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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 Healer

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THE Harbinger of Light

FOUNDED 1870

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

EDITOR:

REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D.,
16 King William Road,
Goodwood, S.A.

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OCTOBER, 1950

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MATERIALIZED SPIRIT PLAYED THE PIANO

In "Psychic News"

Joseph G. Lehner, an American doctor who for many years has been convinced of survival and who has personally experienced many psychic phenomena in his own home, sent to "Psychic News" this account of remarkable materializations which have occurred through the mediumship of Rev. James J. Dickson, the Californian psychic.

The doctor tells of spirits who have manifested and conversed in foreign languages, of one, a very dear friend, who came and played the piano, and of a seance which was conducted before a crowded hall during which three members of the audience were invited to enter the cabinet with the medium and watch the figures build.

In the past twenty years I have studied and been deeply benefited by the materializing phenomena produced at private and public seances by the Rev. James J. Dickson, pastor of the Spiritualist Church of Revelation, Inc., of San Francisco, California.

And when I reflect upon the inspiring influence and instruction obtained from the spirit world in that time, I wonder that the years preceding the

advent of Spiritualism into my life were endurable or pleasurable.

No Monopoly

That this divine help of the spirit world is not reserved for Spiritualists alone, is provable, for in conversations I have had with countless numbers of people, young and old, there is no reluctance to admit their being aware of or having received psychic manifestations.

But, the purpose or meaning of the demonstration was not always understood. They admit having heard voices and raps, seen spirit forms, or witnessed feats of levitation — manifestations which are experienced continually by those accustomed to the variety of forms which spirit demonstrations may take.

Some time ago, to cite a personal example, I had a remarkable demonstration of strength intelligently handled by my spirit friends.

At the end of a particularly busy day in the office, while writing up some memoranda at my desk, I felt the chair on which I sat gradually being drawn back, away from the desk. I realized I was participating in a spirit demonstration!

Into the air I was lifted by unseen force from where, after being suspended a few seconds, I was carefully brought back to the original position at my desk.

Another kind of spirit demonstration takes the form of table-tipping, such as occurred at a doctor friend's home where there were eighteen guests, including the Rev. Dickson.

We sat in a large, brightly illuminated dining-room. Our chairs were placed against the wall, the massive dining-table standing in the centre of the room, leaving quite a large space between us and the table.

Without the Rev. Dickson or any other person near or touching the heavy table, it rose into the air, rocked back and forth and then gently re-

turned to the floor. Following this manifestation we asked the spirits a few questions. The answers were rapped out on the table.

In my home it is not unusual to see a dish, book, or other article move from an upper shelf to a lower one, or even to the floor, the moving force being invisible!

Age of Sensations

These spirit demonstrations merely prove the presence of intelligent, conscious individuals and are not intended to be interpreted as being symbolic of anything. We must remember, we live in an age wherein a large proportion of the people demand entertainment of the sensational and spectacular type.

Therefore, many times, spirit demonstrations are of this kind, to attract and hold the attention of such individuals. For persons not attracted by the sensational there are other equally remarkable manifestations.

For instance, at many of Rev. Dickson's public materializing seances at his church, a materialized spirit who has been born on earth in a foreign land may speak to his friend in the audience entirely in his native language.

In that connection, I have heard eight different languages spoken at one meeting! At these public seances I have also seen materialized spirits change their garments from one style to another and change their type of headdress, all within view of the audience.

Another psychic demonstration of interest happened as follows. One evening after dinner in my home, several men friends of mine, including the Rev. Dickson, sat with me in conversation.

The name of a mutual friend was mentioned, and as he lived in a nearby Y.M.C.A. hotel, we decided to call on him. He was pleased and surprised at our unexpected visit.

During our call, one of my friends asked the Rev. Dickson if he thought the spirits could materialize there. He replied that it was possible.

Improvised Seance

The clothes closet with the door wide open served the purpose of a cabinet. After we had sat in meditation for a few moments, with the Rev. Dickson sitting out in the room with us, not in the closet, our spirit friends began to materialize and talk. Their forms were plain and their voices clear.

A psychic manifestation of similar nature occurred on September 28, 1949, when Rev. and Mrs. Dickson and my friend, Carl, were spending the evening in my home.

Carl arranged the curtains, we dimmed the lights just a little, and arranged chairs about six feet from the curtain. It wasn't long before Minnie Brown, Rev. Dickson's cabinet guide, materialized in her usual form, that of a little girl of seven.

I spoke to her and after answering she left us and another form appeared.

It was Geolga, a friend of Carl's. She was very beautiful as she stood there in her flowered pink evening gown which we could plainly see. Her curly blonde hair, brushed back from her face, hung in a mass of curls below her shoulders, partly covering the pale lavender scarf she wore.

Vivacious Spirit

Geolga expressed delight at manifesting for us, and when she left the curtain to come out to where we sat, the floral pattern in her filmy gown was clear and distinct.

After Geolga left us, other friends materialized to greet us and they in turn were followed by my very dear friend, Lanea, who parted the curtain and came through dressed in a tight-fitting, form-revealing blue gown, the colour she usually wears when materializing.

Concealing her beautiful blonde hair was a blue veil, adorned on each side by clusters of small, red flowers.

Lanea was particularly vivacious, and after her joyous welcome surprised us when she said to Mrs. Dickson, "If there is some song you would like to sing, I would be very happy to accompany you on the piano."

Without saying anything further, Lanea walked over to the piano, sat on the bench, and commenced to play. We listened, spellbound, as this beautiful spirit, with slender arms and graceful hands, played heavenly music!

When she finished playing, she came over to me and said, "I do hope you enjoyed the demonstration, my darling." After I had thanked her, she vanished from sight and Minnie Brown materialized.

On the following evening, September 29, 1949, Rev. Dickson gave a public materialization seance at our church. The meeting was crowded to capacity, every seat filled, all available standing room occupied, and many turned away.

It was a grand materialization seance with seventy-five or more forms appearing, each spirit announcing his own name and being recognized.

The materialized spirits left the curtain and came out close to those sitting in the first row. They could be seen so clearly, and the beauty of the forms was so plain — so outstanding — it was breath-taking!

And when Minnie Brown invited three members of the audience to come into the cabinet and sit beside the Rev. Dickson, so that they might watch the forms materialize from within, it evoked great excitement among those in the audience.

Evidence of Survival

The spirits continued to materialize as before, and when the curtain was pulled aside, the

assembly could see the Rev. Dickson and those sitting behind the curtain with him.

Each individual was in plain view. With the curtains wide open, the spirits then came as before, so that the Rev. Dickson, those in the cabinet with him, and the fully materialized spirits were visible to the congregation at the same time. It was positive evidence of survival.

All through the years spirit friends have manifested in my home and office so that I can clearly see them. But, at the materializing seances of Rev. Dickson, **I cannot only see but speak with them.**

And it is at these seances that knowledge of the spirit world is unfolded and we learn of the spirit world relation to this earth of ours. At these grand meetings I get logical answers to my questions, instead of being silenced with an orthodox reply such as "Have faith, some day in Heaven 'when the mist has rolled away,' all will be clear and we shall know the answer."

The orthodox teacher knows that if he can hold you in his faith until you die, and then there is no life beyond the grave, you'll never know it—so the orthodox teacher is safe in his teachings and he profits by holding you. But the Spiritualist knows there is life after death, **because he learns this fact from the departed loved ones, his spirit friends.** And this knowledge is available to the entire world, and all of its inhabitants alike.

To those in harmony with its vibrations, materialization has a divine emanation of all-embracing love. The love that radiates from a materialized spirit causes spiritually sensitive people to shrink where spirits can materialize—make themselves known and converse—is truly Heaven's Borderland.

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY

It would have been impossible for me to realize the great world-wide need for the clear, simple teaching of Spiritualism, had not my profession brought me into contact with so many people — people of all classes.

Speaking daily with those who come to my office seeking help for their bodily ailments, has emphasized the acknowledged fact that many physical complaints are rooted solely in imagination, and receive their stimulus from fear alone.

Deep-seated fears, with their resultant physical disturbances, cannot be overcome without the help and assistance of someone in authority, and who are greater in authority than our all-seeing, all-knowing Spirit friends?

We on earth do our best to assist mortals and alleviate distressing conditions, but ordinarily so few facets of a problem are visible or presented to us, that even with deep probing into the mental and physical it is often impossible to effect relief, let alone a cure.

However, our friends in the spirit world, able to view all sides of perplexing earthly problems, can answer to our complete satisfaction all questions which harass us, and thereby restore us to better mental and physical health through a saner way of living.

From them alone, we can learn how to live and what to accept as true, and through using that knowledge eradicate fear with its consequent train of mortal ills and worries.

In a professional capacity, however, it is unethical to advise patients of the great spirit world help available, but otherwise, when the opportunity presents itself, I never hesitate to point the way to freedom!

A NOTABLE AUSTRALIAN SPIRITUALIST

E. Stanley Brookes

By Ron Testro

Reprinted by kind permission from "The Australasian Post"

A well-known teacher of elocution, who is also an Indian chief, an accomplished Dickensian platform actor and a Spiritualist, has his own opinion about life after death. "I don't care if people do think I am mad," he says. "I know what I have seen and heard."

Husbands and wives might be separated in the hereafter and only rarely see one another if they have lived on different planes during their lifetime, according to Mr. Stanley Brookes. He says he got this in a "message" from his father, now dead, who said he rarely sees his wife.

Contacting the dead is only a sideline with middle-aged, balding Stanley Brookes, President of the Society of Occult and Psychic Scientific Research. In addition, he claims to be the only genuine Indian chief in Australia, the greatest platform portrayer of Dickensian characters, a pioneer of the Cremation Society of Victoria, producer of the first radio play in Melbourne, publisher of the first practical plan for the conduct of children's radio sessions, and probably the highest-paid Australian elocutionary adjudicator. All that is a pretty fair effort. But Stanley Brookes is quick to produce photographs and documentary evidence to prove it.

He first came into the limelight in April, 1920, when he slept all night in a bed on top of a pauper's grave in Springvale Cemetery. He was handcuffed and chained to the bed, which was chained to the railing around the next tombstone, just to prove that all was fair and square. The grave-top sleeping experiment was organized as a publicity stunt to boost the moving picture: "The Greatest Question — Do the Dead Return to Communicate with the Living?" Stanley Brookes was

selected for the job from six thousand other "volunteers" who applied in answer to a newspaper advertisement. Because of objections by cemetery authorities, the time and place had to be kept secret. At 9 p.m. on Easter Thursday an official party of seven, including an undertaker, private detective, journalist, and theatre managers, met him in Flinders Street. At the cemetery they climbed over the fence, got the bed into position, shook hands with Stanley, and left him alone on top of the grave. He still gets a scared look even now, thirty years later, when he tells the story. "After they had left I remember thinking: 'What a predicament I have got myself into,'" he says. There were no ghosts on the prow that night and the volunteer had nothing to report when the official seven arrived next morning. Stanley Brookes was not a Spiritualist at the time, but the cemetery experiment led him to make further occult research.

When he claims that he is the only genuine Indian chief in Australia, he points out that the chieftainship recently conferred on Lord Mayor O'Dea, of Sydney, is virtually only an "honorary degree." He got his own chieftainship when he visited an Indian reservation in Montana, U.S.A., in 1935. Some old Sioux Indians knew his father, who had been a scout and friend of Buffalo Bill, and had often befriended the Indians. In an initiation ceremony before three hundred Indians, including sixty chiefs, he had to fondle a hatchet, which was said to have killed 150 men, and was presented with a "war bonnet" headdress of eagle feathers which once belonged to old Chief Red Bear, then deceased. Stanley Brookes was then given the name of Red Bear, the third in line. The headdress is believed to be about ninety years old, and now adorns a wall in his office in Collins Street. Bestowal of a real chieftainship on a white man is a rare honour usually only reserved for

Presidents of U.S.A. and great warriors. General MacArthur was made a chief and was given the name of Chief Standing Grizzly Bear. During the last war, at a time when planning and administrative difficulties were at their heaviest, Chief Standing Grizzly Bear found time to write to Chief Red Bear. At that time Chief Standing Grizzly Bear and his "squaw" were staying at Lennon's Hotel in Brisbane.

Stanley Brookes' tour of U.S.A. was sponsored by American universities and educational bodies. In two years he gave performances and lectured in six hundred schools and universities, sometimes giving five performances for six or seven days a week. He found Americans very Dickens-minded. He believes he got his artistic bent from his father, who after his Buffalo Bill scouting days was a world traveller and lecturer.

As a boy in Melbourne, Stanley Brookes was apprenticed to a printer and publisher. He always had an ambition to use words and used to save up the sixpences his mother gave him for lunch so that he could have elocution lessons. He soon found that his special forte was Dickensian characters.

When he became a Spiritualist he made efforts to speak to the Master. He says he has contacted Dickens twice within the last twenty-five years. Spiritualism can be dangerous for anyone who does understand it, says Stanley Brookes. There are evil spirits in the next world trying to do wrong just as there are bad men in our earthly world. When we are overcome with sudden fits of temper or jealousy, we are thrown off our balance and lose mental and spiritual equilibrium. We are then at our weakest and most liable time to be used by evil spirits.

The circle of Spiritualists of which Stanley Brookes is a member is at present trying to contact a murderer "over the other side." This could be

dangerous to the medium. On one occasion in England an evil spirit grabbed a medium by the throat and tried to choke her. To prevent anything like this happening, a 7ft. high Indian "over the other side" has been asked to protect the circle and watch when the murderer is "coming through."

When Stanley Brookes' father wants to contact him he gives a series of double knocks. This sometimes happens besides Stanley's bed at night. On these occasions he replies: "All right, Dad. I know you are there," and then as soon as possible makes arrangements with a medium to take a message. It was on one such occasion that his father told him (he still calls him "Stan.") that he was on a different spiritual plane from his mother and rarely saw her. Stanley Brookes believes this is due to the fact that his father, although not a practising Spiritualist, always understood Spiritualism. Because of that he is now better equipped to contact our world. His mother, who was a Christian Scientist, is not so well equipped, he believes.

To the question: "Why is there more evidence of ghosts in Europe than in Australia?" Stanley Brookes has an answer. Europe, being older, spirits have had longer to "come through." Some spirits take hundreds of years to "come through." Australia's small population has to be taken into consideration, too. In our 162 years of history we haven't yet had enough dead to build up a good reserve of spirits. Australian ghosts are really suffering from lack of population.

A CALL TO SPIRITUALISTS

Advertiser, Spiritualist for many years, desires to form a Community Farm in Sunny Queensland (not Communist), where we may live and work together for mutual help, benefit, and spiritual growth. If interested, write promptly, giving personal details in confidence.

Hillaes, c/o Berghoff, 37 Caxton Street, Petrie Terrace, Brisbane, Queensland

THE HEALER

By D.E.H.

In "Spiritual Vision"

If you have ever sat in a meeting where popular clairvoyance is being given you are almost certain to hear the medium state that this person or that in the congregation present is a healer. Sometimes such persons express surprise — more often they say that they have been told so before. Maybe they are linked with a practising healing circle in which they serve to the best of their ability, or maybe they go away wondering when the way will open up for them to undertake this wonderful work for which they have been told they are suited. In this article it is proposed to discuss the ways and means by which such can become healers for it is certain that whatever natural gifts one may have, they require cultivation and development if full use is to be made of them.

The Good Doctor

All doctors are healers working usually on the mental plane. A medical man asked what he thought of spiritual healing replied that untrained people may have occasionally healed sick people but doctors were always healing them, and for the few cases quoted he could name hundreds healed by the medical profession. This is perfectly true. But the good doctor is more than a well-trained educated medico, he is a healer subject to influences from higher than he knows. How else would miraculous cures occur, advances be made in medicine, new drugs be discovered. Those who condemn drugs should read the accounts of amputations upon conscious victims before anaesthetics were known. By spirit power many such blessings have been brought to mankind.

The good doctor is a man of insight and sympathy. He has to enter into the state of his patient so that he may truly diagnose the disease and very often the mere visit without medicine or

advice will stimulate a sick person to a healthier state of mind. Nevertheless the average doctor is severely handicapped when called to cases which are beyond the scope of known medicines. If he can fit his patient into his experience or range of knowledge he can help towards recovery, but when a patient is beyond his skill then he pronounces the case hopeless. Yet the doctor's verdict has often been proved to be wrong, and many such a case has recovered contrary to medical expectation. Many such patients owe their recovery to spiritual healing, and if the spiritual healer gave the time, care, and attention given by the medical profession, there might be many more cures.

Practising spiritual healers work in various ways but all realize the guidance of spirit healers. It is quite certain that the latter will appreciate an intelligent channel. For instance, it will not hinder the spiritual work to have some knowledge of the workings of the human body, with the location of the principal organs. Then if the guide directs the healer's attention to the site of the trouble or impresses him with the presence of certain symptoms common sense will indicate which organ is affected or diseased. When a healer links up properly with his guide he may be able to get very clear diagnosis through without difficulty, but I cannot help feeling that a mind well prepared for healing work is the best medium.

Healing on the mental plane is only a very small part of spiritual healing. The healer may be one who is surcharged with physical energy which can be given off for the blessing of sick people. Very often people are ill because they have become drained of physical magnetism. Some people give off magnetism too easily, they are always being depleted by reason of too frequent contact with others who draw on them. For them to link up with a magnetic healer is sufficient to restore the balance of power.

More often the trouble is much deeper seated. Sickness in human life comes from a variety of causes but one and all are maladjustments with life. If an organ becomes diseased, there was a cause, to be found on all planes of life. The body has taken food which has set up a toxic condition. Why should an unfortunate diet poison one and not another? The mind of the person played its part also.

The Need to Link Spiritually

It is generally conceded by medical science to-day that the secretions of the body are influenced by the moods of the owner. Again the moods of people are governed by their spiritual reactions. So the healer must be able to link up with his patient not only on the mental and physical but also on the spiritual plane.

How can this be accomplished?

To link up on the physical plane is easy. It is usual for the healer to take the hands of his patient; he approaches into the auric surround from which "chart" the developed healer can readily assess the mental condition of the sick one. The spiritual state is the province of the healing guide who may pass information on. There are rays emanating from the being which give indication to spirit. It may be difficult at first for the student healer to differentiate between mental and spiritual reactions. The auric surround of one person is heavy with depression; it weighs the healer down; yet he finds that when he penetrates through and links on the spiritual plane the spirit is radiant with faith. This is an anomaly but true.

To Penetrate the Outer Cloud of Being

The important thing is a spiritual approach. I have sat in a healing circle where the people sat and chatted for about an hour on end beforehand, raising all kinds of vibrations alien to healing.

A brief prayer may or may not be uttered or a healing verse be sung or said, but with so many straying minds around there is no focus of spiritual purpose, no preparation for a spiritual mission. While some healers may find that they can work quite comfortably in such conditions, it is quite certain that what is accomplished can bear no comparison with what might be done were the preparation on a spiritual plane. It is like the attempts at worship in a friendly chapel where there is so much human fellowship it is impossible to think about God. If to worship Him in spirit we need stillness, reverence, quiet, then for spiritual healing we need preparation, cleansing, fitness.

Qualities Needed by the Healer

All that I have said leads to the burning question, If you seek to be a healer, are you spiritually fit? If there is any known sin in your life it must be put away. Remember the "gift on the altar"? Get right with your fellow before you come to God with a gift, said Christ. Get your own mind right before you attempt to heal your brother's. If there is a "mote" in your eye you will not see what is wrong; much less if there is a "beam" in it! If you are spiritually sick you will not readily discern the trouble of another.

Does that mean that if I have been a sinner in the past I can never be a healer? Most certainly — No. Whatever your shortcomings may have been they brought to you knowledge of yourself and you need that if you are to know others. You will be more patient with the shortcomings of others — you will know how they feel about something if you too have been tempted in the same way. Make no mistake. Sin and sickness are very closely related. The man who sins does so with his mind which reacts on his body if the sin be not actually — as it often is — perpetuated in the flesh. Therefore O healer — get your mind right. There

must be no hates, no bitterness, no evil thinking. There must be no lust, no self-indulgence, no surrender. The spirit must reign, the body must be in subjection. Attain to that, and you have the finest preparation for your healing work.

Because we live in a workaday world, we often find ourselves tuned down to too physical vibrations. That is why the healer needs a preliminary preparation to the act of service. The high-minded soul whose thoughts are prayers and whose every act is a dedication may be ready every moment to heal his brother. Such was Christ. Yet even He ascended the mountains to pray alone. We need to be alone at times to fit ourselves more truly for our work. And when we enter into healing work we need first to withdraw from this workaday environment and make spiritual contact. So we pray, but let it be in earnest. Let it be a united prayer. Let there be a period of silence while we prepare to pray, and let there be a forgetting of all else while we concentrate on this our act of service.

To be a healer then, we must get into tune. First a good tuning up to the right spiritual pitch, a general overhauling of ourselves as instruments, then the immediate tuning before the event, so that there will be no little note to make a wrong vibration but everything harmonized and true, striking in perfect unison with divine purpose. Such was the Christ Healer.

LITTLE BROWN PICCANINNIES OF TASMANIA

By Miss Fletcher, Eaglehawk Neck, Tasmania

Published by John Sands & Co. (Sydney)

This book (written by a Spiritualist) recently has received high commendation from the Council of Books, who placed it among the ten best books for children published during the past two years. An excellent book for a Christmas present.

BENEDICTION

By Ollah Eloise Toph

In "The National Spiritualist," U.S.A.

The old days and the old ways are the ones remembered best.

(Oh, the olden nights of starshine and the wind from out the west

Blowing out the flick'ring candle, pinching wick to make it glow

In the lamp beside the Bible in the room we used to know!)

Used to know! And loved it—gay rag carpet on the floor,

Rug before the wideseat windsor where an old man sits no more;

And his cane stood in the corner of the room that, looking back,

Makes all other rooms and houses seem somehow to something lack.

Oh, the old days and the old ways come in flood of memories

Like the swish of rain of windows, like the moan of wind in trees,

Like the dripping drops in barrels from the eaves choked up with leaves;

And the gush of tears through eyelids drooped to hide the thought that grieves,

Tears and fond emotions breaking up the long years' careful plan

Never to give 'way to mem'ry, never to play less the man

Just because a haunting fragrance stirs to pleasant life again

Dear old days and dearer old ways of a past whose roses rain

Showers of petals in remembrance of beloved whom we long

To enclasp when come last Amen, and the close of Evensong.

O.T.

Long ago. A neighbour, a brother in the church was dying. My father was with him. Reaching up his arms he suddenly cried, "Glory! Glory!" and was gone. We wondered where and what did he see. Then we knew little of death. We had never heard of return. Could he have found the way back would he have spoken of his beatific vision first? I doubt it. He would have said, as the

traveller from a far journey returning, says to his friend: "I am all right." And then, suffused with the emotion of glad reunion: "Oh, do you remember this — and this — and this between us?" Thus in the Great Return, you, knowing no one else could know, accept the trifles of allusion as evidence, in a measure, of continuing memory, persisting identity.

Some argue away the importance of trifles in communication. In the great recorded return, did the disciples minimize the import of the doubt and the verification of Thomas? Not — where have you been, Lord, these three days? Where is the Paradise into which the repentant thief and you went three days ago? Is it far, is it the first step of all who go? Have you found healing for treachery and pain and death? Have you comfort for your mother and for us who love you? After the way of that, still?

But there is no record if natural curiosity questioned and was answered. He came "in the old likeness that they knew"; and they were satisfied. By the larger faith and by verification of the nail-prints and the spear thrust were they satisfied.

* * *

Thus it was for the woman who sought the open door of my receptive soul — (for which thanks be to God). When, as folk frequently do, being eager and perhaps credulous, she began to speak wistfully of her mother, I said: "No, be still. Let me do the telling if it be possible."

Information came for which we were grateful, but nothing of her mother. She was a stranger. She had been stationed at Jerusalem in Red Cross work after the first World War, in sight of Bethany, the Garden, she went in and out of the Joppa Gate. So her personality hung like a treasured trinket on my chain of memories. One day I went to the telephone to call her. A voice at my right said distinctly: "I am her mother. There

was a scar under the right arm. There was a scar on my breast which came from weed when one of the children was born." I repeated that to her but she did not know. I told her to ask some older member of her family. She wrote her aunt in California. In three weeks I called again. The communication was verified. The scar under the arm was from a lanced carbuncle. The scar on the breast was from lancing. She was the baby.

The mother never came again nor have I talked with her who had it proved that memory and identity persist. Were not "the old days and the old ways" big in that mother's memory? It would be unthinkable that she could waste a few — oh, so few! — precious moments talking of "There" when one longed to know: Did she really live, herself unchanged after the mysterious exit?

* * *

Clare, down to the last breath, saying to her sister: "No, why should I be afraid? Father and mother are here. It is beautiful. I am not over yet but I am nearly over. I am ——"

And on the intake of the breath she was elsewhere.

* * *

Dollie, of the long ago and her relative wanting to be assured she would be "writ up" when she was gone (as she was) for the minister to read, for she was going the same tortuous road. Dollie, reaching out her wasted hand to her drunken husband as he came lurching in and with her last breath crying "Tom!" The big rains had come and the rushing waters of the Run swirled about the little house where she lived. That night we took the heavy coarse shoes she had stumbled in down to the flood which swept on to the rising river. And because Tom being sober, was contrite; we put white shoes on her tired feet. Be assured that if Dollie returned to say it was well with her soul she would not talk of the glories of heaven but of

the broken dreams of life she hoped to see mended; and of how, with her last breath, she cried, "Good-bye, Tom!"

* * *

Long ago. Harry, in the first communication we had, the medium a woman of marvellous and unquestioned powers, now long gone.

Harry, to his broken-hearted mother: "I've found my dog." Joyful in the telling; and in delirium he had called and snapped his fingers for the little lost dog for whom he had walked the streets and grieved. No time then to talk of the wonders he had come upon. Only to assure his mother that he was himself unchanged.

* * *

Perhaps in the World Beautiful we plan of the beauty to be described when we come home; of the peace which our telling will fold about a loved heart like the silver gossamer of dawn. But when we come down from the Highlands of Heaven, across the plateau which verges toward earth but still has shining upon it, we forget the stately language and the measured accents of the new tongue and all we can think to say is "Oh, do you remember: This was — and this?"

So do you be comforted, who seek the kingdom of heaven whose key is peace; who call down corridors of the Last Silence which has no reverberations: Oh, where do you live, how do you live? Be content if instead of the prophets and angels, music of the celestial choir, martyrs and heroes, you hear talk — oh, eager voices of neighbours, friends and nearer relatives, proving themselves by laurels of remembrance they twine about old days and old ways and the glorious sunset at Even-song. For you, seekers or believers — God Thee Bless.

DIRECT VOICE ON PSYCHIC POWER AND SOUND VIBRATION

By Clive Chapman

Author of "The Blue Room"

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At the time of writing, psychic research is being furthered and developed throughout the civilized world in a manner which shows very clearly that some great impetus is urging the movement. Scientists, psychologists, the public, the press, and occasionally the pulpit admit possibilities hitherto scoffed at. Only the wilfully uninformed or dabblers who have been misled, sweep aside the proven fact of survival with a derisive "tommy rot" and endeavour to dispose of the equally established certainty of spirit communication with the intolerant ejaculation, "Rubbish!"

The opinions of these people do not matter. Their scepticism, based on ignorance, may have the effect of hindering progress since it tends to influence receptivity adversely, and to prejudice sympathetic interest; but sooner or later they will learn, an awakening must come, be it here or be it there.

It is not my wish to force a belief upon anyone, nor to shout a gospel to those who find their own creeds satisfying. It is mine to state a fact, the fact of survival, and to support that fact by showing how, step by step, I arrived at a definite knowledge of it. There are those whose yesterdays were heartbreaks; whose to-days are failures; whose to-morrows are blank of hope; whose lives' sterility may be summed up in one pain-fraught word — fulfilment. To them these articles are addressed; a message of the assurance of survival. A rallying point for hope, courage, fresh activities, and reinforcement for the great progressive movement which is Eternal Life. Life is eternal and survival is an epic fact. Proof of this all-important truth has been given in my book, "The Blue

Room," and in many other books of irrefutable scientific facts.

Survival accepted, it is modes and manners of **communication with those who have survived** which now occupy the minds of investigators. Following this story of the development of a modern Direct Voice medium, student and layman alike will find astonishing proof of communication, substantiating the assertion of survival. Watching keenly every step made towards establishing scientific and reliable contact between ourselves and our so-called "dead," the realization is forced upon me that the Direct Voice mediumship developed around my niece, Pearl Judd, is unique. The great majority of those who have heard the "voices," as they have come to be known, the voices of the Band of Workers in the Beyond who have associated themselves with the psychic force concentrated around this young girl, have accepted the evidence as definite and conclusive; many, after only one hearing, have been convinced of the reality of survival. The spanning of the gulf between this and at least **one** of the other worlds has been a gradual process accomplished by years of patience, and I feel it to be incumbent upon me to write a complete history of the mediumship which followed the discovery of psychic forces around a mere child, and which developed to a degree regarded as "miraculous."

During 1918 I came into contact with some people who were "getting messages" through a simple method — a small table, a glass, and the alphabet. This method is familiar to most enquirers, but to those who do not know how the operation is conducted it may be necessary to explain. The letters of the alphabet are drawn upon cardboard, cut out, and placed in a circle upon a small table; in the centre a wine glass is turned upside down. The medium lightly places a finger, or two fingers, upon the base of the wine

glass, which moves from letter to letter spelling out answers to questions asked by sitters. I experimented quite a lot with this method between 1918 and 1922, finding out the necessary conditions for **good** results, etc., and realizing that in accepting messages discrimination was necessary, as many interfering souls would confuse the communications. Gradually a sure method disclosed itself and it became possible to eliminate the intrusion of undesirables, **who always crowd** around when a circle is held, and against whom it is necessary to take certain protective measures.

Communication, by means of the glass and letters, went on in a desultory manner and had attained but an elementary stage, when one evening my steps were directed towards the home of my niece, Pearl Judd, who lived with my mother and both were very fond of each other. This was in 1922, Pearl was about fourteen years old, an energetic, practical, and extremely sensible school-girl. There were no fads or fancies about her, no inane affectations such as girls of her age sometimes acquire, nor nonsense of any sort. She was very domesticated, for she had to take her share of the home duties, but she loved a romp too, and I thought of her invariably as "the kid."

On the particular evening of which I speak I yielded to an urge, always insistent, and rather diffidently suggested an experiment with the table, diffidently, because I realized I would take them all by surprise. The family knew nothing about spiritual research, and least of all did they think I "went in for it." Explaining the little I could, we commenced. There were present my little niece, her mother, my mother, and grandad, in addition to, of course, myself. Let me explain that the power comes in varied strength by this method, through different sitters, according to the rate of their vibrations. Only slight movements were obtained with my mother and sister operat-

ing, but upon my niece placing her fingers upon the glass, to my astonishment the name "D-O-R-O-T-H-Y" was spelled very rapidly. After a lapse of years, and with the knowledge of the stupendous happenings of those years, it is strange to remember that the spelling of "Dorothy" through the schoolgirl hand of little Pearl, was the very first faint knock upon a closed door which has since opened to admit the gracious, loving individuality of Dorothy herself, conveyed by the vibrant tones of her beautiful voice; and with Dorothy have come trooping friends old and new in ever-increasing numbers, nearly three hundred definite entities having communicated, naturally and joyfully during the many sittings held in **bright light**.

To revert to the little circle, where the prophecy that "a little child shall lead them" once more was being fulfilled, I asked some questions which were answered immediately both to my satisfaction and to Pearl's astonishment. She thought it was great fun to feel the glass moving so rapidly, and laughed when I could not put down the letters fast enough. Quickly there was obtained clear proof that Dorothy actually was present, and she seemed extremely anxious to keep control. Her "Ask some more questions for a while" indicated that she wished the power to be kept up, kept flowing (as in automatic writing it is usually noticeable that at the conclusion of a sentence the pencil does not pause, but continues to scribble in circles or to and fro across the page until ready to recommence the writing).

Dorothy's answer to my questions came without hesitation, and shows only one mistake, noted and corrected, which occurred in the first communication we received. She gave instructions how to carry on, and then and there was formed my determination to go right through with the task which seemed to have been allotted to me, of

establishing direct communication, using as an instrument the young girl around whom, I felt sure, remarkable psychic power could be developed. We, the family with the exception of Pearl, knew Dorothy during many years of her earth life. She "passed on" at Hastings, N.Z. The telegram announcing her "death" was fruitful of far more than our heavy hearts guessed; we felt it to be an ending, in reality it was a beginning. Dorothy has returned to us, not as a mysterious, omnipotent woman, not as a being remote, ethereal; but as a close, vital reality, glowing with a life fuller than our own. Dorothy's earliest messages were quite characteristic of her. All that has developed since she first "came through" reveals the working of a big plan, with a particular object in view—to prove one outstanding fact to the world—that those beyond can demonstrate, objectively, their continued existence by gradually developing various elemental vibrations in such a way as to make themselves clearly visible, and to render their voices clearly audible to us here.

At that time, had anyone known of my intentions to carry out faithfully any orders given to me from a vague "Beyond" in messages, well, doubtless I should have been thought mad.

And so we leave Pearl toying with an inverted wine glass, eagerly welcoming Dorothy, and looking with wide, laughing eyes at an opening vista of undiscovered country from which the mists were drawing back to reveal . . . What? . . . Both she and I were equally joyously expectant.

To be continued

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."—Milton, 1670.

LOOK BACK

By Philopaides

In "The Commonweal"

Brave hearts through the midnight singing,
Doubting not the morning star —
Lo! the dawn breaks o'er them bringing
Signs of triumph from afar.
Though the old heroic story
Glow with noble deeds sublime,
There shall ye be greater glory
In the coming golden time.

—T. C. Williams.

It is not well to turn back but it may be well to look back in order to see what tremendous progress man has made, up mountains and over rivers that, when we started on our journey, would have seemed to us impossible. If we had not seen the world bathed in beautiful sunshine, could we have imagined that noon-day would ever spring out of night, or out of the little streaks of dawn? If we had never seen the great estuary covered with ships, could we have imagined that the little stream far up in the mountains would one day be such a mighty river? To look back gives us faith and hope. Do you remember the words of Jesus, "Have faith in God, and nothing shall be impossible to you"? I want to tell you about a book I have been reading, which bids us look back on the wonderful history of our little planet, and the still more wonderful appearance of life upon it, and, most wonderful of all, the appearance of man and of his marvellous growth from primitive man to man as he is to-day, with his language, books, science, art, philosophy, religion, and all that we call "civilization." If man has risen from such depths, we say, why should he not, now that he becomes conscious of his powers and of the God in him, rise to still higher heights not only of knowledge and skill, but of Faith and Love? Our whole Human Nature would then develop like a flower in the sunshine bursting into bud.

I have been reading a little book that bids us look back millions of years. It is entitled "God

Knows." The author is Arthur Mee (Hodder and Stoughton). He calls it "A Faith for Youth." He takes us back millions, thousands, hundreds of years, and bids us think of all that man has accomplished — what heights of knowledge, wisdom, power, and love he has acquired in the past, and bids us press on to the higher and as yet inconceivable heights, which, as the New Testament says, "God has prepared for them that love Him." I have not space to tell you of all that Mr. Arthur Mee writes about, but I will give you a few illustrations.

The author reminds us that the earth, so far as we know, began as "a ball of fire." Gradually, through countless ages, it cooled down, and became "the Earth." Then life appeared, plant and animal, and man last of all, with his wonderful inner power of mind and will, forcing his way up into the conquest of nature, and subduing all things to himself through countless ages, until the present day. In a chapter, entitled "The Incredible Past," we are told of the radical changes even in modern times. "For three hundred years plague raged in England . . . and at last destroyed one-fifth of the people of England. . . . Leper houses were common. Here and there were gibbets, on which those who brought plague to a town were hanged. . . . Shakespeare was then born, and might have been seen at the playhouse door in London, holding the horses of lords and ladies, who threw him their coppers." When Shakespeare was born, the English army was fighting in France. We are reminded that there were no medical services provided for the soldiers in those days. "The Parliament that made Cromwell Protector hanged or drowned or burned three thousand women for witchcraft. . . . Even Shakespeare believed in witches. . . . So many strokes with the lash was the doctor's cure for a lunatic in those days . . . and 'the King's touch' was the cure for certain

diseases. . . . In our splendid Tudor Age, three hundred of the noblest men and women were burned alive in three years, because they believed in God. . . . Even under George III people were punished by slitting their nostrils and cutting their ears." In Shakespeare's century "everybody drank," and "marriages at ten years of age were common." Bibles were burned, and William Tyn-dale was strangled and burned. The prisons were let out to contractors, and were overcrowded with debtors. "In the eighteenth century, one house in four in London was a gin-shop." In that century also "more than three million negroes were sold into slavery. . . . Children were forced into factories and mines, often overrun with vermin. . . . Cromwell slaughtered innocent people without mercy. . . . The slave trade in America had a value of £400,000,000. . . . The world scoffed at the penny post. . . . Faraday pooh-poohed the idea of electric light. . . . Jenner, who destroyed the pestilence of smallpox, was bitterly opposed. . . . It took twenty-five years of agitation to enable a Jew to be a British citizen. . . . Of twenty-six barons who signed Magna Carta only three could sign their names. . . . Martin Luther wrote that a rebel might be publicly or privately 'knocked down, strangled or stabbed.' . . . Lord Shaftesbury opposed the education of children as 'hostile to religion.' . . . In Edmund Burke's day there were 223 offences for which death was the penalty, . . . In 1834 there was a death sentence for every day of the year, and 'an extra one for every Sunday.' . . . When the Victorian era was well on its way, a soldier was flogged to death. . . . Queen Victoria begged Gladstone not to stop flogging. . . . A man in the navy was generally made drunk by his mates before he was flogged. . . . Beggars and prisoners were sent to win Trafalgar." Before the Great War, says Mr. Mee, "the flag" of British freedom flew proudly over a quarter of the globe,

but "from the tower of Parliament" it flies over poverty, the death of children, rich trades that sow disease and ruin among the peoples, and a land in which "the casualties of Peace are greater than in any war that it had ever known."

Notwithstanding all this, what wonderful progress has been made! But—how much higher might man have climbed if only man had been true to himself true, I mean, to his own best nature—true to the Gospel of Love, and, as we read in the New Testament, had sought not the Kingdom of the Brute, but "the Kingdom of God and its righteousness" of humanity! It is for us to rise above the brutalities, above the greed and selfishness, above war and vice and crime and folly and the thoughtless, ignorance, and stupidity of to-day. "Man was made to grow, not stop," says Browning. "Man is not man as yet," says Tennyson. Christians aspire to be "sons and daughters of God," and call mankind to join the Great Family circle.

Read history, and look back in order that you may not only realize the progress that has been made, but that you may be inspired to climb the heights of manhood and womanhood that, hidden in the future, still lie above us, and from which you will look back on the present day somewhat as Mr. Arthur Mee bids us look back on the past history of the World and the Race. You must use your gifts of mind and education, heart and will, to lead the way to larger thought, wider love, stronger will, and so help to lead mankind upward and onward.

"The spirit or soul leaves the body during sleep; moreover, it frequently summons the spirits of the saints who are separated from their earthly bodies, and the angels, and trusting in its purity of mind, flies to their company." — St. Athanasius, A.D. 340.

WHAT IS THE SOUL?

By Mary Elsnau

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"What is the meaning of the soul?" is a question often asked. Or, "What is the definition of the soul?"

With a bit of reflection we can have a satisfying answer. We have all seen a great fire with its intense internal heat and tongues of flame leaping up into the air, with sparks flying free of it and igniting the surrounding dry area. These sparks are a part of the fire; they are of the same substance and capable of burning as furiously as the central fire. The spark is part and parcel of the fire from which it grew.

So too is the soul part of God. But what or who is God? None of us know for He is the Unknown and Unknowable. The American Indians call Him the Great Spirit, and so He is, for He is unseen, and unseen things are spiritual things. Yet He is everywhere. This we know for who has not experienced an immediate answer to an earnest prayer? Many stories came out of the war in which a person was in immediate danger of being snuffed out, with but a split second in which to call on Him for help and has been miraculously saved. In that same instant how many cries have gone to heaven from how many widely scattered places on this globe? You and I may have continents and oceans between us and each of us can send a cry for help and each can receive an instant answer, in the very same moment! This proves that "God is everywhere," as it has been said, though we poor mortals cannot comprehend, yet we know it is Truth.

The soul, therefore, is a spark of the great Over-soul, of the same substance, which is Light or Spirit. It is that which God breathed into the nostrils of Adam at the time of creation. There is more than flesh and blood in the body of man.

There is Spirit and that is why Science cannot create man nor can Science discover the mystery of man so long as it seeks material matter. The spark of fire is visible, yet if the sun is too strong, you can't see it. Light a match or cigarette lighter in strong sunlight; you cannot see the flame. This too shows us how much greater is the sun than mere fire. So too is God greater than the soul.

Each of us is born with a soul and this is what raises us above the animal or plant life. But few of us heed that soul or give it the slightest attention. This is the tragedy of man. He is capable of the greatest things yet he is content to live out his days in mediocrity. The spark of the fire is capable of burning as furiously as the great fire from which it sprang but unless fanned and cared for it soon smoulders and dies out. The soul in us needs care and attention. It needs recognition first of all, then attention and care until we actually realize the meaning of its great powers. After this follows manifestation through action.

He who nourishes his soul, who is constantly aware of his higher self, will soon show in his actions that he is of different material than his neighbours. So as soon as you "follow your hunch," or let that inner voice or conscience, which is nothing other than the soul guiding and prodding wayward man, you become conscious that your mind is expanding, you are searching beyond your usual narrow field for information or enlightenment that you had never questioned before. As your mind encircles a wider area, new ideas come to you. You become dissatisfied with your life until then and seek a way out. You begin to shed some of the old impedimenta — habits and the like that have been holding you back. You free your mind and body of prejudices and dead refuse that has been accumulating while you have been living an animal existence in which you were concerned only with self-preservation and self-

propagation. You have discovered that there is also self-recognition, self-government, and self-elevation. As the flames of the fire reach upward as do all the growing things of nature, so too does our soul reach upward. This is the difference between the common man and the individual. The individual thinks for himself, the mass mind thinks not at all. The individual turns his inner eyes upward and sees the stars; the mediocre sees but the mire at his feet.

We have been repeatedly told that there are ways in which, by using our mind, we can make money, can change our environment, can win love, a home or whatever it is we desire. Though many are the directions to attain our desires, we are not told in explicit language how this is done. But in the Bible we are plainly told, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all else shall be added unto you," and the kingdom is within.

Give recognition to that spark within, knowing that that is that which connects you with your Maker and you cannot henceforth go astray. From then on, and it becomes stronger as we exercise the power, you are guided and guarded, yes, and have tested it too.

All things have their price. The more precious, the greater is the price. This is the Pearl of Great Price, the "Om mani padme hum" of India. It takes strength of character and of will to follow our better natures, especially while we are being put through the test. Only the strong succeed. Many come but few choose to travel on the Path, but the choice is always ours. This is why the level of mankind is so spiritually low, resulting in dissension, unrest, and finally war. This is why only a few are outstanding.

In a crowded hall notice the faces. You will see that among a hundred or five hundred, there will be only a few who attract a second glance. Of these few there is yet a smaller percentage that

are true individuals. The others may have a strong personality, but the individual raises even above this. He lives in rarefied air which is strong, heady wine and must be imbibed over long years until his widening consciousness becomes gradually accustomed to living above the usual petty existence.

If we would know the soul there is but one course open — look within. Patience is needed, persistence and a strong will; but as we advance in knowledge so we advance in power and we can use that power to advance ourselves in material ways as well as in spiritual ways. The mystery of man is birth, rebirth, and resurrection. When he discovers his soul, this is rebirth, he is born anew and life becomes new as the old habits and environment are shed. Resurrection, the essence of us which is our soul, brings us back to the Source from which we sprang, and from which we again return for a new birth on this earth.

THE CHRISTIANS' ATTITUDE

When visiting New York City one Sunday evening I caught the bus to 174th Street to the Presbyterian church where John McNeil, the famous Scottish evangelist, was preaching. He once stated his father had a habit none of his family ever spoke to him about. He was foreman in a quarry away up the glen near their home. "And," said John McNeil, "my father arose at half past five every morning. His boots were so heavy I could hear them on the floor and I knew he was getting up. As he was leaving the house he would stand in the doorway, with his cap in his left hand, and his lunch under the same arm, and raising his right hand he would say, "I go to-day in God's name."

What a difference it would make to this year if more of us began the day like that. Some have no time for God till the purse is empty, the chair is vacant, or the eyes are wet with tears.

A FAMOUS MEDIUM

How Estelle Roberts Developed

By Hannen Swaffer

In "Everybody's Weekly"

How does a medium start? How, for instance, did Estelle Roberts, the best all-round medium in England, start? I will tell you. During the war, Estelle lost someone dear to her. So she went on a quest, attending Spiritualist meetings. She was repeatedly told by clairvoyants that she herself was a medium, that she had a great work to do. She had had visions all her life, but had attached little importance to them. Nor did she receive at any of these meetings news of her friend who had passed on. "Try in your home," said one medium.

So night after night she sat at a table with her eldest daughter. "If spirits can move a table without my effort," she said, "it would prove there is something in it." For six nights nothing happened. On the seventh evening she put the table back in the corner where it belonged, and said, "That's that. It's a lot of nonsense. If they could not move the table, then I'm finished. It's just a lot of rot." But as she and her daughter were leaving the room, the table rushed from its corner towards her and stood suspended in the air with its top touching her head. Estelle, quite calm, put the table back on the floor, placed her hand on it, and heard some raps. They spelled out the message, "I come to help the world. I, Red Cloud, work for humanity. Do not touch table any more. You already hear me talk."

News That Convinced Her

She could hear clairaudiently the same message. She realized that she was in touch with the spirit world, that the visions of her childhood had only been a beginning. Then, gradually, messages began. But she was afraid to tell her husband. When he had joined the Army, however, she got

a message, when sitting alone: "Arthur, to-day, 2.30 operation," it said. "But Arthur wrote yesterday, saying he was well," she said. "Where can I go to verify this message?" "Hand operation," came the reply. "Tidworth Camp, Tidworth." The news was true. She was convinced.

The next week she went to a Spiritualist church and related what had happened. "Give clairvoyance to us," she was told. Without knowing anything about it, she stood up the following week, in the presence of forty people and described what she saw and heard. No one was more surprised than herself. "Is it true?" she asked. Yes, it was true. Little did the congregation realize that they were hearing for the first time clairvoyance given by a woman who was destined to take part, a few years later, in the greatest seance ever held, who, at the Albert Hall, was to describe the spirits she saw to eight thousand people. The first time she did this was at the Conan Doyle memorial service. Since the day the table moved, Red Cloud has more and more controlled Estelle Roberts' life.

Healing the Sick

Often a so-called "Seeker Truth" wants us to find hidden treasure to prove Spiritualism to him. Other people want us to find them a Derby winner. We are not "fortune-tellers." Red Cloud heals people. "Heal the sick," we were told, centuries ago. Yet clergymen cannot do it. Red Cloud has working under his own personal direction fifteen healers who work for nothing, week in and week out. He does the diagnosis. They do massage under his direction. They "lay on hands." They have cured hundreds and hundreds of people—and without charging a farthing. Then, every fortnight, in Estelle Roberts' home, over twenty people attend a direct-voice sitting. Nothing is charged. Bereaved people go and hear the voices of their so-called dead, comforting them. Each spirit who returns gives evidence of his identity.

Perhaps twenty new ones come through every time, and all of them prove themselves. There is scarcely ever a failure.

I have heard there Sir Henry Segrave talk to his wife. I have heard the voice of Sir Thomas Lipton talk to a great friend of his. Dennis Neilson-Terry has spoken there to his widow, and to Phyllis, his sister. But that is only a little part of Estelle's work. I have myself taken her into a strange town where she has never been before. She has described, perhaps, twenty spirit people, friends of members of the audience. She has given names and facts.

Called Her the Devil

Time after time we have challenged the local newspapers to track down each bit of evidence. We have dared them to prove that Estelle has spoken, beforehand, to any one of the people to whom she has given messages, or that she has known anything about the town or anybody connected with it. Never once have they dared to reply. Estelle Roberts possesses nearly all the psychic gifts. Yet she is only a medium, and she knows it. "Without Red Cloud I am nothing," she says. "After all, I am only the instrument being used. I have been criticized and attacked. I have been called the devil incarnate. But I have been able to help many people in the hour of their bereavement. If I have only helped one person, then I am happy. What the world thinks does not matter. My job is to develop my powers to the highest extent so that I can serve God, the spirit world, and humanity."

"The wise man looks not to how long he lives, but to how he dies. For him death has no terrors, because it is the day of his birth to the immortal life. And he will be mindful of those he has left, and will commune with them."—Seneca, A.D. 30.

THE MYSTERY OF ILLNESS AND OF DEATH

A Review of the Book, "The Mystery of Illness and of Death," by Dr. C. Bezdek, a Practising Physician and Surgeon at Prague, Czechoslovakia

By Dr. Charles Aug. Choal

In "The Psychic Observer"

Moral Deficiency

Prof. Dr. J. Hanausek, in his introduction of this spiritual therapy says: "Dr. Bezdek's ethico-therapy is based on the assumption that physical health is closely parallel with the moral life of man. He claims that the moral deficiency of man is the cause of physical ailments and proves that anger, over-indulgence, hate, selfishness, fraudulent thoughts, hypocrisy, lies, and other moral flaws of man are either the cause of, or aggravate, different physical ailments — like hardening of the arteries, general feebleness, and tuberculosis.

"Dr. Bezdek's ethico-therapy is a great conception in modern medicine. This conception will have a good effect on healing and prevention of many illnesses and likewise on the philosophical and social thinking of mankind. It is a science whose foundation Dr. Bezdek was able to base only on his intuitive perception, because of the lack of experimental proofs . . . Nature, according to its uncompromising laws, punishes all hidden lies and sin by sickness, even in the "fourth generation," and balances social discrepancies."

Blood Transfusion

It is difficult to foresee the entire importance of this therapy. He continues: "Let us examine the significance of an ethical man giving a blood transfusion, from a healthy man to the veins of a sick man.

"We would anticipate that the blood of a man of lower moral standing, rich in toxins, will not have the best effect on the sick person, to whom it is transferred. It is therefore, better for the ill person to receive blood from a person of high

moral standards than from a person of hatred and selfishness. Of course, many delicate experiments will be necessary to prove this to the scientific world.

"The teachings of Dr. Bezdek should interest every physician — ministers and laymen as well. In Switzerland, the book is in its third edition, having been translated into German."

Dr. Bezdek is in search for a publisher in the United States. I have at present the manuscript of the book, which has been very ably translated by M. Bradova, M.D., D.D.S., a lady physician who spent nine years in U.S.A.

I do sincerely hope that this book will reach thousands of our spiritual friends after its publication in this country. It is a small volume, 175 pages, a veritable treasury of undisputable truth and facts. I cannot, at this time, indulge in any lengthy description.

The sub-title, "Mystery of Illness and of Death," is itself suggestive of what is in store for those who seek enlightenment and truth. The author opens the first chapter with a glimpse into the history of medicine. There is no doubt, he says, that medicine is as old as mankind itself. Some experiments are known even in the world of animals.

Dogs sometimes feed on grass to raise the digestive ability of their stomach. Some animals keep their places of habitation clean; others love baths and keep their wounds clean by licking them. Even primitive man, in the lowest degree of development, turns to nature for help.

Physician as a Priest

Modern medicine has neglected to associate the inner powers, lying in individual remedies, with the immortal souls of man. Nowadays, of course, most of the old curing methods are supposed to be naive superstitions supported by nothing.

The book contains about twenty chapters with

such headings as: "False relation of man to nature and universe and the disorders arising from it"; "Deeper significance of pain and illness"; "The essence of mental disease"; "The way to one's soul"; "Physician as a priest," etc.

I am concluding this review with another paragraph from this timely and outstanding book. The author in his chapter: "Physician as a priest" states: "The law of God tells us what is the good and where we can find it. Therefore, it is not only necessary for the physician to be a priest, but he himself first should be penetrated by the law of God.

"His task then will be to point out to people that selfishness is the most severe cause of disease, because it can often hide itself behind cunningly hidden motives, which seemingly have nothing in common with the love of family, patriotism, etc.

Entire Deviation

Yet a physician-priest can reveal there much of self-love, which is quite often the cause of severe disturbance of the internal life of individuals as well as of nations.

"Such a physician will emphasize that entire resignation of ourselves and the work for others, is the only safe way to peace and thus to health.

"Furthermore, he will demonstrate, on cases taken from the life of the patient, how terribly severe disturbance of the human soul is sensuality, which brings the people into entire deviation and it leads them into criminal ways, if there is not enough contra-balance to hold it down.

"Such a doctor will deal with all passions and desires, which throw themselves like wild animals on human souls, lacerating them with pitiless cruelty. He will teach how to use this knowledge for defence, and how to develop these healing forces, which finally will bring mankind to the haven of happiness and peace."

Ed. Note: If interested, write Dr. Charles Aug. Chval, Osteopathic Physician and Obstetrician, 2530 South Lawndale Avenue, Chicago (23) Illinois.

APPORTS — MATERIALIZATION

"Apports" are not a question of materialization, as the object never ceases to exist as material, although it may not retain its visible form, while "materialization" is the production in objective form of a personality, or part of a personality, with the aid of borrowed material; material which is foreign to the personality itself and borrowed from the medium and the sitter for the purpose. There are various theories on the actual method of apportation; but it is never assumed that Christ's body passed through closed doors; on the contrary, it was materialized within the room, some, probably all, of the disciples present being presumably mediumistic. "Materialization" requires the use of that elusive quasi-material called ectoplasm, and according to the power available, may be "partial," that is to say, a certain part of the form, hands, face, etc., or an indefinite outline of the whole figure, or on the other hand, as in the experiences of Sir William Crookes, the complete organism may be produced. In "apports" there is no question of a personal spirit being present, except as operator or assistant, but in "materialization" the presence of the spirit is the essential, and the result is the evidence of this presence. It seems to be a case of the projection from the unseen world of a form dense enough to be visible to the physical sight.

"A NEW HEAVEN"

By W. H. Evans, 9/6

(The Two Worlds Publishing Co.)

This well-known writer has been at some pains to collect material for what he calls "A Study of the Life Beyond." The outstanding impression it gives is the way in which the spirit environment so largely depends upon the efforts of those who dwell there. Instead of a ready-made countryside and dwellings, we find that the inhabitants need

to create these manifestations themselves and maintain them by the same means, the power of creative thought. In fact, the various planes of residence are shown to be states of being suited to the minds of those dwelling therein, rather than geographical locations.

Building, travelling, animal life, marriage, group souls, children, sending and receiving of messages, social amenities, gardening, these and many other details are covered by those best qualified to talk about them, the people who live there.

Naturally there is some complexity and contradiction, with so many writers communicating from so many differing planes of being, but no more confusion than the inhabitants of Mars would have if they studied radio reports from numerous Earth transmitters.

This is a most readable and useful picturization of a spirit life and cannot fail to inform and entertain. Readers should not be deterred by the somewhat incredible example of spirit architecture displayed on the jacket and frontispiece. Naturally there must be as much difficulty in getting through to an earthly mind the nature of spirit construction as there is in the new values that spirit life must present to the enquiring mind.—R.W. in "Spiritual Vision."

NEW BOOKS

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TOP LINE LECTURERS FOR AUSTRALIA

Spiritualism is a system of spiritual truth co-existent with creation, but the mists of human selfishness have gradually obscured our vision, till now we grope in a Stygian darkness.

Some of us know that there is a light to be attained, but we only dimly see the way. There are individual Teachers carrying the torch, and in Britain they are more advanced. We need their leadership here in Australia.

To bring some of these teachers to Australia is a dawning project in the minds of some enthusiasts, but a fund is necessary to make that possible. The Roseville Spiritual Church, in Roseville, Sydney, is endeavouring to start such a fund, with the sure conviction that many others — who have the same aspiration to see the cause grow — realize the necessity to bring top line lecturers from the British Spiritual Churches.

An appeal is hereby launched throughout Australia, to all who see in Spiritualism the Master's service, to contribute to this fund. With an objective of £1,000, the fund will be administered by a trust committee, to secure the best speakers, afire for Spiritualism, who will awaken a like enthusiasm in our midst.

All who are interested in this appeal are asked to contact, for the present, Mrs. C. G. Jones, Honorary Secretary to the Roseville Spiritual Church, at 10 Alexander Avenue, Willoughby, New South Wales.

"When those who are devoted to God in all things, and who endure all kinds of injury even to death itself, rather than allow a falsehood to escape their lips; when they announce the appearance of angels which they themselves have witnessed; are they not worthy of belief, and are not their words to be regarded as true?"—Origen, A.D. 230.

"BLUE-BABY" IS NOW NORMAL

By Mary's Father

In "Psychic News"

Readers will be interested to hear of what, to the medical world, is one of those unaccountable cases of complete reversion to the normal of a fundamentally diseased (congenital) organ after treatment by Peggy Parish.

Mary W. (thirteen years of age) was taken "under Auntie Peggy's wing" some eighteen months ago, and has attended for treatment twice a month, until three months ago.

A world-famous "blue-baby" doctor has now pronounced her normal, and she is permitted to live a normal life and take part in school gymnasium and sport—after being given what amounted to a life sentence against all strenuous exercise and the hope of fulfilling a normal life.

Peggy Parish insists Mary continues to attend Children's Healing Sunday (first Sunday in every month), so that she may keep an eye on her progress.

Imagine the joy of the family and the "awareness" of the healing spirit, and the knowledge that Peggy Parish is blessed by being permitted to direct the healing rays to sufferers who have been given up as hopeless by the physical doctors.

WHAT CONSTITUTES SUCCESS

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others, and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

THE DEATH PROCESS

The death process must necessarily occupy a certain amount of time for the release of the spiritual body and its organization on the spiritual plane, and although we believe it is the general rule that some three days pass before the newly enfranchised spirit awakens to full consciousness, there are very naturally exceptions to this rule. Some people are so spiritually alive and the circumstances of their death such that within a very brief period they awaken to full consciousness and activity on the other side. Usually, we believe, this applies to persons of a high quality of life who have passed through the full measure of earth experiences and, dying in old age, have arrived at a high degree of spiritual maturity. It is as well not to take all the statements which reach us from "the other side" as being of universal application; every rule has its exceptions. In some cases it may be that the spirit remains more or less unconscious for quite a long period (as we reckon time). This is usually where the life is very undeveloped or after long illness and exhaustion.

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We gratefully acknowledge the following donations to the Printing and Emergency Fund from June 9 to September 2, inclusive: T.O., Westport, N.Z., £3 14/6; Auckland N.S. Church, £2; H.W., Norfolk Island, 21/-; Mrs. M., Midland Junction, W.A., 25/-; E.D., Malvern, Victoria, 10/6; E.J.C.A., Kalabaa, 10/6; W.A.P., Coburg, 10/-; I.C., Belgrave Mts., 10/-; I.L., Seddon, N.Z., 9/6; M.C., North Rhodesia, South Africa, 7/6; B.K.W., Lynn, 6/3; C.S., Hamilton, Canada, 5/7; M.McD., Perth, W.A., 6/-; H.C., Nelson, N.Z., 4/6; R.E.E., E. Porura, N.Z., 4/3; S.K., Pipiroa, N.Z., 4/-; M.R., Greenslopes, 3/-; M.P., Karori, N.Z., 2/6; G.A.S., Paddington, 3/-; Total, £12 17/4.

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