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DECEMBER, 1951

The Harbinger of Light

Everyman's Digest
of
Psychic Science, Healing
and
Spiritual Philosophy

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

LEADING FEATURES

Christmas
Animal Spirit Friends
Singing Carols
Healing of a Rhesus Baby
Divining Explosive Mines
What a Spiritualist Believes

"THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT"

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THE Harbinger of Light

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EVERYMAN'S DIGEST DEVOTED TO
**Psychic Science, Spiritualism, Healing, and
Spiritual Philosophy**

Editor

Rev. J. T. HUSTON, N.D.,
Box 64 A, G.P.O., Adelaide, S.A.

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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 in the past, and trust that we may continue to merit your co-operation in 1952.

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.

CHRISTMAS

In "National Spiritualist" (U.S.A.)

Abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. Who now are the shepherds? A shepherd leadeth his sheep in green pastures. In Spiritualism, we look to the leaders, the mediums, to bring comfort and solace from heaven. There is no greater shepherd, if in the heart there is an innate desire to serve, humbleness of heart, mercy to all creatures and, above all, charity in thought and deed. How else could the heavenly messengers bring the music of heaven to earth?

As in days of yore, when the message from heaven was given, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people," so to-day, the angels watch and wait to bring their message of joy to the earth.

There is no death! I live! As I have lived and loved you on earth, so do I live and love you in heaven. Heaven? No, not far away, but here and near, nearer than breathing.

Cast aside thy foolish fears, selfish desires, jealousies, and hate, and replace with the burning desire to do, to give thy all. Sit in the quiet of thy chamber and let thyself soar into the clouds and atmosphere of angels and they will thee bless. If thou wouldst the blessings of heaven, the peace of earth, the true joy of living, then bless other lives with deeds of kindness, with love flowing from thy being, and thou wilt see how thy God, Infinite Wisdom, in the essence of purity, will bless thy life and thee. Couldst thou do this? To-day?

To love breaks barriers of hate, walls that have been built, unconsciously perhaps. Love is the greatest protection to man if he will it so. At this season of the year, man's thoughts are directed, probably, to many Christmases ago, when the Great Teacher came to teach, in his own humble way that we Love one another. Is that plea not needed now, more than ever before?

We who teach the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, surely understand what true brotherhood means. When do we start to practise that which we preach? Charity begins at home. This season may the love of the Christ child penetrate every heart with the message of Peace on earth to men of goodwill. Think it, speak it, live it, every day, until it becomes a reality. If we desire from others, then let us first put the law into motion, by doing ourselves. Yes, the Golden Rule. First do, then receive.

The angels in heaven are waiting and watching for shepherds to lead their flocks, everywhere. Not only to bring the message of continuous life, here and hereafter, but to use channels to bring peace to messengers of goodwill to every man, woman, and child. Teachers of children, parents, musicians, artists, writers, philosophers, mechanics, and many others; all channels for education are needed. Education in the sense of bringing to the people the burning desire to improve and educate self, by becoming a channel of distribution to the world.

Seek and ye shall find! Knock and the door shall be opened unto you! Humbleness in every thought and deed! Charity toward others! Above all, to thine own self be true, and it follows as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

What we wish to be we become. What we desire, we attract. Let it be the best. The angels closer than breathing are watching and waiting for men of goodwill to bring the message from heaven this Christmastide. Behold, I bring you good tidings, a message of joy, of peace—as you wish to be, you become.

A merry Christmas and may we all follow the beautiful star of the East that led wise men then. To-day, the angels ever watch and wait.

RHESUS BABY HEALED

From "Psychic News"

Week by week we hear of phenomenal cures by psychic healers. Frequently new hope is given to people whose lives are threatened by deadly diseases. The old are made young, the paralyzed are made to walk, the blind are made to see.

Now a new name must be added to the ever-growing list of those whose lives have been changed through the advent of spiritual healing. The name is Linda Cooke, and it belongs to a little three-years-old Brighton girl. Lindy, as she is familiarly called, has never known, until recently, the bounding freedom of little children. She was born a Rhesus baby and has been a cripple since birth.

But to-day remarkable changes are occurring to little Linda. They are happening through the instrumentality of Miss Gay Heilbron, the well-known Euston healer. Here, in a letter sent by the mother, Mrs. Joy Cooke, of Pyecombe Post Office, Sussex, to "Psychic News," is the complete story of the cure as it is taking place.

My story begins two days after the birth of my baby girl—just three years ago—when it was discovered that she was a Rhesus baby and there was an immediate blood transfusion given. Although this saved her life, the early condition of her blood badly damaged the tissues of the brain, so that at the age of fourteen months she could do nothing that is expected of a baby of that age. Her head was sunken on her chest, and there was no question of her being able to sit up as her body had no use in it whatever.

When I took Lindy back for advice the specialist at the hospital told me that she was incurable as there was no way of repairing the damaged tissues. He said that it was very unlikely that she would ever walk or talk. Well, I nearly went out of my mind. This was our first baby, and I was told that

any more children I might have would be dead at birth. So I thought things over quietly and decided I must try spiritual healing.

In November of last year I was introduced by my good friend, Mrs. Horton, to Miss Gay Heilbron, of 17 Endsleigh Street, Euston, and ever since she has been giving Lindy treatment.

If I could only express the great happiness I feel in the tremendous change that has taken place! My lovable little girl is now really beautiful and a joy to us all.

She is wonderfully clean in her habits. She can use her hands and pull herself up in her playpen, whereas before there was not the slightest bit of power in her body whatever.

Her little face has completely altered and there is a wonderfully intelligent expression. Her head is erect and the tongue is back in place.

Last month I got a report from a doctor, who was simply amazed, and said:

"Although there is still a defect in her balance, there is no doubt that her dormant brain has somehow woken up suddenly, and I can promise you that she is definitely not incurable or incapable of being taught. In fact, I feel you can have every hope of a very much greater improvement in the months to come."

There is not a person who sees Linda who is not amazed at the change, and it does my heart good to hear their encouraging remarks.

I have known utter despair, and that is why I hope you will be able to print this story, not only to tell people of this miracle, for that is what it is, but most of all to bring hope to the hearts of mothers with children like Linda.

I can only say how wonderful Miss Heilbron has been to my child, and how understanding to myself at a time when I was mentally exhausted with worry and sadness.

SINGING CAROLS . From "Fellowship News"

When we sing carols, we don't always know where they come from. Here is something about a few you'll be singing this Christmas:

"O Little Town of Bethlehem"

This is one of the very few carols written in America. Phillip Brooks knew all about hymns, for, as a lad, he learned over two hundred by heart. Later he wrote a few of his own. He had no children of his own, but lots of nephews and nieces. They thought Uncle Phillip was good fun because he romped with them and was always ready with some tricks. Then he went on a journey to Palestine. While riding his horse over the hill to Bethlehem, the words came to his mind, and the carol was made and sent back to his nieces for Christmas.

"Christians Awake"

John Byrom was a well-known poet living just over two hundred years ago. His daughter was very proud that her father was a poet. Christmas was coming round and he asked her what she would like for Christmas. She thought for a while. All her father's poems had been written for publishers and other people. So she said, "For Christmas, I would like a poem written by you." So sure enough she received a little packet inscribed, "Christmas Day, for Dolly." In the package was the carol, "Christians Awake." The very next year Dolly Byrom was to hear carol-singers outside her home singing her Christmas hymn.

"It Came upon the Midnight Clear"

Edmund Sears was ten. One day in the fields he thought out two verses of poetry, and having no pen he wrote the words on his hat with a piece of chalk from the cliff. His friends wouldn't believe he had written it, so there and then he wrote another verse. Later he wrote more poems, and several books, and became very famous. But his most famous poem is the carol, "It Came upon the Midnight Clear."

"SHIP IS LOST, ALL HAVE PERISHED"

Reprinted from "Psychic News"

In this article the famous pioneer, Emma Hardinge Britten, describes how an officer lost aboard the ill-fated "Pacific" gave the news through her mediumship, and in identical language through another psychic also, before any fear of the ship's loss had been entertained. The "Pacific" was never heard of again. The extract is taken from her autobiography and reprinted by "Psychic News."

As an aid to my future development I had been advised by Mrs. Kellogg to use the alphabet, and continue to sit at stated periods for practice. This I promised to do, but not finding the requisite leisure, my convictions of the spiritual origin of my previous performances waxed weaker and weaker with the lapse of every hour.

I had come to America in the steamship "Pacific," one of the Collins line. Ever since my arrival in New York I had maintained a kindly intercourse with some of the officials of the ship, between whom and myself little acts of friendship were exchanged every time she came into port.

The ship "Pacific" was due on the memorable day when I became developed as a medium, to wit, Tuesday, February 19, 1856. On Wednesday I went down to the wharf in the hope of receiving a little package that was to be sent me from England, in charge of an officer, between whom and myself the most kindly acquaintance had been kept up ever since our landing. The ship had not arrived, and no tidings were received of her, but as she was only overdue some thirty hours, and the season rendered it likely that wintry storms would occasion the delay, no anxiety was felt in consequence.

That evening, just as my mother and I were about to retire for the night, a sudden and unusual chill crept over me, and an irresistible impression possessed my mind that a spirit had

come into our presence. A sensation as if water was streaming over me accompanied the icy chilliness I experienced, and a feeling of indescribable terror possessed my whole being. I begged my mother to light up every lamp we had at hand; then to open the door, that the proximity of people in the house, outside our room, might aid to dissipate the horror that seemed to pervade the very air.

At last, at my mother's suggestion, I consented to sit at the table, with the alphabet we had provided turned from me and toward her, so that she could follow the involuntary movements of my finger, which some power seemed to guide in pointing out the letters.

In this way was rapidly spelled out, "Philip Smith, ship 'Pacific'."

For a few moments this mode of manifestation ceased, and, to my horror, I distinctly felt an icy-cold hand laid on my arm; then, distinctly and visibly to my mother's eyes, something pulled my hair, which was hanging in long curls; all the while the coldness of the air increasing so painfully that the apartment seemed pervaded by Arctic breezes. After a while, my own convulsed hand was moved tremblingly, but very rapidly, to spell out: "My dear Emma, I have come to tell you I am dead. The ship 'Pacific' is lost, and all on board have perished; she and her crew will never be heard from any more."

There was little or no sleep for me that night and, at my mother's suggestion, immediately after breakfast the next morning set off to consult our good friend Mrs. Kellogg, as she had herself earnestly requested me to do in any emergency when I might desire her advice. Despite the unexpected nature of the message I had received, and the power with which it came, I still doubted, and it was in that frame of mind that I hurried up to Mrs. Kellogg's lodgings. As I ascended the two

flights of stairs that led to the apartments I sought, I noticed that I was being followed by an old gentleman who seemed to be climbing up after me, though with far less ease and speed.

Arrived at the landing, what was my surprise to see Mrs. Kellogg coming out of her own room, her large blue eyes fixed and glazed, as if in the same trance condition in which I had beheld her before.

Walking straight up to me, she took my hand, and said in a forced, unnatural voice: "My dear Emma, I have come to tell you I am dead. The ship 'Pacific' is lost, and all on board have perished. She and her crew will never be heard from more." "Great Heaven!" I exclaimed, waking Mrs. Kellogg up by my energetic cry; "look here!" and then, holding out the paper I had brought with me, I read in a loud — and, I suppose, excited — tone, the message I had received the night before with the facsimile of her words, except in respect of the signature.

At that moment our interview was interrupted by the old gentleman who had followed me up the stairs, and who now cried in a loud and angry voice: "You are a pair of impostors. How dare you prophesy the loss of my ship?" "Oh, Mr. Collins, is that you?" said Mrs. Kellogg, from whom I afterwards learned that the poor old gentleman was none other than Mr. Collins, the proprietor of the line to which the ship "Pacific" belonged.

He had been also the proprietor of the ship "Arctic," on which his own hapless wife and child had perished in a fearful wreck occasioned by collision with an iceberg. Without having learned any of these particulars, I simply found I was "de trop" in the scene that was then occurring, so, having quietly whispered to Mrs. Kellogg, "I received this communication through the alphabet last night," and, placing my copy of the same in her hand, I at once withdrew.

I have since heard that the poor old gentleman, E. K. Collins, after the loss of his wife and daugh-

ter on his ship, the "Arctic," had often consulted Mrs. Kellogg as to their fate, and was a firm believer in Spiritualism. Still, he was perhaps justly angry when he heard our predicting the loss of the poor "Pacific" within a few days only of her expected arrival.

I need not remind my readers that this statement was strictly verified by subsequent results. The ship "Pacific" and her ill-fated crew were never heard from any more and, despite the indignant threats of prosecution made against "the impostors" who dared to predict her loss on the faith of spiritual communications, which both myself and others to whom I named the fact did not scruple to repeat; Philip Smith and some few of his fellow sufferers, in their messages from the harbour which happily sheltered their enfranchised spirits, were the only revelators that ever lifted the awful veil of doom from their ocean grave.

DIVINING EXPLOSIVE MINES

Rhabdomancy, or the art of divining by means of the twig-rod, is the subject of an instructive article in "La Liberte," from which we quote the following story:

Colonel F. was sent during the war to one of the French ports on the Atlantic coast. He employed his leisure by sailing about and trying to count the explosive mines in the bay with a hazel twig. One day he counted fourteen and reported the result of his quest to the marine officer who had charge of the placing of the mines for the protection of the port. "That's strange," exclaimed the officer, "your wand has exactly doubled the number, for I only laid seven last night." However, he sent out a party of marines to verify the number, and they found fourteen, seven having been placed by German submarines during the night.

ANIMAL SPIRIT FRIENDS

By A. T. Connor, F.S.N.U.

In "Psychic News"

One dictionary meaning of Animal is "life," and of Spirit is "a breath"—and we all know the saying that "the breath is the life." So, as we all breathe and manifest life, we human beings, also, are animals—our superiority to what are classed the lower animals being due to having evolved to a higher state of mental and (let us hope) spiritual development.

Training Animals

Most of us have had experiences, or read accounts, of animal intelligence. Dogs and horses can be taught and trained for activities which are of great assistance to their human masters.

Some of these activities, in what are known as sports, are regarded by many of us as regrettable—but my point is that animals could not be trained if they did not possess a mind capable of learning what they are being taught.

Our watch-dogs protect us and our homes while we are asleep; our police dogs are of great help in the tracking of dangerous criminals; our "family" dogs are protection against attack by other human beings, and also enjoyable companions; and they and our cats keep our homes free from rats and mice.

What is the basis of this intelligence? The obvious answer is that animals have minds working through brains, just like human beings; and as our Spiritualist God is Infinite Life, Love and Wisdom, each animal is a unit in this infinity and therefore a Spirit being, with all the attributes of Infinite Spirit.

Some may scoff at this claim, pointing to a human being and a mouse; but, in reply to this, we point to a University Graduate and a child who has not begun to attend school.

We also remind them that the Graduate has evolved from a baby who could not speak or read

or write, and that all human beings have evolved from a speck of matter too small to be seen without a microscope — the mouse (or a similar mental) stage being one of the steps in our ascent.

Animals are our Spirit equals, and when they "die" they go to their Animal Sphere of the Spirit World.

There are numerous evidences that animals not only continue their individual existence in Spirit life, but are able to return to Earth conditions and manifest their presence; and the two following experiences prove that they take Earth memories with them.

Our household pets have always been treated as members of our family, and, when physical death took them from us, some have been able to return. One dog, named Joey, who was clairvoyant, would sit with us during our home circle, and always banged on the floor with his tail when one of our Spirit friends appeared.

When he went into Spirit life, our two youngest children would hear him running up the stairs and feel him jump on their bed — then our cat Patsy would run, with ears raised, out of the bedroom.

Spirit Mewing

When our cat Gussy passed on, he manifested to us at home, and also to our daughter, a W.R.A.C., stationed a two hours' train journey away: mewing at her window, and frightening a cat in the room. She wrote telling us of her experience, and our reply confirmed her expressed opinion that Gussy had "died."

These are our family's home experiences, so we are not forced to rely on what others have told us. But if you are not lucky enough to have animal Spirit friends in your own home — or if you have, but do not as yet realize your luck — discuss the matter with your friends, and your Society or Lyceum leaders; and by doing so you may get into contact with someone who experiences animal return from their Spirit Sphere.

THE NOBLEST REVENGE

By Lord Dowding

In "Chimes"

The don'test of all don'ts is: Don't get even.

The greatest of all time-wasting is time wasted on revenge. It not only is a waste of time, but also of grey matter, nerve force, vitality, soul juice, and life reserves.

The desire for retaliation is the most dangerous lust that enslaves human beings.

When you want to hurt him who has hurt you, you want something that irritates you, even while you want it, disappoints you when you get it, and makes you feel mean after it's all over.

You can't get through this life without meeting people who injure you. There are those that snub you, those that betray you, those that cheat you, those that envy you, besides all the swarm of spiteful, malicious, weak, and venomous human mosquitoes, worms, and wasps.

If you stop and chase each of these to punish them, you will have no time for anything else.

If you allow yourself to think of them, they will poison you until your mind is as sour as butter-milk, your sleep ruined, and your hours of leisure turned from content to wretchedness.

Forget it.

It makes not so much matter whether or not you forgive an offence; the only satisfying thing is to forget it.

Go on!

There's too much to do to stop and fight bees. Life's too rich to pauperize it by hate. Let it pass! Go on!

Doubtless your enemy needs a thrashing. But what's that to you? The question: What do YOU need? You need peace of mind, poise, and contentment and to keep thinking about him is to upset yourself.

The people who spiritually arrive are the forgetters.

Here is a sentence you may paint on your wall where you can see it day by day, on your ceiling where you can gaze on it when you wake up at night, on your mind where all your thoughts can read it as they pass by, and on your heart where every emotion can be shaped by it:

**An injury can grieve us only when remembered.
The noblest revenge, therefore, is to forget.**

EXTERIORIZATION OF THE DOUBLE

Mr. Leopole Gunther narrates the following remarkable case in "Zeitschrift fur Parapsychologie":

A fortune-seller in Lapland was one day reproached by a Swedish bishop for making use of evil forces in nature. The fortune-teller said his powers were real but he did not use them for evil, and offered the bishop a little experiment. He said, "I will tell you what your wife and daughter are doing at this moment at home." He thereupon went into a profound trance for half an hour. When he awoke he said the bishop: "I went to Upsala and saw your wife and daughter in the kitchen. They were scaling a fish to be cooked. Your wife had taken off her wedding ring, and I amused myself by hiding it in the coal-box!"

When the bishop returned home he found that at the time of the seance his wife and daughter had been in the kitchen preparing a fish for the pot. The wedding ring had disappeared and they had not yet found it. He told them to go and look for it in the coal-box, and there it was! The fortune-teller, or rather his double, had certainly put it there for no one else could have done so. The two women then declared that they had both seen for an instant a Laplander in the kitchen who immediately vanished, to their great amazement. When they missed the ring they supposed that he had been the thief. And so he was in a way, but only to convince the good bishop that there was more in occult powers than he had ever imagined.

OUR LIMITATIONS

The earth is yet so crude; our senses are so dull and our vision so limited, that we fail to realize those emanations and movements of refined matter about us, or the subtle and incessant play of forces around us.

From a single ray of light shoot millions of electrons and corpuscles, the basic constituents of matter, smaller than the atom of hydrogen, striking blow upon blow, passing by and through us in their incessant warfare with the night, but we feel them not.

We do not realize the quivering and bending of the earth's crust under our feet, caused by changes of temperature and the pressure of atmospheric waves, nor do we hear the fermentations and oxidations of the soil in changing seasons.

We see the action of gravitation, but know nothing of the medium through which it operates. We hear the wind sighing among the trees; but we do not hear the roar of sap up trunk and branch, the bursting of the buds as they bombard the air, or the speech of growing trees and flowers and grass among themselves; yet life, wherever found, has language.

The vibrations from out the abyss of space would reach our ears if they had more and higher octaves, or if our capacity for catching sound were immeasurably intensified.

We do not hear the clang of the planets as they ring down through their orbits, the explosive detonations of the sun, the wild dance and chant of the nebulae, the comet's note of warning, or the rush of wandering matter, of which worlds are made, which must send out impulses and tremblings through the ether to this planet of ours. We are at all times in a great sea of intensely active forces and potentialities governed by a law of which we have little conception.—Contributed.

GLEANINGS FROM SPIRITUALISM'S BEST DIGEST

In "The New York Spiritualist Leader"

Acknowledgment

One of our main sources of glowing satisfaction through the ten years of publication of N.Y.S.L. is the reprinting of briefs from the "Leader" in Australia's "Harbinger of Light."

Almost every month a page of the briefs has been "re-broadcast" to Australians through the "Harbinger."

Dreams Photographed

Using a special opticians' camera, plus X-rays to penetrate behind closed eyelids, Italian scientist "Calderon" — so it is claimed in "Tit-Bits" — has succeeded repeatedly in photographing dream-excitement induced in optic-nerve fibre-endings (which create images on the retina). . . . Calderon says the retina with its 500,000 nerve fibres separated by fatty substance, is a mosaic similar to a television transmitter.

Dr. C. Irving Benson

"All the churches should appoint representatives to a commission to thoroughly investigate the whole subject of communication with the Unseen World, and report their findings. If this thing be of man it will come to naught — but if it be of God, . . .," says an Australian minister, C. Irving Benson, of the Wesley Church in Melbourne, who also controls activities for a boys' farm, an old folk's home, and shelter for down-and-outs.

Making History

Creating matter out of energy, reversing the atom bomb process — Richard Wilson, a son of the S.N.U. President in England, working at the University of Rochester in New York with Arthur Roberts (both Ph.D.s) on experiments with the 250 million volt cyclotron there, are making scientific history, as recognized recently by the New York "Times." To state it in scientific terms, they have "for the first time established the funda-

mental properties of the psi meson, generally believed to be the secret of the cosmic binding force that makes the material universe possible." . . . Wilson, from Oxford, is to go to Stanford University to work with the "linear accelerator" being developed there.

Choose!

There never has been such a craving to know how to live as exists to-day, according to Congregationalist minister, George Sharpe, of Manchester, England. . . . "Please must learn to choose! — So many just drift, content with being in the common stream! Never would I, a Congregationalist minister, have dared to speak from Spiritualist platforms as I do, had I followed the common road."

For the Critics

The ordinary libel law, that no criticism can make its author liable for damages provided it is fair and honest, made without malice, and contains no misstatement of fact, according to a recent London "Society for Psychical Research Journal," is considered sufficient protection for psychic researchers in pursuit of their investigations of mediums, even under the new English Fraudulent Mediums Bill, an Act of Parliament since June 22.

Clear Evidence

"Lately, science (physics) has become spiritualized against its own will," says Dr. Gustaf Stromberg, retired Mount Wilson astronomer who recently broadcast on a Los Angeles television programme on which recordings of spirit voices were played. . . . "Matter has lost its substance, evaporating into a kind of nothingness but retaining its structure. . . . Previously scientists were sceptical about psychic manifestations, as there was no theory to account for them. Now the evidence points unmistakably to the conclusion that memory and feelings, and so personality, continue after death in a non-material world. Our memories are not impressed on the atoms in our brains, but

on the immaterial brain-field, which is ever-expanding.

On "Sitting Alone"

In defence of the sitting-alone psychic development method, Horace Leaf (now in the U.S.A.) recently wrote: "For three years I experimented intensively sitting fourteen times a week alone and once in circle. At the end of that time I was demonstrating extensively in public, and felt absolutely no physical or mental ill consequences. Mediumship is still empirical, and sound advice would be for each person to make his own experiments."

In Scotland

Young ministers in special training for home missions work, living in the Church of Scotland Community on the island of Iona, recently heard Mrs. Lyon of Glasgow, medium and healer, tell of her training for healing mediumship and describe several cases healed by her guide, though pronounced incurable by the medical authorities.

Thoughts

Those who, through ignorance or prejudice, decry a new discovery, and so prevent fair consideration, are enemies of civilization.

Truth has neither youth nor age; it is, and ever has been, a brother to reason; it does not need the assistance of fame or science; it has never been in the keeping of any particular class of men; it is the heritage of all who live.

I look into the future and see the creeds and dogmas that for centuries have enslaved the human race dead and obsolete laws in life's great statute book. I see knowledge take the place of faith and superstition; I see the awful fear of death banished from every human heart and mankind at peace. I see a world of thinkers, honest and free, teaching the gospel of truth, the religion of nature, and philosophy of metaphysics, the new science of matter.

MATHILDE LEADS

By Maeanna Cheserton-Mangle

In "The National Spiritualist"

Joseph Allenby elbowed his way through the holiday throngs, his lips twisted into a bitter smile. There was no holiday in his soul. As he neared his home a small figure came tumbling toward him, exhaling little clouds in the frosty air. "Mr. Allenby, I've been waiting for you."

"What is it, Tommy?" Joseph nodded vaguely at the child, scarcely looking at him.

"Mommy and Daddy want you to celebrate Christmas with us. You should see our tree! It's beautiful — all covered with coloured lights. Will you come?"

Joseph Allenby snapped: "Thank you just the same. I have no time for such foolishness." He turned his back on the bewildered child and entered the house.

"A beautiful tree with coloured lights, indeed," he muttered. "That's all Christmas means today — parties! Fancy decorations!"

Suddenly the doorbell clanged. He opened the door cautiously. Outside stood a young woman, holding a flimsy coat tightly around her small frame. She was smiling.

"Mr. Allenby? I am Esther Feldman." She had a slight foreign accent. "My husband and I just moved into the house at the corner. We want to be friends with the people here."

Joseph stood stony-faced, resenting this intrusion.

The woman continued with some embarrassment, her voice trembling. "This time of the year while you observe Christmas, we celebrate the Jewish holiday, Hanukah . . ."

"I am well aware of it," replied Joseph impatiently.

"Well, we're having our Hanukah dinner this evening, and we would like to have you and some of the other neighbours join us. There will be plenty of good food and I'm preparing the special holiday dish — pancakes."

"Pancakes, eh?" Joseph shouted. "Plenty of good food! What a way to remember the mighty Maccabees! What of their sacrifice! What of their courage and faith in God? What of their struggle for religious freedom? To-day, all you think about is stuffing yourselves! No, thank you!"

He fairly slammed the door in her face.

Joseph turned to the fireplace and stood there for a moment as he muttered: "I wish I could go back to the days before empty celebrations when people were close to God and spiritual values counted for something." He stared into the heart of the fire with expressionless eyes. Out of the flames gradually the figure of Mathilde rose before him. Sweet, gentle, child-like Mathilde. Ever since her departure, Joseph had isolated himself, re-living his grief from day to day.

Joseph paled as she spoke softly: "Dear, don't be disturbed. I've come to talk with you. Were you serious about wanting to return to the past?"

"Mathilde!" He breathed the name as if it brought comfort to his soul.

She extended her hand and he bent to her. Then he experienced a curious sensation — as if he were spinning in space. Fireplace, living room — all seemed to melt away. When the atmosphere cleared he found himself in an ancient city on a cobblestone road. Mathilde was walking with him.

"We're in Jerusalem," she said gently, "back in 165 B.C."

Joseph rubbed his eyes and tried to regain his composure. "Where are the people rushing to?"

"They're going to the Temple. It's the great day of Rededication. A few weeks ago, the place was a shambles. It seemed as if it never could be

restored. But everyone helped and now it's as beautiful as it was the day three years ago when the Syrians took possession of it and forbade the Jews to worship God there."

Joseph's eyes flashed. "Do you mean to tell me we're about to see the rededication of the Temple—the one defiled by the Syrians?"

"None other," laughed Mathilde. "But what are we waiting for? Let's go, too."

Joseph's legs moved mechanically. He recalled how Antiochus, the Syrian tyrant, had invaded the holy Temple and desecrated it; how he had tried to force the Jews to worship Greek idols and how they had remained loyal to God; how the Jews, under the leadership of the mighty warrior, Judah Maccabee, had struggled for three years against overwhelming Syrian forces; how they had finally triumphed over oppression and restored the Temple.

Joseph followed Mathilde into the Temple, his heart pounding as he watched the Rededication. He saw a priest at the altar apply oil to the sacred lamp, or Menorah, symbol of everlasting light, which had not burned for three long years.

"And that is why Hanukah is called the Festival of Lights!" murmured Joseph.

Suddenly, a woman swayed lightly and cried out—a long, piercing wail of lamentation.

"That woman—who is she?" Joseph was breathless as he turned.

"It's Hannah. Antiochus slew her seven sons for refusing to bow to false gods."

"But she looks like—why, she might be the mother of that woman who came..."

"Mrs. Feldman?" suggested Mathilde softly. "Yes, she is very much like Hannah."

"Nonsense!" said Joseph scornfully. "The young woman who came to see me knows nothing of suffering or of religious ideals. She thinks only of feasting and parties."

Mathilde shook her head. "No, my dearest Esther Feldman knows much about suffering and persecution. Dear, in your world there are hundreds of thousands who have shown great courage and heroism for their principles, just as in ancient times."

Joseph was silent for awhile. When he spoke his voice was softer. "You always were so much more understanding than I, Mattie." As he looked at her, his eyes swimming in tears, his vision was blurred. When it cleared, he found himself in a large meadow; Mathilde was with him. It was a cold, clear night and the sky was ablaze with stars.

"I've never seen a night so bright," whispered Joseph, "or so hushed. It terrifies me a little. Where are we?" He seemed to accept her as a guide.

"We are only a short distance from the Temple in Jerusalem, Joseph; over 150 years have passed since the Jews celebrated the first Festival of Lights."

Joseph started to speak but his words froze within him. There was something mystical and awesome about this night — setting it apart from all other nights. They walked on in silence. Finally, they came to an old, weather-beaten barn and Joseph's wonder grew. From within came the sound of music — strange and ethereal.

Slowly, they entered and Joseph stood transfixed. Before them, illuminated by the starlight which streamed in from a crack in the roof, was a manger filled with straw and on the straw lay a new-born babe in swaddling clothes. Beside Him, on the hay, lay a woman and bending over her, gently caressing her hand, was a man. Everywhere there were animals and not a creature among them stirred or uttered a sound.

Suddenly, Joseph could restrain himself no longer. With a muffled sob, he knelt beside the Infant. "It is the Christ-child; it is the Prince of

Peace." Then, he rose and his voice rang out in the silence, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." As he spoke, the music around him swelled until all heaven seemed alive with sound. It was deafening. A great giddiness swept over him. He felt a sinking sensation. When he recovered, he was back in his living room, shivering with the cold before a dying fire. Peering into the darkness, he called softly, "Mathilde, are you there?" There was no reply.

Slowly, he arose, slipped into his coat and walked out into the night. A blanket of snow covered the town. As he passed the Wilkins' house, Joseph paused before the large window to watch them place gifts under the Christmas tree. It was a beautiful tree, just as Tommy had said; with coloured lights that spoke of warmth and hospitality. To-morrow, he would go to Tommy and apologize.

He continued along the street until he came to a tiny house on the corner. Through the window, the lights of a Menorah flickered and beckoned to him.

Joseph's spirit leaped within him. This was a wonderful world. These were good people living side by side, sharing their all. While they enjoyed their precious freedoms, they respected the rights of their neighbours to live in dignity and to worship God as they pleased. This was a world where brotherhood, liberty, and justice were not merely ideals, but pulsating realities. He was proud to be part of it.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men." Joseph placed his forefinger on the doorbell marked "Feldman" and pressed it.

There is not in the universe a single great problem that man can truthfully say he has mastered, and concerning which nothing remains to be found out.

MY FAVOURITE POEM

In "The Australian Women's Weekly"

The following lines are from the favourite poem of Mrs. W. R. Tucker, 14 Arkland Street, Cammeray, N.S.W. Send us your favourite short poem or an excerpt from a longer one.

Look to this day!

For it is life, the very life of life.

In its brief course

Lie all the verities and realities of your existence:

The bliss of growth,

The glory of action,

The splendour of beauty,

For yesterday is but a dream,

And to-morrow is only a vision.

But to-day well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,

And every to-morrow a vision of hope.

Look well, therefore, to this day!

Such is the salutation to the dawn.

—From the Sanskrit, by Kalidasa, Indian poet, whose work has been read in his own country for more than 1,500 years.

The Earth was born 2,500 million years ago, the first forms of life appeared 1,000 million years ago, but modern man evolved only one million years ago.

It now appears unlikely that the vast craters of the moon were of volcanic origin, but were probably due to bombardment by large celestial missiles. A piece of rock about the size of a house hit Siberia in 1908.

The first man to realize that the earth revolved around the sun was Aristrachus of Samos, who lived in the third century B.C. This idea was revived by Copernicus nearly two thousand years later.

scripts. The evidence is that they were interpolated into the Scriptures about the 3rd century.

Spiritualists believe that Jesus was an inspired man, a medium and reformer, and not a God. They do not regard the Bible as the "inerrant, infallible Word of God," but look upon it as being like other books that contain both truth and error.

LADY TELEPHONIST FRIGHTENED

"Aurora," a Spiritualist review published at Rio de Janeiro, records the following incident which has occurred at Vitoria in Brazil.

The scene is the telephonic section of the "Central Company of Light and Power." At two o'clock one day Mademoiselle N.M., a telephonist, returned from lunch to resume her duties. Having taken off her hat she naturally looked into a mirror hanging on the wall to see that her hair was in order. She was startled to see the face of a man beside her own! After her, another employee, moved by the same sentiment of coquetry, placed herself before the mirror, and was amazed to see a masculine visage in the glass. The two young ladies, though filled with wonder, sat down at their telephone instruments, to concentrate attention on their duties. Then a third telephonist stepped before the mirror to regard her features and saw a man's face that terrified her and heard a strong male voice cry, "No, no, I do not want to telephone!"

She shrieked, and seized by panic the three young ladies and their comrades fled. Attracted by their cries, two inspectors led them back into the telephone room and listened to their almost incoherent explanations. They had, they said, positively seen in the mirror the face of Abel Gonsalves, formerly employed in the same office, who had died some months before, and it was certainly his voice. The news soon spread and a great crowd collected in front of the building, and next morning the newspapers were full of it.

EMERGENCY FUND

We acknowledge gratefully the following donations to the Emergency Fund:

Misses F., Eaglehawk Neck, 30/-; St. Mark's, Hyde Park, 35/6; Mr. and Mrs. T.T., Nightcaps, 11/6; F.C.B., E. Preston, 10/-; W.A.P., Coburg, 10/-; S.K.W., Lord Howe Island, 8/-; A.E.S., Tawantin, 7/6; A.U., Moreland, 7/6; R.F.B., Hawthorn, 7/6; R.V.H., Eastwood, 7/6; R.C.K., Leeton, 7/6; E.O.Y., Coraki, 7/-; S.F.H., Kenmore, 2/6; F.J.J., Thombury, 2/6.

THE LIBRARY

The "H. of L." Library has been closed and the books are being sent to the Victorian Spiritualists' Union, 109 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. The combined libraries, which will be the largest and most comprehensive Spiritualist library in Australia, will be available to subscribers early in 1952.

Jesus, in Chesterton's phrase, collected "twelve of the ordinary men standing around" and made them his disciples. They were not "educated" products of a theological college, their essential qualification was potential mediumship.

From the "miracles" Jesus performed, the proofs of personal survival He gave, the seances and mediumistic practices of those disciples, came Christianity.

But where in Christendom are those things found to-day? Only with Spiritualism can any parallel be traced.

And Spiritualism's source is that from whence flowed the first springs of Christianity and all religions, the pure and sparkling waters of the Spirit.

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