

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

THE Harbinger of Light

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VALIANTINE'S WONDERFUL MEDIUMSHIP

By W. H. Evans

Reprinted from "The Two Worlds"

Slightly Abridged

Readers of Dennis Bradley's books, "Towards the Stars" and "The Wisdom of the Gods," will be acquainted with the name of George Valiantine and know how good was his mediumship. It was when Bradley made his first visit to America in 1923 that he was asked by his host Joseph de Wvckoff if he would like to have a seance. Having had no experience of such matters and knowing nothing about Spiritualism he thought it would be as good a way as any of passing an evening. That sitting shattered his materialism and convinced him of man's survival of death.

It was not until Valiantine was in his forties that he discovered he was a medium. He was a manufacturer in a small way when, in his hotel, he heard raps for which he could find no assignable cause. Subsequently a lady with some knowledge of Spiritualism suggested that they have a sitting to try table turning. There was a surprising result and through the raps he was told that the communicator was his brother-in-law Bert Everett. The purport of his message was that for some time the spirits had been trying to attract his

attention. Through Everett's suggestion a cabinet was made, and after some time spent in sitting for development, Valiantine went into trance and his brother-in-law materialised.

There were other spirits besides his brother-in-law associated with him in the work. A Dr. Barnett who often gave advice on health and gave medical prescriptions, and two Red Indians named respectively Hawk Chief and Kokum, a queer name this last that savours of the music hall. Both had loud, booming voices, and Black Foot, another Indian, usually spoke from the floor.

Valiantine was one of the mediums investigated by "The Scientific American" who offered a prize of 2,500 dollars for the production of genuine psychic phenomena. Dr. Gardener Murphy of Columbia University, and Mr. Kenneth Andrews of "The New York World" had preliminary sittings with Valiantine and were strongly impressed with the results. As a result of their report Valiantine went to New York and at the first two seances eight spirits spoke to the sitters. Then, for the other sitting, an electrical device was attached to the sensitive's chair which indicated whether he left it. The medium was not told of this, which was not fair to him. On two occasions the apparatus did not register the full weight of the medium, though the time of supposed movement was a matter of seconds, thus fifteen seconds on one occasion, and from one to fourteen seconds on another.

Although the voices heard were admitted to come from high in the air and carried on long conversations with the sitters, the published report ruled this out as evidence. What can one not lost to the finer feelings of fair play say to this? There has in fact, in the history of mediumship, probably been as many frauds amongst so-called investigators as amongst mediums. It is no wonder that Dennis Bradley withstood Malcolm

Bird and pointed out the admissions of the report. Anyway they saved their dollars!

Valiantine's friend and sponsor came to doubt him on account of a communication which Valiantine gave to him purporting to have been written by Bert Everett and Dr. Garnett. Wyckoff found that the writing was in Valiantine's hand, which may have been the case, but does not prove that he wrote it, though even if the spirits had written it the script may well have strongly reflected the hand writing of the medium. One has to be very careful in forming judgment upon these matters. Bradley convinced Wyckoff, who had come to England, that from communications he had received from Mrs. Osborne Leonard that Valiantine was innocent. On the strength of this Wyckoff invited Valiantine to England. It was then there began the amazing series of seances reported in "Towards the Stars." The seances in Bradley's house were attended by many prominent people and a hundred spirit voices were heard which spoke in German, Russian, Spanish and Welsh. Caradoc Evans had a conversation with his father who spoke to him in Cardiganshire Welsh.

Trouble

Wyckoff was still unsatisfied and felt suspicious of Valiantine, and at a sitting held in the St. Regis Hotel, New York, the trumpet fell between Valiantine's legs, with the small end against his chair. Very naturally Valiantine put the trumpet upright and Wyckoff having struck a match at the moment saw him do so, and reproved him severely for his action. Examination of the trumpet showed that the part where anyone would probably hold it was warm, and there was moisture on the mouth piece. Bradley, however, who had developed voice mediumship pointed out that this is what would happen in such phenomena, as he had experienced it in his own circles, and it was not likely that he would deceive himself or any of his family.

One of the curious things about psychic phenomena is that they demand a warm and sympathetic atmosphere. As soon as the critical mind, especially if charged with suspicion, gets into a seance, the results become almost negligible. This happened when on his second visit to this country he sat for the S.P.R. at their rooms in Tavistock Square. Five words were spoken at the first sitting, and none at the second. This negative result reflects well on the medium who, if a fraud would undoubtedly have manouvred to have spoken something. When Una Lady Troubridge and Miss Radcliffe Hall, of the S.P.R., sat at Bradley's, the results were good, and when Dr. Wooley joined them later, eleven distinct voices were heard which he could not account for. Afterwards Dr. Wooley and Dr. Dingwall heard voices inside the trumpet in daylight.

Writing in the "Proceedings" of the S.P.R., Dr. Wooley said, "Both of us heard raps which seemed similar to those she (Lady Troubridge) has described, but as I wish only to deal in this account with evidential utterances, I do not propose to consider them in further detail. Both of us also heard whispering sounds, apparently in the trumpet, at times when we were convinced that Mr. Valiantine's lips were entirely closed, and I was able to distinguish the words 'Father Wooley,' but nothing further."

In these matters we must be thankful for small mercies; as they say down west: "Little fish are sweet!"

Confucius

Perhaps the greatest triumph of his career was the Confucius episode. At his seances in New York strange languages were heard and as they were not understood they decided to invite someone skilled in languages to the seances. They invited Dr. Neville Whymant, an Oriental scholar acquainted with China and its history. In his

notes of the seance he wrote: "Suddenly, out of the darkness was heard a weird, crackling, broken little sound, which at once carried my mind straight back to China. It was the sound of a flute, rather poorly played, such as can be heard in the streets of the Celestial Land but nowhere else. Then followed in a low but very audible voice the word 'Kung-fu-T'Zu.' Few persons except Chinese could pronounce the name correctly as the sounds cannot be represented in English letters. "The idea that it might be Confucius himself never occurred to me. I had imagined that it might be somebody desirous of discussing the life and philosophy of the great Chinese teacher."

Receiving some personal information of a veridical character Dr. Whyment determined to test the matter further. He said: "There is among your writings a passage written wrongly; should it not read thus?" At this point I began to quote as far as I knew, that is to say, to about the end of the first line. At once the words were taken out of my mouth, and whole passage was recited in Chinese, exactly as it is recorded in the standard works of reference. After a pause of about fifteen seconds the passage was again repeated, this time with certain alterations which gave it a new meaning.

"Thus read," said the voice, "does not its meaning become plain?"

After this seance Dr. Whyment fell ill and was unable to attend for a time. When he returned Confucious said to him, "the weed of sickness was growing beside thy door." A metaphor used in ancient Chinese literature.

The dialect in which Confucious spoke is no longer used in China, and there are only a dozen sounds of which it can be said are used as the ancient Chinese would pronounce them. The

voice which claimed to be that of Confucious used these archaic sounds correctly.

When it is remembered that there are only about six Chinese scholars in the world whose knowledge would have been equal to the one displayed by the direct voice any suggestion of fraud is ridiculous. None of them was in America at the time.

On considering this incident there is but one conclusion which can be reached. If it were not Confucious speaking it was someone with a profound knowledge of ancient China and its language, and one able to correct a passage which had hitherto puzzled scholars. It is a good case of survival, or will some telepathy fan say the information was derived from the subconscious mind of Dr. Whyment? Very well, but how did Dr. Whyment's subconscious mind know how the passage should be correctly given? One may leave it to the fans.

The life of the race is lived again by each individual. The history of the human race repeats itself in each human being. Childhood loves the romantic, the monstrous and the mysterious, and is charmed with fairy kings and queens, with happy elves, and all the airy creatures that inhabit Fancy's picture world. So, in the infancy of the race, man loved the marvellous, the miraculous, and mysterious, and was enraptured with lovely visions and golden dreams. He lived in a world where cause had little to do with effect.

Power is born of desire; no man can earnestly desire to live upon a high plane and yet be compelled to live upon a low plane, since we live in that state of development that we create for ourselves.

If a law is to hold good, it must work independently of longitude and latitude, and in its action manifest uniform results.

NEW YEAR

If at the present time, when wars and rumours of war still rumble around us, it seems a hopeless task, let us remember that each New Year is a stock-taking period, and, as bad as things may appear, one has only to look back to the years that have gone to realise that Hope still remains.

So long as it is not the feeble kind of hope that hopes but makes no effort. Like those poor souls who, being assured that their friends on the other side are doing all they can to help, drop their own endeavours and leave it all to "those on the other side." A useless lot. Unless to themselves, to their friends, whether on this side or the other; and useless to the world in general.

Whatever it takes to make this day,
The nicest one you've had,
Whatever will make the coming year
Especially bright and glad—
Whatever will bring you happiness,
And mean the most to you,
That's what you are wished—not just today—
But all your whole life through!

SPIRITUALISM ADVANCES

The progress of Spiritualism during the last one hundred years has been remarkable. It is estimated that there are six million Spiritualists in England, fifteen million in U.S.A., unnumbered thousands all over all the world, and twenty-five thousand in Australia. There are twenty-six thousand clergy in the Church of England in England, and over one thousand of them regularly attend Circles. These numbers are growing every day.—C. Neil.

I DIED TEN YEARS AGO

"Death brings us to Life in more ways than one—"

By Lester E. Roth

In "Golden Rays"

Published by the Spiritualist Episcopal Church, 101 East Hamlin Street, Eaton Rapids (Mich., U.S.A.).

For forty years I was afflicted with some of the most horrible diseases known to mankind. How I suffered with them. Worse than cancer, worse than polio, worse the angina, the diseases which came upon me made my life a hell on earth.

You will want to know what these diseases were, and I shall tell you about them. I also shall tell you how you can die and leave them behind, finding a new spiritual freedom as all may do at death.

First—the diseases themselves. The first was a severe case of pessimism. There is an old saying that "... the optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist sees the hole." I saw more deep, dark holes in the affairs of men in general, and myself in particular, than could exist in eons of time. True, there are times when things look dark, but there is no reason for looking at them constantly, which I did. If there was the slightest tinge of darkness in connection with anything, I managed, no matter how difficult it was, to find that darkness.

Another disease was—false desires. How I yearned to have possessions which would not have been good for me. How I longed to do things which would have brought me (and often did) pangs of regret. I charged down the road after a fleeing and fleeting happiness, and I always came to the end of the road to find that I had been shadow chasing again.

Envy was a curious sort of ulcer that gnawed at my insides till I could hardly stand the pain. No milk diet can help this disease, I assure you. It is possible that you have experienced a touch

of it. You can just feel your insides disappearing, and when your heart finally goes you have then developed an acute case of hypergreed, a practically incurable and nearly always fatal disease. I was always hoping someone would die and leave me some wonderful inheritance.

The companion disease of course is selfishness. These two nearly always make their appearance together. They enjoy each other's company, but you will not find them enjoyable guests. They are little devils, constantly pricking with their pronged forks till all the blood drains from your body.

Finally I went to a doctor. He made an X-Ray of my stomach, and could you guess what it showed? I really had an ulcer. There it was, cuddled tightly against the wall of my stomach as comfortable as you please—comfortable to it, that is. The doctor told me I would have to ease up, stop worrying and so on.

That night I got to thinking. "Well," I decided, "this doctor doesn't know all about me. He thinks I worry, and really I don't, but I do have a lot of other diseases. They are just too many to try and cure. I think I will die instead."

So I got out paper and pencil. "If I am going to die," I told myself, "I am going to make a will." I made a list of all my possessions—not my house and my car and my money. Those are just things that I am using. The things I had and owned are the things I put down. Here are some of them, in case you want to make a will and die like I did: envy, jealousy, pessimism, false desires, worry, fear, greed, selfishness. I put all these things in my will and left them to the Devil, and will he be sorry to get them! I surely fixed that fellow.

And do you know what? I died just the minute I signed that will. Yes sir, curled right up and died. And no sooner did I die than I received a wonderful inheritance from myself. That's true—

I received Cheerfulness, Love, Courage, Generosity, Justice, Tolerance, Ability, Mental and Spiritual Prosperity and I think some Material Prosperity too. I received such a large inheritance I cannot list it all here.

I went back to that doctor about six weeks later. He took another X-Ray. I sat with him in his office when the nurse brought it in for him to look at. He held it up to the light and a puzzled look came on his face. He took the card with my name on it from his file and tore it up. He didn't have to tell me the ulcer was gone.

Yes, I died ten years ago—and how glad I am to be alive today.

LOUIE HILL

Shortly to Visit Australia

Louie Hill, who is well started on her world tour to spread the knowledge of Spiritualism, writes to "Psychic News" that because of the great demand for her services in America, she has had to change her programme by leaving out some places she intended to visit.

Last month she broadcast in a radio programme and orthodox Church officials taking part in the same programme were so impressed by what she said that they wanted to attend her next meeting. After the broadcast, Louie Hill gave her interviewers a sitting.

Owing to the currency restrictions, Mrs. Hill and her husband could not pay their expenses in America except by her earnings as a medium. Her letter ends on a very human note: "We have had to tighten our belts a few times, but we are now I think out of the wood. It has been on occasions very hard going."

By now, they should be out of the dollar area and able to eat without worry!

REV. JESSIE CURL AND HER WORK

By Max Freedom Long

Bulletin No. 64 of the Huna Research Associates

The Rev. Jessie Curl, an English housewife, accidentally discovered that she was highly psychic. She first developed the ability to contact the spirits and to give messages at Spiritualistic Church meetings. Her clairvoyance increased. She travelled to Australia and India, and spent some months in Canada and U.S.A. On one of her voyages she stopped in Samoa, and while there became psychically aware that she had attracted to her the spirit of a Samoan chief who was also by way of being a kahuna of parts, and whose name she got as "Hula." Later this was corrected to "HOO-la," meaning "To Heal" ("Cause light"). (Pronounce Hoo-la as if each "o" was long, and la as lah.)

When she left Pago Pago, Hoo-la went along. He contended for first place with her as spirit guide with a Hindu and a Tibetan, managing soon to replace them rather completely and to cause a change from simple clairvoyance and message work to healing. He often took over when she was in the trance condition, and, little by little, he induced her to use healing methods of his choice.

In London, a famous artist who sees psychically and draws portraits of spirit guides, invited Rev. Curl to have a picture done of the Tibetan guide. At the sitting Hoo-la took over her body, set up a clamor, ousted the other spirit, grabbed crayon, and began drawing the picture himself. The artist agreed to portray him, was given back the crayon, and there resulted a remarkable head, massive and square, typically Samoan, grim and still kindly.

Hool-la soon demonstrated great healing ability, working through Rev. Curl. He impressed on her the need of breaking down the conditions in the

aura (aka body) of the patient with passes of her right hand—passes of a fluttering and rapid scattering motion—while putting the healing force into the sick part by pointing her left hand directly at it. She was able to locate the sick parts psychically, say what caused the trouble in most cases, and to bring about a complete and permanent healing in a large part of the cases in either three or six or nine treatments. (Treatments ran in multiples of three for some unknown reason.)

The healing power demonstrated, the urge to travel and heal became strong. In order to do this work she accepted ordination as a Spiritualist minister, and her work and travels began in earnest. Having no knowledge of the lore of the kahunas, she still came to understand that contacts had to be established with her patients and a form of healing energy transferred with the held intention of healing. Once the contact (aka thread?) had been established, the healing continued steadily, even after the treatments had stopped, until a complete healing was brought about. She came to stand on a platform, point to someone in the audience and make a contact along which she could send the force, often causing immediate freedom from pain and healing. Not knowing what else to call this force, she thought of it as Beamed Cosmic Force. (High level of mana?)

Not long ago, and quite by chance, she became acquainted with an exceptionally well informed and able student, H.R.A. (Huna Research Association), T.C.R., who at once recognized in what she did all the earmarks of Huna being put to use in various ways short of the release of fixations of an obscure and major nature. He introduced Rev. Curl to Huna, gave her a copy of my book "Secret Science behind Miracles," and set her right on a number of matters. Very shortly the name Hoo-la came as a correction of what she got as Hula. Letters were exchanged with me,

and as her present tour continued on the West Coast, from Vancouver, Seattle and Portland, I received letter after letter from those whom she healed, giving me the details of their own cases and those of their friends. The proofs soon became most impressive. Recently, Rev. Curl and her husband David Curl (a lesser healer, and fine man), came to Los Angeles. I watched her work at a small church, accepted her invitation to tell her audience a little of the background of Huna lore, and had the opportunity to become better acquainted.

I would say that her healing ministrations rank with those of the famous Harry Edwards of England. She seems seldom to fail to give some relief in one treatment lasting hardly more than a minute or two, and often remarkable results are obtained so rapidly that they may properly be classed as instant healings. Goiters vanish, hearing and often sight return. There is hardly any condition that can be mentioned that she has not healed. This afternoon three H.R.A.'s sitting within eight feet of where she stood and patients came to be treated, watched with great care in order to be able to report to me what they observed. Two cases were outstanding. One was that of a young woman just out of hospital after bad auto accident injuries. One leg was a half-inch short and she limped badly. The treatment with the passes and giving of healing force began. The girl suddenly said she could feel her injured leg stretching. In a few moments she was walking normally and a test showed both legs the same length. A second case was that of a woman so stiffened in spine and hips that she had not been able to tie her own shoes for some years. She was able to tie them at the end of the treatment and to pick up things from the floor. Then there was the neck with a "kink" in it so that it could not be moved, but which moved freely in all directions

immediately upon treatment. Treatment of facial conditions for a woman on whose cheek was a large red birthmark, resulted in the slow fading of the birthmark as treatment progressed. It was noticed by all three H.R.A.'s, who could hardly believe their eyes. After the return of the patient to her seat, the mark slowly appeared again. Much impressed, the observers asked Rev. Curl about it after the meeting. She said that this often happened, and that often after disappearing for the third time after the third treatment, it did not return. One H.R.A. said, "Rev. Curl stood there with face like an angel pouring out love and healing."

SPIRIT DOCTOR'S OPERATIONS

Demonstrating healing at a recent meeting at the Town Hall, Ilford, England, Dr. Robert working through his medium, J. J. Thomas, assisted by his wife Ruby, also a healing medium, achieved some remarkable results as his hands moved swiftly over his patients' bodies. Mr. Thomas' healing technique is unusual, if not unique, and is the subject of a good deal of comment and, sometimes, of controversy. He is a trance healer, controlled by the spirit of one Dr. Robert, who achieves his cures by means of "psychic operations," during which he causes the mediums hands and body to go through all the movements of the orthodox surgeon in the operating theatre. His results are often outstanding, and his unusual methods certainly did add to the fascination of watching a public demonstration of healing.

A particularly interesting though minor item, occurred towards the close of the meeting, when Dr. Robert declared that he was over-stepping his time, as the hour was approaching seven minutes to nine. In point of fact, he was correct to the minute—but the medium's eyes had remained closed throughout the demonstration.

With one woman, suffering with intestinal pains, he went through the actions of a surgeon cutting open the wall of the abdomen, removing an ulcer, and stitching up the wound. As he worked, his hands moved swiftly over the subject's body, and throughout, he kept up a ceaseless fire of questions, to which he added diagnostic statements and recommendations as to diet, designated to assist the cure.

Mr. A. E. Parsons, of 106 Caterham Avenue, Barkingside, who for five years had been racked with pain from duodenal ulcers, beamed cheerfully as he swung himself off the operating table after treatment. "Look at that!" he demanded, thumping his stomach. "No man with duodenals could do that!" He had never previously seen either Mr. Thomas or his wife, but was nevertheless singled out from the audience by the controlling doctor, who accurately described his condition.

In another case a woman was helped on to the platform who could only walk with assistance; she was given an "operation" on the spine. Next morning she was able to do her own hair, although previously she had been unable to lift her arms for twenty years. The same day she asked to be taken for a walk, again something she had not done for years. Arthritis too, was treated; a man who had been unable to move or lift his arms freely for six years being enabled to do so.

All patients remarked upon an improved condition; cases are being followed up.

Let no man deceive himself by thinking that the contagions of the soul are less than those of the body. Remove them from the soul, a perfect body appears. A man will gradually improve by having a clear mind and will by such clarity approach the sanctum of the gods.—Petrarch.

HOW TO START A WRITING CIRCLE

By J. M. McLintock

In "Psychic News"

In this article J. M. McLintock, Publicity Officer of the Association of Psychic Research Societies, advises Circle Leaders how to conduct Sitzings for Automatic Writings. Some successes achieved by groups and individuals are also quoted by him.

Throughout the country there are many little groups and home circles that go in for inspirational and automatic writing and they are finding this type of interest very satisfying and instructive. Many of these have sent me examples of what they are receiving, and though it is not in any way sensational, it is certainly comforting and inspiring and in many ways helpful.

Often this writing develops into painting and drawing mediumship, and some beautiful and artistic results are achieved, much to the astonishment of the recipients, who have little or no artistic learnings. Many people do not give serious consideration to automatic writing, and many cynics say nothing of any real value comes from this source. But surely the proof of the pudding is in the eating? How can we really judge if we do not take the trouble to weigh and examine it? How can these cynics explain that many prominent automatic and inspirational writers who have added to the published literature on this subject have received information and ideas opposed at first to their settled ideas and ways of looking at things?

Take, for instance, the works of the more recent writers who claim to receive writings from inspirational sources. In her many books, Geraldine Cummings gives food for thought and the ideas presented are epoch-making.

They are a direct challenge to the sceptic who says that nothing but trivial ideas come from automatic sources. Such writers as Phyllis Craddock,

Captain Randall and Joan Grant stir up new ideas and cause people to look deeper into the mystery of life and consciousness and the history of this planet. Writers, again, like Mrs. D. O. Roberts, who has written the interesting trio of books, "How Do We Live?" "Barleycorns," and "Shakespeare and Co. Unlimited," present new and interesting ideas which many may not agree with. But they stimulate thought.

My articles have stimulated interest in automatic writing, and many readers say they are keen on taking it up and would like some hints on how to run a group. The best way, I think, to start is by using the planchette and to devote a special evening and time to this. It is best not to sit too often and be too eager. Regular sittings where possible, are best.

A small family group is ideal for this. The number does not matter, though the more homely the group the better. At first all should put their hands to the planchette to find out who is the writing medium. The time may come when the writing medium may be able to dispense with the planchette altogether and become quite efficient in writing direct with pencil on to paper. The results will prove much more interesting, and the hand, moving without volition, may start to draw as well as write. It is usually the case with most of these automatic writing groups that when things get going various communicating controls take hold of the hand of the writing medium and direct proceedings, advising on the best times to sit and how often, and how to arrange the sitters, etc.

Mr. Harold Riley, of Liverpool, has been conducting his own little group every Sunday evening for the past four and a half years. He writes and tells me: "We are guided by what would appear to be a very competent band, there being nothing at all received which does not contain the elements

of some spiritual and educational value. To give you some idea of the type of messages we receive.

Mr. Riley goes on to describe how his group is conducted. He says: "The circle always opens with the guide greeting us, followed in every instance with a prayer, and thereafter about one and a quarter hours of messages. The last ten minutes is reserved for our questions, to which we receive very good answers, closing at 9 p.m. promptly."

Much has been written about the dangers of obsession through automatic writing, but most of this is exaggerated. If a balance of common sense is used the possibility of this should not arise. A healthy critical faculty is far better than credulity. Though frivolity may be out of place in serious research work, a sprinkling of good humour helps to balance things. As yet we understand very little of the technique of automatic writing. That the communicating guides and entities are what they claim to be we can only judge by the information and evidence volunteered. That enlightenment which we receive we can only fit into the light of our own knowledge, experience and understanding.

We may get many things new and strange and unfamiliar to our mode of thinking, but we must not reject these ideas. It is best to reserve our judgment. On the other hand, it is not wise to accept any and every statement coming from guides and alleged communicating entities with big names. In some automatic writing groups many new developments are taking place, such as communicating entities coming through who are still alive. They give their names and addresses and intimate details which can be verified. Some of these may say they are on ships on the high seas or exiles in foreign countries. This is becoming more common, for in some unexplained way the automatic writer is making a telepathic

contact with people who are thinking of home.

Recently we had this experience in my own home. We were experimenting with the planchette, and the writing medium, a young lady friend, had no difficulty in making the planchette move rapidly and write without volition. The curious thing was that all who came through claimed to be still alive. Some messages were from people we had not heard of for years, and they gave their present addresses, which were unknown to any of the sitters present, but which were subsequently verified.

Another phase is for an automatic writing group to make telepathic contact with other automatic writing groups, though this is much rarer, and at present only in the experimental stage. I would certainly like to hear from all those automatic-writing mediums who have developed any of these new phases or who are experimenting in new and novel lines. The possibilities behind this experimental stage are just beginning to show.

I do not see why it should not be possible for a group in London to contact a group in Australia and exchange messages. Surely the "guides" or "controls" will willingly act as go-betweens to facilitate this "telegraph"? Apart from these experimental aspects the ordinary automatic-writing group can be a source of great interest and a worthwhile contact with higher inspirational forces. If it brings greater knowledge—comfort, and the assurance of survival—then it will have fulfilled its purpose. In this alone will it be worth having.

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 early in 1952. (Advt.).

THE HUMAN AURA

Its Practical Value in Healing

Few people, perhaps, realise the immensely practical value of the human aura in diagnosing the conditions of both mind and body. Yet from its very nature, it must of necessity act as a very accurate indicator of all that the whole being is passing through spiritually, mentally and physically.

"Aura" Explained

What actually is the aura? It is surely that radiation which is sent out from all planes of the being, varying in colour and intensity according to the way the owner of the aura is functioning on those particular levels. A person whose motives are high and pure adds to the lustre of his general auric emanations by generating silvery beams of light which radiate from the spiritual part of his nature. Likewise, when much natural intellect is cultivated, and considerable intelligence is used in the working out of the actions, the auric rays proceeding from these mental conditions contribute the beautiful yellows and golds, the intensity of which depends upon the degree of wisdom expressed.

When one lives on a very materialistic plane, and is actuated largely by personal motives, then the general aura is darkened by the dull reds and muddy browns which emanate from these lower physical conditions of man's nature.

Diagnosing from Auric Conditions

Thus the healer gifted with true etheric sight "sees" the reflections of the disorder he is endeavouring to diagnose, impinged on the patient's aura, and thus he is able at once to touch the source of the trouble. In the case of severe internal disorders, such as liver ulceration, bad kidney filtration or intestinal congestion, the aura around the abdominal centres is shaded heavily with dark browns and murky reds, a true reflec-

tion of the clogged congested matter from which it emanates. An acute lung trouble will sometimes reveal sickly yellow colouring around the auric conditions of the chest region, suggestive of the sticky mucus and fluids clogging the bronchial tubes or whatever part of the respiratory system is affected. A dark reddish colouring is reflected on to the aura, generally near the arterial region of the head, in the case of blood pressure.

More and more our medical brothers, as they awaken to the spiritual side of their great work, will recognise the true scientific value of this natural X-Ray diagnosis; then true psychic research will form part of the medical collegiate training, and the healing art will come into its own again, for the operator's knife will mainly give place to the Healing Touch which will have developed in the hands of every doctor and healer worthy of the name.

ANIMAL TELEPATHY ?

Horse's Frenzy During Tribute to His Master

Whilst friends held a minute's silence for Colin Bell, a 45 year old former Australian buckjumping champion, found dead on the edge of a Tingalpa swamp recently, the stockman's favourite horse battered itself to death.

Did the horse, Toby, in some strange way sense what was going on? At the precise moment of the silence he went into a frenzy, and ran time and time again into a post until he fell dead.

"THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT"

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WE MUST GO TO THE PEOPLE

Editorial in "Psychic News"

The passing of summer lessens the opportunities for outdoor propaganda. Not that this will dismay the majority of Spiritualist organisations, for the sad truth is they make little use of such methods.

In the summer of 1950 a Sheffield S.N.U. official, Mr. C. I. Quastel, toured seaside resorts in the south and held meetings on the promenades—a job which others more conveniently placed had lacked the initiative to attempt.

Nor when Quastel had shown the way did anyone support or emulate him, either this summer or last, not so far as we are aware.

In Hyde Park

The only efforts at outdoor propaganda this year appear to be those made in Hyde Park by the Universal Brotherhood Federation and the Lawrence Healing Centre. Unlike other factions in the park, they have been able to prove much of their preaching by giving practical demonstrations of healing and clairvoyance.

And there are parks in almost every town in the land where in direct competition with other movements Spiritualists would have the same tremendous advantage. The cost of hiring a hall is saved and, in contrast with indoor meetings, the majority of the crowds collected outside will be new to Spiritualism and would never otherwise be present at a Spiritualist gathering.

The early Socialists and the Salvationists, two movements which had a more phenomenal early growth than any others in the past hundred years, founded their strength by these methods.

On the Soap-Box

Others, including Spiritualists, apparently feel that there is something not quite genteel in standing on a soap-box. Or else they need the support of four familiar walls and a bevy of believers around them.

But God is wherever His people are and one cannot convert the already converted. No religious leader has yet strengthened his following by sitting in church and waiting for the congregation to roll up.

From Jesus to Mahatma Gandhi the prophets have gone to the people. There is no valid reason why Spiritualism should not do the same.

A MUSICAL SPIRIT Strums Softly at Night

High above Piccadilly, with the traffic thundering past underneath, is a haunted flat. A friend of mine took me there the other night to call upon the occupant, writes a correspondent to the Manchester "Sunday Chronicle," and on the way he whetted my appetite for the occult with a tale of a spectral musician, who at odd and inconvenient hours of the night plays old-fashioned melodies on the piano.

The flat, on our entrance, struck me as being a bright and cheerful spot, an impression which was heightened by the sight of cocktail glasses set out in our honour.

I immediately commiserated with my host on his ghostly visitor. "Too bad being haunted in Piccadilly," I said. He smiled and replied: "Oh, I don't mind the old boy. It is my wife who gets a little nervous when she is left alone."

I gathered that the ghostly musician has never been seen, only the soft strumming of his music is heard in the silences of the night. "The notes are struck so softly that they sound rather like a distant musical box," my host said.

It was then that I had my bright idea. "Look here," I said, "why not have your piano taken out? That should put a stop to the playing."

"We had it taken out six months ago," was his reply. "And the music still goes on!"

READING FOR ENQUIRERS

At a meeting recently held in the Sydney Town Hall, at which about seven hundred persons were present, Mr. Charles Neil, our N.S.W. Representative, gave an address on "The Value of Reading Spiritualist Literature." He said, *inter alia*: "Many libraries including the Public Library, the Municipal Library, the Radio Library, have a few Spiritualist books and the Society for Psychic Research, 32 Carrington Street (Lisgar House), Sydney, have over two thousand different volumes on Psychic Knowledge, Phenomena and Healing.

"Spiritual Magazines and Newspapers such as 'The Harbinger of Light' started eighty years ago, 'Prediction' the famous London Magazine, the London paper 'Psychic News,' the Manchester paper 'The Two Worlds,' give a wonderful amount of information.

"A beginner should read the following books:-- (1) 'On the Edge of the Etheric,' (2) 'The Rocks of Truth,' by J. A. Findlay, (3) 'The Teachings of Silver Birch.' 'On the Edge of the Etheric' supplies the key to the mystery of death; it makes the Etheric World understandable and is revolutionizing the scientific and religious thought of Great Britain. It attempts to locate scientifically the Etheric World and place it on the map of the universe. It makes the entrance to a new age of thought and the acceptance of the facts contained in it will unite religion and science and should bring humanity together in a common brotherhood."

In "The Rock of Truth," the author, Mr. J. A. Findlay states: "One of the most impressive sights I have ever seen in the Royal Albert Hall, London, was the gathering of some six thousand people interested in Spiritualism. I was the chairman of the meeting and I thought that this occasion might be used to show the rest of the world that large numbers of people claimed to have communication

with those called dead. So I took the opportunity to ask everyone in the audience who was satisfied that he or she had had communication with departed friends to stand up. Almost the entire audience immediately rose to its feet."

Amicus, in his book "The Morrow of Death," asks "Now to where has the dead man gone? He has emerged into the condition of life which his mental, moral and spiritual development made possible for him. His locale is determined by his status. He comes through death into the type of life which he has made for himself; he can go to no other. His spiritual qualifications place him with unerring exactitude upon the plane of being to which they most nearly correspond."

Continuing Mr. Neil said: "The law of affinity governs the process and it is inexorable. Man goes after death to the place he has made for himself. He can go nowhere else. He joins his type, he gravitates to the beings with whom he will be most nearly at home, and into their surroundings. His home is within the ambit of his own soul and his spiritual compeers are those like unto himself. In a word the dead man under the operation of the benign and just law of affinity—like attracting like—gravitates to the exact condition that his spiritual development, his moral character, his mental attainments and his soul partialities made for him. He goes to his own place.

"Spiritualists do not ask you to believe anything, but urge very strongly for everyone to investigate these matters for themselves by reading Spiritualist literature, books, magazines and newspapers, and to develop their own gifts and regularly attend Circles. If this is done life will be happy and your development and progress will be assured."

FIRE TEST DEMONSTRATION

By D. D. Home

Daniel Dunglas Home was born near Edinburgh on March 20, 1833, and died in June, 1886.

One of the most remarkable and best authenticated cases of what is known as the "Fire Test" occurred at seances with Daniel Dunglas Home, the famous medium whose centenary occurred last month.

Under spirit influence, Home was not only able to handle red hot coals, but he possessed also the power to make certain others immune from fire for the time being.

Contemporary records teem with the evidence of thoroughly honourable and competent witnesses of his mediumship (writes Leslie Curnow). The Master of Lindsay in the evidence before the London Dialectical Society in 1869, said that eight times with this medium he had held red hot coal in his hands without injury. He also described a recent seance with Home where seven out of the nine sitters did the same. A red hot coal was placed on the head of Mr. S. C. Hall, Editor of the "Art Journal," and another on the light muslin dress of the Hon. Mrs. Egerton, without burning in either case.

Mrs. Hall wrote a detailed account for Lord Dunraven of the seance at which the live coal was placed on her husband's head. It occurred at No. 15, Ashley Place, Victoria Street, London, in June, 1869, in the presence of nine people. A large fire was blazing, and she speaks of there being "a great deal of light" in the room.

After Home was entranced, "He got up, walked about the room in his usual manner, went to the fireplace, half knelt on the fender-stool, and took up the poker and poked the fire, which was like a red hot furnace, so as to increase the heat. He held his hands over the fire for some time, and

finally drew out of the fire with his hand a huge lump of live burning coal, so large that he held it in both hands, as he came from the fireplace in the large room into the small room, where, seated round the table, we were all watching his movements.

Mr. Hall was seated nearly opposite to where I sat, and I saw Mr. Home, after standing for about half a minute at the back of Mr. Hall's chair, deliberately place the lump of burning coal on his head.

Someone asked, "Is it hot?" Mr. Hall answered, "Warm, but not hot."

Mr. Home had moved a little away, but returned, still in a trance; he smiled, and seemed quite pleased, and then proceeded to draw up Mr. Hall's white hair over the red coal. The white hair had the appearance of silver threads over the red coal. Mr. Home drew the hair into a sort of pyramid, the coal still red, showing beneath the hair. Home removed the coal after it had rested on the head for some four or five minutes.

Sir William Crookes describes a seance where Home took a red hot charcoal from the centre of the fire and placed in on a fine cambric handkerchief, which, he says, under ordinary circumstances, would have instantly been in a blaze. The handkerchief belonged to one of the sitters, and Sir William afterwards tested it in his laboratory, and found that it had not undergone the slightest chemical preparation to make it fire proof.

THE TYPEWRITER THAT WROTE BY ITSELF By Will Phillips, a former Editor of "Two Worlds" The "Two Worlds"

Some ten years ago I deposited with Britten Memorial Fellowship, a Blickensderfer typewriter, and now, in response to the request of the treasurer of that body, Mr. Sumner, I purpose to tell its story.

At the time I have mentioned, I was instrumental in arranging a visit to Manchester of the Campbell brothers, two well-attested mediums from the U.S.A.

At that time there had been a big outcry about fraudulent mediums, so I want it to be understood that I took all precautions to see that we should not be made the victims of any fraud. It seemed, however that others were at work along the same line, for when the mediums arrived at the house of Mrs. Kate Taylor Robinson, at Whalley Range, the cabinet they were to use was a tangled mass of wood and string (it had, indeed, become so badly entangled, that the attempt to erect it was a failure). We did the next best thing; the black material of the cabinet was stretched across the bay window, and came up to about the height of a man. In front of this, and touching it, were three chairs, the centre one for the medium who sat with one of our trusted members, on either side, each holding one of the medium's hands. Then, another curtain was drawn over the three under their chins.

In preparation for the seance I had purchased a dozen ordinary wooden framed school slates, and the same number of pieces of opal, such as were often used at that time for painting upon, usually flowers. The brother who superintended the seance stood in front of the cabinet, and when the lights were lowered, the seance began. There was still quite a good light, and all could see quite clearly. I had cleaned a slate on both sides, and handed it to the operating brother; he held it up to the light, and turned it so that the sitters could see both side of it, and then handed it across the curtain; it was taken from him, and vanished inside the cabinet.

Before the seance began a small porcelain pot, containing a jumble of oil paints had been placed on a small table within the cabinet. On the

disappearance of the slate, a dabbling sound was heard, and, in a few moments, the slate was passed up over the back cloth, and was seen to have a beautifully painted flower upon it; the flower was wet, as I proved by smudging an edge of it. Several slates and pieces of opal were treated in the same way.

The typewriter, already mentioned, was on the little table; a sheet of paper was handed up in the same manner as the slates and opal. It was taken and we could hear it placed in the machine. Then came the sound of writing, and the withdrawing of the paper, which then appeared above the black cloth and has handed to the person for whom the message had been written. The first was for Mr. George Hill, and was from his son, whose name was given. The whole time the medium had not moved, and those holding his hands had never loosed their hold. All the sitters were satisfied and almost all had received a painting or a message.

Next night we had another sitting at the Salford Spiritualist Church, and on that occasion, I was called up, and looking into the cabinet, saw the letters being depressed without hands while the message was being written.

I purchased the typewriter when the Campbell brothers had completed their engagement, and later sent it to the Britten Memorial Trust, where it may be seen; there was no sign of any special arrangements for trickery.

Apart from that, the messages, with verifiable names and contents, were satisfactory proof of the genuineness of the visitors from across the Atlantic.

LET'S TAKE HER BACK!

By Mrs. Myrtle Gary

When I was six years old I became ill with an attack of appendicitis. During the night I was

awakened, aware that I was being carried outside. I was very frightened. Then I saw four beautiful radiant beings. One smiled and said very sweetly, "Don't be afraid; we are taking you to heaven." Immediately my fear vanished, and I found I was being laid in what seemed to be a "heavenly" elevator. This was made of light-coloured wood, and appeared to be of very light weight. The shape was square, resembling a box, with the sides built only part way up. Beautiful flowers, such as I've never seen, covered the framework and hung down on the sides. I seemed to go up and up, then they stopped and one being said, "She is such a nice little girl; it is a shame she has to go." Another, feeling my hair, remarked, "She has pretty brown curls." Another said, "Let's take her back, and make her one of us." They all agreed, so I was taken back and returned to my bed.

* * *

Religion means goodness of heart, worshipping God in our own way and doing good to His children, our brothers. You cannot buy religion nor put on the cloak of sanctity by attending church only; you must live your religion.

Little children are closer to God than many adults for they have faith. They know the next meal will be ready and served at the appointed hour and feel secure in the love of their parents. Many of us are embittered and distrustful. We are disillusioned; worried, for we have left faith behind, placing our confidence in the dollar.

The wheel of fortune turns; we may be up to-day and down to-morrow. But he among us who has the heart of a little child, trusting in God above, knows the meaning of peace and security and this is True religion.

A MYSTIC EXPERIENCE

By Mary Elsnau, U.S.A.

While in the Super Market, one day, reaching for the butter in the refrigerator, I pinched my small finger in one of those heavy door fasteners. It made a deep imprint of the clamp in my flesh which had already turned black and blue, but I continued with my shopping.

In another department, I noticed a man shopping from a grocery list he held in his hand. He had an illness which had curved his spine; his knees were pressed together and his hands and head were shaking. Normally, he would have stood about five feet ten inches; as it was he was little taller than the market basket on wheels he pushed ahead of him.

As I passed, always in a hurry, I said a little prayer for him in my heart, and forgot him. Having completed my shopping and being outside again, I complained to my husband that I pinched my finger and that it had hurt. I held it up to show him, but the finger had entirely healed, not a mark was on it! My little prayer for one less fortunate had no doubt filled my own cup to the brim.

THE EMERGENCY FUND

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