

The Harbinger of Light

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

*"Dawn Approaches, Error is passing away, Men arising shall
hail the day."*

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Jesus and the Resurrection

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

When we die our spiritual body is released from the flesh, and functions in freer conditions. It is the only real resurrection, as natural and inevitable as death. Paul argues: "If dead people are not raised, then Christ is not risen." (I Cor., 15.) Resurrection is a natural phenomenon; it is as old as humanity.

We live in two worlds at the same time, enjoying a dual existence, operating in each world in a body built of that world's substance and adapted to its conditions. Normally we live consciously in one world at a time, but when someone acts consciously in both at once a miracle results, since he operates higher as well as lower laws. This is possible because he possesses a body for each world.

Of our enemies to be eventually destroyed, says Paul, death is the last, having the firmest hold on humanity. He implies that, as man grows more holy, departure by death will be superseded by another mode—translation. (Rom. 8, 18.) God will not allow a holy one to see corruption.

What is translation? Enoch, Elijah, and probably Moses, were transferred in this way. Josephus relates how Moses went through this process, and the Jews accepted the fact, saying that he "died by the kiss of God," a beautiful phrase.

Translation is incorruptible death; the flesh is dismissed by dematerialisation instead of decay. And, though the visible aspect is so different from that of death, the main factor is the same. The soul is severed from the body, and loosed from physical conditions.

Let us here consider Jesus' transfiguration on Mount Hermon, where the story of His resurrection really begins. He took with Him the three most psychic disciples because they possessed the power He needed and used during His supreme experience. As He prayed this power was drawn from them, and their consequent depletion made them sleepy. Jesus' body thereupon dematerialised, revealing to their clairvoyant sight His glorious spiritual body. It seemed to them that He had become metamorphosed (the actual word used by Mark 9, 2).

When the drowsiness had passed from them, they noticed two others shining in glory, conversing with Jesus, whom they recognised as two who had been translated, Moses and Elijah. Perhaps they realised afterwards that Jesus, too, was temporarily translated on Hermon.

By the recent death of John the Forerunner, Elijah was freed from his guardianship of that prophet, and was now collaborating with Moses in joint-guardianship over Jesus. They were all talking of the "exodus", which Jesus must accomplish at Jerusalem; probably Moses introduced that word into the conversation. Bengel wrote that "exodus" was a very weighty word, involving Jesus' passion, cross, death, resurrection and ascension.

Soon his psychical body began to materialise—hence the cloud that appeared, mentioned by all

three narrators. Jesus returned to the physical, and the manifestation of His glory ceased. As the four returned from the mountain Jesus warned the three witnesses not to mention the matter to anyone until after His resurrection, when the exodus had been accomplished.

The transfiguration was experimental. What took place on Hermon also happened at the resurrection and ascension. Moses and Elijah, having passed through translation, were especially fitted to superintend Jesus' similar experiences.

The difference between their experience and His was that, whereas they never died, Jesus was killed, pierced, buried in a tomb, sealed and guarded by soldiery. He Himself, however, rose to higher life from the cross in His spiritual body, in which He was very much alive, actively busy in the hells. Peter states this in I Peter, 3:19. And in Rom. 14:9 Paul writes: "Christ both died and rose and revived." The words "and revived" occur in three important manuscripts. According to this, Jesus rose (invisibly from the cross) and revived (later within the tomb).

Our own departed friends have already risen, but need not manifest by materialisation as Jesus did, unless they wish to prove survival of physical death as He did, and can find suitable conditions for manifestation. There have been many well-authenticated instances in modern times.—"The Two Worlds."



I respect the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labour on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.—Goethe.

MY "DEAD" SON . . . LIVES!

(By Jean Milne Gower.)

Numerous comforting messages come through, to bereaved persons at informal gatherings in our Denver music studio, during the tragic 'teens of this century. The most outstandingly convincing, perhaps, was one from my godson, Leslie West, a young British officer in the London Rifle Brigade . . . who fell in the last battle of the World War.

Before going further, I should like to give something of the atmosphere of the studio . . . to show what strong forces were operating at both ends of communication lines between the seen and the unseen. The room itself, spacious, wood-lined . . . under soft moss-green burlap . . . was so full of vibrations that strangers often remarked about its happy restfulness and the strange sense of some benign invisible presence welcoming them.

My late husband, John H. Gower, a Doctor of Music of Oxford, and an ardent member of both the British and American Psychical Research Societies, was, by reason of his untiring reading and study, the local "authority" upon psychic matters. Therefore, it was natural that, until the time of his passing in 1922, our home was the Mecca of bewildered and grief-stricken persons . . . seeking tidings of beloved friends, as well as an earthly place of contact, where victims of the war might sometimes be able to convey to mourning relatives some token of their continued existence and love.

Knew Oliver Lodge.

We had no professional mediums, but many members of our changing and impromptu circles seemed to be sensitives, and several of them developed unusual and unsuspected powers in automatic writing, while others helped in producing quite phenomenal physical demonstrations—such as the marching of a large octagonal carved oak table

around the studio with members of the circle barely touching it with their finger-tips. Occasionally it would move without contact of any sort. Since the table could not be lifted except by two strong men, it was indeed strange to see it "marching" by itself to the strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Tipperary", or other martial music played by somebody on one of the grand pianos.

Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge were much impressed by the table's levitation during an evening spent with us . . . after the war, when they were making a lecture tour through the United States. As my husband and Sir Oliver had been friends in England, they had much to discuss; and in responding to my husband's introduction, as chairman of his Denver lecture, Sir Oliver said: "I wonder that you thought it necessary for me to talk on psychic matters when you have in your midst a psychic researcher like Dr. Gower."

The Ouija Board.

Our daughter, Elizabeth, widely beloved and known by all as "Betty," had, since her passing in 1912, been in close contact with us through table-alphabet and automatic writing. She had been one of those selected to help the bewildered victims of the war who were so ruthlessly hurled into strange conditions. She was, sometimes, able to help them reach their people.

On one occasion, Betty brought messages from Raymond Lodge, which proved to be evidential. In fact, she seemed to have established herself as an operator (if one may call it that) at the far end of our line of contact, and she was well known to our various groups as a reliable, loving sender of tidings. To her own family, she brought news of her sister, who was studying voice technique in London during the first two years of the war, and of her brother who, during the last year, was serving as a First Lieutenant with the Royal Air Force.

One afternoon shortly after the signing of the Armistice, two young women, friends of our children, came to the studio in a state of great excitement.

"We've brought our ouija board," the elder one said, "to see if Betty can help us find one of mother's best police dogs which has disappeared."

"I don't believe Betty knows much about ouija boards," I replied, "but I'm sure she will try. She loved animals, and is always ready to help in any way."

The attempt, however, was disappointing with vague and uncertain suggestions about searching canyons and gulches near their mother's summer home in the foothills. Things were proceeding very slowly when Dr. Gower happened along, and asked why they didn't try with a pencil and paper.

"You've had several fairly legible scrawls," he reminded the elder sister, who had tried automatic writing a few times as a sort of joke.

"My father disapproves," she said. "He thinks it is superstitious nonsense . . . but, in a case like this, perhaps . . ."

My husband smiled. "I daresay in a serious case like this," he replied, "he wouldn't object to just one more little try."

"Poor Little Les."

So it was settled. The pencil made the usual personal sign—an ornate "B" in a scroll-like circle, and wrote the accustomed greeting: "Betty is here." Surprisingly, however, nothing else happened except that "Yes" was written twice in answer to the questions as to whether the dog was safe, and if it would be found. There seemed to be an odd feeling of suspense in the air as though someone wanted to get attention.

Then I thought again about Leslie, and the heartbroken letter just received from his mother, and I asked Betty if she could not get some com-

forting message to send his family. At first she didn't seem to know what I meant, so I explained about the sad happening in France, and after a short pause she wrote: "Leslie is here, but I can't seem to get him to send a message. He is very weak, still I will do my best to help him."

Presently the pencil moved slowly, and wrote very faintly: "Tell my mother and father that it was not half as bad as they think. I am happy."

The writing, though legible, was a strain to read. "Can't you make it a little plainer?" I asked. Then it occurred to me that some personal possession placed nearby might strengthen the vibration and increase the power; so I brought, from the library adjoining a framed photograph of Leslie in his uniform, looking so gay and debonair. As I put it down I said softly, "Poor little Les."

Instantly the pencil sprang into action. "Don't say 'poor little Les'," it wrote. Then it repeated, boldly this time, the identical words it had written so faintly. They were in precisely the same writing and they were followed by this greeting: "Goodbye. Love to all. Cheerio, Les."

Positive Evidence.

At my husband's suggestion, I traced the message upon thin paper held against the windowpane, and sent it directly to Leslie's mother in Thornton Heath, near London, with a description of how it had been received. At about the time that it must have reached New York on the way to her by the first mail boat, a second letter from her to me must have passed it on the way to Denver. In this was enclosed a typewritten copy of Leslie's last letter to her. The ending was this: "We shall all be marching home soon. Things are not so bad as you think. Good-bye. Love to all. Cheerio, Les."

The almost word-for-word similarity in the ending of the letter with the message in the Denver script seemed to us a marvellous proof that Leslie

himself had been guiding the pencil, and in order to discover if the handwriting were similar, Dr. Gower wrote at once to Mrs. West asking her to send tracings of letters and words in the original letter which might seem to her like the ones in our script.

In due course we had her reply, part of which read: "The writing is like his, and the style is exactly Les." The "Cheerio" is just what he would put."—"Psychic Observer."

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WHY I BELIEVE IN SPIRITUALISM

(By Emma W. Dodge.)

You ask me why I believe as I do. I will try to give my reasons to you. First, I believe in a Power above, Who cares for His children with tenderest love; and Who never fails to instill in our heart as we look on our dear ones when the time comes to part, a hope we shall meet them in some future day, in a beautiful world where life is alway.

Second, I know, for I've had a strong test; I've heard from my friends whom I loved the best. I hear their fond whispers, as they come to me. "We are here, dear friend; though you cannot see; you feel our presence and bear our voice, and we bid you be glad and ever rejoice."

So now I've no doubts and never a fear, I know they just went to another sphere.

Spiritualists delete the black pages of history, such as stories of battle, murder and sudden death. They are unfit reading for our new era, a new heaven and a new earth.—Dr. Constance Chinnery.

SPIRITUALISM, THE CONSOLER

Miss Marion Steel, of the Temple of Light, Brisbane, writing to parents whose son is a prisoner-of-war, says:—

“I am sorry to hear of your sorrow: it is a very difficult time for everybody, isn't it? But this glorious truth takes away fear from our hearts; we have the consolation that we do meet our loved ones while our physical bodies are sleeping or resting, and although our loved ones are perhaps prisoners-of-war, we know that prison walls and bars do not necessarily make a prison—our spirit is free—and I always remember that ‘The Pilgrim's Progress’ was written in prison, and that Edison was deaf, also Beethoven; Helen Keller both blind and deaf and dumb, yet she graduated with highest honours at an American University, and many more people that I have read about have been handicapped, and yet they have given to the world beautiful music, and examples of living in tune with the Infinite. I practise living in two worlds continually, and I know I converse with my mother during my visit to the Spirit Country, and also many other friends and relatives. I have had a Universal Peace Crusade since the commencement of the present war, and I know the people who visit the Temple of Light all sincerely send out their constructive spiritualised thoughts to all soldiers, sailors, airmen, and women in uniform, also prisoners-of-war daily, in addition to our service. I know thoughts are forces, and we build up around every living soul, civilian and otherwise peace, love and understanding, and see them as we wish them to be.”

THE PHENOMENA OF STIGMATA

(By Enid S. Smith, Ph.D.)

Space will permit but the brief mention of two cases of stigmata, that of the strange child, Anne Catherine Emmerich, and the rather recent case of Theresa Neumann. At the age of four, Anne, according to Mathe Ponet, was accustomed to rise during the night to pray for several hours in succession in the open air. She travelled so far out into the open away from home that she often cried from fatigue. Later, as a working girl at Coesfeld, Germany, she tried to earn enough money with which to enter a convent. As soon as she was able to save a little, however, she gave it way to those who were poorer than herself.

When Anne was a very young child her visions began. "Pictures" passed before her eyes. She saw, for example, France in revolution, and reported this vision to her parents. They looked upon her as a witch. At school, for a time believing herself to be like other children whom she thought also saw visions or "pictures," she wished one day to describe what she had seen in connection with the resurrection of Jesus; but the teacher silenced her very sharply.

Stigmata of Anne.

Later, as she approached adulthood, she entered the convent. It was when she had gone to Hermitage near Dulmen that she had a very peculiar experience. She fell into an ecstasy, and presently was taken care of by a peasant woman, who discovered on the child's breast, a mark of a bloody cross which had been imprinted there a few days previously, which happened to be the feast day of Saint Augustine. Anne Catherine herself had never seen this mark on her breast. On Christmas Day of the same year she received the stigmata. It seems that Fraulein Rotars found the child "in ecstasy,

praying with outstretched arms, and with blood gushing from the palms of her hands." The Fraulein thought that possibly Anne had met with an accident, but the child told her such was not the case, but begged her to say nothing about the strange marks. Father Limberg, her confessor, however, who took her to high communion, noted the wounds in her hands. He sent for the abbe, and after conversation together, the two priests decided to say nothing about it, since they thought it idle to attract attention—partly from fear, and partly from pity. The secret, in a short time, nevertheless, was discovered through a Clara Sonigen, a friend of Anne's.

Doctors and Priest Investigate.

Doctors and priests soon surrounded the girl. Investigators and inquirers sent their report to the Vicar-general, Droste-Vichering. He also continued the investigation of others, as did the Dean of Munster, Dreffel, professor and consultant in medicine, and the surgeon Krauthausen, who spent three days with Anne and bandaged her wounds and tried to get them to heal. They continued to bleed, but never suppurated. The surgeon bandaged them so tightly that the girl suffered intolerable pain therefrom, but the doctor felt it was necessary to make certain that the child was not herself keeping the stigmata open. Finally, twenty men signed a report testifying that for ten days Anne had taken no food, and that nobody had touched her wounds. Dukes, princes, and numerous doctors continued their investigations.

Visions of Anne Catherine.

From time to time Anne Catherine had visions: as, for example, when Brentano, a poet, who had been travelling, visited her. "I knew you before you came to see me," she declared. "Often in visions, in which the future events of my life were indicated to me, I have seen a man, very dark com-

plexioned, who writing beside me. That is why, when you came into my room for the first time, I could not help saying, Ah, here he is'."

Some time after this event, when she had learned that her death was approaching, she summoned her family to say good-bye, and then she sent them away, declaring that she wished to die as a nun. She seemed to know everything that was transpiring about her. When death was upon her she was overheard saying: "God be praised I can see no more—I cannot hear any more." She groaned particularly because of the painful wound in her side, stating that she was "on the cross". About three o'clock in the afternoon the struggle was over. Her pulse stopped and her extremities became cold, and she soon passed out of the physical body.

Case of Theresa Neumann.

In the case of Theresa Neumann, we have a girl who was formerly blind and lame, but who is said to have been divinely healed of both afflictions. On March 15, 1926, she received the first of the stigmata recorded of her. It is declared that she was borne away in spirit, and while present at the agony of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane, she experienced a violent pain in her left side, and discovered that warm blood was flowing from it. At the various church days during the month the experience was repeated, and the blood flowed. On April 2 she became very ill, and summoned Father Naber.

That evening when Theresa regained consciousness, she bore the stigmata on both hands and feet. She was unable to explain how they had come. "I had no consciousness of them," she declared. "I saw only the Saviour. I felt that a liquid was flowing over my hands and feet. I could not see what it was because blood closed my eyes. I called my sister, and said to her, 'Look what I have—and it hurts so much!'" The sister looked and cried: "They are open wounds!" Father Naber also noted

the marks, a mystery which troubled him much. Soon the girl's wounds spread all over her body. We read that "the crown of thorns was marked on her forehead, her shoulders sweated blood. On Friday, March 29, 1929, she received the stigmata of scourging."

Wounds Stopped Bleeding.

Attempts to heal the girl's wounds succeeded only in making her sufferings more unendurable. At the least movement the blood flowed. Through prayer, it is reported that on April 17 the wounds stopped bleeding. It is said that Theresa has taken no solid food during the past three years of the report. She is much weakened owing to the blood she loses. Having so many visitors also had wearied her. She is evidently in great need of rest, and enjoys being alone, so goes the report. People are requested not to visit her. They have come in droves from all over Bavaria and Konnerreuth, until there have been thousands who have passed through her room, and yet the miracle continues. Theresa at the time of the writing of the report was still bearing the stigmata, those of the crown and thorns—eight tiny scratches around her head in her hair—those of the bearing of the cross—a large imprint on the right shoulder—and those of the crucifixion—four marks on the hands and feet, as well as that of the side opened by the lance, in the account of the crucifixion. She still continues to have visions and revelations. Theresa's habitual state, however, corresponds absolutely with the state of mind of so-called normal people. She is declared to be most wide awake, reasonable, and friendly. Much of her time is spent in visiting the sick, as well as helping to a certain extent with the housework in her home. —"National Spiritualist."

One soul may have decided influence upon another soul merely means of its silent presence.—Goethe.

EARTHBOUND

(By Ernest Oaten, in "Two Worlds".)

When one understands that death is neither a reward nor a penalty, but just a natural incident in eternal life, the knowledge revolutionises one's sense of values. Throughout the centuries man has been accustomed to view the next phase of our existence in the terms of reward or punishment ("bliss or blisters"). Death has been regarded as a punishment for sin, heedless of the fact that it overtakes sinner and saint alike; and in order to balance this we have been told, "Ah! but the saints go to heaven and happiness—the unsaved to hell and misery. Now neither statement is true. No man on his transition finds either perpetual happiness or eternal suffering.

Death may be likened to the train of earth life arriving at a junction, where the passenger changes to another train (body), to continue his eternal journey. His surroundings may change, and thus modify his outlook, but he is the same passenger.

The rigid and truncated conceptions of the after life which have been taught consistently through the centuries, must presently give way to the more accurate idea that life is progressive. Such idea has gained much since Darwinism has become generally accepted. But the old theological ideas have been responsible for some of the most saintly characters becoming earthbound after their transition and that for centuries. Death has overtaken them, and they have been unable to find the picturesque heaven they were led to expect. They have not been ushered into the presence of a great and personal God, or been immediately met by the Saviour Whom they sincerely loved. This, then, could not be the heaven they expected. The change had not brought the realisation of their expectations. Only their environment had changed, and that merely in a partial sense. Death, then, they conclude, must be something that still lay before them. Their natural re-

action has been that they must go on living their lives until the death they expected should come, and often they do this amidst their old familiar surroundings.

I am rather fond of visiting old abbeys, castles and cathedrals. These ancient places have a fascination for me. With friends I have held many seances in such places, and incidentally released many earthbound souls.

Now it is generally thought that an earthbound spirit must be a sinful, unworthy, or degraded soul, but this is not necessarily the case. People of quite spiritual and benevolent types may be earthbound and remain so for centuries. It depends on their attitude of mind rather than quality of soul.

I remember a visit to Furness Abbey—a grand old ruin! Sitting quietly there, I became aware of a procession of monks passing from the refectory to the church. I heard their Gregorian chants—though I could not catch the Latin words. They were still pursuing their old practice of praise and prayer to God, and they appear to have been perpetuating that rite for centuries, finding complete satisfaction in their monastic discipline and practices. They were not unhappy. Their love and interest had rooted them to their old haunts. They were just earthbound. There is no stronger prison-house than a closed mind which thinks it knows!

A mind that has fixed ideas, and bases its whole future on promises which it regards as divine, looks upon every attempt to lure it from its false conceptions as a temptation of the evil one. Thus a rigid and false theology can do more to bind its followers to earth and hinder their spiritual growth, than can material appetites or errors. There is no man more unapproachable or impervious to new truth than he who holds his theological conceptions as divine revelation.

I know the question raises wide issues! I shall probably be told that at Furness I was contacting

“the akashic records” of a dying past. I’m afraid I’m too old a hand to be unable to distinguish between memory pictures and living spirits. Some of them became aware of my presence, and without losing their place in the procession, their glances indicated that they regarded me as an intruder on their privacy. But they were not to be lured from their discipline.

Similarly I have seen sentries and look-outs on duty in old castles. Discipline can make for rigidity and bind men to old scenes for centuries.

Of course there are bands of spirits who seek to liberate such souls, but the faithful sentry is not to be lured from his duty by sirens. His mind is fixed! He is unapproachable! Similarly in an old country cottage may be found the old lady sitting by the fire-side knitting—continuously knitting her mentally-created wool, with her imagined needles. Earth-bound! and desiring nothing better than to be left alone to her task.

Yes! I love the ruins of our ancient monuments, but I sometimes wish that instead of being preserved and protected they could be torn stone from stone. They are often prison houses for unprogressive souls. Ruins last centuries, and carry with them their ethereal doubles, but if the material form were destroyed it is probable that the astral would speedily dissolve. And yet these things could not be, if everyone knew that life is progressive, through many ascending planes, and that the mind and soul should be prepared even whilst here to seize every opportunity for ascent by ascending steps—to rise on their dead selves to higher things.

The truth is that man’s future depends chiefly on himself. He will get no hell but the one he has made. No heaven but that he has created. And if he is content with his present lot and weds himself to it, he becomes self-imprisoned by the action of his own will and desire. Not at all unhappy! Just “Earthbound”.

COMMONSENSE, 546 B.C.

(As told by Herodotus.)

“Cyrus, then, seeing that Croesus was a lover of the gods, caused him to be brought down from the pyre, and asked him whom it was that had persuaded him to become his enemy and to march upon his land. And Croesus replied that he supposed it was pleasing to the divine powers that these things should come to pass, for no one is so senseless as to choose of his own will war rather than peace, since in peace the sons bury their fathers, but in war the fathers bury the sons.”

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SINCE LOVE CAME

Somehow the petals of the rose
Seem lovelier than before;
Its fragrance seems much sweeter, far,
Than spice from Singapore.
The dew, somehow, seems fresher, too,
Its sparkle gleams more bright;
The sunshine has a happier feel
Since love came to me that night.

—:O:—

Spiritualism is a very old story, dating back to the actual birth of religion, when men talked to spirits and were consciously inspired by them.

What is distance to a friend? True friendship is in Mind—though land and sea divide two hearts—their happiness they find—not in exchange of empty words when walking side by side—but in that secret sanctuary where all true friends abide. . . . We send our love around the earth on wings of sympathy—unwritten messages that find their way across the sea. . . . Sometimes the absent ones are nearer than the friends who walk beside us on the way of life, with whom we laugh and talk. . . . Real friends may have communion in the world of the Unseen—when spirit calls to spirit with a thousand miles between.—Patience Strong.

LIFE OVER DEATH

"Bury me anywhere," said Socrates, "if you can catch me." The Rev. W. H. Elliott quotes this story in his little book, "Rendezvous", and the survival of the real person after death can rarely have been so succinctly expressed. We like to think of the old Greek questioner, released from his hemlock-stilled body, watching the interment of his mortal remains, and perhaps posing a further question to deaf ears: "Think you, Anytus, that Socrates will lie there silent under that cold earth till all are called to judgment?"

Mr. Elliott wrote this book, he says, because he had to. With so many now troubled with bereavement, and his desk piled with letters from those seeking comfort, he felt the need to write not so much of Life after Death, but rather of Life over Death, for, as he truly says: "If true Life there be, death cannot interrupt it." He sets out to dispel the idea, so much in evidence in churchyards and cemeteries, that the dead are sleeping in their graves. To Spiritualists, of course, such a notion seems incredibly antiquated, but the fact that a clergyman who has spoken over the radio week after week to thousands, and perhaps millions, should find it necessary to issue a corrective to this point of view, is evidence that many of his cloth either need enlightenment themselves, or, having it, have sadly failed to spread it.

This book, as we have indicated, is intended to "bring hope and comfort to the very many who in this time of war have "lost" or think they have lost, somebody near and dear to them."

It is not surprising, then, that many statements in it are in accord with Spiritualist teaching. To a certain extent it asserts, in effect, the truth of Spiritualism without the authority which Spiritualist phenomena can give.

Mr. Elliott, naturally enough, stands by his Bible. "For the Bible is the source of all the faith that I have, all the hopes that I have, all the help that I can ever try to give to anybody." He admits, however, that inspiration did not end with the Bible. On the other hand, he omits to add that neither did revelation end after Biblical times, but, on the contrary, has never ceased; while to the "communion of saints" may be added communication with incarnate spirits, which can be of more immediate consolation to the bereaved.

Mr. Elliott confesses to not clearly understanding what St. Paul meant when referring to the spiritual body, in the great fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

"It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body (v. 44).

"Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed (v. 51).

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed" (v. 52).

Mr. Elliott says that St. Paul does not tell us when the spiritual body emerges from the body that is placed in the earth. "I feel myself that he thought of it coming forth at the sound of the Last Trump, when all men everywhere, alive or dead, must be changed."

Whether or not St. Paul thought this, it is clear that Mr. Elliott does not think it, and his puzzlement is due to attempting to reconcile what St. Paul said with what he himself feels. And what he feels and says is that we are already living in spiritual bodies, and that Life after Death does not mean a Life which begins at Death. "It is rather a Life that reveals itself then in its true beauty and significance to those who for years have lived it."

This is pure Spiritualism, and Mr. Elliott is a Spiritualist at heart, whether or not he believes it possible to communicate with those "lost" ones who, he declares, with more truth than he gives evidence for, are not lost to us.

He is intensely aware of the spiritual world around us, and of our contact with this world here and now. He mentions music as one method of making such a contact, and, as we write this, there comes to us over the ether—significant word—the music of a Beethoven string quartet. Who is there will say that such spiritual profundities were created in the disease-racked body of him who was known on earth as Ludwig van Beethoven?

We have claimed that Mr. Elliott is a Spiritualist, and it is a pity that his book, in view of its purpose, lacks that more positive comfort which the evidence of Spiritualism, as we know it, would bring. But we would be loth to disparage this book. It is written with earnestness and sincerity by one who has suffered that which he seeks to alleviate in others. And to those for whom the restoration of a shaken faith by demonstrable fact is as yet too startling a conception, Mr. Elliott's book may bring something of the hope and comfort which is its object.—"Light."

ENCOURAGEMENT

The Australian Financial Gazette, commenting on our March issue, writes: "In fact of serious financial strain, this admirable monthly digest of *Psychical Research and Spiritual Philosophy* continues its illuminating propaganda. "Dark is the hour before the dawn," O Teacher of the truths of a higher and brighter life.

Have you ever had your path turn sunshiny because of a cheerful word? Have you ever wondered if this could be the same world because someone had been unexpectedly kind to you? You can make to-day the same for somebody.

JUVENILE MEDIUMSHIP

W. J. Colville was not yet fifteen years old when he made his first public appearance in London (1877); Emma Rood Tuttle, at the age of seventeen, began writing for the press; Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson, when a mere child of ten years of age, became a messenger for the angel world, and she eloquently predicted the future of Cassadaga (now Lily Dale); Harrison D. Barrett began investigating Spiritualism at the age of seventeen. He was graduated from the Unitarian Theological Seminary in June, 1889. He became the first president of the National Spiritualist Association in September, 1893; Hudson Tuttle became a medium at the age of sixteen.

Spiritualism was given to the world through the mediumship of children.

KEEPING THE FLAG FLYING

A N.Z. church secretary writes:—

"I do wish some generous-minded person would come to light with a bequest (and a handsome one at that!) for the "Harbinger", so that future prosperity would be assured. There are many people who could give that security, but, sad to say, they do not seem willing to help. I have tried to interest people to become subscribers to the "Harbinger," but haven't met with much success. Of course, at present there are many demands on one's finances, but I do think that all who call themselves Spiritualists should make an effort to spare the small sum required for the "Harbinger", and so assist you in your earnest endeavour to keep the flag flying.

Important principles may and must flexible.
... Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people?—Abraham Lincoln.

A TRUE GHOST STORY

(By "Pax" in "Light".)

In August, 1939, a friend and I went as paying guests to a villa in Kent belonging to a lady unknown to us. It was a bright little house situated in the middle of a large garden, and had the dining-room and sitting-room divided by an open archway. We three always had a siesta after our 1 o'clock meal, and on this day I gave up an attempt to sleep in the sitting-room, and took a chair facing the dining-room and front garden. The fireplace, I should say, was very near the archway, and, looking up from my book, I was amazed to see a beautiful woman's white head turned towards the corner of the mantelpiece and away from me. I could not see her form, but as she turned to look at the wall before her I saw the profile of a woman of middle age, with a most beautiful complexion and finely-formed features. She seemed to be gazing at something above her head on the wall. Then I saw that she had a slight, very finely-shaped form, dressed in black.

After gazing for some minutes with astonishment on this sight, I spoke in my natural voice to her, as I always do when clairvoyant: "Tell me, friend, what you want, and how I can help you." Without letting me see her full face she drew a beautiful white hand from her side and placed it over her mouth, to show me she had no gift of speech; then the door opened, and into the room came Miss H., our hostess, who took a seat near me on the sofa, and began to talk. I then told her of the figure I was gazing at, and asked her if she knew her, describing especially the excellence of the profile and the beauty of the shape of her hand. She, to my great surprise, burst into tears, and cried: "Oh, that is my dear sister, who died last year. Oh, she was most beautiful as a girl."

Then, to my amazement, the figure quite changed into a laughing girl in her 'teens, with a beautiful complexion and large lustrous eyes, while the white hair seemed to slide away, revealing chestnut brown colour. Then, as before, she put both hands over her mouth as if to contain her laughter, and quite suddenly disappeared. Miss H., who had never believed in any psychic occurrences, could not conceal her wonder, and told me that, although her sister had died when over 70, this was an exact description of her in the forties, and in her youth. She also told me that the spirit's long gazing at the mantelpiece and the wall was owing to a photograph of her younger son being on the mantelpiece, and a china plate, painted by herself, hanging on the wall. Two of her sisters corroborated the story some weeks after, when a friend went to visit Miss H.

—:o:—

Affirmations.

(Given by Victor Cromer to His Students in 1926.)

"Divine Order is now established in my mind, body and affairs, through my understanding of the indwelling Christ."

"The Healing Power of the Holy Christ Spirit fills me. Divine health radiates through every atom of my being."

"The soothing Power of that Peace which passes all understanding broods over me."

"I am vibrant with Life, the Divine Life."

—:o:—

I pray the prayer the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you;
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow.
Through days of labour, and nights of rest,
The love of good Allah make you blest;
So I touch my heart—as the Easterners do,
May the peace of Al'ah abide with you.

CLOTHING AND MATERIALS NEEDED BY RED CROSS CIVILIAN RELIEF DEPOT

Every day three or four men without wardrobes walk through Melbourne streets in borrowed clothes. They are merchant seamen from bombed or torpedoed ships, and they walk from the Seamen's Mission to the Red Cross Civilian Relief Depot, 264 Latrobe Street, Melbourne, where they receive a complete set of clothing and a cash order for new footwear.

Last month 100 seamen were re-outfitted at the Depot. Sometimes their numbers are swelled by a soldier with a medical discharge, who had disposed of his civilian wardrobe when he enlisted.

Meeting the needs of merchant seamen is only a small part of the job of the Red Cross Civilian Relief Depot. Until the outbreak of war with Japan a year ago, it despatched 300,000 articles of clothing to Britain. Then it dealt with the requirements of 600 evacuees from the Far East. It still keeps in touch with the Victorian Auxiliary for Evacuees, and operates a lending system for cots, prams, house and bed linen, and certain clothing. At the end of last year there came a call from Malta, and it was answered by a gift of 50,000 garments, which have just arrived safely at the island fortress.

The problem is not making the clothes, but getting the material. Rationing has drastically cut donations, and the big consignments have depleted stocks. Mrs. A. L. Moran, convener of the Depot, and the 40 workers under her control, perform miracles with the most unlikely oddments, but even their ingenuity cannot contrive frocks and suits out of the air. The case of the khaki pockets shows how they triumph over any ordinary obstacle.

Recently they received from the State Evacuation Committee a consignment of several thousand

khaki pocket squares in 160 different shades, out of discarded Army uniforms which the committee had remade into suits. All these scraps were washed, sterilised and pressed, sorted and matched before they were stitched into larger pieces. Within a few weeks the pile of squares had been transformed into dozens of women's coats and gored skirts, small boys' pants, small girls' frocks, children's coats, lumber jackets, dolls, rugs, and kettle-holders. Not a single pocket was thrown aside.

New supplies are now needed urgently at the Depot. Not only must it meet the daily demands of individuals, but it must stock up against emergency. It needs summer clothing for the Red Cross Bush Fire Relief section. It needs winter clothing, particularly men's clothing of all descriptions, for seamen and overseas consignments. It needs everything it can get. Nobody knows when the next appeal will come, and the depot wants to be ready.

Any old clothes, no matter how worn, can be put to use again if only one has the skill and imagination to do it. But rationing has made many women slaves to coupons, so that they hoard material they will never have time to tackle. If your old clothes and clippings are loafing in some bottom drawer, put them to work again by sending them to the Red Cross Civilian Relief Depot, 264 Latrobe Street, Melbourne. Parcels of donations will be carried freight-free on the Victorian Railways provided they are of reasonable dimensions, securely tied, and clearly marked: Red Cross, Melbourne.

Keep the heart right, and the mind, too, will be right. Heart inspiration is superior to mind inspiration. It contains the same truth, but nearer the cause; and always more gratifying because in it is contained the love-principle—the light of creation.

GREAT MINDS ON THE QUESTION OF LIFE AFTER DEATH

Sir William Crooks, one of the most eminent scientists of the last century (at one time editor of the London "Quarterly Journal of Science"), after years of patient research, concludes positively that survival and communication is an established fact. He said:

"It augurs ill for the boasted freedom of opinion among scientific men, that they have so long refused to institute a scientific investigation into the existence and nature of facts asserted by so many competent and creditable witnesses, and which they are freely invited to examine when and where they please. For my own part I, too, much value the pursuit of truth, and the discovery of any new fact in nature, to avoid inquiry because it appears to clash with prevailing opinion. But as I have no right to assume that others are equally willing to do this, I refrain from mentioning the names of my friends without their permission."

Alfred Russel Wallace, F.G.S., F.R.S., said: "Up to the time when I first became acquainted with the facts of Spiritualism I was a confirmed philosophical sceptic. I was so thorough and confirmed a materialist that I could not at that time find a place in my mind for the conception of spiritual existence, or for any other agencies in the universe than matter and force. Facts, however, are stubborn things—the fact beats me."

Mr. Leon Favre, former Consul-General of France, said:

"I have long, carefully and conscientiously studied spiritual phenomena. Not only am I convinced of their irrefutable reality, but I have also a profound assurance that they are produced by the spirits of those who have left earth, and further, that they only could produce them."

Camille Flammarion, one of the world astronomers, says:

"I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction, based on person examination of the subject, that any scientific man who declares the phenomena denominated 'magnetic', 'somnambulistic', 'mediumistic', and others not yet explained by science, to be 'impossible', is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about, and also any man accustomed, by his professional avocations, to scientific observations—provided that his mind is not biased by pre-conceived opinions—may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to."

Bishop John P. Newman says: "The belief is all but universal that the departed have returned to earth. The two worlds met in Bible times. The communications were as real between earth and heaven as between New York and London to-day."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, one of our greatest and most popular poets, said:

"I believe hundreds of well authenticated instances exist where these spirit forms have been seen—not in darkened rooms, but in broad light, and in their own likeness. I believe thousands of instances have occurred where messages have been received from them, and I have no doubt that we are often visited by departed friends, whose presence we vaguely feel, but whom we cannot see or hear."

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REFLECTIONS

(By "X.Y.Z.", Cairns, Queensland.)

You express sorrow at the "rot" within the movement. Well! we are only in our infancy, you know, and have to put up with measles, chicken-pox and other ills. The world wasn't built in a day, and people on the whole are not ready. They want only phenomena. Admittedly, it took a clairvoyant to wake me up, but the opinion I formed by attending her meetings was that many employ the clairvoyant's powers for silly matters; but I see no fault in obtaining clairvoyant's advice on major matters until one learns to stand alone.

* * *

There is a passage in Brunton's "Search in Secret India" that may appeal to you. Brunton has contacted a remarkable man with remarkable powers, and Brunton asks him about the future of the world, the present being in Brunton's eyes very sorry, and the outlook bad. The old sage said: "What do you want to worry about the world: it's God's world, leave it to Him. It's His lookout to look after the world. He Who has given life to the world knows how to look after it also. He bears the burden of this world—not you."

To me it seems that man must work out his own individual destiny, and learn his own lessons. If he gets his finger burnt twice by doing the same thing twice—just too bad! He will learn, in time.

* * *

People say "war is bad; and Hitler, etc., terrible people". To anyone not believing in survival, war is terrible; we, being Christians, don't bother to look after the bereaved once we have recovered from our slight shock, and passed around the hat. Out of this war is fast coming a New Age, and we are lucky to be living now to see the transition. Why should it take the work of lunatics to make us see the errors of our ways? The Master Hand is working and playing the cards well.

One my most highly-prized books is "The Higher Power You Can Use," by Murdo MacDonald Bayne, of Sydney. I get tremendous help by reading it when things appear all wrong. Although there are ten chapters in the book, I have only studied the first. Each time I read it I find something new. Do you like this from Chapter 1?

"The joy and freedom of truth is spontaneous: it comes naturally, without effort, without introspection. It is the ever new joy, being perfect joy itself. Living, acting spontaneously is as natural as the breath of life. To understand this completeness there must be non-attachment to ideas, beliefs, the past or future, for when you pattern your life on these there is fear and conflict, which destroy true understanding, and you are held within the walls of a prison you yourself create.

"In the world of illusion, which includes creeds, dogmas, etc., you become irresponsible; on the one hand you give up yourself to authority, you lose your individuality, you allow others to do your

The moral coward makes a smoke screen to hide his responsibilities from himself, and to shirk the duties which an honest man shoulders in the cause of justice and mercy to the helpless and weaker creatures of God's creation, and stands fearless and unafraid to raise his voice in indignation at the horrors of vivi-section.—Claire Norman-Thomas.

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thinking for you spiritually; and on the other hand you become like a wild beast fighting for your welfare and existence. To know reality you must be entirely free in mind and heart from all authority, limitation and imitation, from all cravings, both spiritual and material. You must strip yourself naked, spiritually, mentally and materially—empty your mind and heart. If you look into them you will find inherited theories of right and wrong. What is spiritual and what is not spiritual?

The heart may be so filled with religion that there is no room for love, and the mind so filled with theories that there is no room for truth. Truth is. It does not have to be. What is necessary is an effort to keep the mind and heart free so that truth and love can manifest. They do when we free ourselves from concepts, theories, cravings, imitation and limitation. The truth, life, is free and natural, and manifests itself without our personal effort."

That is a sample of his writing. I find him very interesting. Here is another:

"He who seeks to save his soul alone
May find the Path, but will not reach the Goal;
But he who works in Love may wander far,
Yet God will bring him where the Blessed are."

I like that. Love is the master key. One may be almost an agnostic, but, working in love, will provide a key to the hereafter.

—————:0:—————

The more virtuous any man is, the less easily does he suspect others to be vicious.—Cicero.

—————
Little deeds are like little seeds: they grow to flowers or to weeds.

—————
The highest and richest inheritance is a truthful mind—a mind full of truth.

A MOTHER'S PSYCHIC VISIT

The following story appeared in "Phantasms of the Living" (vol. i, p. 214), and was quoted in "Human Personality" (vol. i, p. 266):—

Antony, Torpoint. December 14, 1882.

Helen Alexander (maid to Lady Waldegrave) was lying here very ill with typhoid fever, and was attended by me. I was standing at the table by her bedside pouring out her medicine at about 4 o'clock in the morning of October 4, 1880. I heard the call bell ring (this had been heard twice before during the night in that same week) and was attracted by the door of the room opening, and by seeing a person entering the room, whom I instantly felt to be the mother of the sick woman. She had a brass candlestick in her hand, a red shawl over her shoulders, and a flannel petticoat which had a hole in front.

I looked at her as much as to say, "I am glad you have come," but this woman looked at me sternly, as much as to say, "Why wasn't I sent for before?" I gave the medicine to Helen Alexander, and then turned round to speak to this vision, but no one was there. She had gone. She was a short, dark person, and very stout. At about 6 o'clock that morning Helen Alexander died.

Two days after, her parents and a sister came to Antony, and arrived between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning. I and another maid let them in, and it gave me a great turn when I saw the living likeness of the vision I had seen two nights before.

I told the sister about the vision, and she said that the description of the dress exactly answered to her mother's, and that they had brass candlesticks like the one described. There was not the slightest resemblance between the mother and daughter.

FRANCES REDELL.

Full corroboration of this story was provided by Mrs. Pole-Carew, of Antony, Torpoint, near Deponport. Mr. Myers' comment is that the mother, anxious about her daughter, paid her a psychical visit during the sleep of both.

I AM CERTAIN DEAD COME BACK

(By Canon Elliott.)

Once again Canon W. H. Elliott has put our case in public. In the "Sunday Graphic" recently he declared that the "dead" do come back—"Of that I am as certain as I am of this pen in my hand."

He said he was writing for those who were sceptical. These people were so preoccupied with their material affairs that everything else seemed unreal.

"Why are we so mad," he asked, "as to spend our time and our strength on things that at any moment may be snatched from us, and to spend no time and thought at all on those things which abide, and, if we can but make them our own, are ours for ever?"

Then he gave the message of Spiritualism, though he did not give the source of his confidence: "If you can't feel the presence with you of that boy of yours who went down with his ship, or was shot down over the Channel, it is not because he is not there; nor is it because you are a sinful man or woman.

"It is simply because you have lived all these years for the things that you can see. All else you have left—in a state of cautious, non-committal unbelief—to look after itself."

Canon Elliott then dealt with the question of mourning. "Is your grief selfish or unselfish?" he asked. "If it is selfish, you are for ever pitying yourself. What shall I do, you say, now that my boy is gone? How can I live through all these long, empty years without him? How can I go on day by day without a sight of his happy, laughing face, without even an echo of his dear familiar voice?"

Whilst he did not blame those who thought like that, for such a grief was very natural, he asked if they ever thought of how it looked from the viewpoint of the one who has "died".

"If he comes, how does he find you?" he asked. "It will not bother him very much to see you crying sometimes at first. It is hard for you, and not so very easy, I think, for him. Will it bother him, though, if you are always crying, always mourning for him, always sighing because you have lost him? I answer that—it will."

If every time the "dead" boy returned he heard his loved ones talking as if he were gone or lost, that would hurt.

"Remember that he may be standing beside your very chair," wrote Canon Elliott. "Would you like to come home and find your mother saying every day that you are dead and gone—when you are there and just aching to tell her so?"

What worried him sometimes was that so often when the "dead" returned they found us very far from our best. "It must be very hard to be called dead—your own mother and father—when you are not dead," he declared.—"Psychic News."

—:O:—

THE INVISIBLE SELF.

There exists in the human being an element independent of the material senses, a personal mental principle which thinks, wills, acts, which manifests itself at a distance, which sees without eyes, hears without ears, discovers the future before it exists, and reveals unknown facts. The spirit overrules the body; the atoms do not govern; they are governed. An invisible thinking force governs the worlds and atoms—and matter obeys. Thus, to "establish the positive proofs of survival" was the aim of M. Camille Flammarion, a former French astronomer, in his book, "Death and Its Mystery."

M. Flammarion said the brain is undeniably associated with our thoughts, but it is not the ac-

tion of these thoughts; it is only the instrument. "If I wish to life my arm; if I wish to make an oath; if I deliberate—it is my spirit which acts. The cause of the action is in it and not in the nervous and muscular system which obeys it automatically. It is our spirit which thinks, wills, loves, decides. It is not our molecular cerebral system."

Familiar instances of second sight and somnambulistie sight are given in abundance. M. Flammarion himself knew a girl of twenty who, without knowing anything about it, often got up during the night and continued in complete darkness some work begun during the day, either dress-making or embroidery."

Some may find this a startling statement: "Telepathy (communication between minds, independently of the recognised channels of sense) has more foundation, a more universal and solid base than any religion. The quite modern invention of wireless telegraphy (and now that of the wireless telephone and the radio) helps us to understand the method of transmission of thought at any distance."

The great astronomer indeed visualised the fact of telepathy as indicating the "possibility of a sort of radiation of the human consciousness from one star to another by means of specially subtle waves." He sums up his evidence in the declaration that the "transmission of heat, light, electricity and solar magnetism. Future events undoubtedly can be seen in advance and with great exactness."

—————: o: —————

Make a sunshine of peace in stormy places;
cover the faults and follies of men with the flowers
of love—S. A. Brooke.

—————
Oft will pain act like a sudden brake, and save
us from a life of sorrow and remorse.—F.S.

TRANSFIGURATION—IT'S VARIOUS TYPES

(By J. H. Symons.)

There is a certain phenomenon peculiar to some mediums which has been called "Transfiguration". In a way quite unknown to science, a complete change takes place in the features of the medium. Before our eyes, there appears the face of another person, apparently superimposed.

Some time ago I invited a gifted medium of this type to spend a week-end at my house. With others, he and I sat round a table. Presently he was entranced, his face appearing to change, until apparently we found ourselves staring at an Oriental. It was an unusual experience, and I remember vividly how a friend who sat next to me grasped my arm and whispered tensely: "Do you see it?" Almost as he did so, the medium commenced to speak.

Given the fact that a controlling Intelligence was at work, it is still not easy to understand the process employed. One explanation is that "It" has used a certain amorphous substance which exudes from the medium, and from which on rare occasions a complete human body has been formed. This substance is known as ectoplasm, and its emission usually takes place in a dim light.

In the "transfiguration" case quoted above, however, the super-imposed face appeared to "shine" by means of its own light. Of this phenomenon, it has been suggested that the glow may be caused by the extraction of phosphorus from the organism of the medium. Whether this is so or not, the "face" that we saw that evening was bright compared with those of the sitters.

A classic instance of this type was that which used to occur with the famous medium, Stainton Moses, round whose head and shoulders a luminous cloud was often observed.

Finally, the greatest Transfiguration Scene of all must not be forgotten: when we are told of the "Master-Seer", that "His face did shine as the sun". This must have been an awe-inspiring sight!

THE SOURCE OF SPIRIT DRAWINGS

A correspondent, known for her keen mind, places before the writer a nice little problem regarding the source of so-called spirit drawings. She writes: "I am much interested in the subject of spirit drawings, but would like to know just what is to be understood by the term. Do you mean drawings produced like direct writing, or through the hand of a medium? If the latter, what possible criterion is there that it is not the result of his own subconscious activity? It seems to me open to all the difficulties we meet with in evaluating automatic writing, but more so, as there is not an intellectual content. The most (and almost the only) really evidential example would be of drawings produced by a child, but has this ever occurred?"

In reply I would say that the expression spirit drawings was used to apply to productions that appeared to be the work of an agency other than that of the sitter. It might include both "direct" drawings and those coming through the hand of the medium. As to deciding whether it may not be due—as in some cases of automatic writing—to the activity of the subconscious, I would say that in any case it must be due to the working of the subconscious, for that is the channel through which it must come, whether spirit or human agency is concerned.

But the decision as to the source must rest on the balance of probabilities in any particular case, and in the weighing of the evidence. Each one is entitled to his or her opinion. I can only say that shrewd psychic researchers, in investigations extending over many years, have come to the conclusion, for the most part, that the theory of discarnate agency is the only one that will cover all the cases. Dr. Hyslop acutely pointed out (*Journal, A.S.P.R.*, November, 1919), that Mrs. Travers Smith, in her experiments with the ouija board, started out with

the hypothesis that they had to do only with her own subconscious; and he adds: "But like most, if not all, who study the subject carefully enough, she found her mind more or less forced to the theory that foreign intelligence of some sort was involved in the phenomena." So it is with spirit drawings and paintings.

(Exchange.)

—:o:—

SHALL WE LIVE AGAIN ?

Victor Hugo's great soul found utterance in his later years for these thoughts, which will find an echo in many hearts:—

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilac, the violets and the roses, as of twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvellous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song; I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, "I have finished my life. My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley: it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight; it opens on the dawn."

SOME QUOTATIONS FROM VICTOR CROMER ON THE NEW AGE

(Contributed by E. M. Lance.)

“The fundamental thing that God can give us is an outpouring of His Spirit. But this Holy Spirit is of the very essence of life itself, and when poured out upon us it fills us with radiant energy of life and health.

“In the New Age it is said that ‘the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea’. In other words, man will understand God, and will pray truly to Him by learning to draw down His Holy Spirit, and to unite their own beings with that Spirit.”

* * *

“God from His great White Throne is ever radiating His glorious Imagination, His Holy Spirit, upon the world, and the ultimate effect of that will be that He will eventually disperse this black miasma in which humanity is immersed, and, dispersing it, the radiant Power of God will flow in upon humanity, and the Kingdom of God be revealed.

“In other words, the final war is a war of magnetism—the Shekinah of God versus the great red Dragon of human avarice, greed, sensuality and stupidity impregnating the atmosphere around us.”

* * *

“By an act of supreme Divine Justice evil is to be overthrown in this world, and the New Age to commence. It is the Day of Judgment. At the completion of the judgments . . . all events leading up to the establishment of the world on a higher basis will begin, and will go on with ever-increasing rapidity until the whole constructive work of the New Dispensation has been completed, and the

‘New Jerusalem’ founded on earth—that state of world-wide human brotherhood, in which the spiritual faculties of man will have awakened to see things as they are in very truth, and not as each desires them to be, or as man by his actions, individually and collectively, has made them in the world up to now.”

* * *

“The underlying principles of the Kingdom of God are brotherhood and unity. He who is the builder of all physical bodies, animal and human, in this world, has made of one flesh all who dwell upon the earth. He desires that all men shall live in harmony, and that all governments shall be in the interests of all beings, animal and human. When men turn their hearts to Him, and decide to work with Him in the evolution of His world, then will begin a wonderful age in this world, for the Lord of the world will reveal Himself to the world, and all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest.”



Spiritualism is a gospel of glad tidings, and it should lift all above the mists of superstition and fear into the serene air of spiritual self-expression.

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CHURCH RUNS AWAY FROM HEALING

Whilst Spiritualism Cures the Sick.

(By Maurice Barbenell, in "Psychic News".)

Whilst Christianity goes on destroying the Bible, Spiritualism is re-creating it into a living thing.

The Rev. John Bevan, who answers questions in "The Christian World," a Congregationalist weekly, showed recently how parsons have to turn down their Bible when they are ignorant of the psychic case.

He was asked this question: "I am left wondering what promises of Christ we are to believe, and what we are not. It seems to me that, if what Christ told us is not absolutely true, then He must have been an imposter.

"He said: 'These signs shall follow them that believe: In My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues. . . . They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover'."

You see, the modern intelligent Christian is trying to face up to his problems. In his answer, the Rev. John Bevan had to say that the quotation used by his questioner "formed no part of the original

Gospel". Some of it was added at a later date, "when and by whom we do not know".

"Superstitious Accretions."

He even goes so far as to say that "On the strength of the quoted passage, you have no authority for believing any such thing." He talks, also, of the "superstitious accretions to the Gospel."

This parson was also asked whether, in view of this text which promises healing to the sick, "Can you, professing to be His ministers, let poor sufferers think that you doubt His word? Many are leading the orthodox churches on this question."

The poor parson has to admit the truth of the healing powers of Jesus, and then add: "Of spiritual healing as a recognised technique . . . I know little."

Then comes this terrible admission: "I suggest that you regard the (Biblical) reference to tongues, etc., as early superstition."

Red Cloud at Work.

Now, the night before I read this parson's answers, I went to the Marylebone Spiritualist Association in Russel Square, where Red Cloud, Estelle Roberts' guide, was giving diagnosis.

Twenty-nine sick people were waiting for the verdict of a spirit who was going to "lay his hands" on their aching bodies. One by one they went into the Upper Room, where Estelle, in trance, was waiting to receive them.

Red Cloud's healers, dressed in white coats, all stood by, ready in case they were called upon for their assistance. Outside, in three rooms, the patients sat awaiting their turns.

There was a blind girl, a young woman suffering from sleepy sickness, a man in a bath chair which had to be carried up the flights of stairs, a case of paralysis, a man suffering from internal ulcers—sufferers of all kinds.

One by one, they went into the room to receive the laying-on of hands by a spirit.

Fully occupied though he was in his diagnosis and treatment, Red Cloud paused to hand the blind girl some tulips. She came out of the room, her face lit up, her hands tenderly feeling the petals of the flowers.

The girl who was being treated for sleeping sickness, emerged transformed. She had a brightness of expression that testified to the value of the treatment.

Red Cloud is not only concerned with his spiritual healing. He keeps an eye on the material side, too. When one of the cases was brought in, an old patient whose looks indicated poverty and want, the healers put their hands in their pockets automatically to give her "physical pennies". It was a former instruction of Red Cloud's.

The Jubilant Patient.

One of the patients left Marylebone House that night with great jubilation.

"After two years of treatment I have been signed off to-night," I heard him say. He was cured by the laying-on of hands that modern parsons are denying as an "early superstition."

Despite the fact that all this healing is free, you get a curious sidelight on human nature. There is a collection-box for those who wish to give a voluntary donation. Only three out of fourteen people placed anything in it.

On the floor beneath, "Sunshine," the woman who assisted F. J. Jones in his great healing work, was going on with her treatment to old patients, accompanied by her band of helpers.

300 Treatments.

One hundred and eight patients had passed through the "healing chair" that day. Three hundred treatments were given last week.

Yet the healers' only regret was that they could not take on any new patients because they were unable to diagnose. They handed me a letter received that day from a man they were treating.

The letter was from H. H. Winstanley, of Upper Tollington Park, London, N.4, who told how Jones visited him three weeks ago. He wrote: "He held my hand and impressed upon me that he was still carrying on with his work, and assured me I was improving. To give me extra confidence, he squeezed my hand with greater pressure and bade me farewell.

"From the time of this visitation I have rapidly improved."

Jones's two-year-old daughter, Sheila, is clairvoyant. She often sees her father. She is given treatment regularly so as to protect her from illnesses.

After every treatment she is lifted up to the picture of Medicine Man, her father's great healing guide, and she always says, "Thank you, Medicine Man. Thank you, Daddy."

Now, we Spiritualists are often accused of being anti-Christian. The truth is that, whilst Christians go on trying to ignore the power of the spirit, they are logically forced to destroy the whole of their case.

The healing power which accompanied the Nazarene two thousand years ago is still available to the churches, if only they would let it operate in their midst. As it is, all they seem to do is to quote texts against us.

Not by detachment or aloofness from happiness and warmth and life are our victories won.—Arthur C. Benson.

All thoughts that mould the age begin deep down within the primitive soul.—Lowell.

LINIMENTS

The Rubbing's the Thing.

"I want a really good liniment to rub in," said Jack Driver. "My back's been aching long enough now, and it's time I took it seriously."

"What sort of liniment do you generally use?" I asked. He told me, and I suggested he continue with it.

"I thought there might be something better," he said.

"I don't think there's much difference, you know," I said. "More especially as it is the rubbing that does the good. The liniment is a convenient vehicle for the rubbing."

"But something must do good when it gets inside," protested Driver.

I explained to him that the human skin was practically water- and oil-proof. If your skin wasn't waterproof we would drown every time we had a bath.

If it absorbed all the liquids and oils that fell on it we would be a pretty soggy mess by the end of the week.

As someone recently said, the skin should have "Exit only" written on it.

Friction produces heat, and heat induces a pleasant flow of blood to the part. This gives a comfortable feeling, and may sometimes relieve pain. We all know that "giving it a rub to make it better" is satisfactory home treatment.

Additionally, certain things stimulate the skin, and that also causes a pleasant glow and a flow of blood.

Liniments have their use, therefore, as long as you don't credit them with miracles.

—From "The Doctor's Diary," Adelaide "Advertiser."

HOW TO CONDUCT A SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

(By Gertrude Ogden Tubby.)

1. Use no name or an assumed name until have secured good evidence. Go alone.

2. Be prepared with several sharp, soft lead pencils and a thick pad or note book whose leaves you can turn without noise. Take verbatim notes, if possible. Include your own remarks or questions in parentheses.

3. Note down all that is said in the language in which it is given, whether you understand its meaning or not. Later developments often throw light on obscure or misunderstood statements of the psychic. Do not prune to suit your own judgment at the moment.

4. Speak little. Mention no names or personal affairs in conversation with the medium, at any time. Only thus do you preserve the value of that evidence of identity you receive from communicators.

5. When asked a question by the psychic, respond non-committally. Give no unnecessary information. It confuses the medium and the communicators to have you do so. Parry with a counter question or a word of encouragement to draw out the reason for the medium's inquiry. Show yourself courteous and interested. If you do not understand the meaning of what is asked you, say so in a way to lead the communicators to explain further. In short, treat the matter with the open-minded courtesy you would show to a long-distance inquirer by telephone, trying to introduce himself or herself to you.

6. When a correct fact is given, tending to identify the communicator, recognise it frankly and express your gratification, but do not state its bearings. More may come spontaneously. Do not spoil evidence by gratuitous information.

7. When you do not understand a reference, do not deny its pertinence but make a note of it and

try to find out the meaning later. It is often thus that the best identifications are obtained.

For example:—

Medium: "Do you know somebody by the name J.? I don't know whether it's J-a-y or J. for Joseph or some name beginning with J."

Ans.: "I shall be glad to hear further about J." (Not: "Oh, of course everybody knows a J."; that doesn't indicate anything definite enough to be sure of, etc.—which would discourage anyone in this life from giving further communications, even though he had something important to say.)

Medium: "Well, I don't get the name, but I am seeing a lady, now, who has lots of light hair, and wears it high on her head. I don't know whether the J. belongs with her or not. She smiles, and nods her head."

Ans.: "Yes, I see the meaning of that. Go on." (Not: "Oh, yes, that's my daughter Jennie," etc.) Or, if the meaning is not clear, just let the evidence come freely, merely remarking: "I'll make a note of it, and find out about it later."

8. Do not be disturbed at physical symptoms of pain or distress when the medium is at work. These are but the dramatic play which represents as in a living picture, and for the moment only, the remembered physical experiences of one or another of your communicators. Recalling the past naturally brings up his memory of a last illness, failing health, or the like. State that you know why the psychic reacts in such a way, and that it need not continue, as the physical suffering is over now—and it will pass in a short time. Communicators are not always aware of the effect they are producing until we note it in this manner in the seance.

9. Do not touch the medium while he or she is at work. The shock may disturb the work. If you wish to hand him or her an article to hold in identification of some communicator, have it carefully wrapped to hide its character, and when you place it in his or her lap, state that you are about to do so, thus preparing the guide for the sensation.

10. Do not move about the room during the seance. Sit still and be quiet and wait for the seance to end itself. Do not shake or try to rouse the medium. The guides will see to closing the seance at the proper time.

11. After the seance, do not repeat what the medium said, while in trance or while at work, saying that this or that was the case in your family, etc. State your satisfaction at having heard a number of facts you could recognise, but do not discuss them. Be grateful, not garrulous.

12. Make mental appointments with those from whom you would be interested to hear, if it were possible, when you book for a mediumistic experiment.

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THE EMERGENCY FUND

We acknowledge with gratitude the following donations: W.A.B. (Pieramon), 100/; Aenos (Westport), 49/6; W.A.P. (Coburg, 20/; W.T.C. (Leeton), 20/; Mrs. J.J.M., 15/; N.S. (Tecoma), 10/6; A.M.J. (Wanganui), 5/6; L.M. (Roseville), 5/6; F.E. (Heidelberg), 5/; M.A.E. (Astonville), 5/; E.D.E. (Gee-long), 2/6; M.H. Yallourn), 2/.

A Correction.—The donation of 20/ credited to the Christchurch Spiritualist Church, should have been credited to The National Spiritualist Church of New Zealand, Christchurch Branch. We regret the mistake.

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CHAS, BAILEY FUND

X.Y.Z., Cairns, 20/; H.R.G., Sydney, 20/; J.J.M., 5/-.

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THE CHALLENGE APPEAL

The challenger having sent £10, acknowledged in our February issue, leaves only £10 to be obtained. We shall be glad to receive further donations so that this fund may be closed. The need is still urgent.

Since the above was in type, we have received from X.Y.Z., Cairns, £10, thus closing the appeal. We again tender our grateful thanks to the initiator of the appeal, and to the contributors.