

"Dawn approaches, Error is passing away, Men arising shall hail the day"

THE Harbinger of Light

A MONTHLY DIGEST DEVOTED TO

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

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THE SEA HAS ITS GHOSTS

By Capt. Frank H. Shaw, in "Prediction."

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I saw a ghost. It may have been hallucination, or the work of a too-vivid imagination.

In a sailing ship, running the Easting down before a heaven-hard gale of wind, one of the crew fell overboard, being literally blown off the lower topsail yard, where he was trying to lash the head of the sail to the jackstay. The ship gave a furious lurch, he lost handgrip on the slippery jackstay, I suppose, and pitched head foremost over the yard. He struck the bellied canvas, glanced off, vanished overside into boiling froth. I was a youngster, at the kicking wheel at the time. I yelled to the mate, who had the watch, snugged under a windbreak in the mizzen rigging: "Man overboard!"

I jerked a lifebuoy from its beackets and pitched it over the stern. I had all my work cut out in handling the steering after that; the ship ran wild. The wind force was 70 miles an hour.

The mate stamped on the deck over the captain's head: the captain came up, blear-eyed from sleep in a stuffy atmosphere. We could do nothing: two thousand miles from port. True, an odd grating was pitched over the side; but, as I heard the mate growl: "Poor devil, it's only prolonging the agony!" Thus we left the man to drown. It is doubtful if anything could have been done. Plenty of seamen have perished that way. It was a pity. Sadness fell on the ship. The foremast hands agreed that the position had been hopeless. There was no rancour against the afterguard; it was the kind of thing seamen had to face.

At midnight I relieved the wheel for a two-hour trick. The weather was still tempestuous; the ship demanded a great deal of handling. I had a man at the lee wheel to halve the strain. There was scant chance of thinking, even—concentrated attention on the wheel was absolutely necessary if the ship were to live. I was just heaving up the spokes to keep the ship's head off when I heard the drowned man's voice at my ear: "Why didn't you stop and pick me up?" it asked. He owned a husky, individual voice in life; this was unquestionably his voice. "Watch your luff!" bellowed the mate, hurrying aft. I was so flabbergasted that I released the spokes and the ship ran up into the wind. She almost broached-to. When she was steady, I asked the man at the lee wheel: "Hear anything?" "Sure I did," he said across the spokes. "It was Snowball." He emptied his mouth of tobacco-juice and added: "There he is, at your shoulder!"

I cannot describe what it was—there was certainly nothing visible; but there was, as certainly,

a feeling that something was there, standing behind me on the wheel-grating. I swung an arm behind me—nothing resisted it. "What's biting you?" growled the mate, seeing my antics. "Snowball was speaking, sir," said I. "Oh, they often do," he said casually, as if it were an everyday occurrence. "Sometimes they take quite a while to settle."

Twice more during that trick did Snowball—a mulatto—speak his condemnation. His voice was as authentic as his real voice. I wasn't to blame; I was simply a nonentity under orders. The captain was the man to say if an attempt at rescue should be made. Why should I be the recipient of that accusation from the Other Side? Now, I am not of the stamp of man who believes in ghosts. I have visited allegedly haunted houses without hearing or seeing a single manifestation. Even when companions have sworn to certain happenings, I've been unaware of them. True, as a small boy, I used to scud past the local cemetery at headlong speed, because I fancied I saw shadowy figures performing antics among the shimmering tombstones. But a young boy's fancy plays odd tricks.

And yet—I saw another ghost; rather, I heard it. It was a long time after that fateful Easting voyage. Can I be clairaudient on infrequent occasions? Heaven knows! But I heard the voice of Captain Lockyer say: "Steer East by South!" as plainly as if he'd been on the steamer's bridge alongside me. It was during the middle watch of a foggy night, the fog having succeeded a formidable gale. Naturally, as captain, I was on the bridge. I felt uncomfortable—Captain Lockyer had been dead for many years. And as surely as I heard that crisp order, so surely did I hear the helmsman say: "East by South, sir!" as if acknowledging a change of course.

I went to the wheelhouse to demand: "Who told you to alter course?" "Why, sir, you did—you said East by South, plain as day!" "Nonsense!" I said, "Go your course." He did that. I crossed to where the watch-keeper was snuggled under shelter of the dodger. "Did you tell him to alter course?" I asked. "I sir? No, sir," he replied, surprised. It couldn't have been hallucination, though I was worn out, first with seeing my ship through the storm, now with the fog.

I hadn't thought of old Sam Lockyer for donkeys' years. East by South was the last course I had in mind. Then I heard the helmsman say: "Ay, ay, sir. East by South!" I went to the wheelhouse door. I was annoyed, being a matter-of-fact man. "You talking to yourself?" I asked. He denied the imputation; he was answering my new order. "I never gave one," said I. "Keep your ears skinned. Go your proper course."

A glance into the binnacle showed me the lubber's line was swaying on East by South. "Someone's balmy!" I heard the quartermaster mutter. I stood by the standard compass and watched the ship's head swing back to the lawful compass point. "Steady as you go!" said I; and told the watchkeeper to keep an eye on the steering. I heard him say, after a while: "Watch your helm, there; you're two points off course." "Ship isn't answering, sir," came back from the wheelhouse. I told the second mate to take the wheel himself for a spell. He reported that she was dragging at the wheel, simply wouldn't steady on the right course.

Now, I had no particular cause to remember old Lockyer, except that once I'd been enabled to do him a good turn, which needn't be elaborated here. But, with the eerie fog everywhere around, and my thoughts straying this way and that, I began to wonder if it were permitted occasionally

—very occasionally—for messages to be transmitted from one dimension to another! I remembered the case of the man overboard down the Easting. Laughing at myself for my folly, I ordered the watchkeeper to steer East by South for a while, and see how the ship behaved. He reported in five minutes that she steered like a yacht.

We were steaming at half-speed, as dictated by the rule of the road at sea, which ordains that in thick weather all ships must go warily. I rang the telegraph to full speed. The quartermaster had taken the wheel again. I asked how the ship steered; he replied: "Like a charm, sir." "Then go your course," I instructed. After a minute or two he called: "She won't come up sir!" It was all very puzzling. We had plenty of sea-room.

I stood in the wheel-house, watching the quartermaster. He did his best, but the ship fought the helm consistently. And, standing there, among the steam and grease-smells, I got a weird impression that someone else was present. It was exactly as it was on the poop of my old sailing ship. "Let her go East by South for a bit," I said. She behaved docilely as soon as her bow was notched on that point. I slowed to half-speed.

This was in the days before wireless was in general use aboard ordinary freighters. A few Transatlantic liners carried it, yes; but the "Titanic" wasn't yet sunk, and the need for urgent calls didn't seem so insistent. At change of watch I told the new hand at the wheel to revert to the original course. He couldn't get the ship steady, he said. And that feeling of companionship persisted. I asked the mate, now keeping watch, if he noticed anything odd. "Ship seems uneasy, sir," he agreed. He was superstitious: a Highlander from Inverness. I told him of the eerie voice. "Take my word for it, sir; it's a message from the Unseen," he said with the utmost con-

viction. I laughed, not very convincingly, perhaps. And as I did so, I distinctly heard Lockyer's voice say: "Keep going as you are." The mate heard it. "It's a message," he said. I agreed to let the mystery have its own way. A few miles off-course wouldn't make much difference. With daylight and a possible clearance, matters would right themselves.

But when day broke and the worst of the fog lifted, the look-out shouted: "Ship right ahead, sir!" The steamer was in dire distress, seemed about to sink, as a result of the recent furious gale. She signalled for urgent assistance. We gave it, saving twenty-seven men. The report was that the ship's boilers had broken adrift, leaving the sea-connections broken, and that water raced through the holes. The stoke-hold was flooded; and the donkey-boiler couldn't be used to work the pumps. We stood by for a while after recovering the crew of the "Stornoway;" the ship settled steadily, and dived under within an hour of our boat returning from its second trip. And there was no further difficulty with my own ship's steering; she behaved like a lamb.

I am convinced that for a brief space the Veil was lifted. The captain of the "Stornoway"—Mackenzie—admitted that he had called the crew to prayers when the position became impossible, since his boats were all badly damaged by the cyclone. Himself had prayed with sincere fervour. I have often wondered why old Lockyer should have been chosen to deliver that message. He wasn't a particularly pious man—rather the reverse, indeed. Maybe he was too restless!

THE EMERGENCY FUND

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations to this fund:—X.Y.Z., Queensland, £5; K.J.C.A., Woorndoo, 27/6; Anon, Napier, 25/-;
(Continued on Page 10.)

ALL HALLOWS' DAY

By Mary Elsnan, California, U.S.A.

All Hallows is an old name for All Saints, November 1st, "halowe" or "halwe" being a medieval English word in common use for the later Latinised word "saint." So Hallowmas used to be the familiar name for All Saints' Day, the form being analogous to that of Christmas.—Ed., "H. of L.")

On All Hallowmas Day, which we generally disregard but call the previous evening Hallow-e'en, we have fun. Witches ride broomsticks, ghosts are likely to appear, and skeletons rattle if you listen closely. Some religious people call this All Saints' Day, but the ancients of every land worshipped their ancestors on this day. They placed flowers on the graves of their parents and ancestors as far back as they could go, and they went into the temples to say prayers for the souls of the departed. We think only of the fun, but they, even the so-called savages of the South Sea Islands, to this day, give a reverential thought to their ancestors.

ALL SOULS' DAY, NOVEMBER 2

How much do those in the Beyond know about what is happening on earth? Let St. Matthew answer (xviii: 10). Jesus said, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of the Father." This implies that the inhabitants of heaven are so closely linked to the dwellers on earth that each man and woman and little child has his own guide or guardian angel to help him, comfort and cheer him, and talk to the Higher Ones about him.

Guides, guardian angels are former earth-dwellers who have advanced into greater knowledge, wisdom and power. The Bible begins and ends with them, and they are all the way through its pages—"spirits of just men made perfect."

We do well, not only on All Souls' Day, but all through the year, to remember those in the Beyond and that one day we shall be reunited with them.

REMEMBRANCE DAY, NOVEMBER 11

By Brother John, in "Psychic News," 1950.

As I write, fireworks are exploding in the usually quiet countryside around me, and down in the village, a mile away, they have lit the traditional bonfire.

At least I presume they have been able to light it, for at the moment the rain falls as steadily as it has done for hours past.

A short while ago my cat, Ruff, came home—in a hurry. Now he sits, with twitching ears, staring first at the door, then the window. He is convinced that the humans have tonight gone quite mad.

The keeping of Guy Fawkes Day has become a custom, the meaning of which has almost faded out. That is perhaps as well, and—boys being boys—today it affords as good an excuse as any for the producing of large-sized bangs and the colourful display of the modern firework.

Great fun for those who like that sort of thing, though, if you love the peace and quietness as much as I do, you will share my thankfulness when November 5 has receded into the past once again.

As indeed it will have done by the time you read these words—and with it another anniversary and custom, the observance of which has become, in many ways, somewhat insincere. I refer to Remembrance Day.

Now I am all for the principle behind the keeping of that day, for memory should not be permitted to cast aside the value of those acts of heroism, of sacrifice.

Those men gave their all, and in their minds was the thought of those who would come after them, the children yet to grow up.

And grow up they did, to go through the self-same horror, to pay the same price. Two minutes' silence—in all the minutes that go to make the year.

Now a Duty

Yes, the principle is good enough, yet there is something lacking. As the years have slipped past, so has the observance of Armistice Day undergone a change. No longer the exact date, no longer the stilling of the nation, even at the height of weekday bustle.

It all seems to have become something of a duty, and therein lies its insincerity. Something to be taken down from the shelf, dusted, and put away again for another twelvemonth.

The great host of Shining Ones must look on, with a little sadness, at the emptiness of much of it, at the melancholy air which pervades the ceremonies of those who do not yet know that there is no death.

And they must surely turn from that dimness and gather where brighter lights shine, where the door is open. Yes, to the Spiritualists, and the chance to say a word to a loved one.

The world is not yet the place they have hoped it might become, but they will be looking, as many of us mortals are doing, to the younger generation.

If the young folk can be given the true understanding of what Remembrance Day means, then there is time yet to straighten things out, and prove that the sacrifice was not in vain.

All is quiet now, apart from the rain beating on the window pane. The youngsters have had their thrill, bless them! May it be hoped that the only bangs they will ever hear will be that of fireworks.

And may be teach them to understand, as we all must understand, that death is not the great divider, and every day is Remembrance Day, not as a custom, but as a **LIVING FACT**.

LEST WE FORGET

Mr. W. H. Terry, pioneer of Spiritualism in Australia, founder of "The Harbinger of Light," the Victorian Spiritualists' Union, and the Melbourne Progressive Lyceum, passed to the Higher Life on October 27th, 1913.

In 1892 the writer, then a member of the Lyceum, met Mr. Terry, and later received from him his first lessons in Spiritual Philosophy and Healing which led to his life-work.

Early in 1931, through the mediumship of Mrs. Browning, Mr. Terry, in spirit, informed him that the Spirit World had chosen him to be the future editor of the "Harbinger." At the time such an event seemed to be most unlikely—but so it happened. Further instructions were given with respect to the conduct of the paper, a policy which has been loyally followed.

The three former editors of the "Harbinger," now in Higher Life, still maintain their interest in the magazine, as we have learnt from communications received through various mediums, and, we feel sure, have influenced many of our readers to assist in its production by donations, without which the paper would have ceased publication.

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F.C.B., East Preston, 12/6; A.R.H., Perth, 10/-; J.McN., Masterton, 9/6; M.R., Murrumbidgee, 8/-; S.W., Lord Howe Island, 8/-; J.A.M., Lyall Bay, 7/6; A.C., Drummoyne, 7/6; A.E.S., Trewantin, 7/6; R.W., Aldgate, 7/6; R.C.K., Leeton, 7/6; M.P., Karori, 6/3; G.A.S., Paddington, 6/-; E.A.Y., Coralsi, 5/-; A.M.F., Miloord, 3/6; A.V., Wellington, 3/-; I.F.B.W., One Tree Hill, 3/-.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

The Rev. Thomas Grice, Methodist Minister (Retired),
in "The National Spiritualist."

[Editor's Note.—The following address was delivered by Mr. Grice on Memorial Day, 1951, at Port Hueneme, Calif. The Rev. Grice is Past National Chaplain, American Legion.]

A short while ago I was in Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D.C., looking at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. I remembered that there is absolutely no way of telling the name or the race of the soldier buried there. Sergeant Edward Younger of the United States Army selected the body, and the record is that he made the selection by placing a rose on the casket of an unknown soldier. The body was brought to the United States and placed in the tomb erected in 1921. The tomb is the largest single piece of marble ever quarried in this country. It weighed fifty-five tons and was cut and carved to forty tons. The inscription reads: "Here lies in honoured glory an American Soldier known but to God."

As I was standing near the tomb a strange, almost unbelievable, thing happened! I saw the resurrection of The Unknown Soldier. Maybe it was only a vision, but to me it was real. Maybe it was the work of memory, memory has strange powers, you can testify to that, but what strange miracles memory can work. I was not afraid, it seemed to be quite natural, there was a sacredness and simplicity in the experience and I spoke and asked, "What is your name?" He answered, "You wouldn't know me even if I told you." Quietly I spoke again and asked, "Who are you?" After a period of silence he smiled and said, "I am the Spirit of the unknown soldier," and I grew bold and asked him if he would come with me. He said, "No, I cannot stay. I must return,

but I will give you a message which you may repeat to the people: You may tell the people that we, the dead, are grateful for your remembrance of us. We would be lonesome if you forgot." I looked at his young face, for he was young, like so many of his buddies in World Wars I and II and Korea.

Sometimes I wonder if we really know how young they are, those who fight our battles for us. One day at the close of a Memorial Day Service an old army friend came to me and said: "You talk about the youth of the army today who fight our battles." Here is the record. From the official records of the war between the States: Ten years of age, 10; eleven years of age, 68; twelve years of age, 112; thirteen years of age, 303; twenty-one years of age and under, 2,456,112. It is an amazing record, then I remembered that someone had written these words:

They shall not grow old as we

Who are left grow old.

Age shall not weary them, nor

The past condemn.

At the going down of the sun,

And in the morning

We will remember them.

Yes, the soldier who faced me that day in Arlington Cemetery was young. He spoke quite clearly and distinctly. He said: "Tell the people to believe in freedom. Tell them to continue their faith in freedom, for this is what we died for. Tell them that we have discovered in the white light of eternity, that it makes better men and women than any kind of Government ever tried or used on earth. That it stands for the equality of man. The promise and the dignity of manhood. Since the beginning of time man has been striving for just one thing, the right to look squarely into the face of his fellow-man, dream his own dreams, follow his own vision, live his own life and with

such abundance and beauty as his own heart may contain. Tell them that the real problem of Government is not to devise foolproof rules, but to encourage human beings who are neither knaves nor fools and then entrust them with the control of Government. Political power is the most perilous and difficult power. Only trained and good men are fit to be entrusted with it. Power must be exercised by men who fear God and love their fellow-men. Remember this is what we died for."

The second thing he told me was this: "Believe in America; I gave everything I had for it. At school I heard it called the last full measure of devotion. I know now what that means. I do not regret or sorrow for what I gave. I speak for the others who are here with me. We know the past, the present, and the future. There are no curtains here and in the light of eternity we are not sorry we died. Today you face a foe more treacherous, more destructive of human personality than we faced. If it should triumph, the human race would lose all it has won in two thousand years of progress. Tell the people to build an enduring system of National Defense which will be ready for any emergency. Tell the churches it is not a sin to be strong. The world will never be saved by people who want only to save themselves.

The third thing the Spirit of the soldier told me was this: "We who are here died to make a better world, a world of friends and neighbours, a world of goodwill and peace, for that is the way God wants man to live. We have done our part and this is your task. If you say that you have always had war and cannot expect anything else, you will certainly fail in your task. If your generation should say: 'This is a matter to be left to others,' you will certainly fail. A Society

of Nations to prevent war is worth whatever it may cost."

The voice grew stern and almost harsh as the Spirit said: "God will not forgive you if you fail to keep faith with us. The times call for greatness; greatness in the people as well as in the leaders." And so the Spirit of the Unknown Soldier left me. I did not see him go, I just knew that he had been with me, had spoken to me, and I have told you what he said.

For we have heard men say
When they were living
That some small dream of good
Would cost too much,
And when the foe struck, we
Have watched you giving
And seen you move the mountains
At a touch.
What can be done we know,
But do not fear,
Do not forget, for we shall see
And hear.

STELLA POLARIS

The magazine is of approximately fifty pages, beautifully produced in clear Baskerville type on laid paper. Besides the teaching there are articles on a variety of spiritual subjects—healing, astrology, meditation, nature, a story and reviews of helpful books.

The magazine is published bi-monthly. It costs in Great Britain 1/6, postage 1½d., per copy, or ten shillings annually, post free. It is mailed to any address in Australia for 10/6 for the year. Posters advertising "Stella Polaris" can be supplied on request to churches and other centres.

ANGLICAN SERVICE TO EXORCISE "GHOST"

(Reprinted from "The West Australian," September 11, 1952.)

The Anglican Assistant Bishop of Perth (the Right Rev. C. E. B. Muschamp) has conducted a special service in a house in Claremont to "lay a ghost" for a harassed family.

The "ghost," said to have troubled one member of the family for months as "a sort of feeling of a presence," is reported to have become active as an "apparition" about a fortnight ago. The "ghost" is claimed to be that of a former woman owner of the house, who died in hospital just after the war, and whose body was brought back to the home before burial.

The service was held on Monday, Bishop Muschamp being assisted by the Rector of St. Andrew's, Claremont (the Rev. A. F. J. Blain). Bishop Muschamp blessed the house, praying audibly for a blessing on it and the people living in it.

The "evil spirit" was ordered out in the name of the Holy Trinity in accord with Biblical precedent recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. A service of exorcism includes sprinkling Holy Water in the house. It is believed that the service lasted for more than two hours and that it took place in more than one room.

Before the present occupants—an elderly man, married daughter and grandchild—went there the Claremont house was occupied by three other families. So far as is known, none of the previous occupants was troubled by a ghost, or ever said that the house was haunted.

About a fortnight ago the woman of the house is said to have been startled on two successive nights by seeing an "apparition" standing beside

her bed. She had never seen the dead woman who had formerly owned the house, whose "soul was supposed to be not at rest." However, it is reported that she was able to describe the woman to one who had known her in sufficient detail to prompt startled recognition.

No report has credited the apparition with having been clad in a white robe. Accounts agree that the "ghost" was dressed normally, had grey hair and china blue eyes. Perturbed by the "goings on," particularly with a young child in the house, the family appealed to Mr. Blain, who is their local rector, and he discussed the matter with Bishop Muschamp. The service was the result of their discussion.

No one has been at the house this week—at least at night. Services of exorcism were said last night to be not uncommon in England, on mission fields, and in the Pacific islands.

SUPER RAYS

There has been a great deal of interest in "Super Rays" among British Spiritualists in recent months.

We have no desire to enter into controversy regarding the rights of Electric Engineers as against Electronic Engineers; to determine which group is better qualified to judge the value or suitability of "Super Rays" as an aid to spirit contact, but it seems to us that the premise is all wrong.

Ever since the Oracle of Delphos (Delphi), man has sought mechanical means of one kind or another as a short cut to contact with Spirit and the early history of Modern Spiritualism is replete with devices of this nature. All mechanical means of whatever nature have proved uniformly disappointing.

HOW FAR CAN MAN CONTROL OTHER FORMS OF LIFE?

By Winifred Moyes in "The Greater World."

In the book of Genesis it is stated that after the Lord God had created the various forms of life, He gave unto man **dominion** over them. (Genesis 1: 26-28.)

This is a very interesting point, and our teacher Zodiac has emphasised that though in this stage man has lost dominion over the animal world, it does not alter the fact that he was meant to possess it. In the degree that we can obtain mastery over our will and our thoughts, so it is shown in everyday life that we can influence other people as well as the animal world. Through the abuse of free-will over æons of time mankind has lost this mastery or "dominion" which he was meant to possess, and this illustrates that in the degree that he can no longer control his own nature, he has surrendered the privilege to control the natures of the wild and even tame creatures.

The Difference Between "Dominion" and "Domination"

The question has been raised as to the difference between "dominion" and "domination." May it not be that "domination" represents the influence of mind over matter, whereas "dominion" is entirely a spiritual and love quality? Even today men who live out in the wilds have stated that when, unarmed, they were brought face to face with a dangerous beast, they found that by standing perfectly still, fixing their eyes upon the eyes of the animal, their life was saved. For seconds or even minutes the battle of will against will went on, but in the end the animal turned, leaving the man not only a victor over a fierce form of creation, but far more over his weaker self.

Then we have the story of Daniel in the lions' den. Fear was cast out by his faith and trust in

God. One could scarcely call that "dominion," but certainly through his steadfast character he gained "domination" over them, and Divine Power was able to operate through personal self-mastery.

People marvelled that Paul did not die from the sting of the venomous serpent that attacked him. The reptile was not brought into harmony with Paul, but Paul had released the greater self by stern self-discipline, and he was able to dominate the serpent's instinct to destroy.

We all know the story of Androcles and the lion. He was a Roman slave who, when in Africa, extracted a thorn from the paw of a lion. Years later when, as a Christian, Androcles was thrown into the arena, this same lion who was there, remembered him and refused to attack him.

Then we have the charming story of St. Jerome. One evening as he sat within the gates of his monastery at Bethlehem, a lion entered, limping as if in pain. All the brethren when they saw the lion fled in terror, but Jerome arose and went forward to meet him as though he had been a guest. The lion lifted up his paw and Jerome, on examining it, found that it was wounded by a thorn. He extracted it, and tended the lion until it was healed.

In the lives of the saints and martyrs, many other instances could be quoted, so perhaps it is not stretching the point too far to say that, although God meant man to have dominion over all other forms of life, yet it is still within man's range to dominate them in the degree that he can dominate his own weaker nature.

The Only Successful Way Of Training Wild Animals

In the history of all the famous circuses it is plainly stated that it is useless to attempt to train wild animals by force; that in the early stages it takes weeks to win the confidence of a wild

beast before an attempt is made to enter the cage and to build up mutual trust. These facts are a revelation of what man can give from himself in the way of patience and understanding to a wild animal in order to induce it to become subject to his will. Even then the slightest sign of impatience or of temper seems fatal.

The training of wild elephants brings home the same lesson—that these great beasts can be won by the kindness of their captors; but woe unto the man who tries to dominate them by cruelty!

There is also the question of the dangerous monsters in the deep seas. Here the division between man and these creatures seems to be far too wide in this stage of life to be bridged by anything else than domination by force and skill. Again, it is surely a question of mind over matter. All man's skill and ingenuity has to be brought into play unless he is to become the victim.

What God Intended For Mankind

Then we are brought back, too, to what was meant to be in regard to a much gentler form of life—Nature herself—which waits for man to harness her to his will.

In our own times great forests have been brought under subjection and turned into wide plains for crops and the homes of the pioneers. But primitive travellers know something of the terrors of a tropical forest which has not come under the domination of man. Man was never meant to destroy the life in Nature, but by the wise use of his mental gifts to raise it out of its lower state, and so bring back something of the beauty and power in which it was created by God for the benefit of mankind.

Those who have been privileged during the sleep state to travel in Spirit Spheres can relate wonderful stories of the complete harmony between human and wild nature. Perhaps it is one of the loveliest sights to see in the children's

plane the little ones playing naturally with those who were once ferocious animals; and I do not think anything could be more satisfying to the soul-side of us than to sit unafraid while the lion and the tiger come up for expected caresses.

So we see that though at times the physical and spiritual mind of man may be at variance, as we gain more understanding they become the complement of each other, when the practical in its highest sense can and does express our spiritual nature.

SPIRITUALISM RECOGNISED AS A RELIGION IN THE SERVICES

In the House of Lords on July 30th, Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding asked whether, in view of the differing attitude of the Ministers of the three Service Departments towards Spiritualism, they can state—

- (a) That Spiritualism is recognised as a religion in the Services;
- (b) That Spiritualist personnel may have their identity discs engraved accordingly; and
- (c) That there is no objection in principle to Spiritualist meetings being held in ships, barracks and camps if suitable accommodation is available.

In reply, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, the Air Minister, told the Lords on July 30th that Spiritualist Services can be held among men in warships, Army barracks, or R.A.F. camps, at the discretion of the Commanding Officer. He added that Spiritualism is treated by the Army, Navy and R.A.F. like any other religion.

We are sure that readers will be delighted to see that steadily and surely the teachings received from the Spirit World are finding their way into all sections of the community.

—“The Greater World.”

AN EARLY CHRISTIAN SYMBOL: THE FISH

A fish was a very common symbol in early Christian art. It is frequently found in the Roman catacombs, which probably contain the oldest Christian monuments in existence.

The explanation of the fish is that its Greek name, ICHTHUS, forms an acrostic, the first letters being the initials of the words Jesus Christos Theou Uios Soter, i.e., Jesus, the Son of God, Saviour.

Comment by Ripley Webb, in "Spiritual Vision":—

I think it is probable that the fish was used as a symbol denoting a nastrological era long before the Greek civilisation, for its origin goes back into antiquity. That era is just drawing to a close and it included the period of Christ's mission to Earth. It is the twelfth sign of the Zodiac, named pisces, and therefore it is more likely that the Greek letters grew out of the symbol rather than the opposite. Certainly the fish symbol was much used during the early Christian era, for it figures largely in the Gospel stories, while the Christian martyrs used it as a secret sign, scrawling a fish in the dust as a recognition signal. It figures also in ancient sculptures. Undoubtedly the symbol meant a lot to the ancient world which used symbols to represent matters which could not reach the common understanding, for whom faith was a difficult achievement, and so its opposite, superstition, was used instead.

Superstition is not to be derided; you cannot analyse superstition, any more than faith, for both hold power. Try and find the dividing line between knowledge and superstition! It is part of the fabric of human make-up, it is a force to be reckoned with. It is more than primeval fear, and our instinctive ancestry is steeped in it.

The springs of action and the courage born of fear come from the great deeps of superstition, and through them we climb to faith. When you have collected all the knowledge in the world there is not enough to give you faith. But you can climb to faith through its opposite, superstition. Without superstition we should have no psychic faculty in our human make-up, no response to music, no appreciation of art forms, for the emotions of mankind are built upon superstition. It is the negative of which faith is the positive and between the two lies the human personality.

Thus the ancient symbols of superstition have their place, if only to indicate how far we have climbed into faith. They are part of our mystical past and they belong to the emotional energy in our nature by means of which we climb.

It would seem that at this late date in the development of Modern Spiritualism, that we should continue to emphasize the spiritual qualities within man as a means of contact with extraneous influences, rather than the perfection of machinery—however delicate and precise.

It is true that Spiritualists have long been familiar with trumpets as a means to amplify the voice of individual extraneous spirit, but trumpets are in no wise "mechanical" as such, they might be likened to the cupping of one's hands as a means of concentrating sound. Which is indeed their purpose and a right and proper one.

There is little value in our repeated assertion that greater unfoldment of man's spirit self is ever possible—and necessary, if we continue to seek means outside of man to make contact with spirit. Spiritualism is a healthy religion and seeks to prove that it has a message of sanity and good will—we do not need crutches.

MAGICAL INFLUENCE OF THE ISLE OF MAN

By Ella Sheridan, in "The Greater World."

The belief in Fairies and Little People still persists in many parts of the interior, and hundreds of tales are told of the activities of these fascinating beings. They are usually represented as living in green hillsides and as being part human and part spiritual, and only visible to the chosen ones. Some are regarded as benevolent, while others are the opposite, being accused of stealing children. Naturally, the good Fairies are more powerful and will help humans if they acknowledge this fact! The Fairies prefer to be called "Little People" or "Good People."

There are numerous narratives of Fairy music being heard issuing from lakes, hills and other places. One story concerns a man who was led by invisible musicians for several miles, being unable to resist the melody, until at least he found himself on a large Common where a great number of Little People were seated round a table apparently enjoying a meal. Among them were some faces he thought he had seen before, but he took no notice nor they of him, until the Little People offered him a drink. Then one, whose features he seemed to recognise, plucked him by the coat and warned him not to taste anything. "If you do," he was told, "you will be as I am and return no more to your family." The poor man was terrified and when a goblet filled with some sort of liquor was placed in his hand, he managed to throw the liquor away without his action being seen.

Soon after the music ceased and all the company disappeared, leaving him with the cup in his hands. He returned home and next day told the minister of the parish all that had occurred, and asked advice as to how he should dispose of the cup. The reply was that he could not do

better than to devote it to the service of the Church, and this very cup is said to be used for the consecrated wine in Kirk Malew. A similar tale is told in regard to the altar cup in Aagerup, a village in Zeland.

In some of the more remote parts of the island there are mothers who believe that the Fairy Folk make raids on the cradles and change their offspring for elfin children. But abductions are not confined to infants but older children and grown people are said to have been magically taken away. One man had his first wife stolen and the story runs that after having married again, one day he came up an troop of fairies riding on little horses and among them his wife, who had become one of the Little People! But such tales (all claimed to be authentic!) abound in Mona's Isle, and were collected many years ago by various researchers, among them Professor Rhys and A. W. Moore, M.A.

Hobgoblins, giants, mermaids and apparitions all have their place in the island folk-lore, and there are still many spots which are avoided by the country people lest they are kidnapped or bewitched!

But space and time will not permit us to pursue this most fascinating line of exploration. Those who find interest in fairy lore would discover much if they could visit this mystical island.

A BETTER WORLD

Man needs little here below; his simple needs are few: some fruit to eat and herbs to heal, the food which Eden knew. Man has all the power he needs to conquer self and all. For Love is still the greatest force to win both great and small. Man could make a better world if only he would try to see the good in everyone and more himself deny.

—Dugald Semple, in "Radiant Health Messenger."

HONEY—NATURE'S PUREST FOOD

Honey is a natural, pure, unrefined food. It is unique in being the only unmanufactured sweet available in commercial quantities.

As an energy producer, honey comes near the top of the list of foods. Beet and cane sugar must be broken down into simpler sugars by digestive juices before they can be absorbed into the blood stream. These simple sugars, dextrose and levulose, make up almost the entire sugar content of honey; therefore, little digestion (if any) is required, and absorption takes place quickly. That is why you soon feel benefited if, when tired, you drink a glass of water with a dessertspoon of honey stirred into it. Honey contains minerals—sodium, iron, copper, potassium, manganese, calcium, magnesium and phosphorous, although in some cases only in small quantities. The mineral content of honey is higher than that of cow's milk.

Leading dental authorities in Australia and other countries have stated that honey leaves less residue around the teeth than any other sweet. Honey should take the place of manufactured sweets as often as possible. Have you read about the home for children at Hopewood House, Bowral, N.S.W.? All the children are fed on a balanced diet, which includes liberal quantities of salad vegetables. Raw fruit is given instead of sweet puddings. Biscuits, sweets and cakes are all banned, whilst jam is replaced by honey. The children's teeth at Hopewood House are under the supervision of the Institute of Dental Research, Sydney, and it is interesting to read that the teeth are in almost perfect condition—the number of cavities in the whole group being less than in one jaw of the average child. Australian beekeepers produce some of the world's finest honey.

From Queensland to W.A. comes honey of many distinctive flavours. Honey must be of pre-eminent value, for it is the excellence and quintessence of a myriad flowers. It is nature's pure nectar, a product of sunshine collected and prepared by the bees. Enjoy your baths of sunshine, but enjoy sunshine in your food, too—by eating honey.

When using honey for cooking white cakes, biscuits and stewed fruit, light types of honey should be used; whilst darker honey can be used in gingerbread, fruit cakes and chocolate combinations. When honey is used in the mixture, cakes and biscuits will keep fresh longer.

When lunches have to be packed day after day, honey can be most helpful. As a change, try mashed banana with honey; cheese with honey; peanut paste with honey. Delicious to eat, and easy to make!

Honey can also be used in place of sugar for bottling fruit and vegetables, and for tasty chutney.

Children love honey on their breakfast cereals, especially if poured from one of those attractive glass honey jars with brightly coloured plastic tops. Adults like it, too! A nutritious meal is essential before starting the day's work. And after the day's work, as a sleep inducer, try two teaspoons of honey in milk before retiring.

Honey is recognised as a satisfactory supplement to milk in infant feeding. Ask your doctor to recommend a prescription in which honey is included. Honey is tolerated by most babies, and furnishes, in addition to a natural sweet, minerals to supplement those found in milk, a small amount of protein, an antiseptic, a mild laxative action, and a sedative effect. Honey is often included in a baby's diet to avoid diaper rash. Infants fed honey rarely show flatulence; the rapid absorption of honey prevents fermentation taking place.

Honey is a pleasant source of readily available energy for growing children and for athletes. Easily assimilated by invalids and aged people, honey can be used by the body without undue strain to the digestion. Since bacteria which cause disease in human beings cannot live in honey, it is considered a safe and wholesome food.

Dr. Jarvis, of Vermont, U.S.A., writes: "Honey is a perfect food from a medical point of view. It contains no harmful chemicals, and not more than one-hundredth part of it is wasteage. Truly, it is the ideal food supplement with which to fill in any gaps in the nutrition that may be present. It should be taken each meal in order to ensure continued good health (about two teaspoonsful three times a day). Honey is not just another sweet. It really is a medicinal sweet that will help greatly in maintaining the health of your body and your nervous system balance."

—"The Australian Beekeeper."

PSYCHIC TRUTHS

God is Universal Good, which has been, and is, the dominant factor both in the physical and spirit-plane; this force for good has held kingship since the world began.

A new branch of literature, relating wholly to the laws of psychic phenomena, is just entering the cycle of progressive thought.

The supreme need for each man is to reason, and to remain, ever after, true to his convictions. Where reason leads, one may follow publicly and openly. This is the highest conception of duty.

Men who deny to others the right of public speech are not qualified for speech themselves.

Love for humanity is the basis upon which mankind must stand to gain ultimate good; to help a sprawling beetle to gain its feet is an act the result of which will follow one through eternity.

Beyond the great divide await all those for whom you mourn; all unsatisfied ambitions, providing they are tending toward progression, you will have the power to gratify by work and application.

Brood well upon that with which you store your mind. Each grain of knowledge will grow and bear its fruit.

All beauty is expression in varied language, not of words, but of pure ideas, hopes, and joys. Emotions have a language not yet comprehended, that will at some time be understood by this world of ours.

If you would impress your thought on others, and spread the truth, make that thought the highest expression of truth. Make your life a continual song of thanksgiving for the good you find, and the good you do to others.

The appearance of Nature one nearly always finds to be not false, but elusive; and our first interpretation of natural conditions is usually the reverse of the reality. Of course, this must be so; it is the wisdom for creation, and the secret of the world; else knowledge would be immediate and without process.

If a man never becomes more than he is now, the whole process of evolution, by which he has come to be what he is, turns on itself. The benevolent purpose, seen at every stage as it yields to the next, stops its progression, dies out, and goes no further; the little bubble of existence that has grown and distended till it reflects reality in all its glorious tints, bursts in a moment into nothingness.

Life beyond the grave is the promise that hope has ever whispered to all who have lived.

Time was when every cradle asked us whence, and every coffin whither; this generation, for the first time in history, is able to answer these questions.

The sovereignty of the individual must be gained by effort. The weak must be taught; the strongest at some time must bend and obey.

The eternal dome of thought is high and broad, and each should do what he can to change the night of intellectual darkness into perfect day. Every man who discovers a fact adds something to the knowledge of the world.

To every mortal who thinks rightly, Nature's laws become natural laws.

TESTIMONY FROM SCHOLARS

Professor Zollner, who stood as high in scientific attainment in Germany as do Sir Wm. Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge in England:—"We proclaim to astonished mankind, with assurance no longer doubtful, the existence of another material and intelligent world. I shook hands with a friend from the other world."

Professor Botazzi, Director of the Physiological Institute at the University of Naples:—"The phenomena are absolutely genuine, and from henceforth sceptics can only deny the facts by accusing us of fraud and charlatanism."

Professor Robert Hare, Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, and inventor of improvements in the Oxyhydrogen blowpipe:—"Far from abating my confidence in the inference respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, I have had even more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work I have published."

President Eliot, of Harvard University, America, eminent teacher and scholar:—"The New Religion will have its communion with God and the spirits of the departed. It will be a religion within Nature."

Professor Hyslop, in a lecture on Spirit Phenomena, at the Baptist Church, Columbia, U.S.A.:—"Through private individuals, who were not professional mediums, I have received messages that showed the conscious existence of friends now the denizens of another expression of life."

M. Camille Flammarion, the great French Astronomer:—"Although Spiritualism is not a Religion, but a Science, yet the day may come when Religion and Science will be reunited in one single synthesis."

M. Theirs, Ex-President of France:—"I am a Spiritualist, and an impassioned one, and I am anxious to confound Materialism in the name of Science and good sense."

John Ruskin affords a notable instance of what Spiritualism is capable of doing in the regeneration of men. Holman Hunt, the celebrated artist, whose impressive picture, "The Light of the World," was exhibited in Australia, had a conversation with Ruskin on the question of the Immortality of the Soul, which the great writer and philosopher once denied. Reminded of his former disbelief Ruskin brightened up and replied:—"Yes, I remember it very well. That which revived this belief in my mind was, more than anything else, the undeniable proofs of it offered by Spiritualism. I am not unacquainted with the mass of fraud and follies which are mixed up with this doctrine, but it contains sufficient truth to convince me of the evidence of a life independent of the body, and it is this which I find so interesting in Spiritualism."

W. M. Thackeray, author and novelist:—"It is all very well for you, who have probably never seen any spiritual manifestations, to talk as you do; but if you had seen what I had witnessed, you would have a different opinion."

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