The
Harbinger of Light

Vol. 77—No. 5. MAY 1, 1946.

A
PSYCHIC DIGEST

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

Price 9d.

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The Bible: The Nature of its Inspiration.
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Quiz Page.
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The Harbinger of Light

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

FOUNDED 1870 BOX 64A, G.P.O. PHONE U 3765
EDITOR: REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D. ADELAIDE

Vol. 77—No. 5. PRICE 9d. MAY 1, 1946.

The Bible

The Nature of its Inspiration.

By the Editor.

The Inspiration of the Bible does not mean that the writers of the Old and New Testament were passive, irresponsible instruments receiving their messages in a mechanical way, either by automatic writing or by a Direct Voice. A careful study of the Bible shows that this was not so. True, Peter says "Holy men of old spake as they were impelled by the Holy Spirit." Holy men of all time so speak, but their messages are not passively received, but are the result primarily of their experience and reflections, quickened by their touch with the Universal Mind, illuminated by "that Light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world"; their minds being open to the incoming of the tides of Infinite Life, makes their message active vital, intense, and they become the seers and prophets, the guides and leaders of their fellow men.

Grig in his "Creed of Christendom" defines Inspiration as "that elevation of all the spiritual faculties by the action of God on the heart, which is shared by all devout minds, though in different de-

grees, and which is consistent with many errors''; for Inspiration does not mean inerrancy, nor infallibility, or that it is God's words, although it is His wisdom clothed in human speech. Wisdom is distinguished from knowledge by the fact that knowledge is information gained by experience. Wisdom is the intuitive apprehension of Truth, and comes from the spiritual plane, the source of Truth and all illumination.

All men are in some degree ''inspired.'' That this is so is taught by the Bible itself. Moses says: ''Elohim breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul.'' (Elohim, plural—is the manifestation of God on the physical plane.) The great truth apprehended by Moses, and generally taught in the Scriptures, was that every man is a manifestation of God, and inspired by Him. The expression, ''breath of life,'' is a metaphor, meaning self-conscious spirit. It must be remembered that the Hebrews had no words to express abstract ideas such as we have, and so, a ''breathing'' man being a ''living'' man, breath became a figure for ''life.''

Inspiration, then, means a ''breathing into'' man by God. Our spirit, ego, self, personality, mind, life, or by whatever other name it is called, is the ''breath of God''—God, immanent, or indwelling in man. Man is, therefore, a seed of divinity, planted by God himself, is part of Himself and inherits His perfection and power, because from Him can come nothing else; all humanity have both these attributes latent.

Inspiration is natural to man. There is an endless diversity of its nature and expression owing to the different individual stages of development. It is the inheritance of the Sons of God, some more, others less, according as their minds are open to Truth and their hearts to goodness. It is a continuous, though variable, force in the development and progress of mankind. The discoveries of science, the speculations of philosophy, the beautiful

handicraft of the artist, the glowing harmonies of music, the sweet singing of the poets, the triumphs of engineering, the wonders of mechanics, and the skill of the artisan are inspirations of God, and revelations of His truth no less than the lofty moral precepts of the prophets and the exalted visions of the seers.

The Bible is an evidence of this diversity of inspiration. Some passages are so sublime that they never have been surpassed; they appeal instantly to both heart and mind as Divine Truth, but there are others that not only do not appeal to us, but our moral sense is offended. Paul says that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels." Gideon's torches were hidden in earthenware pitchers; in like manner the light of Truth is hidden. We must take out the torch that will lighten our path and put aside the vessel that hides the light.

There are three marks that will enable us to distinguish inspiration not only in the Bible but elsewhere. They are Spontaneity, Moral Exaltation, and its Universal Application. Spontaneity is characterised by freedom and simplicity. It is a self-originated activity, the Truth within recognising the Truth without, immanence recognishing Transcendence. It knows, but does not always know how it knows. It discovers Truth, recognises it immediately it meets it, and knows that it is allied to the laborious; when the mind is disciplined and trained in the school of experience, "when the pupil is ready" the light shines and Truth is apprehended. There is no echo of other men's minds, no necessary conformity to creeds or opinions or customs. It is free. It is simple. Truth can always be stated in simple words. It is only ignorance and charlatanry that hides itself behind technical terms, unfamiliar words and ambiguous sentences.

Truth exalts the moral perceptions. It belongs to the Spiritual plane, the plane of power. There and there alone is **absolute** Truth. On the mental plane truth it is but relative, whilst on the material

plane it is not apprehended at all. "The carnal mind is enmity against Truth." Truth is the "hall-mark" of Inspiration.

Inspiration in its greater sense is of universal application. That which is local or of value only to the individual, is not Inspiration in the sense in which it is applied to the Bible. These three marks are well illustrated in a passage taken from the Gospel according to St. Luke, xxii. 24-30; "And there was a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest. And Jesus said unto them: The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors; but ye shall not be so; but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that serveth. For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? Is not he that sitteth at meat?; but I am among you as he that serveth."

This is consistent with the character of Jesus as an inspired teacher. He apprehended the truth that humility and service are the characteristics of the children of God; that throws a flood of light upon character and the motives that are the foundations of character. This passage meets the conditions of spontaneity; it is simple, independent of creeds and customs; tends also to moral exaltation and is of universal application.

Now note the following verses: "Ye are they that have continued with me in my temptations, and I appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father hath appointed unto me; that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." There is no Inspiration here. The words are so foreign to the teaching of Jesus that they may be regarded as an interpolation. They are not true in any sense, actual or figurative. They did not exalt but rather degraded the moral character of the disciples, for their humility and service was to be rewarded with

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MY FRIEND—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

(By Marcella De-Cou Hicks in "The Psychic Observer")

After a long period of profound application to spiritual probings and delvings, I had become very weary, both mentally and physically . Dr. Beecher came to me one spring evening with the following talk. My notes date it the twelfth of May, 1940.

My dear child, you are not remembering that you live in a physical, material world—which has its definite place and purpose in spiritual expression. Most people do not concern themselves enough with spiritual matters, but you, I believe, overdo it. It can be overcome, dear.

When one devotes so much time to spiritual thought and development; concerns his mind with abstruse matters of spirit realms, to the exclusion of making the most of earth's pleasures and enjoyments, he does himself an injustice. The matters, for the most part, into which you wish to delve, are such that we lack the terms adequately to express to you the conditions here, concerning which you ask.

Homely Similes.

Could a bird of the air make you understeand all the conditions of its life and environments? The

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temporal blessings. The legitimate rewards for labour and service are on the same plane, or on one higher, never one lower. Neither was the promise of universal application, for it was local and temporary, suited perhaps to the Jewish ideals of the day, but to nothing else. It was selfish, self-centered and in no respect inspired. But shall we reject that part of the story that appeals so strongly to us because it is in bad company? No. We shall take the torch of Truth and leave the earthen vessel, and is a similar way separate that which is inspired from the human records contained in the Bible.

laws that govern its flight, its migrations, etc.? Could a fish in the water do likewise—a worm in the ground or a microbe in a culture? Homely similes, I grant you, but what I am trying to say is that the elements in which the spirit lives—its surroundings, its manners of self expression, are all so foreign to anything known to human beings that there is no mutual language with which to convey to your consciousness a satisfactory picture of the things you ask about.

For instance you have asked about the development of the embryonic spirit, the spirit of the foetus that arrives here from physical life at any period of its conception. Now it is not possible for me to tell you in understeandable language the process of the spiritual development of the entity submerged in that embryonic bit of God-consciousness.

The whole process is not analogous to anything of earth, and therefore there is nothing with which understandably to compare it. I can only say that these bits of God-spirits are cared for, watched over, until they reach the time which would mark their maturing into earth life as new born babies—at which time they will, over here, have assumed the form of an infant, duplicating in appearance what their physical bodies would have been but actually, of course, being entirely spiritual in substance.

Have More Fun!

They develop gradually in a sense and yet much greater than an earth child as to intelligence. It stands to reason that this would be true because the spirit child's associates and surroundings are conducive to a quickening of all mental faculties. Thus the littl efour year old whom you frequently contact—who passed over here at the age of ten months—has the mentality and knowledge, more or less, of a ten year old child.

One time, you asked your niece, Margurete, who came here as a three months embryo what her first

recollections were and she said, "Of being held in some one's arms." And so it is, all babies are tenderly cared for and carefully taught all the way to maturity. You suggested something like an incubator for the embryonic spirits. Well it is and it isn't. It just is not possible to explain. And, dear, what does it matter?

Again—you have asked me about the truth and the origin of "elementals." To many of your questions I do not know the answers. Many times you suggest matters to which I have never as yet given any thought. So, child, I am telling you—concern yourself more with earth plane matters. There will be enough time—I mean it will be time enough—to go deeply into all these abstruse subjects when you get over here. Meanwhile get more joy out of living your earthly life. Child, have more fun. God wants you to have pleasure and fun and has created billions of things for human enjoyment.

Door of Reformation

And if you devote yourself and your mediumship to the burden of proof of survival, proof of spirit return, proof of communication, and proof that the door of reformation does not close with death—you will be doing all the spirit world requires of your gifts. I well know that you will not be satisfied with this, but I want to impress upon you that to become too wrapped up in spiritual matters can be to lose much that earth life was meant to give you.

If you can bring to a grieving mother the assurance that her child lives, no matter how short the period of conception, she will not care how it developed, what processes were involved. It will be enough for her to know that her child lives, and loves her and awaits her coming.

I repeat, dear, get more pleasure out of earthly living—have more fun. You are far too serious, and if such things were possible, I would say that

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THESE THREE MEN LIKED THEIR JOBS

(By Roy Temple House in Nautilus Magazine)

I have known a good many men who have been proud of their work and happy in it. But I can't recall any musician or painter or scientist or organiser who seemed to derive more honest satisfaction from doing a finished and brilliant job than a young barber who lived in our town a few years ago.

The first time I saw him was when I went to him one day for a shave. I felt at once that there was something more than mere mechanical skill in the care with which he explored every inch of my face, his delicacy in skirting the mole on my left cheek, his marvellous precision in determining the exact margin beyond which a close shave would have been cruel flaying and not shaving. His razor moved over my skin as lightly and gracefully as a summer breeze, and the touch of his fingers seemed almost affectionate.

When he was through with me (and if I remember rightly he had not said a single word except a polite greeting when I climbed into his chair and an inquiry a little later as to how I wanted my neck shaved) I said: "That's a marvellous razor you have there!"

He looked a little surprised. "Why no, sir, it's a very ordinary raozr, I have two others I like better."

"Well, at least your razor has a beautiful edge."

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you are too conscientious in the discharge of what you construe to be your spiritual obligations. Just remember that you are a physical being, a spirit living in the flesh on the earth, and once in awhile, take your pretty head out of the clouds. I get your rebellious thought, my dear. No, no, Dr. Beecher is not suggesting that you wallow in the mire—but child, do enjoy terra firma a bit more.

He smiled quietly. "Do you know, sir, there isn't one barber in five that knows how to hone a razor. Most of 'em don't care enough about it to take the trouble to learn. It's got to be done just exactly right."

There was no one waiting at the moment, and with a little encouragement he gave me a fascinating lesson on the "art" of shaving and keeping a razor in condition. He had a right to call it so. Carried to the point of loving perfection to which he had brought it, shaving is as real and fine an art as writing poetry or designing handsome homes. And that young barber, who was trimming hair to the glory of God, was tasting the reward of satisfaction that comes from creating beauty and adding to the happiness of humanity.

There is in one of the continental European languages a touching story which has apparently never been translated into English. It concerns an ambitious young minister who has been assigned to an isolated country charge, but who is sure that he belongs in a metropolitan pulpit. He is scholarly and eloquent, and he feels that his talents are being wasted on the dull peasants who make up his parish. He pulls wires for a city appointment, and finally, to secure the publishing of a book which he thinks will turn the trick, he helps himself to church funds which he expects to be able to replace before his local Board will notice the discrepancy. Unable to do so, he faces the group of simple men who hold his fate in their hands, confesses his fault with tears, and begs for time to repay the money. The poor countrymen, whom he has secretly despised in his heart, agree to allow him all the time he needs and promise not to breathe a word about his indiscretion. He sets out bravely, not only to repay his debt, which in so poverty-ridden a district is a matter of months and years, but to win back their confidence and gain the esteem of the community. He succeeds so completely that when, a few years later, his reputation has

grown and expanded till he is offered just such a brilliant city position as he had once dreamed of, he discovers that he cannot leave the simple folk whom he loves and who have come to love him so dearly. Here was a case where the square peg would not work in the round hole till suffering and sacrifice had reshaped them till they fitted perfectly together.

I know a young missionary who is one of the most talented scholars of his generation. He would do honor to the chair of comparative linguistics in any college in the country. His health made it necessary, a few years ago, for him to leave the foreign post in which he had been working, and for some time his plans were a little vague. I remember that someone asked him about them at one junction. "I don't know," he said cheerfully, "but I'm not worrying about them. When I left school I made a resolution that I would never apply for a position. God is looking after that part of it for me. My business is to do the best work I can in the jobs he gets for me." God has always had a job ready for the young man, and nobody ever worked harder or more zealously than he does at the jobs which God has picked for him.

I have mentioned these three young men who liked their jobs, two of them from life and one of them from fiction, not to discourage young people who hope to better themselves, for I know that God expects us to seek out the activity in which we can be most largely useful, but because they teach in common the lesson of the nobility and beauty of labor, of all constructive labor, and because they all prove (the fictional case just as much as the others, since all good fiction is history recorded by artists) that, in one way or another, God protects and guides the man who does his work well and cheerfully. I can testify to the absorbing affection which a man acquires for a piece of work to which he devotes himself whole-heartedly. All

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"LYCHGATE—THE ENTRANCE TO THE PATH"

By Air Chief Marshall Lord Dowding

(Chief of Fighter Command during the Battle for Britain; author of "Many Mansions.")

Price in England, 7/6. Published by Rider, London. May be obtained through Hutchinson & Co., 157 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Victoria.

Few words are necessary to commend this book to the public. It will be read with fullest appreciation by all who await the sequel to his previous book. In many respects, it is one of the best books which have been written on survival, for the purpose of comforting the mourner. Particularly those who have lost their loved ones in the war will find within these covers much which will help them to sustain their loneliness.

This book has a mission in making the facts of life after death better known. Lord Dowding, having himself been overwhelmed by the evidence in favour of survival, has written down the facts which have made him realise that the matter is a vital one for those thousands who have lost loved ones in the Services. One cannot read this book and not realise its author is sincere, straight-forward and a man with a vital message.

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men are not always able to find work, it is true, and some work is so mechanical, so deadening and exhausting that it is hard to love it. But in the course of a longish life I have seen a thousand evidences that he who is faithful over a few things eventually becomes ruler over man, and a thousand indications that whosoever will save his life shall lose it. I know that, in one fashion or another, God is sure to reward the good workman and to teach the indifferent or dishonest workman a painful lesson. —"Nautilus."

A SITTING WITH LANCE BRICE.

(Recorded by W.H.H.A.)

One evening about 14 years ago at a siting with Lance Brice, of Christchurch, N.Z., who is a Direct Voice Medium(an old Spirit friend I could not recall for a moment, spoke to me. I will call him P. and the following conversation ensued:—

P.: "H., I wish to speak to you, I am P."

H.: "Sorry P. I don't think I know you."

P.: "D.R."

H.: "I never knew a D.R.P. on this side."

P.: "Oh come off the grass! What does Dr. mean when it is written before a man's name?"

H.: "Oh Dr. P. Sure you are welcome. You passed over in England."

P.: "Yes! of course you know me, but I have not much time to talk this time, but I want you to do something for me. But before I tell you what it is, can you tell me if John is over this side? I thought I saw him in the distance not long ago, but was not sure."

H.: "Yes P. he passed over in England about the same time you did."

P.: "Well, now I know I'll look him up. By the way, did he live in Geraldine or was it Timaru (about 25 miles apart)?"

H.: "I believe he worked in Timaru, but his home was in Geraldine."

P: "The old people lived on the hill. Are they still there?"

H.: "No. They are now farming at Four Peaks."

P.: "Four Peaks. That sounds familiar. Where is it?"

H.: "Oh P. why do you forget? You had friends there, and it is not so long since you passed on. Will we all forget things in this way?"

P.: "No, you will not. Your memory will be much clearer than it can ever possibly be in Earth life, but if you were held under water till you were half

drowned I think your memory would be no better than mine is just now in your heavy atmosphere. But just wait a moment . . ." After about 10 seconds he called out, "Four Peaks is round behind the Ruapuka hills."

H.: "How did you remember that name?"

P.: "I went back home to collect my thoughts or rather my memory. Now tell me what became of Miss X the young lady J. was engaged to?"

H.: "There you have made a mistake P. J. was never engaged. We had quite a little argument over this, when P. said: "Now this is what I want you to do. Just a few months before I came here I was at a seance in Wanganui (a town in the North Island—about 300 miles) and I was talking to your sister (automatic writing) who asid to me: 'P. this is Wednesday and my brother is sure to be sitting just now in Lance Brice's Circle in Christchurch. Go there and see if you can speak to him.' Now H. I want to get back before she closes her Circle and to tell her how I got on here, and I want you to sit down as soon as you get home and write to her and tell her I have been able to speak to you."

I did not write to her that night (Wed.), but at 6 p.m. on Friday I wrote to her and posted my letter at the P.O. in Christchurch at 8.30 p.m. That means that at 9.30 a.m. on Saturday the letter was still in the Christchurch Post Office, and it could not possibly reach my sister till Monday or Tuesday. But at 9.30 a.m. on Saturday I received a letter from my sister telling me that she had sent P. down to me and that he had got back before she closed her letter, and she told me what he said when he came. He gave her the whole conversation as well as our little argument. She told P. that he was wrong, but he insisted he was correct. Some time after I found that it was P. that was right and we wrong.

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Spiriytualism is the death blow to superstition.

"FEAR NOT; ONLY BELIEVE"

"Fear not; only believe."

The Master Jesus was sitting by the wayside resting when He uttered these words. The followers at His feet looked up at Him in consternation.

What did He mean? Was He speaking of the finished kingdom or of life here at the present moment? Did He mean the words literally or were they just a pleasant reminder of their obligation to Him. Was He being liberal or was He testing their faith?

Thus the question has evolved down through the ages. Man still wonders about the value of faith in comparison to the necessity for a material working out of problems. What part does faith play in God's great scheme of things? And must our faith be superimposed upon a pinnacle of works? Or will faith alone carry us through?

Surely the recalling of some of Jesus' demonstrations will be of benefit in solving these questions. Remember when He sat by the wayside and the multitude caught Him seemingly unawares while He was deep in meditation. He simply took some loaves and fishes and multplied them, and by His faith and and fishes and multiplied them, and by His faith and then when He was called upon to heal the sick and raise the dead, His faith and belief stood Him in good stead, for the blind were made to see and the dead to walk again upon the earth.

If faith did these things for Jesus in His time, why ca nwe not accept in the same way and know that the help we need is always near at hand?

"Then did a dark cloud descend round about and all was in utter darkness, and there was no light upon the land."

This spiritual darkness has thus remained to this day because of man's fear and unbelief. The world has grown material and is far away from the sunlight of God's presence and peace. And whereas now there should abound peace and plenty in the

land there is naught but discord and strife. And why is this so?

"Fear not; only believe."

Trust in fellow man has disappeared. Love of neighbour is vanishing. Truth and justice are nowhere to be found. Whither do we go?

In from the highways and byways come the poor, the desolate and the discouraged. Was this in God's plan? Was not all promised to man if he would accept and believe? Then obviously the fault must be with man and not with God.

Even so, wherein lies the remedy?

"With faith ye can remove mountains." With faith we can live again in the glorious abundance pictured by God. And why not believe and receive? Would you not profit thereby?

God cannot give to one who is not willing. That is contrary to natural law. We must furnish suitable grounds for the love and abundance that flows out so bountifully to us if we would receive of the goodness that is ours to command. And we individually, alone, can return to the land of our birth and receive that which is rightfully ours.

"Ask and ye shall receive. Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

But with that there must be within the man the knowledge that we may fear not, only believe.—"Progressive Thinker."

———:o:———

A LABOUR OF LOVE

One of our Tasmanian subscribers has made two hundred pairs of slippers for the Red Cross Society, to be given to sick soldiers. This lady hopes to supply many returned men in hospital with a pair.

We have many such workers in our Movement, but who, "not letting their left hand know what their right hand is doing," get no public acknowledgment for their labour of love.

SPIRITUAL RESEARCH SOCIETY IN RECESS

The President of the Melbourne Spiritual Society writes: "We are compelled to terminate our services at Zerchos Buildings, 157 Collins Street, Melbourne, which eventuated on Sunday, March 3. Through circumstances over which Mr. Zercho, the lessee, had no control, he reluctantly asked us to vacate the rooms. We were 20 years in that building, the Society having been in existence for 34 years.

It is unfortunate that this has happened, for at the present time it is most difficult to obtain another hall for Sunday services. The Army and other Services are occupying most of the space available, and will do so for some time yet. The Society is in a sound financial position, and we have a strong working committee. Whilst in recess, every endeavour will be made to secure a suitable hall."

. . . . . .

The Spiritual Research Society was founded by Mr. J. J. Moorey in 1911, and has not only given consistent proofs of survival and brought comfort and conciliation to many hundreds of enquirers, but has exercised a powerful influence for good in Melbourne.

It was through an evidential message given to Mr. A. J. Harvey, an English journalist, recently come to Australia, that so convinced him of the truth of Spiritualism, and also brought his brother, Mr. W. Britton Harvey, then editor of the Warrnambool (Vic.) "Standard" into the Movement, which position he relinquished later to become the editor of the "Harbinger of Light."

We sincerely trust that suitable premises will shortly be found to enable this important centre to carry on its work.—Ed. Hg. L.

———:o:———

"The good deed, the kind word, the living heart —these are the elements of heaven."—H. Tuttle.

QUIZ PAGE

(Conducted by Dr. Victoria Barnes, Superintendent, Bureau of Education, U.S.A., in "The National Spiritualist.")

Question: What treatment do imbeciles and insane persons receive when they enter the Spirit World? Would the mind become normal, or is there a very special place for these spirits?

Answer: Those residing in the Spirit World tell us such new-comers are taken in charge by those whose duty it is to direct their care.

This world being a gross replica of the world of Reality, the Spirit-World—we can understand the fact that hospitals exist there, as here, for the care of all who arrive there in need of remedial attention—but—the remedies applied are measures resulting from the manipulation of natural law; in other words, it is spiritual treatment.

Imbecility and insanity are conditions peculiar to the earth stage of existence, wherein the biological structure of the physical body, a sudden severe shock or an undue mental strain, prevents an individualised expression of infinite intelligence from functioning in a normal, natural way.

Spirit is perfect—and the trend of all life is toward perfection . Spirit—as essence, permeates and animates ALL life, consequently when the physical body is discarded, and the hindrances of this three-dimensional world left behind, Spirit gradually restores the entity to a state of normalcy.

No time limit, however, can be placed on the process, since there are many other contributing factors to be considered.

Question—No. 1. De people who understand Spiritualism hate to die?

No. 2. Is it a sin to pray or ask to be taken to Spirit life, when there is such a longing to be with our loved ones? There is no one left here for me. Would I have assurance of being with my darling

husband if I did go? There would be no Heaven even in Heaven if I could not be with my Mother and my husband.

Answer—Your letter breathes sorrow and despair, evidently from a recent bereavement. Spiritualism, more than all else, can help you in this, which, to you, is your dark hour.

Our answer to your first question is No. If they understand Spiritualism they realise the partig is but a temporary one, that no impassable chasm permanently separates them. They know man is ever a spirit-being and therefore indestructible. Through the avenue of death they have simply changed clothing, thrown off the material body and started to function through the spiritual body—because that change in residence from the mortal world to the immortal world, demands this condition or preparation.

As to your second question—Such prayers are useless, for the finite cannot dictate to the Infinite or God. We all remain on Earth until our purpose here is completed, and until the house we are building over there is ready for our occupancy.

There is ever so much for you to do here in the post-war period ahead you can, through observing the Golden Rule, become so occupied and so absorbed in being useful to your fellowman that wou will have no time to dwell on your personal grief. Try to forget (self), just look around you and see those whose heartaches and sorrows are much greater than your own, and see what you can do for them. Every disappointment, every sorrow, as well aes every joy is a lesson to us, and comes for a definite purpose.

Think of the first word in the Lord's Prayer—'Our'—and you will no longer feel as you state—'that there is no one left for me'. We are all one large earth-family, so we always have some one left for us—and our obligations to them are mandatory. Try to lose yourself in serving those who are so sorely in need of help today—our returning

Service boys and girls and their families. Take up the study of Spiritualism, seriously, enjoy the comforts you see it brings into the lives of all you are able to contact—and the wonderful understanding and enlightenment it can bring into your own soul.

There is nothing to be gained from self-pity except possible illness. By grieving you are holding your mother and husband so close to you it will retard their spiritual progression. This is not the way to show your love for them. Change the nature of your prayers, and pray for their spiritual advancement, and that you may be so impressed by your spirit collaborators as to how to live this expression of life, that when transition comes you will be able to join them on the plane of spiritual consciousness where they reside.

Cheer up! my friend—Your mother and husband are nearer to you now than they ever could be while here—their physical presence is all that is gone.

Question—Is it true Spiritualists do not believe there is a place called Hell? If this is their belief, then how do they say the evil-doers are punished?

Answer—You have correct information regarding this question. No doubt your Public Library carries books on the origin of this mythical place called Hell. Why not consult them, you will find it a most interesting subject.

The word comes from the old Saxon word "hellans" which meant a pit or hole in the ground, into which all useless scraps and refuse were thrown. When the pit was filled a lighted torch was thrown in so the things they never cared to see or use again would be consumed in the flames. Fire, in those days, was also looked upon as a purifying agent.

The Priests of that day saw in that custom a something they could use in a symbolic way to instil fear and compel a following. With education also under their control, they saw to it that the masses were kept in ignorance. This provides a fertile soil for superstition to thrive, so there was no trouble

in inculcating the idea of a fiery furnace as a place of torment and punishment for erring humans.

Spiritualism teaches Heaven and Hell are but conditions or degrees of consciousness produced by ourselves consistent with our method of living. There is one universal, immutable, eternal law governing the entire universe and all that is therein. This is better known as God's Law, and to its silent mandates all humans must strive to harmoniously attune their thoughts and acts.

It is not necessary to have an exterior location where punishment be meted out to certain individuals. That punishment takes place within ourselves—through the recognition, sorrow, disappointment and regrets we suffer, through the loss of love and confidence we formerly enjoyed. Conscience condemns; conscience and mind disturb our inward harmony, upset our rest, our digestion, our concentration. This is our hell—right here on earth.

Evil is simply undeveloped good. All is God (or good) and God is all—therefore, all else is but relative, hence we say evil (negative) is the manifestation of ignorance of good (positive), or, a lack of knowledge. This retards an individual's spiritual development and progress. Spiritualists endeavor to overcome it by "seeking knowledge that we may find and apply." This begets correction. In this way we have learned how to overcome evil with good.

If we develop unselfishness, self-sacrifice and wholesome thoughts, trying at all times to serve our fellowman for his sake, trying to live the Golden Rule, we soon feel an uplifting and beneficial effect upon our individual spiritual status.

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Health is a condition, which is primarily depending upon the harmonious circulation of the spiritual vitality through the organism.

HOW A LOST WILL WAS FOUND.

The Use of the Ouija Board.

An Extraordinary Story.

(From "The International Psychic Gazette," February, 1924)

Mr. Albert J. Stuart tells an entrancing story of how he recovered his brother's lost will and other papers, as the result of an urgent ouija-board message from the deceased officer. He states:—

Three weks after my brother's death I received a letter from his solicitors stating that they had been unable to find any will, or other papers, and asking if I could give any information on the matter as they were anxious to proceed with winding up his estate.

I replied that as I had not seen my brother for twelve months before his death I feared I would be unable to give them much help. I wrote, however, to my brother's Commanding Officer asking about his kit, and received the following reply:—

"I am writing the War Office in regard to the matter in question, and will advise you as soon as I hear further. I have found the flag, and am sending it on to you, but cannot trace any of your brother's kit."

I had another letter from a friend to whom I sent an inquiry, and received this reply:—

"I have just heard from Mr. C——, the solicitor, that A's effects could not be found, and saying there seemed to be now no hope of finding them."

A few days later, when I went home to my flat, my wife informed me that she had felt my brother's presence with her during most of that day. She was sure he was anxious to get into communication with us. I thereupon got out our little ouija board, and almost as soon as we placed our hands on it the name of a brother-in-law, who had also passed on, was spelt out. He then wrote that my brother

was very anxious to talk to us, and that he seemed very worried.

My brother himself then spelt out his name, and began talking at once about his kit. He said he knew where the things were, and if I would follow his instructions I should be able to find them. He said there was a bag, containing flannel garments which he had wrapped round his attache case, which contained his will and other papers. And he was particularly insistent about a little gold ring in the bag. He said he had taken it from a certain lady in joke, and had not had an opportunity to return it. I questioned his story in my own mind, and asked if the ring did not really belong to his wife, but he said very emphatically that the ring belonged to the lady whose name he had given me.

He next told me that his bag was not at the depot of the Royal Flying Corps, but at the Civil Flying SIchool, near ——, where he had deposited it himself. He said it was under a sheet of galvanised iron lying against a brick wall at a particular spot. We then finished our conversation by discussing certain private matters concerning his personal affairs.

. . . . .

My wife and I were rather doubtful about this very detailed message giving particulars of which we personally knew nothing, as we were then comparative novices with the ouija board, and had never yet received any message that might be regarded as a test. In order to verify its accuracy it would be necessary for me to make a journey of over 250 miles to a place I had never seen in my life. The puzzle, therefore, was, should I risk going all that distance on what might prove to be a wild goose chase? Another difficulty was that I could not very well tell anyone how I had received my information, for I would certainly be laughed at. After considering the matter carefully, I decided to risk the journey, and wrote at once to the Commanding Officer that I would be calling upon him.

Next day I proceeded as far as Slough, and on the following day went to Salisbury, and thence to the headquarters of the Royal Flying Corps (now the Royal Air Force). I had a lengthy conversation with the C.O., who told me he had already written to my brother's old regiment, then stationed in Ireland, and found that nothing was known there as to his effects. I asked him whether any of his things might possibly be still at the School of Civil Flying. He assured me that as my brother had had nothing whatever to do with this school it was useless trying there.

. . . . . .

I was now faced witeh the difficulty of getting to the sheds of the Flying School witehout giving any reason for such action. I therefore said I should much like to have a look round at the Civil machines, for they were somewhat of a novelty in these days. To this the officer kindly agreed, and accompanied me to see them. No on ewas about when we reached the sheds, so we just walked quietly round. After examining two of the machines lying there, I walked to what seemed the spot my brother had clearly indicated in his olija message. There certainly was galvanised sheeting lying against a brick wall. But would I find his bag hidden beneath it as he had assured me? I bent down and looked under the galvanised sheeting, and lo! there was a leather Gladstone bag. The officer coming up to me at this moment, I told him what I had discovered, and he said the bag must belong to one of the men in the school. We had a little argument about it, and I suggested that he should open the bag himself, seeing there was no one about we could question as to its ownership. At first he was strongly opposed to my proposal, but ultimately he yielded to my persuasion and opened the bag.

The first article he pulled out was a garment marked with my brother's initials "A.W.S." I did not hesitate then to dive my hands into the bag among the other articles, but was disappointed to

find there was no large attache case, such as I had expected. Feeling something hard, however, near the bottom, I pulled out a small leather attache case, marked "A.W.S.", and therein found letters and papers addressed to my brother, as well as a form of his will, but no gold ring. I tumbled out the contents of the bag, shaking each article carefully, and the last thing to drop out was a little gold ring! I was so excited that I longed to be able to tell the officer about my brother's message as to the bag and the ring. But I felt he would only laugh at me for believing in "such nonsense," and decided to keep that part of the story to myself.

. . . . .

After conforming with certain formalities I took possession of the bag and returned home with it the same day in great delight. I knew that I had not been deceived by the ouija message, which had previously come from my brother himself. Had I not acted upon it at once the bag might possibly have fallen into other hands and its contents been lost. To find the will alone was worth all the trouble I took.

Before returning the ring to the lady mentioned in my brother's message I wrote her a non-committal letter telling her about finding the bag, and said there was a small gold ring which I was going to send to my brother's wife! I received a reply from her by return post, saying:—

> "Thanks for your kind letter. With regard to the ring that you found in A——'s attache case, it does not belong to —— but to me, and was taken away by A—— a few weeks prior to his being killed. It was givne me by Dr. F——, of P——, U.S.A., and has always been in my possession till recently."

On receipt of this letter, I immediately sent the ring to its owner, and the lady was so pleased at its recovery that she has promised to bequeath it to me in her will!

Now that is my story of how my brother's will and his other belongings were discovered by means of a spirit message on a ouija board and I leave it to psychical researchers to explain it by any of their favourite hypotheses about the workings of one's own subliminal consciousness!

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QUEER FORCE HAUNTS OLD VICARAGE

LONDON, January 29: The Rev. James Isherwood is not a nervous man, for he "roughed it" in the Australian bush before becoming vicar of the 1,000-year-old Kentish village of Stoke last summer, but he says "there is undoubtedly something uncanny about this house at night."

The vicarage is haunted by "potent forces," he says. Every night he opens the door and his cat Socrates bolts.

If it were kept in, it would suddenly leap up from a snooze or dart away from an unseen terror, or awaken the house with its wailing.

"It is not altogether a harmful influence, yet it's unpleasant," says Mr. Isherwood. "It is an undefinable 'something' which one can feel but is unable to get at.

"You look behind you expecting to see someone, but there is nobody there."

Part of the Stoke vicarage is Elizabethan, the rest Georgian.

Queer little passages with dark cupboards in the walls lead to spooky nooks behind low-lintelled doors.

The front windows look out across desolate marshlands to lonely creeks and backwaters of the River Medway.

"There have been foul deeds here in years gone by," says Mr. Isherwood, "murder and cruelty."
—"The Telegraph," Sydney.

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Truth is human nature—that never deceives.

MORNING AND EVENING EXERCISES.

For Health and Healing.

(By the Editor)

Read Psalm 24—

The air is the symbol of Holy Spirit. Spirit means breath.

Fill your lungs by breathing deeply, consciously and deliberately.

Do this several time sdaily. As you are inhaling say, mentally:

"My mind and my body react upon each other."

As you exhale say:

"In God I have perfect health, for in Him I live and move and have my being."

Stand up straight. Hold up your head and say (whisper) three times:

"I am made to look UP and to look OUT."

Take 10 deep breaths, slowly, deply, as you inhale say mentally:

"In God I have perfect health, for in Him I live and move and have my being.

"I am God's child. A spark of the Divine life glows within me.

"Through the power within me I am being cured."

As you exhale say:

"In God I have perfect control of my mind, my soul and my body."

"Within me is a spark of the Divine Presence. As God is the same at every point of His presence, within me is omnipotence."

"By the power of His indwelling Spirit I can do all things whatsoever I desire. I free myself of every disability of mind, soul and body."

"By the power of the indwelling Christ—

I am master of my own life and circumstance.

I am the captain and ruler of my whole life.

I am free from all bad habits and cravings.

I can resist all temptation.

PSYCHIC EVIDENCE AFTER DEATH

(By Arthur Lamsley in "Prediction")

In the early days of this century, W. T. Stead, the eminent author and journalist, was an internationally known personage. He was a pioneer Spiritualist, and a hater of all forms of war. Persecution, criticism and ridicule only served to strengthen his convictions, adding an ever-renewed physical energy to his works of advocating the practical help of those in the other world in the establishing of a spiritual democracy based on the teaching of Christ.

Although quite young I admired W. T. Stead and was at one with him in his work for international peace. I passed through Southhampton on my way to speak at Bournemouth, on the day the ill-fated Titanic sailed. This super-liner towered above the port . . . the last word in design and mechanics. Stead was aboard her, off to the United States on a lecture tour for world peace. As I glanced at this great ship I had an uncanny feeling about her, and told my friends, but they declared she was unsinkable.

That night I dreamed she sunk. Back home again, my dream haunted me. I was not in the least surprised when, four days later, the tragic news came of her sinking. It was of W. T. Stead I was thinking, as I had "seen" him in my dream climbing to the deck and waiting for the end.

Some months afterwards I was in a seance and Stead spoke to his friends; there was no mistaking the fearless, deep tones of that voice. Again, just before the last war he controlled my friend, the late Frank Blake, who afterwards became President of the S.N.U., spoke for some time and in the end was so powerful that Blake's face faded out and there was the face of W. T. Stead shining through it whilst his voice proclaimed: "Prove to all people that there is no death, and you lay the foundation of a world without war, for then people

would see we were brethren one of another." I have never forgotten the fervour of those words . . . and how true they were, and still are after another world war.

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I have often wondered what became of our pet cats and dogs when they passed on. Friends had told me that they, too, went to the spirit world. But I had had no proof. Then came a day when proof came out of the blue. Coming home from my work in the early afternoon, I had to turn a corner of the street at the other end of which I lived, and when turning the corner I always whistled to my dog, who would be sitting on the doorstep waiting for me to appear. He would then scamper down the street to meet me. This afternoon, no Bob answered my call. I got halfway down the street and whistled again, and this time Bob jumped up to be patted. Whilst rubbing his shaggy head, he ran off, not down the street towards our home, but into a brewery yard on my left. I went down the yard, knowing he was fond of a bit of ratting, and whistled, but no Bob came. I did this for several minutes with no response, and then walked slowly home, still whistling for him. Hearing my footsteps, my mother came to the door and I could see by the sad look in her face that something was wrong. "No good whistling Bobby, my boy," she said, "he died suddenly this morning in a fit."

"But I patted him just now," I protested. "He came running up to me near the brewery yard, barking, and I rubbed his old head as usual."

"You couldn't have done, my boy, for the firemen collected his body, just after ten this morning," came the gentle rejoinder.

"But mother, I did!" . . . then it dawned on me my dog could not have been about, as he would have been at my side the instant I called him. Several times since, I have had Bob described to me!

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I hold no brief for fortune-telling being mixed

up with genuine Spiritualism, but there are times when clairvoyance does reveal in a truly remarkable degree a knowledge of one's future as told by our discarnate friends and relatives.

World War 1 had started and I met a lady in the Queen's Hotel, Southsea, who was keenly interested in psychic matters and claimed to be a distant relative of the late Arthur Balfour, one time Prime Minister of this country and a professed believer in Spirit phenomena. This lady was a gifted clairvoyant, and gave evidence purely for the love of being of service, charging no fee.

At one of our informal chats, she told me I was to have a sudden move, her Guide told her so, and that I should find myself in a high building, surrounded by machinery, and should be on the top floor and look down on guns being made and machinery running continuously. From there I should be moved just as suddenly to the Aegean Sea and find myself aboard a big ship in the harbour of a mountainous island and the shores of the harbour would be surrounded by thousands of tents.

Within a week I found myself in the vast gun factory of Armstrong's, on the Tyne at Newcastle, and after a spell there was stationed in the harbour of Lemnos, in the Aegean, which was the base for the Dardenelles campaign, the shores of which were dotted with thousands of bell tents. In each case I knew absolutely nothing about these moves beforehand, and in each case was asked to volunteer for them.

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Within a year, I found myself living in the tropics of East Africa and I became interested in native life during my few leisure hours each day away from work. Particularly was I interested in their mad dances, and their festivals. On one occasion I walked out into the bush to attend a wedding dance of one of the Swahili men (called "boys" out there) who during the day worked as a messenger in the Naval establishment. The Sheik

of the village invited me to share his wooden "throne" and drink coconut milk. I was the honoured guest. Towards the end of the hectic dancing, I noticed my host peering at me intently and muttering to himself. He appeared to me to be going into a trance. He did! Then, in hesitating English, in a tone of voice utterly different from the one in which he and I had been exchanging remarks in Swahili, told me to listen to him after I had thrown two small dice, which he placed into my hand, into the lap made by his kanza —a down-to-the-ankles nightshirt looking garment of white cotton that he wore.

I threw the dice into the Sheik's lap. In the same hesitating English, he told me several things that startled me, but all came true eventually. One was that I should stay in the locality another year. This was wrong I thought, as I was due to return to England in two weeks as my relief had sailed. Next day a cable came saying my relief had been drowned in the S.S. Suffolk which was torpedoed in the Channel outward bound. I then volunteered to stay!

Perhaps the most remarkable information the Sheik gave me (and which he claimed came from the spirit man who had been with me since I was a small boy), was that I should go home via Cape Town and would be very ill, "almost die," and then become a "little father of the people," meaning that I should take some interest in public affairs, which I did, and during that time would "speak to children and meet lady who would be wife. You know her because she have two overlapping teeth in front, right side, top teeth."

This extraordinary statement was so fantastic that I had to dismiss it at once from my mind. But it came only too true! I had not been long in the Cape Peninsular when I became very ill and was given up to pass on; I survived by exchanging the doctor's medicine for brandy, which did me far more good. When reasonably fit, I did take an

active interest in semi-public work, and during one of my lectures to the Theosophical Society in Cape Town met the Vice-President of a Girls' High School who asked me to come and speak to her girls. I agreed, and at the school met a lady who acted as chairman of the school meeting. I noticed, when she smiled, that she had two slightly overlapping teeth on the right side of the top jaw. The lady now presides over our table at home.

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BEYOND THE FIVE SENSES.

(By L. M. Bazett)

Our sense-perception through which we gain experience of the material world and objective reality is insufficient in itself to register all that lies within us and about us.

This little book touches upon a variety of personal experiences covering some thirty years' experiences which come into the lives of a certain number of people who seem able to touch the fringe of the more extensive life.

The Future, the Past (whether historical or individual) awareness of events taking place at a distance, the tracing of "Missing" persons by psychometric methods, visions of and recognition of the Dead—these and other matters the author has touched upon.

The impinging of such visions, events, and awareness upon our ordinary existence calls for reflection and investigation, if we are to gain greater knowledge of the personality of man, and a wider idea of human experience.

A very valuable record of first-hand supernormal experiences which will be of great interest to all students of Psychical Research.

Price in England 7/6 net. May be obtained from Basil Blackwell, Broad Street, Oxford, Eng.

FIRE WALKING.

(By L. F. Stockwell in "Prediction")

It was in Singapore that I saw the oft-talked-of fire walking by Indians. The occasion was a festival among the Tamils of South India, of whom there are a big commnuity attracted there by work in the rubber plantations and elsewhere.

I was invited to see the ceremony with a friend who was Matron of a home for Chrstian girls. Her Indian servants trusted and respected her, hence the invitation, for these non-caste Indians have of the bigotry of high-caste people.

The celebrations b,egan early in the day; the temple was gaily decorated and crowded with people in bright holiday dress, performing the ceremonial acts of breaking coco-nuts, making offerings at the various shrines, or watching the self-imposed torture of ascetics.

The fire-walking took place in the afternoon at the back of the temple. Here a huge charcoal fire, some feet deep and thirty feet long, had been prepared. So fierce was the heat it gave out that the men who turned it over with long rakes had to be constantly drenched with water. We even felt the heat on the balcony where we were seated two hundred yards away.

The outer court was thronged with men and boys, pressing close or crowding on to house tops or little trees to watch. The inner verandah of the temple was filled with women and children in brightly coloured clothes. Malay policemen kept the excited crowd in some sort of order, under the direction of European officers.

A white goat was led in and a tall brass lamp, a long curved knife and scarlet flower laid beside it. Saqron was sprinkled on the animal's head, a wreath of flowers placed over its horns, and smoke from the lamp wafted in its face. A sheet was held aloft, and next moment a man was run-

ning witeh the carcase. The blood was allowed to ning with the carcase. The blood was allowed to to which gallons of milk were added. Into this pool the fire-walkers were to step as they emerged from the flames. A frenzied shout greeted the act of sacrifice.

Then a loud tom-tomming announced the approach of the fire-walkers. There were two hundred of them, the men wearing saffron coloured loin cloths, the women dressed entirely in that colour. To the sound of wailing pipes the dancers pressed on, some fighting to enter the flames, other hanging back.

A sturdy priest with a thick thong stood at the entrance, but he did not use his whip once. Some of the people were professed ascetics with perhaps a withered arm held aloft, or dozens of silver skewers piercing the skin. Others were ordinary folk who had vowed to walk the fire perhaps for the gift of a son, or the recovery of some beloved sufferer from sickness.

Ordeal by Fire.

Most of the people walked quickly across the fire holding a bunch of sacred neem leaves above their heads. We saw one old man and woman stroll slowly over the glowing coals. A few carried small children in their arms and these cried loudly, feeling the heat on their faces. Little boys and girls of eight years or so endured the ordeal alone.

A young girl with unbound hair, semed unable to face the fire, though urged to do so again and again by her mother and relatives. She was finally allowed to turn off by a side path. One or two women fainted, others fell down, but were quickly rescued by the attendant priests who stood at intervals round the fire and at the end to pull the fire-walkers through the milky pool. A few men, anxious to acquire extra merit, danced wildly round the fire till pulled off. The fire was kept at white heat all the time.

We questioned some of those who had walked through the fire, who declared that they had felt no pain at the time, nor afterwards. They showed us their feet, which were neither blistered nor burnt. They assured us that thew had put nothing on their feet to protect them, but admitted that they drank bhang (an ardent native spirit) to screw themselves up to the necessary courage.

These simple Tamils, capable of such devotion and suffering for their religion make eager converts to Christianity and large numbers are coming into the fold. They learn then that sacrifice and blood offerings are not required of them, only Faith in the One Sacrifice made to save all.

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LONELY HEART.

Try not to grieve, dear, lonely heart,
Your loved one has been called
To Brighter Realms, from Earth apart,
By beauty's spell enthralled.

And he is watching over you,
To comfort, guard and guide;
Although unseen, he's close to you,
He's often by your side.

And if you cry,
You'll make him sad;
But if you smile,
Then he'll be glad.

And some day you will meet once more,
When earthly days are through,
In that Bright Land of joy untold;
He's waiting there for you.

So brush away those tears, dear heart,
And banish all your sorrow;
With courage, make another start;
The sun will shine tomorrow.—R.V.H.

A WONDERFUL HEALING IN CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

An esteemed friend of the Harbinger Light, in a letter to the Editor relates the following experience:

One morning I got a ring on the phone and a man I had never heard of told me his wife was in the hospital here and was going to have an operation for a large stone in the kidneys. She had been X-rayed and that was her only hope. She had great pain and had been some time preparing for the operation. Her husband asked me if I would help to get her through all right. I asked what time the operation was to take place, and told him that my wife and I would act at the same time and that I wanted him to go into her own room and give us his thoughts at the same time. My wife and I sat for twenty minutes, when I felt that our spirit friend had finished. My wife asked me if the operation was going to be a success. I told her I did not know because I could not sense any operation at all. I knew a lot of healing had gone to the lady, but I felt that there was no operation. We expected to hear from them the next day, but did not and I did not know how to find where they lived.

Five weeks later I got a ring from the lady herself, asking if she and her husband might come to see us the next evening, but she would not tell me anything till we met. She and her husband came the next evening and this is their story. When her husband told her that we were going to sit for help, she refused to allow the doctor to operate, and insisted on going home and sitting with her husband. I think, if my memory is correct, that the doctors made her sign a statement that she was leaving against their wishes and told her she was signing her death warrant. She sat in agony through the 20 minutes sitting and then lay down in bed, and in a short time she told us she felt a

(Please turn to foot of next page).

SPIRITUALISM IN AUSTRALIA.

(By W. K. Wallis, Elsternwick, Victoria)

To gain a correct appreciation of the position Spiritualism holds in Australia the mind must go back to about the time of Andrew Jackson Davis' birth rathermore than a century ago, when the white population of this coutnry numbered only a few thousands, without of course any being known as Spiritualists. Australia at that time was used as a convict settlement and it was not until the discovery of gold that immigration on an extensive scale came about.

Then the ned for and the urge to treat sick bodies as well as souls became so apparent that Mr. W. H. Terry, of Melbourne, was led to commence business as a herbalist, and later with a few enterprising citizens originated and founded the Spiritualist paper "The Harbinger Light."

After the usual ups and downs there came a period of noticeable success, Spiritualist centres springing up in many suburbs, the outcome of which was the formation of the Victoria Spiritualists Union (the present V.A.S.). The Association continued to increase its membership and the magazine kept pace and flourished until it became well known all over Australia as well as in America and England.

On Mr. Terry's decease the editorship for some years passed into the hands of Mrs. Bright, during which time the gifted Apport medium Chas. Bailey made his appearance, and who, with the assistance of Mr. W. T. Stanford (co-founder of Stanford University, U.S.A.) influenced the minds of the

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sharp sudden pain as if a sword had been drawn out of her body. She jumped out of bed and found all pain gone.

That is five or six years ago, and during that time has been in better health than ever before.

leading citizens of the capital and European Universities towards Spiritualism.

Mr. Britton Harvey, a well known journalist, later occupied the editorial chair with distinction, and during whose term of office Dr. Peables and many lecturers and mediums from overseas visited our shores.

Later Sir Conan Doyle gave a series of lantern lectures throughout the Commonwealth, and these further increased our prestige and numbers. On Mr. Harvey being unable to continue the duties of editorship, the Rev. J. T. Huston took over the "Harbinger," and with the increase in interest and popularity of the new, yet old, gospel, Spiritualist Churches have some into being in the other States, the total membership of which may now be counted in thousands.

The daily and weekly newspapers at one time antagonistic to our Cause now encourage correspondence in defence of our movement so that altogether our teachings are rapidly spreading through all classes of people, and even some of the more courageous and enlightened clergy contribute articles to several weekly magazines.

Some little time ago Sir Ernest Fisk, of Sydney, the eminent authority on radiology, gave an impetus to Spiritualism by declaring that he could see no reason why the Spirit World could not be contacted by wireless, and now maany members of the Australian Association of Scientific Workers, 6,000 strong, are being interested and seeking evidence of Survival by attending seances, etc.

To gauge the extent of the growth of our churches it may be mentioned that notices of Sunday services in the weekly press often outnumber those of any other denomination. Altogether we have every reason to be satisfied with the progress made in this far off Southern Hemisphere, and we can only hope that the new psychology will assist in extending still further the universal bonds of fraternal love and fellowship throughout the world.

RELIGION AND TRUTH.

It seems to me that the first honest act of religion would be to confess how little it knows concerning spiritual truth, and what is generally alluded to as divine purpose, and to set to work to compile the data upon which a sound conception of spiritual life may be based. The old fall of man and vicarious atonement cuts no ice today. Men do not believe that they are under God's curse for something they had nothing to do with. If we can admit that, we know nothing worth the knowing, as compared to that which is to be known, and in the confession of our ignorance make haste towards wisdom, we shall have laid the foundation of a greater future. The great scientist who spoke of his busy life as that of playing with a few pebbles on the sea shore, while the ocean of infinity stretched before him, had at least learned something of the task which awaits us, and while he applied it to material things, the same simile can be applied to spiritual verities. The search for truth is the beginning of wisdom, and the principles which have actuated science in the examination of material things, sadly needs to be applied to religion in its attitude to spiritual things. Everything worth the knowing has yet to be discovered.

The Spiritualist has laid one foundation stone, he has demonstrated beyond peradventure or doubt that man survives the grave and retains his personality in another plane of existence. That is the demonstration of the existence of a spiritual world. Intermittently through the ages the gates of communication between that world and this have been opened, only to close again. And no factor has been more powerful in the effort to close those gates than that of dogmatic religion. The world needs religious insight, spiritual idealism, and the inflowing of a power from a greater world, which will enable us to adjust the relationships between men,

(Please turn to foot of next page).

BOOK NOTES.

Out of my Newspaper-Cuttings File.

When I had read the first two or three addresses, sermons, or whatever they are, in "**Teachings of Silver Birch,**" I said "Bother!" Here's some more of that high-faluting stuff from the other side. More preachments; all sound and fury, signifying nothing, except to show what unworthy stuff we are and how much superior the Preacher is than the Preached at." So I said Bother! But honour demands that a man read a book before he reviews it. So I read on. And the more I read the more I was entranced. Here is the real right stuff. This isn't preaching. This is a big man, humbly telling the best he knows in order to help. You need not believe a thing he says. That's your look out. You have to judge by your own reason. It is the religion of reason that he speaks about. The kingdom of heaven is within you. You have to dig it out for yourselves. If you make a mistake you have to pay for it. As a man sows so shall he reap. We have heard it before; but the theological crutches are taken away. Vicarious atonement won't work. Repentance won't buy you off. It is useful just in so far as it means that you are going to try to avoid that particular failing again. But if you have slipped back you will have to get forward again on your own legs. You will be helped. Oh, yes. God helps those who help themselves; not otherwise. You don't cast your

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so that a fuller life for all may be assured. The idea that the will, plan and purpose of God is known, or has been revealed, is the great barrier which is holding up the search for it. Men don't seek for a thing after they have found it. In every department of life honest research leads to fuller knowledge, and the realm of religion is no exception.

burdens on another. You carry them yourself. A bit diffiscult, perhaps. But you'll manage. The kingdom of heaven is within you; with all the possibilities of managing the burden. Baptism! "No priest possesses the power of magic, to make a drop of water anything but water. Because a priest takes drops of water and sprinkles it on the brow of a child, he does not in any way do anything which affects the child's life in your world or mine. Those drops of water were drops of water before and they were drops of water afterwards. The priest has no power to change their chemical constituents and to make them do something contrary to the Law." Faith is an excellent thing for a man to have; but Faith, like other virtues, becomes a vice by exaggeration, then its other name is superstition.

There is nothing dictatorial about the "Teachings of Silver Birch." He gives the best he has. You take what you are able to understeand and you make the best of it. You may accept, reject or question the teachings. And, by the way, the question posed by the Circle are by no means the least interesting part of the book. A. W. Austin, as Editor, has done his work well. I hereby apologise for saying Bother!

"Service," May, 1938.

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ALL IS VANITY!

The fame and honour of the world, to win which many are willing to embark on any unscrupulous venture, are after all, of little value—"their glorious beauty is a fading flower." We have read of a great-souled statesman throwing all his stars and jewelled orders with contempt into a drawer. Such things will only be of value if conscience concurs in the applause and testifies to the greatness of which these baubles are a pledge.—(From "The Beauty of God," by Rev. F. Fielding-Ould, M.A.)

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T COME BACK.

In a private letter to the Editor from Mrs. I.E.I., Western Australia, she says, interalia:—

"I am so glad your boy is back. So very, very glad you will have him home with you. How lovely. It has been a terrible time for those boys in those terrible prisons. Only the other day we heard of the death of one of the boys from this district. He died two years ago. His mother 'just knew' that he was not coming back, and she 'just gave up and pined away' (his father's words), but his father consoled himself at not hearing from him with the idea that it was all 'Japanese muddling,' and used to say, 'he's a good lad, you know, he won't antagonise them, so he'll be all right, he'll come back, and being a country boy he'll be able to stand the strain better than if he were a city boy.' Poor man! Since hearing that his boy died two years ago while working on the Thailand Road, he has just flopped, so to speak. I can see that simple boy playing his ukulele at the dances now. Happy and care-free. If only everyone had the same knowledge that we have it would make things easier to bear. I always feel so terribly sad for people who haven't this knowledge. Of course, there is always sadness at parting witeh the physical form, even when it is only a matter of going a journey on this earth, but at least the certain knowledge that the grave is not the end, and that under certain conditions we can get in touch with our loved ones, does take a lot of the sting out of Death. To possess this knowledge, plus a well developed sense of humour, especially to be able to laugh at oneself, goes a long way in carrying one through this life."

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Witehout psychic or seer there can be no revealed religion, no knowledge of a Spirit World, no evidence of survival after death and no communion with souls departed.

A PLEA FOR THE LYCEUM.

(By Sister Tornos-Elwood)

I think it would be a wonderful idea for all Spiritual Churches to organise a Lyceum Sunday School for the children of Spiritualists. I can speak from experience of the Lyceum Sunday Schools, both in Scotland and in England. They were conducted juste like any Sunday school, but the hymns that were sung were Spiritual hymns, and the prayers likewise.

The children had a Xmas tree at Xmas and socials and parties were held for them at the church. The children were never asked to sit at seances. They can be taught Spiritual belief until they are old enough to know what seances mean. By having a Lyceum for children and youth would definitely make Spiritualism popular and build it up. What children learn when young sticks to them.

I was rather surprised, when I came to this part of the world, to learn there was no Lyceum for children. It is much easier to spread Spiritualism when it is taught to the young than by trying to teach and convert the elders. Teaching the young is really laying the foundation of a great "Constructive Power" that will grow and develop.

My daughter was christened at the Northern Spiritual Church of Glasgow, in 1920, and she is an excellent medium. She and my son were members of the Lyceum in Glasgow. Mr. Newton was the president of the church, and christened my babies. I believe he is now in New Zealand.

Until Spiritualism is taught to the young in Australia I doubt if the movement will ever be what it ought to. As the children grow older they will become more and more interested and will then desire to develop in classes for mediumship.

All Spiritualists should teach their children our beautiful Truths. I have never been sorry my children were brought up to be Spiritualists. My

children loved the Lyceum. They were such happy meetings and their christenings were services you could never forget. The church would be decorated with a mass of flowers and each child christened was given a flower name, and were also given a bunch of flowers. The flowers lasted for weeks, and one thought they would never fade. They were Spiritual flowers indeed. They imparted a strange perfume even when they withered.

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AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES AND TELEPATHY.

Few people may be aware that the aborigines of Australia possess telepathic powers. Such, however, is the case Mr. David Unaipon, the cultured, full-blooded aboriginal, says that all these aborigines who have passed the tests are capable of communicating with one another telepathically.

The generally accepted belief that the aborigines communicate with one another by means of smoke signals is wrong, according to Mr. Unaipon. The smoke, he says, is made only to attract attention. The aborigine who sees it immediately concentrates his mind on the man who has made the smoke, while the other sends out his thought, which is received by the other.

Mr. Unaipon says he can communicate with his brother 700 miles away. He tells also how aboriginal boys and girls are taught to bring into subjection all natural desires and to master pain. Thus they have a front tooth knocked out without showing any emotion. Fear is the next emotion dealt with, and their bodies are lacerated and charcoal is rubbed into the wounds.

Those who decline to undergo these tests are ostracised and looked upon as degenerate. The white man, it is safe to say, would rather be regarded as degenerate than undergo these tortures. He would sooner be a live lamb than run the risk of being a dead lion.

A MAGICIAN PUZZLED

Will Goldston, the founder of the Magicians' Club, and a magician of note, records in his book, "Secrets of Famous Illusionists," why he became a Spiritualist. He says: "I attended a Spiritualist service in my home town. A woman medium presided, and I set her down as an hysterical old dodderer. Throughout the whole meeting, I was suppressing an intense desire to laugh. On my returning home, I recounted the proceedings at length to a friend.

"Now, my friend was not a fool. He was a young man, one of the finest chess players in Great Britain, and in a considerable way of business in Liverpool. He told me quietly that he would like to attend such a meeting as I had humorously described.

"The following Sunday we went together, and, to my surprise, the medium had a message for us, or more correctly, for my friend. She warned him to be prepared for a great change in life; in a matter of months he would be married, give up his business in Liverpool, and take up life under entirely new conditions, in a certain town in Lancashire. Before the year was out, my friend **was** married; he had forsaken his £400-a-year post and gone into partnership in his father-in-law's business.

"Was that **guesswork** by the medium? If so, it was an extraordinarily long shot, involving a risk she need not have taken. I ceased to laugh, and devoted myself to some hard thinking."

Mr. Goldston closely studied our subject, and in spite of experiences with clever "bogus" mediums, has become a sincere Spiritualist for the past twenty-five years.

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Nature eventually has its way despite human nature. "Behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadow, keping watch above His own."

HUMOR IN THE SPIRIT WORLD

Sir Rabindranath Tagore, in "My Reminiscences," tells the following story of a humorous spirit message:—

We had an old cashier, Kailash by name, who was like one of the family. He was a great wit, and would be constantly cracking jokes with everybody, old and young, recently married sons-in?law, newcomers into the family circle, being his special butts. There was room for the suspicion that his humor had not deserted him even after death. Once my elders were engaged in an attempt to start a postal service with the other world by means of a planchette. At one of the sittings the pencil scrawled out the name of Kailash. He was asked as to the sort of life one led where he was. "Not a bit of it," was the reply. "Why should you get so cheap what I had to die to learn?"

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AN INVITATION

Mr. A. Pinnock, of "Mayarno," 4th Street East, Hepburn Springs, Victoria, writes:—

"Should any Spiritualists ever be visiting this district, I would be only too pleased to show them around the beauty spots, as there is some wonderful scenery round about.

"I am pleased to say our little class has been very helpful to us, and we have been having some fairly good results, but for a while we had a lot of bad influences.

"Thanking you once again for your monthly magazine."

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Subscribe to "The Harbinger of Light." it is not an expense, but an investment in spiritual food which will yield a rich harvest.

LOVE WILL SEE US THROUGH.

(By Mrs. Rose Dewarzeger)

Love will see us through. It makes us see good in every living thing and overlook the faults of others and be brave when trials and troubles come to us. I would like to be a little personal at this time, as everyone else has had stormy times, so have I. When I have had my cares and worries, I have felt sorry for myself and complained a great deal just as others have done. One day, a messenger boy came along, and handed me this message: "Your son has been killed." Hard words for a mother to take. My daughter, who was with me at the time began to cry and lament about her brother. I said, "Hush, dear." I feel ashamed of myself for ever having let myself down and complained over little things.

When this very hard blow came to me, though I knew he would come back to me, still the thought that I could no longer put my arms around him, kiss and love him as I used to do, he was gone.

How often, when a loved one goes home, we often think in ways of regret that we did not do more for them, love them more, cheer them and really fiive our flowers while they were here. No matter who, in every life is a spark of divinity and some good can be found in each one.

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The inquiry into a future life or an unseen universe is a strictly scientific one. . . The first thing to do is to take the whole subject out of the realm of mystery, unreality, fantasy and awe, and make it the object of cool thought and of scientific experiment. We have too long been accustomed to speak of the dead in a vague, dreamy, unreal way. A future life can only mean the actual going on of the human being in spite of the incident called "death."—Rev. John Page Hopps.

WHAT IS NEWS?

Spiritualists could get valuable free publicity in their local Press if they sent news. It is no use forwarding an account which stated that "40 people sat down to a hearty meal and that a good time was had by all."

No editor would print tea party "news" simply because it was not news. It interested only the people who were present—and they already know about it.

Editors get scores of letters which purport to describe occurrences at Spiritualist meetings, but they are seldom news. One gets tired of reading "An excellent demonstration of clarivoyance was given by Mrs. ——." It does not tell why or how it was excellent. What was the evidence? What was the human story? The reports, unfortunately, are all too often non-human, dull and certainly not worth printing.

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To know immortality and understand spiritual life, is to have found the truth. It gives a new life that knows no death; it gives hope that knows no fear; it gives peace and joy that knows no sorrow.

It is clear that communion with the Spirit World, and with departed human souls was sought and practiced by Christ himself. This tremendous fact is fully set forth in Matt. XVII . . . 1-3 . . . Mark IX . . . 1-4, Luke IX-30.

—Rev. C. L. Tweedale.

"Love is not getting, but giving; not a wild dream of pleasure, and a madness of desire—oh, no, love is not that—it is goodness and honor, and peace and pure living—yes, love is that, and it is the best thing in the world, and the thing that lives longest."—Henry von Dyke.

SPIRITUAL REWARDS.

To those who labour long and earnestly, God is not niggardly with His spiritual rewards, for He is kind and generous, and our rewards will always be more than we truly deserve.

So let us remember that all harvests come from God, and will be received one day again by God, and as we dedicate our harvest of the fruits of the Earth, let us determine also that we shall dedicate our lives to His service always, so that Peace and Happiness and Joy for ever may be our spiritual portion, when our Harvest Day has dawned in the Spirit World; to be with Him and those we love, always.

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Almost all our faults are more pardonable than the methods we think up to hide them.

The statement "God is Spirit" is a correct quotation and is the basis of a liberal philosophy which postulates the "Divine Rights of Man" with equality of opportunity for all.

An ignorant people will always be an incapable, inefficiente and oppressed people. The higher education of the select few will never save a democracy.

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS TEACHINGS

THE principles and teachings of Spirtualism, as set forth in "The Harbinger of Light," Adelaide, may be summarised as follow:—

1.—That God is the Universal Spirit, in whom men, and other created things, live and move and have their being.

2.—That the Christ was the highest, divinest, and most perfect expression of the God-head ever manifested in human form, and that the object of His mission was to exhibit to mankind the example of a pure and spotless life, so that all men might be "saved," not from the consequences of deliberately-committed sin, BUT FROM COMMITTING SIN AT ALL!

3.—That death is not a cessation of life, but a mere change of condition.

4.—That man is a responsible being, even while encased in flesh.

6.—That those who have passed on are conscious—not asleep—and that their personal identity is maintained.

7.—That communication between the living and the "dead" has been scientifically proved.

8.—That there is a Light (Divine Life) that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

9.—That as a flower gradually unfolds in beauty, so the soul of man continues to unfold and develop after earth-life in the spheres beyond.

10.—That there is hope and salvation in the next life for even the most sinful, and that the life in spirit is a life of progress towards fellowship with God the Father of all.

11.—That Spiritualism destroys the fear of death, which it regards as the portal to a higher and more spiritual phase of life

12.—That prayer is a potent force for the uplifting of friends within the veil, and also for bringing ourselves into tune with the Infinite.

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Wholly set up and printed by Shipping Newspapers (S.A.) Ltd., 116 Currie Street, Adelaide, for "The Harbinger of Light," and published by J. T. Huston, 16a King William Road, Adelaide.