

The
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A
PSYCHIC DIGEST

Edited by
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LEADING FEATURES:

Children in the Summerland.

What Lies Beyond?

Witchcraft in the XVII Century.

Photographing Thoughts.

How the Hidden Money was Found.

Haunted Houses.

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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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Higher Teachings

(By H. Ernest Hunt.)

Some of our mediums have been giving by their controls what have been termed the higher teachings of Spiritualism. It is not always recognised that such teachings are available, and only too many spiritualists assume that when they receive communications in their own home circle from their friends and relatives, they, having proved survival, spanned the breadth of Spiritualism. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Survival is a fact, and so also is communication; but these are the beginning rather than the end. If we indeed survive, what are the conditions of our survival; what is its purpose; and whither will it lead us? Whence have we come, and how, and why? What are the conditions of daily life to-day which fit in with the requirements of our spiritual life to-morrow? How should we live in order to conform to the Law which rules this world of ours? These are large questions, and their consideration and elucidation necessarily involve far more than mere family or homely communications, even though these may be of a sufficiently convincing type.

All down history there have been "higher teachings" which only the instructed were capable of receiving, not merely in occult and religious matters, but in every department of life. We do not expect the ordinary clerk to be familiar with the intricacies of high finance, nor the bricklayer to be aware of the aesthetic and mathematical calculations of the architect. Similarly, to say that the ordinary home circle is capable of giving all the available teaching on spiritual matters is to adventure upon a very rash pronouncement.

There are worlds within worlds, bodies within bodies, and teachings within teachings, and the fault with the materialist is that he is only concerned with the outermost realm of each. He considers only the physical world, believes only in the evidence supplied by the senses of the physical body, and in the matter of the teaching regards the written word rather than the spirit which the words convey. That is at once his limitation and his handicap.

The spiritualist is aware of an interior world invisible to the senses, of an interior self which animates the physical, and of teachings which in their spiritual sense give life, as opposed to the letter which kills. But he must go farther yet, for though he has advanced from the outer to the inner, from a first stage to a second, from a lower to a higher, he must advance yet many more stages before he can really be said to know very much. Hence these higher teachings which do at any rate assist him upon the way, though no one can yet suppose he is within measurable distance of finality.

The effect of these wiser and wider ideas is to render life more understandable, and to dignify it with a greater worth. We are taught something of the vast sweep of life, that grand procession that winds from earth to heaven, and of our place in the pageantry. We learn of our innate powers and possibilities, and at the same time of our corresponding responsibilities. We learn to build rather than to decry; we see evils in order that we may

set to work to rectify them; and we serve unseeking rather than seek the ends of self.

For lack of spiritual vision and comprehension many individual men and women live thwarted and distorted lives, and not a few commit suicide. If life be incomprehensible, so runs the argument of these unhappy folk, why live longer in muddle? But if it be full of purpose, so runs the spiritualist logic, then align with that purpose and be happy. Which is the better way, and which teaching is high, and which is low?

Nations, moreover, are but individuals writ large, and the same considerations apply. National vision and national purpose are the larger editions of individual clear sight and strength of will, and they cannot exist on the larger scale if they are non-existent in the individuals. Cause and effect rule everywhere, and it is just as possible for a nation as for an individual to go wrong, to become involved in consequential trouble and disaster, and almost in effect to commit suicide for lack of an inner spiritual perception. The state of the world to-day is eloquent testimony to the complications and difficulties that arise from lack of spiritual vision and purpose.

Where are these teachings to be found if not in the Spiritualist movement? They are not commonly given from pulpits, nor in the press, and they are not conspicuous in the literature of the day. In their more elementary form they are sometimes given in seances, but in their higher aspects they can only be obtained when higher calibre sensitives are able to transmit to the outer world the delicate and more intimate spiritual revelations. These sensitives are truly the prophets of the present time, and their message is not likely to make popular appeal since it involves a call to self-discipline and sacrifice. Prophets never have been adequately appreciated! In their very highest form the teachings are not proclaimed from the housetops at all, but have to be diligently sought by the student.

All knowledge, all wisdom, all inspiration is

potentially awaiting us, and the first condition of learning is a wise humility which confesses that at best we know very little. The man who knows everything is unteachable, and the finer inspiration is little likely to come his way; then he will be apt to conclude that it is not there. This, however, is only the argument of the materialist, advanced one stage higher. Always until the state of perfection be reached there will be possibilities of further advance, wider vision, and increasing perception. Therefore, for many ages yet there will be the need for higher, and still higher, teachings.—“Service.”

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CHILDREN IN THE SUMMERLAND

(By Shirley Eshelby.)

I have learned from actual experience, through carrying over into the conscious waking moments, some memory of being with my own children in the Spirit-world, and I know that very young children who still “cling to the nest” have no idea that they have left their parents through what we call death; for whilst our bodies sleep on this side (the earth) our souls are with our loved ones in the spirit-world, where it is always day-time. It is during our night we are with them when our souls leave our bodies.

The very young children still sleep for many hours, just as they did when incarnate, and they are wakened by their mother in the spirit-world, just as they were wakened by her before they “died”. Therefore, they are quite **unconscious of any separation.**

Children in the spirit-world do not suffer from loneliness, for every moment is filled with interest, and they are **surrounded with love.** **They have not** time to be lonely between the time of sleeping and waking. Each child has a loving motherly guardian always in attendance, and the children know nothing of loneliness and sadness.

This is not wishful thinking: it is learned from actual experience.

HOW HIDDEN MONEY WAS FOUND

Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer, includes the following story in "Death and Its Mystery (Vol. 1, pp. 84-5). He states that it was sent to him by M. Hilarion Marquand, landowner, to whom it had been told "by a neighbour, a woman estimable from every point of view: simple, truthful and sincere". It was followed up by inquiries which brought confirmation:—

Three days have passed since we lost our father through sudden death. Since it was customary in our house for my father to pay all expenses, he alone had charge of the money. He was in the habit of putting it in certain places more or less hidden from us.

After the funeral, when we wished to settle up everything, my mother, in order to pay pressing bills, began to look for the sum of money from which household and all other expenses were taken. We were certain that father had hidden it somewhere. It was probable that the sum was very small. The whole family (my mother, myself and two boys) began a search. We looked from attic to basement, with no more result than if we had not looked at all. My mother was in despair, since she had counted on the money to pay household and other expenses. We did not know which way to turn, and were in the deepest misery.

In the course of the third night, between eleven and midnight, I heard suddenly steps descending the stairs which led to the lay loft. **These steps halted** on the landing before the door of my room, and immediately I heard the latch lifted and the door creak, and my father's well-known voice reached my ears, calling three times, "Baptistine, my child". As you may well suppose, I was more dead than alive. My girl cousin was sleeping with me; I pushed her with all the strength I had left, trying to awaken her. It was useless; she slept on undisturbed. Then I answered my father, but in a

voice so choked by emotion that only with difficulty could I utter the two words, "My father".

"Listen, my child", he said. "Since I left you you have been greatly worried, and have suffered because you can't find the money. Well, it is in an old packing case that once had oranges in it; the box is in the room behind the kitchen. It is divided into compartments; there are bags of several kinds of grain on one side of it; and, on the other side, at the very bottom, under some rags, is the money which is causing you so much suffering. Good-bye, my child."

I need not add that the whole family was at once up and about, and some minutes afterwards we found the money. Such is my story. I shall neither retract from it, nor add to it.

(From the translation by Latrobe Carroll. Published by T. Fisher Unwin, 1923, and reprinted in "Light".)

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GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS

(Contributed by W. T. McE., Ontario, Canada.)

Let not soft slumber close thine eyes
 Before thou recollectest thrice
 Thine train of actions thro' the day—
 Where have my feet found out their way?
 What have I learned; where have I been?
 From all I've heard, from all I've seen;
 What know I more that's worth the knowing;
 What have I done that's worth the doing;
 What have I sought that I should shun;
 What duty have I left undone;
 Or into what new follies run?
 These self inquiries are the road
 That lead to virtue and to God.

—————:0:—————

Life's evening will take its character from the day which has preceded it."—Thomas a' Kempis.
 hast suite absolute uncontrollab'le power. Him re-

PHOTOGRAPHING THOUGHTS

(By Kariel Adems, in "Nautilus Magazine".)

One night, some years ago, while visiting a doctor friend, I was asked to attend an experiment by another doctor, who claimed he could photograph people's thoughts.

The doctor wanting to prove his theory, i.e. that he could photograph thought from the brain of the average person, had invited a number of doctors and scientists to witness his experiment. I remember that among these gentlemen were several professors from the University of Leipzig.

The doctor required for his test a box of Eastman photographic paper. The ordinary type used for making any kind of pictures when placed over a negative, exposed to the light, and then passed through a solution, called a developer, to produce the picture. Also a red electric light bulb, and the absolute honest effort on the part of the participants to do as the doctor ordered in reference to **thinking**.

The entire equipment was furnished that night by the visiting doctors and scientists, so there could be no possible hocus-pocus on the part of the experimenter.

Thirty of us sat in a large room, facing a mantel shelf over a fireplace. The room was darkened, lighted only by a red electric light. This was necessary in order that the sheet of Eastman photographic paper placed on the mantel shelf directly in front of us might not be chemically affected by a white light.

The doctor then asked us to stare at the paper, and to throw, as it were, from the right frontal brain, the vision of a perfectly plain cross—one stroke down and one stroke across. This we held in concentration for a few seconds until the doctor reached for the piece of paper and dropped it into the chemical bath for development. After which the electric light was switched on, and you may imagine our interest to see what had occurred. But, alas! The paper was a complete blank.

However, the doctor, undismayed, again repeated the experiment in exactly the same manner—each of us again throwing on the next piece of photographic paper on the shelf a vision of a plain cross. Again our interest was mounting, when, behold, there was not the flicker of a spot on the paper—just a blank as before. We all felt the hopelessness of the poor doctor's theory.

But once again, still undismayed, the doctor repeated the same experiment, and we all did our part by throwing the vision of the cross on the next piece of paper. It was put through the developer, and behold, there appeared the faint outline of a cross. It was very dim in spots, and then again quite heavy.

This, the doctor explained, was due to the fact that some of the thirty participants were more positive in their thinking than others, and hence the darker outline, the lighter, wavering outline, representing the more negative thinking.

It had taken this much time and effort to accumulate enough energy for the thought form of a cross—to make it appear to the naked eye.

Again we repeated the same experiment, and produced a heavy black cross on the photographic paper. Following this we produced, in the same manner, a heavy black triangle, a heart, and other things. Then different ones took into their own hands small pieces of the photographic paper, and we produced leaves of different shapes, and, remarkably enough, many of these smaller papers with the leaves on were coloured with varying colours.

The doctor assured us that this phenomena was due to the fact that the energy from different brains had chemically affected the paper.

It proved to be a most highly educational experiment, demonstrating just what our thought is capable of doing. Now, to me, who have always been deeply interested in all phases of phenomena, this experiment joins science definitely with prayer, and shows beyond any doubt just what takes place

in the ether round us when we pray. We are then throwing energy, charged with a vision of what we may want, on the ether. When we keep that same picture long enough, by directing sufficient energy into the picture, it manifests for us.

The reason some people can manifest and others fail seems to me to be purely a matter of the amount of energy we put into our picture.

Every thought that passes through one's head is carrying energy into the ether, and surrounds us wherever we go. We always take our own thought forms with us wherever we go, so it behoves us to think the kind of thoughts that are pleasant to have constantly with us.

This experiment of the doctor has since meant a great deal in my life and efforts. Often when I desire or pray for something and get no result, I remember how the doctor that night, with nothing on the first two sheets of paper, went serenely on till he did get definite results. He only needed more energy to bring the picture out on the paper. That is all you and I need for our desires. Just keep throwing the energy of our heavenly Father into the ether, seeing distinctly what it is one wants, and behold it comes to us, under grace, in the perfect way.

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ONE LIFE

One life through all the immense creation runs, one Spirit in the Moon's, the Sea's, the Sun's; all forms in the air that fly, on earth that creep, and the unknown monsters of the deep. Each breathing things obey's One Mind's control: and in all substance soul.—Emerson.

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TRUTH

Truth is impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as the sunbeam.—John Milton.

WITCHCRAFT

During 17th Century in U.S.A.

During early colonial days in America all but a very few men believed in the actual existence of demons and witches, and harboured many superstitions that had been handed down from the middle ages.

In 1680 several Puritan ministers began to investigate the history of witchcraft in New England.

In 1689 Cotton Mather, prominent New England clergyman, published a book on witchcraft called "The Wonders of the Invisible World", which was widely read.

In the year 1692 some young girls of Danvers, a village near Salem, Mass., became so frightened reading books on witchcraft that they believed themselves bewitched.

They began acting strangely, and, on being questioned by the village pastor, declared that certain aged persons were witches who had cast spells upon them.

Their story was believed. Soon many others claimed that they too had been bewitched. Quickly the witch scare spread from Danvers to many other towns.

At Salem the terrified villagers imagined they saw evidences of the evil work of witches on every hand.

None but the bravest dared venture out after dark, for that was the time when witches were thought to assume the shapes of animals to prowl around on their sinister errands.

Since witches were believed to be old hags, a number of friendless aged women, particularly those who were ill-liked, were charged with witchcraft and flung into prison.

The witch-hunt at Salem caused such a stir in the colony that the Governor appointed a special high court to try the accused.

Everyone was so frightened that the unlucky

prisoners could not hope for a fair trial. The hysterical ravings of the "bewitched" girls were accepted as testimony.

Under these sad conditions nineteen of the prisoners were convicted of witchcraft. Some made false "confessions", hoping to obtain mercy.

Death was the usual penalty for witchcraft in those days, and the condemned persons were sent to the gallows.

During the tragic year of 1692, throughout the colony thirty-four innocent persons were sacrificed to the witchcraft delusion.

At last calm reason was restored, and the scare passed, leaving the people horror-stricken at what they had done.

All concerned sought to make amends as best they could. A day was set aside for public mourning and prayers for forgiveness.

Judges and juries made public repentance, and substantial damages were awarded to the heirs of the unfortunate victims.—"Progressive Thinker."

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SPIRIT THE REALITY

"Spirit is the real substance; matter is only one of the modes of its presentation. You regard spirit as eminential, unsubstantial, vapoury and formless; it may be that mist will symbolise your idea. Spirit is a substance, having form and shape. So the Spirit world is real and substantial, surrounding and underlying the material world."

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LIFE AFTER DEATH: WHAT IS ITS NATURE?

(By Rev. Theodore Bell.)

(Continued from July issue.)

Modern research has established quite clearly the main features of the world beyond the grave.

That world is as natural as this: different, of course, in many ways, and yet in the more superficial things not so dissimilar. Most of the dead, on waking to the new life, are at first struck rather with its resemblance to this world than with points of difference.

They find, for instance, that they feel more alive than ever they felt on earth. They still wear clothes, live in houses, go to churches, concerts, plays, so that for many it is at first difficult to realise that they have "died" at all. But by degrees they realise that there are certain fundamental differences between the new world and the old. Take, for instance, the question of food. During earth life men give most of their time and energy to business, to make the wherewithal to buy food; women to cooking it, and to housework. Now, in the astral world, as this region of the after-death is usually called, there is practically no need for food. What does this mean? It means, instead of having an hour or two a day, when we are tired out after a day's work, that we have twenty-four hours out of twenty-four to give to the things we really care for.

That, by the way, is one reason why we should learn here to take an intelligent interest in such things as music, or science, or religion, so that in the astral world, when we have no longer business or housework to interest us, we may not find the time hang heavy on our hands.

For, remember, the mere incident of death means no change of character. You are the same man the day after you die as you were the day before, so that if before death you were not interested in, say, music, you will find that you are not able

to appreciate the very splendid concerts which are such a feature of the life beyond the grave; and all these things—concerts, lectures, scientific research, and what-not—are so infinitely more interesting there than here. An audience of the “dead” can understand a “dead” lecturer far better than is possible in this world, for they can see and feel his thoughts as well as merely hear his words—and this intenser interest and keener appreciation is true of most of the activities of the astral world.

Hell.

Where, then, you may ask, does Hell come in? It does not come in at all: that is, if by “hell” you mean that nightmare picture of lakes of blazing fire which ignorant men added to Christ’s gospel of a God of Love. Those terrible and useless torture chambers have no existence now—nor ever had, save in the imagination of cruel men.

But though there is no hell, there is suffering in the life beyond the grave.

But there, as here, the suffering is not God’s punishment for sin, but is rather the natural and inevitable result of man’s foolish disregard of natural law.

If we disregard the law that fire burns flesh, and plunge our hand into a red-hot stove, we suffer; but that resultant suffering is not the punishment imposed by an offended God, but the inevitable result of our own folly.

So is it after death—our foolish sins bring suffering because they disregard God’s changeless laws.

Man was not meant to live by bread alone, nor to care only for selfish, bestial things; and if he does so, does so at his peril.

He is living, after death, in a world where there are no physical enjoyments, and if he has lived utterly for these on earth, then after death he suffers from their loss. The glutton, the sensualist, the drunkard, the miser, is the same man, with the same desires as on earth; but he is now living in a world

where there is not the material wherewith to satisfy these raging lusts of his, and it is in the fire of unsatisfied desire that the sinner truly expiates his sins.

Think of the sufferings of the explorer deprived of water, and one gains some idea of the intensity of the self-inflicted torment which is endured by those who, having glimpsed the higher, have yet pandered utterly to the gross lusts of the flesh.

However, it is fortunately only few who thus build for themselves a time of post-mortem misery; and even for these the time of suffering is comparatively brief, the prelude to that intensely vivid and interesting life which, as we have seen, is the lot of the majority.

Note, then, the principle which governs all life beyond the grave.

The material things on which man's mind has heretofore been concentrated are withdrawn from him; as a result, the focus of his mind is slowly changed.

His thoughts turn increasingly to higher things, and he finds happiness no longer in physical activities, but in the intellectual and spiritual worlds.

So after maybe some fifty years or so, the period varies considerably, he passes from the astral (the intermediate state) into the glories of the heaven world.

Heaven.

Heaven, and not earth, is the true home of man: in heaven he knows himself most clearly as he really is—a Son of God; in heaven he seen men more as they truly are, and therefore loves them; in heaven he lives for the greater part of his existence—often for twenty times as long as was his life on earth.

The purpose of heaven is to transform into character the lessons of the past life on earth. Take, for example, two loving tender hearts, who lived on earth as closest comrades. The chain of love they rivetted on earth draws them together in the heaven world, and meeting once again, they find they love with infinitely deeper insight than before.

No more the little jars which marred their love, the little squabbles born of tired nerves; but the deep joy, of soul speaking to soul, unhampered by the limitations of the flesh. Seeing each other, as each truly is, a child of God, despite their frailties, the spark of love on earth grows to a living flame—the power of affectionate comradeship becomes more deeply rooted in each character.

So, then, in heaven we assimilate the experience of earth, and build its essence into character. How much material we have to build, and of what quality, depends, of course, upon the nature of the life on earth.

And when we have assimilated all the available material, what, then? Then we return to earth. As naturally as the man who has digested his last meal grows hungry for more food, so when the work of heaven is accomplished do we grow hungry for the earth once more.

Further experience, more vivid life—these, and not an eternity of idleness, attract the soul invigorated by its centuries of rest.

So we return to earth—once more the soul is blinded by the garb of flesh, and as a tiny babe, we start again another life-day in the school of life.

Reincarnation.

Perhaps the greatest contribution of the nineteenth century to our understanding of life lay in Darwin's theory of the evolution of species by means of the struggle for existence under the law of the survival of the fittest.

Prior to Darwin's time we had thought in the main that everything in the world—men, dogs, cabbages, or coal—had been created by the fiat of God at some time in the not too distant past—most said in 4004 B.C.—and that from that time to this they had continued fundamentally unchanged.

As we know this old idea of "special creation", as it is sometimes called, is dead. We know to-day all such highly organised things as rats, or sheep, or

men are the result of an age-long process of development.

That the dog has not always been the dog, but has developed through tens of thousands of years from the wolf, and the wolf from a simpler and yet more remote ancestor, and so back and back till we see that dog and rat and man have all evolved from a tiny speck of protoplasm, not unlike the smallest jelly-fish.

This rational explanation of how things came to be—by slow growth under the rule of changeless law—has revolutionised our whole conception of this physical universe. The idea of evolution, as applied to forms, has brought order and reason into what before was mystery and inextricable chaos.

The same idea of evolution applied to character—that is, reincarnation—gives us an understandable world in the moral and spiritual sphere. For what does reincarnation mean? It is the conception that our characters are not the result of some mysterious and capricious act of special creation, but are the product of age-long growth.

That if we are born with a strong will, we have built that will by many and many a struggle against adversity in former lives; if we have a natural aptitude for music, or mathematics, or mechanics, we have built the power we are born with in this life by study and effort in this field in our earlier lives on earth.

That is to say, that the complex character can only be produced by a long process of growth, just as truly as the complex body of an animal can only be produced by ages of evolution.

No other theory than reincarnation can reconcile the differences in our characters at birth with the love and justice of God.

If souls come into the world fresh from the mints of God, the fact that one is dowered with the intellect of a Shakespeare, whilst another is cursed with the poor muddled brain of an idiot, is an infamous, and incredible injustice. Why should the

one be so favoured? Why should the other be so hampered, if neither have lived before to merit their characters and powers.

But see them in the light of reincarnation, and the injustice disappears. The soul of the idiot is a normal soul, born with an idiot body because of misuse of opportunity in former lives; he learns by the bitter experience of the present life when he is wearing a body which cannot express his soul, that suffering follows wasted opportunity, and so he will act more wisely when next life he once more wears the normal, healthy body.

Shakespeare's intellect is the result of sheer hard work, a mighty power built through lives of strenuous toil. Because all men are truly brothers, sons of God, as he is, we can be—the powers He unfolded are within our hearts—reincarnation gives us time to draw them forth by the same hard work by which in the past he grew.

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To redeem a world sunk in dishonesty has not been given thee; solely over one man therein thou hast quite absolute uncontrollable power. Him redeem, him make honest. It will be something: it will be much, and thy life and labour not in vain.”
—Thomas Carlyle.

WHAT LIES BEYOND ?

(By A. M. Kaulback: Rider & Co., London.)

This absorbing and, from the point of view of psychical research, quite important book, is the story of a mother who, through well-known mediums, has remarkable and continuous communications with her soldier husband, who dies suddenly, and afterwards maintains touch with her two sons, one of whom is a well-known explorer, in their expeditions in Thibet and the Sudan, and their daily life abroad in India and elsewhere. More than this, she develops the ability of automatic writing herself, and so converses constantly not only with her husband and other relations who have passed beyond, but with Mrs. Eileen Garrett's two famous controls Uvani and Dr. Abdul Latif. What gives permanent value to the book is the proof her patient work in co-operation with these two guides gives that they are separate real entities, and not as Mrs. Garrett likes to imagine secondary personalities of her own. Mrs. Kaulback has been fortunate in her experiences with mediums, some of the best known of our time, and bears strong testimony to their powers.

It is with the aid of Uvani and Abdul Latif that she keeps in almost daily touch with her two sons far away, and often distant from civilisation and surrounded by dangers. These two bring her "pictures" of the young men which are often strikingly accurate, though not infrequently "out of time", being days ahead of or behind the actual happening. She maintained a dairy for each son, in which she recorded the pictures as given to her, sending off copies of them by post. The two young men, however, did not consciously try to keep in touch with their mother.

One of the most striking features of the book is Uvani's concluding message through Mrs. Garrett just before she left for America apparently at the end of 1936. He lays down principles which must be followed for communication to be success-

ful: (1) "An understanding, comprehensive, sympathetic attitude"; (2) Mere curiosity is no good, there must be love, which gives only desire to find the one loved; (3) But even this has its dangers. There must also be "self-control, selflessness, in order that any excess of emotion will not impede the way". (4) "Patience is a factor which is very necessary." (5) "It is not given to all to have the flame of pure love which, reaching out, blends with the love of the one who is gone."

On the other hand, he condemns those "who think they can make investigation in the manner shown by a detector of crime on earth, rigid and critical in their attitude, suspicious, hard."

This is altogether a book that all types can and should read. There is interest and enlightenment for all.—B.A.C., in "Psychic Science".

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ANGELS OF LIGHT

The psychic experiences of a New Zealand clergyman's wife. This gem of a booklet has been published "to help other souls to know there is no death and no separation between those who are akin in spirit".

It is an excellent book to send to those recently bereaved, especially if the mourners are unacquainted with our truth. It is sure to be read, for it is written with full sympathy with, and understanding of, the orthodox point of view.

Price posted, 1/6; P.O. Box 330, Dunedin, N.Z., or from Mr. Chas. Neil, Sydney.

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WANTED!

"Raymond", by Sir Oliver Lodge.

"Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism", by Sir William Crooks.

State if new or secondhand, and price with postage, to "The Harbinger of Light", Box 64, G.P.O., Adelaide, S.A.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED FROM THE OTHER SIDE

Questions: Is there any perfectly well-defined principle of law in existence?

Answer: Law is a rule which it appears impossible to break with impunity; but at what point has even the most advanced scientist discovered its ultimate limit? Not even so fixed a law as that of simple mathematics has been fully fathomed. Law fails at the point where man's perception fails. No finite process can grasp the infinite. Our knowledge of law is but of a fragment of such forms of law as have chanced to unfold to our limited view. There is no point at which man may limit law, except he learn it from the spirit as the expression of the will of God. Spirit is a microcosm of law not yet unfolded. It is mathematical, geometrical and world-binding, uniting together all things, but existing in various forms and degrees of condition. Until we understand its action we have not grasped the first great principle of our mathematical being. Law, now limited by man's knowledge of the past, makes boundless advances in the realm of spirit, which we can only understand gradually as we advance successively in our future progress after the death of the body. The immutability of divine law is a perfectly well-defined and existing principle.

Question: Are the spirits, dwelling in the highest spheres, able to come to earth and visit their loved ones, and where do they come from?

Answer: This question was answered as if limited to spirits in the higher spheres around this planet or system. The telescope reveals myraids of stars, all blazing suns, and nearly all populated. Do you suppose that our earth plane, which is sacred enough for the presence of an omniscient God, is not to be approached by God's highest and holiest arch-angels desirous of ministering to wants of suffering loved ones? The higher the angel the easier he

comes to our hearts. Higher spirits can better care for and protect us in emergencies than those of less knowledge, and consequently less power, who are next to us in physical condition of development, and necessarily work only by the similar mechanical laws of being. All such well-intentioned spirits are assisted, when desired, and instructed by higher spirit teachers. If you pray, your soul ascends to the highest, and the nearest to God is also nearest to man. All created existences form one continuous chain in which no link is wanting, from the highest angel to those who humbly love and are loved in return. All are united by love, for heaven is love, and so is God.

Question: Are theories of spiritual progression erroneous?

Answer: Progress is a universal principle manifest in all parts of God's universe, and "permanent retrogression" is simply words without illustration in fact. Death is itself a builder, which merely interrupts, to effect some change in life, founded on immutable laws of progress.

Question: Shall we resume like relations with our spirit friends in our next condition?

Answer: Had the question read kindred instead of friends, the answer would be different. Friendship and love draw soul to soul, and are not expressed in kindred, but lie deeper than consanguinity or outward beauty of form. To souls truly loved we sustain intimate relations, while our love lasts. Ties of soul become nearer and dearer than any of body. Love remains with us, when we leave here our very shrouds, for it is the highest, brightest and purest element of our being, which we develop with our future progress. In the life beyond, where no deceit or hypocrisy can exist, we shall meet and mutually attract all we love, for heaven is the best abode of sacred and ever-increasing love.

Question: Is there anything outside of matter; if so, what?

Answer: The human form is a perfect microcosm of matter, including every function matter can express. When a single atom of poison paralyses the body, not a material fibre is wanting. Your scientists may search in vain throughout the wide realms of physical matter to discern the grossest point of spirit; yet by the side of his cold corpse stands the real man, without one particle of so-called matter. That handful of dust, called matter, is a phantasmagoric dance of atoms. The spirit, unseen of mortal eyes, is the real body, and the soul the immortal individual. All earth's especial forms of matter, tangible to our material senses, are transitory; and their apparent stability is unreal, because finite.

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HONOURING THE PIONEERS

The Spiritual Scientists' Society (Sydney) held a Pioneers' Day at their church recently. All old workers associated with the movement in this city were asked to attend, and the undermentioned were present: Mesdames Twelvetrees, Fisher, Kitty Hayes, Calnan, Gregory, Miss Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. McSkimming and Messrs. Morrell, Carter, Bennett.

A few could not be present, because of ill-health or war work. A very happy afternoon was spent by a large attendance of spiritualists, who came to welcome these old workers. They recalled the early days when one needed courage to profess and preach the return of spirit and the immortality of man.

The hope was expressed that there would be many, such as those present, of the present generation who would continue the work they had pioneered.

—
“Never” is a short word for a very long time.
—Walter Murdoch, in “The Spur of the Moment.”

PROGRESSIVE THINKER CLOSES DOWN

It is with sincere regret that we learn that after fifty years of devoted service to the cause of Spiritualism our esteemed contemporary, "The Progressive Thinker", has decided to cease publication "for the duration". We cordially endorse the views expressed in the following letter from the President of the N.S.A. to C. Rudolph Malmberg, editor, The Progressive Thinker, 106 S. Loomis Street, Chicago, Illinois:—

My Dear Brother Malmberg.—It was with sincere regret that I heard, from you, that circumstances had made it necessary for you to discontinue the publishing of "The Progressive Thinker" and to close your establishment.

I am sincerely sorry that has happened, both from a personal standpoint, for I regard you most highly as a friend and an editor, and from the standpoint of the loss to our cause in the discontinuance of the one weekly Spiritualist magazine which was so well known and appreciated in all parts of our country.

"The Progressive Thinker", with its more than fifty years of publication, and its editors, Mr. J. R. Francis, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader and Mr. C. Rudolph Malmberg, are entitled to the grateful recognition and appreciation of Spiritualists everywhere, and of liberal-minded, free-thinking people, at large for the many years of loyal, unselfish devotion and service given in upholding and publishing this magazine, which, in a great measure, has carried the message of Spiritualism to all parts of America, and to many far-away points in all countries of earth.

Please accept our thanks and our appreciation for your share of the work done by you in carrying forward the message of Spiritualism to the world.

Also we extend to you our regret and our sympathy for the great disappointment which taking of this step has caused you. Our kindest thoughts and good wishes are extended to you, and we trust that

evidences, in the future, of good accomplished will more than compensate for the disappointment of the moment.

Sincerely and cordially, your friend,

JOSEPH P. WHITWELL,

President National Spiritualist Association.

April 25, 1943.

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THE VALUE OF PHENOMENA

An esteemed correspondent writes, *inter alia*:—

I recognise your policy of stressing the spiritual in Spiritualism, and, of course, this is the true end of spiritual study. At the same time I would make the most of every genuine psychic manifestation, for the particular reason that these “signs and wonders” are most valuable in convincing the unbeliever, the atheist, and rationalist. Religion, as such, makes no direct appeal to these folk, for they do not believe in texts or inspiration. Only Spiritualism is able to offer to this very valuable class of thinker the direct evidence he demands. The quality of the evidence does not matter so much, provided that it be really evidential.

I myself passed through the fires of atheism and unbelief. What used to annoy me was the fact that men whom I admired and respected turned to Spiritualism, and I could not make out why. The first book on Spiritualism that I read was Denis Bradley’s “Toward the Stars”, and it annoyed and disturbed me so much that I had to continue with the study. It took me nearly a year of reading before I finally admitted that I had been mistaken; it meant re-adjusting a whole quarter-century of rational thinking, and was probably the great changing point of my life—due in the first place to the downright type of evidence supplied by Bradley, with his annoying habit of giving dates and places and names that could not be disproved. That line is a strong one, and should be taken when the occasion warrants it.

CONSCIOUS ASTRAL TRAVELLING

(By Ellory Major, Principal, Christian School of Life.)

Before giving my experience of "Conscious Astral Travelling", let me here issue a warning to those who might be tempted to try to add this to their list of psychic accomplishments and experiences. This phase is distinctly dangerous unless the person is in touch with a reliable guide or teacher whose integrity they cannot question. To allow oneself to be taken out of the body without the knowledge of who is in control can lead to obsession of the worst order.

Psychism is ever, or should be, a bridge to the spiritual, and only so far as the attainment of spirituality be the goal, is it safe to continue on this rather illusive path.

My first experience of astral travelling (that is, not in the sleep state) was while concentrating for clairvoyance, and, feeling my teacher present, gave myself unreservedly into his hands, with the result that I felt myself being drawn out of my body, up from the feet through the top of the head—the movement was unmistakable. Next, I found that I was being carried through the air in swinging motion, which was altogether pleasant, passing through the wall, quite consciously—for the wall is no obstacle to the psychic or soul-body, it being a subtle body. Then away over the tops of trees and houses at a very swift rate. Then came to the end of the land, and over the water I went, that is, the sea. After a time I found myself in a foreign country, and passed what seemed to me as Egyptian scenery; then next down to a lake. The ground was very flat. Next, I began to go over what seemed to be a very high hill, and went into a house—still carried with that swinging motion. I saw that it was a large establishment, large school or college rooms. Chairs piled up outside, and rugs thrown over fences, as the people had just moved in. Then home again

just as swiftly, and pleasantly taken into my room. It was about 8 a.m., and I had not risen for the day. I found myself once again within my physical body, lying on the bed. I had no inclination to move: it would have taken effort. I felt a strong magnetic wave passing over me from head to foot; this gradually passed until I was normal again.

About a fortnight after that experience I received a letter from my sister, Mrs. S. H. Semple, who has resided in Palestine for the past 40 years, saying that they had removed from Tiberias (on the borders of the Lake of Galilee) to Safad ("the city that is built on an hill", as the Bible puts it). My sister is the wife of Rev. S. H. Semple, the principal of Scots' College in Palestine; and I then remembered that the place I had entered was a college or school.

I have had many other experiences of astral travelling, both on this plane (as the foregoing), and on the astral plane and the higher invisible planes, meeting teachers there, and talking with them, and then coming back to my body as expalined.

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The study of humanity and its accomplishments shows that they who travel the pathway of success conjure up no unseen or theological deity, possessing power to thwart. They battle with no imaginary enemy, and they find, combined with potency, a divinity in their own thoughts and purposes which directs them to the attainment of worthy ambitions.—Floyd B. Wilson, in "Man Limitless".

* * *

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to gain virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of the faults of others. In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong—honour that; rejoice in it; and as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.—Ruskin.

HAUNTED HOUSES

Some Eerie Experiences.

(By Guy P. L'Estrange.)

"I would rather stand up to Carnera than spend a night alone in that place," a burly acquaintance told me, referring to an empty house, not far from Great Yarmouth, which was reputed to be haunted.

I smiled as I remember his words late that night, when I made a burglarious entry into the house in question. Now, I am usually careful in my ghost-seeking explorations to avoid any illegality, but it was necessary for me to adopt felonious methods on this occasion, since the owner of the premises had flatly refused me the loan of his key. If, reading this article, he should recognise his property, I trust that I shall be forgiven.

Mystery of an Empty House.

Thanks to the moon, it was not particularly dark within. I was glad of this, for the light from my torch might otherwise have been noticed by a passing "bobby", and, despite my extensive experience of haunted houses, I was not aware of the penalty for breaking into one. Nor had I any desire to receive the information from an over-zealous magistrate acting in his judicial capacity.

Not to waste words, I examined the house as carefully as possible in the difficult circumstances, before taking up a position on the broad window-seat of a room on the first floor back. It was winter, and though wearing a heavy overcoat, I felt the chill air. Once, in an attempt to keep warm, I strode up and down the room, beating my arms across my chest, but the trampling of my feet on the bare, uneven boards set startling echoes reverberating throughout the house, and I hurriedly resumed my seat.

It was tedious waiting, and, never very patient, I fidgetted. Slowly the minutes passed. Twelve

o'clock came without incident. One o'clock—half-past one—Was nothing going to happen after all?

At a quarter-to-two I was seriously thinking of going home, when a noise in the room above caused me to stiffen suddenly. There it was again! I knew that I had not been mistaken. It sounded like something bulky and heavy being dragged across the floor, and out on to the landing.

Bumping Down the Stairs.

There was a momentary pause. Then—thud! thud! thud!—whatever it was seemed to be bumping down the stairs, accompanied by slow but ponderous footsteps. Thud! thud! thud! The mysterious object had now jogged from the bottom stair to the landing on which my room was situated, and I distinctly caught a sound exactly resembling the grunt of a person who is out of breath. Following another brief interval, commenced a scraping noise, as of a wooden chest, for instance, being dragged along.

I waited no longer, but sprang towards the door, switching on my torch as I moved. Swiftly I turned the light in all directions, but there was nobody to be seen. Only a horrible odour of putrescence, which had certainly not been there before, lingered in the atmosphere.

Accustomed as I was to haunted houses, that filthy stench was too much for me, and I felt suddenly sick. Fresh air was what I wanted—and I wanted it badly. Holding my breath, I bolted down the last flight of stairs and—well, not to be too specific, I got out of that house in the same way as I entered it.

An explanation? I can give you none! The foregoing story is true, you see, and such narratives are best concluded with the statement of facts. Anyway, such theories as I have formed are not for publication at present.

Waiting for a Ghost.

My adventures in “the most haunted house in England”—which, as a well-known writer has re-

vealed in his latest book was Borley Rectory—are now common knowledge, in consequence of my numerous articles and broadcast on the subject, so I will not weary the reader with a further description of them here. But an interesting experience arising out of my visit to Borley came my way some time later, and this is worthy of a few paragraphs.

Among my letters one morning, about five years ago, I found a warm invitation to spend a week-end as the guest of a well-known man, whose communication mentioned that he thought he could show me “something special in the way of ghosts”. I could not resist that inducement, and a fortnight later found me speeding southwards on my way to the writer’s country house.

My host refused to divulge any detail of the haunting until after dinner that night, and then, over a choice cigar, he smilingly proceeded to satisfy my curiosity.

“The ghost”, said he, “is quite a harmless old chap. He is usually seen ambling up that staircase at the back there, but occasionally somebody encounters him unexpectedly in the library corridor. I, myself, have seen him several times. He wears 18th century costume, and shambles along, with his head down, as though deep in thought. No, none of the staff is nervous. Everybody is quite used to old Mizzy, as we call him.”

“You don’t expect me to slay your ghost, then?” “Great Scott, no! Shouldn’t thank you for trying it, I assure you. Why, I wouldn’t lose the old boy for anything! No, I asked you here because I had been reading about that affair at Borley, and thought you would be interested in my own tame ghost.”

I laughed, and hoped that “Mizzy” would oblige by putting in an appearance that night.

“Sure to!” said my host, confidently. “He has been seen twice this week already, and, if we sit here where we can keep an eye on the stairs, we can hardly miss him.”

A Surprise Encounter.

Despite this assurance, we did not see the ghost that night, nor the next, though we sat up until the early hours of the morning. My genial host was full of apologies. "If he doesn't turn up to-morrow," he said, "you must promise to come down again. Can't have you go away thinking me a dam' liar."

After a few hours' sleep, I arose earlier than my host on the Monday, and, having breakfasted, made my way to the library in search of information for an article I contemplated writing.

To my mild surprise, the room was already tenanted by somebody whom I took at a first glance to be an old lady. I could not see this person plainly, for "she" was stooping down behind a large arm-chair apparently examining some volumes on a lower shelf, so a grey head and the upper portion of a plum coloured garment alone met my eyes.

"Good morning!" I said, walking in. There was no reply, and I was just thinking that the other might be a little hard of hearing, when the figure straightened up, and turned in my direction. Instantly I saw it was not that of a woman—but of a man, and he was clad in eighteenth century costume.

He seemed quite oblivious of my presence, as, with head bent, he began to walk slowly towards the door. For a moment I stood rooted to the ground, too utterly astounded to move—and then, as he came nearer, I stepped quickly out of his way. There was no need, as it happened, for the movement. Four or five paces distant from me that seemingly solid figure suddenly melted into thin air, and I found myself alone.

My host drew a long breath when I told him about the incident. "So Mizzy was bending down behind that chair, was he?" he exclaimed. "That explains a good deal!" Then he told me what he meant; but I cannot repeat his explanation here without disclosing his identity.

A Grusome Experience.

Let me conclude this article with a very brief account of a somewhat gruesome little affair which took place in a house situated within a rural district of East Anglia.

People in the neighbourhood declared that this old house was haunted. They spoke of mysterious lights seen in the windows after dark, and of strange noises coming from within. Nobody would live in it.

The owner himself accompanied me there one June night, and, sitting on beer crates (empty), we whiled away the hours, smoking and chatting, cheerfully sceptical of local gossip.

It was shortly after midnight when my companion, who a moment before had been quite calm, suddenly began to tear frantically at his collar, while a horrible choking noise came from his throat. I jumped up, just in time to catch him as he collapsed, and literally dragged him by main force into the open air.

He recovered after a few minutes, but not until he reached his home did he explain. Then he told me that he had undergone all the sensations of strangulation immediately before his collapse, exactly as though unseen hands had been throttling him. "I would not go back into that house," he declared, "for all the wealth in the world".

When next morning I asked him to lend me the key for a couple of hours, he refused point-blank, though I told him that I only wanted to examine the rooms by daylight. In my annoyance, I am afraid that I attributed his experience to "nerve".

"Think what you like," he said. "But nobody else shall enter that house except to pull it down."

(Note.—To avoid giving offence in any direction I have deliberately suppressed certain facts, and slightly varied unimportant details, in giving above account of some of my ghostly experiences.)

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Cease your complaint, and you are not injured.
—Marcus Aurelius.

SPIRITUAL THINGS MUST BE SPIRITUALLY DISCERNED

Is it true that the phenomena of Spiritualism will never be accepted by the world at large until they have received the sanction of orthodox science? A negative answer to the question may be found written throughout the history of Spiritualism, which records a steady advance made in the face of bitter opposition from professional scientists.

The analytical mind of Hannen Swaffer, as expressed in "Psychic News", is quick to perceive that in Spiritualism the only true scientists are the Spiritualists themselves. The methods of physical science have been specially adapted to suit material things and are totally unfitted for the study of spiritual things.

The vaunted accuracy of science is limited strictly to material computations and researches—as when measuring the movement of stars or when ascertaining the chemistry of inorganic substances. When dealing with the products of life a materialistic science always has bungled. Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned."

In the days when physical science was young, and was flushed with its easy victories over ancient superstitions, it was disturbed to find that the mysterious ways of life were incompatible with the new scientific outlook, so that either "science" or else life itself must be modified to accommodate the other. Strange as it may seem to spiritualists, the men of science when confronted with the alternative proceeded to save their "science" at the expense of "life"—a feat which they accomplished with Darwin's assistance, by pronouncing life to be nothing more than a material mechanism actuated by "chance".

The good work done by a few individual scientists who studied Spiritualism along spiritual lines and found that it put mankind in touch with new worlds was rejected and utterly repudiated by their

own orthodox brethren. How, then, can a science that has erred so egregiously in its understanding of life be expected to comprehend Spiritualism, which deals with the very essence of life?

The day is not far distant, however, when official science will be compelled to admit the facts of Spiritualism. This admission will not be brought about by the use of "scientific" methods of investigation, but by an increase in the number and the efficiency of mediums. A multiplication of phenomena must eventually beat down opposition by making it ridiculous. The scientists will then be persuaded to change their methods in accordance with the requirements of spirit manifestations.

When physical science has been thus spiritualised the world will become gradually redeemed by the knowledge and teachings brought down to earth through the channels of Spiritualism.

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LINKS

I know we are all links in the great chain of humanity, and the chain is no stronger than its weakest link; therefore we must all strengthen our own links, continually affirming I and the Father are one; all that my Father has is mine to use; therefore the "Harbinger of Light" is a strong link.
—Marion Steel.

* * *

"I have long become convinced that the vivisection of dogs, at least—those chief friends of man—is an abomination, and ought to be completely stopped."—John Galsworthy.

* * *

"Merciful treatment of animals should be taught from every pulpit and in our Sunday Schools as a most imperative Christian duty."—Bishop Ninde.

A HOSPITAL EPISODE

By a Nurse (S.R.N.), in "Light".

Some years ago I returned on the staff of my old training-school, a well-known, old, historic London hospital, now, alas, much devastated by the effect of raids.

I had been abroad, and was eager to hear news of interest which had occurred during my absence. Home-sister, to whom I was talking, had previously been night-sister for many years.

"One thing I am curious about," I said, in the course of conversation, "why is the door of the D——'s office, the one-time nurse's sick bay, always locked these days?"

"Well," she said slowly, with a curious look, "a strange thing happened there about a year ago, and matron gave orders for both doors leading into it to be locked."

The Story.

She proceeded to recount the episode.

"It was my last year as night-sister. We had a young probationer ill in there. She had only been in the hospital three months. I was rather anxious about her one night, and on my 2 o'clock round she was sleeping. I came down again at 3 a.m., without calling either of the floor nurses, and found her awake.

"How do you feel now?" I asked her.

"Much better, thank you, sister", she replied. "That was such a beautiful nurse who came and stood by my bed a few moments ago. I have never seen her before. Who is she?"

"I do not know," I said, puzzled. "There are only the two usual nurses on duty. It must have been either of those."

"No," said the girl, positively, "it was neither of them," and she commenced to describe the nurse she had seen in detail, emphasising that she was a staff nurse, 'and she came in by that door' (another

entrance, seldom used), 'stood by my bed for a few moments, never spoke, gave me a beautiful smile, and went out through that door again.'

Nurses Questioned.

"'You have been dreaming, nurse,' I said.

"'No, sister, she came into my room,' she declared again.

"'I was non-plussed'', the sister continued, "and felt that I must find out which nurse had gone to the room. I told nurse I would send her a drink, and to go to sleep again.

"'I questioned the two nurses on that floor: they had not been to the sick nurse's room. I questioned all the night nurses, but none of them had left their wards.

"'I went back to my office and thought the matter over. The girl seemed so certain, and some recollection seemed to knock on my memory. However, I concluded that the girl had dreamed it.

"'A little later, with a shock that had its effect on me for the rest of the night, it came to me. Do you remember Nurse G——, who died of typhoid in there?' she asked me.

"'Yes, very well indeed. She was my staff nurse,' I replied, with some surprise.

"'Well, that young probationer described her exactly. Matron questioned her next day, and came to the same conclusion. There are only three or four of us remember Nurse G——, and we were certain the probationer had never heard about her.

"'We were so alarmed and afraid that nurse would repeat the occurrence to her colleagues, that Matron had the D——'s office locked after the girl's recovery.'"

Such was the home-sister's story, inexplicable to her, but entirely comprehensible to Spiritualists.

Since then the staff-nurse has been through to me in public clairvoyance. Also, at a private sitting, matron, who passed on a few years ago, has also

communicated with me, and although I was certain of her edentity, I was asked by the medium:

“She says you know Miss C——?”

“But,” I exclaimed, “she is sister on S—— Floor, and has been for many years!”

“Yes,” said the medium, “but this lady wishes to give you adequate proof of her identity.”

Also with matron was a doctor, a former R.M.O. of the hospital, who wished to recall the fact that I had nursed him there, and had been very kind to him. He had passed on three or four years after the illness through which I had nursed him.

I often think hospitals must be full of spirit friends; those who have passed on and come back to give help to those who occupy the beds they vacated.

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ANTHEM OF THE UNIVERSAL

(Tune: Hanover.)

One cosmis brothedhood,

One universal good,

One source, one sway;

One law beholding us,

One purpose moulding us,

One God enfolding us,

In love always!

Anger, resentment, hate,

Long made us desolate;

Their reign is done!

Race, colour, creed and caste,

Fade in the dreamy past,

Man wakes to learn at last:

All life is one!

Thou Who hast made us one,

May earth's brief course be run

In unity!

Teach us to speak aright,

Make up know Thy Might,

Lead us within Thy light,

All one with Thee!

POLICE WOMEN CONVICTED

Two women detectives attached to Scotland Yard were each sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment for theft, in a London Court. They admitted that for two years they had been systematically stealing from empty and unoccupied houses. They were Det. Sergt. Jean Stratton (53), daughter of a police superintendent, and Det. Constable Margaretta Gibson Low (38). The number of articles which had been recovered was 260 in the case of Stratton, and 230 in the case of Low. The thefts had taken place from some 25 different addresses, whilst they were carrying out their duties of keeping special observation on property.

This prosecution recalls the proceedings taken against one of our best-known mediums, Mrs. Stella Hughes, just eighteen months ago. Stratton and Low were the policewomen who secured her conviction. The evidence given against Stella Hughes was contradictory, and was denied by the defendant. One of the policewomen testified that they had been watching Mrs. Hughes' house for some days, yet when asked why she was late in keeping her appointment, she pleaded that she couldn't find the place. One of the women stated that they had no interest in Spiritualism: they "had merely carried out their instructions".

In pronouncing sentence, the Magistrate evidently recognised the conflict of evidence, for he is reported as saying "it is incredible that police officers have concocted the statements they have made, and I must find defendant guilty".

In the case of Stella Hughes the names of Mr. and Mrs. Gee were used as the common informers. On being interviewed, it appeared that someone else had used their names, and quite unwarrantably.

The Broad Issue.

The whole question of the use of agents provocateur is repulsive. It develops undesirable quali-

ties in those deputed for such jobs. It promotes and acclaims deception, trains people to be snakes in the grass. It demeans and degrades the moral standard of those who are asked to put it into operation. We condemn it in Germany, but we cultivate it at home.

It's a miserable system: it is un-British: and it is time the police authorities abandoned it for something more honest and manly. These women are the victims of a wretched system. An appeal is being made to the Home Secretary to quash the conviction against Stella Hughes. Even if such appeal were granted it would but right a single case of wrong. What is wanted is the abandonment of a system which encourages police agents to deceive in order to inspire people to commit a breach of the law, which otherwise they would not do. Truly, Nemesis overtakes the wrong-doer.

Eire Protests.

England's bad example is being applied in Eire, and is exciting severe protests.

Recently, Mr. Cosgrave raised in the Dail the question of the agent provocateur who **had been** used to procure the conviction of those who offended against trade restrictions.

The "Dublin Evening Mail", in leading article, says: "A feature of the supplies vote debate was the protest by Mr. Cosgrave and his colleague Mr. Hughes against the employment of the agent provocateur in some parts of the country in connection with the administration of the price-fixing orders. The agent provocateur is an established institution of the machinery of what is called justice in some countries, but the statement that he has made his appearance here with the sanction of high officials of the State is rather disturbing. He is a disgusting character. His job is a degrading inversion of that of the minister of religion; he corrupts people who might otherwise remain honest; and does so simply in order to have them hauled before a Court and branded as criminals. Mr. Cosgrave described the

activities of the agent provocateur as a mockery, and so they are. The police force and the civil service semi-policemen should exist for the vindication of justice and the protection of the public. The police agent who deliberately invites traders to sell to him at black market prices is acting, not in the cause of justice, but in the cause of injustice. The public do not need to be protected in that fashion."

The "Two Worlds" adds: We agree with Mr. Cosgrave. The agent provocateur's job is a disgusting and slimy one, which any self-respecting person should be ashamed of.

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EVEN SPOILED CITRUS FRUIT IS WORKING FOR HEALTH, SAY DOCTORS !

A new germ-killer is appearing, and I want to celebrate it right here, so that every reader can know about it. This little item about it is clipped from a newspaper:—

Remember the furore that greeted the discovery of penicillin, the new wonder drug, when it first came to public notice some time back? Well, it seems to be gradually winning a place in the esteem of medical men, and also reaching a point where it can be produced commercially. It is made by fermenting sugar with a mold (*penicillium notatum*) found in spoiled citrus fruits. Chemists are more than ever convinced that it's the greatest medical discovery of the generation. It is the only powerful germ-killer used, either inside or outside the body, that is non-toxic. Its use is still in the experimental stage; medical men aren't ready to make definite claims for penicillin. It probably will stop gas gangrene, worst war scourge; halt the meanest kinds of blood poisoning; kill off osteomyelitis, bone-decaying disease. It promises to cure more infections than the sulfa drugs, without harmful after-effects.

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CLERGYMAN PAYS A TRIBUTE

The Spirit World Aids His Ministry.

Rev. Owen R. Washburn, minister of Orford West Congregational Church, New Hampshire, U.S.A., writes:—

"To those who count all spiritualists as deceived or deceiving, I would say that for forty years I have been a practising medium, without fees, when requested by people in trouble.

Under spirit guidance I have caused two people confined in asylums for the insane to return to normal mental conditions.

I have, by spirit help, caused drunkards to abhor and forsake intoxicating drinks. I have accurately told wrongdoers who asked my help, their past misdeeds, and helped them to see the way to forsake such wrong-doing.

I have been warned of danger from accidents, and escaped them by timely precautions.

I have been healed under spirit control, of a deadly illness, when the doctors told me there was no hope. The spirits sent me messages from mediums, in three different cities, that they would heal me because of my work for Spiritualism, which they

did not wish to come to an end. I was healed in a minute or less.

In reporting the case to one of the most famous doctors in this country. I was told that he had been three times healed when at the point of "death" by the same kind of spirit aid.

I have prevented a murder, reconciled discordant families, and prevented at least one case of suicide.

I was ordained to the Christian ministry in 1893, and my psychic powers developed shortly after.

My mediumship has no trance phases. I direct my attention and get, from mental pictures and from impressions, the information, suggestions and consolations from the spirit world which I am to use in helping the troubled people who come to me.

It has been charged that people believing in spirit communication are lacking in mental power and in common sense. I would reply to this that, during nearly forty years of my mediumship, I have been four years a State Senator in Pennsylvania, representing sixty cities and towns, being elected against the opposition of all the leaders of all political parties.

I have been an editor, or on the editorial staffs of three daily newspapers. I have had the friendship of eminent men. I am now a minister of a Congregational Church.

I am quite open in my statements as to what I know as to the part spirits have in our earth life, and after seven years as pastor here have found no objection to my views on Spiritualism from any parishioner.

—————:0:—————

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations;
But the endeavour for the self-same ends,
With the same hopes, and fears and aspirations.

—Longfellow.

HOW MUCH MORE THAN A GOLDFISH?

By Rev. Carl H. Pierce

(President, United Christian Workers' Service).

You know how he looks. There he floats, lazily. Occasionally his fins move; sometimes his mouth; less often his tail. He hardly seems to be alive, yet there is occasional movement, indicating aliveness. He is a goldfish in a glass bowl, and you have often watched him, thinking perhaps he lives because he takes in and expels the water and food. But he does it: he takes it in: he breathes: he makes the motion. If he didn't, the water which surrounds him wouldn't circulate within him, and he would die.

Now consider ourselves. How much more than a goldfish are we? While we sit and read this article, how much are we aware that if we did not in-breathe this life which is God . . . if we kept it out of ourselves by voluntary action for a few minutes . . . like the goldfish we, too, would perish as far as functioning on earth is concerned.

But what does spirit tell us. Spirit says: Life is never called upon to flow that it does not flow. "Strange", says the sceptic; "how do I know that it will flow?" Or: "It's there all the time; why wouldn't it flow, whether I asked it to flow or not!" Well, the water is all around and within the goldfish, but unless he makes the move it doesn't flow. His action may be unconscious and unintelligent, but the phenomenon of life is there all the same. We may be like a fish or an animal. We may for all of our lives just draw in air and breathe it out, unconsciously, and consider that life comes to us from somewhere—from some mysterious place, we know not where—and let it go at that. And dream on in our "stupid rest", as Mrs. Eddy says, and when we get to the other side, say: "Why didn't somebody spank me or do something to wake me up, so that I might have consciously utilised the life which was

there ready to flow, if only I had sense enough to call life into me."

When I was a child my mother had me on the piano stool at 6.30 every morning, practising scales. Half-an-hour of scales before breakfast, come summer or winter, hail columbia or high water. It was scales and more scales. An uncle of mine, who came to see me in a seance in Buffalo, witnessing this compulsory piano practice, and noting its results, said to my mother and myself: "I wish my mother had spanked me and kept me on the piano stool." I often contemplated that remark. It became a classic in our family. Every time something seemed hard, one parent or the other would say: "I wish my mother had spanked me."

I think that must have been the way Dr. James felt when he reached the other side, puffed up with the sense of the great importance of the position of America's foremost philosopher, and president of The International Psychic Research Society, only to discover that he knew practically nothing of the laws of God, which led him to exclaim: "Why was I not taught these truths?"

It would be disrespectful to the memory of a great man to think of anyone "spanking" him. Probably he wishes someone had spanked him, metaphorically. But it seems to me that we can chastise ourselves, if we wish to. Suppose we try an exercise together. You sit down with me, relax, and hold your breath while I count ten. Then see what happens. What do you do with your lungs? You open them wide. They say: Let me have air—fresh air. And by your movement of your lungs you draw in a lovely fresh draught of fresh air. But what was that air? Was it just atmosphere? With what was it charged? As you drew it in did you thank the Father that you were drawing in His life which would revitalise you, renew your strength, recreate you, purify and regenerate every cell, harmonise and bring to balance any inequalities, restore to func-

tions their pristine vitality? Did you do this? If so, you did well.

Let's try it again. Hold your breath, and I will hold mine while we count: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. And now we say as we throw open our lungs:

Divine life, fill me with thy power; express thyself through me; awaken within me the realisation of my oneness with Thee and with each one of Thy children. Help me to realise my oneness with Thy every manifestation. Manifest Thyself through me, that Thou mayest impress each expression of Thee that here Thou art. On life! Flow Thou through me consciously, now and forever."

Ah! What a thrill! Have we risen above the consciousness of the goldfish! Are we longer unconscious palpitators, taking in air, expelling air, and going through life like a fish or an animal? No! We have called upon life. And from now on through the years—and, God willing, through eternity—and we shall more and more consciously call on life, and for us it will flow.

Now, what are the advantages of this to us. First, it lifts us out of the class of the goldfish. Second, it consciously starts to fill us with new life. Muscles don't wear out. Tendons don't contract. Bones don't ossify. Blood circulates as actively as in the heyday of youth. Eyes are bright. Vivacity pervades, and vitality persists. The step is youthful. The mentality says: "Thank God for that perpetual youth, which is the birthright of those who love Him."

I met a minister in the elevator of the Methodist Book Building some years ago. He was complaining of his age. I think he was forty. He said to me, for he was about half my own age: "For goodness sake, tell me where you get, and how you maintain, that vitality and youth." I said to him: "Brother, I've been calling God in for fifty years;

relying on Him all this time for health, instead of leaning on doctors and medicine; and affirming truth and life and love continually instead of dwelling on thoughts of age, and mortal mind's tendency to think that I am growing old." And he said, as we reached the ground floor: "I wish to God I had done that." Somebody ought to have "spanked" him, too, apparently. Anyway, it wasn't too late for him to begin, nor is it too late for anyone to begin to call God in.

And while we are on the subject: Why not say to ourselves—Every day I am going to ask you: How much more are you than a goldfish?
Mount Vernon, N.Y., U.S.A.

—————:O:—————

SPIRIT AID GIVEN AT DUNKIRK

Recalling the "Angel of Mons", the story of divine intervention at Dunkirk is gaining in Britain. The story is that a number of German pilots was shot down and captured during the Battle of Britain. When questioned why the Germans had not bombed the beaches at Dunkirk to a greater extent than they did, they replied they were unable to do so because of the swarms of British fighters they met whenever they approached Dunkirk. Of course, the British air umbrella over Dunkirk was non-existent, or, at least, most skimpy. As a result, the interpretation many put on the Germans' story is that spiritual intervention caused them to imagine they could see British protecting fighters which, in fact, did not exist.—Mackay "Daily Mercury."

—————:O:—————

Is anything of God's contriving endangered by inquiry? Was it the system of the universe or the works, that trembled at the telescope of Galileo? Did the circulation of the firmament stop because Newton laid a finger on its pulse?

THE MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM

(By Rev. Mary L. Causey.)

The mission of Spiritualism is to prove immortality. It teaches of life, not of death. Its purpose is to unfold the spiritual nature of the individual, and develop a fuller use of one's spiritual faculties.

Spiritualism is a science, a philosophy and a religion. The basic idea of its philosophy is that the individual exists, retains its personal identity and progresses through the planes of spirit until it becomes perfected.

The scientific proof, or phenomena of spirit communication, affords tests conclusive to logical minds of the continuity of life in the spirit world; and that the doorway of communication is open to those who can attain the use of their spiritual faculties. "He that hath eyes to see, let him see. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

The quickening of the spiritual nature brings one to a fuller understanding of the work of Jesus and His disciples, and thus sustains the teachings of Christianity.

The Bible teems with records of spirit manifestations, and its teachings become realities applicable to daily life and guidance.

We strive to make new contacts with spirit friends, and mediumship is made a high and sacred calling. We offer comfort to those who mourn, and render a service to humanity that takes the sting out of death, and gives victory over the grave.

Our service consists of song, instructions for spiritual growth, and messages that are comforting and helpful. Visit our Sunday services, and find that your previous faith is strengthened and made clearer.

Our service to man is part of our service to God.

—————:0:—————

It is his restraint which is honourable to a man, not his liberty.—John Ruskin.

THE HUNGRY SOUL

Death will suddenly introduce us to a new standard of value. Our greatest surprise will be the revelation of the true value of the soul. Then we will discover the meaning of the words: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Robert Browning touches the very essence of things when he speaks of "the development of a soul". The soul of culture is the culture of the soul. Thomas Carlyle was dealing out solid thought when he said: "It is not because the poor man must toil that I lament over him, but that the lamp of his soul should go out." There are more hungry souls than hungry bodies.

Hungry souls! Hannah Whiteall Smith says: "Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six my soul hungered for God, but I could not find Him." Emperor Adrian, when dying, exclaimed: "O, my poor soul, whither art thou going?" Soul hunger is normal, and soul thirst sane. We are never so near God as when we feel the need of God. Death will attest the scientific truthfulness and spiritual value of our inspirations and aspirations. And when death surprises us into life, then we will know something of the heft, weight, measure, dimensions and quality of the soul.—Exchange.

—:o:—

Prayer will never put a loaf of bread in the starving man's box, unless some human being intervenes."

* * *

The spirit world is cosmopolitan, as its inhabitants are made up of all peoples. Thousands of its inhabitants, of advanced intelligence and powers of achievement, for many years prior to the advent of Modern Spiritualism, had been studying ways and means for opening out avenues of communication between their world and this.

WISDOM FROM THE EAST

Knowledge is nearer to silence than to speech.
—Shah Latif.

Silence is the "ether" of the mind through which love travels from one being to another.—A. Jaisinghani.

Be like glass—a reflector;
Be not like the wall that obstructs.—Vaswani.

Failure does not consist in failing, but in ceasing to strive. (Source unknown.)

Every man must be free, not dominated by another, either spiritually or politically, either through money or through power.—J. Krishnamurti.

Keep Thou my feet. I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me.

Do not seek for the truth by means of men; find first the truth, and then you will recognise those who follow it.—Ali, Son of Abu Talib.

If you were detached from this world you would not speak of it, either good or ill—remember that "whoso loves a thing speaks much of it."—Bibi Rabia al Basra.

Fear is a lamp to the heart, making it see what is good and what is evil; and godly fear leads a man to turn his back on what is feared, because it is evil. He who truly fears a thing flees from it, but he who truly fears God, flees unto Him.—Al-Qushavri.

Blind thine eyes, that thou mayest behold My beauty; stop thine ears, that thou mayest hearken unto the sweet accents of My voice; empty thyself from all learning, that thou mayest partake of My knowledge; and sanctify thyself from riches, that thou mayest obtain a lasting wealth. (From Hidden Words of Baha'u'llah.)

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