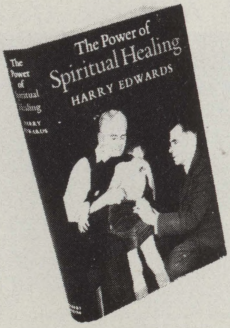
THE SPIRITUAL HEALER

THE JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL HEALING AND PHILOSOPHY



JULY 1977. Vol. 25 No. 7 20p

3 wonderful books

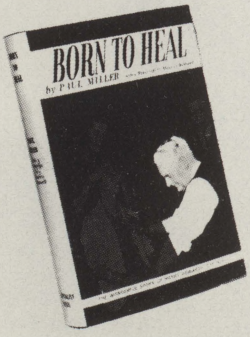


THE POWER OF SPIRITUAL HEALING

by **HARRY EDWARDS**

Widely acclaimed as the finest work on spiritual healing ever published. Harry Edwards presents his subject in plain-speaking terms, emphasizing his points with case histories drawn from his unparalleled healing experience.

Illustrated **£2·00** *post paid*
(U.S.A. and Canada $4.00)



BORN TO HEAL

by **PAUL MILLER** *with additional chapters by* MAURICE BARBANELL

The fascinating story of Harry Edwards' amazing career and the dramatic way in which his life changed at the realization of his healing gifts. It tells of the opposition which he met from the Church and medicine, and how he fought for the truths of spiritual healing.

£2·00 *post paid*
(U.S.A. and Canada $4.00)



SPIRIT STORIES FOR CHILDREN

Retold by **OLIVE BURTON**

One of the finest books of children's stories ever published. The beautifully illustrated tales are full of enchantment and every one has a moral for young people.

19 Superb colour photos
60 delightful line drawings
£2·00 *post paid*
(U.S.A. and Canada $4.00)

All the above books can be obtained from:
The Sanctuary Burrows Lea Shere Guildford Surrey

You can't afford to miss it!

Here are some of the fascinating contents of the July issue of

TWO WORLDS

which features Spiritualism and the supernormal

HOW TO ATTRACT YOUTH TO SPIRIT TRUTHS
by Silver Birch, guide of Hannen Swaffer's home circle, who distils some of the teaching that has made him famous.
JOGGING GOD'S ELBOW IS IMPERTINENT
by Winifred Dwyer
'WHY DOES THIS HAPPEN TO ME?'
by M.H. Tester
SPIRITUAL DAWN IS BREAKING EVERYWHERE
by Peggy Mason
WHAT IS DOWN TO EARTH?
by Professor Ian Parrott
MATERIALISTIC SCIENCE IS ERODING
by the Editor

If you are a thinker you simply must read

TWO WORLDS

It is published on the first of every month.

Edited by
MAURICE BARBANELL

Obtainable on order from your newsagent or bookstall, price 30p.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining a copy send 37p (85 cents) for current issue. Alternatively, a back number will be sent free of charge.

TWO WORLDS, 23 GREAT QUEEN ST.
LONDON, WC2B 5BB
Registered in Manchester 25180

FOR POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION

This enables you to receive your copy by post every month.

To TWO WORLDS
23 GREAT QUEEN STREET,
LONDON, WC2B 5BB

Please send me TWO WORLDS

Delete lines which do not apply

for one year £4.50
for six months £2.30

Annual subscription is $9.90

Name .....

Kindly use Block Letters. State whether Mrs. Miss or Mr.

Address .....

.....

.....

July 1977 (H)

For £12.80 ($28.15) you can have a combined annual subscription to Two Worlds and our weekly newspaper Psychic News. This saves you money.

EVERYTHING SUDDENLY CHANGED

This and similar comments are made by students of Thought Bricks teachings. These teachings include something for everyone, within everybody's means! The original Thought Bricks Course is now in sections, so it's easier to enrol. There is a new, low-fee Mini-Course, a weekly magazine open to all, and a booklist of exclusively-published titles. Students write: 1) "In just one month things have come to me that I only used to dream about." 2) "Words fail me to express my happiness. At 61 I am starting living!" 3) "Found all my solutions in your literature, and have had a big thought brick with the Window Chart." 4) "Such a lot happening. Friends phoning and visiting, the chance of an interesting job. Things improved rapidly." 5) "Thought Bricks are coming my way fast." 6) "My purse is never empty, and peace and harmony reign." 7) "A magnificence of benefit has been derived from your teachings."

To get your exciting packet of descriptive booklets and magazine, send 12p in stamps.

THOUGHT BRICKS TEACHING CENTRE
(Dept. SH), ALTARNUN, LAUNCESTON, CORNWALL, ENGLAND.



If in London . . . and in need of

SPIRITUAL HEALING

Whether you are only a visitor to, or a resident in London, we would like you to visit us at The Spiritualist Association of Great Britain where Spiritual Healing Sessions are held under the leadership of experienced and well-known mediums, every day, including Saturdays and Sundays. Leaders – Sidney Stickney, Ursula Roberts, Kathleen Tizzard, Ethel Watts, Marjorie Aarons and Thomas Davis, Peter Denton, Albert Nockles and Tom Johanson.

It is helpful if an appointment is made beforehand, but sufferers are never turned away. No fees are asked for, and every patient is privately treated. Extensive library and reading room; chapel for meditation; comfortable lounge; modern cafe.

Also Daily Lectures and Demonstrations of Clairvoyance
The Largest Spiritualist Association in The World. EST. 1872.

33 BELGRAVE SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1.
BELgravia 3351 (5 lines)

Complete calendar comprising more than 500 activities per month, gladly sent free on request.

THE SPIRITUAL HEALER

THE JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL HEALING AND PHILOSOPHY

JULY, 1977. VOL. 25 No. 7 EDITOR F. TERRY NEWMAN

CONTENTS

FROM THE EDITOR	292	
TRY ANYTHING ONCE	293	David Gunston
SPRING SCHOOL 1977	296	Lyn Lytton
SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN	298	Charlotte Hunt
LOOKING AT LIMITATIONS	302	J.F. Carpenter
FRIENDSHIP IN HEALING	306	Frank Crew
POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE	309	S. Newton
HYMNS OF HEALING	312	Doris M. Hodges
WHEN A PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS	316	Joan Branch
THE LEGACY OF LOVE	318	Lyn Lytton
A GUIDE FOR HEALING DEVELOPMENT	321	Harry Edwards
THE RIGHT ROAD	324	Ronald Adkins
SUFFICIENT UNTIL THE DAY	331	J.S. Burnham

FORM OF BEQUEST

To those who may wish to become benefactors by Will to the Sanctuary, the following form is respectfully suggested.

"I bequeath to The Harry Edwards Spiritual Healing Sanctuary Trust the sum of £ free of duty, and I declare the receipt of the Trust Secretary or other proper person shall be sufficient discharge for the same."

The Healer Publishing Company does not hold itself responsible for the views expressed by contributors

Advertisement rates on application : : Published every month by "The Healer" Publishing Company Limited, Burrows Lea, Shere, Guildford, Surrey, England

THOSE DESIRING SPIRITUAL HEALING FOR THEMSELVES OR THEIR FRIENDS SHOULD WRITE FOR ABSENT HEALING, GIVING A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE COMPLAINT, TO MR. and MRS. RAY BRANCH, THE HARRY EDWARDS SPIRITUAL HEALING SANCTUARY, BURROWS LEA, SHERE, GUILDFORD, SURREY.



From the Editor

TERRY NEWMAN

IT is a singular fact that on every plane of understanding things which have no spiritual value tend to be regarded as ugly, whilst those which possess power to elevate human susceptibility are identified as beautiful.

People of all races and of all times have acquired objects of beauty with which to adorn their dwellings. Even the most primitive have discovered sensuous and tactile pleasure from the touch of smooth pebbles and sand-polished sea-shells, have carved effigies in wood, sculpted in stone, painted on the walls of caves.

The modest bungalow in suburbia, the elegant town house and the stately country mansion, all have their totems to æsthetic taste and sensibility, from painted ceramic vases to Waterford crystal, pewter mugs to Georgian silver, from Tretchikoff reproductions to original Gainsboroughs and Utrillos.

In our age and times, with individual craftmanship giving way to commercial industrialization and material values becoming the yardstick of progressive civilization, objects of intrinsic beauty are cherished as never before. As though a new awareness of the importance of beauty ranged against the ephemeral values of our times made something of beauty essential, almost a therapeutic factor in everyday life: of the acceptance, quite literally, that "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever . . ."

And always, underlying this homage to emulated perfection, a feeling for the goodness, the tangible emanation of refined, of heightened pleasure, like the distant laughter of children; as profound and compelling as ugliness is shallow and repugnant.

Beauty is as essential to the sustenance of the spirit as oxygen to the body. It is the antidote to the petty and the profane. In a world where happiness is fleeting it remains a fragment of arrested joy, a symbol of the permanence of truth. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty . . ."

Those who over the years acquire small *objets d'art,* cherishing them not as financial investments but for their intrinsic worth, find compensation in their proximity out of all proportion to their material value. And because beauty can communicate on all levels those attuned discover corresponding values in the world around them.

To apprehend beauty is to become aware of truth. To recognize it in human acts of kindness and compassion, and through humanity to recognize its source.

TRY ANYTHING ONCE

'We need to be pulled out of our easy chairs, out of our rut-like routine to discover unknown subjects of every kind...'

By DAVID GUNSTON



As a small boy I used to be constantly told: "If a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing well." As a spur to effort, this is no doubt proper enough, but with the experience of maturity I always want to re-phrase this tag: "If a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing as well as you possibly can. But don't worry or despair if that's not very much, for the secret is to try anything once and have fun in the trying."

In fact, I consider *try anything once* is an excellent motto for life; anything, that is, which offers you some interest and adapts itself reasonably and sensibly to human use. For this is the age of specialists, of one- or maybe two- or three-track minds, instead of multi-track minds open to all things. Indeed, the young are encouraged by career needs to specialise from quite an early age; all-rounders are not so common these days, nor are dilettantes, and the world is the poorer thereby.

"The happiest people," said Theodore Roosevelt, "are those who touch life at the greatest number of points. People who suffer are those who have only one interest of which fate robs them." This is very true, as even a casual observation of the world bears out. We all know of men whose lives were their work who literally pine to death after they retire. They really touched life only at one point – and were doomed accordingly. The many points at which we can readily touch life offer a whole mindful – with plenty to spare.

To concentrate all our attention on one source of happiness and fulfilment is asking for trouble, a form of mental blindness. Those who do that – and they are many – need a kind of psychological operation to open up their mental, emotional and spiritual eyes to enable them to see all round them activities and subjects for their attention which would instantly

enrich their lives and furnish them with dozens of new reasons for living.

A young child is innately interested in everything, but as his concentration develops, so he learns to discard things that appear not to satisfy his immediate purpose. These "habits of rejection" continue through adolescence when powerful new interests emerge, and harden during working life, often from sheer economic necessity: to earn a living in one sphere it swiftly becomes necessary to discard the pull of many other spheres of life. Thus arrives a certain blindness to the joys of the fuller world, of creative and constructive endeavour, that may even be life-long.

However, true maturity brings with it the adoption of new habits of rejection. The wisely mature person is at last able to see what things matter and, economic circumstances permitting, is able to reject total allegiance to mere money-making, mere career-pursuing, mere domestic routine, however admirable and vital these things are in due proportion, in favour of creative pursuits, mind-feeding activities, the really fuller life.

Alas, this is the ideal. Most of us fall far short of that degree of percipience and wisdom. Most of us have consistently narrowed down our world since childhood; we need to *try anything once* more than anyone. We need to find new positive habits to counteract the inertia created by our old ones. We need to be pulled out of our easy chairs, out of our rut-like routine to discover unknown subjects of every kind.

We need to try very hard to blur the difference in our minds between the two rigid realms of "work" and "play", since these cannot provide all the human soul and mind requires to function to the limits of its consciousness.

All this needs energy, of course, and it needs application, concentration, a better allocation of our time. For many the best way to start is by broadcasting the lines of existing interests, branching out from a known base, rather than flying blindly into the unknown. One thing will lead to another, freshness and richness will brighten the scene, others will exert good influences, and the world will soon become a much more fascinating place.

Even to try a small handful of things new helps to keep us sane, healthy, tolerant, open-minded, young in heart yet growing. If each living person is an engine, often one considered to be running down, the world contains endless new fuels for that engine to keep it running well and long.

For example, have you ever thought of doing even one of the following: learning to ice-skate; having a go at a new foreign language; trying embroidery or petit-point; mastering bridge; spending a few hours weekly on social work of any kind; collecting gems, rocks and semi-precious stones; learning to identify wild birds; making a sink- or indoor-garden; grappling with the principles of psychology; taking up Dickens again, or Trollope, or Jane Austen; creating some new menu dishes – without recipes; learning first-aid, or car-maintenance, or carpentry; studying a composer or author whose work you have always



enjoyed; starting a new pen-friendship, or renewing correspondence with old friends; making tape-recordings for the blind; joining an amateur drama group – even as a helper if you can't act; giving a talk on your local radio?

Twenty or so ideas: to touch life at even one new point is to experience new happiness that was not there before. If you have thought of such things, then *do one now!* If you have not, still *have a go! Now!*

Single-track living inevitably leads to a dead end, maybe sooner than expected. If you put all your emotional or mind-stretching ideas into one basket, however initially attractive that may seem, the chances are at least a hundred to one that sooner or later your basket will be lost, stolen, accidentally destroyed, or changed by outside events beyond all recognition.

Try anything once leads to tolerance, too. Tolerance of people as well as of things, which makes us more patient, kinder, more sympathetic, nicer to know. Life on fixed rails is a high-speed ticket to disaster. The adventurous approach needs enthusiasm far more than it needs time, or money. "Go out as discoverers in your own country," said Eleanor Roosevelt. "Be real voyagers even in a circumscribed area." Good advice indeed.

SPRING SCHOOL 1977

This year The National Federation of Spiritual Healers held their Annual Spring School at The Anglo-Swiss Hotel at Bournemouth

A report by Lyn Lytton

At every school that I have attended, this year being the seventeenth, I marvel at the constant aptitude of the organizers and teams to keep the interest going.

To live up to the great school names like those of Gordon Turner and Gilbert Anderson cannot be easy but there is no doubt that Michael Endacott and his colleague John Gordon have the magic touch, for this year saw one of the most varied and lively of the schools with a greater percentage of young students than usual.

To instruct, entertain and knit us into a wonderful and friendly whole a first class team was chosen in Dorothea (tireless) Hughes, Margaret Wilson, Marion Butler, Diana Craig and many more, including, of course, our Padre Rex Bontoft who was also "born" with the schools and, like them, has kept eternal youth.

It was stressed that this school was to be forward-looking and to be seen as experimental. This gave us a feeling of expectancy which was in all ways gratified. It was good to see, also, that some of the best of former schools was still with us in the morning and evening meditation. This was sometimes taken by newcomers and was always restful. Meditation had also a place in some of the groups and lectures and was much appreciated.

To all of us one of the most fascinating demonstrations of the week was given by Maxwell Cade and his helpers who with machines of their own design demonstrated in bio-feedback the changing patterns of mental behaviour. I found Geoffrey Blundell particularly good in connection with this as he had quite remarkable insight into human fears and emotions and displayed great understanding to all who took part.

Another wonderful opportunity was given to us to see a demonstration given by Brian Snellgrove of Kirlian photography. There were other colour slides to illustrate this and he took photographs of the energy fields in the hands of nearly all of us, and also gave readings of the results.

To all of us, I know, the highlight of the week was a visit from Ray and Joan Branch from Burrows Lea who with their friendly warmth and genuine interest in us all brought back so clearly the feeling of the presence of our beloved President of former schools, Harry Edwards, and all the love he built into the Federation. To see and hear Ray speaking, was to know that the beautiful door of Burrows Lea is still wide open.

On the last day of the school a public healing demonstration was held at Maison Royale in

Ray Branch addressing the students of the N.F.S.H. Spring School.



Bournemouth. This began with an explanation of bio-feedback technique, and as Rose Gladden gave healing, the mental behaviour of both healer and patient were shown on separate screens.

With so much of great interest you might think we had no time to know if we were comfortable and well fed. Indeed we were, the Anglo-Swiss Hotel staff were lavish in their attention, friendly and helpful in all ways AND we could see the sea too!

When it was time to say goodbye we all knew that many lasting friendships had been made and that all concerned had done a truly fine job of very hard work for us all. Thank you, and we can't wait for the next school, so, get planning!

The person who walks with you today, the child who plays with you, the companion who visits with you will go away just a bit different, for you make an imprint upon each person you touch. Every one of us is important, for by the power of influence the very character of our nation is formed. – RUTH COBB CHRISTENSEN.

SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN

Mountains are remote, detached, austere, mystical, like the element of water ...

by CHARLOTTE HUNT

A newspaper picture of high summer in the Bernese Oberland caught and held my attention, luring me away from waiting household tasks, and essential shopping. I hung over it, entranced yet saddened. With what sharp detail were those vast, snow-capped summits shown, emerging from cloud, the peaks shafting heavenwards.

Pockets of fir and spruce were dark shadows upon the white of the snows. Wooden hotels and chalets were dotted like toy dwellings across huge valley slopes. And there glittered the margins of a lake, with boats upon the waters, into the latter tumbling ice-cold cascades from glaciers, aeons old...

There was peace, there was tranquility, there was the true sense of the Omnipotent, of nature, man and creatures all balanced within their holding time-scale and dimensions.

The picture had, almost, a mesmeric effect; it proved quite hard to withdraw the gaze from it. But as well as the tranquility it brought, it gave me, personally, and no doubt a great many others who looked at it on that Saturday morning, a sensation of the most piercing nostalgia, amounting almost to anguish.

For I had walked those valleys, high in the mountains of the Swiss Oberland, I had been carried up to those soaring peaks by cable-car or funicular. Upon slopes as precipitous, I'd picked the lovely mountain rose, glowing crimson amid dark-green branches; hunted for the gentian, vividly blue, golden-hearted. Once, rare delight, there had come under my fingers the creamy Edelweiss, shy child of those regions.

But I'd not gone alone, but with a companion, who delighted in those high altitudes, the mighty Passes which cut through them, the tumbling waterfalls and the shy creatures of the valleys, marmots and ibex, which rambled there, and the yellow 'Post' buses, climbing the precipitous Passes.

Alas! we would together, in this life, ramble thus no more and the realisation brought desolation of spirit, a haunting sense of the past, shared joys that would never come again. For deeply-personal reasons, there could be no return.

Something of the solace of the picture had been lost with this inrush of memories. And there were still duties to be done, household tasks to be tackled, shopping to be sought. So out I went, the newspaper screwed into a ball, resolutely banished to the waste-paper basket. Close the door on memory, I told myself, even as I wrestled with recollections, inwardly, of snow on the Oberland mountains, the Alpine flowers

blazing in a riot of colours against it, a familiar figure, leaning against a rock, smiling down upon them – and me.

Mountains are remote, detached, austere, mystical, like the element of water ... charged with all the mystery of Being, in the spiritual sense. Personal loves had grown there, amongst those vast silences, and besides that, for me, amongst the mountains, there had come, if only at times, a sensation of getting closer to the heart of all Mysteries. Nowhere else did one get, surely, quite that sense of the Omnipotent, of the wonders and miracles of Nature, so that, again, personal loves seemed enriched and strengthened by any sojourn amongst them. And what followed, inevitably, offered a sense of something missing...

Outside, shopping basket in hand, half my mind now inevitably focussed upon material needs – how much bread, how much milk, will the joint last till Tuesday if I buy a big one? – I came to an avenue lined with suburban villas. It was, in fact, a detour for the shopping centre: I didn't quite understand why my feet had turned in that direction.

The sun was out and shining behind me. Perhaps it was that which, slightly dazzling my eyes, gave me the illusion that powdered snow covered the tops of the big conifers lining so many of the gardens, that heaped drifts of it lay before the house driveways and



were scattered on the tops of privet hedges? Snow – in early May – in North Somerset? Falling early in the morning, most of it melting away but leaving these melting particles on tree and bush? Or to be caught, sent dancing on the wind?

Pausing, I studied the nearest conifer, a blue-green tapering column, which sent a whiff of perfumed leaf and stalk toward me, reminiscent of those great pine forests of the Oberland. Then, staring, I felt my features break into a smile as delight claimed me. For the snow was a drift of creamy blossom from nearby trees, petals lying mostly in shadow, away from sunlight's direct dazzle. Snow crystals, I'd seen those blossoms as, because my mental eyes still probed backwards to the Swiss Alps and that other period of my life, the companion of those pleasant pilgrimages. Before every house driveway lay another carpet of blossom, mantling the stone courtyard. Fragments glowed on the green shards of a holly bush which bore, still, if crinkled and withered, its Christmas diadems of scarlet.

Under the holly branches bloomed a line of tiny blue flowers – no, not gentian, but of that same heavenly blue. Above the line of small, neat houses, the tower of the grey old church, the hills of North Somerset guarded her plains and valleys, that were dotted with farmhouses, churches, cottages. It was with a sense of awe that I realised that those hills had the look of mountain ranges. Westwards glimmered the silvery waters of the Bristol Channel that some folk, down here, still name 'The Severn Sea'. And up that water had come Joseph of Arimathea to bring his gift of The Grail and Christianity to Glastonbury.

Here, in a gentler land, my homeland, were symbolised, then, all those elements that, in the Swiss Oberland, worked their esoteric force upon me. Stooping, I picked up a handful of white "Snow" that had drifted into the gutter, and let it run through my fingers ... snow on the mountain. But also, muscari in a Somerset garden standing for gentian in a Swiss mountain slope, holly berries for mountain rose ... did time or place matter, so long as the assurance of love shared stayed?

Love is everywhere and indivisible, nor does it need a pilgrimage to the Swiss Oberland, or any place where once it has blossomed, to renew it in the heart. And God, Who is Spirit, can be found in a drift of blossoms along an English country road just as He can on the high snows of the giant mountains. By such symbols are we pilgrimaging humans able to piece together the mystery and the beauty of all love, Divine and human.

THINK ON THESE THINGS

"Finally, brethren, whatever is true, whatever is honourable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things . . . and the God of Peace will be with you."

PHILIPPIANS iv, 8, 9 (R.S.V.).



LOOKING AT LIMITATIONS

'So look round at your own, whether physical or material. Regard them not as foes but as stimuli to do better...'

by J.F. CARPENTER



Yes it's true ... restrictions can actually help us. They can help us to be happier, feel secure, even, and they can certainly help us to use our imagination and initiative. I think some restrictions may even assist us to keep healthy.

Let's think about restrictions ... or if you like to use other words, the limitations of form. We owe our very superiority to the animals through the limitations of form. Man can communicate in a way animals cannot, through the spoken and written and recorded word. But without the form of letters and words he could not do this. Man can create pictures and music. But without the form of musical notation and rules of time and harmony there would not be music. The same with drawing and painting. A man draws some lines on a plain page and instantly we recognise that he has drawn a cat, for example. Yet all he has really done is put some thin lines on the paper. It is because of the limitation of form that we saw the object he has drawn exists within the lines and so represents the shape of a cat. One could go on giving endless examples but even the few above show that the limitation of form is utterly necessary to mankind. Without form there would be chaos.

Actually man has an inborn passion for form. We may think at times that we don't like restrictions but actually we immediately miss them if they are not there. It is well known that some patients in mental hospital walk near to the walls and they keep their lockers immaculately tidy ... everything in its place. Order is vitally important to them.

The walls of a building are a certain shape and form ... they would feel lost if they were in a big empty space, and if their lockers were made untidy they would panic. Children really like order and the restriction of rules. Babies cry if their routine is disturbed. And think of ourselves, we like form even in our entertainment. If a play on T.V, hasn't a

beginning, middle and end, we feel cheated and worried. What was all that about ... is that the end, surely not? It didn't come to a proper end, we complain.

Many restrictions can actually help us. As a writer I know this. Recently I was trying to write a poem. It had to be in metre and rhyme. I thought of several lines but they would not rhyme. I searched my mind for new ways to say the same thing and through putting down several rhymes found a new and far better way of expressing my thought. I could not possibly have discovered that new expression without the restriction of the metre and rhyme. Similarly, a musical group I used to know produced the most interesting music. When I commented on how unusual it was, the leader replied, "Well you see the lead singer can only reach certain notes, and my guitar player can at present only manage certain chords. I have to write music to fit into those limitations." And he did, and it was charming and off beat and moving. Without the limitations his music would have been very ordinary.

From this we come on to the restrictions which often affect the majority of us in everyday life. Maybe it is the restriction of a mother with small children. She may feel they hamper her. Yet only a couple of months back I met a young mother who had just seen her two sons off on the school train to boarding school. "Whatever am I going to do now without them?" she grumbled. "I feel quite lost".

Quite suddenly the restriction of her children had become very valuable to her! Many a woman feels the same way when the children grow up and go out into the world. Perhaps she thought they hampered her while they were around the home, but now they have left she feels suddenly depressed and even a little insecure.

The limitations of not having enough money is another common one. Yet what a spur to initiative this is. A young woman I used to know and often envied as she always looked radiant and led a full active life, was quite poor. A few years later I met her. She had now inherited money. She had put on weight, looked depressed and rather dowdy and apathetic. "What are you doing?" I asked. "Nothing" she replied listlessly. "There's no need to work now ... I have all the money I need." Yet even as she said it I sensed she was not happy. All the incentive had gone out of her life. When she was poor there was so much to work for ... now nothing.

Necessity is the mother of invention, goes the old saying and really that is another way of saying limitation and restrictions can fire your imagination if you let them. It is only human to feel frustrated and irritated with restrictions ... hindrances we may think them. But instead of letting these negative thoughts crop up why not see how we can turn the restriction into a benefit to ourselves? Nature does this all the time. You will sometimes see the bough of a tree which cannot grow straight because some object is in the way. It will curl under or over and reach the light a different way, and sometimes it looks far more interesting than if it had grown quite straight. Think of a river joining towns

together ... a waterway up which ships can sail. How useful it is. Yet if it were not for the restriction of the banks there would be no river.

One of my pet restrictions used to be the friend or neighbour who would call just when I was in the middle of writing. Half way through an article on the typewriter, this annoying little tap would come and wearily I would think, there goes half an hour of wasted time! I am sure the frustration of sitting there listening to her did my nerves and digestion no good. Then one day I thought, I know what I will do, I will have a job all ready to do which I can occupy myself with while she is talking. So I collected all the little bits of mending and repairs which needed doing and stuffed them into my *delay bag* as I called it.

The next time someone called to waste my time I would sit and smile happily at them while I repaired a garment. It would have to have been done some time anyway so why not combine giving my friend a little of my time while getting on with it? Sometimes I could actually do a household chore while she gossipped ... say silver or brass cleaning or vegetable peeling. I even sometimes got her helping me!

The restriction of a timetable ... the daily routine of housework ... or the job if one goes out to work can make one feel one has no time left to oneself. Yet it is surprising if one really uses one's imagination how you can find plenty of time even in the tightest schedules to do some of the things one wants to do. I have heard of commuters learning foreign languages while travelling on the train, and others who even memorized something they wanted to learn while waiting for the bus.

The most depressing restriction naturally, is the physical one. But even this restriction can fire imagination if we are determined. When I had an accident to my right leg and was in plaster and had to hop everywhere, it was incredible how imaginative I got. I found all manner of ways to carry objects and even cook with the help of gadgets and methods which I worked out for myself. Some of these time-savers and ways of doing things were so good I even kept to them when my leg was strong enough to allow me to walk again.

I never went empty handed. Now that I can walk again I have got into that habit now of clearing up as I go along and not wasting journeys. I wouldn't have bothered with it without the restrictions of a broken limb. Now I save far more time than I used to because that restriction taught me to do so.

I am not going to make out that all restrictions are easy things to cope with. But I think it does help us to try and think of doing something a *different way*. Meet the restriction as a challenge. Before Christmas last year I lost my voice ... then followed a period of a week when I could only talk with difficulty and some pain. At first I felt frustrated with the limitation, then as I sat listening to my friends' conversations I thought how peaceful it was. I was using up less energy ... I was really listening to what they said instead of merely waiting until they stopped speaking so I could jabber way. I chose my words carefully only saying what was important because it hurt to

speak. The result was that during that time of restriction I learnt valuable lessons about communicating with others and especially about talking.

So look round at your own limitations whether they are physical, or material. Regard them not as foes but as stimuli to do better. Remember, limitations can be like a sparring partner in restricting you; in making you struggle your performance improves. There have been wonderful songs sung by people in captivity, great works written by men in prison, blind persons who wrote great poetry, deaf people who wrote magnificent music, handicapped people who painted masterpieces. Limitations can help you create something very beautiful in your own life.



FRIENDSHIP IN HEALING



by FRANK CREW

'Always have I believed that the closer a patient can draw to his healer, the closer does he draw to the healing forces of which the healer is a channel...'

I shall always remember words of our kindly and perspicacious Editor, who, when I wrote to him, saying that I had been accepted as a healer member of the National Federation of Spiritual Healers, he replied with a letter expressive of his pleasure at the news, and included with his kind wishes his hope that I would find many good friends in the course of my healing work.

At the time, I don't think that I regarded his reference to my making friends with all the significance that I might have done. I hadn't his wisdom; I was without his wide experience in meeting so many men and women renowned in the world of Spiritualism and Spiritual Healing – experience, undoubtedly, that has raised his editing of this magazine to a high level as reflected in his compelling editorials.

But as the years have passed and Mr. Newman's hopes of my making friends among my patients have been fulfilled, I have come to recognise rather more clearly than I did then that friendship in healing can be of greater account than people may realise. And I say this with more than one reason for illustrating the wisdom of that most kindly man.

Let us look at it this way concerning the first and most important of my reasons. If we accept the fact that God is love, we should accept also that such a love is reflected by his healing ministers who, in turn, pass it on to the hands and mind of the healer; and in whatever way he (or she) expresses it, such as by the compassion he feels for his patient and the fervent desire to bring the sufferer easement, his love in the spiritual sense is there. It asks no favours; it makes no demands; it is the offering of his God-given gift, and it is, or should be, given without stint by any dedicated healer.

If, as it so often happens, the immensity of his giving evokes the admiration and gratitude of his

patient, then, the patient's desire to show friendship towards his (or her) healer is a natural one, and one which is but rarely felt between a medical practitioner and his patient for two reasons. One is that the treatment of an orthodox doctor, however dedicated he may be in his work, is not an expression of Divinity – God's love – as the spiritual healer expresses it. The other reason is that a busy doctor in his surgery must concern himself more with medical prescription than with the development of human relationship. The chances are, therefore, that unless a doctor visits a patient in his (or her) own home over a long period, any friendship of a compulsive kind is unlikely to ensue.

In Spiritual Healing, when the treatment begins absently, the position is so very different. A patient's letters to a healer will reveal that person's nature and, mostly, give a faithful portrait of his (or her) personality. If it is one which the healer admires, and if it portrays a person whom he feels to be very much of his own wave length, then, if that feeling is a mutual one between them and something deeper than mere acquaintanceship by correspondence is formed, a patient's desire to meet his (or her) healer will invariably follow.

I have not met all the patients to whom I have given absent healing, for in many cases they live in places too distant from me to make it generally possible. Those, however, who have made a long journey expressly to see me have become my friends, and when I say friend, I do not mean mere acquaintances. Only recently, did I have a young science student make the long journey and back in one day from Liverpool to where I live in Sussex; and although it would be true to say that he came for contact healing of his conditions, I gained the impression beforehand – subsequently confirmed – that he was motivated very largely by the friendship that he felt for me and which I felt equally for him.

Always have I believed that the closer a patient can draw to his healer, the closer does he draw to the Healing Forces by which the healer is channelled. A perfect trinity is thus established to consolidate the full power of the healing effort. Friendship, then, in its most sincere form, does achieve that purpose.

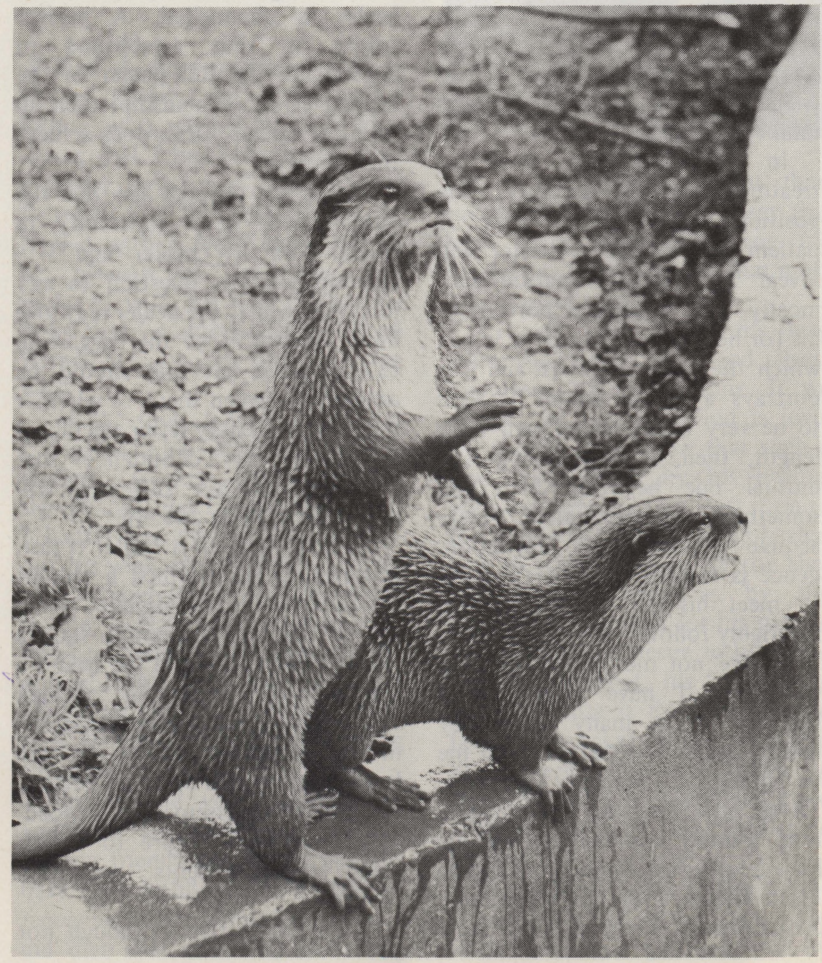
It has the purpose also that the patient will keep constantly in touch with his healer and will respond without question to any direction which the healer may give him, whether it be the suggestion that another meeting should be arranged between them, or whether it is only a friendly letter calculated to inspire his confidence that easement of his suffering will assuredly come in due time.

Friendship with a healer is not, however, a state which a patient should ever be so misguided as to try to force. To attempt such a thing could easily give the healer a source of irritation which conceivably could prove disastrous in its disruptive effect on the healing effort; for spiritual healers, for all their compassion, broad-mindedness and desire to understand their patients, are only human.

They can suffer – though not

perhaps to the same extent as others do —the annoyances of people and circumstances which tend to upset the even tenor of their life which is essential to them if they are to be the efficient instruments of God's healing ministers in bringing peace to a patient's mind and easement to his physical suffering.

I believe that if patients will observe this caution, will wait patiently for an indication that the friendship they feel for a healer is one which he accepts and reciprocates, and if furthermore, they will see that their friendship is kept in a constant state of repair, as the learned Dr. Johnson enjoined, the benefit of such relationship between patient and healer cannot be stressed too greatly; for the patient is not only helping the healing effort to overcome his existing condition, but is more likely to ensure a state of happier health for years to come.



POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE

'The doctors and the nurses in the hospital had all given me up. But I never gave nyself up. I really believed that I would get well again. And I did!'

by S. NEWTON

God helps those who help themselves," is a well known dictum. But how many human hopes and ambitions end in disappointment and despair because we either expect God to do all the work or we haven't enough faith and spirit to bring our expectations to fruition.

Nothing worthwhile is ever achieved without great effort and personal dedication, But before embarking on any serious courses of action we must know what we hope to achieve, whether our motive is sincere, and whether we have the courage and conviction to see the venture through to the end. In other words, we must be positive in our belief in what we are about to do.

Men and women who think positively get things done. Such people spread new ideas, open new frontiers, explore the unknown, climb mountains, lead marches, succeed in enterprises where others fail.

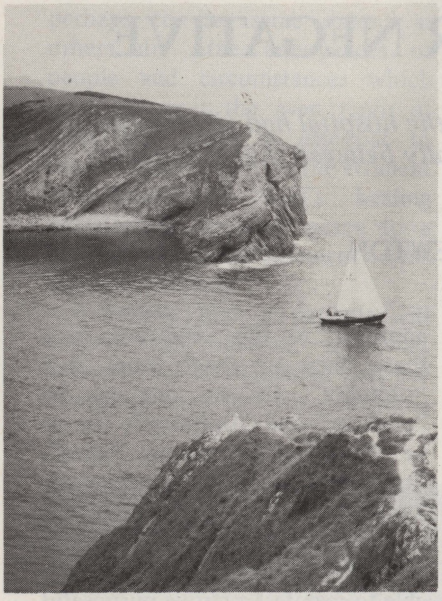
Such people, by virtue of their faith, courage and optimism, seem to attract spiritual forces to themselves which help to prosper their activities and desires. You have only to be in their company to sense their inner power; and they are not always famous or important people. Indeed, many so called "ordinary" folk have this positive approach to life. And yet, in a sense, they are much more than "ordinary", for no one can be "positive" and "ordinary"; for to be "positive" is to be "alive", "turned on", "quickened", "aware" etc.

There is no easy explanation as to why some men and women are able to manifest a strong purposeful character and a sense of vision in their life, while others – equally honest and sincere – seem to be weak and vacillating and unable to cope with life's vicissitudes. Perhaps it's all determined by our spiritual development. Let us be honest, though, for many people make a very low evaluation of human life.

In Shakespeare's play "Julius Caesar", the cunning Cassius, in attempting to win Brutus over to the conspiracy party, declares: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings".

Surely this is a great truth and until we have learned it we shall never achieve anything worthwhile. In creative work, in the business and professional world, we must have a sense of vision and purpose if we are to prosper.

But what relevance can this philosophy have to our health and happiness? Suppose a person's health is broken by reason of some disease or functional disorder, then



the road back to health and strength can often be long and hard, and indeed may sometimes end in defeat.

Modern medicine and hospital treatment achieve wonders today, but even they depend to a large extent on the co-operation and response of the patient. If the patient can rise to the challenge mentally, and spiritually, then a near miracle may be achieved; but if the patient should be lacking in mental and spiritual resource then the outcome may not be so happy.

In other words, our philosophy of life will often tip the scales one way or the other.

The writer will always remember a conversation he had years ago with a young man (nineteen years of age) who had just then recovered from a very serious illness. In describing the gravity of his illness, he said: "The doctors and the nurses in the hospital, and my own family, too, had all given me up! But," he said, turning to look me squarely in the eye, "I never gave myself up. I really believed that I would get well again. And I did!"

There was the real positive approach to life! There was the will to win – to fight the good fight – to win the prize! And why not? Do not the Sacred Writings, the prophets, the saints, the sages, and indeed the Great Physician all exhort us to link ourselves to the Mind of the Creator. "Lift up your eyes to the hills," we are told. "Seek and you will find. Ask for what you need and it will be given to you."

Why do so many of us close our minds to these great spiritual resources? Do we fear that we might have to give up some of our life-long self indulgences? Or is it because we are afraid to look at ourselves and see ourselves as we really are?

But how very fortunate is the sick person who can be treated by a good medical doctor and also supported by a spiritual healer, while he himself (or she herself) is fully "tuned-in" to the great healing and redemptive forces of the Spirit World. What a tremendous combination for good this can be.

The writer is firmly convinced that sincere positive prayer is one of the most powerful motivating forces in the world. Through its agency, hungry people have been fed; people lying in long sickness have been raised up to resume useful active service again; lost people have been found; businesses and industries have been built up; locked doors have been opened from the inside; fainting broken hearts have swelled again with new hope and courage.

The list is endless, for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. And the most amazing thing is that it doesn't cost us a penny. It's asbolutely free to all.

The Great Spirit in His profound Love and Mercy has provided for us all. Everything that we need or require exists in the Spirit World. All that we have to do is "tune-in", just as we do with our transistor radios.

But what we receive into our life will depend, of course, upon the wavelength that we select.

Reason strives not to remove mountains, it walks round them.



SWEET PEAS

No flower in the garden is lovelier than these – No blossom more beautiful than delicate Sweet Peas. Their petals look like silken shapes of dainty butterflies, lifting wings of gossamer towards the sunny skies.

Peach, pale pink and indigo, cerise and cream and flame – each one perfect in itself, alike but not the same. They bring something ethereal unto the summer hours – as if some Unseen Artist's hand had touched these lovely flowers.

Kathleen Gillum

HYMNS OF HEALING

Jesu Lover of My Soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom Fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me oh my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

There can be few hymn-lovers who will need to be told the author of this universally-sung and revered Christian hymn. Nor, perhaps, that Charles Wesley, along with his equally-famous brother John, was born at Epworth in Lincolnshire, the son of the Rector of the Parish.

Educated at Westminster School and then Christ Church, Oxford, he was associated with his famous kinsman in the founding of Methodism, along with George Whitefield.

In 1735, the brothers accepted an invitation from General Oglethorpe to preach to the people in Georgia, but the Mission not proving successful, they returned to their own land, and began in earnest the great evangelical crusade. If it was John (as has been historically accepted), who was responsible for the more arduous work connected with the spread of Methodist, then it was undoubtedly Charles who illumined the way with the fire and the passion and the genuine inspirational and devotional note of his hymns.

Charles Wesley is acknowledged as the most prolific hymn-writer known in the history of hymnology. Here are the opening lines of some of the more famous of them, apart from 'Jesu, Lover of My Soul', which surely takes pride-of-place even in this superb collection of Christian hymns:-

Love Divine, All Love Excelling.
Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies.
O, For a Thousand Tongues to Sing.
Christ the Lord is Risen To-day. (the magnificent Easter hymn!)
Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

All of them are greatly-loved, and perhaps some may be ranked higher, with many hymn-lovers, than 'Jesu, Lover of My Soul'. One must also mention the magnificent Christmas Hymn, 'Hark, the Herald Angels, Sing', which came from the pen of this marvellous man.

Henry Ward Beecher, the distinguished American author, said of Jesu, Lover of My Soul, 'I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's, than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It is more glorious, it has more power in it. That hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel fame: and then, I think, it will mount up on some lip to the very throne of God...'

Often called, too, 'the finest heart hymn in the English

JESU LOVER OF MY SOUL

By DORIS M. HODGES

language', it appeared in 1740, under the title, 'In Temptation', in the volume, 'Hymns and Sacred Poems'. Perhaps not surprisingly with such a popular work, many tales about its Genesis exist, including Wesley's deliverance from peril at sea, from enemies in Ireland from whom he managed to hide, of a bird who flew into his lap whilst he was aboard ship, and of yet another bird, pursued by a hawk, which took refuge in his room as he wrote.

The theme of such tales being of a deliverance, they could, one concedes, have started Charles Wesley off on the appropriate train of thought suggesting the final hymn. Another poignant story concerns the American Civil War, with a night when Confederates and Federal Armies faced one another, and a Confederate guard heard singing from amidst the enemy lines. Approaching warily, he heard:

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing

Forbearng to shoot, the Confederate returned to his own Camp. Years later, when peace had come, the Confederate Guard, then a passenger on an excursion steamer on the Potomac River,heard a man singing the same hymn, and later discovered that this, miraculously, was the same sentry who had, all those years ago, escaped shooting when he sang out into the war-torn night, Wesley's invocatory lines. Deliverance indeed, and perhaps, in the spiritual sense, for both men ...

This hymn, or so the writer feels, has much of the guardian spirit of 'Rock of Ages'; here is the same appeal for protection, indeed, for deliverance. The words, like all this writer's hymns, are simple but very expertly-chosen, and each one has the strength of an arrow as it flies to the target, the human heart. Well may it have been called, and still honour the title, of 'The finest heart hymn in the English language'.

Thou o Christ art all I want,
More than all in thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind,
Just and holy is thy name
I am all unrighteousness
False and full of sin I am
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Charles Wesley was in his prime (for a man of those hard times) when he wrote 'Jesu Lover of My Soul', but he went on writing, and accompanying John, for nearly twenty years, all of them devoted to the furthering of God's work in the Methodist Field, which he and John both conceived to be their mission, their call.

In 1749, Charles took a wife, Sarah Gwynne, of Garth, in Breconshire. He continued to preach in the open-air and in

churches and chapels for another decade, and then became principally concerned in superintending the Methodist Movement's administration in London and Bristol.

Wesley Chapel, in Broadmead, Bristol, the writer's native place, is still a lure for pilgrims from all over the world. He died at 81 in Marleybone and was buried in St. Marleybone churchyard. 'I have lived and I die' he had stated, when asked his wishes in this respect, 'in the Communion of the Church of England, and I will be buried in the yard of my Parish Church...'

Dead in the flesh Charles Wesley may be. But he lives triumphantly on in the hearts of men and women through the glorious vehicles of his hymns, all of them passionate with mystical zeal, throbbing with tender feeling, and magnificent in their expression of faith.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin,
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within,
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within my breast,
Rise to all eternity.

THE GARDENER STOPPED FOR ME

I suppose I shouldn't still expect to go off alone on birdwatching forays, yet I know I will while there's life and breath in my body.

I had waited a long time at the bus stop at a very breezy corner a few miles out of Eastbourne. Car after car passed me by, unceding the grey-haired lady, booted for a tramp on the downs.

The bus did not come and I was just about to return to the guesthouse defeated when a little old car drew up beside me.

"Can I help?" the driver enquired.

I told him where I wanted to go and he said "I'll take you there – it's well off the bus route though."

I clambered in among the cabbages, flowers and fruit that occupied most of the passenger seat. "I'm the gardener at the big house" he explained. "I'm on my way home to see to the wife. She's been bedridden for many years, but she's so good-natured its a privilege to do things for her. My boss understands. I'm going to get her dinner now and then go back to work."

He drove me right to the remote hollow which I longed so much to visit. There I can renew my strength beside the sea. I like to go there in spring and autumn to watch the migrant birds arrive from overseas, and return later in the year to warmer climes.

I'm not sure whether the birds, or the kind driver refreshed me the most that day. Whereas stern-faced business men had passed by 'on the other side', the humble gardener had been my good Samaritan.

"I'm a praying man" he said as we shook hands and parted.

"You really answered my prayers today", I replied.

WHEN A PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

by JOAN BRANCH

Someone asked me recently why it is that we give public demonstrations of healing, and some words my husband used in a lecture to healers some time ago immediately came into my mind. These words were: "One picture is worth a thousand words" and how true this is of spiritual healing when we think of public demonstrations.

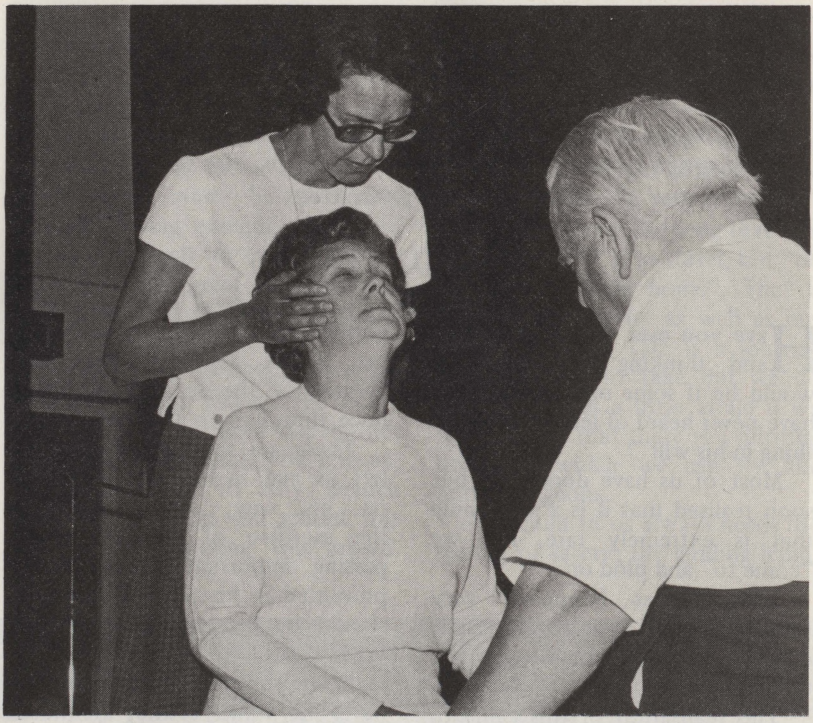
You can speak to people about spiritual healing and tell them of all the wonderful things you have personally seen take place; but those who have never seen for themselves the changes spiritual healing can accomplish simply have to take the other person's word for it, and sometimes stories of remarkable cures can be hard to accept.

Healing in public, however, dispels any such doubts, and when I look back to some of the magnificent healing demonstrations given by Harry Edwards over the years, I recall how he once summed up the importance of demonstrations as "proving it in public", for it should be remembered that on such occasions no arrangements were ever made in advance to see patients and so Mr. Edwards never knew who was likely to come onto the platform or how severe the ill-condition was likely to be.

Of course, he always emphasized to the audience that whilst there was no known human illness that could not be helped in some way or another through spiritual healing, the whole purpose of the meeting was to *visibly demonstrate* the power of healing; therefore, such conditions as functional disorders like diabetes, kidney failure or heart trouble would not be suitable for demonstration purposes and so it would be necessary for the occasion to have some of the more obvious physical disabilities like arthritis, spinal malformations, slipped discs and conditions of the arms and legs whereby he could show his audience a *visible* change for the better.

In our own public work, my husband and I proceed along the same lines, for we also feel that it is so important to *prove* the reality of the power of spiritual healing and this is all the more emphasized when we happily see changes take place with severe conditions of many years' standing often in a matter of seconds and without causing any pain.

Whilst it is such a happy experience for a sufferer to be relieved of his troubles and to share such an experience with great numbers of onlookers, there is another and most important aspect to consider and one which we always emphasize on these public occasions and that is, that *we* do not accomplish the healing and furthermore that we do not possess greater knowledge or skill than that of the doctors and specialists. It follows, therefore, that for a so-called 'incurable' condition to be



Harry Edwards looks on while Joan Branch gives help for deafness at a public healing demonstration.

overcome a far greater intelligence than that of Man has come into the picture – an intelligence that is able to diagnose in a matter of seconds the true cause of the trouble and then to be able to direct the necessary healing energies to overcome or correct the ill-condition. We stress, therefore, that because this healing force is not from a carnate source (i.e. ourselves) then it must be from a discarnate source, which we call 'Spirit', and furthermore that it comes from God and is administered through us by His Healing Ministers in Spirit.

It is on these public occasions that we have the opportunity of telling large groups of people of the vital message that lays behind the reality of spiritual healing and it is this: that because we are all able to receive healing influencing from Spirit it shows that we ourselves must be part-Spirit in this, our present life; and furthermore, that when this earthly life comes to an end, that we go on to a great and wonderful spiritual heritage.

It was this message that Harry Edwards delivered time and time again in his public healing work, and because the message is as eternal as the life hereafter, so it is our mission not only to perpetuate the healing work in Mr. Edwards' own special tradition but of even greater importance, to convey the teaching behind it.

THE LEGACY OF LOVE

'The presence of a dear, tubby man in a wicker chair in the sun-lounge beyond. The sound of tea-cups, the scent of the garden and the murmuring of great trees...'

By LYN LYTTON

Have you ever sat day-dreaming and thinking how grand it would be if some relative that you have never heard of left you "something in his will"?

Most of us have done this, but soon realised that it is a happening that is extremely rare, and we "come to" and plod on.

Yet it has happened very recently, to me and to thousands of others, though not through one unknown.

The realisation of this came to me as I walked down a street not long ago and stopped to take a low hanging cluster of cherry blossom in my hand. This special flower is symbolic of Harry Edwards to me and whenever one thinks of him it seems that a new quality in his character becomes clear and the long-term effects of his life become apparent.

Now I could see every detail of the frail flowers that would have been so dim to me last year, and I thought of the gifts of happiness and health that others would know during the coming days.

There would be those who would be living to see the land in bloom, their desperate ills overcome, some who can now take a walk in the sunshine where once they were chairbound or hobbled with a stick, some who will hear the dawn chorus of the birds for perhaps the first time in years, and yet others who will take easy breaths of the scented air where once they had to fight for breath.

These are the gifts that he has left us and as he went so quietly on his way, even considering the sacrifice of flowers for his passing important enough to be prevented in his request that none should be "tortured into shapes" for him.

Many thousands of his patients never met him, yet they are indeed rich in the love he gave to them.

One would have thought that this was sufficient for one life, that he might have felt that he had earned the title of "good and faithful servant", but in his last years there was to be yet more.

When I recently went to the N.F.S.H. Spring school in Bournemouth, I and many who attended felt the great loss of his presence among us, and a former patient of his said to me:

"I feel so lost. What shall I do now when I need his help? I did rely on him so much."

How well Harry Edwards knew that these feelings and needs would arise. So the planning began to find those who would be the ones to take over this vast responsibility.

What a difficult choice it must have been, what deep thought and meditation must have been carried

out before the final decision could be made, for it is not too difficult to leave a glorious house and a Sanctuary to which the sick may come, but it is not the lovely approach, it is those *behind* the door who must be dedicated enough, loving enough, warm and genuine enough to pour out the healing of this great man who can now only act through his Spirit self.

I have been privileged to know Ray and Joan Branch for many years and I had long hoped that they would eventually be chosen. As we listened to Ray Branch speaking to us at the school this feeling grew among the crowd. The acceptance of this "rightness" was acknowledged and walking and listening to the comments afterwards I heard how Ray had "come through" to everyone and that Burrows Lea would indeed be the same as before.

We have heard the song that tells us how good it is to travel, but "oh so nice to come home". That is true of our Spirits as well as our physical beings. Life is a journey that we love to take but we do sometimes feel a little afraid if we are not sure that there is a spiritual home to which we can fly like homing pigeons.

The child in us always needs the feeling of safety, the guiding hand,



no matter how independent we may wish to appear; and how well Harry could read our minds as well as our bodies. His healing was a gift, but his wisdom took his long life-time to mature, leading him to know just how much we would still need him in the years to come and so he worked tirelessly to that end and perfected the task as only unselfish love can.

I have been to Burrows Lea once since he physically left it and I wondered how I would feel. I sat for a time alone in the lovely lounge, a difficult thing to do, yet I was so glad of the opportunity to rest quietly and "feel" the house which should have felt sad and empty.

Nothing helped, it was a bitterly cold day in January, the wonderful garden was bare and touched with snow, the clock ticked quite loudly in the silence. I closed my eyes and waited, I didn't know what for, then many impressions came to me. This room fully of happy people. The presence of a dear tubby man in a wicker chair in the sun-lounge beyond. The sound of tea-cups, the scent of the garden and the murmuring of great trees. Soft footsteps going to the Sanctuary, sad faces that came out radiant with hope as pain and fear were overcome.

So many pictures over so many years, but one impression was missing, that of loss or grief, a great "going away".

It was all so much as always that as the door opened I opened my eyes expecting to see Harry and feel his warm handclasp. A little sigh escaped me, but only a tiny one because I *knew* that in his own words "All is well".

TRANQUILITY

Quiet waters on a Summer's day, reflect the blue of radiant skies ... within their clear translucent depths, a whole new realm of beauty lies; white clouds as light as thistledown, sail out across each silent pool ... bright flowers, fair trees, and waving grass, smile up from waters deep and cool.

A wonderland of Nature's art, lies imaged there in restful calm ... arresting, wholly beautiful, to haunt us with its dreamlike charm.

Still minds, like quietly dreaming pools, reflect the soul's tranquility ... the beauty of the heart at ease, lies mirrored in serenity.

Ursula M. Prout

HEALING DEMONSTRATIONS by RAY and JOAN BRANCH

October 8th	Healing Demonstration	Wilson Hall, Wilson Road, Ramsgate at 3 p.m.
November 12th	Healing Demonstration	Brixton Spiritualist Church, St. Michael's Road, Stockwell, London, S.W.9.

A GUIDE FOR HEALING DEVELOPMENT

(IV)—Magnetic Healing

by HARRY EDWARDS

BEFORE we come to deal with Contact Healing it will be well to understand what is meant by Magnetic Healing. This term is often used, but the use of the word "magnetism" is unfortunate, for the magnetic force can have very little, if anything, to do with healing. The magnetic force which moves the compass needle is a polarized physical force. It is not a spirit force.

Yet this term is widely used. What it does imply is a transference of energy from the healer to the patient. It is the manipulation of the chemical ethers which are our common heritage.

Each of us possesses a reservoir of physical and etheric energy and when these are depleted there is lassitude and tiredness. Many of our illnesses, especially influenza and the common cold, absorb or use up this reserve of natural energy so that we feel weak and inert.

It is with these reserves of etheric energy that "magnetic" healing is concerned. The "magnetic" healer has a superabundance of this vitality and is able to transmit it to the patient.

Thus of itself "magnetic" healing has no spirit significance as is understood by this term. It is, however, quite impossible to determine when "magnetic" healing ends and spirit healing begins—there is no rigid dividing line.

Its main use is in the giving to the sufferer of healthful power from the healer's etheric reserves. Its purpose is to recharge a patient who is lacking in stamina, thus assisting in the healing of certain complaints.

The range of diseases that can be helped directly this way is limited, but indirectly it can help almost all ill-conditions. The complaints that can be chiefly helped are anæmia, nerve and functional disorders, bone and certain stomach and bowel disorders.

It does not directly overcome disease but gives the body the essential strength and vitality to permit the healing forces to counteract ill-conditions.

If this form of giving energy is constantly practised, it will deplete the health of the healer and, therefore, its flow should be wisely controlled. This is one of the main differences that distinguish "magnetic" healing from spirit healing, for the latter never weakens the healer's constitution—rather it strengthens it.

When healers feel depletion after healing it is because they are giving (oft-times unknowingly) too much of their own vital cosmic energies. They should hold themselves in with greater reserve. They should let the healing power come *through them* and be not *of them*. It is more a question of levels of energy than spirit healing.

For anyone to give "magnetic" —a better word is "etheric"— healing, there must first be a feeling of sympathy for the patient, an inward



desire to strengthen him and remove the disease. Then as the healer holds the patient's hands, or places his hands on the affected area, *he gives of himself,* and by so doing the flow of energy will proceed from him.

The physical link-up (holding of hands) with the patient is not always necessary with the developed healer. It can be consciously directed by will from the healer to the patient.

This form of healing help is very often given unconsciously, as when a person of robust health and abounding vitality visits a sick one, so that the patient feels much better for the presence of the visitor.

On the other hand, some people are able to draw energies from others. Often one hears the remark "She seems to sap all the energy out of me." This is done conversely by the taker consciously (more generally unconsciously) drawing from the other the strength that is there.

After any conscious act of the giving of personal energy, the healer should devote a few moments to recovering his loss.

The sun vitalizes the earth and the rain fructifies it. This permits the acorn to germinate and grow. During its life the oak tree receives healthful energies, not only from its roots in the earth, but also from the sun, wind and rain that circulate about it. Man, too, is immersed in a sea of forces that circulate about him, and if through his mind he consciously absorbs through his breathing these forces, so he can refill his reservoir of energy, for he purposefully absorbs them for his need.

Etheric healing is the easiest and

simplest form of healing. Most people of robust health can give it, be they aware of it or not.

From the conscious giving of one's own vitality, the first step is often provided for the development of contact healing, which we shall deal with next month.

Simple Things

Gay vases filled with lovely blooms ... choice books upon the shelf ... these simple touches to a room, add to the spirit's wealth. The restless world goes blindly by, but wise are we who take, the simple homely things of life, and with them beauty make.

Ursula M. Prout

Let us not waste heart and life thinking of what might have been and forgetting the 'may be' that lies before us.

A DOCTOR WRITES

I have been interested in spiritual healing for a long time and have noticed there are different individual ways of applying the gift with differing degrees of success.

A short time ago thousands of us witnessed the demonstrations of healing on the I.T.A.

Many years back I was invited by Mr. Harry Edwards to visit a healing session at Shere. My friend and I spent a most illuminating afternoon. We were seated among the 20 patients in tranquil surroundings of the Sanctuary. There was no fuss and no noise. Two patients particularly remain in my memory.

One man, about 55 years of age, had a stiff hip and knee which was gradually loosened by Mr. Edwards, without any pain, when hands were placed on the joints. After about 10 minutes he slowly walked up and down the Sanctuary swinging both his legs.

Secondly, a girl about 18 years with a marked forward bend of the spine and a hard bump the size of a tangerine in the mid dorsal area on the back. Each of my hands were placed under each of Mr. Edwards', one pair on the girl's chest and the other pair over the lump on her spine. In a few seconds I felt the bump soften and get smaller, at the same time her back began to straighten considerably, but not completely. The bump was reduced to the size of a ping pong ball and there remained, at the same time the back stopped straightening.

Whatever healing process was at work I have always felt this was a most interesting demonstration, and it gave much food for thought. I should never have believed it possible had I not been personally involved and knowing there was no force used and no pain felt. That is why spiritual healing is remarkable.

Incidentally, after this visit to Shere I asked Mr. Edwards to give me healing. As well as great improvement to my general health I realized, after a few weeks, I no longer stammered as I had done, badly at times, since I was three years old.

THE RIGHT ROAD

'I came to a sign post. There was a narrow road going to the left but I decided to make my way back home. I was on the point of doing this when I felt a strong power within me urging me to go up that lane...'

By RONALD ADKINS

Experience is the best of schoolmasters. So goes the old proverb. I decided to invert it so as to read, "schoolmastering is the best experience" and so gave up my Curacy and went back to teaching.

I had been a schoolmaster before I was ordained so that teaching was not new to me. I had enjoyed life as a Curate but felt that I needed more experience in order to grapple successfully with human problems.

It was good to be back in the class-room again and I must confess that I enjoyed being able to talk without fear of contradiction, to be able to say that "this was right" and know that my pupils accepted implicitly my statements whereas, in parish life, I found, again and again, that people had their own beliefs which were quite different to mine.

I enjoyed school life and I also found the long holidays very welcome. I spent the Christmas holidays in my beloved Sussex. I was staying at Heathfield, a place I had known as a boy, and spent a good deal of time going for long walks. It was early in January when I walked from Heathfield to Mayfield and then headed in the direction of Rotherfield. It had been a bright, sunny morning when I set out and I didn't trouble to put on either an overcoat or a mackintosh. It was no longer however either bright or sunny; the sky was dark with black clouds. It was obviously going to rain very soon and rain it did – hard. I wondered where I could get shelter and then, rounding the road, I saw it, a delightful little cottage. As I reached the gateway I saw a little old lady standing at the front door smiling at me and beckoning me in.

I felt pleasantly surprised. It was strange that she should be standing at her door the very moment I came to the entrance of her cottage but I didn't worry about that, what mattered was getting shelter from the rain.

"Come in," she murmured, "and warm yourself by the fire. I'll make some tea, I'm sure you will be glad of a cup." She paused for a few moments and her eyes – she had very big, deep blue ones – took on a far-seeing look and then she added, smiling as she did so, "I believe parsons are very fond of tea."

Things were getting stranger than ever, how did this woman whom I had never seen before in my life know that I was a parson? I was on holiday and was wearing a collar and tie.

"I am a clergyman," I said,

"although I don't know how you knew that and, if it is not too much trouble, I should love to have a cup of tea."

She gave me a radiant smile, "I'll be back in a few minutes," she murmured and I lay back in a very comfortable armchair and stared at the leaping flames of the fire, feeling a wonderful sensation of peace stealing over me.

With the tea my hostess brought some delightful little cakes which melted in my mouth.

Miss Johnson, for that I learnt was her name, was very small. I thought that she could not have been more than five feet in height, she had snow white hair and beautifully shaped hands. She lived by herself except for a lovely ginger cat and yet she told me that she was never alone.

I wondered at this for I could not see another house and so there was no likelihood of neighbours 'popping in' at all hours of the day.

She saw my look of puzzlement and, smiling gently, said, "I'm never lonely because friends from



the Other Side are always with me looking after me and helping me." She paused for a moment and then went on, "They've told me that you are a clergyman although you are not doing parish work now but are teaching. In fact, a few minutes before you came along the road I was told that I would be having a visitor and that's why you saw me standing at the front door. I am to tell you too that the right road for you is the Church and that you will be back in the Church in twelve months time."

I shook my head, "I love teaching, I have no wish to go back to the Church."

She just smiled at me and then, taking my hands in hers, said, "Three months after you return to the Church you will visit a woman in great pain. You will lay your hands on her forehead and a doctor, your father, will work through you from the Other Side and the woman will be free from pain."

"You mean," I murmured, Spiritual healing, I've never done that and then, staring at my hands, added, "You know, I wouldn't dare."

There was complete silence in the room except for the steady ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece and then, very quietly, my hostess said, "I don't think you understand, you don't have to dare anything, you don't bring about the healing, it comes from the Other Side, you are simply the instrument and now I want you to relax while I lay my hands on you."

She stood just behind my chair and I felt the gentle touch of her hands on my head. I felt too a wonderful sense of warmth go right through me, followed by a sensation of well-being. I had walked a long way that morning but now all feelings of tiredness and weariness had gone, I felt, as an old schoolmaster used to say to me, that "I could push a bus over!"

I looked up and saw Miss Johnson smiling at me, "Feeling better now?" she murmured.

"I feel a new person," I said, "But what did you do?"

"I did nothing, I just let a healer from the Other Side send his healing power through me."

"Do you often do this sort of thing?" I asked.

"I only do it when I am guided, but then I gladly and willingly do it for it is a very great privilege to be allowed to be used as a channel for healing."

I got up and looked through the window. The rain had stopped and the sun was shining. It seemed symbolical of the warmth that was enshrouding me that January day. "I must be on my way," I said, "Thanks for everything."

Miss Johnson held my hand for quite a long time before I left, "I'm so very glad that I've been able to meet you, don't forget what I told you."

That however is just what I did. I went back to my school at the beginning of the following term, throwing myself into my work. I was thoroughly enjoying my job and then, towards the end of the year, seemingly out of the blue, came a letter from a vicar in Gloucestershire. He needed a Curate and, hearing about me from a friend of his, wanted me to join his staff. He said that he would pay all my travelling expenses and put me up for the night if I came to



see him so, as my headmaster gave me the necessary leave, I thought that, at least, I should go and see him although, in my own mind, I felt that I was going to hold on to teaching.

When I met the Vicar I took to him at once and, at the same time, I felt an impelling power within me to accept the post – so almost twelve months to the day when I met Miss Johnson, I was back in the Church.

The next few weeks I spent a good deal of my time visiting and, three months after my return to the Church, I was in a lonely part of the parish. I came to a sign post, there was a narrow road going to the left but I was feeling very tired and decided to make my way back home. I was on the point of doing this when I felt a strong power within me urging me to go up that lane. Reluctantly I turned to the left and, about half a mile down,

found, on the right hand side, a small bungalow. This, I knew, was the place I was to call at. I rang the bell three times and knocked on the door but there was no reply. I was on the point of turning away when I seemed to hear a voice saying, "You must go in."

I opened the door and, going into a hall, heard the sound of crying coming from a door on the right. I quietly opened this and saw a woman crouched in a chair crying her heart out. She stared at me and, looking at my clerical collar, her eyes widened in surprise.

Suddenly I knew what I had to do. "You are in pain," I murmured, "Let me help you" and, with that, I moved over to her and laid my hands on her forehead.

I felt what I can only describe as a sensation of power going through my hands and then the woman looked up at me and said, "Thank God, you've come, I had a terrible attack of migraine but now the pain has completely gone."

I smiled at her but my thoughts were with a little old lady who had told me that, in twelve months time, I should be back in the Church and that, three months later, my father would, through me, heal a woman in great pain.

I had, that afternoon, taken the turning to the left, but I knew that I had taken the right road.

There is no man so successful as he who does not await the arrival of his opportunity, but sets out and makes it.—BLAKE.

HEAVEN'S LIGHT SHINES

Nothing in life is from my God apart,
His face lies deep within a flower's heart.
Robes for His grace and purity I see,
Draped by the snow upon a forest tree.

His voice may whisper in the rustling grain,
A tortured creature bids me ease His pain,
His anger, or command, can come to me,
Through lashing waves across a gale torn sea.

And when my own, my personal life's amiss,
I do not ask "What can be done for this?"
I know, that through the healing hands I seek,
His love and care for me forever speak.

Lyn Lytton



There is no known sickness which has failed to respond to spiritual healing. Each month we present a selection of unsolicited testimonies of the healing results achieved. Genuine enquirers may see the original letters on request.

"Last September I asked you to give my brother absent healing as I was told that he had not many days to live (cancer). This week my daughter rang up his wife to say that he is *very much better*. He said he was going to get up, and this he did. Now he walks round the house and is able to enjoy his food."—2868.

* * *

"I brought my son to you when he was eighteen months old, he is now seventeen. He was badly deformed at birth, including webbed, deformed fingers, also legs which were amputated at four years of age, and a curvature of the spine. You told me he would have guidance and that he would be gifted and make a career for himself. That is what he has done. He walked on his artificial limbs on the second day, though doctors said it would take a few months. All specialists say he has made remarkable progress. It is nothing short of a miracle. He is now in his second year of training in Graphic Design."—2968.

* * *

"My internal trouble, the gastric hernia and the double vision have both been cured. I am now able to eat apples, nuts, etc., and it is a very long time since I was able to do this. I was told that nothing could be done for these conditions. I think the sceptics would have a difficult time trying to explain this away."—4368.

* * *

"On Sunday my back became completely locked from the waist down, and the pain from there and all down my right leg, which swelled up like a huge ball, was considerable. I spoke to you on the 'phone on Monday morning and at 3.10 p.m. my mother, sister and I were talking when all of a sudden my left hand, which had trembled for two weeks, started to vibrate. Then I felt a sharp click in my back which my sister said made me move. Mother said she had never seen anything like it. I know my back will ease now and I thank God."
—4168.

* * *

"My husband had a long-standing rash on his neck which used to run and caused a wide scar. He suffered from sleepless nights. He had many different treatments and attended hospital as an out-patient for some years. I wrote to you for him without his knowledge. To this day, some years later, he has no irritation and the scar has grown pale."—4468.

* * *

"Here is a report on my sister who has been dangerously ill in hospital in Warrington. She was suffering from high blood pressure, heart trouble, and a stroke which took away the use

of her right arm and leg. Since you began intercession for her on the 22nd the hospital reports considerable improvement in her condition and returned mobility to her leg and arm. This seems nothing short of a miracle."

—4768.

* * *

"Through picking up a leaflet about a demonstration of healing you were to give at Ormond Church, Richmond, I brought my grand-daughter to you. You gave her healing for the asthma from which she had suffered from the age of two—she was then twelve. From that day she improved and is now twenty-two and happily married. Her asthma is a thing of the past."

—5468.

"My father has been to the hospital and to everyone's astonishment—except mine and my husband's—his condition has been found to show no signs of deterioration whatever. So the seeming miracle has happened. He was X-rayed extensively and the plates showed no irregularity of the shape of the liver. The doctor says that either the cancer spots have faded away or they have become so small as not to show when X-rayed. If this is so, his resistance must be very great. We are all delighted. It is staggering."

—8068.

Letter of the month

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Branch,

I am writing before my weekly letter is due to let you know that I was "the slipped disc" upon which you demonstrated in the Rochester Square Temple on Saturday.

I had watched the other cases with amazement and had no idea that I should find myself being watched, and should have thought myself too shy to stand up in front of everybody but instead, I felt compelled to accept your invitation.

I knew the moment I left the platform that some great change had taken place and I cannot find adequate words to express my gratitude.

However much we owe thanks to Spirit guides or healers, we couldn't receive that healing without the unselfish devotion of the people who call themselves 'channels'.

It is wonderful to feel no more pain or heaviness and to be able to walk properly once more.

I send you my most sincere thanks together with my best wishes for all your wonderful work in the future.

(NAME AND ADDRESS SUPPLIED TO BONA-FIDE ENQUIRERS)

SUFFICIENT UNTIL THE DAY

'It is a psychological truth that when there is a conflict between imagination and will, the will invariably gets the worst of it...'

By J.S. BURNHAM

There can be hardly anyone who has not suffered the suspense of uncertainty. It starts very early in life with school examinations and reports and goes on to the first job – its application and the wondering about acceptance – and if it can be held down.

This sort of suspense is in rather a lighter vein to that to which we may be subjected in later life because we have some control over it. We either did our best in our studies or we didn't; and if we didn't work as hard as we should have done the fault is ours.

So we've brought upon ourselves this dreadful feeling called 'worry'. All peace and quiet are taken away, suspense and anxiety are created, and life – which was so happy – has become a nightmare. A state of helplessness exists and nothing alleviates it. It is like a mental cancer.

There are some events in life, however, over which we have no control, and when they effect us we are apt to be knocked over completely.

One of our family has been involved in a serious accident. The first we know of it is the arrival of the police car at the house, and we listen to the information quietly given. The colour goes from our face and our knees feel as if they will give way. When the police have gone there is the rush to the telephone and the interminable wait until we are connected with the right ward. We hear the disciplined voice saying that it would be advisable to come at once.

In a panic we grab some money and a coat. When we get to the hospital we are told that we may only go in for a minute, and we know that this is more or less for identification. We go in and we are utterly helpless, there is nothing we can do except to go home and that is where the rot sets in.

The waiting hour after hour, day after day and night after night, and it's the nights which are so terrifying. Unable to sleep, toss and turn in bed, get up and walk to and fro in the house. It is a most painful ordeal and a negative state of misery. There's the everlasting waiting for the telephone; we look at the instrument and dread the sound of the bell, and yet, we want it to ring.

The news gets around and the callers come with the endless questions and words of sympathy. We dread them too, although they

make a break in the pattern of things. The dust accumulates, the house becomes untidy and we try to do something about it and start to do it. Then we think "What does it matter? Nothing matters". Endless cups of tea and countless cigarettes, no proper meals, no appetite. We are right down and there is no ray of sunshine.

It is a psychological truth that when there is a conflict between imagination and will, the will invariably gets the worst of it. Much of what we imagine never happens. If we have a very difficult duty to do and let our imagination dwell on the difficulties, we shall shirk the duty and be defeated. Surely our duty in these circumstances is to overcome the defeat.

Depending upon ourselves and our outlook on life there are two ways by which we can ease our minds and try to conquer our misery. The first one helps a little but is not the solution, it is this:- be active and couple your activity with strict discipline. Force yourself to go out and get plenty of exercise – walking, cycling,



working in the garden if you have one. Make yourself prepare proper meals, whether you feel like it or not. You can't hurry the events of your life but in any one day you can get yourself physically tired so that you will sleeep. All these things help.

If, however, we bring our faith in God to work, we can carry a great tragedy in the spirit of quiet calm when there is nothing to do but wait. "In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust" – put the whole thing into the hands of God and be utterly content and resigned to His will. Replace worry with concern. There's a big difference.

Concern makes an effort to do something and to have some part in what is going on. It is the fruit of love and can be referred to God, with whom it rests and who *gives* essential patience to bear the waiting time. It is no use trying to get the darkness out, we have to let the light in.

In order to fully understand the experience we must go fully into it and then come entirely out of it. In such a little while the sorrow is over – vanished, silent. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof", and the day is short and the day passes. Sorrows, which seemed too great to bear, pass, they are passing while they take place. They are over. Those who weep, weep no longer. The trouble borne has served its purpose, it has purified a soul and increased its dignity.



THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD

is to KNOW where YOU came from, WHERE you are going, and WHY.

This and much else besides is happily EXPLAINED in Laurie Worger's joyous sequence of books. Get them from the local Public Library.

		U.K.	U.S.A.
LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND! (1958) 3rd impress.	152 pps 1 plate	£1.50	$3.00

Has already helped thousands to understand how THEY are encompassed by the Spiritual Laws of God.

MY TREASURES FOR YOU	176 pps 5 plates	£1.75	$3.50

Gives a clear explanation of Spiritual truths relative to ALL humanity. Life after death, re-incarnation, maya etc. interspersed with delightful animal stories.

UTTERLY WONDERFUL, PERFECTLY TRUE	214 pps 2 plates	£2.00	$4.00

'This book literally shines out with the love of the Beloved Master Jesus, who inspired it for the present age.'

The vision of Jesus during meditation in India in 1943 provides the key which unlocked these books.

All postage paid. U.S.A. no cheques please, bills only.

THE PERCIVAL BOOK COMPANY, 73 WAGGONERS WELLS ESTATE, GRAYSHOTT, HINDHEAD, SURREY. GU26 6ED, ENGLAND.

THE SCIENCE, ART AND FUTURE OF SPIRIT HEALING



By PAUL MILLER

308 PAGES of the fascinating story of spirit healing from Biblical times to the present, embracing many aspects of psychic science and how spiritual healing relates to it. The book contains intriguing biographies of some of the greatest healers of this age ... Parish, Fred Jones, Judge Edmonds, Schlatter and, of course, Harry Edwards, whose healing work dominates the book. Fascinating, informative, wonderful reading.

Illustrated. Price £3.40 post paid.

Available from:

THE HEALER PUBLISHING CO. LTD.,

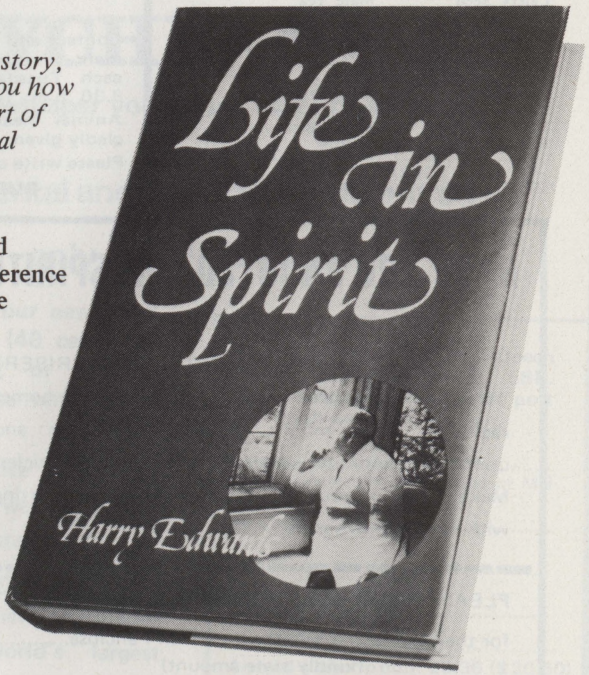
BURROWS LEA · SHERE · GUILDFORD · SURREY

YOU MUST READ HARRY EDWARDS' BOOK

Life in Spirit

Harry Edwards' intriguing adventure story of two young people, John and Mary, who have passed on and the sort of new life they have entered into . . . the world of Spirit. The questions they ask are those which you yourself would ask – do we have a physical body? . . . our same identities? . . . do we meet those who have gone before us? . . . what do we wear? . . . how do we travel? . . . do we eat? . . . do we sleep? . . . etc. etc. The answers to these and so many other questions make "LIFE IN SPIRIT" one of the most fascinating and absorbing books you are ever likely to read.

And at the end of the story, Harry Edwards tells you how you can develop the art of mediumship in a special 48-page supplement.



238 pages ... illustrated ... well indexed for reference Over 3,000 copies have already been sold.

Price £3.50
inc. postage.
Available from:
THE HEALER PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
BURROWS LEA
SHERE,
GUILDFORD,
SURREY.

"Unwind in our **SPIRITUAL** Holiday **HAVEN** within **LAKELAND** splendour . Accommodation . **SANCTUARY** . Library . Discussions . Vegetarian . or Standard meals . Mr/Mrs Pullin . Helme Bank . Nr. Natland . Kendal . Cumbria . LA9 7PS . Details . **S.A.E.**

SPIRITUAL HEALINGS FOR CATS & KITTENS
DAILY INTERCESSIONS
Margaret Foster, 11 Monmouth Road, OXFORD OX1 4TD. Phone 40673

"New Forest" Herbs

(Send for your FREE Catalogue and list of herbs)

Gerard House has in stock over 200 herbs, some of which are listed below. Packing is in cellophane bags without instructions for use.

Owing to the diversity and almost continuous price-changes we do not quote specific prices for each herb. We are pleased to send your requirements (post and packing free) by return of post, at the rate of 60p for a supply of each single herb.

Weight of packet sent will vary according to current market prices. This really means we send you 60p "worth" of herb. 60p "worth" of an inexpensive herb will therefore mean more weight, in terms of ounces, than another more costly. Rest assured, you will receive good measure of best quality dried herbs, roots and barks at the lowest of today's prices.

Agrimony, cut	Irish Moss (Carragheen)
Bogbean	Juniper Berries
Broom Tops	Lime Flowers
Buchu Leaves	Linseed, whole
Burdock Root	Marigold Flowers
Camomile Flowers	Marshmallow Root
Celery Seed	Mate Tea
Comfrey Herb	Mistletoe
Elder Flowers	Nettle Herb
Eyebright Herb	Raspberry Leaves
Elder Flowers and Peppermint	Red Sage
	Scullcap
Gentian Root	Senna Pods
Horehound, cut	Slippery Elm Powder
Horsetail	Wood Betony
Iceland Moss	Yarrow

GERARD HOUSE
736B Christchurch Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth

SOLVE YOUR HEALTH PROBLEMS

Send stamp for particulars of Homoepathic, Biochemic and Broadcast treatments (no drugs). Individual attention.

NADA, Natural Health Centre,
1 Nelson Road, Bognor Regis, Sussex, PO21 2RY.

The Animal Healing Sanctuary

4 Afonwen, Pontfadog, Llangollen, Clwyd. LL20 7AP.

Mrs. G.W. TOMKINS, the famous animal Healer, gives Absent Healing daily.

Please write (S.A.E.) No Fees!

Let us help your pet back to health.

The Sanctuary of the White Rose

132 Chanctonbury Road, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

Contact and Absent Healing by appointment. Weekly clinic held at Martlets Hall each Tuesday between 7.30 p.m. 9.30 p.m. (No appointment required).

Animal healing, contact and absent, gladly given.

Please write or telephone. S.A.E. No Fees.

BURGESS HILL 6203

HAVE YOU ENJOYED 'THE SPIRITUAL HEALER'?

If so, why not become a REGULAR SUBSCRIBER? "The Spiritual Healer" is read in over 15,000 homes **regularly** every month, bringing inspiration and upliftment with its wonderful pictures and articles. Make it part of your regular monthly reading, starting with **next** month's issue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

12 mths £3.50
6 mths £1.75
post paid

DID YOU KNOW that you can order "The Spiritual Healer" through your regular news agent?

PLEASE SEND ME "THE SPIRITUAL HEALER"

for the next.....months for which I enclose.....
(kindly state amount)

NAME.....
(Block letters please)

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

Post This Coupon to "The Healer Publishing Co. Ltd., Burrows Lea, Shere, Guildford, Surrey.

OVERSEAS: Remittance may be sent by International Money Order. One year's subscription £3.50

U.S.A.: Remittance may be sent in dollars by International Money Order or by cheque. One year's subscription $7.00

PSYCHIC NEWS

offers informed comment on all aspects of spiritual healing and psychic phenomena.

PSYCHIC NEWS

presents world-wide, up-to-the-minute news of the psychic scene.

PSYCHIC NEWS

is the only weekly Spiritualist newspaper of its kind in the world.

PSYCHIC NEWS

is the newspaper you should never be without.

This mental and spiritual stimulant costs only 11p weekly

Order from your newsagent. Send us 18p (40 cents) for current issue, or a back number will be sent free of charge.

You can receive your copy direct each week by becoming a postal subscriber.

Fill in this form »

The Spiritualist newspaper with the world's largest circulation

Registered in London 264882

To *Psychic News*, 23 Great Queen Street, London, WC2B 5BB. Please send *Psychic News* by post each week for one year.

Name.....
Use block letters. (Mrs, Miss or Mr)

Address.....

.....

.....

I enclose remittance for .....
Annual subscription: £9.36 ($20.60)

SH JULY 1977

You save money with a combined annual subscription to **Psychic News** *and our monthly magazine* **Two Worlds,** *£12.80 ($28.15)*

BOOKS

by Harry Edwards



SPIRIT HEALING

Encyclopaedic in scope, covering every aspect of Spiritual Healing. The book is in two parts. The first deals with the theory and philosophy of healing, the second is concerned with the "Application of Spiritual Healing" and deals with problems that arise from healing practice.
(U.S.A. and Canada, approx. $4.00) *Well illustrated,* **£2.00** *(post paid)*

THIRTY YEARS A SPIRITUAL HEALER

Harry Edwards tells the enthralling story of his life, from the earliest signs of his wonderful gift of healing to his development as the world's foremost spiritual healer. He recalls many of his most outstanding healings of cases considered "incurable" by the medical profession. A wonderful autobiography.
(U.S.A. and Canada, approx. $4.00) *Illustrated,* **£2.00** *(post paid)*

THE HEALING INTELLIGENCE

Spiritual healing is not mysterious, but often thought to be so. It is, in fact, a spiritual "science" and this book explains how the healing process operate and how one can more closely co-operate with the healing purpose by employing the various bodily intelligence systems we possess.
(U.S.A. and Canada, approx. $4.00) **£2.00** *(post paid)*

A GUIDE TO THE UNDERSTANDING AND PRACTICE OF SPIRITUAL HEALING

In this new book Harry Edwards covers every aspect in the field of healing. It is for the beginner and the advanced healer too.
(U.S.A. and Canada, approx. $6.00) *Illustrated,* **£3.00** *(post paid)*

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF JACK WEBBER

An eye-witness account of one of the most remarkable mediumships of our time, presenting unshakable evidence of the reality of the Spirit world. Contains 36 full-page photographs, unique in psychic history, testifying to the thoroughness of Harry Edwards' investigations.
(U.S.A. and Canada, approx. $4.00) *Illustrated,* **£2.00** *(post paid)*

ALL THE ABOVE BOOKS ARE OBTAINABLE FROM:

THE HEALER PUBLISHING CO LTD
BURROWS LEA, SHERE, GUILDFORD, SURREY, ENG.

Published by "The Healer" Publishing Co. Ltd., Burrows Lea, Shere, and printed by The Commercial Press, Guildford

We hope you will like this specimen copy of "The Spiritual Healer". It is the house journal of The Harry Edwards Spiritual Healing Sanctuary, founded by the world-renowned spiritual healer, Harry Edwards, who in his lifetime healed countless thousands of people suffering from all manner of ill-conditions. Harry Edwards once stated that there was no known human illness that could not be helped in some way or another through spiritual healing.

Although he has now passed on, the work of his famous Healing Sanctuary is continuing through his chosen successors and associates, Ray and Joan Branch. If you feel they may be able to help you, or if you would like to have further information about The Sanctuary and its healing work, please write, sending a stamped addressed envelope for our reply to:-

Ray and Joan Branch
The Harry Edwards Spiritual Healing Sanctuary.
Burrows Lea, Shere, Guildford, Surrey. GU5.9QG.