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The Harbinger of Light

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

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

LEADING FEATURES

A Christmas Message
Martyrdom of Japanese Spiritualists
Religion of Discontent
Authentic Case of Fire-walking
Death's Open Eyes
Supernormal Healing of Dorothy Kerin

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THE Harbinger of Light

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

EDITOR:

REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D.,
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To our Readers
Contributors
and Contemporaries

FRATERNAL GREETINGS

In extending sincere wishes for a Festive Season of Happiness, we take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of the friendly relations that have existed between us, and trust that we may continue to merit your co-operation in 1951.

Please accept our Greetings and Best Wishes for Christmas-tide, and may the New Year be a stepping stone to your future prosperity and greater happiness.

J. T. HUSTON.



A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Reprinted from "Humanity" Magazine

Old Father Christmas was getting very tired. For weeks past he had been listening to everybody's wants and wishes: the children's letters had come pouring in to his mysterious abode, though no one can tell you exactly where he lives — but we know he receives them all.

And now the night was drawing near when he was expected to fill the stockings on their beds and leave the hampers at their front doors. For so many years past he had been doing this work, and every year more was expected from him, that it was no wonder his back was beginning to bend, and his eyes were growing a little dim.

"Ah, me! there are still six turkeys short," he muttered to himself as he glanced at the rows of parcels covering the floors and shelves, "and Mrs. Ging must have the joint of beef she has set her heart on. I wouldn't disappoint her for the world, but my old bones are weary, and" — with a sigh as he peeped outside at the fast falling snow — "what a bitter night it is; but I must go on packing my bags whatever happens." So busy was he that he did not notice the door being gently pushed open, revealing a soft white carpet of snow beyond and a little figure stealing into the twilight of his room. Before the old man could clearly see what kind of visitor had thus intruded, he became conscious of a curious, beautiful light filling the place like sunshine. He surely must be dreaming. What sunlight could there be at five o'clock in the afternoon late in December! It was, indeed, no dream, and a clear young voice brought him fully to his senses; then the light hand of what seemed to him the most wondrous child he had ever seen was laid upon his arm, and a pair of bright eyes looked into his, and the clear young voice said:

"What a dear, dear old gentleman you look, sir; please tell me who you are, and if you are the Old

Father Christmas I have been told was somewhere about just now, but whom I should never see. Could you really be he? You are just like the pictures they showed me — your red cloak, your long white beard; they said you had these. But I have travelled very far, and have lately seen such strange, sad things on my journey, perhaps you could explain. Christmas! Christmas! I hear from everybody's lips. Oh, dear! if only I knew what it all meant."

"What Christmas means, my boy?" replied the old man. "You surely come from a distant land if you have to ask such a question. Why, it is the jolliest time of the whole year; aye, but a busy time for me. Yes, I am he whom they call 'Old Father Christmas.' The children everywhere love me, rich and poor alike, they worship me. I bring them gifts and good cheer, roast beef, plum puddings, turkeys, geese, toys, and — why now, boy, peep for yourself into some of those packages, since it is all so new to you; you will soon find out what helps to keep Christmas alive. I must get on with my work," he went on, half to himself, "how did the child get here?"

"How kind you are, dear Father, to do so much for them, and to me also," answered the boy, with a caressing touch on the old man's white beard. Then, glancing round, he stepped nearer to inspect the presents, but on reaching the first parcel a cry of "Oh! come, Father; quick; the little hare is dead. What shall we do? Oh! and all these pheasants are dead and cold, too, pretty dears," and he stroked their once beautiful feathers, his own face wearing a look of surprise and trouble. What could it all mean? these dead creatures, little furry and feathered friends, like those in the dear country he had come from. How disappointed, he thought to himself, Father Christmas's friends would be to find they had died on the way to them, their beautiful Christmas presents.

"Child, child," said the old man, now in a state of genuine surprise, for he wondered what the behaviour of this strange boy meant, "I know not who you are, yet I cannot send you away; something in my heart tells me I must learn what and who you are and whence you come. Let us try to understand each other," and he drew the sobbing little figure against his famous red cloak and tried to check his tears. "Now, then, tell me about yourself, and ask me what questions you will."

Thus encouraged and soothed, the child smiled once more, and the room seemed lit up again as it did when he first appeared, and he said, "Your world is such a puzzle to me, but I wish I knew what Christmas is for, and why it makes them all dead. As I came along to find you, dear Father, I saw shops full of them oxen, sheep, and birds hanging up. As I came across the sea I saw ships crammed full of cattle, with no room for them to be comfortable. As I passed through the country villages I heard the pigs making dreadful cries, and the drivers beating the dear beasts with hard sticks. I saw fowls and turkeys having food stuffed down their throats to make them fat quickly. The people in your streets here were in such a hurry; they said they must whip up their horses and make them go extra fast, or they would never get all the parcels delivered. And then, Father, I saw inside some churches, and in one the people were standing around a cattle manger looking at a beautiful child, and I read the words on the walls, 'Peace, Goodwill,' and I wondered so what all these things meant, and everyone I enquired of told me it meant Christmas. Now, at last, I have found you. But you are so good and beautiful, you will not give the little children those?" pointing to the bags of game and poultry. "Let us run out now this minute and bury them in the garden, shall we? Little children don't want dead birds for presents, do they, Father?" persisted this strange questioner.

"Oh, well, I daresay you are right, the children would like them best alive as pets; but tut! tut! my boy, the grown-up folks must have their Christmas dinner, and they would not think they had one worth the name without the Roast Beef of Old England and a fine fat turkey appearing on the table, and I must give them what they ask for, you see. I shan't be able to stand it much longer, I am getting very old. But the children love me still, and I keep up the old customs for their sakes."

"Why do you give the children toys like this, Father, if you love them?" asked the boy as he took up a regiment of tin soldiers arrayed for battle. "Will this remind them of the Child in that manger I told you of in one of their churches, whom they call the Prince of Peace? And why do you give them horrible little butchers' shops like that?" and he shuddered as he unwrapped the toy named. "And I am a child, too, who loves you; but, Father, children love the beasts and birds as well. You said Christmas was such a jolly time. It isn't a jolly time for the animals, is it?"

Old Father Christmas wondered more than ever what was the next embarrassing question he would have to answer, and he could only find words to say:

"Who are you, child; what is your name?"

"They call me 'Love,' in my home," he replied.

"Do you like the name, Father Christmas, dear?"

"It suits you well, child. May I ask you some questions, little Love?" The answer came in a flash of those clear bright eyes meeting his own — and Father Christmas continued:

"What would you do, I want to know, to keep Christmas — what would you have it mean? Your old friend must look out for a successor — his time is coming to an end. Come, tell me, Love, how will it be when I have passed away?"

DEATH'S OPEN EYES

By Marcell De Cou Hicks

How often one hears the expression, "eyes closed in death." Nothing could be farther from the truth, for the so-called dead now see as we mortals cannot hope to see. Death does not close the eyes — it opens them — opens them to vistas of beauty never beheld by the physical eyes of mortality.

In this heavy sluggish, burdensome body of flesh and in the circumscriptions of mortality one is subject to all manner of hampering limitations.

"Oh, Father dear, we do not want to lose you, we do not want you to go away; but may I come and help you in your work? My eyes, perhaps, are younger than yours, doubtless I can see further. This is what we will do together, Father, you and I. We will put fresh ideas into your friends' minds; we will show them that they cannot really be happy if they are causing pain and unhappiness to the others, and we will show them how to have Christmas, not just once a year, but all the year round, and then you will grow quite young again, won't you? Here, let me put my hand in yours as we travel out in the snow to-night on your long journeys. Peace and goodwill to all is our message. The horses, the cattle, the sheep, the rabbits, hares and all the birds want us most; let us bring them peace first, because they are the youngest. I will lead you to them, Father. Come, it is time to start. Your sleigh is at the door, the snow has ceased, and the stars are over our heads. Come, let us fill it with our presents, stack in the corn, the grain, the lovely purple grapes, the red and golden apples, the beautiful books and beautiful pictures to make glad and beautiful the hearts of children and men. Are you quite ready, dear Father Christmas?"

and one of them is the limitation of eyesight. The range of physical vision is limited to things near at hand, growing less and less clearly defined as the gaze travels out and finally fading into indistinctness and indistinguishability, as it reaches the horizon. And there are many people so handicapped in life that even objects near at hand can be discerned only with the aid of spectacles.

In the material there are literally billions of things that are so minute that they can be detected only with the aid of powerful microscopes, and other things so remote as to be discerned only through telescopes. We are so accustomed to these limitations that we do not sense how definitely we are restricted by them. One does not miss that which he has never had.

Can you imagine then, the "new heaven and the new earth" which reveal themselves to the newly awakened spirit who has just left the prison of flesh? There are infinitely more life and activity visible to the eyes of spirit than mortal man has even conceived of.

Psychic vision, even during mortality, sees far beyond the capacity of physical eyesight and when the spirit is released, psychic sight immediately becomes many times more acute and the scope of vision is increased a thousand fold. The newly released spirit enters a universe teeming with motion—every atom vibrating with life and energy. Things, hitherto invisible, on the earth plane and in the material, show up plainly, and the ether pulsates with electronic force.

Sometimes, when one is released from the handicaps of the body, and first beholds the teeming life, activity and energy of the universe, he finds himself so confused and bewildered that his vision must be rendered less keen, and gradually allowed to adjust itself to all the sights of the new environment.

As a spirit progresses, the ability to see also unfolds until eventually both microscopic and telescopic vision are achieved, and the minutest particle in all creation is easily visible, as well as planets and suns trillions of light years away. A spirit, after attaining a certain degree of development is able to see anything, any time, anywhere, whether of the material planes or of the spiritual spheres.

Another phase of seeing vouchsafed the spirit through "death's open eyes" is an insight into the hearts of mortals and fellow spirits. The eyes of spirit see people and circumstances exactly as they are.

Those in spirit see motives and therefore are able to judge justly. They see **why** human beings do and say the things they do, and this privilege of understanding the inner man is one of the greatest blessings of the unseen world. Perhaps a man enters the Spirit World, harbouring a grudge against someone on earth. In the course of time he naturally gravitates back to that individual, and suddenly sees him not as a stubborn, hateful, mean, disagreeable mortal, but as a spirit imprisoned in the flesh, fighting the temptations and impulses of mortality. He sees the circumstances surrounding that man's life—his limitations of intellect, his problems of heredity and environment, his griefs and his despairs, his faults and his virtues, and in the light of a new and more perfect understanding, all is forgiven, and the once unfriendly spirit concentrates upon helping his erstwhile enemy to overcome his wrong impulses.

Thus indeed does death open the eyes, in that it not only reveals to the spirit a boundless universe of living energy, activity, and purpose but shows to the mind of spirit, mortals and immortals just as they are inherently in their innermost phases of being. The spirit attains to a fuller and richer life because he has achieved the ability to fully understand.

Death does not close the eyes—it opens them.

SUPERNORMAL HEALING

By Cecil Bartle

In "The Journal for Psychic Research," Sydney

THE CASE OF DOROTHY KERIN

A presumptuous scepticism that rejects fact without examination of their truth, is in some respects, more injurious than unquestioning credulity.—M. Humboldt.

Cures of the kind relating to Lourdes are not confined to the Roman Catholic Church, as will be seen from this outline of the remarkable case of Dorothy Kerin.

In her autobiographical work, called "The Living Touch," is to be found a story of which Lord Darynton, who contributes the preface, writes: "In my judgment this is a truthful account with corroborating evidence of probably the most remarkable miracle of modern times."

This book tells the story of a young woman who, according to her medical advisers, was at the door of death, and yet who is instantly restored to health so that she:

- (1) Immediately gets out of bed and walks, though she has been bedridden for five years;
- (2) Has a "real meal," though no solid food has passed her lips for more than seven weeks, yet without subsequent harm or discomfort; and
- (3) Though a skeleton of skin and bone, the following morning is covered with firm, healthy flesh.

The names of two of the medical men who attended her are mentioned, and corroborating accounts are given by two of her nurses, and also by her mother.

In 1902, when Dorothy was twelve, her father died, and, from then on until her recovery on February 18, 1912, she was constantly ill and under medical attention.

At fifteen she contracted diphtheria, and this was followed by pneumonia. Before she was able

to leave her bed she contracted phthisis (diagnosed by a bacteriological examination), and from this time on until her healing, five years later, she was completely bed-ridden.

During this period she was an inmate of two nursing homes at St. Leonard's. She then returned home. The last of twenty-eight doctors had said: "There was no hope of my recovery." On December 26, 1911, she was examined by Drs. Norman and Barnes, who pronounced her chief ailment now to be tubercular peritonitis. From that time on, until her cure, no food passed her lips. For the last fortnight she was unconscious and blind, the doctors stating that this state was due to tubercular meningitis.

In the account written by Dorothy's mother, it is stated that, on February 17, the doctor told her "that if there were any relations who would like to see her alive, I must send for them at once, as she could not live through the next day. He remarked that there was scarcely any pulsation and that the end might be expected at any moment."

On February 18, 1912, she seemed to drift into space and was no longer conscious of her body, but she was suffused with a transcendent feeling of happiness impossible to describe.

An angel appeared to her in a vision and said: "Dorothy, your sufferings are over. Get up and walk." She called for her dressing gown and walked along a passage and returned to her room. Though she had been bed-ridden for five years, she writes: "I now walked quite steadily, and was not in the least bit shaky; indeed, I felt so well and strong that I might never have been ill at all."

She now felt hungry, and though no food had passed her lips for over seven weeks, she descended two flights of stairs, came back and, to the astonishment of sixteen people present, en-

joyed "a real meal of meat and pudding" without subsequent discomfort or ill-effects.

She went to bed at midnight and, on awakening the following morning at eight o'clock, found that another miracle had occurred, for she was now quite plump, being covered with firm, healthy flesh. All discolouration had disappeared. Yet her mother relates that "overnight her body had been in such a wasted condition that it was necessary to wrap up some of her limbs in cotton wool."

Dr. Norman was sent for. He examined her and then, to test her strength, asked her to go up a steep flight of stairs. When he saw her run up, he slapped his head and cried, "Great God! What is the meaning of it all?"

In the course of an interview with the representatives of "The Daily Chronicle" and "The Evening News." Dr. Norman affirmed that Dorothy, without question, had suffered from consumption and diabetes. He said he had no theory as to the cause of the cure. "Had I read of it, I certainly should not have believed it. She is well, but how she got better I don't know."

At Dr. Norman's request, a number of other medical men examined Dorothy. A fortnight later she was examined by two X-ray specialists and pronounced perfectly well. Dr. Murray made tests for the presence of tubercule, both by Piquet's and Calmette's methods. The tests were negative, no reaction being produced in either case.

Nurse Violet M. Wooderson, of Evelina Hospital, in her account writes: "I knew Miss Dorothy Kerin for about eighteen months prior to February 18, 1912, the date of her miraculous recovery, and was with her every day. For the fortnight preceding her recovery she had been practically unconscious, both blind and deaf and in great abdominal pain. From the moment she got up she was quite steady on her feet and physically strong, which, after five years in bed I regard as miraculous."

Nurse K. M. Lyne writes: "I knew Dorothy Kerin for some time prior to her recovery, which was, in my opinion, nothing short of miraculous."

Both nurses give their opinion that the patient was suffering from advanced phthisis and, at one time, diabetes.

A Further Miraculous Cure

Subsequently, on the morning of September 1, 1913, Dorothy was attacked by a thief who dashed her head on the ground. She was found unconscious and taken to the house of Mrs. Macauley, of the Shanty, Paignton, England, with whom she was staying at the time.

Dr. Julyan George, M.D., M.S., D.P.H., was called in. The following information is taken from his account, which appears in "The Living Touch" as Appendix No. 6 to Dorothy Kerin's own account.

Dr. George says: "... Examination showed fractured base of the skull and probably rupture of the drum of the left ear, with deafness on that side. Profuse haemorrhage from nose and ear soon set in. . . ."

He was called to visit the patient on September 11.

"Dorothy went into what appeared to be a state of ecstasy. She claimed to have had a vision of Christ and said: 'Did you see Him? He came and put His hand on my head, and I am cool, cool all over me. He promised to come again.'"

Dr. George continues: "I then took her temperature and found it had dropped in a few minutes from 104 degrees to 99 degrees; the pulse had also fallen from 162 to 100." A reproduction of Dr. George's Temperature Chart is printed in the book as confirmation. Subsequently, acute appendicitis appeared, this diagnosis being confirmed by Dr. C. Hyde Cosens.

On December 30 Dr. George writes: "She was quite deaf in both ears. . . . Returning two hours later, I found her fully dressed and to all appearances perfectly well. . . ."

"She was, however, still frail . . . and she subsequently contracted a chill." She felt so well that she had disregarded Dr. George's warning and had over-taxed herself. The chill was followed by acute symptoms of gastric ulcer. Dr. Cosens in consultation confirmed the diagnosis.

Dr. George continues: "For a fortnight the patient was very seriously ill, and I had grave doubts of her recovery." On the morning of October 29 she was in an extremely critical condition, but, when Dr. George called again in the afternoon, all the symptoms had disappeared. There was no trace of ulceration of the stomach, nor of pain nor tenderness over that organ, and Dorothy 'could take solid food without pain or vomiting or discomfort of any kind. Her flesh had resumed a normal plumpness, both to touch and appearance. Her hair had become thick and normal in quantity.'

"Without attempting to comment on the above occurrences, I will only add that, in my opinion, it is beyond the power of medical science to explain them." Here we have the temperately-worded, cautious statement of a member of the medical profession.

Nurse Jennett, of the South Eden Nursing Home, Paignton, who nursed Dorothy during the illnesses described by Dr. George, vouches for her recovery on September 29, and states that both she and Nurse Crisp walked a good distance with her during the following day. "She was perfectly steady on her feet, although she had been a month in bed. In the evening I noticed that her flesh had come back again, and her hair, which had fallen out in patches, was now quite normal."

It will be remembered that Dorothy was staying with Mrs. Macaulay, who wrote a brief account of this series of illnesses. A somewhat detailed account was written by Miss Macaulay, and from this account the following extracts have been taken.

Referring to the first healing, that which took place on September 30, Miss Macaulay writes: "I whispered, 'Dorothy, darling, can you hear me now?'

"'Yes,' she said, 'I am quite well and healed. See,' and she pulled out the wool from her ear and tossed it into the air.

"It is literally true that she was healed from that moment. She had no more bleeding from the ear, and could hear perfectly. Her fractured skull was healed, so that she could move her head freely, and all pain disappeared. All her internal pain also left her. Her weak muscles regained their former strength. Imperceptibly, before the afternoon, the flesh came back and reclothed her emaciated body. The hair, which had fallen out in patches, grew again during the day and fluffed out naturally. And, whereas she had been for weeks in a darkened room, she now regained full strength of eyesight.

"She had been thirty days in bed.

"The next hour was filled with the wonder of it all. Then Dorothy got up and dressed.

"When Dr. George arrived we did not tell him what had happened. He had left her in bed, unable to sit up, very weak and ill, and stone deaf. He found her sitting up, fully dressed and well.

"At one o'clock she lunched downstairs with us and ate the same food as we did. After lunch, at her own request, she went out, accompanied by her two nurses, Jennett and Crisp. We all stood in wonder watching as they walked down the drive, Dorothy showing no signs of faintness and needing no assistance. If the truth be told, I believe the nurses were in a panic.

"They had no cause to be alarmed. In this healing, as before, when she was raised up after five years in bed, she felt no shadow of fatigue, though but four hours before she had been unable to rise."

I emphasize one similarity between Bernadette Soubirous, whose visions led to the foundation of Lourdes, and Dorothy Kerin. Bernadette saw a vision of the Virgin Mary — Dorothy had visions of angels and of Jesus Christ. Both were subject to states of ecstasy or of trance.

Whatever others may think, to these two, as to other mystics, the visions were a vivid, living reality, not to be doubted. I am aware that various explanations can be advanced but, as space does not permit, I am compelled to leave my readers to explain these facts in their own way.

Dorothy Kerin's Subsequent History

R. L. L. Langford James, D.D., wrote a preface to "The Living Touch," from which we quote: "The author of this little book made her home with us for fourteen years, from 1915 to 1929. Marvelous as is the story she has here to tell, yet my wife and I have been witnesses of wonders almost as great which happened to her during her long stay with us. The story of them has been carefully recorded, and, when it is God's will, it will be given to the world at large as this one has been given.

"During the years Miss Kerin was with us, first at Enfield, then at Thruxton in N. Hampshire, latterly here in Edgbaston, she was enabled to do a large amount of good, not only to those who actually met her, but also to a number of sick people she helped by 'absent treatment.' Of this there is abundant testimony."

Subsequently, Dorothy established a Hostel for Healing, called the Chapel House Nursing Home, situated at Ealing, England. Brief particulars of some "miraculous" cures at the Hostel are to be found in a biography written by A. J. Russell, called "Healing in His Wings" (publishers, Methuen & Co. Ltd.). Those interested are referred to the book.

THE RELIGION OF DISCONTENT

A Message for the New Year

By Stuart Morrison

It is generally believed that a knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism should enable people to be more contented with life. Stress has always been laid upon the fact that Spiritualism is a comforting religion.

There is much to be said in favour of this point of view. The realization that we are spiritual beings using the objective world as a gymnasium in which we develop our spiritual muscles does change our general pattern of significance. It does help us to endure without grumbling conditions which otherwise would be almost unbearable. It helps us to see in each experience, whether pleasant or unpleasant, opportunities to exercise the powers of the spirit and to develop faculties which may better aid us to accomplish our real work in the life to come.

On the other hand, a belief in Modern Spiritualism should do nothing to foster the airy-fairy philosophy that "God's in his heaven and all's right with the world." While Spiritualism should foster endurance, it should not at any time cause one to be contented with things as they are. The continual note of complaint and criticism sounded from Spiritualist platforms and in letters to the Spiritualist press is a very healthy sign.

Perhaps there is, at times, too great a tendency for these complaints to be of a querulous nature. Folk may ask what is wrong with this, that, or the other thing, without offering any remedy for the situation complained about, and without the complainant doing anything practical — or even offering to do anything practical — to remould society after a better pattern. Even so, the airing of the complaint, where the complaint itself has any validity, may help to move some other person — perhaps someone wiser or better fitted than the complainant — to take action in the matter.

Any religion which fosters contentment is either dead or dying on its feet. Any religion which is beyond criticism is an illusionary religion. We are evolving people, living in an evolving environment which is the outer manifestation of an evolving God. That which has been attained through this evolutionary process is as yet imperfect. It is merely a stepping stone to still further attainment. We must never be contented with the past. We must never be contented with the present. We must ever seek the weaknesses in the past and in the present and strive to remedy them in the future.

The truly religious person, like a true artist, is never satisfied. That which we manifest can never be more than a shadow of that which we envision, and anything that falls short of our Divine Vision of things as they should be forms just cause for self-dissatisfaction.

Every Spiritualist should be an active radical. Every true spiritual leader in history sought to change the world. Not one upheld orthodoxy in any field of knowledge, belief, or activity. Their teachings are filled with criticism of things as they are, and their lives were devoted to changing society at every level according to the Divine Pattern which inspired their every thought, word, and deed.

Spiritualism, if it is to be a living religion, must not be regarded as an opiate but as a stimulant. It is a religion of eternal discontent. It only succeeds where it changes lives, and through these changed individual lives, changes society as a whole. Where Spiritualism makes no change in the life and motivation pattern of an individual, it may safely be assumed that Spiritualism has not as yet entered into that life. Millions of people have an intellectual and emotional acceptance of Spiritualism but there are very few Spiritualists in the world.

All may uphold a belief in the Fatherhood of God, but to very few is God a personal experience. All may uphold belief in the Brotherhood of Man, but very few live fraternally with their fellows. All may agree to preach Immortality, but very few live as if the sole motivation of their personal life was based on a realization of their immortal nature. The sense of values and pattern of significance of nearly every so-called Spiritualist differs in no respect to that ruling in their environment. Spiritualists to-day seek to be accepted as if they were like other people. Few boast that they are quite unlike other folk, and even these few are usually boasting of distinctions of which they should well be ashamed.

Beliefs which do not lead to new experiences are of no consequence. Experiences which do not remould one's personal philosophy are equally as valueless. A new philosophy, with its accompanying revised pattern of values and significances, is illusionary unless it results in changed individual lives. Such changed lives, to be deemed effective, should result in the changing of yet other lives.

Wherever one meets a Spiritualist whose family disapprove of Spiritualism we meet a person in whom true Spiritualism has not as yet become an experience. It is to that person merely a message to be preached rather than a life to be lived. Lives, changed for the better by radical spiritual experiences, win approval rather than condemnation and attract co-workers rather than opponents.

THEY SURVIVE

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AUTHENTIC CASE OF FIRE-WALKING

By Lt.-Col. George Craig, D.S.O., M.B. (Edin.),
New Zealand

In "The Greater World"

Having seen an account of fire-walking in "The Greater World," I feel impelled to send you a report of my own experience as detailed by my father-in-law, the late Col. W. G. Gudgeon, C.M.G. The incident so far as I was concerned ended rather disastrously, for I was badly burned. My own fault entirely, I admit, for I had walked once through the oven bare-foot and came through unscathed. It was on the return trip that I foolishly disobeyed the Tohunga's instructions neither to talk nor to look behind. I did both and was laid up for six weeks in consequence. Still, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had proved the Tohunga's power, also the power of the hot stones to burn an unbeliever as I then was.

I have seen and gone through the fire ceremony of the Umu Ti (Ti-root oven). The oven was heated at about dawn on January 20, and I noticed that the stones were very large, as also were the logs that had been used in the oven for heating purposes.

About 2 p.m. we went to the oven and there found the Tohunga (a Raratea man) getting matters ready, and as my feet were naturally tender, I asked him to see that the stones were levelled down a bit. He assented to this, and evidently he had intended to do so, for, shortly after, men with very long poles, which had hooks, began to level the stones flat in the oven, which was some twelve feet in diameter.

He then went with his assistant and pointed to two stones that were not hot, and instructed him. The reason was they had been taken from a Marae (sacred place). He then unwound two bundles, which proved to be branches of a large-leaved Ti (or Dracoena), plucked from two of these trees

standing close together, and it is said that the initiated can on such occasions see the shadow of a woman with long hair, called "Te vairua kino" (evil spirit) standing between the trees. The right hand branch is plucked first, and it is said that the branches bend down to be broken off.

So much for the Shamanism!

Priest Lends His Power to Europeans

Now for the facts. The Tohunga (priest) and his Tanira (pupil) walked each to the oven, and then halting, the prophet spoke a few words, and then each struck the edge of the oven with the Ti branches. This was repeated three times and then they walked slowly and deliberately over the two fathoms of hot stones.

When this was done, the Tohunga came to us, and his disciple handed his Ti branch to Mr. Goodwin at whose place the ceremony was performed, and they did the fire-walking together. Then the Tohunga said to Mr. Goodwin: "I hand my mana (power) over to you; lead your friends across."

Now, there were four Europeans — Dr. W. Craig, Dr. George Craig, Mr. Goodwin, and myself — and I can only say that we stepped out boldly. I got across unscathed, and only one of the party was badly burned, and he, it is said, was spoken to, and like Lot's wife looked behind him — a thing against all rules.

I can hardly give you my sensations, but I can say this: that I knew quite well I was walking on hot stones and could feel the heat, yet I was not burned. I felt something resembling slight electric shocks both at the time and afterwards, but that was all. I do not think that I could recommend everyone to try it. A man must have "mana" to do it; if he has not, it will be too late when he is on the hot stones of Tama-ahi-roa.

I cannot say that I should have performed this wizard trick had I not been one of the Fathers of the Polynesian Society, and bound to support the

superiority of the New Zealander all over Polynesia — indeed all over the world. I would not have missed the performance for anything.

Heat of Stones Tested

To show you the heat of the stones, quite half an hour afterwards someone remarked to the priest that the stones would not be hot enough to cook the "Ti." His only answer was to throw his green branch on the oven, and in a quarter of a minute it was blazing. As I have eaten a fair share of the "Ti" cooked in the oven, I am in a position to say that it was hot enough to cook it well.

I walked with bare feet, and after we had done so, about two hundred Maoris followed. None, so far as I saw, went through with boots on. I did not walk quickly across the oven, but with deliberation because I feared that I should tread on a sharp point of the stones and fall. My feet also were very tender. I did not mention the fact, but my impression as I crossed the oven was that the skin would peel off my feet. Yet all I really felt when the task was accomplished was a tingling sensation not unlike slight electric shocks on the soles of my feet, and this continued for several hours or more. The really funny thing is that, though the stones were hot enough an hour afterwards to burn up green branches of the "Ti," the very tender skin of my feet was not even hardened by the fire.

Many of the Maoris thought that they were burned, but they were not, at any rate not severely. Do not suppose that the man who directed this business was an old Tohunga. He is a young man, but of the Raratea family, who are hereditary fire-walkers. I can only tell you it is "mana tangata" and "mana atna" (power of man and power of the gods).

DIRECT VOICE ON PSYCHIC POWER AND SOUND VIBRATION

By Clive Chapman

Author of "The Blue Room"

Continued

4

In pursuance of communications and instructions given by the glass and alphabet, for many weeks, averaging three times a week, we sat round a small table, with our hands placed lightly on top of it and our unseen friend, or friends, manifesting by all varieties of knocks. Sometimes it would seem that a heavy blow was administered by a closed fist, or as if knuckles rapped smartly, sometimes on the top, and in making those first experiments I may state we experienced a feeling of uncanniness, but this was overborne by the glorious realization that real and living beings from over the border actually were present and making their presence known.

After several of these little sittings, which took place in dim light, the table commenced to move about; it tilted, vibrated, often at an extremely rapid rate, until eventually it slowly rose off the floor, turned upside down, moved across the room, and finally came to rest on top of the large dining table! All through the demonstration my niece laughed merrily, and it was a sight never to be forgotten by us to see my old gran'dad, who was with us at the time, chase that table, trying to keep contact! Gran'dad, orthodox old Gran'dad, who would have gone to church even if he'd had to crawl, was drawn by the gentle influences into sitting with us, and made so many friendships with our invisible guests that his passing, which happened quite soon, was of a calmness and conscious happiness seldom seen by those who look upon "death," a transition infused with expectant joy.

Always before these sittings Dorothy would ask for music, evidently making use of the oppor-

tunity, afforded every time our little circle sat, to build up a combination of sound vibrations and psychic force, by means of which the wonderful phenomena of Direct Voice eventually was made possible. So it was at the very beginning, you will note, that sound was shown to be an important factor.

After the episode of the small table being placed upon the larger one, the big dining-room table itself was used to demonstrate, and we obtained some remarkable results. Messages would be tapped out, spelling alphabetically by means of one leg of the table tapping on the floor; loud noises, such as the splitting of wood, rusty hinges creaking, violent vibrations, taps in time to music, and once, with the table listed with only one leg on the floor while my niece just kept contact with her fingers on the edge of it, we were given the rapped-out refrain of any piece of music I asked for; that is, knocks were given to the same rhythm and time value as the notes composing any specified melody, the "Soldiers' Chorus" for instance, or the "Toreador's Song." It occurred to me at this juncture to ask our friends not to elevate the table, but to depress it so that it could not be lifted up; this was agreed to and we experimented so successfully that at times it was quite impossible for our united strength — that of Mother, Gran'dad, Pearl, and myself — to move the table from the floor! Sometimes we stood round the table, lifted it six inches from the floor and waited until one of us would feel a tremendous weight pressing the table downwards, while the rest would not be aware of any difference. Then, quite suddenly, the weight would shift from that particular person to another, and from him to someone else and so on, until often it seemed as though a heavy cannon-ball was being rolled about the table. That is the best impression of the phenomenon I can convey, although in reality the unseen

operators were using a highly concentrated ray of psychic power, directed as we would direct a searchlight.

We received unusually strong phenomena through table levitation some time after this, which I will narrate in the order of its occurrence. At the time I am writing of, whenever we sat at meals, messages would be tapped out, and frequently instructions were sent through as to the manner in which the work of development should be carried out. These messages were spelled very rapidly and in varying modes, as though to keep our interest always at concert pitch. Sometimes one leg of the table would be used, at other times the right and left legs of the one side alternately in a see-saw motion; while the most humorous effect was attained when the knocks ran in a circular motion from leg to leg round and round the table! Often we were reduced to helpless laughter in our efforts to keep things from spilling and to spell out the words. Many a laugh Dorothy indulged in too, at my ineffectual attempts to follow the letters, the table shaking obviously with merriment. She would always repeat the message, however, until I had jotted down the whole correctly.

We found we had to be very careful of our table manners, as every little slip was taken note of and pointed out to us, rather to our embarrassment but undoubtedly for our good! Dorothy's visits were now an accustomed habit; the element of surprise having been taken from her manifestations by repetition we were "thrilled to bits," as Pearl had it, when a different individuality was felt at the table and one who gave his name as "Torrance" came to join us, thus forming with Dorothy the nucleus of that group of invisibles who later became famous as "The Band." Torrance is a delightful soul! He immediately proved a cheery help to the work and specialized in guarding

against all signs of discord. It is interesting to record that we located the parents of our new friend, who had been "killed" when very young in the Great War. During visits to his parents' house later on he brought through some splendid results, satisfying and evidential.

A diverting incident happened on one occasion when we visited the home and sat chatting before gathering at the table. Torrance's brother came in wearing the uniform in which he attended military training. As this young fellow moved in his chair his leather equipment creaked continually; presently we noticed that every creak was being repeated in another part of the room. Experimenting, it became certain that the noises were being duplicated deliberately, and Torrance told us afterwards that it was his little joke!

Upon another occasion a visitor dropped in just before a sitting, and no polite hints succeeded in conveying to him that, at the moment, his company was not desired. Time for sitting approached—and passed; our consternation was great, for we knew the value of punctuality. Then, faintly, some of us heard the delicate light "thrum" of a kettle-drum! We exchanged glances . . . our unwelcome visitor stopped in his heavy conversation and listened with a puzzled expression, only to continue his wordy way when the drumming recommenced, delicate in touch but quite distinct. It might have been a fairy drummer, yet so tiny were the crisp sounds, which proceeded from some six inches above the floor. We studiously refrained from remarking upon the unusual occurrence, and with startled eyes looking askance at each one of us our talkative friend of flesh presently picked up his hat and made a hurried exit, leaving the field—or the table—clear for our friends in the spirit, who came and joined in the general laugh! Torrance has a great aim, it is to bring through by means of psychic power,

coloured representations of scenes on the other side, so that people here on earth may see for themselves the beauty of at least one other world, the particular sphere from which he comes. This may be called psychic television. The project would seem to point to the idea that our inventions, such as cinematography, do not originate on this side, but are due to the influence of greater minds beyond working through receptive minds here. Instruments in direct touch, such as Torrance and Pearl, should be searched for, safeguarded, and used for the world's enlightenment.

At the time to which we have now arrived, there were two operating through my niece, communicating through glass-and-alphabet and table-rapping. Often both Dorothy and Torrance would come together to the table, and they were a happy pair. No one could be dull with their laughter-loving and purposeful characters invading the home; it was just like having two companionable guests at table and we looked eagerly for their coming. Of course the underlying reason for their manifesting at mealtime was that as we sat at table we practically formed a little circle, and communication was facilitated. Thus became apparent the real purpose in my having to take over the home where Pearl moved and had her being; it made possible a steady and ordered progress in the phases of her psychic development, under the intelligent observation of eyes which had been opened. It was quite evident at this stage that a prepared plan was being carried out by higher intelligence beyond even those who made direct contact with us; a plan as yet not revealed to us, as a lot of straightening out of conditions, etc., had to be arranged for. Each of us was more and more eager to carry on; and I considered no material sacrifice too much in order to make things easier for those beyond to communicate with this world.

To be continued

DR. RHINE AND TELEPATHY

In "Light"

A snap comment on the tenth Myers Memorial Lecture, given at the Caxton Hall on May 10, might be that Dr. Rhine, the man who put telepathy on the map, has now put it on the shelf. That, at any rate, would be the significant point for the general newspaper reporter, who would perhaps miss the fact that it is just a name which, according to Dr. Rhine, must now be shelved, not a faculty. The substance of this bombshell — for as such it must have been regarded by many listeners, was as follows. They had thought, at Duke University, that they had succeeded in devising experiments by which they could isolate telepathy from any form of clairvoyance. But Dr. Thouless and Dr. Weisner had suggested that in all the experiments so far conducted, the possibility of clairvoyance, or precognitive clairvoyance, of the agent's mental picture, or even of his tentative vocalization, could not be eliminated. Dr. Rhine admitted, with a somewhat rueful humility, that he could see no way round this. Hence, he said, telepathy was once more on the shelf, and so far as he could see, was likely to remain there for a long time.

Earlier in his address Dr. Rhine referred to past experimental work in telepathy conducted by men whose names commanded respect. And yet, he said, it had never occurred to them that clairvoyance might explain their results as well as telepathy. This was an indication of the tendency to work within limitations imposed by preconceived ideas as to what they were looking for. And, admitted Dr. Rhine, a similar mistake was just as likely to be made to-day, as he had found in his own work. The earlier experimenters knew of clairvoyance, but they ignored it as a possible explanation of their results. He and his associates knew of clairvoyance, and also knew they had to take it into account, but they thought, for a time at least, that they knew how to distinguish between clairvoyance and telepathy.

EASE YOUR MIND

By Mary Elsnau

925 Hammonton Road, Marysville, California, U.S.A.

So many of us have no little recess within to which we may retreat in time of stress. Rather than be alone with our thoughts we run from them. We fear quiet seclusion for we fear to face ourselves and this is the basic reason why there is turmoil in our lives.

We live barren lives, full of nervous activity but no capacity for quietly contemplating the events of the day, hence there is no meaning, no reason for our being. We skim the surface of life. What we need is depth. A sparkling, bubbling brook has not the strength, the courage, nor the depth and breadth of a great, slow-moving river that floats ships upon her bosom. A river serves humanity because of her very strength; a gurgling brook often serves no purpose whatever. Hence lives that are like the brook question the meaning of life, but they do not pause to consider that it may be in their very shallowness.

We cherish grudges and hidden anger and spitefully take it out on any who cross our paths and rather than take the responsibility for our own actions, we heap the blame on another. As animosity and jealousy accumulate, the poisons gather in the system and attack the weakest spot; business failures, broken homes, illness, and even death can be the result. Alcoholic and neurotic cases are multiplied.

Mental stability must precede emotional balance. Magnanimity and good will, brotherly love and faith in God, these bring peace and tranquility. With hate and enviousness eating away at our hearts, how can we love our brother? Love is the greatest thing on earth. Love is sufficiently powerful to heal the most depressed, downtrodden spirit; ill-will melts before it. Through love, confidence and self-respect are restored.

Within each of us is a Spark that comes from God. It is our soul. Recognition of this Higher Force brings with it self-respect. The greater our self-respect, the greater is our love for our fellow-man, through recognition of that Spark which is in him also, though he himself may be unaware. Any who finds the inner sanctuary where is engendered peace and tranquillity, will immediately hasten to spread the message to the first listener, and brotherly love is born.

A little religion, little faith or little confidence is a monstrous thing. True religion is a great belief and faith in that here is the One who can and does believe in us, trust us and defend us from our own incapacity to adjust to life. When one is utterly alone and bereft, God is still there waiting for us to come to Him.

Find that inner sanctuary for mental tranquillity. There unburden your heart to Him who waits. That spark within is our contact with the Heavenly Father who alone can ease the spirit and return the hope and faith and self-respect that we have somehow mislaid.

Observe a little child who has not yet learned the ways of men. One who still has faith and belief in mankind and trust in God. Have the faith of a little child. If in the struggle of life you have lost your way, then find it again through being humble and simple as a child. Don't scoff. Try it instead. You having nothing to lose and perhaps, who knows, you may gain a great relief from mental tension and nerve strain.

There need be no intermediary between us and our God. We have the connecting link within us but we must make the effort to find that quiescence. Alone with our Maker, we can confess our misdeeds or face our incompleteness, our inability to conquer our fears and trials without spiritual support.

Quiet the emotions, still the senses and enter

within the secret recesses of your heart. This releases the bottled-up, explosive tenseness and repression. It cures all ills. You arise a new man; a rebirth has taken place for you have been washed clean and are again made whole. Never again will you face the world alone, for now you have made a friend of all evils that have bedevilled you and they have scattered, for you no longer fear them. You stand upright and face the battle as one with powerful backing, for you and God are one, having recognized the Spark within.

Self-centredness is no longer a part of your make-up. A child thinks "me"; a mature person thinks "you." Now you are concerned with other people. What happens to you is no longer so important as formerly, for your new-found inner strength can handle any emergency. Now the thought is, what can I do for my brother? Service is a great healer; we serve those whom we love. We were put here to help one another as messengers of God. In His service we now try to help others less fortunate.

To find the purpose of your life you must often begin with yourself. To express yourself you must first have a self to express, ergo, you must know yourself and then express it. What is it you are interested in? Find a hobby, find an interest and you can find a purpose for your life, an outlet for your nervous energies. Then you will not be worried with neurotic impulses which hurry you off to the psychiatrist or the corner bar.

Study the lives of the great men of history. They have all had a purpose and most of them fought for their place, putting up such a struggle against odds that would floor lesser men. The more we have to give to the world, the greater is the effort to produce that which is within us to give. If your station is less in life, so too are the odds against you, but if they conquered greater obstacles, you can. You will find the one thing they all had in common, was a great faith in God

and self-confidence, for they were well aware that they were not fighting the battle alone.

Begin giving your life away to save it. It isn't what we get, it is what we give that counts. Find an interest in the interests of others. Supply their needs if possible, if only moral support or considerate guidance or even wishing them hearty good will.

So many people are lonely souls; seek them out and make friends of them. Let them know they are not alone, and you can guide them too into new interests. It is like a pebble tossed into a pool . . . the circle ever widens. You will be amazed at the results that friendliness and kindness to others can do to you. Your bread cast into the waters comes back buttered . . . maybe, even with a little jam on it. And remember, we do not live by bread alone.

"THE PSYCHIC WORLD"

This new Spiritualist newspaper is edited by Maurice Barbanell, formerly editor of "Psychic News," and who brings over thirty years of experience in Spiritualism to his task.

The circular advertising its advent promises that it will contain an inspiring declaration on the rich spiritual treasures that Spiritualism offers from Silver Birch, the spirit guide whose simple but profound wisdom has endeared him to thousands all over the world. The teachings of Silver Birch will be featured regularly.

It will be unsurpassed in the presentation of news and pictures, and will provide the most well-informed commentary on current happenings.

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THE MARTYRDOM AND RESURRECTION OF JAPANESE SPIRITUALISTS

Reprinted from "The Greater World"

It was as far back as 1933 that we received a visit from Mr. B. Zushi, of Formosa, a member of Kodo Oomoto ("The Great Origin"). This was a religious society which had about two thousand branches, mostly in Japan.

Oomoto came into being through a Spirit manifestation. Nao Deguchi, a 57-year-old country woman, was taken in trance on the first night of 1892. She was very poor, having to work to support her husband, an invalid, and eight children. In spite of her desperately hard life, Nao never lost faith and always prayed most devotedly.

Amazing prophecies were given through her mediumship, and much wisdom concerning deep problems came through. But Nao herself could neither read nor write! She was used in this way until her passing in 1918, when the first World War came to an end. This had been foretold by her. At times the power of instantaneous healing was manifested through Nao; but it is underlined that in spite of her wonderful gifts, she remained humble-hearted to the end.

The Coming of a "Holy Man" Prophesied

One of her prophecies concerned a "holy man" who would be a great messenger of Truth. This prediction was fulfilled in 1898, when Mr. Kisabro, later called Onisabro by the members of Oomoto, met Nao for the first time. When quite young he was attacked by the villagers, beaten and wounded, because he upheld the poor. While lying nearly unconscious, he entered into a state of spiritual ecstasy and had a remarkable out-of-the-body experience. He became a highly-inspired medium.

When Kisabro visited Nao Deguchi, he quickly perceived that she was controlled by a very evolved Spirit, and for years he studied the mes-

sages which came through her. In due course he accepted the great spiritual office for which he had been prepared, and became the head of Oomoto. But tragedy came later, engulfing the thousands in Japan who had dedicated their lives to God's work.

Seven Years in Captivity

In 1935, Oomoto and its followers were persecuted by the Japanese Government, who insisted that it was a secret political society and a danger to authority. Master Onisabro, his wife, son-in-law, and more than fifty other persons attached to the movement, were thrown into prison. The first three were detained here for seven years. During their martyrdom, World War II began and ended.

In January, 1948, at the age of seventy-seven years, that great soul, Onisabro, passed into the Light. The gap of his presence has been filled, however, by his wife, Sumiko, the daughter of Nao, who is regarded as "Second Mistress," Nao, the Founder of Oomoto, being "First Mistress."

In January, 1950, we received a communication from the Central Office of Oomoto, Kameska, Kioto-fue, Japan, breaking a silence between us of fourteen years. Then we heard that the Government of Japan, at the time of the persecution of the members of Oomoto, mobilized hundreds of armed policemen, who destroyed the headquarters of the Association, the branch offices, colleges, and libraries. They also confiscated all the properties belonging to the Association.

But those things which are good and true cannot be killed. And now to-day the organization is again becoming far-reaching. Thousands of followers, who met and overcame the opposition and persecution of a cruel Government, are gathered together to give the movement a new start. In the booklet on Oomoto it is written: "In Master Onisabro Deguchi we see the expression and true character of God; but Master Onisabro did more than reveal God to man—he brought man to God!"

THE POWER OF A WORD

By Morton Alexander

In "Humanity"

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel without knowledge."—Bible.

It is a short word composed only of four letters. But there is no word in all the languages of men so abused, so debauched, so misinterpreted, so misused, so little understood. The dictionary gives you no clue. The learned teachers, the solemn seers leave you in confusion worse confounded. And I suspect that if you would suddenly ask yourself: "Just what do I mean when I say L-O-V-E," you would find yourself abashed and baffled for a satisfactory answer. So small a word! Yet it is the key that unlocks the doors of Creation itself wherein lie all the secrets of life.

In this approaching Christmas season you will hear much prattle about "love." Perhaps we can render a service to seeking souls by lifting the curtain of illusion, and admitting a faint ray of Truth. **What is Love?**

It is the cosmic Cohesive Principle that builds Universes and holds each atom in place. It is the Force that creates and re-creates — that builds and rebuilds — that disintegrates, transmutes, and builds again. It is that eternal flow of Harmony which is Nature, God — the Absolute. By whatsoever name designated — the same yesterday, today, for ever.

If I have a conscious understanding of Love I will sense the Oneness of all life, visible and invisible. I will sense the inseparable Solidarity of the Universe. I will not harm or misuse any atom of the Universe — knowing that I, myself, am the Universe in miniature, even as the drop is a miniature ocean.

If our social order had the Consciousness of Love it would open every prison door, it would abolish every city slum, it would dismantle every

slaughter-house, it would cease destroying the beautiful creatures of field and forest and stream and protect all Life as sacred — which it is. It would disband all armies, sink all battleships, destroy all bombs, abolish all implements of war, death, and destruction — and open the door to Peace and Goodwill on earth.

That is what Love would do.

But because we do not understand Love we do not understand ourselves, we do not understand the Universe, we do not understand any of the problems that beset us — and we are like unhappy little children crying in the darkness at midnight, all unaware that the Sun is but waiting to bring us the Light.

Yea! In Thy life our little lives are ended,

Into Thy depths our trembling spirits fall;
In Thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,

As holds the sea her waves — Thou hold'st us all.

CURES ARE PERMANENT

To the question, "Why do so many spiritual cures relapse after a short period?" the reply is given: "If a person has been cured there is no going back. In many of these cases of alleged relapse one finds, on investigation, that the patient is suffering from some condition quite different from that for which he or she was earlier treated. Mrs. Pullen commented on the period of treatment necessary before a cure could be claimed. 'Sometimes it takes six treatments and sometimes six years,' she said. 'If it is a question of six years stick it out. And do not cease attendance for treatment until you are told you are cured by the healer. It does not mean that the job is complete because you feel better in yourself.'"

THE DIRECT VOICE

Reprinted from "The Two Worlds"

Direct Voice refers to a form of physical phenomena in which an ectoplasmic device, constructed by the spirit operators, enables a spirit communicator to speak direct to the recipient, independently of the medium's voice.

At first a trumpet is used to amplify the sound, which, in the early stages of development is very weak, and the psychic microphone is built into the narrow end of the trumpet, which serves as a miniature condenser. As light is deleterious to ectoplasm "Direct Voice" seances must at first be held in the dark. A band of luminous paint around the wide end of the trumpet will, however, indicate to the sitters where the trumpet is situated at any given time during the seance. As the power increases, red light may be introduced and in some cases trumpet phenomena can occur in white light and even daylight. The trumpet, too, can eventually be dispensed with and the direct voice will be heard in any part of the room.

This ectoplasmic microphone is psychologically, psychically, and physically united with the medium's organism. As in the case of materialization the medium's subconscious mind tends to influence the message and sometimes the medium's breath is used. The rhythm and timbre of the medium's voice may also be detected in spite of the fact that the medium is entranced and unconscious of the proceedings. In certain cases, where the phenomena are well advanced, the medium can remain in her conscious state and actually speak to the communicating spirit. Two voices were once heard with D. D. Home in addition to his own. David Duguid, George Valiantine, and Mrs. Wriedt were all able to speak to the communicating spirits. Independent direct conversation between two spirits was witnessed by Arthur Findlay with Sloan.

Direct voice technique is not always the same and the following statement by a spirit communicator in "On the Edge of the Etheric," by Arthur Findlay, is interesting. "From the medium and those present a chemist in the spirit world withdraws certain ingredients, which for want of a better name are called ectoplasm. To this the chemist adds ingredients of his own making. When they are mixed together a substance is formed which enables the chemist to materialize his hands. He then, with his materialized hands, constructs a mask resembling the mouth and tongue. The spirit wishing to speak places his face into this mask and finds it clings to him, it gathers round his mouth, tongue and throat. At first, difficulty is experienced in moving this heavier material, but by practice this becomes easy. The etheric organs have once again become clothed in matter resembling physical matter, and by the passage of air through them your atmosphere can be vibrated and you hear his voice."

Public demonstrations of the "Direct Voice" are now becoming popular. The psychic microphone is built by the spirit people near an electric microphone on the platform, and the communications are broadcast by loudspeakers to the audience.

WHAT DOES SPIRITUALISM TEACH?

And of What Benefit Will Its Teachings Be to Humanity?

We quote from an 1858 edition of "Penetralia," by Andrew Jackson Davis, as his statements seem to cover in a very logical and satisfactory manner the answer to the questions asked.

1. Spiritualism proves that man is an organized substantial spirit;
2. It proves that his organized spirit is immortal;
3. It proves that his immortality consists of an infinite series of social, moral, and intellectual progressions;

4. It proves that all spirits advance from lower to higher degrees of existence;

5. It proves that this world is not a providentially probationary "vale of tears" — that it is not a fleeting show, for man's illusion given — but that it is the beginning of his eternal and more blessed career;

6. It proves that the popular doctrine of total depravity is false; that mankind, as well as all nature is progressive — ascending from every kind and shade of imperfection;

7. It proves that the popular doctrine of Hell punishment is false; that instead, each individual is obliged, by a law of his own being, to work out either in this life or the next, his own salvation from error and all manner of sinfulness. No vicarious atonement; because punishment or pain is the legitimate and inevitable result of transgression.

8. That man — after the event called physical death, as an organized spirit, preserving his individuality and all his endowments, goes forward and gains a higher, happier, and better state of existence.

9. That, after having become acclimated, so to speak, to that world, acquainted with its customs and with the great recent discovery that communication can be had with relatives left behind, that spirit can come back and demonstrate its existence, dispensing, not only social harmony, but also moral and intellectual feasts at spiritual tables.

10. That true inspiration is universal, perpetual, and confined to no particular age or personage, but is received by representative minds of both sexes in science, literature, art, philosophy, Spiritualism, history, and reform. Thus can we fraternize with progressive and spiritualized talent, and become instrumental in the discovery of all facts, both physical and spiritual, and in the promulgation of universal truth both terrestrial and heavenly.

REV. DR. JOSEPH PARKER

His Endorsement of Spiritualism

Fifty-seven years ago there was a remarkable discussion of Spiritualism in England in a newspaper of that time, called "The Morning," from which we extract the following statement by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, one of the most eloquent preachers of his day. Dr. Parker opened the correspondence (in January, 1893) with "An Open Letter" to Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the "Review of Reviews," as follows:

My Dear Mr. Stead,

I thank you very warmly for calling my attention to your notes upon Spiritual communication, which you have published in the Christmas number of your "Review." I am glad to accept your statement without the faintest shadow of reserve as to its literal accuracy, because you have given me evidence which makes scepticism impossible.

For myself, I have no difficulty in believing that all seances, all enquiries of the kind you indicate, all earnest endeavours to test the reality of the spiritual, represent so much groping after God Himself. God is a Spirit. If men were to give themselves might and main to an enquiry concerning God, I should regard that enquiry as expressing the deepest interest in true Spiritualism. . . .

It seems to me that a congregation, properly regulated, ought to constitute the largest and most effective seance possible. Of course, if congregations will not lift up their thought to this high level, they cannot expect to receive visions from God. . . .

I cannot make light of the suggestion that inspiration is a present-day fact. I believe that men may now receive direct messages from God. From my point of view, inspiration neither began with the sacred canon, nor closed with it. It is the very life of God in the universe. It is the voice of God to the human soul. . . . We do not want a new Bible. We want a new reading of the old Bible.

I have met with several Spiritualists, and have been struck by their personal earnestness. One or two of the godliest men I have ever known were simply infatuated by Spiritualism. Other men have been sober-minded, earnest, simple, and straightforward in all their supposed realizations of the higher forces. . . . Inspiration will come to men in different ways. Holy men of old spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. They did not know what they were going to say. The prophets probably did not understand one tithe of what they uttered. They were literally and in very deed the medium through whom God spoke His Word to the world. . . .

I thank you for all you have done in this matter of Spiritualism; but I venture to submit to you that all you have done is but alphabetic and elementary, and that it ought to be no surprise to you, or to anyone else, that communication between the worlds is possible. The Bible has been teaching this during all the centuries of its existence. It is not a truth outside the Church, but inside the Church, and upon the very centre of the altar of the Church. The Church ought not to look upon Spiritualism, when the processes are honestly conducted, with any but a friendly eye, because the Church well knows that every step in that direction means advancement towards the sublime fact that God is Spirit, and that He is willing to communicate every day with the spirits of those who wait upon Him in faith and love.

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THE CHURCHES AND SPIRITUALISM

By Rev. R. W. Maitland

(from our cuttings file)

As one who can see something on both sides of the fence which still divides them — without, I hope, sitting on it — may I say that the hesitation, not to say bewilderment, with which so many of my clerical brethren regard the Spiritualist movement, seems to me to be largely due to the uncritical attitude of Spiritualists themselves towards communications which profess to come from the other "other side," and their proneness to rush into print with the often banal remarks which they have thus received. Such books and newspaper articles have a far wider range of publicity than they had a few years ago and are a great hindrance to the spread of our movement among more intelligent minds — as some of us know to our cost.

So much one can see from the clerical side. But from the Spiritualist side one can see further that all such hindrances can be only temporary.

The conservatism — or shall we say the natural timidity? — of the clerical mind, the absurdities of some among the Spiritualists themselves: all alike are unable to stay the gradual recognition of psychic phenomena by orthodox science. When once that recognition has taken place, then the Church will have no option but to place the miracles of the present day alongside the miracles of the Bible. The theory — which will doubtless continue to be held by many scientists — that "all such phenomena are due solely to the subconscious mind of the Mediums," will be of no avail for the Churches, who would thus explain away the very miracles upon which their Faith is founded.

No, when science has absorbed the phenomena, then the Churches will be compelled to do what some so fervently hope for — absorb Spiritualism, lock, stock, and barrel, or cease to exist. This is as inevitable as the sunrise to-morrow.

But why should the Churches wait? Fifty years ago, the Churches were fighting a rearguard action on Darwinianism — "the ground strewn with the bodies of dead Theologians," as a Scientist facetiously described it.

To-day, the old position of the Churches is hopelessly lost. Why repeat the old undignified retreat before inevitable facts? Why not rather accept what Spiritualism can offer, sifting the wheat from the chaff, and thus make discoveries besides which those of Columbus would fade into nothingness?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

By Major Ripley Webb

In "Spiritual Vision"

Question: Is it a good thing to know who one's guide is?

Reply: The work of a spirit guide is to help us, and often that work is best attained by operating behind the scenes, as it were. It depends largely on the individual. Where someone gets to know the guide and plagues him (or her) to inspire the ordinary mundane problems of the day, there is obviously a detriment to progress. You do not help your son by doing his homework for him, you encourage him to solve the problems for himself. But if you intend to devote your life to spiritual service and you get to know your guide with the object of gaining his active co-operation, then most probably you will find him eager to make himself known. It seems that guides are often changed, especially when the trend of one's life here is changed, though of course where a link of love has been established it will never be broken. I often think that the saddest task imaginable must be that of the guide of one who stubbornly chooses the downward path.

Question: Do you think there is intelligent life on some of the planets?

Reply: Do you think that the Earth is the only planet out of the myriads in the cosmos on which

intelligent life exists? Of course not. The very idea is nonsensical. The very universe, every atom of it, is life itself, electrical in nature. Likewise it is absurd to imagine that the human form, which has evolved in accordance with earthly conditions, is the only one in which intelligence can express itself. No doubt there are unthinkable numbers of forms in which intelligence is expressed, in the many realms of creation. We must not make the mistake of using the "solid" Earth as a standard of comparison when studying the universe. It is almost certain that the Earth was never intended to be so dense in nature but was made so by opposition to God's will and purpose. If God desires to express infinite particles of Himself in manifestation, so that they may individualize and grow in His own likeness, He must naturally create conditions in which experience may be obtained. Here is a picture so vast that our minds cannot contain it, yet the universe is only vast because we are so constricted. The Isle of Wight would be frighteningly vast to a snail. If we could travel with the speed of thought the universe might be too small to hold us! Its immensity is relative to our present condition. When we are free of such restrictions and are able to think in terms of infinity and eternity, then we shall begin to understand.

THE AUSTRALIAN PSYCHIC FORUM

The third number of the "Forum" has just come to hand and is full of good things: Fields of the Mind; The Need for a Study of Mechanism; General Hints on Healing; Judge Not Pilate; Rational Pantheism; etc.

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The vast majority of people are convinced that whether or not the Dead do survive, or however or wherever they might be supposed to do so, they at any rate lose at their death all contact with us whom they leave behind, all awareness of our lives and doings, all knowledge of our joys and sorrows, and all means of making their own existence or the fact of their close presence known to us. All these people are completely wrong. This book proves that they are. Read it and see. Then tell your friends.

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If we do not yet know, with physical and mathematical certainty that we shall live in another world, we shall perhaps soon know it. Spiritism, which has become an experimental science, strict and extensive, is on the point of unveiling the mysteries of the Beyond, and converting into a sure conviction that which is at present only a matter of Faith.—Rabbi Dante Latte.

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