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

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The Harbinger of Light

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**Psychical Research, Spiritualism, Progressive Thought,
and Spiritual Philosophy**

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EDITOR: REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D. ADELAIDE

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AUGUST 1, 1945.

The Candle and the Flame

(By the Rev. C. Irving Benson, D.D.)

I sat looking at a candle the other night—a rare experience in these days of electricity. There is a mellow, golden charm about candlelight, which neither electric globe, fluorescent light nor sodium lamp can rival. It does not take a poet to dream by candlelight.

Looking at that candle throwing its pool of light and flinging shadows on the walls, memories came back to me across the years, and I recalled one of my favourite passages in the Scriptures: “The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.”

Then I was at a birthday party not long ago and watched the blowing-out of candles on the cake. I bethought me of Sir Arthur Keith’s analogy of flame and spirit. Later I turned up his speech. Speaking upon “The Implications of Darwinism”, he said: “Mind has a material basis. The brain is a piece of living machinery. It consumes fuel, and transmutes energy into feeling, thought, and memory. Every fact known to medical men compels the inference that mind, spirit, soul, are the manifestations of a living brain, just as the flame is the manifest spirit of a burning candle. At the moment of extinction, both flame and spirit cease to have a separate existence.”

At first sight, what we call the death of a human being does seem like blowing out a candle—the light and radiance are gone. But is the flame done when it is blown out? Sir Oliver Lodge, who was one of the best physicists of our time, drew precisely the opposite conclusion from the blowing-out of a candle, and saw in it a suggestion of the immortality of the soul. What Sir Oliver said is not difficult to follow.

Blow out your candle, and then think what has happened. The candle was not lighted without an object. Its object was to illuminate something: that is to say, to emit light. What is light? Not something in the candle, but something which emanates from the candle and goes away into space: something different from matter, though associated with it.

The real function of a candle depends on the properties of space; it is emitting something into space which, if space is free and empty of matter, will go on for ever. Just as we see the light of a distant star or a nebulous cloud which has been travelling for 800,000 years before it reaches our eye—for that is how we see, for instance, the great nebulae in Andromeda, quite visible to the naked eye on a dark night: we see it as it was 800,000 years ago—so an observer, with a sufficiently sensitive instrument, could detect the light of the Armada beacons still. “Therefore,” said Sir Oliver, “the illustration is a good one, and suggests the immortality of the soul.”

So much for the analogy of the candle and the flame. The next point arising from Sir Arthur Keith’s interesting statement is this—to what extent is mind dependent upon brain?

The brain is the organ through which the mind expresses itself: it is the vehicle by which mind reveals itself; but we have no right to conclude that mind cannot and does not exist independently of, and apart from, the 40 odd ounces of nerve tissue that are aggregated in our skulls. Until a short

time ago we did not know energy apart from matter. Matter is the vehicle through which energy expresses itself, or makes itself felt: but matter and energy are not identical. In the same way the brain and the mind are not identical, and a time may come when we shall be able to recognise mind when it reveals itself through some other medium than the brain. That this is not an extravagant dream is proved when we remember that science had no conception of energy apart from matter till it was compelled to presuppose the ether—that immaterial fabric, which conveys the waves of solar energy from the sun to the earth.

Human consciousness, so far as we know it, is a function of the grey matter of an organ lodged within the skull. If the brain generates thought as the steam engine generates steam, then the destruction of the body means the ending of the soul. But science has discovered nothing to prove that brain and consciousness are thus connected. It may be that the soul is to the brain what the engineer is to the engine. It is conceivable that the soul is not music, but the musician, and that the brain is the instrument on which the soul makes its music. The musician is, it is true, dependent upon the instrument, but he maintains his existence even though the instrument be destroyed.

It cannot be denied that on this earth plane thought in its human form is dependent on the brain, and that without a brain man on earth can do no thinking; but if the brain is only an instrument on which the soul plays its mental and emotional compositions, it is open for us to believe that when the present instrument is worn out, another will be provided. A universe which is ingenious enough to locate in the skull a mechanism so marvellous as the human brain may be trusted to construct an instrument still more wonderful to take the place of one which death has broken.

“Men do not light a candle and put it under a

(Please turn to foot of next page).

SPIRITUALISM IS PRACTICAL

(By E. S. Jewell.)

Owing to misconceptions which form in the minds of the public, it is necessary to keep declaring from time to time just what Spiritualism is, and what it is not.

Spiritualism is not a system for foretelling the future. The main purpose of Spiritualism is not to enable us to learn what we shall do next year, or how we may make some money the year after. The very definition of a Spiritualist as adopted by the National Spiritualist Association is: "A Spiritualist is one who believes, as the basis of his or her religion, in the communication between this and the spirit world by means of mediumship, and who endeavours to mould his or her character and conduct in accordance with the highest teachings derived from such communion." And the very purpose of the highest teachings we receive from the spirit world is to teach us how our life here should be directed so that we may progress and develop. These teachings are intended so to form our characters that we may be prepared after we pass through the change of death to proceed in development with a firm basis of knowledge and experience gained here.

Spiritualism is a practical religion, a workable

bushel," said Jesus. Nature is not less sensible than man. Who can believe that the light of human personality is extinguished under the bushel of death? Surely it is wiser to speak of those who have passed beyond the horizon of our sight as did Henry Vaughan, himself a doctor of medicine:

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

—"Melbourne Herald."

religion, to be lived in our daily lives. It does not teach us to lose ourselves in a contemplation of piety so that we neglect our daily duties. It has no time to spend groping and arguing about curious theological quibbles. Nor is it a religion whose demands are satisfied by attending church for an hour or two out of the week, and then to be forgotten until time for the next church service. Nor is it a religion to be exercised with rituals and symbols at stated intervals, and to be laid aside in the meantime. It deals with practical life, and it should be lived every day.

It teaches that we have a duty to God, a duty to our neighbour, and a duty to ourselves.

Our duty is to honour God by the life we live.

Our duty to our neighbour is one of brotherly love, to help him ever onward on the path of progress if it is within our power. And our duty to ourselves is to cultivate every means of extending our knowledge, to seek for fuller views of progressive truth, while we ever do the right and good in accordance with such knowledge as we possess. By doing this we maintain our integrity to our neighbour and to ourselves.

The principal purpose of the communications which we may receive from our spirit friends is not to describe the state in which they find themselves, nor to paint the beauties of all the spheres of the universe, but their principal purpose is to teach us how our lives here may be directed—our lives here and now. They are given to teach us a method of living.

These communications teach us the necessity of individual effort. We can be sure that effort will not be wasted. Every definite act we perform leaves its infinitesimal trace upon our characters, until after years of so living, after years of repeated effort, our characters are formed in a certain shape and form.

We cannot get all knowledge at once. We must acquire a little at a time, and as we get one point

here, and another there, firmly established as true, when we pass through the change of death we may surely proceed with some knowledge which may be useful.

Man as a living soul is not satisfied with learning and understanding one fact alone, nor will he be satisfied until he has grasped everything within the scope of his unfolding faculties.

Man is so created that only by effort can he progress and grow, and gain knowledge, and the whole story of man's civilisation, so far as it has been achieved, is only a record of his searching for knowledge and a record of what he has found.

"A Spiritualist is one who endeavours to mould his or her character and conduct in accordance with the highest teachings derived from spirit communication."

The world can learn of Spiritualism from Spiritualists, but will the world believe that spirits can communicate with man, and that communication is for good, if by our own lives we hide the truths which are given to us? **If by our own conduct we deny the teachings we receive?**

Spiritualism should be lived!

—"National Spiritualist."

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WANTED: ONE GHOST

An American soldier walked up to the information desk of a London Services club, and said: "I would like to see a ghost."

"A ghost?" replied the puzzled woman clerk. "There are some at the Tower of London—but it's closed for the duration."

"No," said the soldier, "I want to see a private ghost: one of those that walk around. What about Hampton Court?"

"But if anyone has a haunted castle . . . English castles." He was told to apply, if he were an earnest student, to the **Psychical Research Society**.—"Daily Mail."

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE DIE ?

(Compiled by Ralph B. Kyle: Reproduced by
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(Continued from June issue.)

When we are what we call asleep our consciousness is using that finer body, and so to the dead man we are awake; but when we transfer our consciousness back to the physical through the process of awakening, it seems to the dead man that we have fallen asleep because though he still sees us, we are no longer paying any attention to him, and are unable to communicate with him. When a living friend falls asleep we are quite aware of his presence, but for the moment we cannot communicate with him. Precisely similar is the living man (while he is awake) in the eyes of the dead. Because we cannot usually remember in our waking consciousness what we have seen during sleep we are under the delusion we have lost our dead, but they are never under the delusion they have lost us because they can see us all the time. To them the only difference is that we are with them during the night and away from them during the day; whereas when they were on earth with us, exactly the reverse was the case.

When we awake in the morning with no remembrance of having seen our loved ones there immediately arises doubt as to our success. As to lack of remembrance as an argument for failure of communication there is this to be said. Many things occur in the physical world of which we have no knowledge, and many other things happen to and through us of which we have no remembrance. We forget so easily, and it's a blessing we do. Then consider this, the physical brain with which we are trying to remember was not present when we contacted our loved one: it was asleep on our bed. May we not be expecting too much from it? May we reasonably expect our physical equipment to func-

tion as a rememberer of our experiences in finer bodies with rates of vibration beyond the perception of physical senses? Occasionally, however, at or immediatly after the moment of awakening, we will catch glimpses of remembrances that thrill but quickly fade. Usually, though, our tendency will be to say, "I failed because I do not remember", which is equivalent to saying that because our physical body (this instrument of ours, this horse on which we ride, this overcoat that dulls our perception, this thing we possess, but which is so perishable we must maintain at an even temperature, must feed regularly, must rest every 24 hours), does not do our bidding in this respect, that the thing cannot be done. There is another and more real reason for temporary failure. It has to do with learning to use our finer bodies. Children have to learn to use their physical bodies. Some persons arising from sick beds have to learn again to use their physical bodies skilfully. It is the same in the finer worlds. Although we possess now the body that we shall use after the death of the physical, lack of use, and particularly lack of knowledge, of the freedom and versatility it affords us, leaves the most of us unaccustomed to functioning in it with any degree of ease. Practice is essential, and can be begun by going to bed with a strong determination and a firm desire after the physical is asleep to be busy either with contacting our loved ones or of comforting those on the other side who are in need of such service. Knowledge is power in all the worlds of nature, and those who know can find many useful outlets for their knowledge. This finer body is composed of matter of a finer grade, and corresponding to higher rates of vibration than any with which we are familiar in the physical world. Finer than our solids, liquids, gases, and even than the finest of our ethers, but only a little finer than those highest of physical ethers through which pass the vibrations of electricity and telepathy. This body reflects every desire and emotion, both in colour and form,

and consequently is called the desire or emotional body. When mastered it is our creature to do with as we will within the limits of its capability.

We are quite aware of the limits of the physical body; the emotional body also has its limits, but they are far above the physical. It does not have to be fed or clothed or housed. It is not subject to temperature fluctuations, and it can be moved by us at will or at desire over the surface of the earth, under the earth, and above the earth. Our desires are its commands. It has the wonderful facility of moving at our will instantly to any place we wish to be. Such movements are not accomplished by miracles, but in a direction in space of which we have little knowledge, and, in obedience to nature's laws. If we become acquainted with some of these laws we are able to take advantage of the possibilities of this body, possibilities for much good, and perhaps for evil also. So that when we separate ourselves in this emotional body at the moment of going to sleep in the physical, we can either mope around, bored to extinction during the necessary rest of the physical, or we can travel to the ends of the earth in search of what we will. It may be studying in the finest libraries of the world; it may be enjoying the finest music, or other arts; it may be finding and comforting our loved ones, who perhaps are confused at discovering themselves in new bodies and new surroundings. The possibilities are endless. But we have to learn to do these things; these things that happen when we die. We learn by practice and experience.

As to the worthwhileness of this kind of study of after-death conditions we can draw a parallel with a visit to some foreign country. If we anticipated such a visit and had the time, we would do well to look into the language of the country to which we proposed to go; we would try to learn something of its literature, its art and architecture, its customs and means of transportation, its folklore and its music. Thus equipped we would be in

better position to enjoy our stay, and get the most out of it.

Well, when, as it must to all men, death steps in our path, and whether we like it or not, whether we are prepared or not, we are whisked away into another world, it would seem to have been the part of wisdom to have gotten acquainted with the conditions to be met at the end of this journey we all must take.

In its turn again death comes, this time to our emotional body. After we have exhausted its possibilities for good, or perhaps evil, after we have learned the lessons that are possible with it as a vehicle, after the most of us have burned out of it the baser desires and passions we carried into it from the physical, death comes to it in the form of the gradual disintegration of its matter, and we are free to step forth once again in a still finer body composed in its turn of finer matter than the physical or the emotional. It is the mind body composed of mental matter, but still in a world of form. It also we now possess. It is the vehicle of our thoughts at present, as the emotional is the vehicle of our desires, and the physical is the vehicle of our actions. A little more difficult is the control and use of this body. To realise that, try to control your thoughts for one minute at a time. Wild horses are easier to tame. But it has been done; therefore it can be done. In this body thought rules. At an effort of will, with the speed of thought we can be and do the most wonderful things.

And so we live, possessing these three vehicles when conscious in the physical. Desire is the motive power urging to action. Mind stands, reinforced by its moral experiences, as the director of the action. No surgeon operating upon or dissecting a physical body has ever seen a desire or a thought. Of course not, their seat is in the emotional and mental bodies. These three bodies, physical, emotional, and mental interpenetrate each other as water interpenetrates a sponge, and as air interpenetrates both sponge and

water. At the death of the physical our normal, waking consciousness is transferred to the emotional. At its death our consciousness is transferred to the mental. All through this time of adjustment and learning, purging and building, creating and paying, we are the same individuality. We know our loved ones, and they know us; we are with them at their desire or ours; together with them we explore the world of thought, and when we in turn lay aside this mental body, its usefulness to us completed, we and they stand forth arrayed in an immortal body. This is the permanent vehicle of the consciousness at this stage of our evolution, and into it we bring the results accruing to us from all the actions, feelings, and thoughts we have experienced in the three lower bodies. It is called the causal body, and into it we build as concepts the results of all the causes we have generated. In that world our characters are moulded, and we know as we are known.

People who have grasped the fundamental fact in the teachings of the Christ that God is Love, and that His universe is governed by wise eternal laws, have begun to realise that those laws must be obeyed in the world beyond what we call death just as much as in this world. But still hearsay from others cannot satisfy us, and it is for us to obtain our own first-hand knowledge of what happens when we die from our own personal study, investigation and experience.

The occult study of what happens when we die will show us there is no such thing as parting between those who love; that there is nothing whatever to fear; that there is progress, service, knowledge and power in increasing measure for all God's children in all God's worlds.

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Great opportunities come to those who make use of small ones.

GHOSTS I HAVE KNOWN

(By Margery Lawrence, in "Psychic Science".)

I am not clairvoyant as a rule, but at times—for what reason I don't know—I seem to become so, and I was certainly so as a child, for I remember then being able to see and hear many things that I know now were certainly not of this world. I "took them in my stride" then and indeed, until I learnt better, concluded that everybody "saw" the things I used to see. But as I grew older the first keenness of this childish perception faded, as it generally does, yet by now and thens I have had some queer experiences that have served to stimulate and keep alive the interest I have always had in the "queer" side of things. My first really concrete experience was as follows:—

An uncle of mine had died suddenly after an operation, and after his death, to his widow's great dismay, an important box of papers that should have been left in the care of his solicitor (one Larose, of Gray's Inn) could not be found. Upon the finding of these papers the widow's future, largely depended. So it was no wonder that when we had returned from the solicitor's office to that hotel where we were temporarily staying, my aunt broke down in a hysterical fit of tears. I promptly put her to bed after an early dinner, and went to bed myself, feeling both worried and exhausted. I could not have been in bed more than ten minutes or so, and was most certainly not asleep, when I saw, outlining itself beyond the low foot of the bed against the darkness, swiftly and brilliantly, as though with a magnesium pencil, the figure of a tall man . . . and before I could gasp, within this outline "grew", like the close-up on a film, my uncle, looking solid and familiar as in life!

I sprang up in bed, gasping with surprise, and as I stared, too startled to be scared, I heard him speak—though I cannot say whether I heard with

my physical ears or not—I certainly heard him somehow. He said:

“Don’t worry, Margery! The papers are there, in Larose’s office, but the box containing them has fallen down behind a deed-box lettered ‘K.S.B.’ (or some such initials, I can’t remember exactly now). Telephone him to-morrow, and tell him to look there, and he’ll find the box all right.” Even as he spoke he began to fade, and I found my voice and called out:

“Uncle! Are you all right? . . . and oh! can’t you speak to Auntie, she’s so unhappy?” I remember that he shook his head, and his voice, though fading also, answered faintly, but quite distinctly.

“All right, all right . . . quite happy! Can’t get through to your aunt . . . atmosphere like a fog, too much emotion, so I came to you. Bless you . . . good-bye!”

He was gone, and for a flashing second the shining outline of him remained in the darkness of my room before that flicked out, too—and then I was frightened! I switched on the light, and rushed for a glass of water, and had to take a strong hold on myself to stop shivering . . . but far stronger than my momentary fear was the exciting, the exhilarating sense of having come across something new and amazing. Something that could not be ignored! If uncle was right, and those papers found behind that deedbox . . .

He was right. The papers were found where he had said . . . and while Mr. Larose, amazed and faintly suspicious, was trying to find out what had given me the idea as to where the papers might be, I was turning my adventure over in my mind, with my ever-present sense of curiosity pricked and alert as it had rarely been before. Somewhere, it was plain, my uncle was still alive! I had as a child been taught all about “immortality”, of course, in the usual religious sense, and had taken it for granted that there was some vague and nebulous

sort of life-after-death in which, if one were good enough, one would find one's loved ones, and if one were bad, one went . . . somewhere else! But both "somewheres" were about equally unreal to me, and I had never, being then in my early twenties, young vital, and full of interest in the everyday world, been sufficiently interested in what happens after death to trouble to think much about it. But this adventure brought me up with a round turn! Uncle had been real! No drifting, transparent, melancholy wraith, but solid and smiling, wearing the old grey golfing suit I knew so well—and he had given me a piece of real and practical information that showed he was still cognisant of life over here, still loving his wife and caring for her interests . . . in other words, without his body he was still alive! And from that realisation has dated my profound interest in psychic matters.

(To be continued.)

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"Thirty Years Among the Dead."—A copy of the above work is needed by a subscriber. Please state condition and price to "Harbinger of Light", Box 64a, G.P.O., Adelaide.

* * *

That Spiritualism has a religious basis may, in part, be urged from the ever-increasing numbers of clergy of all denominations who are accepting its evidence; but still more so from the fact that the proof of survival links up with the teachings of all great religions, and necessarily influences our conception as to man's relation to this and to the life beyond.

* * *

Nature is the wholeness of all things and principles, the alpha and omega, beginning and end.

* * *

Spiritualism removes all fear of death, which is really the portal of the spirit world.

DR. MAUDE ROYDEN'S EXPERIENCE

Dr. A. Maude Royden, C.H., preacher and author, declares that she has "been sometimes in communion with the blessed dead". The declaration was made in the course of an article entitled, "Shall We See Our Loved Ones Again?" in the July, 1933, number of "The Quiver".

Dr. Royden says her whole faith is based on the belief that God is Love. "It is because of this", she writes, "that I believe in personal immortality." In support of her belief, she adds:

"I have myself, I most steadfastly and surely believe, been sometimes in communion with the blessed dead. On two occasions, especially, I have been aware of the presence of one whom I greatly loved, and who has passed over. It is this experience which makes me realise how impossible it is to describe that state of being. When I spoke of my experience to others, they asked me: Did you see him? Did he speak to you? And I suddenly realised that these words had no real meaning. No, I did not see him. I did not with my voice and my vocal cords speak to him, or with my ears hear him. How, then, did I know that he was there? I cannot say. There are not any words with which to describe this particular experience. I do not for a moment ask anyone else even to believe that I had it. Only I am absolutely certain that I did have it, and it showed me how useless human language is to describe certain experiences, which, nevertheless, are possible to human beings."

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"Death is not in itself painful. In most cases it is like falling asleep. The awakening to the heavenly dawn is like awakening after a good night's rest to a beautiful morning-dawn, although the dawn in spirit life is many times more beautiful."—"Letters from Heaven", Sprague.

CONDITIONAL MORTALITY

(By Stanley de Brath.)

As we consider the many proofs of survival which Spiritualism puts before us, there is a natural tendency to apply them to our own personal case. We then assume that survival and immortality are the same thing. Doubtless this may be so in many cases, but is it so in all? Are we not too apt to generalise from single instances?

It is now widely admitted that the human being is, broadly speaking, compact of body, soul, and spirit. The soul is the cellular "etheric", on which the tangible material body is built up by the accretion of matter on each separate cell. This "growth" is directed by mind—not our crude consciousness, but that deeper mental power which is essentially creative, and is indissolubly linked to the universal creative power, or may even be called a part of it.

The presence of that cosmic mind which we call "God" under the single aspect of evolution, has given us the power of choice—not exactly free will, but at any rate the power to choose the narrow path of development rather than the broad way of degeneracy. Does this power of choice cease at death? There is no reason to think that it does.

The soul new-born into the Unseen has in many cases enhanced powers—among others that sensitiveness to the thought of others which we call telepathy. It can distinguish at a glance the character of its fellows; and, as we do on earth, it naturally seeks those akin to it by love, affection, and similarity of mind. If its proclivities are for material things and for selfish gratification—still more, if it loves cruelty and lying (as unfortunately some do)—it will seek the society of the cruel and the false, among whom a common shame is an unfelt disgrace. Each goes by natural affinity to its like. Each will have the light or the darkness which corresponds to its own faculties.

In Sir Oliver Lodge's "Phantom Walls" (p. 71), the distinguished writer says: "Now survival only applies to things that really exist. Whether all human beings have sufficient personality to make their individual persistence likely, is a question that may be argued. Whether some of the higher animals have acquired a kind of individuality, a character and wealth of affection which seem worthy of continued existence, may also be argued. There may be many grades of personality, and accordingly there may be many grades of survival."

Jesus Christ, whose transcendental character is admitted, was normally born to bring the world back from the legalism of the Jewish law to the real causes of prosperity. That legalism went to lengths which we now find it difficult to realise. The exact weight a man might carry, the distance he might walk on the Sabbath without breaking the Fourth Commandment, were laid down specifically. To make a fire was forbidden.

In a book of recent travels in Moroccca the author states that a Jew boy came to him one very wet Saturday night, and implored him to visit the camp of his father and mother, who were grievously sick. He went to their camp, two miles distant, through mud and rain. Arrived there, he found both parents perfectly well, but in darkness. He was told that the law of the Sabbath forbade them to strike a light. They asked him to do so, and light their lamp. He says with pride: That match was the only thing I did strike!

A hundred such regulations were by the Jews considered the service of God. Jesus abrogated them all, and taught that truthfulness, clean living, and kindliness are the real path of spiritual health. He gave no details of the after-life, but He demonstrated its actuality in His Own Person, and laid down that it is subject to law—the "narrow way" of rectitude; and he contrasts that way, which leads to life, with the broad path "that leads to destruction".

In much instruction that I have received from the Beyond, I am told that, taking the whole population of the world, most that pass from this life are mere monads in all that concerns the conditions of spiritual life. Their interests and knowledge are all of the earth and of their own desires. They have no place to fill in the world beyond, and are in grey darkness. Conscious only of intense loneliness, they cling together, and thus build up a new personality which may or may not re-incarnate upon earth. The animating spirit of such personalities may be eternal—the breath of the Divine which gives life, not to men only but to all living things—but that is very different from the eternal life of a person.

This truth of “conditional immortality” sheds a flood of light on our problems to-day. If we turn our minds back to see the long road that humanity has come, we see the whole mass of our ancient progenitors as animal-men, practically devoid of spiritual perception. Not for long ages did they develop the perception of an immortal soul at all.

“Conditional Immortality.” What are its conditions? St. Paul has stated them in his letter to the Corinthians: Patience, kindness, love of truth, not to be forward and self-assertive, nor boastful and conceited, not to blaze out in passionate anger, not to brood over wrongs, but to be full of trust, full of patient endurance. This is the “more excellent way”, better than wisdom, better than science, better than faith, better than all the gifts of the spirit which he had just enumerated. This can be practised by everybody, and those who do practise it are on the upward path, and may await in perfect confidence the change that will come to us all. They will persist.

Nor did our Lord say that death is final. He only said that the broad way of self-indulgence **leadeth** to destruction. The opportunity of turning into the way that leads to life in another world is not precluded, though it may be more difficult after

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THE NATION WHICH HAS LOST ITS SOUL

(By Dr. F. H. Wood, in "Two Worlds", 27/4/45.)

Victory will not bring back the millions killed, and the health of many more millions undermined by the nation which has lost its soul. No other description can apply to Nazi Germany. No other will be applied to it by the historians who, as Nona, Rosemary's guide, forecast on November 26, 1940, "will marvel at the great evil which attained such power and then fell away quite suddenly, leaving all this distress and havoc to be set right."

That sentence was published in my book, "Mediumship and War", p. 92, at a time when German aggression seemed triumphant. Germany had lost her soul even then. Now she has lost everything else. Who are the criminals who have brought about this material and moral disaster to a nation which had given the world Bach, Beethoven and Brahms? Well, of course, the arch-criminal is Adolf Hitler, who, in all history proved himself the worst enemy of the human race, since he has been able to injure it more than any other evil genius the world has ever known. Germany gave him the power to do it, and he has used it to the full. Next comes Himmler, who expressed in action what Hitler's vile mind conceived. But why discuss the rest, from the deformed Goebbels to the notorious Papen, now a prisoner in our hands? History will not forget them, but we shall soon think of them only as instruments of a greater evil which attacked Earth through Hitler, and nearly destroyed it. Their punishment has begun, but the worst has yet to come. My spirit brother, J.D.W., defined it in a talk with me last September: "When Hitler and his associates pass over, they will wander for a time in

so deep a descent. Jack London found it so, and his passionate declaration of his difficulties is a warning to us all.—"Light."

mists. Hell will begin for them when they realise that they are dead." Then they will go through all the suffering they have caused. They will have to re-live the scenes they have created, and purge their souls by feeling the bitterest agony of their victims."

It is one of the psychic laws of existence that if you stray off your line of destiny, you just make a loop, which, after much suffering and loss of time, brings you back again to the point from which you strayed. It applies to nations as well as individuals. When did Germany stray off hers? I think it began when the Prussians annexed the peaceable States of Saxony and Bavaria. Your Prussian is racially a Mongol—Hitler is not even a Mongol, but only a mongrel—and the Mongols were a cruel race who overran Europe in the Middle Ages. That strain of cruelty is widespread among Germans to-day, thanks to Hitler, who made it a virtue to be desired even by school children. We have been revolted by the recent radio accounts of concentration camps at Buchenwald and Belsen: camps devised by Hitler, and made "efficient" for mass murder by his orders. The story is not yet half told. The B.B.C. men have done their work well, but I have often wished in this war that my brother, J.D.W., could have spoken at the microphone through Rosemary. In his capacity as intelligence officer, readers of these articles will remember him in those darker days of 1940 and 1941, when not only Hitler's armies but Hitler's ideas meant much to those who directed our war plans. The position is very different now, when nothing about Hitler matters but the awaited news of his death. J.D.W., however, is still ahead of B.B.C. correspondents in some of the things he told me through Rosemark on April 7. "The V-bombs are over, but they had prepared some worse things for you," he said. "Had these been launched, with their poison gas and disease germs for spreading pestilence, they would have destroyed England. They had fully intended to use these

filthy things, from Holland, from the French coast, and elsewhere; but you were too quick for them," added my brother. "That has been part of my job," he added: "mine and other guides, to impress your bombers and to guide them to the spots where these foul things were being prepared."

Probably we shall never know what we owe to spirit guides in this war. Let me now compare two statements which some of our readers may have compared already. The "News-Chronicle" of April 14, reported the discovery at Lusa in Germany of gas bombs of cyanogen chloride, "a gas which paralyses the nerves".

The other statement was made by my brother on February 1, 1940, and is printed in my book, "A New Era for Psychics", p. 50. It concerns "an oniony, sweet-smelling gas which slows down the heartbeats, and renders the victim unconscious for a few hours." It was then being prepared by the Germans, he said. My brother seems to have been five years ahead of the press reporter.

Now let me add something else. "All over Germany", he told me as recently as April 7, "are underground storage-places filled with lethal weapons. We only hope you will find them all. If you fail, one small group will start all the trouble again. All those years before the war they were digging, digging. Whey they find them, your people will be amazed that the Germans did not annihilate you. No wonder they thought it was impossible that they should lose. The thoroughness for evil of this German race is incredible," concluded J.D.W.

By their own acts, and by evidence coming to light every day, the Germans appear to have lost their very souls. As a nation, Germany has made a terrible loop, and will go through untold suffering before it regains the line of its true destiny.

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Spiritualism brings confirming evidence, and proves its teachings through mediumship. Mediumship is the gateway of vision.

BURIAL RITES

(By Colin Evans, B.A., in "World Service".)

I have now been asked by the editor of "World Service" to deal with the question of disposal of discarded earth-bodies; with burial and cremation, and the appropriate "last rites" to accompany either. My own inclination, if the suggestion had not been made to me, would have been to regard the matter as too trivial to bother with. Those old shirts and ties I discarded as utterly worn out last year, what does it matter what was done with them as long as they don't litter the place? I have been very active and busy, and a little ill, since then, and forgotten all about them. But perhaps it is wrong of me not to recognise that, if I emigrated permanently to a far land, the suit I wore the day before my departure, left behind as a whole, might seem more important to people at home than oddments I have cast off on earlier dates.

Discarded Earth-body.

Moreover, however indifferent I personally might be to the disposal of my discarded earth-body once I, my self-consciousness, were functioning apart from it, I am bound to recognise that for countless centuries and in all lands people have, for some reason, been apt to attach enormous importance to the disposal of their "cast-off wearing apparel" of flesh and bone. There are innumerable records, which I am not disposed to dismiss as all fictitious, of excarnate men and women manifesting as earth-bound and miserable and hampered in their progress because whatever was, in their community, considered the correct thing to do with corpses had not been done with theirs. Till they were "properly" buried, or cremated, or hung up to be consumed by birds, or whatever was fashionable at the place and time concerned, they could not escape from earth-bound wretchedness or progress in the astral or spiritual spheres.

Quite obviously, the Catholic who cannot be at ease after death till his bones have been transferred to consecrated ground; the Persian who comes back wailing nightly till his are hung up on a tree; the Egyptian who dreads the astral desolation he will experience if his abandoned body is not durably embalmed; the Hindu who is not happy till cremated, were and are all affected by the way they think of their own bodies, and of the attitude towards themselves shown by those with whom they have been in contact, as evidenced by the latter performing whatever rites are deemed most respectful. If a pianist sufficiently identified himself with his pianoforte, in his own mental outlook, his spiritual progress after "death" would doubtless be enormously influenced by the way his overstrung Bechstein concert grand was handled after he left it.

Question of Burial.

In a thoroughly world-service society and community I believe the question of burial or cremation or other methods of disposal of cast-off bodies would have no more religious or sentimental or spiritual significance or importance than any other detail of the sanitary system. The disposal of a complete body left unanimated by its former animator would be as purely and simply a detail of refuse disposal, for tidiness and hygiene, as the disposal of discarded fragments of bodies, and waste material from them, at any earlier date in the person's career.

That, however, is merely what would be the position if everybody had a clear understanding of psychic matters. Meanwhile, we are in a world and a country where only a tiny minority have anything of the sort. The "dead" to whom I have spoken have included many who have been greatly pleased or greatly grieved either because their bodies were not cremated or because they were, because they were buried in their favourite cemetery or in that other disliked environment, because flowers were

placed on their graves afterwards or because they were not.

Now, how the "deceased" feels and thinks about corpse-disposal may, in the first imperfectly adapted, possibly bewildered, days of transference from earth-life, be of very great importance to his well-being. And this, I am convinced, should be the first consideration. Give him whatever form of burial or burial-substitute, and of burial-service, you have reason to believe he himself at the phase of mental development reached at the moment of passing, regarded as the most becoming. That may make a very grave difference. From no other point of view does it matter to anything like as great an extent.

But even if the Anglican burial service is the one likely to give most comfort to some particular dear one just "dead" who believed in it, we might try to get a few modifications to avoid outraging our common sense and decency by such phrases (torn from their original contexts and mistranslated) as "man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery"; if it be so, more share to those who run this earth-corner of God's universe! And, "they rest from their labours", when in some cases the first useful day's work a man does in his life is done after some training on the astral plane, a few years after his "death"!

Eh! What are you to do with my body when I pass on? Why, won't the dustman take it? But have a service, to wish me God-speed on my journey. But don't have it round my cast-off body!

—:o:—

A COMPLIMENTARY COPY

If you receive a copy of "The Harbinger of Light", and are not a subscriber, it has been sent to you by a friend. Please read it carefully, and consider it a cordial invitation to join our family of "Harbinger" readers. Subscription rates are printed on the inside of the front cover.

CREMATION

What Morticians Say.

In the past twenty years people have been less hesitant to express their views on "Cremation". Statements from reliable morticians show that the ratio is now one for cremation to four for burial.

In the "Annales du Spiritisme", a record of a seance at Rochefort-sur-mer, quotes what M. Gabriel Delanne, well-known French Spiritualist, has to say on this subject.

Here is the message credited to the spirit of Delanne:

Certain people believe that I left my mortal body painfully. That is not so. I did not suffer at the time of my deliverance, and my first spiritual vision was clarified by the efforts made by charitable spirits who surrounded my deathbed. Then there was the easy flight, aided by former friends who had sustained me in my daily life; they encircled me with their pure forces, to lead me towards my happy home.

"I did not suffer from the incineration of my body; I recognised that mine was not an example to be always followed. I wished to be cremated, because I had a horror of my body decomposing in the grave; I anticipated with fear that hideous dissolution. I thought my spirit might possibly suffer at the cremation, but I also told myself that this suffering was perhaps illusionary.

"However, I prayed my dear Invisibles to help me in that hour, and my prayers were heard."—"The Psychic Observer."

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Right thinking, understood, teaches only the highest, purest thoughts will bring peace, happiness and health, and spiritualise the whole character, and show forth in perfect body.

THE THREE RULES

A Lyceum Lesson.

"Mother," asked Donald, "is there any way we can tell how we are progressing?" "I don't understand what you mean," answered mother. "Well, in Lyceum they are always talking about eternal progression, and how we progress spiritually, and I wondered if there was any way of finding out how I was progressing."

"Yes, there is; you see there are three rules by which we all live. The first rule is the Iron rule. People who live by the Iron rule return evil for evil." "Why, that's just the way we do when we are down at the old swimming pool. We tie knots in each other's clothes. But we don't have such a good time after all, because someone always gets mad about it, and then we have a fight. I don't think that is a very good rule to live by, because you always have to watch the other fellow to see what he is going to do to you to get even."

"The next highest rule that you can live by is the Silver rule. People who live by this rule return good for good. These people would not harm you, but they would not help you unless you helped them." "That's just like Jack in my arithmetic class. He does not fight with the other boys, but when you ask him anything about a problem that he has worked out, he won't tell you a thing about it unless you can trade a problem with him that he hasn't worked." "Yes," said mother. "People who live by the Silver rule are better than those who live by the Iron rule, but you see how selfish they are. They wait until someone has done them a good turn before they will help the other person."

"The highest rule is the Golden rule. People who live this rule return good for evil. We all know of the Golden rule, which says: 'Do unto others as you would like them to do unto you'."

"There is a lot of difference between them. In

both the Iron and the Silver rules you wait until the other person does something, and then you determine how you will treat him. In the Golden rule you act and leave it up to the other person as to how they will treat you.

"In this way you can learn to return good for evil because a lot of things that we call evil are only done to us through the forgetfulness of the other individual. If we overlook these little things we will be able to travel a smoother path through life. Because we will avoid many quarrels and jealousies, and by returning good for evil we will make those who might become our enemies turn into the best of friends."—Virgil R. Vlasek.

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COMMUNICATION

Spiritualism has, through its phenomena and spirit communication, opened up a new field of education and training for humanity—a new realm of knowledge—and a new method of gaining truth and inspiration.

Spiritualists everywhere are looking forward with hope to the extension of communication, believing that it is inevitable that in the growth of scientific knowledge and discovery and the constantly extended widening of communication that the planets of our system will soon be linked into a chain of inter-communion, to the greater growth and development of their peoples.—Geo. F. Simms.

—:o:—

Re-education should be applied not only to Germany but to Britain, where there should be no bias in religious instruction. That is the theme of a letter in "News Review" from a reader, who writes: "Sectarianism must go. Our children must learn comparative religion, which will show the sources from which the important religions of the world sprang, both ancient and modern."

—"Psychic News."

MIRACULOUS NATURE: MIRACULOUS SOURCE

In a letter to "World Service", Mr. D. M. Granville, of Crinklewood, writes:—

In Victorian times science was bitterly opposed to supernatural theological doctrines. Scientists went to the opposite extreme. They insisted that nothing could be supernatural; that everything in the universe was natural, and acted according to natural laws, chief of which was the law of cause and effect. Most of the scientists even said that Nature was a materialistic machine.

But since those times, so many startling and extraordinary discoveries have been made, that scientists are being forced, much against their will, to modify their materialistic opinions. Quite a number now admit that mind must have always existed, while some say that spirit exists, and a few have even come to the conclusion that there is a God. But though they do not definitely say that Nature is unnatural or supernatural, they all say what amounts to the same thing. For instance, Professor J. B. S. Haldane says: "The universe is not only queerer than we suppose, but queerer than we can suppose." Sir J. H. Jeans says: "In general, the universe seems to me to be nearer to a great thought than to a great machine."

The composition of a man's body, like all other matter, is a conglomeration of atoms. According to modern science an atom is almost entirely composed of space. There are some minute bits of electricity or some still more nebulous stuff. Therefore, a man's body is almost entirely composed of space, with a tiny residue of electricity! Yet this utterly ethereal being seems to us to be solid, substantial, and even coloured. What is more, this nebulous cloud—for that is what he really is—can think, walk, talk, and perform all manner of feats. Could anything be more wildly and fantastically impossible—in short, could there be a greater miracle?

But miracle follows miracle. When the man appears to be dead he still goes on existing, though we can no longer see, hear or feel him. This earth, according to science, is so strong that it seems like a madman's dream come true. But our dead man now goes to a world that is still stronger—if possible: a world that we can neither see nor hear nor feel. If all this is natural and not super-natural, I would very much like to know what is unnatural.

Apart from the fact that so-called Nature shows there is a great mind and a definite purpose behind it, I maintain that, being miraculous, Nature must have come from a miraculous source. The cause and its effects cannot be separated. God's works are part of His Being. If God is super-natural, His works are super-natural. But every fresh, scientific discovery is proving more and more clearly that His works are super-natural.

Sceptics calmly swallow all the extraordinary miracles told us by scientists, yet cannot credit the obvious and logical conclusion that miracles must come from a miraculous source, which we term the Deity. If we postulate God, everything becomes comprehensible. Without God, everything becomes an unfathomable enigma.

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THE EMERGENCY FUND

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"God," the highest truth, the highest principle, the highest virtue, the highest idea of whatsoever is central and perfect.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

A Medium's Link with the Past.

(By Arthur R. Cadman.)

Psychic experiences are always interesting, and I should like to place on record a personal incident which occurred at the outset of my own investigation into the complex subject of Spiritualism. For some time I had been slightly interested in the Movement, but was in no way actually associated with it, nor had I attended any spiritualistic meetings. A chance conversation with a friend, however, led to my calling at the Britten Memorial Institute at Bridge Street, Manchester, and thus I made my first contact with the Movement.

Hearing that private seances were given on the premises, I booked an appointment with Miss Peterson, one of the staff of mediums, and there followed perhaps the most remarkable experience I have had in my life. Although I was not acquainted with the medium, nor with any of the officers of the Society, intimate and personal details concerning my career and my relatives were imparted during the sitting with such an ease and facility that I felt as though my departed friends were with me, and restored in mortal form. Facts were given that could not have been ascertained by any normal means. The descriptions given of spirits were in nearly every case exact to the detail.

As an example, the medium recalled an episode which had occurred some 25 years previously. She described, in short, graphic sentences, a native rebellion which had taken place on the outskirts of the Ambrizette—a small port in Angola, on the south-west coast of Africa. I was then the manager of an English firm whose headquarters were established at Ambrizette, and had occasion to visit one of the outside trading factories further along the coast. The rebellion had not then actually commenced; the "interior" natives had been much an-

gered by an attempt on the part of the Portuguese Government officials to collect the "hut tax" from them for the first time—but I had heard that there was likely to be trouble, and decided to return to headquarters without delay. I called my hammock-carriers, and commenced the three-hours' journey along the beach. We had almost reached the end of the journey when I saw a band of hundreds of the "interior" natives approaching us. My natives dropped the hammock and ran away. I was quickly surrounded. The natives were exceedingly rough, and gave me to understand that they intended to kill me, and indeed I felt my time had come.

Miss Peterson described the scenes in a manner that did not fail to bring them again forcibly to my mind.

She then recalled the first syllable of a name very familiar to me, and described the chief of a village nearby, who at one time had been employed by me at the factory. It was he who arrived just in the nick of time, and managed to persuade the natives that I was a friend, rather than an enemy. He it was who saved my life, and conducted me safely homeward, in spite of the natives' hostility. The medium recalled all the important facts pertaining to the case, and I am quite certain that she could not have gained the knowledge by any normal procedure.—"Light."

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Spirit return is one of the greatest boons that ever came to mankind.

* * *

Sir William Crookes said: "Of all the persons endowed with a powerful development of psychic force, and who have been termed "mediums" upon quite another theory of its origin, Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home is the most remarkable, and it is mainly owing to the many opportunities I have had of carrying on my investigation in his presence that I am enabled to affirm so conclusively the existence of this Force."

IDEAS OF HEAVEN

(By H. J. D. Murton.)

It is probable that most people, whether their belief in an after-life is a firm conviction or a lingering but uncertain remnant of early religious teaching, have at some time or other speculated upon the nature of that life. Golden streets, harps and choirs of altar beings have long gone out of fashion as a conception of celestial bliss, but there are still many people who have strange notions, either of what they believe heaven to be like, or how they would wish it to be.

The Coster's View.

Robert Lynd, in an essay in the "News Chronicle", comments on some of these ideas. He mentions the coster who, in a recent broadcast talk, said that what he wanted in heaven was his barrow and the run of the streets, "that is, if they're anything like London". Mr. Lynd doubts, however, whether many workers, whether tradesmen or members of the professions, look forward to a heaven in which they will continue selling tea or performing surgical operations. He says that most of us "think of it in terms of the world we know in our leisure rather than in our working hours. It is full of people we have known on earth, all of them as unburdened by toil as if they were holidaying at the seaside."

The Spiritualist conception of the future life agrees with only part of this view: that which relates to the people we have known on earth, and we doubt whether Mr. Lynd himself would anticipate with equanimity an eternity of leisure.

Useful Activity.

Descriptions of the after-life received in spiritualist communications are not altogether consistent, but there is a sufficient degree of correspondence for us to form the opinion that it is a life of useful activity. We are, in fact, told that many individuals are carrying on with the kind of work

they did while in the flesh, but progressively to a degree unheard of on earth. It seems clear, however, that this is not likely to be a general rule, but one which applies only to those fortunate people who found their true vocation, and whose work was their life. These are probably a minority, and when Robert Lynd speaks of picturing heaven in terms of the world we know in our leisure, he is no doubt thinking of those who work simply for bread and butter, and who find the real expression of their individuality elsewhere. If a bank clerk or a civil servant or a pitman is, in his spare time, a poet, a painter or a musician, there is little doubt which he will choose if these occupations are open to him in the future life.

Thwarted Lives.

Then there are the many whose earthly lives are spent in a continual sense of frustration, and these will look forward to an opportunity of realising, in the large freedom, the thwarted potentialities for which they had hoped to find an outlet in the "one day" which never comes to them this side of the grave.

We also have to remember that changed conditions bring new occupations, and this is true on both sides of life. As far as this side is concerned, we may see many examples to-day where men and women are giving wholehearted service, in the best sense of the word, in occupations which have arisen from the conditions, deplorable as they are, in which we find ourselves.

We know little enough about the future life, but we believe it to be a life of service, and we may be assured that there are, waiting for our choice, many forms of service which have not yet entered into our conception of things.

It may, however, be wrong to take a purely utilitarian view of the next world. R. L. Stevenson says of Sainte-Beuve that, as he grew older, he "came to regard all experience as a single great

(Please turn to foot of next page).

SURVIVAL AS THE KEY TO THE MEANING OF LIFE

The only thing which gives any meaning to life is the recognition of its importance and persistence. Why are we here? To what end? For what object? These questions have vexed the mind of man throughout the ages, and no answer has ever been found for them based upon materialistic philosophy. For such a theory, life has no meaning. But, if survival is a fact, it would supply us with an answer to this riddle, and enable us to formulate some sort of rational interpretation of the cosmos.

Human survival, therefore, is not only of tremendous importance, but entails philosophical implications of the most far-reaching character. If mankind could be made to realise that the present life is merely a school of experience, a mere segment of human existence, and that our thoughts and actions, good or bad, tend to react upon man's ultimate destiny, surely this alone would constitute a salutary tonic and tend to shape the course of men's

book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence; and it seemed all one to him whether you should read in chapter xx, which is the differential calculus, or in chapter xxix, which is hearing the band play in the gardens."

Well, from what we have been told, bands are playing in gardens "over there", and it may well be that some of us will consider that we are serving the purpose of life as well in listening to the bands as in trying to convince unbelieving mortals of our existence by performing mystifying manoeuvres with a tin trumpet in a darkened room. We may even know a little more about the purpose of life by then; in fact it is in that hope, we think, that most of us will go forward into the unknown.—
"Light."

lives. No man in his right mind voluntarily inflicts physical injury upon himself; if he does, he knows that it is to his own detriment, and that he alone will suffer the consequences. If men could be made to realise that thoughts and motives are realities just as truly as tissues and organs, they would perhaps order their lives differently.

Social relationships would likewise undergo revolutionary changes. Our present civilisation is based almost entirely upon material gain, which is considered the only criterion of "success". Every man seeks to get ahead of his neighbour, and the "devil take the hindmost". The aim of life is the accumulation of wealth and the acquisition of personal property. Nothing else matters. This, it will be observed, is pure materialism, and is based upon the belief that this life is all. . . .

If men could be made to realise that every unkind act, every sordid motive, every dishonest practice, reacts upon themselves, hindering their own liberation and happiness and development, not because of the vengeance of some external Deity, but because of the inevitable consequence of Natural Law; if they could be made to feel that this life is not all, but a mere fraction of life in its totality, constituting one connected whole; if they could be made to realise that a future life is something which need no longer be believed or disbelieved at will, but something the reality of which had been scientifically proved—then, assuredly, would our individual lives be renovated in accordance with this knowledge, and our social relationships would be readjusted in accordance with the Golden Rule.—Hereward Carrington, in his book, "Loaves and Fishes", pp. 204-5.

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Spiritualism harmonises religion, science and philosophy into one concordant whole, substantiating the universality of law and the total absence of miracles and supernaturalism from the universe.

THE GREATER WORLDS IN THE BEYOND

(By Sir Charles Allom, Vice-President, World Service Group.)

At the beginning of the last war large numbers of men then up at the universities joined up at once, and from Trinity College, Cambridge, many went into the Royal Artillery through the Territorials. My son, with several friends at Trinity, had commissions in the 295th Brigade, R.A. I fear few of that brigade survived, for at Donnibeke Brook they defended the infantry with no cover at a range of 1,400 yards. Towards the end of that devoted effort my only son, Cedric, the last officer, had only five men left to man two guns, and then fell mortally wounded while encouraging them. In the earlier days of that fight, Lieut. Stanbury Taylor, of Trinity College, an only son, also fell. The two were great friends.

Inconsolable.

Some months afterwards I was invited by Mr. and Mrs. Taylor to go with my daughter, Marjorie, to their charming home in Lincolnshire. They were inconsolable at the loss of Stanbruy.

In a desire to show their devotion they had, a few weeks before he fell, bought for him the adjoining estate to their own, because he had always greatly admired it.

Marjorie and I reached their home about tea-time. Little did we imagine how soon she, too, was to join the young soldiers, for she died nursing the wounded Australians that autumn.

We found Mrs. Taylor greatly changed and embittered by her loss. In course of conversation she told me that since his death she had not prayed, and was evidently anxious to know how we reacted to our loss, to which I replied: "But, don't you think you are doing him an injury and an injustice? Has it not occurred to you that he is perhaps now in far finer occupation and environment than you and

your husband could ever have hoped to place him? I know how devoted you both are to him. Do you realise how far greater is his new environment to anything the earth could possibly have provided?"

I proceeded to enquire if she knew how **minute** was the earth in relation to the Universe, and even to the more immediate fragment of it—the solar system. She became very interested, and in answer to a few questions I explained that the sun was about a million and a quarter times greater than the earth; that the earth's orbit round the sun had a radius of more than ninety-two millions of miles, so that the circle of the earth's path round the sun gave it a diameter of about one hundred and eighty-four million miles, yet a star was known that measured more than half again bigger than that orbit. Think of a star with a diameter of more than 270,000,000 millions of miles, and what its orbit would be!

These figures being quite beyond human imagination, I had to devise a means to convey to her mind some realisation of their relative dimensions, so I explained that if she took the finest needle, and with it pricked the skin of an orange, that mark in the skin would depict a roughly relative size of the earth if placed upon the surface of the Sun. Further, that if the sun was represented by the garden umbrella above her head, the earth would be approximately the size of the No. 6 shot which is used to kill partridges, and would have to be placed about 200 yards away from the umbrella to take the scale position of the earth to the sun, while the nearest star would have to go about 100,000 miles away from that umbrella.

There is ample evidence that in dying it is only the functions of the body which cease to continue. The spirit is immediately free from its association with the body, and quite invisibly passes off to its new and greater duties in the Beyond.

Next World Duties.

I postulated that surely it was obvious that her

son, Stanbury, was in the midst of a far more wonderful, beautiful, interesting and extensive life than that of our world, and with far more important duties to carry on than she and her husband's most generous plans could ever have provided. Why not, I suggested, feel grateful that he had preceded them to this superior and desirable life, so that he could receive, guide and help them when they arrived in their turn to the promotion from the human life into what was still the unknown, but far more interesting, life?

At this moment the gong went for dinner, and we wended our way in in silence.—“World Service.”

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BOOK REVIEW

“**A New Eearth and a New Heaven**” (by W. B. Hill).

We have received from the author two copies of this interesting and informative work for our Reference Library. We can do no better than quote the publisher's opinion of the work and its advanced teaching.

“The author of this original novel presents an entirely fresh point of view, which keeps the reader well off the beaten track. While the story, considered merely as a tale of travel, is attractive, those **who look for something a little deeper than ordinary fiction** will certainly meet with what they desire. . . . His picture of Dawn City (the city of the future) has a special fascination.”

A limited number of copies is available for sale from the “Harbinger of Light”, Box 64a, G.P.O., Adelaide. Price, 7/6; postage, 4½d.

—————:O:—————

Spiritualism teaches the brotherhood of man, yet how many of its adherents try to make happy those with whom they associate each day?

CHILDHOOD VISION

(By I.A.C., Brisbane.)

One of my earliest psychic experiences was when I was 12 years of age. I awoke one night to hear a strange, muttering sound, and looked all round the dark room to discover its source. To my amazement I plainly saw a figure in white standing in front of the dressing-table. The head was bent, and the back towards me, but I had the impression it was a woman praying. The sounds were low and regulated, but audible.

I was awed and a little afraid, as I realised it was not an ordinary human being I could see. She must have brought great power, as I remember feeling a strangeness in the atmosphere. After a few minutes I covered my head with the bed-clothes, but could still hear the strange sounds. I have often wished that I had watched to see how she would disappear.

Many years later, I recounted the experience to a medium, who told me I had seen Sister Teresa, of the Catholic Church. I have never seen her since, but have often recognised her vibration, so know she has been with me.

About four years ago I met a Melbourne medium, who at our first meeting described Sister Teresa, also giving her name. The medium was very interested, as she had many visits from her also.

A short while ago I attended a service at a Spiritualist Church. I arrived very early, and as I sat there alone found myself thinking of Sister Teresa. I had a little book about her life in my purse, and read it through. During the latter part of the service the medium told me a sister of the Church was beside me, and that she gave the name Teresa.

These experiences have provided me with excellent evidence, and my vision of years ago now appears more important and significant.

A TELEPHONE MESSAGE

(By W. Blakemore, Brisbane.)

The friends and loved ones who have passed to the higher life use many different methods to prove to those who have been left behind that they are still very much alive, and able to take an intelligent interest in the affairs of those with whom they have temporarily parted on the earth plane.

In this particular instance, which I am about to relate, the person who had passed on saw an opportunity of communicating by an unusual method, to wit, a telephone! I have not heard of a like instance in Australia: there have been cases in the Old Country where those who have "gone on" have used this method of demonstrating the fact of their continued existence on a different plane.

An A.R.P. warden was engaged in a practice with his men in one of the suburbs of Brisbane. The month was August, so that the heat of the day could not have been very great; however, the unusual exertion may have been the cause of the heart failure that brought to an end his life in this physical state. He had been my friend for many years; we were members of the same Masonic Lodge, and the life he lived proclaimed to all who knew him intimately that he had absorbed, and put into practice in his daily life, the teachings of the craft.

The night before this tragic happening—tragic to his near relatives with no knowledge perhaps of our truth—he had visited me in hospital, where I had been laid aside with some trouble, and he seemed quite in his usual health, and hopeful attitude of mind. As soon as possible, after I learnt the news, I communicated with his wife, who told me the following interesting account of the telephone message:

Some days after the funeral a friend of his wife rang up and said how sorry she was to hear of the

(Please turn to foot of next page).

BIBLE STORY COMES TO LIFE IN NEW PLAY

(By M. Barbanel, in "Psychic News".)

A youthful messiah in a Welsh village is the theme of "The Wind of Heaven", the new play by Emlyn Williams. The boy, who never speaks, is able to duplicate the "miracles" of the Bible. His powers have attracted a circus proprietor, graphically portrayed by Emlyn Williams, who comes to the village to secure him as an added attraction.

The play is the story of the struggle of the spirit, the sordid, grasping, materialistic circus proprietor caught up in a vortex of emotions when confronted with supernormal happenings, ending with the dedication of his life to the service of his fellows. It is a beautiful and moving play, the language often rising to heights of poetry. It is full of an other-worldly charm.

Diana Wynyard gives a masterly performance

event; she had been out of town for a few weeks, and had only just returned, and when convenient to the sorrowing wife, would call. As the conversation finished, and the widow was about to replace the receiver on the telephone, the husband's voice came quite clearly, saying: "Those were very lovely flowers you had for the ceremony, my dear; you must have spent quite a time in gathering them from the garden and making the lovely wreath. Thank you so much."

When this was told to me I naturally asked the widow was she sure it was her husband's voice? She said: "I couldn't possibly mistake it for anyone else's after all these years together!" "Well, now," I said to her, "don't you think you are an extremely fortunate woman? There are not many people who have had such convincing and complete proof, in such short time after the 'death' of the continued existence of the loved one who has gone on."

of an intelligent Rationalist compelled to abandon agnosticism as spiritual realities begin to dominate her daily scene.

Emlyn Williams is a skilful dramatist. With a sense of the theatre that is almost psychic, drama and humour are perfectly blended. The ultra-orthodox have accused him of being sacrilegious, but there is nothing to offend the most "religious", unless they be very stupid.

One Mystery.

There is no doubt that the author means to re-portray Jesus, for the New Testament's happenings, in their Welsh setting, are repeated, even to the crowing of the cock. Why the Lord Chamberlain, who rigidly bans a representation of Jesus on the stage, licensed the play, I do not know, although, of course, I do not support such a prohibition.

Two cameos of characterisation are given by Herbert Lomas, as a Welsh farmer whose knowledge of English is derived solely from the Bible, and Megs Jenkins, the unmarried mother of the wonder-working boy, whose combination of simplicity and common sense are admirably depicted.

The author does not intend playgoers to accept the miraculous explanation of the events, for he provides an alternative, a naturalistic explanation voiced by a materialistic philosopher. But the Spiritualist with his knowledge has the key that solves all the problems.

The play is a stimulating intellectual treat, and the music of the language is a joy to hear.

—————:o:—————

BOOKS DONATED

Mrs. Wundersitz: "The Will of God," Leslie Weatherhead.

Mrs. Twomey, in memory Mrs. J. Elliot-Armstrong: "Trails of Truth," by J. O'Hara Pincock; "Religion of Spiritualism," by Rev. S. Watson; "Your Animals Await You," by White Arrow; "The A.B.C. of Spiritualism," by Lloyd Tester.

DEFINITIONS

**Adopted by the National Spiritualist Association,
October, 1914, 1919, 1930.**

1. Spiritualism is the science, philosophy and religion of continuous life, based upon the demonstrated fact of communication, by means of mediumship, with those who live in the Spirit World.

2. A Spiritualist is one who believes, as the basis of his or her religion, in the communication between this and the spirit world, by means of mediumship, and who endeavours to mould his or her character and conduct in accordance with the highest teachings derived from such communion.

3. A medium is one whose organism is sensitive to vibrations from the spirit world, and through whose instrumentality intelligences in that world are able to convey messages and produce the phenomena of Spiritualism.

4. A Spiritualist healer is one who, either through his own inherent powers or through his mediumship, is able to impart vital, curative force to pathologic conditions.

Spiritualism is a science because it investigates, analyses and classifies facts and manifestations demonstrated from the spirit side of life.

Spiritualism is a philosophy because it studies the laws of Nature both on the seen and unseen sides of life, and bases its conclusions upon present observed facts. It accepts statements of observed facts of past ages and conclusions drawn therefrom, when sustained by reason and by results of observed facts of the present day.

Spiritualism is a religion, because it strives to understand and to comply with the physical, mental and spiritual laws of Nature, which are the laws of God.

————— : o : —————

Merit in spiritual science commands consideration.

PICTURES SENT BY RADIO

[The value of the information in this extract will be self-evident to Spiritualists and to those engaged in psychical research. It throws considerable light on many happenings in the seance-room.—Ed. "H. of L."]

The development of the Cooley systems of picture transmission by radio has reached the stage where it is possible for American broadcast listeners to tune in to pictures transmitted from the local broadcasting stations.

Already station WOR in Newark, New Jersey, has succeeded in transmitting successfully pictures to some hundreds of American home constructors whose picture receiving equipment was built up from data supplied by a leading radio magazine.

The principle of the Cooley system involves the transformation of the light waves of the object being broadcast into sound waves, which are then sent over the air by the broadcasting station's microphone in the same way as speech and music. Arriving at the receiving set the sound waves of the picture transmission are turned back into light waves and caused to act upon a light sensitive cell which in turn actuates the relay which prints the picture.

Unless this auxiliary equipment is employed the broadcasting of pictures can be heard in the loud speaker of the receiving set merely as sounds which vary according to the light density of the subject being transmitted.

For instance, a face with a very long nose would give rise to prolonged howl in the middle of its sound reproduction, and sunken eyes would sound like a muted whistle; similarly a flat face with small features would sound like an almost even note. The sounds of faces are reported to be so distinctive that records can be made from the transmissions, and these can be re-broadcast later from different stations.—"Sun Pictorial," Melbourne.

CHRISTIANS, AWAKE !

In a broadcast service given by the Rev. G. E. Hale, B.A., at the Adelaide Unitarian Church, in his sermon he vigorously criticised the state of organised Christianity as being theologically out of date and lacking in a common Christian front, and has evoked warm approval on the part of earnest folk beyond his own communion. The main emphasis was on the challenge of a grave new world upon which the dawn is coming up like thunder with noise enough to wake the dead. It was suggested that before spending thousands of pounds on trying to expel atheism and convert people to Christianity, it would be well to shut down on preaching and high-pressure publicity of every kind, go into retreat for a season, and prayerfully address ourselves to such questions as the following— First: What is Christianity? Are Christians going to continue publishing as sober history what most scholars recognise as myth, legend, parable or doubtful tradition, or are they going to unite on the spiritual truth of these stories? Second: Are they going to witness against the spirit of self-centred and self-satisfied nationalism which is growing apace even in democratic countries, and is diametrically opposed to the glorious belief in the All-Fatherhood of God? Third: Are they content to continue to function mainly as benevolent institutions, repair outfits to an ageing civilisation? Are they going to split up among the various contending political organisations, and, fighting one another, make themselves a laughing stock to atheists, or are they going to pray together and agree on a social gospel that will outrace every other effort to remedy the world's ills? It was even suggested that if we did not awake to the needs of the hour it would not be a very great loss to the world if we, as Christians, died in our sleep.

Man is an incarnation of spirit.—Paul.

SO-CALLED PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

A certain English newspaper had suggested that mediums go round planting "evidence" in the houses of persons with whom they scraped up an acquaintance. They then fired the familiar second barrel used by critics who do not rely upon one shot. You will know what is coming. Spirit communication is first shown to be false, and is then charged with being "sinful and harmful". "You must not play with fire because there is no such thing; if you do it will burn you."

Wonderland.

But we cannot hope to surpass David Gow's delightful satire on this confused attitude of mind, published in "Light" some years ago under the title "An Adventure in Wonderland":

"But did you put on the record properly?" asked Alice, "and was the needle all right?"

"Record? Needle?" said the Goose, who was one of the committee, "what does the witness mean?"

"Oh, dear!" cried Alice impatiently, "how can you all sit there and pretend to be experts if you don't know a thing about the matter?"

"Silence!" roared the king. "If they don't know anything about it, then they are bound to be impartial."

"It don't signify anyhow," said the newsboy. "It's all trickery. I know the record was on all right, for I hammered it on; ah, and I stuck the needle into it, too."

"Why, how silly!" exclaimed Alice, "you must have broken it. How could it work properly after that?"

"Rot!" said the newsboy. "If it don't work properly with me, then it don't work properly with nobody. All I got was a lot of grunts and mumbling."

"This is an intelligent witness," said the

king. "He is not to be deceived. There is no talking box, and when there is a talking box it works all wrong."

"It's all done by an imp inside the box," said the bishop. "How could a box talk? Even the March hare doesn't believe in it. I like this witness. He is an enemy of superstition."

At this the newsboy sniggered convulsively behind his hand.

"I don't believe it happens at all," said the Hatter solemnly, "but it ought to be stopped."

—:o:—

A QUEST CLUB

We have not forgotten the need for a study group. Many have enquired and want to join. We hope to be able to make an announcement in the very near future. A philosophic study group pertaining to the fundamentals of Spiritualism is very much to be desired. Trained and informed workers are needed, and this will be an opportunity for spiritual thinkers of Adelaide to consider.

—:o:—

MANKIND STILL IN INFANCY

This is a wonderful and beautiful earth; this episode of earth-life is plainly of tremendous importance in the scheme. Some day our ideals will be realised; some humanity will rise nearer to the possibilities which we now begin to see are within its scope. For already mankind has thrown up Plato and Shakespeare and Newton, like mountain peaks which catch the rising sun before the valleys and the plain; and when the average man has reached this altitude what will the peaks be then?

We little know what we may become, whether as individuals or as a human race; we have but recently risen; we are still in an embryo stage, ugly and unfinished; hardly yet have we attained to childhood.

COMMUNICATION NEITHER FRAUDULENT NOR TRIVIAL

Literature on the subject proves this up to the hilt, as does personal investigation thoroughly and honestly made, and free from bias. Many of the communications give striking evidence of survival and of the spirit world; many of the greatest use and service; many of a very elevated character. It is unfair to compare the worst of the modern with the best of the ancient. We must remember that those recorded in the Bible are the pick and choice of the communications received during thousands of years.

Of course, instances of fraud are to be found among some Spiritualists, just as they are to be found among some of the orthodox. No church or age is exempt from this. A peculiarly gross case of fraud on the part of a prophet is found in the Bible in I King, xiii, 18, 19. Among the twelve apostles was a fraud and a traitor, while the gross religious frauds in the Church during the Middle Ages are notorious.

These facts are undeniable, but we do not, therefore, repudiate the prophets, apostles, or the Church. We say, and say truly, that there is sufficient evidence on the other side to justify us in accepting them. So with things spiritualistic. Among true Spiritualists fraud is so rare as to be negligible. It can be clearly shown that there is a vast body of modern evidence perfectly reliable, elevating in character, absolutely convincing, and supplementing and confirming that of Bible times.

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