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The Harbinger of Light

A Monthly Digest devoted to
**Psychical Research, Spiritualism, and
Spiritual Philosophy**



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

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The Man with the X-Ray Eyes
Psychic Healing
How to Develop Psychic Power
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"Dawn approaches, Error is passing away, Men arising shall hail the day"

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

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WHO KILLED JESUS?

By Rev. Dr. Irvine Benson
in "The Herald" Melbourne.

The men who sent Jesus to the cross were ordinary people, and the motives which moved them are the same that play upon our lives to-day.

Jesus was done to death, not by criminals, but by respectable people—religious people. They only did what most men do—play for safety in their established way of living.

The cross throws a sudden and disquieting light upon human society.

Who Killed Jesus?

For answer I have been reading again those four slender biographies of Him. It is clear that what finally determined the crucifixion of Jesus was His cleansing of the temple courts when He gripped a money-changer's table and sent it whirling.

The money went clanging across the marble flags. Panic seized the men. With crash after crash the tables were flung over by the fleeing money-changers. The animals with their drovers took flight through the porch.

Up to that point His death had not been decided on. That settled it. He had touched Jerusalem on a most sensitive nerve—profits.

The money-changers, the merchants and the priests were dumb with fury, and their fingers itched to destroy Him. Such interference with trade was not to be tolerated. Business is business! Hands off business!

You will get the "feel" of these situations in Basil Matthew's "Life of Jesus" (Oxford, 7/6) a really notable piece of work combining accurate scholarship with a graphic style.

Fleecing the Pilgrims

In those few days leading up to the Passover Feast the money-changers made—it was computed at the time—a profit between £8,000 and £9,000 on exchange for the Temple dues alone. Most of this was wrung from working and peasant people; and all in the name of the worship of God. . . . But worse was to follow. This Greek mason, that small farmer from Cyprus, the lawyer yonder from Alexandria had not been able to bring with them on their long journey the needful lamb or dove for sacrifice.

They must buy them in the Temple in the Court of the Gentiles. In order to avoid endless wrangling with the sheep merchant on their foreign money they first changed still more of their Greek and Cypriote money into shekels at the money-changer's, who thus made more profit on them. Then they went to the merchants who sold sheep and doves.

At last the poor pilgrim dragged from his purse of raw leather the savings of half a year. Charges were made amounting to as much as a golden denar (about fifteen shillings) for two doves, whose price in the open market was a quarter of a silver denar (or about twopence).

Not less than 100,000 animals were sold in the week for the service of pilgrims from all parts of the world.

Mind Your Own Business

Behind the money-changers and the merchants were the priests, who raked in millions of shekels as controllers of the Temple market. But they were rendering a community service! The foreign pilgrim had to change his money, and he could not bring his sheep or dove with him.

What if they did make fat profits—it was only a seasonal occupation! They were not bad men, any worse than others; they conducted their business according to the standards of the time. If Jesus had minded His own business and let them alone they would have minded their business and left Him alone. There has always been this stupid idea that religion is a hobby, a hole and corner affair that can be eccentric to any extent so long as it does not affect a man's neighbours. That is what they told Plimsol, Wilberforce and Shaftsbury. Isn't it so to-day? Business is business, and the fate of Jesus was settled when He clashed with organized business.

Who killed Jesus? The Pharisees? The idea that they were a bad lot is far from the truth. They were the Puritans of their age, and they had saved Jewish religion.

But could they tolerate Jesus? He made no distinctions between Jew and heathen. He was so lax about sinners—He seemed to have a special love for prodigals.

Jesus clashed with organized religion. Religion always tends to stiffen, harden and become intolerant. Jesus was up against the hard church. The demonstration on Palm Sunday, when the throng cried "Hosannah to the Son of David," decided His doom.

Organized Politics

Then the politicians took a hand. Politicians doing what politicians always do—playing safe—killed Jesus.

Caiaphas and his associates were shrewd politicians. This high priest had an astute insight into the processes of men's minds. He saw that this Jesus

was not merely a preacher, a poet singing of an ideal day, but a dangerous antagonist.

He saw that this powerful Personality, winning man's allegiance, would do away with him and his court. If Jesus won the nation, the whole Sadducean priesthood would be unemployed.

Joseph Caiaphas, was a politician afraid of losing office, scared of being put out. Was he a bad man or a clever politician?

He was selfish, and appealed to the self-interest of the members of the Sanhedrin. He made the definite suggestion that the thing to do was to get Jesus out of the way.

"It is expedient," he said, using the politicians' favourite word, "It is expedient for you that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not."

So the trial began, not to find out the truth about Jesus, but to convict Him. With bluster and bravado Caiaphas plunged on with the trial through informality and illegality, to condemnation and death.

It is so very strange—so far away from these twentieth century lives of ours. Men still hold on to official positions with hands and teeth and feet. Jealousy, fear, bitterness, hatred—how they grow in us as in Caiaphas until we are blind to the distinctions between right and wrong.

Sea of Love and Hate

I cannot even think of Judas as altogether bad. He had the courage to join Jesus knowing that it was a dangerous and unpopular thing to do.

He gave up his business, left his home, and became a follower of a wandering prophet. He had the stuff of heroes in him. But Judas had begun to lose faith in Jesus.

He was a nationalist, and he wanted Jesus to be King and save the nation. He now saw with horror and disgust that Jesus was heading, not for rule, but for death—and the shameful death of a criminal at that.

If Judas betrayed Jesus without Jesus knowing it, then either Jesus would fight with supernatural forces and become King and restore the Jews to their freedom, and Judas would be treasurer; or Jesus would be killed, which in that case was his own fault

A fury of foiled ambition raged in Judas. The whole movement was a fiasco. Jesus was the dupe of his own fanaticism.

Against these billows of anger in his heart there beat the contrary waves of discipleship and hero-worship of loyalty to the Leader with Whom he had walked over the hills in the wind, the sun, and the rain these many months.

So Judas tossed to and fro on a stormy cross-sea of conflicting loves and hates.

I know it all—the kiss, the base betrayal and the looming Cross. But he had a conscience. Like a man he walked into the Sanhedrin and said: "I have betrayed innocent blood," and threw down his ill-gotten money and then went and hanged himself for very shame. Not every Judas has the decency to hang himself.

Weakness of Pilate

Pilate was weak rather than bad. It was the fear of recall which caused this judge to prove false to his trust.

Jesus was brought to him by the leaders of the Jews, accompanied by a mob ready to cry out whatever was suggested to them. The Galilaean prophet was already condemned so far as Jewish authority was concerned, but the sentence must be confirmed by the representative of the Roman power.

He looked at the accused Man, silent amid the clamour, patient amid insult, undefended, unfriended. This Man was no criminal. One long look of careful scrutiny told Pilate that.

Pilate did not wish to harm Jesus, and made several attempts to have Him discharged. But his capitulation was pitiful. At the first outbreak of the passion of the mob he seemed to quail. When the threat of

personal impeachment came, his courage wilted away. The scene was changed, controlled by fear. Impeachment! What might not that bring up? His whole record might be unrolled, and with that his reputation and his life would be at stake. "Away with Him. . . . We have no King but Caesar. . . . If thou release him thou art not Caesar's friend." Pilate decided to save his own skin, and handed Him over to be crucified.

The Day's Work

Herod was just a man of the world. He refused to take life seriously, told witty stories and made a jest of everything, birth, love, marriage and death.

He fell in love with his brother's wife and took her. Why not? He had no moral scruples—a man of the world cannot afford to have any. Jesus brought to his court a new sensation; He helped to colour a dull morning, and Herod was glad to see Him. As for his responsibility for Jesus, that was Pilate's business, not his. So he sent Him back to Pilate.

Who killed Jesus? The Roman soldiers who nailed His arms outstretched to the crossbar and His feet on the upright? Crucifixion was part of their business. That was what they were paid for. It was all in the day's work.

A man has to earn his daily bread. A man must live. Are there no men and women to-day who in the day's work do things they hate and know to be wrong, yet do them because they "must live?"

Mob Psychology

Who killed Jesus? People strangely like ourselves. There was not a motive in Jerusalem that last week when Jesus was crucified that is not in ourselves. Even the crowd was a typical specimen of mob psychology.

I wonder if any one of those men who bade his wife or mother good-bye and waved to his children that morning, had any idea that he would demand the crucifixion of Jesus before he returned home again?

The people gathered round Pilate's Palace and everybody wants to see what a crowd is doing. So they stop to look and listen. Those who understood mob psychology started a few people saying: "Crucify Him!" and soon the crowd caught it up, until it thundered like a roaring sea.

"What is it all about?" asks a new comer to the crowd. "O, Jesus from Galilee, bound to get us into trouble with the Romans unless we get rid of Him" . . . Crucify Him! . . . Crucify Him!

At nine o'clock on Good Friday morning Jesus was spiked to the Cross.

It is all so human, all so understandable — all so damnable. The powers of the human mind for self-deception are endless. But the Cross shows us to ourselves, exposes our tendencies, unmask our motives.

This is what sin is capable of — murdering the loveliest, noblest, most appealing soul that ever wore flesh. The Cross gives us a sight of the desperate nature of sin. Behind the dramatic events of Calvary are the ordinary lives of men to whom little sins had seemed harmless until at last they try to murder God.

The Cross gives the truth a chance with our consciences. The Cross shows up sin and shows that there isn't a thing on earth worth sinning for.

They tried to get rid of Him just as we do. They crucified Him — we ignore Him . . . I think crucifixion is kinder.

PSYCHIC RAPS

A Scientist Explains How They Occur

By Herbert Hampson, A.C.V., F.V.C.M. in "The Two Worlds."

The Rochester Knockings

We are at present hearing quite a lot about preparations which are being made for the Celebration of the Centenary of Modern Spiritualism; for it was in the year 1848 when the now famous "Rochester

Knockings," produced through the mediumship of the Fox sisters, at Hydesville, U.S.A. were investigated intelligently. The results of this investigation were received with amazement all over the world. The investigators, through a system of "coded" knockings produced by an invisible intelligence, set going the first Psychic Research Society with members in every part of the world. That was, as I have stated, in the year 1848; but we have records of such phenomena happening long before that date. "Knockings" had been going on in many places, but they had nearly always been attributed to evil spirits. Yet all the efforts made by the Clergy, failed to stop them.

John Wesley

I have often wondered what the effect on religion would have been, had John Wesley, when he was "pestered" by the knockings happening in his vicarage at Epworth, Lincolnshire, applied the same intelligent process of investigation as was done at Hydesville. He might have been the Pioneer of Spiritualism in this country, long before the Rochester knockings were heard of. (He died in the year 1791).

In the year 1812, at a house in the village of Sandford, near Tiverton in Devonshire, persistent knockings, and other psychical phenomena went on for a long time, and created quite a commotion in the country.

Some time later — in the year 1834 — a Major Moor, who resided in a house at Great Bealing; near Woodbridge, spent many years investigating "knockings" and "bell-rings" which went on for several years. This gentleman appears to have taken a special delight in his investigations; but he never thought of setting up a recognized code for his "ghosts" to work to. He did however, dig up sufficient evidence to prove that this particular house had been "haunted" for at least sixty years previous to his tenancy.

Rev. Stewart

The Rev. Mr. Stewart, who resided at Sydensterne near Fakenham, Norfolk, was another cleric who

experienced "knockings" etc., for many years. He was able to trace the phenomena back for fifty or sixty years. From the records he left behind him when he passed over, it would appear that this gentleman made many gallant attempts to elucidate the cause. He was one of the few investigators who guessed at the real source of the phenomena, for he did set up a code by which the unseen intelligences could — and did — communicate with him. The records preserved are very meagre; but if the following is any criterion, one would assume that he went a "long way." Here is a question and answer recorded in his investigations:

Question (Rev. Stewart):

"May we regard these hauntings then, as transpiring under the direction of superintending Spiritual Wisdom?"

Answer (Communicating Spirit):

"Everything in the Universe out-works the condition of the beings that belong to its state and Providential Wisdom avails itself of different states to convert evil into good, and evolve uses out of the worst of abuses. Ten thousand preachers on the human plane of existence could not demonstrate the fact of Spiritual existence so conclusively as a Spirit who rings a bell in response to a human voice, or answers a question by knocks, when no mortal is near to produce the sounds heard."

Every investigator into Spiritualistic Phenomena will loudly applaud that answer.

Rev. C. L. Tweedale

It was "knockings" and "bell-ringsings" that started the Rev. C. L. Tweedale, Vicar of Weston, near Otley, upon the greatest work of his life. A work which meant to him much abuse and privation, but which he continued to the end of his days on this side of life. His two books: "Man's Survival After Death" and "News from the Next World" are classics of Psychic Literature. The first mentioned has been translated into other languages. When one considers

that these two valuable books, containing as they do, records of every known phase of psychic phenomena, were inspired by simple "knockings" and "bell-rings", we develop a sense of great value for this elementary form of communication from the Spirit World.

Crawford's Explanation

To understand how these "knockings" are produced is not easy. A simple explanation would be difficult to give. W. J. Crawford, D.Sc., spent several years experimenting in this direction. His two books "The Psychic Structures at the Goligher Circle" and "Realities of Psychic Phenomena" should be read by every Spiritualist desiring a scientific explanation of "knockings" and "bell-rings." He shows by means of diagrams and actual photographs how the spirit manipulators create psychic rods formed of Ectoplasm a substance abstracted from the medium and other sitters. It is with these rods that the knocks are generally made. I had the privilege of examining one of the psychic rods produced through the mediumship of Helen Duncan. These could cause blows of varying intensity to be made on the floor of the seance room. The psychic rods are very sensitive to light, consequently seances for the production of physical phenomena are usually held in darkness, or illuminated by a red light.

Crawford commenced his investigations as a scientist, and ended as a convinced Spiritualist. The last paragraph in the preface of his book on "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena" states—

"I do not discuss in this book the question of the identity of the invisible operators. That is left for another occasion. But in order that there may be no misapprehension I wish to state explicitly that I am personally satisfied they are the spirits of human beings who have passed into the beyond."

The Same Signal

Speaking for myself, I have experienced hundreds of "knockings" and kindred phenomena, under vari-

ous conditions. Besides "knockings" heard at our psychic meetings, they have occurred spontaneously when they have been heard by my friends, especially when we have been warmly discussing Spiritualism; which has led us to suppose that our spirit friends have been "listening in" to our conversations, and wished to "join in." When all is said and done, a "knock" or "a ring" on our house door, or door-bell, is a universal method used by our earthly friends to let us know they are there. When these friends pass over into the Spirit World, they still use the same signal to inform us of their presence.

THOUGHTS ON EASTER

It is difficult, even for Spiritualists, to say anything new about Easter, but, seeing that Easter is itself concerned with resurrection, it is appropriate. at this season, to revive and repeat the special significance brought about by Spiritualism to the New Testament story of the Resurrection.

To Spiritualists, Jesus' rising from the tomb and His re-appearance to His disciples are phenomena which are intelligible without the assumption of a miracle. To rise from the flesh is, in the light of spiritualistic knowledge, not an exception but the rule, and to reappear in visible form a possibility, though not easy of achievement.

There is, therefore, an inescapable link between Spiritualism and the central part of the Christian faith, for while modern psychic phenomena bring fresh credence to the age-old story, the message of Easter is a reminder to Spiritualists of an outstanding and historic testimony to the truth for which they stand.

Easter is, of course, symbolical of resurrection in more ways than one. It is surely not by accident that the Christian commemoration coincides, roughly at any rate, with a festival of greater antiquity, the celebration of the vernal equinox. This marks Nature's resurrection, the re-emergence of life from the dark tomb of winter, Earth's renewed promise of fertility.

Early Customs

J. G. Fraser, in the "Golden Bough," relates how the sacred fire in the Roman temple of Vesta was rekindled every year on the first of March, once the beginning of the Roman year, and how bonfires were lit on hills in many parts of Europe on Easter Eve. Of these he writes: "As far as their light reaches, so far, in the belief of peasants, the fields will be fruitful, and the houses on which they shine will be safe from conflagration or sickness."

Such ancient practices show man's predilection for symbolizing his relations with Nature and with religion, and it is interesting to note how Christianity has adapted pre-existing customs to give them a Christian significance. The special cakes, for instance, which were baked at Easter, became the hot cross buns which survive to this day. The custom of extinguishing the old-year fires on Easter Eve became to be interpreted as symbolizing the darkness of Calvary, while the lighting of the new fires signified the Resurrection. Then there was the ceremony of burning a straw figure known as the "Easter man," a practice which in later years became known as "Burning the Judas."

The Constant Theme

Through all these customs, whether Christian or pagan, runs one motif, that of life renewed, with which is linked the hope of immortality. The resurrection of Christ, after his agony on the cross, lit a flame which has shone down the centuries, a sign of authority to his teachings, which else would have been forgotten, of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

But man is notoriously of little faith, and zealous but un-simple disciples of later days added fuel to the pure flame, which clouded it with the smoke of theological complexities and doubts. As the Church grew in authority, its emphasis upon the uniqueness of the New Testament phenomena, and its deification of Jesus, led it to discourage and even to suppress the

maintenance of those psychic contacts which illuminate the whole Bible record, Old and New Testaments.

The truths of Spiritualism are not new: they have been re-discovered; or would it be more accurate to say they have been newly revealed. For the truth is, that contrary to the oft-repeated and condemnatory assertion that Spiritualists have "disturbed" the spirits (an assertion frequently made parallel with a denial that we can do anything of the sort), it was our friends on the Other Side who first broke the long silence and pierced the veil which had been drawn, on this side, between our world and theirs.

Spiritualism offers no proof of immortality: how can it? Immortality, by its nature, can never be proved. The Christian hope of immortality is based on the single event which Christians are celebrating at this season, an event nearly two thousand years old. The Spiritualist's hope of immortality rests upon the certain knowledge that human life and personality at least survive the corruption of the physical body. When our friends and loved ones pass on and walk this world no more, we know that they still live, and we ask ourselves: Why do they live? Why does life go on in another, non-physical sphere, if it is only to reach ultimate extinction? This is the Spiritualist's hope of immortality, which is antecedently supported by the story of the Resurrection. We have used this term because of its associations, but the real message of Spiritualism is not one of resurrection but of continuity, for the real man does not die, and has no contact with the grave.

To Christians, Easter is the anniversary of an historic event. To Spiritualists it is always Easter.

"Light."

PROHIBITIONS OF COMMUNICATION

A little knowledge and experience soon reduces them to their true value. Let it be noted that in spite of Leviticus and Deuteronomy all the Prophets com-

municated with the spirit world, and in spite of Isaiah viii, 19, Isaiah himself constantly communicated with the spirit world; and in spite of all three together Christ Himself communicated with Moses and Elias, and after His own death the Apostles communicated with Him and He with them; thus stamping connexion with the departed as lawful for Christian men.

NEW VIEW OF EVOLUTION

Evolution, which has hitherto been conceived as a material process, a wearisome fumbling and stumbling, culminating, after many failures, in the production of physical Man, himself perhaps the least successful of the series, Evolution would, according to the Spiritualist hypothesis, be recognized as a spiritual process, synchronizing at each stage with an extension, an unfolding, of consciousness, with a lifting of a new curtain of consciousness.

The implications of this Spiritualistic hypothesis are intoxicating, they take the breath away; for, if Spiritualism is Fact, Man is not a helpless puppet in the hands of a soulless fate, compelled to wait for another few million years to reach the next stage of evolution and doomed perhaps, in the end, after meaningless suffering, to extinction, both individually and racially. He is at this moment a potential god, who will come into his own on the lifting of the next curtain of consciousness.

Is this a safety curtain? Possibly. But a safety curtain, if never withdrawn, fails in its true purpose and becomes an obstruction which blocks all vision of the scene beyond. And what lies beyond that curtain for those who have the audacity and power to lift it. Infinite horizons of knowledge hitherto undreamed of. Things which, as Paul said, it is not lawful—that is, it is not expedient or even possible for a man to utter. Instead of peering into the Past and tracing our descent from apes and jelly fish, we should become aware of the Future and

recognize our kinship with the angels and archangels and all the company of heaven.

The new concepts of life that are suggested by these new horizons would, if they became general experiences, cause a revolution in the world's way of thinking greater than that caused by Copernicus when he displaced the Earth from the centre of the Universe.—(From "The Either—Or of Spiritualism," p. 16, by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart.)

THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES

By Francis Hillson (From our Cuttings File)

I have just seen a miracle of the twentieth century, one I would classify as the eighth wonder of the world, and I am as completely baffled as were any of the half-a-hundred great medical experts who have tried to solve the mystery of the power of Kuda Bux, the man with the x-ray eyes.

Kuda Bux, is appearing at a Liverpool cinema, where he is mystifying large crowds as easily as he mystified me, by the manner in which he can see with his eyes completely and absolutely blind-folded, almost as well as you and I can see in broad daylight. Thirty-one years ago a little Indian baby boy was born. His father called him Kuda Bux, but did not suspect the remarkable power that this strange human being was later to possess.

As Kuda grew up he was just like other children. He played with them in their games and he knew all the joys and sorrows of the life of these little Indians. But there came a time when, like all children throughout the world, they played at blindman's buff.

Kuda was very fond of this game. Perhaps it was because he always seemed to find what he was looking for when he was the "blind man." The other kiddies marvelled at and were amused by this, but, like children, they never thought that here was anything more than just an example of what luck can do even for a "blinded" boy.

But Kuda himself, as he played this innocent game, took it seriously. Deep down in his childish mind there was a knowledge that he had a power the other children did not have. When they blindfolded him, all was not dark, or if it was dark he could still see; and without realizing it almost he was developing his remarkable power.

But Kuda thought little more about it until he was about twenty years of age. Then he found himself indulging in strange fits of concentration and he discovered that by means of concentration he could develop this remarkable power of seeing with his eyes closed to a degree that made him almost as normally sighted as an ordinary person.

Kuda Bux realized that this was one of the powers acquired by the Yogis of India, and he knew perfectly well that such powers were acquired largely by concentration. But he was a man of different stamp from the other adherents of this strange art. He decided to put his gift to a practical use and make it the means of earning himself a livelihood, whereas other Yogis and Indian fakirs invariably indulge in their powers purely in the practice of religious æstheticism.

Now, this remarkable man can perform the most amazing feats. At Carshalton, in Surrey, a party of medical experts and members of the Psychical Research Society gathered to test the powers of the Indian.

Kuda Bux took his shoes and socks off and in his bare feet walked about on live coals of fire. When he stepped off them there were not even signs of ashes on the soles of his feet.

Moreover, not even was there a sign of ashes on a tiny strip of sticking plaster which the experts stuck on the hollow of his instep. Apparently, for all the resultant effect, he might have been walking on a sheet of glass.

I myself felt this man's pulse. It was just like that of an ordinary person. Then his body seemed

to become tense. He drew in his stomach and held his breath. Gradually, his pulse got slower and finally stopped.

He offered to make his heart stop beating also; but, with visions of a tragedy on my hands, although he assured me that such was impossible, I hastily told him it was not necessary to do so, and for goodness sake to allow his heart to keep on beating.

I tied bandages around this man's eyes after having first placed upon the eyelids two large pads of dough, covered by two huge pieces of cotton wool, all securely wrapped up until his head looked like a mass of bandages, such as in the case of the Invisible Man in the famous film.

Kada Bux stood with his back to a table. On this table I placed a magazine. I opened it, and he laid his fingers on the typescript. Facing in the other direction — when actually if it were possible even for him to see he would be reading backwards — he read rapidly and unfailingly the matter in the magazine. Not only that, but he even described the style of the type and its colour.

With his hands behind his back I placed in one of them a small novelty dice machine; you press a lever and three dice revolve and stop in haphazard fashion. Lightly he ran his fingers over the dice. The dots on them were indistinguishable by touch — I personally had tested it — yet without fail and with lightning-like rapidity, he read off the numbers as accurately as if he had been gazing upon the dice with his eyes.

Then we went to billiard-room, and, still with his head bandaged in a completely light-obscuring fashion, he played a game of billiards with me — and very nearly won.

"Anybody can do what I do," Kuda Bux told me, and I could see that he really meant this. "It is only concentration and practice. I practise every day. I take a candle and place it in front of me. Then I gaze at it steadily and I think of the one I love best

or the last person I have seen, until everything else fades into insignificance and my thought is completely concentrated on that one object.

"Then I can close my eyes and I still see the candle; more than that, I see the face of my friend. I am developing a new system far beyond anything I have yet tried, and I can confidently predict that as a result I will be able to see through stone walls within a period of seven months from now.

"I want to be buried alive. I am willing to allow a group of psychical experts to bury me fifteen feet below the ground. All I ask is that a plank be placed an inch or so above my body in order to keep the pressure of the earth from crushing me.

"I will remain buried in this way in the earth for fifteen days, or longer, and I shall suffer no ill-effect.

"When the Psychical Research Society tested me and admitted they were baffled by what I did, they amused me because they were looking for trickery and they could not believe there was no trickery.

"To me it is very easy, because I simply do it. I offered to take poison—any poison they gave me. I have taken all sorts of poison—arsenic, prussic acid, carbolic, and a host of others. They have absolutely no effect on me, because I know that I am taking them and I decide that they shall have no effect.

"The experts even injected fluid into my eyes to make it impossible for me to see, imagining in that way they could show that I depended on my eyesight, but it made no difference. I 'saw' just as well with the fluid in my eyes and the bandages over them as if I had no handicap whatever. You see, I see with my mind, which cannot be blind-folded."

And there you have Kuda Bux, and there I leave the mystery, just as I left him, as completely unfathomable as a great mountain rearing its head above a cloud of mist.

Truly there are stranger things than mere man can ever explain.

July 15, 1936. "Liverpool Evening Express"

"A GIFTIE FRA JOCK"

By J. Stuart Morrison

The psychic elements in this story are founded on a real life experience and have been extracted from a letter appearing in an English paper under the pen-name of "Ex Gunner (Sunderland)". The fictional setting has been built around it. If you have a psychical experience which would form the basis of a good story let us have the details for publication. We will write the story for you, all we want are the bare facts.

We were returning from night patrol — Jock and I. We crawled along like two huge crabs as we took advantage of every vestige of cover and moved cautiously from point to point as the bullets buzzed and whined around us.

The crescent moon — suspended calm and serene in a cloudless sky — gazed mockingly down upon the havoc and horror of man-made hell. The very air vomited death as guns belched forth into the flame-scarred night. All around us a porridgey mess of mud and blood. The stench of death vying with the biting odours of smoke and cordite.

A night of horror — but horror blended with magnificence. The orange flame of a battery in the distance. The glare of star-shells as they burst into pearly streams of light against which a man would be clearly etched — a living target for some merciless marksman.

Red flashes burst intermittently from the trenches as snipers fired at moving shadows across the waste of no man's land.

We circled past ugly craters half filled with slime-covered water, and past lifeless mounds of wreckage of what once were men.

The continuous roar of the cannon punctuated now and then by the spatter of a Maxim gun was almost drowned at times, by the screech of shells as they whined eerily overhead.

The trenches were just ahead when Jock swore grimly, groaned, and lay still.

"Have they got you, lad?" I asked.

"Aye. Ma legs. Ye'd better gang on."

"Like hell! Here, crawl on my back and hang on like the devil."

Painfully we staggered on, slipping and slithering in the mud and clay. Once I fell heavily and Jock's breath whistled through his clenched teeth as I jarred his legs. We were up again, and on. Something jabbed me in the shoulder and my arm went limp. We could hear voices just ahead—English voices. We shouted involuntarily. Then came the screech of a shell, a flash of light—then darkness—and a great silence closed around me.

When I came to I was in hospital. My arm felt as if all the demons of hell were poking needles into it, and my head ached intolerably. I groaned and tossed miserably, then I heard a voice beside me.

"Are ye a'reet lad?"

"Jock? What happened?"

"A wee shell busted in front o' us just as we reached the trenches. We were thrown over by the concussion."

"Did they get you badly?"

"The shell didna' touch either o' us, but ma legs are no guid and ma face seems all smashed ta a jelly; but beyand tha' I'm na' so bad."

"Both legs, Jock?"

"Aye. They're off at the knee. Wull, I'll na' have tae wurk ony more' tha' something."

Jock's stoicism put new life into me. Despite the fact that he'd collected a terrible packet he was never serious.

Weeks passed. Jock's jokes and quips kept the whole ward chuckling and he won his way into the hearts of everyone. Then one night, just after lights out, he called to me.

"Sandy, a'am gayin' awa; but I'll na' forget ye."

"Do you mean ——?"

"Aye. Dinna fash yesel', Sandy, I'll be alreet."

A few hours later he paid the great sacrifice.

For days I brooded over his death, and of a night I'd lay awake pondering over the cruelty of it all. The bestial torments which are endured by the many so that a few can live in luxury.

I'd sleep fitfully and dream of the carnage of war (which men call glory). This stupid butchery which passed for heroism. The passion, the hatred and the lust for blood.

One night as I tossed about on my bed unable to find a comfortable position, I felt a presence near me bringing peace and calmness. I looked — and there stood Jock. He bore no signs of his injuries, but seemed to be surrounded with a halo of light. He smiled and said:

"A'am alreet the noo, mon. Aa promised aa'd no forget ye."

"But it's impossible, Jock. You're dead."

"Aye. Ma body may be, but a'am alreet. Ask the sister ta give ye the cigarette case she has belonging ta me in the duty room. It's a giftie frae me fer auld times' sake."

With these words he disappeared again and all was silent.

The next morning I told the sister what had happened, and to my amazement she said, "Aye, puir lad-die he left it with me to take care of until he was better."

She gave me the case and later I communicated with his parents and his brother wrote and told me that he knew Jock had given me the case because he had told him so the same night he had spoken to me.

So long as I live, Jock's gift will always remind me that death is but a bridge under which the river of life flows on its eternal journey to the Divine Ocean.

"The deathless soul can speed its flight
Through ether waves of boundless space,
By polar streams of astral light,
To dwell in realms that angels grace."

FOUNDATIONS OF FAITH

By the late Rev. C. L. Tweedale

Author of "Man's Survival After Death"

Question.—What is the fundamental fact of Christianity?

Answer.—The Resurrection from the Dead (I. Cor. xv., 16).

Q.—How is resurrection from the dead proved?

A.—By the manifestation of, or, by communications from, those who have departed this life. This evidence, coming from the Spirit World, is termed Spiritualistic.

Q.—How was "resurrection from the dead" proved in Old and New Testament times?

A.—By the manifestation and return of those who had died—Jesus, Moses, Elias, Samuel and others.

Q.—Was "resurrection from the dead" proved in Bible times by any other means than by this spiritualistic evidence, and can it be proved in any other way to-day?

A.—Nó! There is no other proof. Even Christ Himself could devise no other, nor did He try to do so.

Q.—Is it possible to prove resurrection from the dead by any consideration or arguments of philosophy?

A.—No. Such arguments or considerations only establish a probability, at the best, and more than a probability is required in this matter.

Q.—Have we proof of the resurrection of persons who have died in modern times?

A.—Yes. The modern evidence, while exactly of the same nature as that of Bible times and confirming the same, is more abundant, more scientific, more permanent and more capable of verification, than that contained in the Old or New Testaments.

Q.—How was the existence of the Spirit World proved in Bible times?

A.—By appearance of, and communications from the spirit inhabitants of that world, to the Prophets, the Christ, the Apostles and others.

Q.—What is Revelation?

A.—A communication and information given to man from the Spirit World by objective spirit personalities independent of and other than himself. Bible instances of revelation are many. The revelation of the Ten Commandments written by the finger of God" (Deut. ix. 10), and that to St. John in Patmos made directly to him by spirit visitants, and written down by him, are especially to be noted, and there are many instances of spirits appearing and conveying information to the Prophets, the Christ, the Apostles, and others. Revelation is from without (Acts, vii., 5, 3).

Q.—Does Revelation take place in modern times?

A.—Yes. Many things unknown to the recipient or to any other person in the flesh—including coming events—have been revealed from the spirit World.

Q.—Are religious feelings and emotions, in themselves, proof of the existence and reality of the Spirit World?

A.—No. They are the evidence of a belief in the Spirit World, but they do not themselves constitute evidence of that Spirit World, as they may be purely subjective and the product of one's own imagination. Proof of a Spirit World can only be obtained by objective evidence, such as, or similar to, that obtained by the Christ, the Prophets, and the Apostles, as before stated. Faith must be founded on fact.

Q.—What is the relation of this objective spiritual evidence to religion?

A.—It is the foundation of all spiritual religion, for if there can be no objective proof of the Spirit World, or of Resurrection from the Dead, then all spiritual religious belief is vain, and of no ultimate value (I. Cor. xv., 16).

"Light."

INSTRUCTIONS FOR A RESCUE CIRCLE

By G. Lovell-Smith

All contact with the lower astral plane should be undertaken only when the sitters have developed their higher spiritual powers by discipline and thought, purity of life and full control of the body. Prayers, diet and physical exercises all help, but there must be love and truth.

Remember that as anger opens the door to the lower forces, so the temper must be fully controlled. Patience and love must be uppermost. Firmness and kindness are all-important. The sitters should be carefully selected for this work. No hysterical or excitable person should belong to this circle. They are to be like picked troops — steady, reliable, trustworthy.

Having selected the sitters, the leader should make the Sign of the Cross in each of the four corners of the room, and over the ceiling and the floor, before each sitting. The hands should be raised above the head, and brought down in a vertical line, visualising the upright of the cross, extending from the ceiling to the floor. Then the horizontal should be made, by bringing the hands together and extending the arms straight in front of one, and spreading them outward from the centre, in a straight horizontal line. The sign should also be made the whole length of the ceiling and the floor.

An invocation, "In the name of the Living Christ," or "In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," should be repeated while making the sign. The purpose being to thoroughly protect the sitters. This should never be omitted, for the powers of evil are strong, and any neglect enables them to take control.

If the meeting gets out of hand, close the sitting. Pray for help and make the sign of the cross over any sitter (especially over the back) unable to shake off entity controlling them. Sitters should be taught how to protect themselves.

A vertical cross extending from six or more inches above the head to the floor, and then with arms extended horizontally, turning the body to make a complete circle, with invocation above recited, will protect any person who does it with sincerity and truth.

These crosses are thought-forms, which remain in the etheric and are visible to the fifth and sixth sphere. They are an S.O.S. signal to the Higher Spheres,, and an angel guard forms a cordon around the room, through which no evil spirit or band of evil spirits can penetrate.

A subdued light makes conditions easier than the hard glare of bright lights. Darkness is not advisable.

When the sitters have assembled, a verse or two of some well-known hymn is sung, and the leader or some other member offers up a prayer on behalf of the souls in darkness within the veil, asking Divine protection and love for these poor people, that they may be brought into the light; that the sitters may put from themselves every obstructive or unkind thought, and that they may become worthy channels of the Holy Spirit of Love, which can help these distressed brothers and sisters in the darkness.

Then hands are linked and some verses of a well-known hymn are sung softly while the sitters are waiting for their spirit friends to demonstrate their presence in the circle.

A guide usually first comes through, and then one of the poor spirits in need of help is pushed into the circle occupying the body of the medium. Bewildered and harassed by his experiences, he is dealt with gently by the sitters, who explain to him the laws of life and love.

If revengeful or boisterous, every effort is made to convince him of the goodwill of the sitters who try to calm him down. If they fail, he is taken away again by the spirit guides, to be brought back on some future occasion, but usually the spirit learns by the contact with those on earth and goes away with

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IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE

By D.E.H. in "Spritual Vision"

One of the most convincing and interesting demonstrations of trance mediumship was given recently by Ellen Warren at the Bushey Psychic Centre when four controls from different spheres of Spirit life manifested. On this occasion, *Laughing River* (who usually gives the address) restricted himself to brief remarks.

Laughing River's introduction was followed by an old, old Chinese, who portrayed himself through the medium as a small bowed figure with high shoulders. Speaking in a soft, singing voice he told us he was an adherent of the noble Lao-Tze; had during his earth-life been familiar with spirit communion; and was frequently entranced in the temple. Living to an advanced age, he had in trance, passed to spirit-life. Death was almost unnoticed. For had he not died a thousand times before when becoming entranced?

Following the Chinese control came an English lady-doctor. We learnt that she passed, a victim of overwork and the 'flu epidemic in 1918-19. She told us that as she lay dimly conscious of doctors and nurses about her, she saw appear at her bedside, one she had loved years before; who had passed out of her life, and preceded her to the spirit-world. Extending a hand, this spirit said, "Come with me." She had looked around in hesitation; then, as the invitation was repeated, took the outstretched hand, and went. Yes, as easily as that! Together they

thanks for their help, and ere long he brings someone else to be helped also.

The essentials for this work are patience, kindness and firmness. Gain the confidence of these spirits, *but do not fear them.*

Keep the door open, but guard it well. Love is the key to success.

seemed to soar upwards, and she, on turning to look back, saw her body and the doctors watching intently for some sign of life. But her spirit-friend placed a hand under her chin, saying: "Look up, not back"; and she looked up and into the light, passing into the joyous land of spirit, to find all that her heart had longed for, and that blest sphere of higher service which so completely satisfies.

The last of this quartette was "Bert," spirit of a Cockney soldier, who brought with him to this meeting both humour and pathos, entertainment and wisdom. He had, he said, only been over about two years, and like any Cockney unacquainted with platform manners, he displayed self-consciousness, and "first-night" stage-nervousness; continually apologised for his slips, occasionally almost completely lost his nerve, sought to speak above his normal standard, with most amusing lapses when he warmed to his subject. "Bert" told us of interesting experiences; how during the recent war whilst he was fighting there was a big explosion "much too close." He thought "I was nearly a gonner that time." Then as he lay on the ground he saw men, not in uniform, examining his fallen comrades, helping them to rise, and quite indfferent seemingly to the heavy gunfire all around. Their calmness reminded him of the Quakers. Turning to the chairman, "Bert" asked if he knew any Quakers, and for a moment chatted happily about his admiration for these good people. Then suddenly recalling that an audience was present, and he was giving an address, he stopped short, apologised profusely, cleared his throat, then wondered if he could manage it after all; encouraged by friends around and continued his experiences.

One of the good Samaritans came to "Bert's" aid, and having persuaded him to rise, told him to "step out," saying there was still work for him to do. Bert was taken to "a wonderful place" where he thought the war must be over. Then he met a soldier who

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OUR REFERENCE LIBRARY

The Works of Dennis Bradley

By W. J. Farmer, in "The Two Worlds"

(Since his passing he has left his wife and family in no doubt that what he wrote and believed about death was justified.)

Someone has called Dennis Bradley "the stormy petrel of Spiritualism." There is no doubt that he was fearlessly outspoken, and if he did revel in storms, and in creating them, they were storms that cleared the air of bad fogs, and made navigation easier for the unskilled voyager in uncharted seas.

Not Orthodox

He was primarily a man who hated all hypocrisy and untruth, and this fundamental bias is very evident in his books on Spiritualism. The truth mattered to him more than any organization or any individual.

He was brought up as a Roman Catholic, but he gives many statements in his books that are quite opposed to much that is held to be true by that Church, but apparently he never formally separated himself from it, possibly for sentimental reasons, and he also seems to have thought that his Church might change some of its views in time. However, he did not fail to condemn what he thought was not good in it.

His very full reports of his sittings for the direct voice are about the most convincing ever published.

had died previously. This renewed acquaintance so staggered Bert that he regards it as a trap. Eventually he is convinced that he has "passed on."

Bert at first wants to return to old scenes and memories, and is allowed to revisit his "missus" who is grief-stricken. He finds he cannot comfort her, and finally is persuaded to return to the realm of spirit where he is determined to learn, he says, "How to speak in the proper manner," so that he can return and tell everybody that "you don't really die—you live."

They are all the more convincing because of his high regard for absolute truth and because he does not fail to report his failures with certain mediums and to "slate" most critically their defects, instead of slurring them over.

This feature, indeed, is ten thousand times more helpful to inquirers than the amiable comments of some other Spiritualists. They feel that he is to be relied on as an important witness to matters that they themselves have not had the opportunity to investigate.

Valiantine and Bradley

Though he had the most convincing evidence so far as the direct voice went, from Valiantine, he did not spare him when he thought he had resorted to trickery in respect of a different phenomenon.

I told Mr. Bradley in a letter that I thought he was rather hard on Valiantine, and on October 29 he replied as follows:—

"My recent exposure of Valiantine does not in any way affect my two previous books. My faith in man's survival is immutable, but in accordance with my principles, I felt it my duty not to suppress the fact that Valiantine did in his last visit to me act fraudently. When you read my new book, "And After," however, you will find that I have dealt with the matter in a perfectly fair and just manner."

Was Bradley Right?

We may regret that this very unfortunate incident arose, but certainly Mr. Bradley did right to make it public, otherwise he would have been disloyal to the first essential of scientific investigation. It is exact knowledge that alone tells in the end. Bradley's rigid adherence to truth has given us three books that can be accepted as really evidential, and they have been of the utmost value to myself, who has never had any experience apart from clairvoyance, and therefore has to rely on the good faith of others, and my own critical faculty in judging of their candour and competence. Bradley was essentially an honest, candid man.

Value of the Descriptions

It must not be considered that I personally endorse all of the statements which purported to be from incarnate sources as given in these books. Those who give statements of facts which are known to be true must be accepted, but when it comes to matters of philosophy or doctrine that cannot be proved, then I reserve the right to judge them by my own reason, whether it be right or wrong, and some of these teachings seem to me to be coloured by the medium's mentality.

I think it is always so, and that those who accept them as infallible revelations will be misled. We do not need any spirits to teach us all that we need to know about right and wrong. We need no exact description of the next world. It is probably very different, physically, from this. All that really matters is to convince us that there is a next world. We have the brains to find out for ourselves all that is necessary for our good in an earthly environment.

We can be confident that our next stage in evolution will be to a grade higher. Some of the alleged teaching that is said to come from spirits only makes us contemptuous of the brains on both sides if it really does come from spirits, which I do not believe is the case except to a very limited degree. This does not mean that I consider the philosophical matter in Bradley's books as of a poor type. On the contrary, I think it is mainly very good, and may really be from spirits in part anyway, but certainly not infallible. The matter purporting to come from Oscar Wilde is most certainly in his exact style, and hard to explain otherwise.

Messages in Other Tongues

When we read that spirits conversed with Caradoc Evans in Welsh, with Dr. Wyckoff in Russian, and with Marconi in Italian, and with others in a Spanish dialect, and when we consider Bradley's fanatical regard for the truth and his real ability as a well-

balanced man, we can only explain the facts as first-class evidence of survival. They talked with those present about matters that the medium could not possibly be aware of, and in languages unknown to him, and though he appears to have been guilty of attempted trickery in *later and different phenomena*, we cannot get the slightest evidence that he was other than honest as regards the *Direct Voice*, and it was a mistake to ask him to attempt the later phenomena, for which he was unqualified. His failure was just as candidly reported as his success.

JESUS' MATERIALISATION

In a letter to "The Guardian" Mr. Tweedale wrote *inter alia*:

"Christ's mortal or physical body was not raised; and this is absolutely true. The physical body cannot vanish into the air, or come into a room, the doors being shut, as Christ's spiritual body was seen to do. But the materialized spiritual body (often witnessed and photographed in modern times) can; and the appearances of Christ after His Crucifixion were not appearances of the risen physical body, but materializations of the spiritual body.

It is strictly true that the resurrection of the physical body was not needed to prove survival, for all the evidence was perfectly well expressed by the materialization of the spiritual body. As our physical bodies are not to survive in heaven, what would be the use of the survival of Christ's physical body?

"The appearances of Jesus after death were also New Testament materialisations of the spiritual body. These recorded New Testament experiences show plainly that resurrection takes place practically at once and not "at the Last Day"; and for this reason I advocate the excision of 'at the last trump' from the burial service, because it is not in accordance with the facts."

A "LEGAL" HAUNTING

By Mary S. Davison

About two years ago a friend of mine started a dressmaking business next door to a firm of lawyers, in a suite of rooms on the first floor of a city building in Auckland. The writer helped her move in, and before long she was ready to start. The first day in business proved to be very busy, so the dressmaker worked late that night. When she returned home she told the writer that although success was sure, she felt uncomfortable in her new premises, she felt she was being watched by hostile, unseen entities. Also, during the day, her sewing machine suddenly stopped dead in the middle of her work. It had been oiled, was fairly new and in excellent order. After repeated efforts her machine would not budge, and in her exasperation she cried, "Oh God, what is the matter?" when the machine went on perfectly as usual. This happened more than once during the time she was there.

The next thing, among other annoyances, was this: It was the habit of Miss C. to hide her cash box among a pile of customers' materials in a cupboard in an adjoining room used for fitting, after which she turned out the lights, locked the door, which had a Yale lock and left things secure for the night. Invariably the next day, she found the cash box anywhere but the place she put it, the front door of her rooms open, and the lights on. By this time the writer and Miss C. were convinced that unseen people were present and we resolved to investigate.

Our first visit was to find the letter box of the legal firm, which was nailed to their front door and kept locked, broken, the door wrenched open and the letters scattered. We gathered up this important mail and left a note for the firm, of our discovery. The box was renewed, but it happened again and again. Then we noticed one night when working late, that a light was streaming out into the passage. We knew there was no one but ourselves on this floor at this late

hour, so we went along to investigate and found the door of the strongroom open, the safe door standing wide and the lights on. We shut everything up again, but could not lock the doors which required keys which we of course did not possess. We reported the incident to the head clerk who groaned and said, "Every night we lock up securely, and every night this queer thing happens and all is open in the morning."

Matters went on like this for a few weeks, until the writer sought help from spirit guides who conducted their weekly home circle. We were told that the person responsible was not evil but was earthbound, and wished to draw attention to himself for a reason that we would find out if the writer permitted her hand to be used in order to help this soul. The writer agreed to do what was suggested and one came, telling us to leave the rooms as they belonged to him; he was hostile and distraught, speaking of papers that he must find. We spoke quietly to him, pointing out tactfully that he had now left the body and telling him how to attain a more desirable state for himself. We managed to calm him to the extent of learning his name, which was Mr. M., one time occupying these rooms. After thanking us, he went away and the trouble entirely ceased for all concerned.

The sequel to this came a few days later, when Miss C. invited the head clerk to have morning tea with her in her rooms, which he accepted but explained that he could not stay long as he had to look up records of a legal nature as far back as twenty years, then to Miss C's astonishment, added, "A Mr. M. occupied these rooms when in practice twenty years ago, and he was such a muddler." So that checked with what came through the writer's hand, then Miss C. told the head clerk what had transpired and explained why there was no further annoyance.

Death is not extinguishing the light,

It is putting out the lamp

Because the Dawn has come

AN EDITOR PHILOSOPHISES

An editor, who is interested in the psychic, was asked to give some thoughts on Survival; he replied that he had no personal or seance room evidence, but would send along some "philosophising" that might be helpful.

"Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain, that build it." What is religion? A nice hornets' nest to open up with! Many may reply "A belief in an after-life"—Survival. Whether or not that is a true definition, it fails to suit my present purpose. I would define religion in one word—Service. Untold thousands of men and women down the ages have served their generation with no thought of religion, but they were nevertheless deeply religious. in what seems to me to be the very essence of religion. in service to mankind. A few there be who have this spirit of service throbbing strongly within them, but the great majority need appealing to for its development from weak pulsations to strong and sustained action.

For decades I, and many loyal colleagues, have fought with a religious zeal for the form of social reform that appeals to us—economic reform based on the natural (divine) laws of economics. But with the wisdom that time and experience bring, I for one, have glimpsed the truth that all mere economic or material progress must turn to dust and ashes if it lacks the spiritual content.

To-day I can understand much better than in younger years how the closing period of the life of Richard Cobden, the great Free Trade leader, was embittered by some of the results of the reform he, with John Bright, and the multitudes who backed them, were finally able to carry, in the face of a vast embattled vested interest. With profound disappointment in his heart, Cobden complained that the "new rich" of Birmingham, the manufacturers who had grow wealthy under Free Trade, were becoming even more hatefully arrogant and self-important, more greedy and grasping than the protectionist profiteers they had vanquished.

Sophists may still be heard proclaiming that the end justifies the means. Yet we know that this cannot be so, because in the nature of things the character of the means is carried forward into the end; so that if the means are evil, so will the end be, no matter how good our intentions were. Similarly, if self-interest is all that motivates a given social reform, then be sure that all disinterested champions of that reform will be just as disappointed as was Cobden.

After decades of struggling in social reform movements, it is my considered view that there must be this spiritual basis to make any such reform worth fighting for. Lacking the spiritual motive, it is not worth the heart's best blood. The one sure foundation for all our material betterment is that all shall subserve the spiritual law, that our work shall be done, not for material gain, or at least not that alone or mainly, but because it is our spiritual duty to labour for the improvement of human conditions, thereby to enable mankind to pursue more largely and freely the development of their spiritual qualities. There must be a definite recognition that this life on earth is but a preparatory school for an infinitude of spiritual life to come. Whether we succeed or not, or what may be the fruits here of our work, is not the main objective. Our long-term purpose must be to develop through the struggle in the heat and dust of the day, those qualities of mind that will fit us the better for service in the next and succeeding stages of our existence.

Hence, a belief in survival, and a conscious working toward spiritual ends, is the one sure foundation for social reforms on this earth.

To my mind, that state of social living and relationships which goes by the general name of Socialism is finally inevitable, but to be a blessing based on Freedom, and not a bane resting on Force for a sanction, it must be motivated right through by the spiritual belief and philosophy. In short, I would say the ideal to aim for is Spiritual Socialism.

Orlando.

MY INVISIBLE GUIDE

By Hattie Blanch Kimball

Some years ago it became necessary for me to return to my profession of teaching. I had my degree, Life Certificates, plenty of recommendations from superintendents and college professors and school boards. I took a refresher course at Teachers' College and looked for a position.

At that time married women were all but pushed out of the profession, no matter how badly they needed the money or how well they were prepared or how successful they had been. Superintendents boldly stated in class that they preferred pretty young girls who had few ideas of their own. You see, I had much to overcome that was not of my making.

Every night and morning I studied and practised Truth. Going to classes, walking on the street, washing my dishes, just before beginning my lesson, I recalled some short, inspiring thought, such as:—

My invisible Guide will help me do the right thing at the right time.

I will know what to do and when to do it.

I shall find a good place where teachers of my experience and ability are wanted. There I shall have success in greater and greater measure.

I opened a good geography and studied the western states. I am a westerner by birth and inclination. All my education and experience had been in the west. I put my finger on the south-west corner of one of the states. It rested right on the line between two counties. I wrote to the County Superintendent of each of those counties. I did not even know their names but I received information and offers from both counties. The first one I chose was not satisfactory, but the second proved to be a very easy school and fine pay.

My husband and son and I drove out here, located the school, the Board, and an excellent boarding place. I remained the full nine months without seeing my people. Heavy snows prevented travel across the mountains.

I still practised by New Thought. When the weather would permit I would go into the edge of the forest and put my hands on the trees, for they are living things that have withstood the storms of life for centuries. I would feel the kinship of the life in the trees and the life in me. I would converse with my Invisible Guide in sweet whispers. I would say:

You are my friend. You will help me to do the right thing at the right time. The people of this district like me and the pupils like me and I shall make a success of this school. ..

To this day, eighteen years after, the people of that district and the pupils, now grown with families of their own, are my friends.

We moved here. We had our ups and downs, especially during the depression, but we now have our own home free of debt, with modern conveniences. I have taught in this county eighteen years and could still teach, as I have been urged to take the principalship of my home school; but I have now retired from teaching and have taken up a new profession.

I still practise Truth. I still repeat, I shall do the right thing at the right time. It helps to keep in touch with The Invisible Guide.

I have faith that the new profession will be more pleasant and profitable than the old one.

This is only one of many definite demonstrations of the power within us, the Invisible Guide, which I have experienced.

"Nautilus Magazine."

HOW TO SUCCESSFULLY DEVELOP PSYCHIC POWER

By Louisa Brownlee in "The Progressive Thinker"

In order to be successful in the development of your psychic power you must be prepared to devote a portion of your time to spiritual development and endeavour to realize that the first step towards progression is right, or occult thinking. It is very necessary to be prepared mentally and then be willing to faithfully and fearlessly adhere to the rules and regu-

lations arranged by the spiritual instructors for the spiritual unfoldment of the supernormal mind.

A very important work is the thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of truth—the hidden forces, the qualifications of the subconscious mind, the innate inner senses, the intuitive faculties, the psychic talents. Aspiration is also an essential to spiritual revelations. To gain real psychic knowledge, one must of necessity pray for enlightenment. To reach the ear of the Divine it is wise to be truly earnest in every endeavour, faithful and hopeful, and encourage desire, for one must wish and work for the best gifts, such as prophecy and inspiration.

One thing that should be cultivated assiduously is cheerfulness, brightness, sympathy and real interest in the problems of life. There is also another very significant fact to consider. The mind must be kept clean and wholesome. Thoughts must be carefully watched, kept strictly under control and spiritualized, then you may be quite sure of attracting the intelligent forces and obtain the attention of the glorious ministering angels of light who are every ready and willing to assist you to govern your will and direct your physical desires into the right and wise channel of spiritual endeavour. It is thus you become qualified enlightened, strengthened and sustained and able, by the angelic quickening influence, to sense the real from the unreal.

It is a very wonderful achievement to be able to recognize the sweet celestial teachers of life, love and tenderness, and beauty, who come to your dwellings to bless, guide, guard and comfort you in the hour of real tribulation, sorrow and grief.

The divine gift of healing by prayer and the laying on of hands is also beneficial and useful. Then to receive consoling messages of inspiring sweetness or warnings of danger that may be avoided. As you advance by prayer, intuition and meditation, you will more readily understand, by the help of psychic instructors, how the brave yet martyred souls of

days gone by, obtained their strength, their faith, their unwavering confidence in a mighty power to save — and even prayed during their cruel torture for the ones who brought about their suffering, calumny and physical death, and in time learn the important lesson, that the pure in heart see the Divine and the workings of the Absolute.

Then it is possible that you will take up psychic work in a serious fashion and realize, beyond the per-adventure of doubt, that the full development of your mediumistic faculties are very important and of a sacred order. Thus by the unfoldment of the hidden qualifications you may become a power for good, an angel of light yourself while living here in this mundane sphere of ours and be able to benefit many others.

How to Develop

But what is mind? My conception of mind is that of a universal force, uncreated, without beginning and without end, immortal, and organized just as certainly as matter and the universe are organized. This mind is variously expressed throughout creation, but always with definiteness and purpose, whether in atoms, monads, or man. Its power is supreme over all

The boundless universe of universes is its infinite domain; and throughout all, from atom to star, its rule is law, life, and motion, forcing evolution of suns, systems, and worlds innumerable for the further evolution and development of more ultimate expressions and consummate organized beings of its conception — visible embodiments of its invisible regal self.

PSYCHIC HEALING

**By Harry Edwards
(Spiritualist Press Ltd.)**

One of the best books ever written on psychic healing. The author evinces remarkable understanding of the basic laws that govern all life, and clearly expresses his views. Some of his ideas may be at variance with other healers', especially on Absent Healing, the need for faith, and on working in con-

junction with other healers: but they are the outcome of his vast experience of "curing the medically diagnosed incurables." Mr. Edwards emphasises the power of "directive thought" to assist the spirit guides of the healers. Every phase of the subject has been treated with insight, sincerity of thought, and presented in language acceptable to healer and student alike. The pages devoted to Vibration, Spirit Rays, and the Psychic Operations will provoke lively interest. "Throughout the ages man has discovered and developed many wonderful sciences, none of these can compare with the immeasurable potentialities that exist in the study of psychic healing, and all that awaits us in this field of almost infinite possibility." A book that will be in great demand and prove invaluable to all who seek further knowledge of the Laws of Psychic Healing.

DO WE SURVIVE DEATH?

By Margaret Vivian

This is the fifth of a series of psychic booklets edited by Mr. Maurice Barbanell and published by the Spiritualist Press, Ltd., 49 Old Bailey, London, E.C.4, England, at 1/4 per copy post free. (English currency.)

Contents: A Spirit seen at the Moment of Death; A Spirit keeps an appointment; Automatic writing; Psychic Photography; Psychometry; Levitation; Materialization; Laying a Ghost; Trance; Apports; Spiritual Healing.

THIS LIFE WE HAVE

A N.Z. Soldier's After-Death Experiences

This simple, artless diary of a New Zealand soldier boy, who found himself projected out of his body into a land of peace and beauty, was transmitted to earth, with the sole purpose of comforting his mother and all mothers who mourn.

It is quite a new colony they are in, he explains. It was started at the close of the last war, and the boys in khaki form a sort of nucleus in the community. Others from different countries are there also, and are quite in harmony with their ideas.

He describes the training they receive under their teachers — the new conditions they are in.

Everything is done by thought power; creation by thought; levitation; transport and so forth; also the work they do in visiting other planes, where those in the denser, darker regions have to be helped. The brighter, joyous side is also given.

But there is more in it than this. This communicated message is but the part of a huge plan, for, with their modern outlook and training, coupled with their youthful enthusiasm, they are weaving the pattern that ultimately is destined to be transmitted to earth and become the New World Order.

E. M. Lovell Smith, President Psychic
Research Society of Christchurch Inc. N.Z.

Copies may be obtained from Bycroft Psychic Library, Box 545 P.O. Christchurch, N.Z. Price 2/3, plus postage 1½d. to Australia.

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

Recently, the native African mine workers in South Africa, tried to better their standard of living by asking for what, to white people, would be a small monetary increase. The outcome was that they were driven back to work by the use of rifle butts and truncheons. Racial discrimination and exploitation are ugly words, say the "Two Worlds," but they seem to explain the above conditions which are quite contrary that universal brotherhood as taught by Spiritualism.

IN MEMORIAM

April 14, 1912

By H.C.Y. in "Spiritual Vision"

Before me on the table lies a magazine illustration; a spirit-picture of the sea. It is a vast tract of lonely watery waste; and poised over that wide expanse of

ocean is the mist-shaped, transparent, wraith of a wandering soul, moving I know not whither.

That vision and its ocean-setting have set my vagrant fancy roaming to a dreamland that was once our happy world; and I am a slim youth again, and on the high seas, making, via the fastest Atlantic liner, my return journey to New York. The year is 1912; and life has everything handsome about it. e

A few yards away sits a brooding man. He has been reading for some time and now pauses, gazing out across the sea, as one who reflects upon what he has just read. Then he turns his head in my direction, and say rather quietly: "I suppose this is about the spot where the "Titanic" went down?"

I tell him I do not know; and he returns awhile to his thinking. Then he says, partly to himself and me: "Yes, a sad tragedy to many; but there is solace in the great consolation"; and he peers at me to note the effect of his words.

"Consolation?" I say. "For whom do you suppose is the consolation — the dead, or their relatives?"

He pauses before answering; then with a look that is half smile, replies, "Both."

"Is it nicer to die than live, then, or hear that dear friends are dead?"

"Nothing to fear in death. And we should not mourn the departed. It is death and not life we should call the delusion and a snare."

"You speak as one who knows," I say. He answers, "I DO know." And then he tells me the following (to me then) incredible story:—

"Yes: we are close to the spot where the great ocean liner 'Titanic' struck the iceberg on the night of April 14 last, and was lost with sixteen hundred souls. Do not think me crazy if I tell you that since before dawn this morning my cabin has been full of spirits; and that as I lay in my bunk during the night I saw a vivid vision of the whole scene, just, as I feel sure, it all happened. If the details of that vision are correct, then there were many lost who might have

been saved, since it seemed at first to a large majority on board that this great ship, would not, could not, completely sink. I have had the impression it was not until five hours of her striking the hidden iceberg that she went down by the bow. I know reports say she sank in four hours, but I don't think so, unless I have misread my time-impressions.

"The presence of souls here at this spot tells me that even yet, all have not yet been brought away, although I know that every soul that still haunts these seas, will, in due course, be convinced they have passed to the higher life, and the astral conveyances will be able to carry them to rest-centres, where like tiny children they will be cared for until they realise the truth, and can take up their new life in other spheres."

While my unknown friend was speaking, I had prepared many questions prompted by logic and reason; but it was now too late to ask them. A steward came out on deck from the companion-way and began to beat the lunch gong, and my cabin-friend appeared and carried me off to the dining-room.

I never saw my spiritualist passenger again until the ship docked, and everybody was on the great landing-stage searching for their belongings amidst the stacks of baggage. And then a taxi with two yellow cases on top passed me on its way out to the New York streets, and I caught sight of my psychic friend within. He waved and called "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," old friend, I called to you. And "a Happy Crossing" I say to you now, if the last embarkation is still before you, and you haven't sailed yet.

SUDDEN PASSING OF STUART MARTIN

Editor of "Psychic News" "Dies in Harness"

(From "Psychic News" January 18, 1947.)

It is with deepest regret that the directors announce the sudden passing of Mr. Stuart Martin, editor of "Psychic News" since March of last year. He became ill suddenly on the evening of Wednesday, Jan.

8, and was taken to Richmond Hospital unconscious, suffering from cerebral haemorrhage.

In spite of the efforts of several mediums who gave absent healing, Mr. Martin passed on, without having regained consciousness, during the morning of Friday last. The cremation was arranged to take place at Mortlake, 12 noon on Wednesday, January 15.

Pending a meeting of the directors, the editorship of "Psychic News" is being undertaken by Mr. A. W. Austen, assistant editor, who has been with the paper since its inception in May, 1932.

Stuart Martin died in harness. Since becoming the editor of "Psychic News" he had fought unremittingly, forsaking all other interests for the Spiritualism he sought to uplift. The vision he saw he struggled to fulfil. He worked a seven-day week; an hour or so before his collapse he was working in this office. Then the strain proved too great; the body crumbled; the spirit soared.

TRANSITION

Honour Elizabeth Osborne

We record with deep regret the passing over of Mrs. H. E. Osborne in her sixty--sixth year. She is a sister of Mr. T. W. Johns, who in his day was one of Sydney's best known mediums.

For fifteen years Mrs. Osborne held a private circle in her home at Wollongong, and afterwards opened the first Spiritualist Church in Bankstown, twenty years ago. Emulating the courage of Mrs. Osborne, it was not long before various other centres spread into existence.

Her husband, Mr. H. Osborne, worked with her to obtain unity and the merging into one united body of all Spiritualist Churches.

DEGREES—HOME STUDY PLAN

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Mrs. Osborne was untiring in her efforts to raise the standard of the work to the place it rightly merits. Never during her lifetime did she accept personal gain. Classes of psychometry meetings and church activities were always service free and without traveling expenses. Whatever funds came through her gifts were credited to the church.

Owing to the united efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne the church was registered under "The Co-operation Act" as a Community Advancement Society. All assets, funds, church furniture, and a block of land were handed over to the registered society free of cost, representing over £250.

It was her wish to see the church erected. Her spiritual gifts included Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Trance Control, Inspirational writing and lecturing.

The cremation took place at Rookewood Crematorium and the service was conducted by the first chairman of the directors of the church, Mr. A. H. Edwards.

The memorial service was held at the Bankstown Church on February 16. Among those present were the officers of the church, Mr. H. Osborne, Mr. McSkimming, Mr. T. C. Smith and many mediums.

Charles Neil.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE

"We are overwhelmed with good people who have to be instructed in the rudiments of personality, and character which they should have acquired during life on earth. My friends, it is time that you realize the value of human experience, with a view of profiting by it in the Hereafter. All that we experience can be turned to good account if we know how to render it in spiritual values as well as material ones."

VIVISECTION

By Professor W. Murdock in "The Advertiser, S.A."

In that terribly truthful book, "Behind Bamboo," Rohan Rivett speaks of the Japanese "delight in torturing and tormenting animals." He declares that "not even the bashings dealt out to ourselves infu-

riated us so much as the deliberate cruelties to helpless beasts"; and he quotes another prisoner to the same effect:—"I'd rather they kicked me in the stomach than have to listen to them amusing themselves with a dog."

Rivett testifies that he saw "trussed pigs tortured for an hour before execution, by having boiling water poured down their ears so that they screamed like demented souls," and he gives other equally abominable examples of popular amusements in what sounds like a horrible sadists' paradise. "A large group of Japanese," he says, "will always gather round whenever pain is being inflicted on some helpless creature." He adds that "no single action of the Japanese emphasised so strongly the abyss which separated our mentalities."

I should like to feel more certain about that abyss. It is true that no decent person among ourselves draws pleasure from the torturing of helpless beasts. But we assuaise in it we make no protests against it; we pass no law against "deliberate cruelties to helpless beasts" so long as they are practised in the great name of "scientific research." We do not pour boiling water into a pig's ears for the fun of hearing the pig scream, but only with the purely scientific purpose of discovering a pig's "reaction" to that particular form of torture.

I think I am acquainted with most of the arguments that have been put up in defence of vivisection; and I cannot bring myself to admire the simplicity of the many decent people who are taken in by them. In a moving hymn, Chesterton prays that we may be delivered —

From all that terror teaches;

From lies of tongue and pen;

From all the easy speeches

That comfort cruel men.

Among the lies of tongue and pen which, God forgive us, we have accepted without enquiry is the unblushing statement that the vivisector does not, in fact, torture any animal, but invariably takes care, with the

use of anaesthetics, to make his experiment painless. There is this to be said for the Japanese who tortured that pig — they did not pretend that they had chloroformed it.

And among the easy speeches that comfort cruel men is the oft-repeated statement that we are justified in torturing guinea pigs or rabbits if thereby we can throw a ray of light on the cause or cure of a human ill. I have yet to find any reputable authority citing any medical discovery made by these devilries which could not have been made by humane methods but even if any authentic case could be brought forward — if it could be shown that the torture chamber of the vivisector had saved the human race from certain ills, I say we have no right to buy immunity from aches and pains at the cost of the agonies of a fellow-creature.

People tell us that this is sentimentalism, and that, after all, the lower animals have to be sacrificed for the good of man. They even quote Christ's saying "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Can you imagine how Christ's anger would have flamed forth at this application of His teaching? He might have said, "Whosoever has sought to escape pain by causing pain to the least of these My helpless little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the depths of the sea; for he has poisoned his soul with cruelty, which is the deadliest of all poisons." What answer should we make?

I hope I am as tolerant as the next person; but I would not wittingly shake hands with a vivisector. One must draw the line somewhere.

NEWS AND NOTES

Mrs. Chapman, of Christchurch, known to many people for the interesting psychic drawings that have come through her mediumship in the past, was recently visited by an Auckland friend, who tells us, that although now ninety-one years old, Mrs. Chapman is still very bright and alert, and interested in the

psychic. For a few years she has not exercised her gifts, but this last Christmas and New Year, contact was again established and two delightful little drawings from her control, were given through her hand; so she has the joy and comfort of knowing that her well-loved guide and helper is still near her in the evening of her life.

SPIRIT HEALERS

In a private letter to the Editor of "The Harbinger of Light" a New Zealand healer writes, *inter alia*:

"I would like to tell you that I have been treating a case of Parkinson's Disease (paralysis agitans, I think it is called). It is rather strange how we came to do it, but that is quite a story in itself. The doctors had given the poor man up—it has been of eight years' standing—and neither he nor his wife knew of psychic healing—quite materialistic in outlook, very well to-do, but fortunately, open to learn! We are happy to say that definite progress is established, and for the first time recently, he acknowledged it. He has learned to relax more and with his added confidence, I feel quite confident that the Spirit Healers will restore him to health. We are not talking about it until we see the man further on the road to recovery, but I knew that you would be interested. It is a most interesting experience for me and the two other friends who are with me in this experiment."

We are looking forward to a fuller report on this interesting case.

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NEW ZEALAND

Supplement to

"The Harbinger of Light"

Edited by Lilian Oldfield

G.P.O. Box 2057, Auckland, N.Z.

FOREWORD

When the Editor of "The Harbinger of Light" asked us to co-operate with him in this supplement, we felt it would be good for several reasons. We in New Zealand, would then have more local colour, which always gives added interest, also, the Digest should become more popular in New Zealand and subscribers increase, for the present number is far too small for such a valiant little journal that has kept the psychic flag flying for so long — the only one, indeed, for long periods, in the whole of Australasia — and remember, that is it only according to the support given, that a paper can grow. Then, by this supplement we hope to stimulate interest in New Zealand on psychic matters, and provide an interesting and informative channel for those at all stages of psychic and spiritual experience.

This issue is essentially one of survival, being Easter month, and that of course, will always be the dominant note, but all aspects of our subject can be explored that will lead to wider vision and fuller understanding of life.

How often the supplement appears will depend largely on the response and the material offering. Printing costs alone of the supplement are £3 10/- per issue; a few suitable advertisements could be taken to help meet this, but if possible, we would rather use all space for news. If you want ot help by contributions, financial or literary, do not hesitate!

It may be possible to give space to Home Circles for inquiries, exchange of ideas, etc., if there is sufficient response, and if requests that would be of general interest are sent in, we will try to meet them, with the help of other advisers in this physical sphere as well as in the etheric, for we feel that no work of this kind can be truly successful unless there is co-operation with the Helpers in the Unseen.

Seek and you will find, for you have aids from nature for the discovery of truth. But if you are not able yourself, by going along those ways, to discover that which follows, listen to those who have made the enquiry.—Epictetus.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE EDITOR OF "THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT"

We have long been desirous of making "The Harbinger of Light" New Zealand's official magazine for Spiritualism, as the Dominion seems to have a very large number of Spiritualists whose mediumship stands high in quality.

Shortly before the war we had arranged with a Canadian journalist to take over our New Zealand agencies and subscribers and edit a special issue for New Zealand. Personal reasons compelled him to return to Canada and the idea was abandoned.

Then the war came and it has taken us all we could do to keep the paper going. Good friends on both sides of the veil came to our assistance and enabled us to pay our way. Most important, our Spirit Healers kept the Editor in health. For all these blessings we are most grateful.

Recently a strong suggestion came from the Spirit World to submit a plan to Mrs. Oldfield, which we are glad to say is being given a trial, the success of which will depend upon the co-operation and support given to it. **THIS MEANS YOU!**

Any suggestions? Send to G.P.O. Box 2057, Auckland, C.I. More subscribers? Send to the Editor, G.P.O. Box 64A, Adelaide, and give him fresh inspiration.

REFLECTIONS ON RESURRECTION

Easter — the time of Resurrection and glad awakening!

The cumulative evidence for survival, during modern times, makes the Resurrection of nearly 2,000 years ago, an event to be accepted and understood, and those of us who have met our friends in materialised form after the change called death, can appreciate the evidence of that first Easter morn. It is significant that not until the Master spoke, did Mary recognize Him; was the early morning light so dim, or was He not fully materialised? For, remember, He cautioned her not to touch Him. It is hardly to be wondered at, that, with greater obstacles to overcome, our friends are not always instantly recognized when they return via the Seance Room, to bring proof of their continued existence. The miracle is, that so many are able to assume the grosser vibrations and show themselves on our physical plane. Those gifted with clairvoyant sight, of course, have the joy of a more spiritual contact — a joy that we would wish to all who grieve for the physical loss of dear ones. What a vast difference it would make to those sorrowful hearts who long for a glimpse of a well-loved face, and the certainty that all is well. Yes, all the difference between life and death — between belief and knowledge.

Alfred Fox in "Psychology" wrote: "We would all be the better and finer were we all convinced of such resurrection, and the time is here — now — when science will confirm the teachings of those inspired men who have been consoling us with the promise of a better life hereafter."

Evidence is pouring in from all parts of the world, so let us add our quota, that we may proclaim the Gospel of Survival, the joy and certainty of Resurrection, not aeons ahead, not years ahead, but here and now — a demonstrable reality.

Is it not true that ignorance is the enemy that distorts our vision of Death — the Gateway to Life?

THE VISION

It is a grievous loss to a mother to lose her child. My little girl was only fifteen months old when she passed from this earth sphere, eight years ago.

The memory of the night when Barbara was taken, will ever remain with me, for that night there was revealed to me a spiritual vision of great beauty. At the time, my mother was with me in the hospital and we both knew that the time had come for Barbara to go from us. First of all there was the cool breeze that comes with spiritual visitation; and then the odour of freshly dug earth after rain, that is the smell of the presence of death. Up until this time Barbara had been in a state of coma, but just before the end came, she opened her eyes and looking into my eyes, into the depths of my soul, she said "Go," then very quietly, very peacefully she left her body, but leaving imprinted upon her face an expression of great nobility. That a child body of fifteen months of age, should speak thus, or leave such a wonderful impression of nobility did not, in the least, surprise me, for I had long been aware that Barbara was a very old soul of great wisdom. I had always known that I would not be able to keep her with me, that she was only here for a little time.

However, being only a human-being with consequent limitations and thought of self, I could at this time feel only the grief of my own bitter loss. There is a kindness granted that at such times, one feels only a numbness. And so I felt within myself only this dreadful numbness, as if I had completely ceased to exist, when mother took me away from the bedside and into the sister's office.

And then, as I unseeingly gazed upwards, there suddenly came a revelation.

I beheld a shaft of golden light, a more beautiful golden light than any we ever see here on this earth plane, and up this golden path three little white figures were ascending. There was an impression of wonderful happiness and release, and I saw that the middle

figure was Barbara. I wanted very much to go too, and I tried to see beyond this shaft of light but this I could not do.

I was conscious of mother slapping my hands and shaking me. I expect that this she was meant to do; and so, I had to come back from beyond the veil. My mother told me afterwards that the expression on my face as if I was no longer there, frightened her, especially when she touched my eyes, and I did not even blink. But obviously there had been granted all that I was meant to perceive.

There remains always with me a sense of gratitude that I should have been given this wonderful vision.

It is true that I lost the tangible, but how much greater is my happiness to know that Barbara was released from this earth sphere into a higher consciousness.

It is, perhaps, of interest to know that from the time of Barbara's passing, I have been gradually developing as a psychic sensitive.

When we have become of greater consciousness, and progressed quite beyond thoughts of personal self, there will be great rejoicing for the release into the higher spheres where our loved ones are, instead of the grief that is now experienced by the majority.

What has been of love, can never be lost.

(This experience was sent from Wellington, and is reminiscent of some of Joy Snell's visions in her delightful little book, "The Ministry of Angels," which we recommend to all who grieve for the physical loss of dear ones.—Ed.)

The General Secretary of the S.C.N.Z. advises us that the annual conference for the Spiritualist Churches will be held in Auckland during Easter, the first week in April, when they expect a good attendance of representatives.

We wish them a successful conference and hope that their deliberations will result in much progress and constructive work during the coming year.

ARTHUR FORD GIVES PROOF OF SURVIVAL

By Myrtle J. Edgar

In the spring of 1936, I was a very happily married woman, with two little sons. I received what seemed to me to be an irreparable loss. My husband, whom I adored, lost his life in an accident. So sudden and unexpected was the blow, that I was overwhelmed with desolation. For a few months life was empty of all joy for me; my heart was filled with unutterable sadness and longing for the love and companionship which had been mine.

Then Arthur Ford visited New Zealand, and I with many others, received definite proof of the survival of life after death. For Mr. Ford, from the Auckland Town Hall platform gave messages from the Spirit World for people not only present in the hall, but for others in various places, who might be listening-in, for the National Broadcasting Station made history in Auckland, by relaying this medium's wonderful demonstration of clair-audience. The Quest Club took verbatim copies of all messages, and mine was so evidential that friends who had been listening to the broadcast, rang me up next day in amazement. It ran as follows: "There is a lovely little lady here who speaks a name like Hanson or Henson. She is an aunt of yours. This woman says she has never found it possible to communicate before. She is anxious to reach you and give you a greeting to-night. She is your mother's sister. She sends her love. She has a wonderful spirit about her, and is a dainty, spiritually-minded person, small in build. She gives you this evidence, and tells you that she is happy that through a study of this subject you have been able to solve problems that would have broken a person who did not understand that life goes on. Keep the door open. She sends love to your children also. There are two children. Your husband is in the spirit world, she says, she speaks for him tonight.

He is quite all right, he sends his love. Are you Myrtle?" (confirmed).

In my mind there was no doubt about the messages. They could have come from no other source but whence they claimed to come. Julia Hanson was my mother's sister and had passed away some years before. She had lived most of her life in England and was not known to anyone else in New Zealand. Mr. Ford did not know me or anything about me.

Immediately upon learning the wonderful truth that my husband was still alive and watching over us my sense of loss entirely disappeared, sorrow and sadness fled away, and joy came to me "in the morning."

PREVISION

By M.S.D.

Not very long ago, Mrs. H. Craig, wife of Dr. G. Craig, awoke in the night for no particular reason, but she found herself wide awake staring into the darkness, when before her eyes there slowly built up the face of a little child which grew clearer as she watched. The face was seen more in profile, but was very charming and spiritual. The vision lingered sufficiently to note the features, then it gradually faded and disappeared. The face of the child was at that time, quite unknown to Mrs. Craig.

A few days later, there was an urgent visit to Dr. Craig's house by a lady and gentleman carrying a little girl, who had inadvertently drunk poison from a bottle, thinking it was cold tea that she had been in the habit of sharing with her father, while helping in the hayfield.

When the child was laid on the couch in the doctor's surgery, she was breathing her last and in the space of a few moments, was dead.

In the meantime, Mrs. Craig had been called by the doctor to stand by the child while he obtained the

stomach pump, and in that time, Mrs. Craig recognized the features of the little face she had seen in her vision a few nights before.

UNEXPECTED EVIDENCE

By E. Greensmith, Auckland

One Sunday evening, after a period of emotional stress, I wandered alone, as if by accident, into a lecture hall where what proved to be a Spiritualist meeting was being held — the first I had ever attended. I was late and had been seated only a few moments when a lady on the platform bewildered me by turning attention in my direction. "There is a lady with you, sir," she began, and then went on to give a vivid word portrait of one she could see clairvoyantly one who had been dear to me, an exact, full, unmistakable description as to appearance and the time of translation. And while, not yet comprehending, I stared at her, she paused, nodded, and with a whispered "Yes" threw at me a last sentence, "You will remember her by this," and astonished, I saw her, hand on hip, limp across the stage.

I thought my dear one had died, but there was no death here, for that unknown woman had described a form she saw. Faith merges into sight, I thought, and as I went forth from that gathering I saw a new future swimming into my ken, a new phase of life shining out of the old ignorance.

This first experience of Spiritualism was followed within two days, by a corroborative description in another part of the city. A week later, from yet another source came further details and the added thrill of a name, and as the years pass, that dear one, by psychometry or clairvoyance, still comes to me at times, and resurgence and resurrection become life unending.

Note.—Other N.Z. contributions are on pages 32-35.