

*"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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IN THANKS TO THAT DEAR WOMAN

By Rev. E. N. Broomhead, M.A., D.D.

Reprinted from "The Mail" South Australia
"What have I done, or tried, or said,
In thanks to that dear woman dead?
If the grave's gates could be undone
She would not know her little son,
I am so grown. If we should meet
She would pass by me in the street,
Unless my soul's face let her see
My sense of what she did for me."

The Poet Laureate wrote that . . . And tomorrow,
being Mothers' Day, all our sacred memories
will stir.

It doesn't really matter whether, with the older
churches, we observe Mothering Sunday or
whether, with the rest, we call it Mothers' Day,
and use the second Sunday in May. Provided
only that we have the grace, on one set Sunday
in the year, to concentrate all our love and all
our gratitude in acknowledgement of what our
mothers have meant to us.

In all the hardness of our age, with the memories of two wars behind us and the possibility of a third in front, Mothers' Day stands, with its white flowers, as a symbol of hope—like the sweet Book of Ruth, that comes between the murderous records of Judges and Samuel. Mothers' Day!—a day, with all its sweetness, that comes as a rebuke and stumbling-block to the grubby little wretches who sneer at "bourgeois family-life."

For Mothers' Day means that, somehow, denied the alarms and excursions of this frantic century, millions of us make a greater effort than usual to thank her and to return a little love for love.

Don't be afraid to show a little sentiment about it. Women need it, and the older women need it most.

Not least of all, the women we call "dead"—out there, from the Invisible Land, looking on! With all our boasted advancements, women still have a harder life than men. We men do grand things in the eyes of the world—women wait. We march off to our wars and pageants—they wait. We play the loud pipes, bang the big drums, make a great to-do in the clamour of the world—they wait. We even die first (if you must be strict on facts and figures)—they still wait. They wait amid the endless duties of the home, while our faces are missing and we move abroad. They keep the home fires burning, facing monotony and loneliness for long, long stretches of time—and then, if we do not return, they must gather all the courage of their breaking hearts, and start out in the world again, off to work in an age when choice of occupation is still unequally restricted.

And at the end of their days there comes to so many of them the loneliness of unwanted old age. If we piled all human memories in a visible heap, and then restored them to their original

owners, we should see the lighter ones given to men, the darker ones—the sad memories—handed back in greater part to women. So do what you can, for the woman who gave you life. Cast in as many happy memories as you can among the sad. She will cherish them when the white years come. Human nature is like that, and bright memories will make the bleak years warm. And if, like so many of us, your mother is no more than a memory to you, and she is gone—leave her with God and send over a prayer to shine even among that brightness. For, when all the sad and glad days are over, it is well to remember she is with God. God is, in a very special sense, concerned with the well-being of women. He cut history in two and changed the course of the world by the sublime instrumentality of—a Mother.

PLEASE NOTE.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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NO PHYSICAL RESURRECTIONS.

St. Paul never teaches that the material element laid in the grave will be resuscitated. What is sown a natural body is raised a spiritual body, which is the expression of our individual identity in new conditions.

Generally speaking, the Apostle meant by "body" what we mean by "individuality," and he strongly argued for its permanence. Any notion of the resurrection of the flesh never suggested itself.

CONAN DOYLE COMMUNICATED.

Expert Passed Message Written on Slates.

By Horace Leaf, in "Psychic News."

Newspaper correspondents, no matter how sincere, usually plunge briefly into the subject and may fail to obtain as convincing evidence as Spiritualists wish.

Investigators into the phenomena of mediumship often have to wait a long time before they get what may be termed "rock-bottom" proof. In this subject, as in many others, one experiences "purple patches," but these may be few and far between.

In my long, varied and wide experience I can find relatively few examples of supernormal phenomena of this kind.

One of them occurred several years ago in Chesterfield, a small town in Indiana, U.S.A.

The story commences two or three years before, when I failed to obtain a sitting with the well-known slate-writing medium, Mrs. Laura Pruden, of Cincinnati, Ohio. At the time I was lecturing and demonstrating for the local branch of the American Society for Psychical Research; at the same time I was acting as Research Officer for the New York Section of the A.S.P.R.

My job was to find, if possible, reliable materialisation mediums. Mrs. Pruden was an active member of the Cincinnati branch, while her husband, an Appellate Judge, was one of the principal officials.

The cause of my failure to obtain a sitting was that she was leaving town the next morning. We met again later, and then I was unable to sit because I was leaving the city.

These incidents were real disappointments to me, as Mrs. Pruden had the reputation of being a superlative slate-writing medium, a reputation which my sitting with her amply confirmed.

I finally got my sitting quite unexpectedly by meeting Mrs. Pruden with mutual friends. On my reminding her of her promise to sit for me when possible, she immediately invited me to see her at her hotel the following morning, bringing with me two plain school slates and some slate pencil.

A word about Mrs. Pruden. She was over seventy years of age, and rather quaint in her behaviour. At the time I met her at Chesterfield she was walking about with a pet rabbit in a bird-cage!

She was, however, a perfect lady, cultured and refined. No question of fee was involved. Her aim was merely to act as a go-between for the two worlds.

On arriving at the hotel I went to her private apartment, handed her my two slates, and the sitting commenced at once in a room brightly lit by daylight. Not even the curtains were drawn and the sun was shining.

Mrs. Pruden took her seat at a small table, opposite myself, after asking me to write a letter to anyone that I cared to who had "passed on." Having done this at her request I folded the slip into four and placed it on the floor close to my feet.

She then placed two of her own slates under the top of the table, holding them with her right hand, laying her left hand on the table in full view. Between the slates she had put a tiny piece of slate pencil.

We chatted together on matters of a general nature for about half an hour before anything unusual happened, then we both heard writing on the slates.

Now I had written my question to my mother who had been dead more than twenty years. Imagine my surprise when on reading the slates I found that the message had come from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who had been passed some time.

I had been closely associated with Sir Arthur

during his Spiritualistic activities, sometimes travelling with him on his missions and sharing the platform with him.

It was he who made it possible for me to travel to Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania, in an endeavour to raise a trust fund for sending mediums to the Antipodes. The message on the slates was as follows:—

“Let the mind doubt Leaf, for doubt investigates and investigation inspires study and human progress. This is my first effort to reach anyone in America, but this is a fitting time, place and person.

“Hence this opening wedge to a great work of advance I still have to do, and I will carefully select a suitable instrument. With all regards to you.—A Conan Doyle.”

The handwriting resembled that of Doyle's writing under difficulties. I immediately informed the American Associated Press of the incident, and they sent a “Doyle expert” to inspect the slates. He passed the message as satisfactory and it was front-paged by newspapers throughout the country.

After I had read the message Mrs. Pruden asked whether it answered the questions I had written on the paper lying on the floor.

On my informing her that it did not, she immediately picked up one of the two slates that I had brought with me, and stood erect in front of me, holding the slate at arm's length in my direction, with no pencil on it.

Writing commenced at once, but on the underside of the slate. As soon as it was finished Mrs. Pruden handed the slate to me without comment and without even turning it over.

On reading the message, purporting to come from my own mother, and written in her cali-

graphy with her customary mis-spellings, I found that it answered every question I had written and also one I had not asked.

It concerned a member of my family whom I had left in London seriously ill. This lady had come into the family after my mother died, so that normally my mother knew nothing of her.

She had an unusual name, and was generally known by the nickname "Eunie."

The message informed me that she had recovered and that I should receive a letter the following day, confirming this—and I did.

NO FINALITY

By Major J. H. Webster, M.B.E., M.C.

Spiritualist Press Ltd., 8s. 6d.

The sub-title of this volume is "A Book for Those Who Think There Is," and that, perhaps, explains the author's chief purpose in writing it. Major Webster himself has received convincing proof that life continues after bodily death, and would like to bring the same conviction to his readers. To this end he discusses religion, history, science, and other subjects, in the light thrown upon them by the spiritualist theory, and deals with some of the problems of mediumship and with aspects of the next life as revealed through spirit communications. In a previous volume he has told how he was convinced of the truth of survival through his wife's mediumship, which developed soon after the death of his son, and he does not, in the present book, devote much space to evidential matter. But what he does give of evidence is of a high order, and his examination of spiritualism in general is well worth reading. A sane, sensible, convincing book, which many readers will be glad to add to their bookshelf.

—"Light."

THE SACREDNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

From "S.A. Congregationalist."

The Authorized Version of the Bible renders the Sixth Commandment as "Thou shalt not kill," but the Revised Version rendering is, "Thou shalt do no murder." There is no doubt that the Revised Version is correct. The very Law of which the Ten Commandments form a part prescribed death as a punishment for certain transgressions. Many Christians to-day believe that the enlightened Christian conscience should condemn capital punishment, and forbid approval of, or participation in, war. They may be right, but they cannot claim the support of the Sixth Commandment for their beliefs.

If the Sixth Commandment does not go to the extreme length of forbidding the execution of a murderer or the taking up of arms against the nation's enemies, it does mark the recognition of an important principle: **Human Life is Sacred.** Except in certain circumstances which are defined by law, human life ought to be preserved and protected. It is God's will that men and women and children should not be slain. To say such things must sound like preaching to the converted. Most of us have never thought otherwise. All through our lives we have regarded the killing of other human beings with abhorrence. Even if we were compelled to serve in the Armed Forces of our country in time of war, we hated the job, and we rejoiced when it was all over.

We are sometimes reminded that our views regarding the sacredness of human life are by no means shared by the great majority of mankind. In Asia, we are told, life is held very cheaply: people are neither as shocked by killing as we are, nor are they so concerned to succour distress and prolong life. The hospital is a characteristically

Christian institution. It would never occur to us to tolerate the sight of a man dying of starvation in a street of our city, but in some cities of the world such a sight is common. It is not simply that the priest and the Levite pass by on the other side; everybody passes by, and no Good Samaritan puts in an appearance. The whole level of life in such lands needs to be elevated, and a new outlook is needed—an outlook which regards human life as sacred.

But we must not cherish the notion that human life is held cheaply only in countries where the Christian tradition is of comparatively recent growth. In Europe also the Sixth Commandment has been honoured more by lip service than by obedience. Millions of men, women, and children have been killed by bombing, starvation, exposure to the elements, mass execution, and other ingenious and diabolical means. A new word has been coined by the twentieth century in order to denote one of its greatest (numerically) and grisliest achievements—the word **genocide**. Suicide is the killing of oneself, homicide the killing of another, genocide the killing of a whole people or race. Reference to the Sixth Commandment may be preaching to the converted, but are we yet converted to the knowledge that none of us can escape some share of responsibility for perpetrating and perpetuating the unspeakable horrors of our time?

You and I are not likely to break the Sixth Commandment by our own deeds. Our temptation rather lies in an unwillingness to face the logical conclusions of our political doctrines and slogans, in unrecognized encroachments of enemy and alien ruthlessness upon our own spirit, in the selfish notion that it does not matter what happens to the other fellow as long as we and ours are safe. As Christians our greatest temptation is to forget that ours is a ministry of reconciliation.

"It was said to them of old time, 'Thou shalt not kill' . . . but I say unto you, that every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, 'Raca,' shall be in danger of the council; and whosoever shall say, 'Thou fool,' shall be in danger of hell fire." Jesus took it for granted that His hearers were not likely to be guilty of murder, but they were all liable to fall into states of mind which, unrestrained, would provoke murder. Jesus speaks of the anger and contempt which finds its way into human hearts. The killing of a man is a remote possibility for ordinary people (although in war all of us kill by proxy), but there are more ways of killing than by violence. You can kill the hope in a man's heart, you can kill a woman's love, you can kill a rival's reputation, you can kill friendship, you can kill the spirit and effectiveness of a team. And you can kill your own soul at the same time. You can cherish hatred, resentment, and contempt within your heart, and these things breed anger. Anger warps judgment, poisons human relationships, inspires revenge, prevents reconciliation.

* * *

This is the Age of Man; we have passed the "Age of the Gods." If our development is such that we can comprehend the life and the conditions following dissolution, it must be within our grasp as surely as progress has been possible at all times, and among all people since the world began.

People are doing their own thinking, and with thought comes doubt, the stepping stone to the temple of knowledge.

The energy of an active agent seems to end with disorganisation, but it really passes into another form.

36 DOCTORS WRONG.

They said: "No hope."

Now girl who was paralysed is to marry.

(Reprinted from "Psychic News.")

In the summer of 1940, just after King Leopold had capitulated to the German armed forces, a woman walked out of Carlshalton Hospital. Her heart was heavy as she turned from the gate, for she had just learnt that no more could be done for her little 7-year-old daughter, seriously ill with infantile paralysis. Thirty-six doctors had pronounced that there was no hope.

Uncontrolled sobs burst from her as she trudged heavily down the street. Then a hand was placed on her arm and a compassionate passer-by asked her why she was crying. Could she do anything to help? Who that passer-by was no one knows, but her simple, kindly action completely altered the lives of two people. For the one who was crying so bitterly was the West London medium Doris Greenwell; the woman who stopped her was an unknown South London Spiritualist.

Doris, at that time, was not a medium and not connected with the Spiritualist movement, but she took the woman's advice to visit a local centre. She went to the Plough Road church at Battersea, now no longer in existence, but near where she was then living, and a strange thing happened to her. She joined the circle and fell asleep. At least that was what she thought had happened. But when she awoke she was told that she had been in trance and someone had been speaking through her. Reference had been made to the capitulation of the Belgians, and the circle was warned that the war would be a long one. But most important to Doris was a message for her which said that she was to look after herself as she was in a worse state than her daughter! You must take your daughter to Scotland for her health, she was urged. The hospital, however, would not let

the child go. Doris stayed in the circle for a while, and was so overjoyed with the encouragement given her that she volunteered to scrub the floor of the church—a converted railway hut.

Then things began moving. The child's name was placed on the absent healing list of Mr. and Mrs. Whybrow, of 38 Mallinson Road, Battersea. Nothing startling occurred but the kiddie began to gain strength. And Mrs. Greenwell decided that, despite the hospital's attitude, it was time to take Doris—her daughter is named after her—to Scotland. From then onwards events turned for the better. Little Doris's name was added to another healing list, that of the Paisley Church, and she began to improve. When Mrs. Greenwell returned to London two more healing lists registered the name of Doris—the Richmond Church and the King's Cross Centre.

As the months went by the daughter slowly got back onto the road to health. The months turned to years, she finished her schooling and went out to work. A short while ago the firm she works for, a large radio firm in Shepherd's Bush, had its staff mass radiographed. Then the Greenwells heard the result of the X-ray. "No abnormalities shown" read the medical comment at the bottom of the chart. Doris, now an athletic young woman of 19, regularly goes cycling and swimming. Several times she has cycled the 100-mile journey to Brighton and back. Fond of dancing she has learnt the complex patterns of ballet and she can also tap dance. On February 28 she will be dancing on the stage in a show produced by her firm.

But the climax will come on June 21 this year. For on that day the daughter whom Mrs. Greenwell was told by no less than 36 doctors was incurable, will marry Derek William Withers, a 20-year-old carpenter of East Molesley, at the Richmond Spiritualist Church.

JESUS AND PAUL TALK THINGS OVER IN PARADISE

Reprinted from "Psychic News"

This is not a flippant commentary on a great subject. The author is Dr. Alexander Paterson who was for thirty years a medical missionary in Hebron, Palestine, and his life and work have been related in his biography — "Paterson of Hebron" — by his friend, the late Rev. William Ewing, D.D., Edinburgh. It was in the Scottish capital that Dr. Paterson spent many years of his retirement. He died in September, 1940, and has been described as "one of the outstanding missionaries of the Church." The manuscript of the booklet entitled, "Jesus Meets Paul, a dialogue in Paradise," of which this is the first instalment, lays no claim to be a psychic revelation. It was published by Robert Gibson & Sons, (Glasgow) Ltd., to whom "Psychic News" was indebted for reproduction.

Jesus: Ah, Paul, I am glad to see you here; welcome. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Paul. Lord, you are very generous and gracious in your estimate of my poor efforts.

Jesus: Not at all, my apostle, just a quotation from the new writings!

Paul. But I was the chief of sinners and the least of all the apostles. (1 Cor. 15: 9).

Jesus: So you said, Paul. However, you did well. I began, and you took over: not so much from me as from the earlier apostles — though I notice you denied that you were indebted to them. Though they had known me in person, which you never did, you even refused to consult with them. (Gal. 1: 16, 17.) Be that as it may, you left a great legacy to mankind, just as I did myself: you in your own published writings, and mine at the mercy of others' recording.

Paul. Yes, I preferred the written record of my own thought, instead of leaving it to less able men, first to remember accurately and then to relate correctly. Accuracy is a great matter in vital problems. I was running no risks.

Jesus. Quite so. And now that we are both here and free from our labours, I would like to discuss with you some of your recorded teachings.

Paul. With all deference —

Jesus: No, Paul, this is not the "Judgment seat of Christ" that you spoke of — there need be no deference on either side. Your statements are on record and I know equally what I taught — you in your longer life of service and I in my very brief one.

Paul. Yes, Lord, I came through much persecution, but I kept the faith, I finished the course, and now there is laid up for me —

Jesus. Yes, yes; you certainly were persecuted and you finished the course. For that, all due honour. It is rather on questions of the faith, and on "interpretations" that we might talk.

Paul. I followed your own method, my master, and spoke not as the scribes but as one that had authority. It is the only way with the simple.

Jesus. Paul, many here, who were here long before either of us, were rather grieved that you referred to their times (for they were faithful men according to their light) as "the times of ignorance which God winked at" (Acts 17: 30) — that was your phrase to the Athenians.

Paul. I was speaking to Greek philosophers who loved debate.

Jesus. A privilege, Paul, denied to me in my more limited sphere, but was it true to say that God winked at sincerity in striving after the truth in any form?

Paul. I was debating my case, your case —

Jesus. I, too, had many a battle of wits in my time and tried always to answer serious questions

with strict regard to truth, and with strict respect for belief—when it was sincere. And my pleasure was never in success in debate as such, but always in making the “wise” simple and the “simple” wise.

Paul. Yes, so I have been told.

Jesus. You were a Jew, Paul, were you not?

Paul. I was indeed. I—

Jesus. When you were a Jew you spake as a Jew, you thought as a Jew, you reasoned as a Jew, you understood as a Jew, but when you became a “Christian” (a new name to me) you put away Jewish things. But not quite!

Paul. I was a Pharisee of the Pharisees.

Jesus. Well, do not you think you must have given grave offence to your own people when you renounced the Jews as anathema because they did not at once accept your “new” Gospel? (Acts 18: 16),

Paul. My master, maybe I spoke in haste, but —

Jesus. Maybe, but what about the Gentiles who refused to accept it? Were not they also anathema? And if so, what about my universal religion and my own method of leavening the whole lump of Society to whatever religion the sections of it might belong?

Paul. I did not think of it like that.

Jesus. So be it. We all make mistakes of judgment. I remember after I had scourged the Price-changers from the Temple, thinking—just for one moment—that there was no hope for some types of men—

Paul. I was always thinking that, Lord, and once, you may remember, I prayed that I myself might be anathema in order that others might be saved.

Jesus. I do remember, and that certainly was the true spirit of my Gospel. But tell me, Paul how are things with the Movement since I left it?

I have heard so much about the rapid development of the organisation and so little about the general quality of the New Life which I taught.

Paul. The Gospel which you left in Palestine, my Lord, has, through my labours reached from the centre to the boundaries of the old Greek empire; it has pierced Rome itself, and is known now in many of the colonies. I established churches in Ephesus, in Thessalonica, in Corinth, and in Rome, and I —

Jesus. Churches? What are they?

Paul. Assemblies of the saints.

Jesus. Saints?

Paul. Yes, what you would have called disciples, or followers, in your day, are now called saints — my name for your disciples, and groups of them are called "Ecclesia" — churches. We had to organise and —

Jesus. Things are certainly moving.

Paul. They certainly are. And I wrote letters or Epistles to them fixing the Faith in a written record for all time, so there need be no further disputation about its meaning and validity. These, my Lord, are now read in all the churches, for the edification of the saints.

Jesus. It is good news that my disciples are no longer disputing among themselves. How times must have changed — and men.

Paul. Yes, Lord, I spoke with authority. It is now known as "The Faith once for all delivered to the Saints." (Jude 1: 3.)

Jesus. "Once for all." Dear me! — a kind of final edition? By the way, Paul, my apostle, are you aware that another series of writings is now appearing purporting to be my Gospel as told by the men who were my actual disciples in the flesh, which, of course, you never were.

Paul: "My gospel." Why, that is what I called my writings to the churches.

Jesus. Yes, I remember that strange description

for what was supposed to be an interpretation of my message to the world. Why, Paul, did you call your letters, or Epistles, your own Gospel? (Rom. 2: 16).

Paul. It seemed to carry weight — as one having authority and not as the scribes. To speak with authority impresses the simple.

Jesus. Well, be that as it may, these later writings called the Gospels according to Mark, Luke and Matthew are most interesting documents — “human documents” as we would say. They are not at all like yours, Paul, for the writers were simpler men who knew little of the mystery religions, or of philosophy, and nothing at all about rhetoric.

Paul. I sat at the feet of Gamaliel!

Jesus. Yes; these men used to sit at my feet. I talked with them and they asked questions, an old method which my friend Socrates, who is now here, tells me he adopted in his time.

Paul. Socrates? Surely, Lord, you do not suggest —

Jesus. And there was one James, my own brother, who wrote an Epistle after my own heart and indeed in our own family tradition. He maintained, as our family in Nazareth all believed, that “faith without works is dead.” (James 2: 14-16).

Paul. But, Lord, is not that contrary to my great exposition to the Romans? And your family? Were not you “the only begotten of the Father”?

Jesus. “Our family”? My dear Paul were you not aware? “The only begotten”? Bless you, no. There were seven “only begottens” in our family. I was the eldest of seven — five brothers and two sisters — all begotten of our father, the honest man Joseph, and that dear one, Mary, The Mother. (Mark 6: 3.)

However, I was telling you of these other writings, following yours. Strangest of all, Paul, our friend Luke has also written about you and

other apostles in a book called "The Acts of the Apostles."

It would surprise you if you could read it; and if you could now read these three Gospels you would be amazed.

Paul. My own record, no. But yours, my master, how I would rejoice and again rejoice, to read the earthly story of the Crucified, Risen and Glorified Christ — the master I loved so well.

Jesus. Yes, Paul, you were certainly a great propagandist of that idea. You wrote to the Corinthians "I am determined not to know anything among you except Jesus Christ and him crucified." (1 Cor. 2: 2). And again you wrote: "Even though we have known Jesus Christ after the flesh, yet now know we him so no more." (2 Cor. 5: 16).

Paul. Yes, praise God, I —

Jesus. Not so quick, my dear Paul. Why only a Christ (i.e. really a Jewish Messiah) who had died, and not a Jesus who had lived? In your language, Paul, my life-story would be epitomized thus: Born, crucified, descended into Hell (by the way, what Hell or even what Hades; almost my last word on earth was that I was going to Paradise "the old garden of all delights") the resurrection of the body, judge of quick and dead.

But what of my Life? Nothing between my birth and my death? What a Life!

Paul. "It was expedient that one man should die for the people."

Jesus. That is a foolish quotation, Paul, and a foolish deduction. That quotation is from old Caiaphas, the high priest, who used it only for political purposes to get the Jews out of trouble with the Roman authorities. (John 18: 14). All he was asking for was a "political" death to keep Rome quiet.

Paul. What is that? It seemed to show the necessity for your death.

Jesus. Necessity? Caiaphas said "expedient," a

term very common in political intrigue, of which Caiaphas was a master. Paul, did you ever sit at my feet as once you sat at the feet of Gamaliel? (Acts 22: 3). And why did you refuse to confer with those who had known me simply as Jesus of Nazareth?

But why, of all things, did you boast that your knowledge of me came to you in some supernatural way (Gal. 1: 12) "as one born out of due time" (an unfortunate phrase, Paul, which has only one meaning among the common folk).

Paul. I believed, and therefore have I spoken.

Jesus. A good thing to do, my Paul; but you do seem to have been in some doubt, because you swore by an oath (a practice I so strongly condemned) (Matt. 5: 34), "Behold, before God, I lie not." (Acts 1: 20). An oath, Paul, does not make a true statement more true, or a false statement less false; it does not even strengthen a doubtful one.

Paul. I conferred with Peter, I stayed with Peter for a fortnight once in Jerusalem, and I met your brother James there.

Jesus. Now tell me, Paul, quite candidly, why you spent only two weeks with one of my disciples who knew all about me, and yet you went away to Arabia for three years in solitude and isolation.

Paul. I needed solitude to develop my theology.

Jesus. Solitude and isolation rather than the friendly company of men who were then actually engaged collecting the materials for my biography?

Paul. I see, Master, what you mean.

Jesus, Paul, as I said, this is no "Judgment Seat of Christ" (which, by the way, I never heard of till you invented the phrase), but tell me, was it because these men were just fishermen and carpenters and excisemen, men of no "standing," that you ignored them?

Paul. I felt that I must speak with authority, and not as the scribes.

Jesus. And to speak with what you called authority you ignored, even repudiated, the only real authorities on my life and teaching.

And why could you ever imagine that I should choose you specially to the exclusion of those who suffered with me in my temptation? (Luke 22: 28).

Paul. It seems strange now. I was a Pharisee. I always felt I was specially chosen—"as one born out of—"

Jesus. Do you know this curious fact, Paul, that when I chose the Twelve I did not include a Pharisee among them.

Paul. I have often wondered at those twelve men.

Jesus. So also did I. It is not easy choosing men, Paul. One of them was a traitor to the cause, a bad character as we say, but, bad though he was he could repent, and that is a great quality.

Paul. I always taught repentance and remission of sins through the precious blood—

Jesus. And another of them was a near-communist, who later wrote a small pamphlet (the Epistle of James).

I wonder if that will be read much in the churches. Nothing there about a "crucified saviour" or a "Glorified Christ," or about "Blood sacrifice for the remission of sins."

Paul. I met him only once before I left for Arabia. He seemed rather outspoken and crude and more concerned about Justice in time than about eternal things.

Jesus. Paul, all things are eternal, especially Justice. What were you afraid of then, in these simple men of mine?

Paul. They were impetuous—(you would know Peter)—and when in trouble incapable of intellectual defence of their position.

Jesus. Well, Paul, you could never be accused of incapacity in that sense, but you must remember that when these same simple apostles were in trouble, your own former master Gamaliel shielded and defended them. (Acts 5: 34, 35).

Paul. I did not know. That must have been before my conversion.

Jesus. Speaking about conversion, my dear Paul, conversion, however sincere, has its dangers, especially when it is from one form of fanaticism to another. Before you met me on the Damascus Road (as you say) you were a fanatic. The danger is that fanaticism is so easily transferred to a new belief.

Paul. I toiled and suffered, I was scourged and beaten. I bore in my body the marks of my Lord — all for the gospel's sake.

Jesus. Yes, my apostle, we both discovered that the greatest of all adventures is to get one new idea accepted by mankind. And we both discovered that martyrdom lies in the path of the pioneer. On that at least we are agreed.

Now we must rest awhile.

(to be continued)

This individual life of ours, whether it had birth within the palace or the hut, no matter how it turns and curves and falls among the hills as it courses from mountain-tops, through valley-lands, or, lies at times in stagnant pools of ignorance and vice, festering in the sun, must some day reach the great ocean of eternal life, from whence it came, clean and pure.

The age of belief is past. The teaching of the church no longer satisfies the hunger of heart and brain, this is an age of fact. The present calls upon all men to think, not to believe.

This life is but the creative plane, a preparatory stage of development for the reality that comes with dissolution, which is merely an increasing of our vibratory action.

JAPANESE BELIEF IN SPIRIT RETURN. Spiritual Society Which Has Two Thousand Branches.

In the early part of this month we received the visit of Mr. B. Zushi, a Japanese Government engineer attached to the Harbour Works of Kiirun, a town of 50,000 inhabitants on the island of Taiwan (Formosa). He has come over to study the mechanical appliances and loading and discharging facilities of the principal ports of Western Europe. After a fortnight's tour in this country, he left for the Continent and expects to return to Kiirun in May.

Mr. Zushi being a believer in survival, he enquired from his landlady at a boarding-house in North London as to Spiritualists with whom he could get in contact, and she referred him to THE GREATER WORLD.

For the time being Mr. Zushi has difficulty in expressing himself in English, but he was able to convey to us, during his visit to G.W. Sanctuary, the following interesting information:

Highly Evolved Spirits.

"I belong to the religious society called Kodo Oomoto, which means "The Great Origin." It has about 2,000 branches over the world; there is one at Kiirun. The seat of the society is at Kameoka, near Kioto. The belief in life after death forms part of Oomoto's teaching. Many highly evolved spirits have given messages through Mrs. Naoko Deguchi, of Ayabe, near Kioto. This medium passed away fifteen years ago. The messages were taken down in shorthand and published, in part, in the society's magazines and also in two books of about 200 pages each. Many copies of these books have been sold. One of the magazines is published monthly in Esperanto, for many members of Oomoto speak Esperanto fluently. This review, which includes spirit messages, is read in many parts of the world.

"Oomoto was founded 41 years ago and is absolutely free in its activities. Its religion is a kind of Shintoism. In Japan, State and Religion are separated, in so far as no Church receives any financial or other support from the government. Shintoism is the ancient religion of the country, but we have in Japan many Buddhists and Christians.

Wonderful Healing Work.

"The members of Oomoto firmly believe that what Christians call the Archangel Michael has given messages through the mediumship of Mrs. Naoko Deguchi. We call that spirit **Kunitokotachi no Mikoto**. Mrs. Deguchi's successor is Mr. Onisaburo Deguchi, who is considered our great medium. He is the President of Oomoto. Wonderful healing work is done through him while he is under trance. In some cases, people who were blind, deaf or dumb have been cured instantaneously. The medium places his hand on the sufferer's head, and thus the healing power is passed on. We have many good healers. I myself am used for healing minor ailments.

"Mr. Onisaburo Deguchi's principal aim in life in the spiritualisation of the world.

"Many members of Oomoto wear on their body an amulet, which we call **Omamori**, as a protection against bad spirits and influences. I am always wearing one myself.

"Kodo Oomoto is spreading rapidly and may in time become the first religion in Japan. Its teaching is universal and it has centres outside Japan. It cannot be said that Oomoto is a Spiritualist society, but it is strongly related to Spiritualism."

—"The Greater World."

In the kingdom of the mind there can be no personal dictation; there is no God but universal good; no Saviour but oneself; no trinity but matter, force, and mind.

OUR HOUSE WAS HAUNTED

By Mrs. Elwood Phillips in "Chimes."

When I was a little girl about 10-11 years old, my folks moved into a house at 2760W Park Ave., Chicago, Illinois. My father was carrying part of a bed upstairs to the front bedroom, and was about to enter the room when the door slowly closed in front of him. There were no windows open, and he could find nothing to cause the door to close. Soon after this, other strange things began to happen. The family cat always slept at the foot of the bed in which my sister and I slept. One night the cat arched her back and hissed, looking in the direction of the front bedroom. We would hear strange noises there after the gas lights had been turned out. At another time there were sounds like a ball bouncing down the stairs, and sounds like a stick going up and down the banister. A vase fell from the mantle and broke. Apples fell from a pantry shelf, and queer chopping sounds in the wall were heard. A coal bucket upset in the kitchen.

My oldest sister was going up stairs one night when she saw some dark thing leap toward her. She screamed and her husband rushed upstairs, with a butcher knife in his hand. They searched the house all over but found no one. Not very long after this my other sister was walking to school with a neighbor girl one day. The neighbor girl told my sister that not long before we moved into this house, a young bride had been murdered, either in the house or in the one next door to us. She wasn't quite sure which.

It evidently was our house, from the nature of the haunting. This is a true experience, and I can furnish the names and addresses of those who can verify this to be true.

OUR AURAS

By a former Collyhurst Member, Manchester, Eng.

The word "aura" is a common term used frequently to mean a kind of halo, or mist, which surrounds all manifestations and especially those of living plants and animals. In the sense in which we use the word "aura" we mean the radiations of the polarity of the object or body, and therefore its magnetic field. Now the polarity of a body whether it be mineral, plant, animal, or human, gives the body a certain quality and we say the body is negative or positive, meaning that it has a negative or positive polarity or predominating quality.

It has often been noticed that when we, as human beings, come in contact with other human beings, we feel a natural attraction or repulsion. Then again we often meet persons who seem to have a smoothing touch, a magnetic personality, or a pleasing aura which we enjoy; while at other times we meet persons whose magnetism or aura seems to be inharmonious to us.

This condition of affairs can be easily explained to our own understanding in the knowledge of the aura of all bodies. When a negative aura meets a negative aura, the two will not blend, but, in fact, they will repel each other. This repulsion may be mild, depending upon the strength of the auras of it may be strong — so strong that it will be felt across the room. Then there is another fact which will interest us: our mental condition, the thoughts we are holding in our minds, affect and influence our auras to such an extent that at times we may practically change a positive aura to a negative one, and thereby cause those who are generally pleased with our Aura to feel a repulsion or antipathy.

The aura of the human body, and in fact the aura surrounding every form of matter, is due to the presence of a vital energy, or vibratory force within the body. This force is universal; it is in and around all things as a pervading unit. It is never separated, never divided, never disconnected, but always in touch with itself everywhere: it is like the air in our room, outside our room, and that far above the earth, always united as a single unit.

The aura of the physical body is predominantly negative in polarity in comparison to that of the psychic body or inner self, which is predominantly positive. This is because the physical body is composed of spirit vibrations, as are all material things. Spirit, though consisting of positive and negative vibrations, is predominantly negative, because as matter it manifests on the material plane.

However, the more we attune with the real part of ourselves, with the psychic self, the more positive our aura becomes in polarity. Consequently, some persons have a less negative aura than others; or in other words, it is more positive in polarity. Thus, where there are two negative auras, and one is less in that polarity, the other stands in relation to it as of positive polarity. They are therefore drawn to each other by their magnetic opposite attraction.

If the auras are alike in polarity, of course, they will repel each other.

—The Two Worlds.

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SECURITY.

By Mary Elsnau, Rt. 3, Box 16, Marysville, Calif.

The world-wide feeling of insecurity is making parasites of us. We tend to lean on the State for protection against all manner of fears. Deeply we feel we are in a Time of Trouble, though vague and illusory, yet we have an apprehension of we know not what, so we are willing to give up all initiative, all thinking, planning and even our freedom, if only we have security.

This is pinning our faith on the all-powerful State, but States have fallen; kingdoms have been replaced with dictatorships, and people have lost their faith in themselves, in their State and in God. And Dante said, "Ye who enter here, all hope abandon."

It is so easy to let go and not exert oneself, to be told what to do and what to think, if we think at all. The popular desire to give up freedom in order to be taken care of by the State and relieved of all responsibility is like being one of the slaves who built the Great Pyramid. They did not worry about shelter, food and clothing; all was allotted to them by the State. All the slaves did was work when and where told. Is civilization retrogressing to the pyramidal age? There is no standing still; we must either advance or retrogress. We must either make the grade or go under.

What is wanted of us is an awareness of our responsibility to God, our leaning on Him in time of stress as in time of bliss. If we do this we have no fear in our hearts, for God is greater than the State; He does not dictate to us, but, on the contrary, encourages us to exert our individuality, our initiative, and clears our minds for constructive thinking and planning. Reliance on Him humanizes humanity, puts hope, love and peace in our souls which we extend to our fellow-men.

Right and justice always prevail in the end. Therefore, those who are in the right, those who are leaning on God, those who know love in their hearts shall be saved and secure, irrespective of what happens to those who lean on the fallible State.

MORE READING

"Spiritualists of all people in the mass, are the worst read I know; they hardly read at all. They only read newspapers, but as to studying books of great writers like Lord Dowding, not one in a hundred do it."

This cutting criticism came from Shaw Desmond when he addressed a meeting at the Hounslow Spiritualist Church, England. But his observations were not as destructive as they sound for he was urging Spiritualists to be a little more intellectual in their approach. "There is a great deal of ignorance in the world," he said, "and the only way to dispel it is for people to read the best books they can get, and never to enter a seance room until they really know why they are going there." Many of the things we had been taught in the last 50 years he described as "nonsense," although some of them had a basis of truth.

"We must get the right conditions in the seance room," he continued, "for if we cannot produce the proper atmosphere in which people are at home we cannot get good results." He held that over-eating and over-smoking were harmful to seance room work, but he tempered this opinion by adding: "I am not an anti-tobacco fiend."—"Psychic News."

We are swinging away from the old moorings; new views come with changing times and conditions. Knowledge is the torch that fires our enthusiasm, and makes advancement possible.

All truth is safe, nothing else is safe; he who holds back the truth, **through expediency or fear, fails in his duty to mankind.**

HE WANTED HIS SUIT

By Lloyd Meyers.

One Monday evening during January of this year, when I came home from my day's work at a large clothing store in Minneapolis, Minnesota, I leaned back comfortably in my easy chair for a brief rest before retiring. As I sat there I became psychically aware of a shop ticket which looked identical with one we used in our store. Before I had time to study it carefully, it disappeared, as quickly as it had come.

I was disturbed, and tried to recall what might have gone wrong during the day, but could not recall a single mistake. The first thing the next morning I double checked on my activities of the day before, but could find nothing amiss.

By noon a customer called for his suit of clothes, and it was the same ticket I had seen the evening before. He wanted it sooner than we had anticipated, and with a little hurry, we got it ready for him. The spirit forces had foreseen this demand, and had tried to prepare us for it.—“Chimes.”

PHANTOM HORSE AND CART DISSOLVED INTO THIN AIR

An encounter with a phantom horse, cart and driver on a lonely road in the Derbyshire Peak District is described in a letter published in a recent issue of “Country Life.”

The writer of the letter, John J. Grover, of Rotterham, Yorkshire, tells how he witnessed the appearance and sudden disappearance of the spectre near the Snake Pass in October, 1928, when he was returning from Buxton one night by motorcycle.

“I had passed through the village of Bamford,” he writes, “and was within half a mile of where the road joins the Snake, when I saw in the light of my headlamp that I was about to overtake a horse and cart. It struck me at the time that it was

a somewhat queer type of cart, as it had very high sides and back. The driver was walking beside the horse, and in his hand he held a long whip, which he used rather like a staff. I had time to take all this in because, as I was about to pull out to pass them, I saw the lights of a car coming towards me, so I dimmed my headlamp and turned in about 12 or 15 feet behind the cart. The car driver was not very considerate and kept his headlamps full on, with the result that I was rather dazzled.

"I then turned up my headlamp, preparing to turn out and overtake that horse and cart, when to my surprise there was nothing in front. Thinking that perhaps the horse had taken fright at the car and gone into the ditch, I got off my bicycle and searched the side of the road, which there fell off rather steeply. There was no sign of the horse and cart and as there were no turnings on either side of the road for nearly half a mile I was puzzled as to what could have happened. I was most certainly not dreaming, and I could describe the cart and driver minutely. I did not see the horse, because the cart was in the way. There was half a moon at the time with light clouds and I could see his long coat and his tall hat, not so tall as a topper, but somewhat the same shape."

That thought that there need be no more groping in the dark, makes the pulse quicken. The realisation that fear can now be eliminated from the human brain, fills every heart with joy.

The fact that we may come into touch with those in spheres beyond and know that they live, and how and where they live, will lift the burden of sorrow from every heart that mourns its dead.

This is an age of intellectual emancipation. Those who walk with open eyes will find the truth, for it lights the way across the continent of every human life.

THE EMERGENCY FUND.

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A KITCHEN PRAYER

(Author Unknown)

Lord of all pots, pans and things,
Since I have no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things,
Or storming Heaven's gates;
Make me a saint by getting meals,
And washing up the plates.
Although I have Martha's hands,
I have a Mary mind,
And when I black the boots and shoes
Thy sandals, Lord, I find.
I think of how they trod the earth,
What time I scrub the floor,
Accept this meditation, Lord,
I haven't time for more.
Warm all the kitchen with Thy love,
And light it with Thy peace;
Forgive me all my worryings,
And makes all grumbles cease.
Thou Who didst love to give
Men food in room or by the sea,
Accept this service what I do,
I do it unto Thee.

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