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Those desiring spiritual healing for themselves or their friends should write for absent healing, giving a brief description of the complaint, to The Spiritual Healing Sanctuary, Shere, Guildford, Surrey.

From the EDITOR



IT seems a laudable aspiration that workers whose aim is the same, labour for many years and overcome extreme difficulties in order that their efforts may be concerted eventually into one united whole.

Their sustaining hope is that when joined together in a corporate body they may further their aims and purposes by operating as a well-knit organization, for unity is reputed to be strength, and the fellowship of many with identical objectives is assumed inspiring to those within the group and eminently worthy to those without.

But the proof of the pudding lies not so much in the recipe as in the result. The Christian Church, for example, instead of emerging as a powerful unified body has, through intolerance and misinterpretation, been split into almost three hundred different denominations.

The medical profession, and particularly the research hospitals which absorb millions of pounds yearly, have not lessened the incidence of disease and sickness; yet woe betide any unorthodox healers who may seem to infringe their territory.

The Marxist inspired creed of Communism which already has spread across half the world, contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. For it makes man subservient to the State.

The lesson of history serves to show that there is some spirit in man which transcends and rebels against rigid dogma and doctrine inevitably imposed upon him by organized bodies. Even the law as imposed on man by man for mutual protection and benefit, must continually be changed and amended in a belated effort to keep pace with public opinion.

The wise general knows that the only valid discipline which is effective for good is that imposed by the individual upon himself. Whilst it is the individual working alone, with conscience as his sole mentor, who has achieved those victories which have lifted man above the brute level and established the most noble milestones in the history of the race.

The human spirit can never be fettered. Morality may be imposed but spirituality must evolve. And wherever men of good will hold thoughts of truth and honesty there is established a bond on a level transcending man-made organizations.

One of the most significant examples of this unfettered power for good is evinced in the progress of the Silent and Healing Minute. Stemming from the Big Ben Silent Minute inaugurated by W. Tudor Pole, Observers throughout the world unite in prayer at chiming of Big Ben (one hundred years old this year) at nine p.m. every evening.

One minute of poignant, mystical communion. No ritual, no dogma, no set prayer. Just a spontaneous, mightly-growing act of intercession from men and women of good will —everywhere.

HEALING STREAMS

"In the court of every mosque there is a fountain, where jets of water rise and fall . . . for the ablutions must be performed in living, *i.e.* running, *water . . ."*

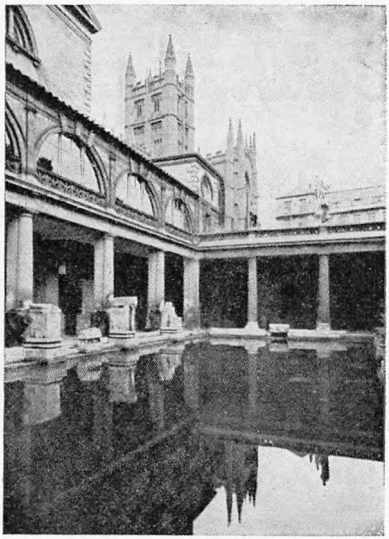
by Lorna Horstmann

AT the foot of the hill where I live runs a small brook whose waters are supposed to contain medicinal properties. Certain it is, that within living memory the monks who lived near here used to bring horses in from the district around that they might stand in the water and so strengthen their fetlocks.

But the association of water with healing is far more than a matter of chemistry. From time immemorial, they have had a close occult relationship, as is suggested by the cures at Lourdes, and the potency of ancient holy wells and other springs.

Deeper still, the relationship is a spiritual one. Religious literature speaks of "the fountain of the water of life," and of "living waters," phrases which clothe profound truths. In the Bible, a "fountain" signifies a springhead or source, and "living" infers a never-ceasing supply. Spiritual healing is, indeed, not a tap to be turned on and off at will, giving a passive flow of stale water; but is a spring from which pure, active water surges up, defying gravity with its living power, and overcoming all obstacles.

It is one of the paradoxes of life that obstacles often aid the spiritual power which contends with them. Jacob had to wrestle with his spirit visitant before the blessing could be given him. Although healing flows freely and is a gift, yet it would seem that with the gift must go deliberate intention and resolve before the inspiration can be translated into terms of our humanity.



Healing waters of Bath.

Things live and grow in tension; not the negative stress and strain known to therapeutics, but the creative tension of the mounting wave that moves to the shore as the crest flings free; the tension of poet or painter, breaking into sudden beauty; the tension of the wings of a bird beating against the air, resulting in flight; the tension of a young plant as it strives to overcome the weight of soil above it, and in striving, achieves maturity.

So it is with the healing streams.

Immediately healing is sought, battle is joined between the upward surge of new life and the forces which would seem to threaten its flow, but which can help to set it free.

The work of a healer is neither passively automatic nor a closed scientific system; rather would it seem to be an art, with all the unpredictability of art, with its paradoxes and vagaries, its tensions and releases, and its miracles. Saint Paul might well have been describing the overcoming power of spiritual healing when he spoke of "the tension of this struggle that gives us glory."

* * *

Cosmic Strength from Trees and Water

Some time ago Harry Edwards wrote an article on this absorbing subject under the above heading. As much of it is pertinent to Lorna Horstmann's article a summary of it has been included.

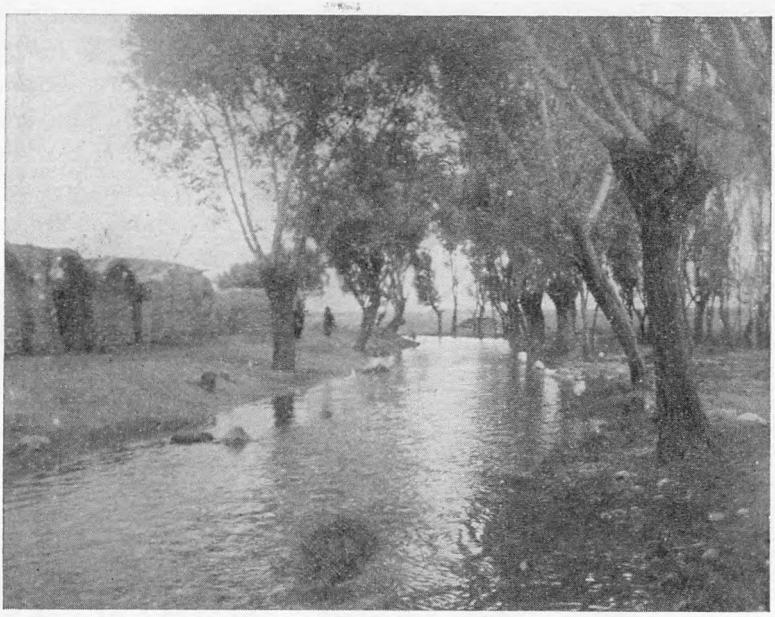
WHEN we go to the sea-side and smell the ozone from the sea, we take in deep breaths and feel stronger and fitter. In this way we employ our "inner" faculties to consciously fill up our reservoir of cosmic energy. In the same way, it has often been experienced that this energy can be taken in also from fresh flowing water.

Recently I have received enquiries from readers as to whether there is any truth in one's ability to absorb this strength from stagnant pools that are covered with green, or algæ. Apparently someone is advising this to those wishing to develop their spiritual and healing gifts. I doubt the wisdom of this advice. With stagnant water there is not the giving out of energy. It is impure and not oxygenated, and algæ is one of the lowest forms of plant life; it requires little for its sustenance and growth. Such advice does not tally with the general principles that govern psychic science and should therefore be treated with reserve.

The writer places great stress upon the advantage we can receive from characterized breathing as a healing process. Characterized breathing by intention, drawing into our lungs the full supply of oxygen and at the same time the cosmic energies, give to our bodies their essential needs.

In this article I need not go into the actual processes and system by which the cosmic energy is received into the body. To those who wish to try this form of helping one's self it suffices that the energy is received and absorbed into our bodies. Proof of this will be experienced in the sensation of exhilaration, being "on top of the world."

The conscious absorption of cosmic energy is a valuable contribution towards the development of spiritual gifts. Cosmic energy belongs to that part of our realm that is near-physical; that is, the inter-state between physical and spirit. It belongs to the state of ether, which has been described as the "no-man's-land" that separates the spirit realm from our realm. It is the etheric energy that the spirit



doctors use in the healing of organic troubles. Our physical atoms are but forms of characterized ether-energy. From this simple truth we can begin to see the way in which the spirit people manipulate and direct the remedial qualities of etheric energy to the sick.

I hope that some who read this article may be tempted to try consciously drawing cosmic strength into themselves — by characterized breathing in the proximity to trees and verdant shrubs, the sea, or clear, flowing water—and to see whether the feeling of inner strength, or exhilaration, is experienced. If so, then this practice should become as much a daily habit as the eating of food. I would like to know the reactions of any who try this.

* * *

At Malvern, the water of the Holy Well, so long as 200 years ago, had a great celebrity for the cure of sores, especially of the scrofulous kind, both in its external and internal use. It is not known when the Malvern waters first gained a reputation for healing, but the springs of St. Ann and the Holy Well were certainly known in the Middle Ages, and were in great request for the healing of skin disease and sore eyes in the seventeenth century.

MAXWELL FRASER—"Companion into Worcester."

* * *

THE ESSENCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort, of feeling safe with a person; having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but to pour them all out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, knowing that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, then with the breath of kindness, blow the rest away.



And yet we cloud the brightness of all these swiftly passing delights because our utmost efforts will not make the children perfect; because we will not trust the miraculous principle of growth to unfold the capacities from the human soul far better than we can unfold them; because we face the future with apprehension and not with confidence.

Learning to Live . . .

Don't over-worry about their shortcomings; children have a happy knack of turning out much better than you expected.

WHEN my first baby was very young and I was bracing myself with all the serious-minded intensity of the modern young mother to do the right thing or die in the attempt, I remember seeking out my doctor with an impassioned plea for a definite rule of hygiene.

"One set of old women tell me the baby will certainly have cholera and die if she isn't swathed in woollens, and another set say she will burst into prickly heat and hives if she has anything but the finest linen next to her delicate skin. *Which is right?"*

The doctor looked at me whimsically. "Let me tell you one thing, although doctors usually keep it a secret from mothers. A healthy baby is very apt to grow up all right, no matter what form of mania his mother's consciousness takes.

"Whether you use linen or cotton or wool, if you keep your baby warm and dry and clean and comfortable, you can't keep her from growing up, no matter how much you worry over her!"

At the time I thought this the most evasive of generalizations, but I have learnt to smile with my wise doctor over the needless trouble we all put ourselves to in our grim determination to do our duty as parents.

For it is astounding to observe the almost perfect unanimity with which from wholesome, healthy homes and sane and cheerful families there emerges a new crop of wholesome, healthy, sane inhabitants of the world.



[*Photograph on Ilford Film.*

With Our Children

Somehow, if children are given plenty of sleep and enough nourishing food, a reasonable amount of instruction, not an overwhelming amount of scoldings, and a great deal of love, they develop from the troublesome, boisterous, immature beings over whose failures we wring our hands, into useful and conscientious members of the community.

All that we have done by worrying over them and by seeing dreadful possibilities in each of their foibles is to embitter in their lives a few hours which otherwise would have been sweet.

We poison each small emergency with the anguish of apprehension until it swells up morbidly into a crisis, and, brooding over the possibilities of unhappiness involved in every trait of the children, we succeed in destroying a good deal of the happiness they might be having at the present moment.

We can see no desirable future possible for Peter because of his incorrigible carelessness. No threats, prizes, or exhortations can make him keep his room neat or prevent his bicycle being left out in the rain overnight.

And as we prod and poke at him with various reforming devices, we peer anxiously and faintheartedly into the busy, hard-headed, competitive world in which his faults will condemn him to failure.

But when Peter grows up, unsoured by our loyal attempts to make him into something he can never be, he has developed a winning personality, and, although still careless, his judgment is sound and his integrity rock-ribbed. In short, Peter is a great success.

He is not the kind of success we thought he ought to be. He is not as much of a success as he would have been if he had been able, as no one is,

to combine quite contradictory good qualities, to be scrupulously exact, neat and accurate, and yet possess the great fund of charitable tolerance and kindly divination of character which makes his presence an inspiration.

But the fact remains that Peter is a distinct credit to us and we might have begun long ago to take more pleasure in his personality and the sunshine he cast about him.

It is fatally easy for parents to lose a sense of proportion, and to fall into the mood when it seems that every painfully inculcated good habit of the children has given way to original sin.

Harry's laziness will end by making a tramp of him, Molly simply will not tell the truth, Elizabeth's self-assertiveness and egotism are beyond anything, and Jack's "contrariness" makes it impossible to have any hold on him.

If at such a time you have ever chanced to receive a visit from a gay, full-blooded young cousin at university, you may have been astonished to see how the mere presence of his infectious high spirits worked on the children and did more to change the moral atmosphere of the house from lowering cloudiness to breezy sunshine than all your dreary conscientious efforts to induce the children to "do what is right."

Harry's laziness is electrified into energy, Molly forgets to prevaricate, Elizabeth runs willingly on errands and loses herself in service for others, and Jack's prickliness disappears entirely. Your undergraduate cousin has uttered no moral exhortation, has let fall no word of blame for the bad habits or of praise for the good; he has not even set a specially good example, lounging in the best chairs, and dropping the ash from his cigarettes all over the house.

But his vividly, though unconsciously, held conviction that it is the greatest fun in the world to be alive, and that the game is a thousand times worth the candle, has been like a burst of sunny, warm west wind on a sour, misty day.

All the young growing things in our charge, which, under our cloudy sky of anxiety and concentration on faults, have been drooping with weak perversity, draw themselves upright, quivering with reflected vitality.

And yet our young cousin has not a hundredth part of our reason for joy and exhilaration and trust in life. We parents with children still at home with us are passing through the richest part of our earthly pilgrimage.

We touch life at more points, we are the medium through which pass more electrifying currents of hope and interest and effort, and we are privileged to love and protect and enjoy more intimately than ever before or after.

Never again can we live so fully and so deeply as now. Never again will we be so near the limpid transparence of innocence or touch so closely a joyous acceptance of life as it is.

We become fearful about habits in our children which we know well enough cannot survive their natural growth, if that is kept vigorous and sane.

We know that we ourselves went through just such unpromising phases; we know that our brothers and our cousins and our husbands have settled down for the most part from being careless, lazy, irresponsible boys into hard-working, responsible, competent fathers of families; and we see innumerable instances of frivolous girls turning into useful and warm-hearted and industrious mothers.

But we darken the life of the children by our fears that just in their particular cases the laws of growth will not apply, that they will go on sucking their thumbs, and that after they are married they will not remember to wash their hands before lunch.

We can help them just as effectively to overcome their irresponsibility and fitfulness if we allow ourselves to believe what we know to be true, that they will outgrow those qualities.

For that matter, we can help them very much more effectively if we do not keep our eyes fixed on the unnerving chance of total failure. And we can get from them and communicate to them something which is of infinite value, the belief that life is good.

Condensed from "Mothers and Children," published by Henry Holt, New York.

* * *

Remember that to-day is the to-morrow you worried about yesterday.

* * *

Never consider any good thought to have been wasted, for a seed must have been on the spot where a flower blooms.



The Golden Days of Summer.

THESE HEALED BY BEAUTY (VII)

Many, who feel no impact of beauty from Stevenson's exquisite poetry, or his travel books, remember him particularly as the author of "Treasure Island."

by Doris M. Hodges

AMONGST the beautiful coral strands, the palm-fringed beaches, the luxuriant foliage of the warm South Seas, there lies the lovely island of Samoa.

On the morning of December 4th, 1894, a small party of men, including white men and natives, wended their way toward the top of Mount Vaea, the highest point of this idyllic spot.

Only that morning had sad but willing hands cut a way through the undergrowth. The ascent was steep, the track narrow. And, in any case, the people had to move slowly. For they were mourners, carrying, with reverent care, the coffined remains of one whom all had greatly loved.

The summit reached, the casket was gently laid to rest in the earth. Samoan chiefs and natives gathered around, the white men looked on with grave, but not miserable faces.

For, as the Samoan earth finally closed over the coffin, there were many there who recalled the lines which the man whom they had just buried had written:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

Robert Louis Stevenson, poet, essayist, traveller, had a romantic and interesting life, though much of it was spent under the shadow of illness and pain. His contribution to healing is very considerable. His poems and essays reflect a passionate love of beauty, a tender and gentle response to life and nature, a spirit which constantly reminded mankind that "the world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Born in Edinburgh, on November 13th, 1850, at 8 Howard Place, he was always a delicate child. Several times during babyhood and boyhood his life was despaired of. Probably he might have succumbed to one or other of his illnesses but for the devotion of his nurse, Alison Cunningham.

The child Louis had to spend many hours in bed. Here, on the nursery floor, it was his delight to lie and paint pictures, or to write. Already, his sensitive poet's mind was storing up these childhood memories. Many, later, were woven into the poems of "A Child's Garden of Verses."

Not only children, however, find perpetual delight in these charming collections of thoughts on early days and ways. We can all share in them even in adulthood. Take, for instance, this poem to a favourite aunt:

"Chief of our aunts—not only I,
But all your dozen of nurslings cry—
And what did the other children do?
And what were childhood, wanting you?"

Or this, evoking sharp nostalgia for childhood delights:

"The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,
Shall break on hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out,
Ere we be young again!"

Beauty of thought, simply expressed, pleasing heart and mind.

Robert Louis Stevenson, like many great artists, fought his way toward creative expression under the handicap of severe illness. His lungs were always weak, and illness robbed him of many teaching days at school.



The cooling stream.

When he was seven, the family moved from Edinburgh to London. Frequently, they travelled abroad, and, of course, little Louis went with them. Travel was thus an early love, and Stevenson never lost his joy in seeking new horizons, and meeting new friends.

He returned to Edinburgh to study engineering. His father had been a notable engineer. The younger Stevenson was expected to embrace the same career. In his early days in Edinburgh, he was somewhat eccentric in his dress. In some quarters, he was known as "Velvet Coat," because of his partiality for this type of garment. He wore his hair very long, and had large brown eyes, and was, indeed, a most romantic figure.

In 1879, Stevenson married Fanny van der Grift Osbourne, a lady who had already been married. One of her children, named Lloyd, made his home with Fanny and Louis, when, after the wedding, the three settled down in England. Louis was still fighting the onslaught of tuberculosis, and Fanny was a splendid nurse.

Many people who feel no impact of beauty from Stevenson's exquisite



What about me?

poetry, or his travel books, remember him best as a novel-writer. And, of these, a greater number still think of him particularly as the author of "Treasure Island." There is healing, certainly, in this book, originally written to amuse young Lloyd, and now a classic adventure-romance.

Though a tale of pirates and treasure-trove, it has a strong moral tone. Good is made to triumph over evil. "Treasure Island" has led many a mind out of the dark labyrinth of depression and melancholy into the fairy kingdom of romance.

The book brought Stevenson fame and money. He turned, soon, to the writing of historical romances, such as "Kidnapped," "The Black Arrow," "The Master of Ballantrae," and "Catriona."

There was also "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," published in 1886, which, though perhaps bringing no mystical beauty or inspiration into our lives, does illustrate, very forcibly and for all time, the eternal struggle of the human soul against the dark forces of evil.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-seven saw the Stevenson family in the Adirondack mountains of America, where they went in the hope that the cold, crisp air might heal the poet's lungs. This hope not materializing, however, Louis, Fanny and Lloyd embarked upon a cruise of the South Seas. And there, at Samoa, Stevenson's romantic, ardent spirit fell under the spell of the beautiful island where he was finally to be laid to rest.

For the next seven years, life was

kind and good. At "Vailima," his house on Samoa, Stevenson lived and worked in the sunshine, under the kindly Pacific skies. Money from his books staved off all material cares. His lung disease seemed arrested. The natives adored him. To them he was "Tusitala," or "The Teller of Tales," and they reverenced him with wonder and love.



Olive Burton with three-weeks-old Michael John.

Death, when in the end it came, was also kind. Stevenson had been writing in his room that December morning. Later, he read aloud what he had been writing to Fanny and young Lloyd. Then, helping his wife to get supper, a sudden bloodclot on the brain felled him, unconscious, to the floor. At a few minutes after eight o'clock, the natives mourned for "Tusitala," Fanny and Lloyd wept for a beloved husband and step-father.

The world, too, when it heard the news from distant Samoa, mourned the passing of a brave and courageous spirit, who had contributed much to the comfort and inspiration of men and women both by his writing, and in the manner of his living.

In all that Robert Louis Stevenson did, and wrote, there is a note of hope and a thread of beauty, which remains now, for our comfort and delight.

* * *

Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits.

* * *

Wonder is the foundation of all philosophy.—MONTAIGNE.

A STUDY IN CONCENTRATION

"It is idle to speak of psychology when one is faced with loneliness in life, but it is part of a healer's mission to seek inner strength and comfort for the lonely . . ."

by Harry Edwards

WHAT has happened to our little boy friend whose picture we give? Clearly it seems there is something he wanted to do, and feels frustrated that he cannot. I don't suppose he would like being called "little" for doubtless he feels within himself that he is grown up.

Whatever is the cause of his feeling disconsolate, it is not very serious for there is a hidden twinkle in his eyes, and it will not be long before he gets down off his high stool and is again busy seeking something to do.

The study of children, and people too, is one that gives an insight into character and happiness —and unhappiness too. In such study we learn the ways to help those who are in need of an encouraging word or sympathy. We are able to know how to join in with another's joy and appreciation of things.

Perhaps one of the most distressing features in life is that of loneliness. The writer recalls how, some years ago, he asked a man if he had had a happy Christmas, and his reply was: "I was alone all day, and waited for eight o'clock at night when the coffee stall opened by the station, so that I could have someone to talk to."

I asked him if there were no other people in the house where he lived and he said there were, but they had no time for him. Wherever the fault lay, I did not know, but it seemed to me to be a terrible thing that on Christmas Day of all days, a man would have to wait for the opening of a coffee stall to get some human companionship.

I know, too, of the many who live lonely lives. At times when patients come to the Sanctuary and I enquire whether they get some help, they say they are unable to, as they live alone. The same story is told in the letters we receive.

It is idle to speak of psychology when one is faced with this loneliness in life, but it is part of a healer's mission to seek inner strength and comfort for the lonely, as well as those who are mentally harassed by domestic or other troubles. It is not only a part of the function of spiritual healing, but it is the common responsibility of everyone to give that helping hand, whenever opportunity comes.

So in one's daily life it is good to study those we meet, and I suggest that when one who is depressed can see a kindly eye greet them in a sense of sympathetic understanding, even that is helpful, and possibly leads the way to conversation that can be more helpful still. It is, however, essential to avoid the impression of being "nosey," and to wait until the one you meet cares to share his or her burden with you.

Some people are self-centred and they go through life quite indifferent to the needs of others, invariably they are selfish, they are the

kind who would not help a good cause, or render service unless they were paid for it, or got something out of it.

And therefore they are unhappy —they do not see the glory of the heavens for their eyes are for ever looking inward. If you are an observer of people, you will easily distinguish these people for their faces are set and their eyes lack lustre.

It takes all sorts of people to make the world, but the world can be a happier one, as those who "feel" for others, let the "milk of human kindness" flow through them.

When one is ill, either mentally or physically distressed, one naturally feels out of harmony with people and all else, but we have noted, over and over again, how with the first phase of healing there comes a lifting-up of the outlook and a generally happier feeling expressed within.

This arises from the comfort and inner strength that reaches those who are in need from Spirit, and it is so often the herald of the coming of better health and a more contented mind.

Happily, minds are very adaptable and receptive to good impressions; and whether it be through spiritual healing or by a word of comfort or a smile for another, so we all can play our part in lightening the burdens of our neighbours and the strangers we encounter in daily life.

One of the purposes of this magazine is to create a feeling of happiness in all our readers, and this must be so from the good comments we receive and the appreciation of our pictures. We like to think of all our readers being optimists, and the definition of an optimist is one whose mouth always tends to turn upwards in a smile, while a pessimist's mouth turns downwards at the corners.



High stool blues?

Perhaps one of the secrets of good living is to always have a smile for one's self, for with this will come that radiance of happiness that is infectious. Happiness is infectious, and misery is, too. So let us away with depression and let the goodness of life be with us, and let us share it with others,

especially by giving that word of comfort and sympathy whenever we find it is needed.

I wonder how long it will be before the boy in our picture will notice that his shoe-lace is undone?

SIR HENEAGE SAYS IT . . .

THE *Sunday Dispatch* reports how Sir Heneage Ogilvie, the Harley Street consulting surgeon, won support recently for a slashing attack on "quacks" with Harley Street addresses who set themselves up as psychiatrists.

In his new book he says: "Psychiatry offers a wonderful opening to the hyenas of Harley Street."

He goes on to talk of "the confidence men of medicine who trade on the good will and trust established by generations of honest men, who gamble on the magic of an address as able to suggest long training and established position."

Sir Heneage says psychiatrists need no qualifications. "Most of them are doctors, but their degrees may be of the humblest, and even failure to qualify or get on the Register need not debar them from practising."

All they need are "a notebook and pencil and the ability to rent, part-time, a room in the West End containing a couch and two chairs."

They need no technique "beyond the gentle art of listening. The 'psycho' will go on at five guineas a time for weeks, for months, for years if necessary."

The consulting psychiatrist at a leading London hospital said: "It is obvious who Sir Heneage is getting at. There are too many of these people who are no more than quacks.

"But quacks don't exist in the psychiatric branch of medicine only. About one-third of the consulting rooms in Harley Street are occupied by people without qualifications to justify the Harley Street reputation."

Dr. J. S. Whiteley, psychiatrist at the Westminster Children's Hospital said: "You have only to walk down Harley Street to see how many so-called specialists have only the bare minimum medical qualifications.

"But it is a pity that Sir Heneage should have picked out psychiatrists particularly. The situation is the same in every other branch of medicine."

* * *

If we had said this we should have been open to criticism, that we are antagonistic to the medical profession which we are not.

Of one thing we are sure, no such condemnation could be justifiably levelled against Spiritual Healers.

* * *

DEMONSTRATIONS AND LECTURES

Saturday, July 4th, 1959.	*Healing Demonstration:* Albert Hall, Nottingham. *Apply for tickets:* Mr. A. J. Ellis, 38a Castle Gate, Newark, Notts. Tickets: 3/6, 5/-, 7/6, 10/6 and 15/-.
Sunday, October 11th, 1959.	*Healing Demonstration:* Herne Bay. Further details later.

GREAT UNIVERSAL HEALERS (II)

by Rev. Enid Smith, Ph.D.

FRANCIS SCHLATTER, born in Alsace, France, was known as the Messiah of New Mexico. His wondrous work as a healer was like that portrayed in the Bible scenes of the New Testament.

Where this so-called "Christman" came from and suddenly burst into view, nobody seemed to know, but he bore a striking resemblance to the Master of Galilee, with hair that fell in long curls upon his shoulders, and with a manner that was humble, quiet, peaceful.

He was also a man that fasted forty days in the desert wilderness, and for long periods of time never touched food, yet his healing touch restored sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and healed various types of diseases.

Like the Christ, he was first doubted by his people and persecuted as an impostor or as one demented. But he won followers by kindly deeds, cures of the afflicted, and his unselfish devotion to mankind.

And though for some time the higher class of the Mexican population threatened him as a quack or pretender, he soon transformed his persecutors into his staunchest friends.

Each day they witnessed the anxious, surging crowds, numbering from 2,000 to 5,000 of all races and colours, who were bent on seeing this artless, ardent, zealous Christ-like man, who by giving up himself entirely to the interests of Spirit, had obtained an extraordinary power to heal the sick of their afflictions.

His fame had spread from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and far into foreign countries.

When the sceptic Silverto Martino, a well-known resident of Peralta where the healer stayed for a short time, asked what good the stranger had done, a volume of voices answered him.

One cried, "My mother, Juliana Sedillo, was paralysed in her left arm so that she could not lift it from her side for 16 years, but the healer touched her, cured her, so that she has been able to work in the fields, handles with delight the heavy implements of agriculture as well as any that work with her."

Another said, "I saw the healing, instantly, of a 12-year-old daughter born blind, that a man brought to the healer from Wyoming. When her sight was restored, I heard the girl exclaim, 'Oh, Daddy, I can see!'"

Then a Mr. Armijo spoke up to tell of his friend who had been unable to walk for years, but after the healer had touched him, he called to him, and his friend ran down the street towards him, as nimble as a boy.

Still another man told how he had thrown away his crutches 30 minutes after he had seen the healer. And he explained to a number of people who had gathered around him how he had been violently thrown from a wagon and had lost the use of his limbs.

A woman with dropsy told how she had been treated by three physicians without relief, and was

in constant pain for five months. She had not been able to wear her shoes because of her swollen feet, but after a touch from Schlatter, the swelling left her, she could now wear her shoes, and there was no more pain.

And so the people went on telling of cures even of cancer, tuberculosis, and other dread diseases. One Valesquez by name, adding that he had been blind for three years and could not see his hand before him.

He had tried many physicians without aid, but the healer took his hands in his, his right in his left and his left in his right, and held them as he said something to himself. Then sight was restored to him.

When a baby one-year-old, Schlatter was blind and deaf, but was cured by the faith and prayers of his mother who consecrated him to God. After attending school up to his fourteenth year, he learned the trade of shoe-making.

"One day," Francis said, "Father told me to sell out my business and not to take anything with me, but to go, and I started." He never begged during the two years that followed while on his wanderings, avoiding large cities and towns, because his healing power had not been perfected as yet.

His route was eastward through the centre of Kansas. What food he ate was given to him voluntarily, as he proceeded to the Indian Territory south of Kansas City.

At Tahlequah he was taken seriously ill from privation and was unable to move one leg, yet he healed several of the Indians, who treated him kindly. The night of the second day he saw a vision and was told by Spirit to start in the morning. He rose healed and refreshed and went southward.

He tells how his troubles began when he got to Hot Springs, Arkansas. His feet were bare and he was begrimed with travel stains, and had no hat. The sheriff arrested him, and used him as a slave for five months.

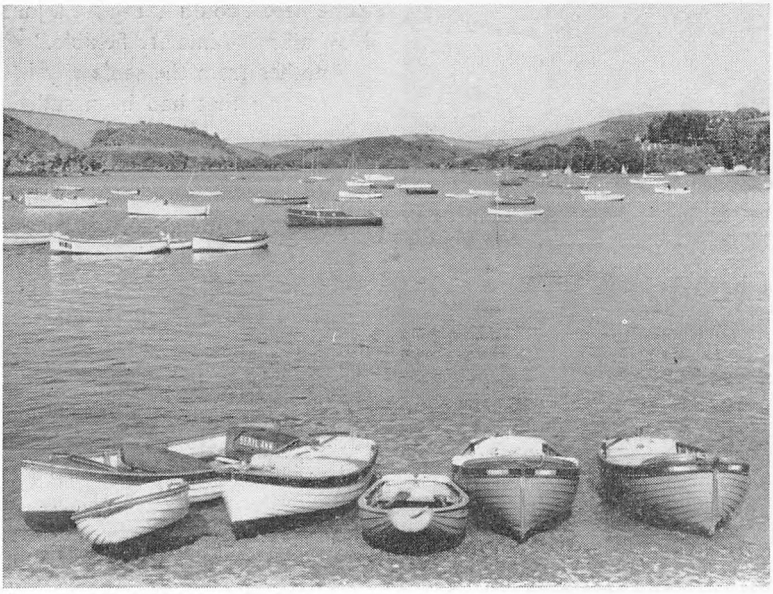
He never was brought before the judge, but was tried in a kangaroo court and given 50 lashes because he had no money to pay the fine of that mock trial. However, his good nature won confidence and he was called a "trustie," made to saw wood, wash dishes and clean the sheriff's house.

He was moved by Spirit to go southward, and walked 35 miles a day for many days. From Arkansas he went into Texas and healed all who would listen to him, but few had faith. In Texas he was arrested on a charge of vagrancy and sentenced to three months imprisonment, but was told that if he would leave immediately he could avoid the sentence.

He started at once and made his way to El Paso, enduring great suffering and privation. Then his route lay over the sterile, arid Yuma Desert. Following along the Southern Pacific Railroad was a chain of habitations where he sometimes was invited to share food, but often he went without it, and sometimes fainted from weakness, "but the Father supported him."

In San Jacinta Valley, he had his first series of extensive and pronounced healings among Mexicans and Indians.

He never moved on "until the Father told him to move on." One day it was revealed that he was to go back to Arizona, to New Mexico, and then to Colorado. And it was about this time, he said, that "the Father revealed the fact that I was ready now to begin



Evening by the lake.

healing in the cities, after all my many trials."

It did not now matter what cities he healed in. The crowds, made up of practically the same types of people, came, 1,500-5,000 daily, and the same methods were used, the healer remaining "until the Spirit told him to move on." Blind, deaf, halt, were led or carried to him.

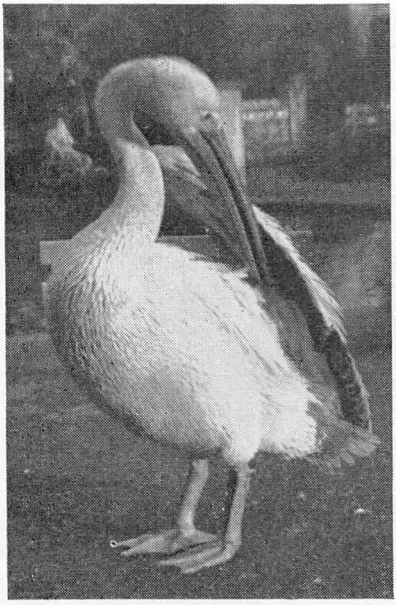
Women with tiny babies; old, young, middle-aged, ignorant and educated Mexicans, or Americans of the highest standing in the community. Often he worked in lowly homes, and sometimes in those of the rich and prominent, but treated all alike.

Stories of cures filled the air, and got into the papers. Indians brought a blind chief and prostrated themselves before the healer where a hand placed on the inflamed eyes caused the inflammation to disappear immediately. Later the sight was restored.

A touch on a baby's head cured instantly a high fever that had raged since the day before, so much so that the infant's life was despaired of. Fathers and mothers came with lame children; others brought languishing babes and the crowd parted to allow them a place in line.

As they came near the healer, their throats filled with choking excitement, the tears were subdued in solicitous eyes. Ah, if this might be the Saviour of the manger, that he so much resembled, who said, "Let the little children come unto me."

One of the happiest men had come from Denver, suffering the tortures of hades, as he expressed it, with inflammatory rheumatism and with gout symptoms. He said, "When Schlatter first grasped my hand I could not close my fingers. Within a minute I was able to grasp harder than he! When I



came here I could not move a joint. Now all my joints are flexible."

Another from the same city held up an arm that had been still. "I have suffered," he said, "from a stiffness in my wrist for six years—it was impossible for me to move my wrist or my thumb. See now what I can do after my healing!" And he bent his wrists without apparent effort. And so the testimonies of healing were shared as the crowds waited.

One asked him about his methods of healing. "Do you heal by the Christian Science method?" Schlatter replied, "I know no science; I simply do as I am told."

Condensed from *Chimes*.

Bob Monkhouse was Healed

"I'll be watching comedian Bob Monkhouse when he plays in 'The Cat and the Canary' on B.B.C.—TV to-night," so wrote Simon Ward in the *Daily Sketch*. He goes on to describe Bob Monkhouse's healing as the strangest story in show business.

"It's the case of Bob and the healing hands. The hands that helped him throw away his crutches.

"Twelve days ago Bob smashed three bones in his right foot and ruptured a muscle when he jumped from a vintage car into a Surrey river while rehearsing a scene for a comedy-thriller.

"Doctors told him that *if* they allowed him to make his drama début in the play it would have to be on crutches.

"Next day he had to skip rehearsals. He couldn't put a foot near the ground.

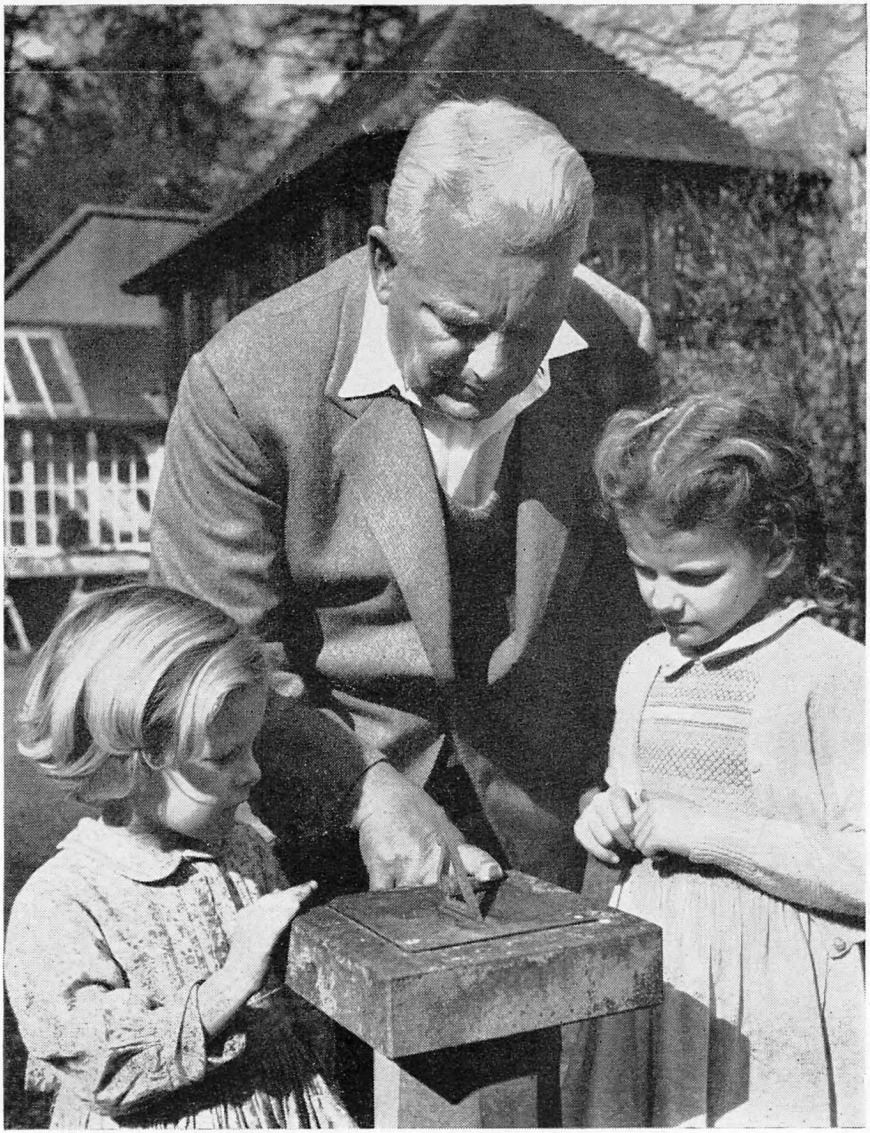
"B.B.C. prop men made him a pair of emergency crutches. 'But I just couldn't get the hang of skipping around on them,' he told my colleague, TV columnist Leslie Watkins.

"And then . . . after days rehearsing from a chair . . . Bob got in touch with actor Jack Allen.

"Jack, who's also in the play, has been practising as faith healer for six years now, and offered to help.

"'All he did,' Bob told me, 'was to massage my foot. It got terribly warm. Then the pain just went away . . . just like that.

"'My doctor couldn't believe it. Now my foot's perfectly all right.'"



A LESSON IN TIME.

Harry Edwards explains how a sundial works to his two granddaughters, Sheila and Angela.

* * *

To forget troubles is the certain way to cure them.

* * *

Trifles console us because trifles distress us.



Spirit Story for Children

Retold by
Olive Burton

AFTER their interesting journey to the valley of the butterflies, Rosemary, Johnnie and Christine, with Brother John, returned to the Nurseries by an entirely different route—again quite new to the children.

Being fresh to them, the way was full of interest, but it was when they had gone about half-way on their homeward journey that they came to the sight that intrigued them most of all.

In a clearing, amongst trees of a delicate silvery green, they came upon this enchanted house—at least, that is the way each of them thought of it as they saw it. It was quite unlike any of their houses or other buildings in the Nursery, which are mainly of simple construction. This house was more intricately built, with several small turrets and delicate lace-like ornamentation. The windows were smaller than those they were used to seeing and yet they did not give a dark or gloomy impression. On the contrary there seemed to be a brightness within the house, as if the sunshine dwelt inside.

The three children were enraptured as they entered the open door and wandered from room to room, each furnished in the same fairy-like character as the house.

Then they said to Brother John, "Oh! how we wish we could have a house like this. Don't you think we could have one in the Nursery?"

But Brother John said to them, "You cannot have a thing by just wishing for it. You need to have a good purpose in wanting it and then you

have to find the craftsmen, who are able to blend in with your purpose, in order to create the house you desire. As you know, one does not just build a house here. It must be created by purposeful thought before it can become a reality."

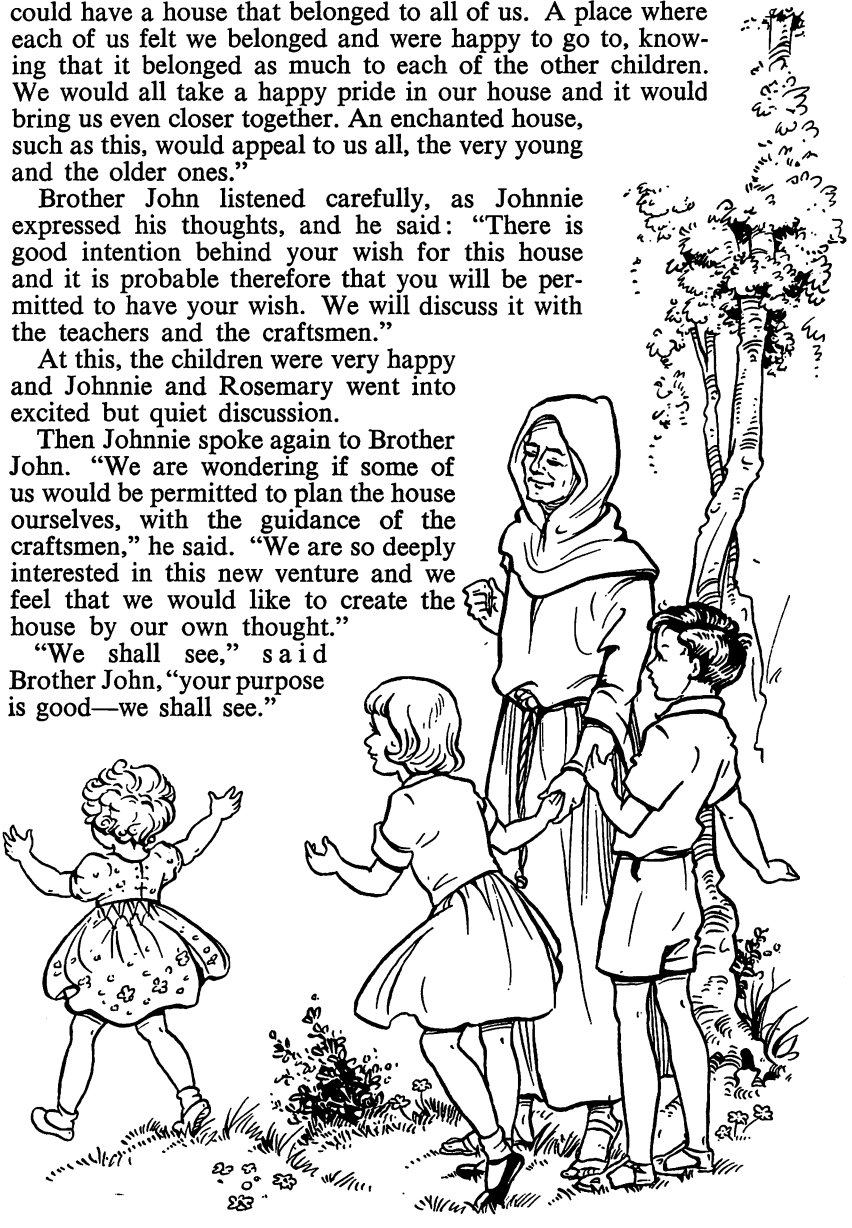
The children were silent for a while—then Johnnie said: "What I have been thinking is this: how nice it would be, if in the Nursery we could have a house that belonged to all of us. A place where each of us felt we belonged and were happy to go to, knowing that it belonged as much to each of the other children. We would all take a happy pride in our house and it would bring us even closer together. An enchanted house, such as this, would appeal to us all, the very young and the older ones."

Brother John listened carefully, as Johnnie expressed his thoughts, and he said: "There is good intention behind your wish for this house and it is probable therefore that you will be permitted to have your wish. We will discuss it with the teachers and the craftsmen."

At this, the children were very happy and Johnnie and Rosemary went into excited but quiet discussion.

Then Johnnie spoke again to Brother John. "We are wondering if some of us would be permitted to plan the house ourselves, with the guidance of the craftsmen," he said. "We are so deeply interested in this new venture and we feel that we would like to create the house by our own thought."

"We shall see," said Brother John, "your purpose is good—we shall see."



NATIONAL FEDERATION OF SPIRITUAL HEALERS

President: Harry Edwards. *Hon. Organizing Secretary:* Mr. Syd Staples.
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. Fred Doyle. *Secretary:* Mrs. D. Commerford.
Patrons: Lady Maud Duckham, Sir Charles Barrington, Sir Adrian Boult, Brigadier Firebrace, Lt.-Col. Reginald Lester, J. Arthur Findlay, M.B.E., Beverley Nichols. *Trustees:* P. Wilson, M.A., L. Wilson, M.A.
Hon. Organizing Secretary's Address: 66a High Road, Woodford, London, E.18.
BURROWS LEA - SHERE - GUILDFORD - SURREY



Marie Peacock.

WE are very pleased to publish this photograph of Mrs. Marie Peacock for we particularly remember her for her close co-operation with our Founder, John Britnell, for ten years. She was his co-worker at healing demonstrations and in his sanctuary work, too. In 1934, Marie Peacock was cured of an intractable disease by spiritual healing and has dedicated her life to helping others who are sick. She commenced her own healing mission nearly a quarter of a century ago and many have blessed her name. She has been a most constant and loyal member of our Council since its inception.

OUR NEW PATRONS.

Every member will be pleased to know that the following have signified their willingness to become Patrons of the Federation: Sir John Anderson, Bart., Mr. Maurice Barbanell, Mr. Shaw Desmond, F.R.S.A., Rev. G. Maurice Elliott, Lord and Lady Dowding, Lady Fforde, Rt. Hon. Lord Glyn, Miss L. Lind-af-Hageby, Mr. Ben Herrington, O.B.E., Mrs. Gladys Osborne Leonard, Rev. Bertram E. Woods.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

It was a very happy and successful day at Cheltenham where in the delightful Town Hall members from all parts of the United Kingdom assembled, including two members from Holland. There was not one discordant note. Confidence and pride in the Federation was the key-note of the proceedings. Every member will receive a copy of the Minutes in due course. The tea party which followed had almost a festive air and so enabled all those present to meet their officers and fellow members. The A.G.M. next year will be held in Bournemouth and there will be a good deal to be said about this, as it is hoped to make it a "week-end affair." Our Bournemouth members expressed their willingness to arrange accommodation for all who can attend. Arising out of the Annual General Meeting are the following items:—

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Henceforth all Associate Members of County Associations will enjoy full Association Membership rights of the Federation. A letter of welcome and membership card will be sent as soon as County Secretaries send in the names and addresses to Headquarters. An annual *per capita* fee of one shilling will be paid into Federation Funds.

STATUS OF HEALERS AS HOSPITAL AND PRISON VISITORS.

Efforts will be made to obtain for all Full Healer Members the same privileges to visit the sick in hospital as those enjoyed by the clergy and others—also for prison visiting, though this privilege is not likely to be exercised very much.

RELATIONSHIP WITH THE S.N.U.

Opinions were expressed by the President, Percy Wilson, Gordon Turner and others that the disturbed feelings created by a S.N.U. letter may soon be healed.

There exists no reason at all why any of our Healer members who also enjoy membership of the S.N.U. should be disloyal to either organization. Our Federation seeks to work in harmony and co-operation with all other bodies who have the good interests of Spiritual Healing at heart.

HEALERS' DAY, 1959.

The Royal Festival Hall will again be the venue for Healers' Day this year. The date is September 26th, 1959. There will be no speeches this year, and the greatest amount of time will be devoted to the demonstration of healing through our President and Olive and George Burton. Miss Kathleen Dunkerley who charmed us last year with her lovely voice will be the soloist, and Mr. Charles Smart has consented to play the organ.

Churches are invited to make this a day for an organized outing of their members, for there is nothing better to hold a Church membership together than a happy and purposeful outing of this kind. As usual, preferential rates will be offered them for tickets. Watch out for further announcements.

THE 1959 FELLOWSHIP.

The Federation grants one Fellowship each year to be awarded to the Healer who has rendered the most outstanding service to the healing movement during the previous twelve months. This year the Fellowship is awarded to Gordon Turner and the Presentation will be made at the Royal Festival Hall on Healers' Day.

AFTER-HEALING SERVICE ON HEALERS' DAY.

This year the healing service to be held after the Royal Festival Hall proceedings will be held in a large hall and be so well organized that there will be no repetition of the crush as last year. We live and learn by experience.

PUBLIC HEALING SERVICES.

Plans are now being made for Public Healing Services to be held in Liverpool, the Isle of Man, Watford, Southend (at the Kursaal) and Middlesex.

FEDERATION DIARIES.

Members are already ordering these. Please order yours. The cost is 4s.0d. each. We now have over 2,300 members and only 1,000 diaries, so first come, first served.

SPIRITUAL HEALING AND THE LAW

IT will be of interest to all spiritual healers to know the dangers whereby they may infringe the law. Also for patients to know these limitations so that they will not expect healers to do what they should not do.

The legal advisers to the National Federation of Spiritual Healers advise that there are a number of dangers which can be usefully split as to those matters which are regarded as being of major importance, and those matters which will have a somewhat limited application and which in practice may not present quite the same dangers.

It is desirable that as far as practically possible the healer should work in close conjunction with the medical profession. In two matters great care is needed; these matters are as follows:

The First Group.

1. *Children.* A parent or guardian who fails to provide adequate medical aid for a child under 16 commits a criminal offence. Spiritual healing is not medical aid as known to the law and a healer who treats a child whose parent refuses the orthodox medical aid runs the risk of being considered an aider and abettor to that offence.

Where it is known that the parents are NOT receiving medical attention for their child, healers are most strongly advised to secure the signature of the parent to a statement in the form set out below BEFORE treating or continuing to treat the child:

"Mr. . . . . has warned me that I ought to call in the doctor to see my child."

2. *Animals.* The rendering in an emergency of first aid for the purpose of saving life or relieving pain is always permissible as of course is prayer and the laying-on of hands.

What constitutes an emergency must be a question for the judgment of the individual healer.

Apart from that, however, it is an offence for a person not qualified as a veterinary surgeon to practise as such, and this includes both diagnosis of ailments and advice as to medicine.

The Second Group.

If healers fail to comply with any of the matters set out hereunder, they may and probably will be guilty of a breach of Law which could result in a prosecution. In case of doubt the healer should present the detailed facts to the Secretary of the National Federation of Spiritual Healers for consideration and advice.

1. Do not practise dentistry (treatment, advice and operation on teeth).
2. Do not treat venereal disease.
3. Do not attend women in actual childbirth or within 10 days thereafter unless emergency.
4. Do not sell herbal medicines unless sold in a "shop."
5. Do not sell even in a shop medicines other than those produced by drying, crushing or comminuting a plant or plants.
6. Do not treat animals by physical as opposed to spiritual remedies.
7. Do not publish any advertisement offering to treat cancer, tuberculosis, Bright's disease, cataract, diabetes, epilepsy or fits, glaucoma, locomotorataxy or paralysis.

These instructions are being printed in leaflet form and copies may be obtained from the Secretary of the National Federation of Spiritual Healers.

HEALERS' DAY—1959

We are pleased to announce that Healers' Day this year will be celebrated on Saturday, 26th September. Once again the Royal Festival Hall, London, has been secured for a Healing Service to be conducted by Harry Edwards and Olive and George Burton, and for a well organized mass healing session by members of the National Federation to follow afterwards. See advertisement on page 290.



My cat's a curious cat!



YOU ARE THERE

We were not thrown into this world defenceless, to be at the mercy of disease and poverty and envy and suffering . . . Each of us was created for a purpose.

by E. Hargreaves

* * *

NOT long ago the B.B.C. ran a television series called "You Are There." Modern television coverage was given in each programme to an event in history, with interviews and pictures, just as though the whole thing was actually happening.

After an introductory statement about the event, the programme opened with the words: "All things are as they were, but YOU ARE THERE."

The field of spiritual healing may well benefit from the fact of this phrase. Every disease and every condition of human existence is subject to spiritual law, and therefore subject to healing by spiritual means. Nor is there any longer any doubt that spiritual means of healing are more efficacious than medical means — though there are still many occasions when the two must work hand in hand.

Nevertheless, there are failures. Many conditions stubbornly refuse to yield. At these times it is only small consolation to know that medical science has given up the case anyway, and that Spirit has been turned to only as a last resort.

Sometimes the healer blames himself, his own lack of faith. There is no real reason for this, for the true healer knows that he is nothing more than an agent, a channel through which the Divine Power flows.

A question that is always worth asking, perhaps especially of the patient, is: "All things are as they were. Are you there?"

In all cases of healing we start with the premise that all things are perfect in the realm of God, and within His intention for mankind and the whole of Creation. Jesus Christ said that He came to fulfil the Law and the Prophets, not to destroy them.

Implicit throughout the Law and the Prophets is God's assurance that He created a perfect world, in which all men and all creatures should live in perfection, each according to their purpose and their degree. Implicit also throughout Scripture is the eternal promise of God of forgiveness and a new chance at perfection.

We were not thrown into this world defenceless, to be at the mercy of disease and poverty and envy and suffering. Nor were we really tossed into life without any idea or knowledge of where we are supposed to go, or what we have to do either here or else-

where. That belief makes us truly the puppets of fate.

Each one of us was created for a purpose, to play an individual part in the whole massive plan which is the Creation of God. We have been given all the power and all the wisdom we need to fulfil that Holy purpose.

We *know* the work we have to do. We *know* how we should do that work. We *know* how we should live. We has fallen into disuse and disrepute—Instinct.

To-day, in our world of knowledge, we are inclined to say that only animals have instincts. We believe that men work by knowledge—except of course when they are doing the wrong thing. Then, we talk about the instinct for evil. We seldom mention the instinct for good.

Frankly, looking at the world to-day,



know we are above man-made laws, because we live above and beyond that state in which man-made laws are necessary.

We *know* that we are Sons of God. We *know* that, like Christ, our sole purpose is to be "about our Father's business."

That business is, quite simply, to do the work we were created to do. Psychology is working round to this point of view. It now talks about the super-conscious mind, which knows all about the individual nature of the individual. It describes this super-conscious mind as the real driving force of the individual.

I prefer an older word, a word that at the state of the nations and at the way so much business is conducted and the way so many people live, I am not at all sure that I do not prefer to live by instinct rather than by knowledge.

We are told repeatedly by the exponents of human knowledge that we are so much superior to the animals, that we are far better off than they are. Are we? If so, it is only by the grace of God, not by anything we have done.

There is a supposed law of the jungle; the law of tooth and claw which is said to govern wild animals. It is interesting to compare that law with the law of human life.

The lion hunts when it is hungry. When it has eaten its fill, it leaves the

rest for the scavengers. When it has eaten, the hunting ground is free for others.

Not so in the wisdom-governed world of men. We hunt, and even when there is more than enough, we put up great signs saying, "Keep Off." We find our food, eat our fill, and put twice as much in the bank against some imagined rainy day.

Is this the purpose for which God created man—to have and to hold, to scramble for the more that isn't really necessary? He Who created a wonder like the human body, in which all things work together; Who created the universe, with planets and stars working with a precision beyond our imagination, must have intended all created things on this earth to work together for the good of the whole.

We are each individuals; each one of us is slightly different to everyone else. We have external evidence of this—in fingerprints and heights and weights and facial characteristics. We have inner evidence—differing degrees of mental power, of emotion, of understanding.

Is it not, at the least, likely that these differences have a purpose? Is it not likely that we each have a part to play in the whole, that the whole is incomplete if we are not each playing that part?

We do not listen enough to the voice of the instinct within us. There is another little word which we would do well to remember—Conscience.

Often, when things go wrong with our affairs, it is merely the voice of conscience telling us that we have failed to work within God's purpose. The sin lies within ourselves. It is the sin of omission, of failing to do what we should do.

Can it be, then, that healings are sometimes delayed because the patient is not entirely willing to give up all that his life means to him—that he is unwilling to throw himself fully into the purpose for which God created him, or perhaps unable to believe that there really is such a purpose?

Such a step may mean giving up a lucrative position; it may mean abandoning a career on which years of study and preparation have been spent; it may even mean giving up a treasured belief. Sometimes, healing has followed that radical step. Sometimes the healing has been accompanied by a hitherto undreamed-of economic success.

God's purpose is never for suffering or lack of disease or failure. It is always for perfection. But it *is* God's purpose; it is not man's. The stubborn case often yields to this realization, to the final and absolute sacrifice of life to the Will of God.

This is not, however, a passive sacrifice. It is an active, almost passionate, claiming of individual purpose and of individual talents to be used to further that purpose as part of the whole.

It is as though we say—"All things are as they were first intended—and I AM HERE."

If You Love Animals

If you love animals you would like to possess a copy of the Report of the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Vivisection. It contains some wonderful studies of animal life besides most excellent articles. It is very well produced and we are told that the Secretary, Mr. Harvey Metcalfe, will be pleased to send a copy to any of our readers who apply for it. While it is not asked for, it would be nice to send some stamps to help pay for the postage.

The address is: Scottish Society for the Prevention of Vivisection, 10 Queensferry Street, Edinburgh, 2, Scotland.

* * *

Yearn not for the soft things lest thou earn the hard.



Harry Edwards' Portrait in Open-Air Exhibition

Reprinted from *Two Worlds.*

The Thames seemed sprinkled with diamonds. They flashed and sparkled, last week, as I walked past Charing Cross. Across the way, in the Embankment Gardens, girls and flowers were in their summer dresses. I crossed over . . . and came face to face with Harry Edwards.

He wore a white shirt, but no tie. He gripped his lapels in familiar fashion. His blue eyes gazed steadily at me.

Around me, the largest collection of paintings outside an art gallery was assembled for public scrutiny.

Some were fine, the picture of Edwards for instance. I told a man next to me that it was a good likeness. He said he was pleased to hear that, as he had painted it.

This North London artist, William Sibbons, told me he wrote Edwards on behalf of his 76-year-old mother, who had been bedridden with arthritis. Another artist, whom Edwards had once helped, put Sibbons on to the famous healer.

Hospitals had been unable to do much for his mother. She was not only helpless, and in terrible pain but had no desire to eat. That was last October.

Now the pain has decreased and she eats properly. "I thought she was going to die," said the artist, "but ever since Edwards' absent healing she has improved steadily."

He did Edwards' portrait in appreciation of the healing, completing it in two sittings, and he refused to accept any payment for it.

"I was surprised at the hands," the artist said. "I expected them to be long and slender. But as you see, they are stubby and powerful."

What will happen to the picture when the open-air exhibition ends? It goes to the man in the open-necked shirt who has such stubby, powerful hands.

The picture is now on exhibition at the M.S.A., 33 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1.



MAKE UP YOUR MIND

by Charlotte Hunt

LAST year, when I was travelling in the Oberland mountain district of Switzerland, I had pointed out to me the site of a fairly recent avalanche. A brown scar seared the face of the mountain, burnt, as it seemed, into the surface of woodland, meadow, and pasture.

In time, of course, the hurt to the earth would be healed. Yet it would leave an indelible impression, still, for many months, perhaps even years to come. Indeed, traces of it would be there, to the discerning eye, for all time.

My guide pointed to a small stone lying quite close to our feet.

"Even so small a thing as that is still big enough to start off an avalanche" he assured me solemnly. "It grows with its own momentum, you understand. . . ."

Now, many mental habits, patterns of thought in which the mind has been conditioned to a certain way of thinking, are like that. They, too, grow with their own momentum. And some of them can cause just as much havoc in the lives of the individuals who surrender to them.

The human mind is perhaps the most vulnerable thing in all the created Universe. The healer-priests of ancient Egypt had carved up over the doors of their Temples—where they administered healing, as well as occult knowledge and wisdom—the words: "Man, Know Thyself."

They were aware that the more men strove to understand the workings of their own minds, the better equipped they would be to govern their own lives, and to help others to govern theirs. For knowledge, in this sense, is power.

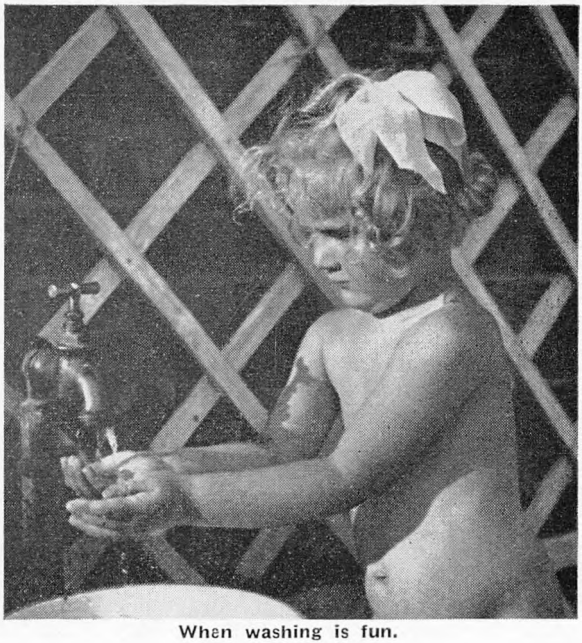
Thought, properly channelled and controlled, is the most dynamic force in the Universe. In prayer, man reaches out to invoke the aid of divine thought, and in great things and small, he can use thought to shape his life and his destiny.

The mind, through thought, can be trained in good or bad patterns of behaviour. The habit of mental indecision, for instance, can have a very far-reaching influence on the individual life and personality. It can also affect other people; it can, when carried to extremes, ruin

happiness and disrupt human relationships.

It is a way of thinking which can be strengthened, or weakened, by practice, for it is governed by the imagination, and the will.

If you watch an actual see-saw when it has come to rest, you will see that it is never in balanced equilibrium. One side is elevated the other depressed. In motion, it goes up and down, down and up, up and down again. . . ."



When washing is fun.

Many people's minds display a similar expression of energy. They are "on the go," or active all the time. They seldom achieve balance, or harmony, because they do not exert the stabilizing quality of decision.

We are all, of course, guilty of indecision at times. Under the stress of some particular problem, we cannot make up our minds. We demand time to consider the matter. Usually, however, after we have had quiet and tranquillity in which to think things over, we do come to a firm decision.

There are individuals, however, who seem incapable of doing this. Sometimes, this type of thinking is the product of a highly intelligent mind, allied to a keenly active imagination. The individual will consider every aspect of a situation in order to try and arrive at the best solution.

This is excellent, of course, provided the decision is finally reached! Unfortunately, when carried to extremes, the habit of weighing every fact, likelihood, and possibility about some proposed plan of action, can result in fatal mental "see-sawing." The thoughts go up and down, down and up, up and down once more.

In addition, if the individual is of a worrying disposition as well (which he or she often is, since this type of mind is nearly always conscientious and highly sensitive), the thought pattern of "see-sawing" is applied to all the minor, as well as the major, decisions of life.

So much thought, and analysis, is put into all planning, that spontaneous mental and physical activity are effectively inhibited. This is not a good, nor a wise, thought pattern, nor is it really consistent with the best philosophical thinking.

However wise the judgment, however keen the mind, there remains,

in human destiny, that unpredictable and uncontrollable factor, "X," or the unknown quantity. This is the thing we cannot see, the bend in the road that is hidden, the future we cannot know, and are probably never meant to know.

There are some things we must take on faith and trust, and with a certain degree of philosophical acceptance. In business, private, and professional life, we must all, of course, be careful to weigh important decisions carefully. A reasonable caution for unforeseen, as well as foreseeable, eventualities, must always govern action and behaviour. Once these have been allowed for, however, the mature mind leaves it at that.

Not so the mind which lives perpetually balanced in the uneasy equilibrium of the "see-saw"! And once the habit has been allowed to grow, it can, literally, rule the life.

I once knew a lady who let it do just this. As a child, most of her decisions had been made for her. When she grew up, she developed this fatal indecision because her will to think and decide for herself had been largely taken away from her by others.

She put as much mental energy into deciding whether she would go out for a few hours — to the neighbouring shops, let us say, or to visit a friend—as other people would if they were considering whether they would emigrate to a far country!

If her husband asked her where she would like to go for the holidays, she would invariably tell him "You choose, dear, I shall be perfectly happy if you decide on Cornwall, as usual." Then, arrived in Cornwall, she would at once begin fretting that the weather (which that season was cold) might have been better if they had gone to Scotland—her husband's other choice!

She could not make up her mind and abide by her own decisions. Worse still, she would not let other people do so either. It is an unfortunate trait of the "see-saw" mind that it is unable to accept the results of any decision, whoever has made it, without subjecting the result to the analysis, the self-torture, of criticism and conjecture.

Where—and how—does the cure lie? It is really quite simple! Start applying a halt to mental "see-sawing" with small decisions if you are troubled by this type of thinking. If you cannot make up your mind, for instance, as to which type of wallpaper you will choose for the breakfast-room, select one quickly from the designs you do like. Then rest content in your choice.

Don't be introspective about it afterwards, thinking "Should I have chosen this . . . or that . . . or the other . . ." Stay with the decision you have made.

In little things, so in big ones. Weigh important decisions, give them careful thought, take expert advice if necessary. Once they are made, don't look back and reproach yourself by wishing you had done something else.

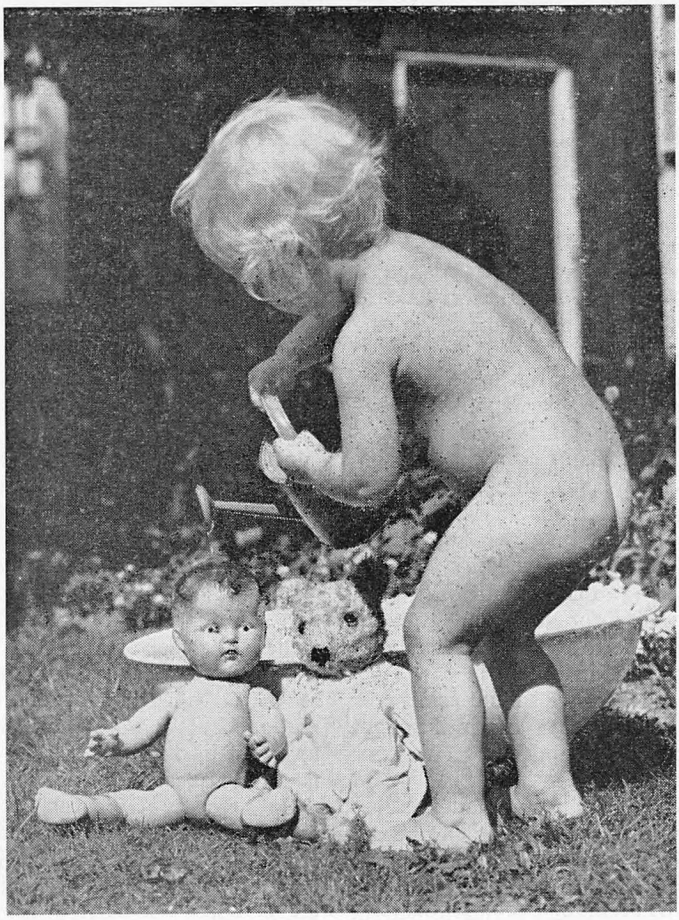
The habit of looking back, in any case, is vain. Your viewpoint will have changed in the meantime; you can see more of the situation. Strengthen the will-power, and the faculty of being able to abide by a decision, by putting thought into concrete action.

You will, of course, make the wrong choice sometimes. You are only human . . . so are doctors, surgeons, statesmen, all who have to make decisions. The future of the world, the progress of humanity,

was not shaped by those who stayed balanced on a mental "see-saw," afraid to make a decision in case it might be the wrong one!

Most folk who cannot easily make up their minds are often pitifully afraid of making, too, a mistake. Study the lives of great men and women . . . you will find none in which there are not many mistakes, many tragedies, many heartaches, many of them the result of personal decision!

Yet it can be only through action, courage, faith and belief in the powers that God has given us, that we go forward at all. And we shall never do so, if we stay in the uneasy and uncomfortable safety of indecision.



The outdoor toilet.

* * *

We shall never solve the paradox of want in the midst of plenty by doing away with plenty.

YOUR BEST INVESTMENT

IN these long July days when the daylight continues to ten o'clock we naturally take advantage of this by going out whenever we can, and it may be, therefore, that on occasion the observance of the Silent and Healing Minute slips by unnoticed.

We know, too, that there are many very faithful observers who will allow nothing to interfere with their celebration of the Minute. But once one has become an Observer, one can never hear the chimes of Big Ben at nine o'clock before the B.B.C. News on the Home Service without remembering. So if the entering in the Silence at this time is sometimes missed, it is understandable, but will lead to a still closer communion on the next occasion.

Those of us who are free from sickness have perhaps a greater obligation to join in the Minute's meditation than those who are sick and seeking spiritual help—for they should be so thankful for their good health they will desire to express their appreciation of this in joining together in our great community for help and strength and healing to reach all others who are sick and in need.

In addition, we should remember that there always exists the fight between good and evil. This conflict is ever-present. War is evil and so is disease. Thus we should never be content to let any day pass by without giving something of ourselves to add a little strength to the good forces, under divine direction, in the conflict.

It is for our own good, too, for we are playing our part in maintaining peace and brotherhood in our world. This is a GREAT thing, not merely for ourselves but for the many others who would become helpless sufferers. Let us not wait for dark days but give of ourselves a little to keep them clear. One minute a day is little in measurement, but it is priceless in achievement.

The good forces are not only on our side to keep the peace but to help to overcome the unhappiness that arises from the twin evils of war and disease. And we know now, by virtue of all the healings that have taken place, there is this force in the world for our use to help us and our fellows. It is, if we could but appreciate it rightly, our greatest treasure—worth much more than a bank balance or a car, or anything else we possess in a material sense.

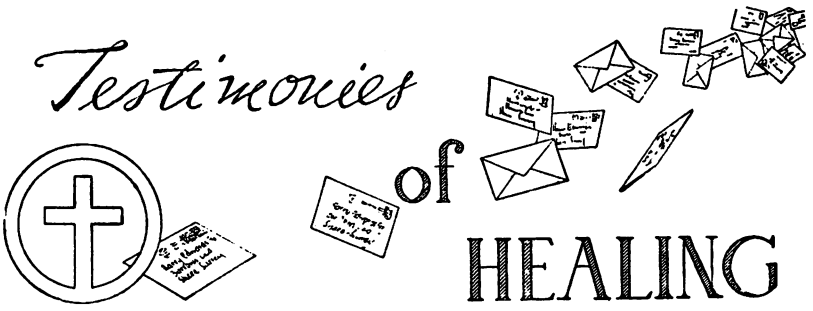
Moreover this little Minute can help to build up our nobility, our spiritual awareness, and these are the only things of worth that we carry on with us into the new life.

Thus the observance of the Silent and Healing Minute is an investment for ourselves and our future. We do what we can to save-up for security in old age, and that is wise and good. It is also wise and good to invest in our spirit future, when material concerns are no more.

So to every Observer, we look for your "coming-in" at the nine o'clock minute, where you join a wonderful company of people of good will, entering within the radiance of the Christ-spirit for good and perfection.

* * *

Unreasonable hope is nearer to truth than rational despair.



Every month we present a selection of unsolicited testimonies of healing. They are presented, not in any sense of self-acclaim, but as open testimony of results achieved. There is no known sickness which has failed to respond to spiritual healing. The originals of all letters are open to examination by genuine enquirers.

"I took a friend with me to the Healing Demonstration. For eight years she has been in pain with her ankle. The doctors at the infirmary set it when she broke it eight years ago, and she has been in pain ever since. Although she did not go on to the platform for you to see her she has been free from pain ever since. (Can you explain this to me so I can tell this lady why she is free from pain now?) She should go to the infirmary next month. They are going to graft a piece of bone in the ankle. She does not want to go if she can keep as she is at the present time."—58/77.

* * *

"Since October or November she has been living a normal life again with her daughter and son-in-law. The deep X-ray treatment in hospital and your intercession put her on her feet again. (You may remember that when I first wrote to you a year ago she was given 10 weeks to live.) She has had the last winter full of hope and renewed strength, and whatever happens in the future, *that* has been wonderful, following on such tragic prognostications." 58/79.

* * *

"When I wrote to you last week my neck was a mass of boils and my doctor did not seem able to do much. All he could tell me was that I am getting old. From the time I wrote to you, within twenty-four hours my boils vanished, and I feel sure that it was your intercessions that helped me. My back trouble is better and what a joy to be without pain. Although I am 88 years of age my arms and hands are flexible and I can sew. I do hope that you will continue contact."—58/81.

* * *

"I'm struck by the enormous improvement in morale over the past two years. I feel quite a different person in spite of colds and other irritations which previously would, I know, have brought on a crisis, or a nervous breakdown, whereas I now accept all these vicissitudes with comparative calm. Best of all, the psoriasis is almost gone. This is so incredible a miracle that I never cease to give thanks. After thirteen year of spiritual and emotional torment, refusing invitations to beaches or picnics or dances and parties, anywhere where one must expose arms and legs, I cannot tell you the thrill it was, last week, to buy again a pair of shorts and put them on. When I say that I, who haven't even hummed to myself for years, found myself under the cold shower last week, tunelessly but happily singing the Magnificat, and meaning every word of it, you'll get some idea of what I mean."—58/83.

* * *

"It was really wonderful what you did for my husband and myself. I have really had a chance to see how much help your intercessions were since I have been out of touch with you these few months. Every time something happened to me all I had to do was write you the symptoms and as soon as you received the letter I was well again. I shall never forget the really amazing

healing I had from the attack of something like intestinal 'flu. I was really having a time, for nothing seemed to check it until I wrote you, and presto! I have been well of it and had the most perfect bowel action ever since."
58/95.

* * *

"Both my mother and brother have improved so greatly, and as for myself I can only say the change is marvellous. I am able to stand on a chair and get anything I need without any discomfort, and the awful pain seems a thing of the past. The housework is once again quite a joy to do, and I enjoy life as I used to do when I was young. I cannot ever be thankful enough to God for allowing this wonderful thing to happen."—58/97.

* * *

"A brief line to tell you my husband got over this last and most violent attack. Thanks to your wonderful help, I have not the least doubt, for without it we would both have been in despair. Good may have come out of it. An American professor happening to be on a tour of visits to Chest Hospitals, was taken to see my husband. He immediately recognized the symptoms of a liver disease—amœbic hepatitis—and agreed that a new drug treatment was required. My husband is now on this and is rapidly recovering. All along my husband's medical friends have said they thought he had this, and knew it was very difficult to spot as tests don't produce anything. But nothing would convince the doctors here who went all out on the T.B. treatment as being more important. I disagreed, so did my husband. Without the faith in your absent healing which both of us have, he would never have survived."—58/98.

* * *

"I have seen some of your work, through God. Many years ago when you had just come to Shere a friend and I brought a poor elderly man we found at Guildford Hospital to visit you. He could not walk, but, after seeing you, could walk as well as most. Also, a few weeks ago, I met a man who had been cured with your help of cancer of the lung. Medical men had pronounced him incurable."—58/107.

* * *

"Michael was thoroughly examined by three specialists yesterday. They went all over him and at the end agreed that 'a miracle has happened.' They all agreed that there was none of the deterioration that they expected and the urine test was completely clear of albumin. One specialist said that if it were not for the terrible scars on him where the blood vessels collapsed, he showed no signs of ever having had acute nephritis. They have asked Michael if he will consent to have these scars photographed for publication in *The Lancet* when his case is written up for publication."—58/114.

* * *

If, as we know, the creatures with fur, feathers or fins are our brothers in a lower stage of development, then their very weakness and inability to protest demands that man should refrain from torturing them for the mere possibility of obtaining some knowledge which he believes may be to his own interest.—LUTHER BURBANK.

* * *

A SERVICE FOR ANIMALS.

An "Animals' Sunday Service" will be held at Brockenhurst, Hants, on the Green, on Sunday, August 2nd, at 3 p.m.

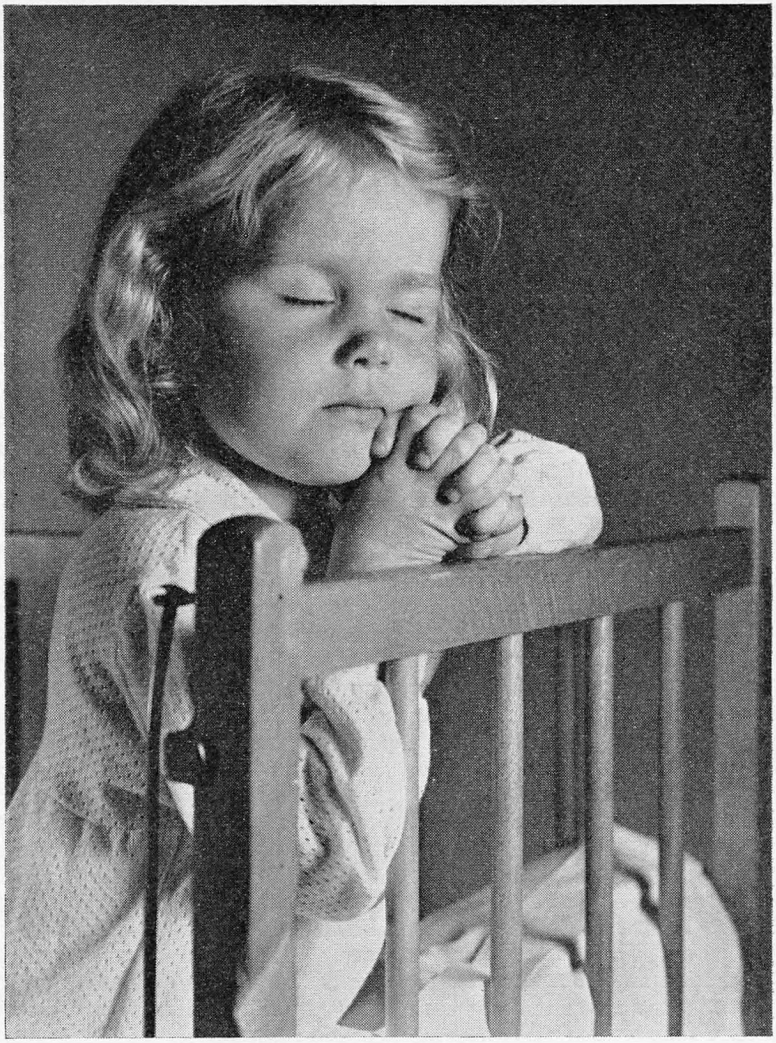
It is hoped that the Bishop of Southampton will officiate. All proceeds will be donated to the International League for the Protection of Horses, and the R.S.P.C.A.

* * *

BINDING *THE SPIRITUAL HEALER*.

Will readers please note that no further magazines should be sent for binding until further notice. Our printers will issue details for the binding of the current year's magazines in *The Spiritual Healer* near the end of the year. A limited number of volumes III, IV, V, and VI are still available at £1, including postage.

PRAYER by Gilbert Oakley



"I pray thee, Lord, all children keep . . ."

PRAYER is not essentially a question of being on one's knees in a church or at one's bedside. Prayer has no time-limit. It belongs neither to morning nor to night.

It does not have to be attended by any particular ceremony or carried out in the presence of a religious dignitary.

Prayer can be a passing thought, a glance at the sky on a starry

night, an appreciation of lush green fields on a summer's day. Quite a lot of people who say they never pray do, in fact, pray quite a lot.

The outward demonstration of prayer is the act of kneeling, raising the eyes heavenwards and clasping the hands together. These physical acts demand time off from normal, every-day duties, and therefore constitute a small sacrifice.

The act of sacrifice involved in active, knowledgeable prayer is pleasing to God and makes prayer of this kind even more acceptable. People who say they never pray are, many times, those who give no active time to it, yet "think" prayers very often during their working day.

Prayer is sometimes the last, desperate resort of those in dire trouble, at death's door or faced with a crisis for which there seems to be no human solution. Then, God Almighty is invoked, usually for the first and only time.

If prayer is not answered, faith is dismissed finally and irrevocably. It becomes difficult to explain to these people that faith is a belief without seeing, a resignation to Divine Will, an acceptance without question, of God's wishes.

In distress, they ask how can God "let these things happen," how *can* there *be* a God when there is so much cruelty, so much suffering? To such as these, there can be only one answer. Their time of prayer is just beginning. The end of their hopes marks the beginning of their struggle for spiritual survival.

There are now more things to be prayed for than ever before. They must go on living even though all their hopes have been shattered.

This is not so easy. Not easy for the one who has to teach the new way of life, or for the sufferer and student. But there is no greater test of faith than disappointment and God's apparent blindness to prayer. Divine Will is something most of us find difficult to understand and to accept. In trying to accept, we begin a most important psychological phase.

The act of praying is a psychological move in that it is what might be termed a "white" compulsion. This description is used in the same sense in which we define a "white" lie as being not so serious or harmful as a "black" lie. An ordinary compulsion is a pathological impulse to do or say or look at a certain thing, in fear of "consequences" unless we fail so to do.

The psychological impulse to pray is "white" insomuch as it is directed not by fear-thoughts but by an earnest desire to either do good or to be done good *to*. Distinct from this is the "religious mania" which forces a sufferer to pray unceasingly for all and everything and everyone, in the mistaken and abnormal idea that all will not go well if this is *not* done.

The law of compensation works for almost everyone. For everything that is lost—an arm, a leg, a loved one, a cherished ambition, a favourite pet—there is something to take its place. So long as we wallow in misery, however, we shall never see the new gift that is being held out to us. Strange to say, unanswered prayer many times means the beginning of a new, exciting life never before possible.

Positive mental outlook and attitude should seek out this new facet of existence. A new prayer should be formulated, that guidance be given in this new state of life, that one should be shown the way through adversity, that the light

should once again shine brightly, even more brightly than before.

Prayer is a mental attitude. Having faith is a mental attitude. Mental attitude is a branch of human behaviour, and behaviourism is your psychological approach of life. Every prayer is a positive auto-suggestive affirmation that all is well, and will *be* well.

If Coué told you to say—"To-day—I will feel even better"—you say—"To-day—*with God's help*—I will feel even better." Christ came long before Coué, or Freud, or Jung or Adler. He came before you, too. He was, in fact, the First Psychologist.

He spoke in parables because He knew the power of the imagination. He healed those functionally ill for He knew the illnesses of the mind. He healed those physically ill too, because the prayer of faith was enough to convince Him it was justified.

Your compensation when your prayer goes unanswered can be the salvation of your own little world. You do not have to be unduly religious to accept that fact. Prayer is not the prerogative of any particular persuasion. It is universal.

Strength of mind is not the monopoly of the minority. It is the lawful heritage of us all. With strength of mind must come the spiritual strength of obedience to Divine Will. Indeed, the strongest among us are those who accept, and live by, God's laws.

Prayer is no weakness of intellect, no regression to childhood. The strong amongst us pray, and pray hard. And, in disappointment, become not disillusioned but illuminated by the inner light of understanding. That *is* strength.



The first holiday morning.



Readers' Forum

GOOD INFLUENCING.

Can you help my son, he keeps bad company, bullies and hits the younger children and is disobedient? Our vicar has spoken to him but he only laughs and swears. . . .—E.H.A.

We will gladly try. We have often seen, through the good influencing that has been directed from spirit sources, pronounced changes come in the character and way of life. I hope your son will be helped likewise. Encourage with a little appreciation the coming of good tendencies.

* * *

INCURABLE?

My doctor has told me he can do nothing more for me, except to give me tablets to ease the pain and give me sleep. He says I shall get worse as time goes on. I feel so depressed at this prospect that I would end my life, if I could. . . .—V.S.

Even if your doctor considers you to be incurable it was pointless to speak to you as he did. While we can give no promise in advance, we have seen many so-called "incurables" made well, and we will do all that we can for you. Forget what the doctor said, and instead look for relief of stress in an optimistic way, and so help the healing purpose.

* * *

NOISES!

I have had noises, hissing ones, in my head since my last baby and nothing seems to move them, at times I feel I am going "off my head." If only you could help me.—P.F.H.

These noises generally arise from nervous tensions. The healing directive is to soothe and calm these, and while it may take a little time, we should see them ease and go, in view of their temporary cause. Try a more contented outlook to help us overcome this vexatious trouble.

* * *

DELAYED HELP.

I had almost given up hope that you could help my arm to recover. For the first seven weeks there was no improvement but now I can see the muscles are building up and I can do more with my hand and arm than a week ago. I thought your readers would like to know about this.—S.McG.

Some conditions need time to induce the beneficial changes, especially where there is wastage. The nerves have to be strengthened to function and just as your disease was a progressively creeping one, so at times the healing is a gradual one but the other way.

* * *

FINGERNAILS.

I have grown some fungus on my finger nails (that is what the doctor calls it). He says I must have them taken off, and if the fungus comes again, the nails must again be removed. Can you cure this for me.—Jane.

In the past we have seen this disease removed through absent healing, I hope we shall be successful with you, too.

* * *

FATTY TUMOURS.

On my shoulder has come a soft pulpy mass, which I am informed is a fatty tumour. No operation is advised. I am afraid this might develop into something serious, and wonder if you can stop this by spiritual healing? J.W.

From your description this condition need give no anxiety and does not develop into anything serious. As a rule, with the healing, they diminish and go.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

Do please tell me how I can get some sleep. I have not had a good night for some years. I get up in the morning worn out. Even with drugs I cannot sleep. I am at the end of my tether. Do please help me.—D.G.E.

As the healing calms your nervous tensions so refreshing sleep will come. Look for this to be so. Your outlook is important. On retiring appreciate the comfort of your bed, and simply look for sleep coming the whole night through. This simple mental directive will assist the soothing of your mind and nerves and co-operate with the healing endeavour. Do NOT go to bed in future looking for a sleepless night—but for easy sleep to come. You will be the rare exception if you do not respond and wake up refreshed and happy.

* * *

We should be conductors of divine energy—not insulators.

* * *

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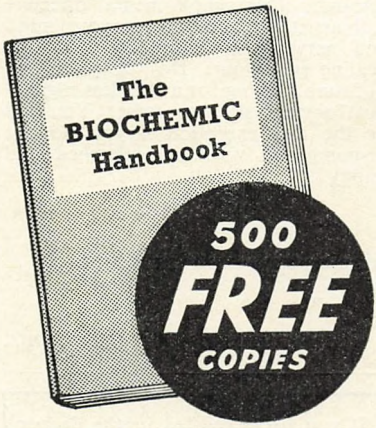
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L.D. (Dr.) writes: "Thank you a thousand times for the wonderful light that comes through all your teaching. Each day is a new adventure as I try to put into practice your splendid, practical exercises. This year will be a most successful and prosperous year. Doors are opening all around me."

D.N.D. (Malaya): "As I have wandered round this world I have looked into many beliefs but could not put it together satisfactorily. I have met and talked with people who have been in Tibet, India, China and Japan. Then 'Thought Bricks' was contacted and how thankful I am. No need to go searching farther now. I 'built' for some more children as we had to have more to cover expenses, and to my amazement I got thirty-four in my departmnt, almost more than I could adequately cope with."

J.G.: "We played table-tennis! This will give you some indication of my recovery! I cannot understand how all this wisdom can have passed us by. Since knowing you I live in a different world; it sems that one has only to stretch out one's hand for it to be filled to overflowing with good things."

D.N.: "A dear soul is unable to sleep well at night. I 'thought bricked' for her, and you can imagine my delight when on Monday afternoon I called to see her, she told me she had had the best night's rest for many months. Since starting on your teachings I find myself much more serene and composed."

R.A.B.: "Everything is moving so quickly I cannot keep pace sometimes, but oh, how I love the Lessons. I get such a kick out of life now, whereas I was so weary and tired before. You may recall that I was out of work. Well; now I am going for training in three weeks' time under a government scheme. It's a wonderful opportunity."

C.B.: "Everything seemed against me, but I had the answer in my Lessons, and I knew I should emerge triumphant — which is just what happened."

L.B. (Rev.): "You will be happy to know that I am at long last really grasping your wonderful teaching. I am beginning to realise the almost unbelievable power of thought."

N.M.: "The sense of perfect peace and security is beyond belief. I shall never worry again. I 'asked' for our cottage, but I could never have visualised it as it is. So compact and every convenience."

D.J.C.: "I have a new feeling of peace. Difficulties melt away after doing the exercise."

D.D.: "I thought I should be sad as the Course neared its end, but I'm very excited at the prospect of having another. I'd better get on and tell you my news. I've got a job with £6 a week more than my last wage. I've been invited on a cruising holiday."

L.A. (Rev.): "As you may (or may not) remember, I completed my Course of invaluable Lessons with you about July last year. I can only say now how very much your teaching meant to me. Every word you wrote was echoed in my inner being. Now I should love to take up your next more advanced Course."

D.M.G.: "Thank you for your Lessons. How much I owe to your teaching. I met a friend who told me I was looking ten years younger!"

M.L.: "Thank you for all the Lessons and B.W.N.'s. I have been delighted with them. Everything continues to be wonderful; everything I 'thought-brick' for comes along, even a part-time job that I wanted. Not so easy when you are fifty-eight and got no qualifications! I feel much more alive, and I am beginning to look younger as well. I am in your debt for ever, for opening my eyes to all this glory and truth."

I.T.D. (U.S.A.): "I was looking over some material you have sent me along with the Course. Why, Bernard, so many, many wonderful leaflets, booklets and letters, so much encouragement. Imagine! In a few short months I have learned to be happy. I could never go back to being the saturnine, gloomy person I was prior to my contact with your wonderful Lessons. I walk about with a glow of happiness."

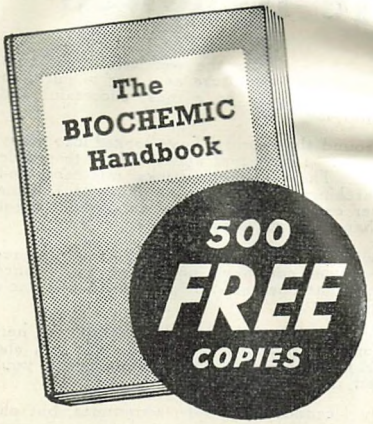
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From the EDITOR



IT seems a laudable aspiration that workers whose aim is the same, labour for many years and overcome extreme difficulties in order that their efforts may be concerted eventually into one united whole.

Their sustaining hope is that when joined together in a corporate body they may further their aims and purposes by operating as a well-knit organization, for unity is reputed to be strength, and the fellowship of many with identical objectives is assumed inspiring to those within the group and eminently worthy to those without.

But the proof of the pudding lies not so much in the recipe as in the result. The Christian Church, for example, instead of emerging as a powerful unified body has, through intolerance and misinterpretation, been split into almost three hundred different denominations.

The medical profession, and particularly the research hospitals which absorb millions of pounds yearly, have not lessened the incidence of disease and sickness; yet woe betide any unorthodox healers who may seem to infringe their territory.

The Marxist inspired creed of Communism which already has spread across half the world, contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. For it makes man subservient to the State.

The lesson of history serves to show that there is some spirit in man which transcends and rebels against rigid dogma and doctrine inevitably imposed upon him by organized bodies. Even the law as imposed on man by man for mutual protection and benefit, must continually be changed and amended in a belated effort to keep pace with public opinion.

The wise general knows that the only valid discipline which is effective for good is that imposed by the individual upon himself. Whilst it is the individual working alone, with conscience as his sole mentor, who has achieved those victories which have lifted man above the brute level and established the most noble milestones in the history of the race.

The human spirit can never be fettered. Morality may be imposed but spirituality must evolve. And wherever men of good will hold thoughts of truth and honesty there is established a bond on a level transcending man-made organizations.

One of the most significant examples of this unfettered power for good is evinced in the progress of the Silent and Healing Minute. Stemming from the Big Ben Silent Minute inaugurated by W. Tudor Pole, Observers throughout the world unite in prayer at chiming of Big Ben (one hundred years old this year) at nine p.m. every evening.

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