be along for me directly. It is all right; they have sent the Red Cross nurse for me, and they have picked a peach of a nurse! I will go along with her'."

"Of course", said Dowding, "I did not hear him—I am not psychic—but later in the day it was confirmed that the nurse was my wife, who had died twenty-four years ago!"

Spirit communications, Lord Dowding said, were part of the scheme of evolution.

He deprecated idle curiosity, and urged his hearers to read and study our literature, instead of arguing about half-understood facts.

Dowding described the work done in helping those in darkness on the Other Side, to find the light. He advocated intellectual honesty in the approach to Spiritualism, and urged an appeal for constructive thinking, so that the chains of ignorance might be broken.

———:o:———

Friendship is the rarest flower that blooms in this cold world of ours; and if in a whole life-time you catch a whiff of its fragrance, you can consider yourself blest indeed.

ON MIRACLES

There is an amusing story of the man who, when asked, "Do you believe in ghosts?" replied, "Certainly not! but I'm afraid of them." It often happens that men recognise by their fears what they deny with their intellect.

Credulity and incredulity are opposite ends of a pole, and extremes are generally bad. Credulity is the father of superstition, whilst incredulity is often the hall-mark of sterility. It is broadly true that we all tend to base our opinions and beliefs on the facts of our own experience—though in most cases this may include the results of our reading. What is outside the orbit of our own experience is often regarded as mere "superstition". Life has become so wide and varied that it is virtually impossible for any of us to be thorough in anything more than our small department of it.

Was it not R. L. Stevenson who said: "A man is geenrally right in what he affirms because he speaks from experience, and wrong in what he denies because he speaks from prejudice?"

Now one of the greatest obstacles to the acceptance of Spiritualism lies in the fact that its phenomena, especially the physical types, are sufficiently marvellous to be unbelievable. We are living in a scientific age, when the phenomena of Nature are being classified and brought to a basis of law. I am reminded of a visitor to this office who sought an interview. His card showed him to be a D.Sc., M.I.C.E., and several other things. He seemed rather indignant. "I want to know where I stand?" he demanded. I invited him to be seated, and asked, "What's your trouble?" "I went to a seance," he complained, "I saw and spoke to my sister-in-law. She came from the cabinet and I embraced her and kissed her. She mentioned certain members of the family by name. I saw her clearly. It was my sister-in-law, and she has been dead some years." He added, "Now, as a scientist, I know that could

not happen! But it did happen in the presence of witnesses—where do I stand?" I could only reply: "If your science is not wide enough to embrace the accredited facts of experiment, then it needs re-orientation or extension. The facts will not change themselves to meet your limitations. Nature's laws are not concerned with your narrow conceptions. Your science is incomplete."

Alfred Russel Wallace once wrote: "The facts compelled me to accept them as facts, long before there was any niche in my structure of thought into which they would fit." I think many men are in that position. Here was a man who had witnessed evidence at first hand, and who hesitated to accept it because it transcended his pre-conceived theories.

In view of such a case is it surprising that men who have no knowledge of psychic phenomena and its laws are unable by reason of their ignorance to give due weight to phenomena which are related to them at second hand? It is surprising to find that supposedly unbiassed men would rather believe that fifty men and women of probity were deceived than that actual materialisation took place? Is it not a case of large issues being assessed by little minds? Take the attitude of the modern Church towards miracles. I think it would be true that at least half the clergy have honest doubts as to whether those recorded in the New Testament actually happened. The Commission on Doctrine of the Church of England alludes to them as "legends involving abnormal events", and suggests that their acceptance depends upon a belief as to the special personality of Jesus. In a recent B.B.C. broadcast, "the Anvil", when faced with the question of miracles, talked about oriental imagery and the uncertainty of oral tradition, etc. The members showed very little faith in any of the miracles, with the exception of the appearances of Jesus after the crucifixion—these, of course, they could not well abandon without giving their whole case away. The belief in the re-

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THE WORLD'S SO FULL OF VARIETY

(By Rev. A. D. McCutcheon, Superintendent of Port Adelaide Central Methodist Mission.)

"Anyhow, why do we have so many religions? It's got me beat. There's about umpteen different kinds of churches, with their parsons; dinkum, I can't understand it."

It was just outside the hotel at closing time, and as I passed the crowd came out. One of the men called to me, saying, "We want to settle the argument."

In the bar of the pub the question had been hotly debated, and now, standing in the centre of the group on the footpath, I was drawn into the discussion.

It happened the other afternoon, and later, sitting in my study, I thought of that conversation.

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corded miracles is slowly dying within the Church because they are outside the orbit of present-day experience. Now either they happened—or they did not. If they did happen, there must be a place for them within the orderly course of the laws of the universe. It is idle to say that their acceptance depends upon one's conception of Jesus. Nature's laws are not concerned with man's conceptions—important as they may seem to man himself. Did the miracles happen? At one time I had my doubts. Now I have certainty. I think that with the exception of the stilling of the storm and the raising of the dead, there is not a "miracle" recorded in the New Testament that I have not personally witnessed in greater or less degree—in Britain, which country I esteem as being quite as holy and sacred as Palestine or Rome.

We have much to do to educate the public mind and to impress upon it the fact that the physical aspect of life is not the only one—and probably not the most important or potential.—"Two Worlds."

I'd just been reading something from R. L. Stevenson: "Ever since I can remember anything at all, I've always had a feeling of gladness that the world is so full of a number of things, and that those things are so different from each other.

"The rich profusion of Nature is a matter of never-ending delight. I do not even remember wishing that there were not so many varieties of flowers or trees. I am glad that the variety extends to human beings, and also to human institutions. It all adds to the interest in life."

Bitterness, Intolerance.

If we were all alike, life would be deadly dull. It would be worse if we all thought alike.

Life tends to variety. And so it is with religion. I've often heard people regretting that there are so many sects. But why should it be surprising that religion has a variety of experience?

I'm never worried about the variety. I'm only worried about the bitterness and the intolerance which one sect is apt to show to another at times.

As long as there are varieties of religious experience, there will be varieties of religious expression. The trouble comes when we begin to imagine that our way is the only way. We are then like a child trying to crowd the sea into a little tiny bucket.

Intolerance is often the sin of good people—and that is its special danger. Often it is a by-product of enthusiasm and devotion, and the pity of it is that those who show it sometimes think they are doing Almighty God a service thereby.

Only the Uncertain . . .

Intolerance is not a sign of strength and sureness. Rather it is the man who is quite certain of his truth who can afford to be courteous to rival opinions. The confident can afford to be calm and kindly and tolerant; only the uncertain need be fearful.

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HOW TO FORM SPIRIT CIRCLES

Information for Enquirers.

The spirit circle is a gathering of persons who desire to establish contact with the world of spirits and receive communications therefrom. As such communication is a matter of fact—proved by oft-repeated experiment—it follows that the observance of those conditions which experience suggests will be the surest way of obtaining the desired results.

Among the conditions required to be observed the following should receive careful consideration:

The place should be a comfortably-warmed and cheerfully-lighted apartment, which, during the progress of the sitting, should be kept free from all intrusions. Circles for enquiry should always be held in the light.

Those only should be requested to join in the experiment who are willing to devote time and patience to a methodical pursuit of the enquiry. Circles entirely composed of either sex are not so suitable as those in which the sexes are in propor-

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The more I think of the marvellous variety of human life and expression the more I'm inclined to be like the old Roman who could be polite to any man's gods, while serving steadfastly his own.

And if ever I feel inclined to that type of impertinence which desires to mould all life and thought according to its own pattern, I recall the homely philosophy of Mrs. Tickle, in the book, "No. 7 Brick Row". When Sam found himself bewildered by the strange variety of religious sects he encountered, Mrs. Tickle shrewdly observed:

"For aught I can see, it's the same bread, but baked in different shaped tins; and to listen to some people you'd think them as didn't eat out of their mould would be poisoned.

"But I call it rubbish; I go by the loaf, not by the tin."—"The News", Adelaide.

tion. In experimental circles from five to seven sitters are sufficient. Sit around a small uncovered wooden table, and place the hands lightly upon its surface.

The initial phenomenon will most likely take the form of tilts or movements of the table. Such "tilts" or "movements" can be made to serve as a method of communicating with the unseen operators by using the following code of signals, i.e. one "tilt or movement" being understood as "No", two as "Doubtful", three as "Yes", in response to the questions, which should be addressed to the agent at work as soon as the movements are obtained. To avoid confusion, it is wise to appoint one individual to put questions. Should "raps" be heard, the above code of signals can still be observed.

Messages may be obtained by repeating the alphabet, asking that the table tilt as each letter is pronounced and stopped at the letter required. Thus, letter by letter, always starting at A, words can be formed. Should any sitter exhibit a desire to write—as indicated by the movements of the hand and arm—supply the person so influenced with a sheet of paper and a pencil, and await results. Should any sitter become entranced, do not get alarmed, nor hastily break up the sitting, as such cases are rarely troublesome if calmness is maintained.

Spirits adopt various forms of communicating with mankind. Trances, visions, impressions, personation and writing are among the more general methods resorted to. In most of these cases the medium is put under a psychological or mesmeric "control" by the spirit operating, and during the continuance of this state may deliver addresses, describe spirits present, and also scenes in the spirit land; personate the character of departed friends, and repeat characteristic actions and personal incidents—names, dates, etc.—connected therewith, and either by aid of the planchette, or similar agent, or

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MEDIUMSHIP AND CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION

(By Horace Leaf, F.R.G.S., in "Prediction".)

[There have been many striking cases of mysterious crimes which had baffled the authorities being solved by clairvoyance, and of thieves and burglars, who thought they had committed the perfect crime, being caught thereby. The author is himself a famous medium, has travelled widely, lectured and written many books: he accompanied the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on many of his tours.]

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle firmly believed that mediumship could be used for criminal investigation. His enthusiasm doubtless arose from his natural flair for detecting crime, although his aim was more to justify innocence than to hound the guilty. His love of justice was supreme. He was, of course, Sherlock Holmes, the child of his imagination; and during my collaboration with him in the investigation and propagation of Spiritualism. I had ample opportunity of witnessing his clever methods of research.

In our joint investigation of the "Ghost of Golden Square", at the Russian Art Club, London, I left all arrangements to him, and quickly realised

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by a pencil held in the hand in the ordinary manner, write out messages from the intelligences communicating.

Let the Circle be continued for about an hour, even if no results are obtained. Twice in one week is frequently enough to form a Circle, and such Circle should not exceed one-and-a-half hours, save in exceptional circumstances.

Let it be remembered that all Circles are experimental; hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not obtained at the first few sittings. —"Two Worlds."

that there was no chance of a trick being played on us. The ghost purported to be the spirit of Lenin, who very appropriately expressed the hope that more friendly and understandable relations would prevail between the Soviet Union and Britain, for the peace of the world. Doyle's method was simplicity itself. He secretly tied strands of cotton across the stairway down which the ghost was said to walk. Anyone posing as the ghost would have been detected because they would have broken the strands, but we found them quite intact after the seance.

One occasionally reads of clairvoyants having been engaged by the Continental police to help them to detect criminals after normal means had failed. The most notable cases are said to have happened in Germany before Hitler came on the scene; and in France on various occasions. One would not be surprised, however, to learn that the United States of America have not rejected this mode of investigation, because Americans are so much less conventional than ourselves.

As a matter of fact, at least one American State has repeatedly recruited mediumship in this way with success. The medium was Dr. C. L. Sharp, and the State Texas.

When in New York some years ago I heard of the remarkable reputation of Dr. Sharp, and determined to visit him and make enquiries on the spot. It means a journey of about two thousand miles, but my trouble was amply rewarded, and I received conclusive proof that the statements were true.

A word about Dr. Sharp. He was resident medium of the local Spiritualist Church, Fort Worth, Texas, and I found him not only one of the finest clairaudients I have ever met, but also a very charming gentleman. He had been practising mediumship many years, having developed his psychic powers soon after his arrival there from Scotland as a youth. Shortly before my arrival he had won a substantial reward from a local bank for having revealed the

names of two thieves who had robbed the bank of $36,000.

A Bank Robbery.

The reward was offered after the police had failed to throw light on the subject. Sharp immediately took up the challenge, and by simply placing his hand on the ledge of the window through which access had been gained by the culprits into the bank, he named them. One was a director of the bank; the other the chief clerk! Not only did he give the full names of these men: he also explained how they had procured entrance to the vault. In addition to stealing notes, the thieves had taken a great deal of bullion. It was heavy, and they disputed who should carry it. The director, feeling he was the superior person, demanded that the chief clerk should do so; but he, with more logic, demurred on the grounds that since they were both burglars they were in that respect at least, equal. After capture, the criminals admitted that Dr. Sharp had been correct in all he had said.

I had plenty of opportunity to test Sharp's mediumship, and it ranks high among the best. I invited him one evening to dine with a party at the local restaurant, among the company being a relative of mine and his wife, who lived in Fort Worth. While standing on the pavement waiting the arrival of some of those invited, Dr. Sharp spoke to the wife of my relative, and she blushed with confusion. Sharp turned to me, and said with a laugh, "I have just told Mrs. So-and-so that the father of her two children was a Frenchman, an officer in the United States Army. I gave his full name."

On my asking the lady if this was correct, she replied indignantly: "Yes. I would like to know who told him that."

"Your late husband's mother," replied Sharp.

"But", said the lady, who knew nothing of Spiritualism, "she has been dead for years."

The reason for the lady's perplexity was obvious to me. My relation had married her while

the children were very young, and there had been an arrangement between them to bring them up as his children. No one outside my relative and his wife knew he was not their father!

A Murderer Unmasked.

"Red" Wright, the City Sheriff (equivalent to the Commissioner of the Police in England) settled the question of Dr. Sharp's part in criminal investigation. I interviewed him in his office at the Central Criminal Court, and asked him if it were true that Dr. Sharp was sometimes employed in that capacity.

"Yes," replied Mr. Wright, "but I never employ him until every normal method has failed. He has never disappointed us. Here," he continued, taking a photograph from the mantelshelf, showing a man handcuffed between two plain-clothed policemen, "is his last case. A particularly foul murder was committed, and for nine months I worked on the case without getting the slightest clue. Then I took a part of the murdered man's clothing to Dr. Sharp, and by simply touching them he gave me the full name of the murderer, and where to find him. The address was an unknown house in Kansas, hundreds of miles north of this State. He gave us the number of the house, and said that if we were there on a certain date at a certain hour, a man would come in and sign the register with that name. On his previous work, I had no hesitation in sending these two detectives to the address, and on the date mentioned, and exactly at the hour stated, a man came in and signed the register, as Dr. Sharp said he would. We arrested, tried and executed him. He was the murderer."

There can be no stronger example of the use of mediumship in criminal investigation.

Under Test Conditions.

I came to an arrangement with Dr. Sharp, by means of which I was able thoroughly to test his mediumship. It was Sharp's custom to hold twice a

week public meetings for "ballot readings" in the local Spiritualist Church. The method was as follows: the public, as they entered the building, deposited on the table on the rostrum sealed envelopes containing written messages for Sharp to answer. No restrictions were placed on what the question should be. On the outside of the envelopes the writers inscribed their initials.

When Dr. Sharp began "reading", he would place each envelope in turn against his forehead, and promptly read the enclosed letter. He would then reply.

My arrangement was that I should deliver an address at each of these meetings, in return for which Dr. Sharp should let me sit on the platform while he read the questions. He was then to hand the letter to me to open and check his statement. This I did at five separate meetings, so that a very large number of letters passed through my hands. In no instance did the doctor misread the contents!

As an example of the nature of these "readings" I will mention two, by no means the most remarkable.

Picking up one envelope he called out the initials so that the writer of it might know whose it was. Then Sharp said: "You are asking, 'Can you tell me what has become of my brother Oscar?' Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"Your brother Oscar left Fort Worth on the 27th May, 1918, and went to Quebec, Canada, and lived in that city nine years. The last communication you had from him was dated August 1, 1927, saying he was moving to Toronto, and you have heard nothing more of him since. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"Your brother died on his way to Toronto, and was buried in that city. If you write to the proper authorities you will receive confirmation of what I say."

On opening the letter I found he had read it correctly.

Calling out the initials on the second envelope, he said:

"The writer of this message is asking, 'Can you tell me whether there is oil on my land?"

"Yes."

"There is oil there. I think I can tell you where it lies: it consists of thirty-three acres, and is thirty-five miles east of the City of Taylor. Am I right?"

"Not quite. It is thirty acres. You are right about the location."

On opening the envelope I found again that Dr. Sharp had read it correctly.

It was my habit to talk with the recipients of the messages after the meetings, and they always assured me that Dr. Sharp could not normally have known anything about them.

Dr. Sharp was always willing to discuss his mediumship, and assured me that the information he gave was imparted to him by the spirit of his deceased brother, who spoke "right in my ear, as if over a telephone". The voice was perfectly clear, and never gave him wrong information.

I need hardly say that Dr. Sharp's services were very much in demand, and I have passed his private residence at 6 a.m., and seen clients patient waiting to be admitted for interviews. The Texas police were certainly to be congratulated on employing the services of this remarkable man, although doubtless they were subjected to the severe criticism of those who deplore the use of mediums for anything. Sharp must have been a very valuable aid in the checking of crime among those who were willing to indulge in such practices only if they felt sure they could escape the consequences.

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This sign once hung in a college "Y" room: "Be careful how you live. You may be the only bible some people will ever read."—Hazen G. Werner.

"THE KEY TO THE BIBLE"

(By the late Rev. C. L. Tweedale.)

[Tweedale spent 40 years pioneering and crusading for the spirit truths he had discovered in his own home. His book, "Man's Survival after Death" is a classic. It was praised by Dr. David, when he was Bishop of Liverpool. After recommending the clergy of his diocese to read it for Lenten study, he wrote to Tweedale saying: "Now we must leave the leaven to work."]

When will the Church understand that without seer or psychic there can be no revealed religion, no knowledge of a spirit world, no evidence of survival after death, and no communion with the saints departed.

A knowledge of psychic phenomena is therefore the key to the understanding of the Bible, which is a psychic book from cover to cover.

The Church is to-day face to face with a whole range of facts which can no longer be successfully ignored or denied, and which will exert a profound influence on the religion of the future. She has little to lose and much to gain.

There is nothing greater than truth. Let the truth prevail. She has, and will retain, the essentials, but will be compelled to modify the details and, under the pressure of advancing knowledge, to let fall away as erroneous things which she has cherished as true. This has happened before, and the gain has been great every time.

Revelation is a continuous process, and is not confined to any one age of the world's history.

Outside the Church.

Why should the external witness to the great truths of the spirit world, of man's survival after death, and of the Communion of Saints come entirely from outside the ministry of the Church, as it does to-day?

Why should not the modern Church add psychic

evidences and experiences to personal religion and the worship of God—seeing that they confirm and strengthen the same—as did the Church in the Apostolic age?

Why should there not be assemblings together within the Church for psychic experience and communion, as that described in I Cor., xiv, 23-33 very evidently was?

Let the Church take her courage in both hands and claim her ancient gifts. Let her add to her faith, knowledge, and revise her teaching. Why should she not establish a modern school of the prophets for the cultivation of the psychic gifts?

Why should there not be, as in days of old, an "angel"—psychic—in every church? Let her re-establish the Communion of Saints—the actual and objective communication with the departed and with the spirit world—as a practice in the Church. Her clergy would then be able to do something more than merely talk about the spirit world. They would also have the power to demonstrate it, and a vista of a new life and usefulness would open out before her.—"Psychic News."

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A KIND THOUGHT

An English Author's Gift of Books.

Miss L. Margery Bazett, the talented author of several Spiritualist books, has sent a copy of each of her works for inclusion in our Reference Library, as follows: "Telepathy and Spirit Communion"; "Evidences of Spiritualism"; "Impressions from the Unseen"; "The Case of Jean Walter de Herrenschwand"; "Progress towards the Spiritual"; and "The Broken Silence".

Many of our readers have copies of some of these works, and the fact that none has been sent to us in reply to our appeal is an indication of how they are prized.

Miss Bazett's address is, "The Firs, Red Hill, Surrey, England.

ADD TO YOUR FAITH, KNOWLEDGE

(By M. Guthrie, the Brisbane Spiritual Church.)

"Oh, don't take on the study of Spiritualism: there is danger in it."

Even conceding there may be danger, the risk of danger will never keep back the adventurous or the inquiring soul. Is there not danger in everything? Even in crossing the street. You have to keep your eyes on the traffic lights; where there are none, you must depend on your own faculties.

A friend said to me, "My husband won't allow me to 'dabble' in Spiritualism; his brother was sent to a mental home because he did so." Probably the man would have 'gone off his head' through merely trying to master the intricacies of learning the game of dominoes! But is there danger? Yes; and for that reason I would add still another piece of advice from St. Paul: And to your knowledge, self-control'. If you wish to investigate psychic matters, get advice from those who have real knowledge of them. I do not recommend every one to try to communicate with departed spirits. Some may be unsuitable; others who may be suitable, have at present no reason for doing so; they had better wait until they have some good reason for making the attempt. But those who have discovered that they have psychic powers, and wish to develop them, should get in touch with a reliable medium who understands the ethics of development, and who can actually see the communicating spirit; this would obviate the danger of an evilly disposed or obsessing spirit getting control of the newly-awakened inquirer.

On "the Other Side", the law of attraction holds good as well as here. Coarse natures do not find pleasure in the company of the pure and the refined, in either world. On the Other Side this law of attraction is even stronger than here, because spirit is always stronger than flesh. And if "a low-down spirit" does seek to gain admission, by prayer

and right living we may combat his influence. Often these poor souls come for help. The novice cannot give that help, but as a drowning man will grasp at a straw, these beings will attempt to gain the help of a kind heart. The only thing for the novice to do is to direct them to the higher spirits, who will help; ask them to do so, and some guardian angel will quickly be sent.

I never enter an old locality, which may have historic interest, without offering a prayer for any earth-bound spirit who may have lived there long ago, and is still attached to the place for sentimental reasons. I tell them that there is a much better place, and it's high time they set out on their journey to find it; in their Father's house are many mansions, and one is for each if they will only try to earn it. If frivolous spirits come to us, we should not be scared of them; tell them, as we would an undesirable human being on the earth, to "buzz off"; we are not compelled to entertain the unwanted guest.

If there is any danger in Spiritualism, it may consist in sitting in too many different circles. Choose your circle, attend it, and no other, or very few others; if you start a home circle, let it be confined to just a few personal friends, and keep to the same day and time; the spirit friends will endeavour to make their own times fit in with yours, for they all have duties to perform "over there", and cannot always come at your call. Moderation should be your motto; too much of even a good thing may turn out detrimental if persisted in.

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WANTED FOR PROPAGANDA

The editor wishes to purchase a double frame film-slide projector for propaganda work. State make, condition and cash price to the Editor, "Harbinger of Light", Box 64a, G.P.O., Adelaide.

THE VALUABLE TOOL OF SELF-CONTROL

(By "Zodiac", in "The Greater World".)

I want you to remember that to-day, by seeking to release that which you regard as self-control, you are building up a wonderful power for the life to come, because by controlling self—in which I include the emotions and fancies and ideas associated with the physical make-up—when you are free from the flesh you will find you possess a marvellous freedom. And how will this freedom express itself?

Now, beloved, take the tired mothers, and how, in spite of their fatigue, they have to work on; there is so much to do; they have many responsibilities; and all in the home turn to mother in their times of sorrow and in their times of joy. Many mothers sigh over the fact that there is no rest for them; that they must keep on and on; and they long for a quiet spot just to rest! And yet you find that if the opportunity is given unto them they may be resting their bodies, but they are not resting their minds; they are worrying over those they have left behind, wondering if all is well, hoping that danger will be avoided. So you see many mothers coming back and taking up their heavy burdens again because they prefer the weariness of the body to the anxieties of the mind. That is one aspect of the grace that comes to bear burdens while you are in the flesh.

So I ask you, in regard to self-control, always to remember that in the degree that you become master of your lesser nature, and in that so much is included; in that same degree, blessed by God, you will have influence over other disembodied souls whom you will meet in the Realms of Spirit. Now why do you want to have an influence over the souls of others? Because you want to save them from making mistakes, just in the same way as you would stretch out and draw back someone in the body

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THE DIRECT VOICE TRUMPET

Instructions for Making and Use.

Trumpets for the Direct Voice Seance cannot be purchased in Australia. However, it is not a difficult matter to get one made. Any tinsmith or white metal worker could make it. Aluminium or tin may be used. Cardboard, fastened with paper fasteners has been used with success, also celluloid. Fasten the inside edge with cement, seccotine in the case of the cardboard, and celluloid cement for the other. The dimensions are: Length, 18 inches; wide end, eight inches; narrow end, two inches. The edges of each end should be turned over, but outwards, so that the join on the inside is perfectly smooth. Around the wide end, on the outside, paint a band, one inch wide, with luminous paint.

Before using, wet the inside of the trumpet, but dry it thoroughly after the seance. The medium should eat sparingly. A fruit and salad meal is advised before seance. When sitting in the circle let the medium drink plenty of water, which the sitters may also do. This seems to help in freeing the ectoplasm, necessary for the production of the vocal apparatus.

Seek instruction from your circle guide. Should such not be available, if you will prepare a list of questions relating to the information that you are seeking, we will gladly answer them. We publish a type-script booklet entitled "The Home Circle Handbook" (2/8 post free), which gives important instructions with respect to the matter.

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charging across the street and imperilling his life; but the instinct is stronger when the flesh is no more, and I can assure you there are many true "mothers" and "fathers" who forget entirely their own lot in their instinct to ensure a better future for those they see around.

SPIRIT HEALING OF WILLIAM JAMES McAULIFFE,

2/9th Battalion, A.I.F., of Dalveen, Queensland.

(By Marion Steel.)

Mrs. McAuliffe, mother of William James McAuliffe (Bill), stated to-day (6th September, 1944) that Bill, now 33 years of age, was first wounded at Tobruk on the 4th May, 1942. He received an explosive bullet in the back, and was in hospital at Alexandria for about 12 months.

On his return to Australia he was sent to New Guinea, and at Buna, on the 18th December, 1943, was again wounded. This time he was shot through the lung; one kidney was cut in halves; one rib was broken, and had to be sawn off; and the bullet went through the first wound.

Bill was brought back to Australia, but was unrecognisable by his parents and brother. The doctors gave no hope for him whatever. His mother stayed in Brisbane for 11 months, visiting him every day.

Finally, Mrs. McAuliffe came to the Temple of Light, and heard Jock McGregor, the healer guide, speak through the entranced lips of the medium, and she asked him to help Bill. Immediately there was a change in Bill, and he began to get better. He had had several operations, one to remove the half kidney, of which the other half had been shot away, and he was to have another operation for the removal of stones from the other kidney. However, at one of the meetings Mrs. McAuliffe attended at this critical time, Jack told her there would not be another operation. Mrs. McAuliffe could not understand this message, as a recent X-ray had revealed stones in the remaining kidney, and the doctors had said that an operation was absolutely necessary.

Mrs. McAuliffe visited the hospital next morn-

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PRACTICAL SPIRITUALISM

"In as much as ye do it unto the least of one of these, my brethren, ye do it unto Me."—Jesus

A consignment of clothing was sent recently to England by the G.W.C.S. Mission, 94 Park Terrace, North Unley, Adelaide. This was the fifth sent by them. Mrs. R. Tingey and her daughter take the greatest trouble to collect these clothes for men, women and children, and despatch them to the Greater World Christian Mission in London, in a huge crate. It is not simply the packing of them that is involved: it is seeing that they are all clean, and the shoes mended ready for wear, that take so much time and energy. Miss Moyes writes: "We are deeply grateful for the care that is taken and the effort put forth. In the midst of the crate we found a little note from Elizabeth Odgers, aged eight, who had knitted a lovely baby's hug-me-tight because she felt so sorry for the children of England over the bombing. She also enclosed six three-penny pieces, fees from "mothers" who brought their sick dollies to her hospital for treatment. Our love and best thanks go out to Elizabeth for her very kind thought."

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ing and was surprised to find Bill walking around. He told her the stones had passed out of the kidney in the night, and a further X-ray showed the kidney to be quite clear.

Bill was soon well enough to leave the hospital, and has been quite all right ever since. He is now working in the Government Pensions Office in Brisbane.

Three of the doctors who attended Bill told Mrs. McAuliffe that they had nothing to do with his recovery—they considered it to be a miracle.—Contributed by The Temple of Light, Brisbane.

THE PROBLEM OF PAIN

(By Florence Lund, in "World Service".)

Pain is an important factor in the orbit of our ever-growing development of character. The basic currents of life mingle and oppose each other, hurrying us along for the most part without understanding. It is looked on as discord and strife, but it is not the pain that is the discord and the strife. It comes from causes warring against each other, producing the sensation called pain. It may be physical, mental or spiritual—all are the same in result, which is the battle before the setting right. Without pain there would be no consciousness of discord, and without consciousness of discord there would be no effort to search for the cause and find the remedy.

To find the cause of trouble on the material plane is often difficult enough, though the machinery of the body is an open book to the eye of an expert. Pain has signalled for help, and symptoms tell their tales. It is when the doctor sees a condition objectively manifested, but the cause obscure, that he has to move from the purely material point of view, and enter the intangible realm physically unseen. The mind or soul may be all entangled in a network of wrong thinking, doing and being.

Poisons of Envy, Hatred.

Tests have proved that poison is generated in the system by indulgence in envy, hatred and malice, the outcome being inharmony, producing repercussions in the body. When it comes to flaws in our souls, or mental outlooks, we must be honest with ourselves, for we have to purge from our hearts the cause of our illness. Without the arresting hand of pain, who would try to eradicate from the soul the hidden cause of suffering? Pain, our friend, sweeps over us with a warning that we are transgressing the Divine law within our house of flesh. Spiritual pain is the most difficult to remedy, if indeed there

is a remedy, because it comes to the advanced soul, who sees clearly and feels keenly all that is sordid and mean in human nature, the want of development producing what is called sin.

The misery and unhappiness of others, cruelty towards the helpless and unfit, crimes of passion and lust, become a daily crucifixion, and fall like blows on the spirit which identifies itself with the sin in as much as it suffers for and through the sinner. The remedy for spiritual pain lies in the altruistic love principle which can and does support all those who are on this plane of service. They will understand, through the light in their own soul, what degradation clings round the steps of the sinner, and thus are able to endure the trial because of the joy of helping. Pain such as this must be lifted to a spiritual degree of endurance before it becomes united with the altruistic love principle.

Pity and desire to help the degraded out of degradation makes the daily crucifixion holy. We no longer fear to suffer, only do we fear to fail another soul in the darkness of trouble. Do not curse pain, for it has a mission. We should face it, searching its visitation for the lesson to be learned through it.

———:o:———

SIX YEARS IN INDIA

(By Mrs. Colin Mackenzie.)

Many years ago, in the Albury "Banner" this tale appeared: "A man named Piall was drowned in the Murray at Tholojolong, and his body was not recovered for some weeks. A little later a boundary rider named Greenwood told persons that he had dreamed he was fishing in the Murray, and that Piall appeared to him and asked him what he was doing. Greenwood, in his dream, replied: 'I am fishing for your body, as I hear you are drowned.' 'You need not try', said the drowned man. 'My body is lying on your log.' And there it was found."

FOR 1945: PROMISE YOURSELF—

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.
To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.
To make all your friends feel there is something in them.
To look on the sunny side of everything, and make your optimism come true.
To think only of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best.
To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.
To forget the mistakes of the past, and press on to greater achievements of the future.
To wear a cheerful countenance at all times, and to have a smile ready for every living creature you meet.
To give so much time for the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticise others.
To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.
To think well of yourself, and to proclaim this fact to the world—not in loud words, but in great deeds.
To live in the faith that the world is on your side—so long as you are true to the best that is in you.

———:o:———

TRANSITION

Mr. Arthur Ford, of "Beechwood", Taringa, Queensland, was called to the Higher Service on October 6. Although he was eighty-six years of age he possessed unusual vigour, and his death was due to an accident that happened to him in May last.

Mr. Ford had been a subscribed to "The Harbinger of Light" for 57 years.

A MODERN LAZARUS

By Horace Leaf, in "Prediction" (who relates some amazing experiences: How he has seen a man die and come back to life again; and a corpse animated by invisible operators).

I have seen a man die twice, and on each occasion return to life! There was nothing haphazard about it. Both events happened in the presence of qualified doctors and under the strictest test conditions. In view of this I do not hesitate to affirm that the New Testament story of the restoration of Lazarus is scientifically possible, and might occur at any time. It does occur much more often than most people think. To my knowledge there lives in Stockholm, Sweden, a woman who possesses her own death certificate, proving that medically she had died, and in a sense medically returned to life. She recovered just as some medical students were about to dissect her!

The two remarkable events that I witnessed took place in the autumn of 1936 at Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A., in the house of Dr. L. R. C. Crandon, who was for sixteen years Professor of Physiology at Harvard University. The rest of the experimenters were the Executive of the American Society for Psychical Research, under the leadership of Mr. H. W. Button (the president). Included among them was the Medical Officer for Health of the City of Boston, which has over four million souls. The whole set-up was therefore very impressive.

There were present also two world-famous mediums: "Margery" and Mr. Frank Decker. It was the latter who died; he was, indeed, the principal subject of the series of rigid test seances, of which five were held on three consecutive days.

When the experimenters were about to commence, Decker, who had offered his services to the A.S.P.R., free of charge, and had even paid his own travelling expenses from New York City and his

hotel expenses while in Boston, was asked what "conditions" he required for the seance. His reply startled and pleased the experimenters, who doubtless expected him to impose some restrictions on their activities. "I have no conditions," he said. "You can do as you like."

They did. I doubt if any medium was ever treated less ceremoniously, and certainly no medium ever came through so severe an ordeal with such magnificently flying colours. The whole series of sittings was held in full electric light—in itself a rare thing with physical mediums—but in addition telephone bells were rung, doors were opened and shut with loud bangs, the experimenters moved about the room when and as they pleased; they talked noisily, and every now and then started a victrola. In fact, they did everything calculated to make supernormal phenomena impossible, but I doubt if any series of seances could have been more successful. There was never a dull moment, and never a pause in the manifestations.

It is not my intention to recount all that happened at those memorable seances, but to record the amazing "killing" of Decker, and his equally amazing restoration to life.

Collaborating with the experimenters were unseen operators, who directed their wishes in the "direct voice". There were no trumpets present, yet all those mysterious voices spoke with perfect clearness, and as loud as any of the living persons present. After a time the chief invisible operator said to the Medical Officer for Health:

"Dr. Thompson, have you ever seen a man die and come to life again?"

"I have not," replied the doctor.

"Then you shall see it now," continued the voice. "We are going to kill Decker, and when he has collapsed we want you and Dr. Crandon to examine him thoroughly and report whether he is living or dead."

The next moment, Decker, who had been in a trance during this conversation, collapsed in his chair. Before the entire company the two expert medical men subjected the inanimate body to the closest examination, and pronounced him dead. Dr. Thompson, who seemed rather new to this sort of research, became scared, and remarked to Dr. Crandon: "My God, we have a corpse on our hands! What shall we do if the press get hold of this?"

Dr. Crandon reassured him by saying that he felt sure it would be all right, and that the voice would keep to its promise to bring the man back to life. He was quite correct, for the next moment Decker was walking about the seance-room as strong and healthy as he had ever been.

Fortunately, this was not an isolated rest. The invisible operators were fully cognisant of demands of science for a repetition of evidence before attaching great importance to phenomena. The voice, in fact, stated that it was for this reason that they were about to kill Decker again. After another strict examination, it was announced by the two medical doctors that, according to science, Decker had completely expired. By now more confidence had been won by the invisible operators, and the voice was asked:

"Exactly where is Decker now?"

"He is standing here, outside his body, but is quite unaware of what is taking place. We will now show you what we can do with a dead body; how by the use of certain forces we can resuscitate it as an organism, but not give it sense. Watch."

We then witnessed one of the most amazing and eerie events. The obviously inanimate body, absolutely collapsed in the chair, began to shudder with a series of jerks, as if caused by a series of charges of electricity, gradually sat upright, then jerked slowly to its feet. At last, when upright, with eyes closed, and obviously as senseless as a dodo, it gave a robotic bob, and fell back inanimate once more, as a sigh of astonishment and relief came from the

lips of the experimenters. There was no doubt that the invisible operators could animate a corpse!

To me this was particularly interesting, as, when in New Zealand several years before, I had been assured that Maori tohungas, or priests, were credited with the power to animate the corpses of the dead on the field of battle enough to make them stiffen as they lay on the ground, and then rise on their head and heels and turn over. A pretty senseless performance, but nevertheless expected of a fully qualified priest. This sounded, when I first heard it, as a piece of sheer pretentious magic; but in view of what I now witnessed I realised that the statement was doubtless founded in fact.

Frank Decker was none the worse for his remarkable experiences, and very much appreciated the deep impression they had made on the experimenters. It had called for no small degree of faith in the good motives and in the skill of the unseen operators, as he knew that on such occasions he placed his life in their hands. It was by no means the first time he had been "killed", as I well knew. I lived with him for several months in New York and New Jersey, and had frequently sat on his lap during some of his most wonderful physical demonstrations of mediumship, and realised that he felt like a corpse. It was obvious on such occasions that he was out of his body. But he always came back safe and well, and his health never seemed to be impaired by these incidents. However, the two cases during the Boston experiments alone can rank as reliable, for they are the only two, as far as I know, that had been scientifically tested.

There are, of course, a number of important implications to be drawn from these two instances of restoration to life, not the least being of a medical significance.

It is generally agreed that the medical faculty ranks highest among humanitarian activities, and that it is about the most serviceable and beneficial branch of science. Unfortunately, for various rea-

sons it can be included among the sciences only as a matter of courtesy. It cannot be regarded as a true science owing to its unstable character. There are, it appears, no known laws governing therapeutics. What is one man's cure may cause another man's death. It is purely empirical, and every case must be treated on its own merits. As an example, take the following—the only person I have known who died of smallpox had been vaccinated four times, and died soon after her last vaccination; while two other friends of mine who had never been vaccinated, passed through the same epidemic unaffected!

The basis of medical treatment is the physical body. All disease is treated as due to some form of perverted metabolism, and the aim of the doctor is to restore normal metabolism, hence the doping with drugs and pills and chemicals. This method may prove successful, or it may not. The doctor prescribes and hopes for the best. No one blames him if he fails, because he is dealing with an unknown quantity. He knows so little about fundamental causes connected with health that he must fall back upon efficient causes, and he therefore usually treats the symptoms because he knows no better. The mind of the patient is almost entirely left out of consideration.

It is true that during the last fifty years more attention has been paid to the mental effects, but this view is still inconsiderable.

What the medical faculty lacks is reliable evidence of the true relationship between body and mind; commonplace facts stress the importance of the body, as if it were the primary factor, and doctors therefore accept this point of view. Experiments such as those I witnessed at Boston point undeniably to the primacy of the mind.

It is impossible not to admire that marvellous mechanism of the physical organism; but the "killing" of Decker demonstrates beyond cavil that

(Please turn to foot of next page).

TWO DREAMS

(Contributed by C.J., Sydney.)

Capt Hungerford told a story relating to the father of Dr. J. Grant, of Calcutta: "The said father was a highlander of the old school, and, returning one day much fatigued from visiting his hay-makers, he sat down in the shadow of an old tower and fell asleep. He dreamed that he saw an old friend who had long been dead, and who held out his hand to him. The sleeper felt reluctant to take the hand of the dead man, and heard him say, 'If you ever had any friendship for me, I entreat you to take my hand.' Mr. Grant did so; then felt himself violently pulled up and dragged forward. He awoke with the shock, and found himself a few paces from the tower, which immediately fell with a crash. It must have buried him had he been still sleeping."

——:o:——

The radio and the press are ever ready with their expose of Spiritualism and its phenomena. While every kick is a boost, we should not remain quiet, but make a protest for the misleading statements they make.

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without the mind or soul the body can do absolutely nothing. It is in no way self-moved, but like all other forms of matter moved from without. As soon as the mind or soul is out of the body it ceases to function; but as soon as the mind or soul is in it, it becomes a living, vital thing. The co-ordination is entirely due to the mind or soul.

This line of experiment could revolutionise medicine, and no doubt some other forms of science as well as philosophy. It is an almost virgin field of research; but this makes it none the less important; and there are a large number of individuals, apart from Frank Decker, who could supply the necessary data.

A STRANGE MESSENGER

One of the leading priests of the Catholic Church in Washington told me (relates Mrs. Champ Clark in defending an interest in the occult) of a very interesting psychic experience of Father Walter, who was so well loved by all Washingtonians until the time of his death. Father Walter was always revered for his self-sacrifice and adherence to the truth.

This is the story that the priest told me, as related by Father Walter long ago:

"One night, I was aroused from my sleep by a little boy, who came to me aid said: 'My mother is dying, and I want her shrived; come with me, and I will take you to her bedside.' I went with the boy to a neighbourhood unfamiliar to me and to a home that I had not entered before. The husband opened the door to me, and said: 'Oh, Father, I am so glad you came.' The boy led me to his mother's side, and when the last rites had been administered, I turned to leave. The father of the boy then said: 'How providential that you called when you did; I could not leave my wife, and had no one to send on this errand.'

" 'Why, the boy brought me here,' I said to him.

" 'What boy?' he asked.

"I looked around and the boy had disappeared. 'He told me that the sick woman was his mother,' I said.

" 'We had a boy but he died,' said the father, 'and that is his picture on the wall.'

"I looked up, and said to him: 'That is the boy who led me here'."—"Psychic Observer."

———:o:———

"While we do not have to work to maintain ourselves, we work for the joy of service. There is no compulsion, but service helps us in spiritual development, fitting us for the higher spheres.—"Through Automatic Writing."

I HAVE TO LIVE WITH MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know;
I want to be able as the days go by
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
I want to be able to like myself.
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I never can hide myself from me,
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know—
I never can fool myself, and so
Whatever happens I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free.

(Author unknown.)

———:o:———

Charity is fraternal justice.—Confucius.

A new angle in prayer is furnished by this story.

"Please, God, make me a good little girl," a youngster prayed.

Then, she added, almost under her breath: "I mentioned this yesterday, but you don't seem to have done anything about it!"

Spiritualism does not "only" assure us there is no death; it does not "only" enable us to converse with those who have left us for a while; it gives us definite and plain information as to that other life. —Robert Blatchford, in "More Things in Heaven and Earth."

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