

*"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**

Founded 1870

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Box 64A, G.P.O., Adelaide

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Registered at G.P.O., Melb., for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Vol. 85, No. 7.

JULY, 1952.

Price, 1/-.

"SUICIDE" DENOUNCES HIS MURDERERS

Reprinted from "Psychic News."

A young woman is suddenly and mysteriously entranced by the spirit of a supposed suicide. To friends gathered at her bedside the spirit declares that he did not take his own life, but was murdered by friends who dressed up the crime to look like suicide.

And listening is one of the alleged murderers the spirit has accused! This drama-packed story has been unearthed for us by Fred Langenburg, of Bielefeld, who has translated it from the original report, which appeared in two German papers. Seventeen-year-old Maria Talarico was crossing the Lepore de Siano bridge, near the Italian parish of Catauzaro, when she suddenly collapsed with an apparent nervous breakdown. Passers-by hurried to render first aid, but they could not revive her, so she was carried home.

On the journey to her home they doubtless recalled that it was at this same spot four years earlier that the body of Guiseppe Veraldi was found on the rocks below the bridge. People had assumed at the time that Guiseppe had tried to

commit himself to the waves, but by an error of judgment, had landed on the rocky ground. Most of his clothes were missing and only one shoe, the left, was found. It was some distance from the body. As Maria was carried into her home she cried out for her mother. But when her own mother came to comfort her the girl cried: "You aren't my mother. It's my real mother I want to see. Veraldi is her name."

The neighbours and relatives who had gathered in the house exchanged glances. Meanwhile, Maria continued to call for "Mother Veraldi." Convinced that Maria was suffering some form of mania and in order to pacify her, Signora Veraldi, the mother of Guiseppe, was sent for and conducted to the girl's bedside. As she came into the room, Maria arose, gripped her in a powerful embrace, and in deep, sonorous tones, quite unlike her normal voice, declared: "I am your son, Guiseppe, whose smashed body was found under the bridge."

The neighbours standing round, most of them devout Catholics, regarded this as indicative of lunacy, and, making the sign of the Cross, offered unspoken prayers to heaven for Maria's recovery. But the deep voice continued undaunted: "I'm Guiseppe. I didn't jump from the bridge. My four comrades attacked me and killed me. To make believe that I jumped from the bridge, they carried my corpse to the river." And, through Maria, the voice related the events of the night that Guiseppe lost his life.

In the hush that had now fallen on the gathering, the spirit went on: "There was a party in the tavern of Signor Giose, at Via Barrace. We had some bottles of wine." Giose, the innkeeper, was amongst those standing in the room. He was stunned by this announcement, but recalled that Guiseppe, with four others, was drinking at his

hostelry on the night of the supposed suicide. The voice continued: "Later, on the way home, we had a quarrel over a love affair, and the others attacked me and knocked me down." And, through Maria, the spirit which claimed to be the dead Guiseppe described how one of his acquaintances, whom he named, had struck him, while another, also named, suggested the idea of a fake suicide. "They conceived the idea of stealing my clothes and putting me under the bridge near the river beach to make it appear that I had killed myself. The left shoe they wanted to throw in the river, but it did not reach its target, but fell on the side where it was found later."

One of those standing in the room turned ashen. He was the one named as having struck Guiseppe. Forced by the circumstances to say something, he stepped hesitantly towards the bed. But his steps were halted by the voice crying, "Away with you, away with you." Tottering, with the eyes of his neighbours searching him, he fumbled his way from the room. The entranced Maria spoke again: "One of the four murderers to-day lives in Africa and works as a bricklayer," she said. "Another" (whom she named) "is dead, and the fourth is the brother of he who left the house just now."

And on that dramatic note Maria let forth a scream and collapsed into a state of catalepsy which lasted for twenty hours.

When she awoke, she could recall nothing of the startling events which had occurred in the room the previous day, nor could she recognise Signora Veraldi. For a month the population of Siano was electrified by this incredible event. The two accused brothers left the district, the death of the third conspirator was confirmed. Later still came news that the fourth member was working as a bricklayer in Italian Somaliland.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINALS

Have They a Sixth Sense?

By Harvey Day, in "Prediction."

The intelligence of the Australian aborigines is generally rated very low. Recent investigations, however, have credited them with a high ratio of telepathic faculty.

Early in the history of the human race man possessed a highly developed sense which in his civilised descendants has become dulled, largely through disuse. And when to-day anyone exhibits such a faculty we refer to it as a "sixth sense."

We still find people—not always primitive—who possess a sixth sense, but because we have developed from animals of instinct into creatures of reason, we are puzzled to account for such a sense, and brand anyone who possesses it as queer.

Three hundred years ago such persons were burnt at the stake for allying themselves with the powers of darkness.

Anything that man's puny intelligence cannot account for is suspect.

Aborigines possess this sixth sense to a far greater degree than most civilised people. It is most marked among the American Indians, the pigmy tribes of Central Africa, the Zulus, the Nagas and Bhils of India, natives of the Congo and West Africa, and the aborigines of Australia.

The aborigines also possess unusual physical powers. In youth they can pick out detail at a distance at which white men require field glasses. They can hear noises outside the range of European ears, and smell downwind with the keenness of a fox.

Because of this ultra-sensitivity they also succumb more quickly when in contact with Europeans to trachoma, deafness, tuberculosis and other diseases peculiar to the white man.

It is not surprising that aborigines possess such acute perception, or a sixth sense, for one need not be a primitive to possess them. Close contact with Nature or a remoteness from the haunts of man will suffice to develop them.

On the west coast of Scotland and Ireland, and in the Hebrides, there are many who have never lost this gift, this ability to apprehend danger, to sense the approach of strangers as yet well beyond sight, and to anticipate events.

We laugh at anything that we cannot understand, or call it uncanny.

Sixty years ago white settlers in remote parts of Australia took their rifles and went off on a Sunday afternoon's sport to shoot aborigines, who were then considered little better than dingoes and not half as valuable as kangaroos. No one, for instance, could manufacture anything from their skins.

But to-day aborigines live in reserves, their peculiar talents are respected, and many are used by the police because of their uncanny ability in tracking criminals and people lost in the bush.

And when educated and placed in a civilised environment, the aborigine has proved equal in every way to his white brother.

Some years ago Professor Porteous, an American psychologist, conducted numerous experiments in Australia with the assistance of aborigines.

He found that wherever he went, news of his coming preceded him and preparations were made to welcome him. This puzzled him.

At first he suspected that his progress had been reported by smoke signals sent up by members of his party, but there were numerous instances when this could not have been done.

Professor A. P. Elkin has written several books and countless articles about the Australian

aborigine in which he states that many white men who know their aborigine employees intimately can give no explanation for the fact that their servants were often aware of events taking place hundreds of miles away; not world-shaking, well advertised events, but comparatively trivial ones.

It is not uncommon for an aborigine who accompanies his employer on a journey suddenly to announce after a matter of days that someone he has left at home is dead or ill; that a friend has met with an accident; a child has been born; a fire has burnt down a homestead or a number of cattle have perished of drought or disease.

Hundreds of such statements have been set down and carefully checked till now there is no doubt in the mind of anyone working in this field of research, that aborigines do possess what until recently were termed supernatural powers; but which more correctly may be termed supra-natural powers.

In 1949 and 1950 Lyndon and Ronald Rose, with the help of scores of aborigines, carried out the first experiments ever made to test their telepathic capacity.

The results were astounding.

At Woodenbong, for instance, they interviewed Frank Mitchell, a Minyung full-blood, formerly a policeman at Cherbourg Aboriginal Settlement, on his return from his brother's funeral in Brisbane.

Mitchell had stated, a few nights previously, in the most matter of fact way, that his brother had just died, and that he was going to attend his funeral, 100 miles away.

Next morning a telegram arrived announcing his brother's death. It had been dispatched about the time Mitchell began packing his bag for the journey.

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 — "Patterson 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 final 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.

(Continued from June issue.)

Paul: My Lord, I saw you in my system as the "High Priest Forever," and gave you that place of honour. I placed you "sitting at the right hand of God." I gave you every honour.

Jesus: Well I know where you have "placed" me, Paul, but where did you get these highly aristocratic and priestly ideas about me?

Not from me, not from my words or works, and I am sure none who ever knew me in the flesh and in my simple garments, would ever associate me with all the flummery that gathered round the old priestcraft. The official dress alone would disgust anyone who lived as simply as I did.

Paul: I know you lived a simple life, but—

Jesus: Very simple both in life and belief. It was my protest against the elaborate pretence of temple and synagogue.

How I hated that weary procession of beasts trailing along to the slaughter-house, and, still more so, the replendent solemnity of the priests in attendance who stage-managed the ancient pantomime.

Paul: But it was the ancient religion of our fathers.

Jesus: It certainly was. I hated it so I could not speak of its beastly ritual and just ignored it. That was why the priests were so angry at my teaching.

They did not understand a religion for the market place and the home. They had always to be "performing" in their temples and in the slaughter-house.

Paul: How strange. I saw the Old fit into the New just like a dove-tail. The one seemed to fulfil the other. You, my Lord, were the final fulfilment of all our religion.

Jesus: The religion I began to do and teach, Paul, was not a reformed Judaism. It was a new way of life.

Paul, between ourselves, your theorising with your old scriptures about sacrifice and your conclusion "We are justified by His blood" (meaning mine), (Rom. 5: 9), was most ingenious.

Then you turn round to simple men, Gentiles, and men who never knew or heard of our ancient and peculiar rites, and you say that only those who can bring themselves to believe—all that—are saved. I never taught that.

Paul: I thought—

Jesus: Don't you see, Paul, that before any man can understand **your** gospel, which you call Christianity, he must first study and then accept ancient Judaism with all its ritual of bloody sacrifices. Is that the proper approach to **me**?

Paul: It seemed very logical at the time when I wrote to the Saints at Rome. They accepted it.

Jesus: I was never in Rome. But, Paul, what

will happen to my simple gospel if future generations should prefer yours and build churches round it to perpetuate that (forgive me, Paul), that logical lunacy?

Paul: I did my best.

Jesus: Paul, a man's best, if his vision is wrong, is sometimes his worst.

But I shall always be grateful to you for that other writing of yours, much of it so different from your polemics, but especially your poem in praise of Love (1 Cor. 13).

For one brief hour you were inspired by all I ever believed and felt.

My dear Paul, I have that poem in my memory, every word.

Paul: My master, I wrote that far removed from the scene of the Jewish temples and the priests. It was done in my beloved Ephesus. I am glad you like it.

Jesus: Paul, that will live when all your other works are forgotten. It is the whole Law and the Gospel.

Paul: Lord, did you never write? Had you no craving for authorship?

Jesus: No craving for authorship in that sense. Had I lived longer—and how I wished for that—I might possibly have collected my sayings and my simple stories, like the one about the Good Samaritan, and the Prodigal Son, and others.

Oh, I remember, I did write once, but only on sand. (John 8: 6.)

Paul: On sand?—what?—why?

Jesus: It was a secret. For a brief moment it was seen and read by only one poor, simple girl.

Paul, it is the fate of all writing to be written on sand. There is no finality with truth. Truth marches on.

Paul: My master, one day you must tell me what you taught and I may, if you will, ask of you questions, as once I did of my master Gamaliel.

Jesus: Yes, we shall do that. But I warn you, Paul, my gospel was not a theology except in its simplest form, and it never was a system, and it never was a body of doctrine. It was just about people. Always about people.

Paul: My master, might we not talk to-day of your views rather than mine?

Jesus: As you will, Paul; then you must question me and I shall answer you as best I can.

Paul: Well, then, what about your miraculous birth by the Virgin Mary and the Holy Ghost?

Jesus: I know nothing of that. None of us can know anything of our birth, Paul, except what we are told.

Paul: And what were you told?

Jesus: No child is ever given details. I was told nothing.

Paul: Not even when you grew up and became "a son of the Law"?

Jesus: It would have been too late, then, Paul; these miracle stories are for the very young.

Mothers in all lands tell fairy stories about birth to their young children to satisfy a too early curiosity.

Paul: But, my master, you must believe your mother Mary was a Virgin.

Jesus: Surely. My mother Mary would be a virgin when she met her man Joseph, but of the Holy Ghost—well, Paul—I am like your friends in Ephesus (at a much later date) who had not heard of it. (Acts 19: 2.)

Paul: Do you suggest—?

Jesus: I suggest nothing. I do not know. I never once spoke of my birth—few people do—and in my lifetime those who knew me well—even those who are **now** writing about me—never spoke of it as anything worthy of special comment. Not once.

(Continued on page 28.)

LIFE ON THE OTHER SIDE

Contributed by Chas. Neil, Kirribilli, N.S.W.

Herbert Dennis Bradley, author and dramatist, was born in Galway, Ireland, 1878, and passed over at the age of 56.

Mr. Bradley's books created quite a sensation and one of the London newspapers said of him: "He went to bed a tailor and woke up an author." He was a remarkable man: he was bold and fearless. Whether he pleased or offended mattered not a jot to him. His Spiritualist books, "Towards the Stars" and "The Wisdom of the Gods," have a wide circulation.

At a seance held in London, six weeks after his passing, Dennis Bradley—in the presence of Mr. Patrick Bradley, the younger son of the author, and a reporter of the "Sunday Express"—kept his promise to communicate. Questions were put and they were answered without any hesitation. After the seance, Mr. Patrick Bradley declared: "There is not the least doubt that the messages we received came directly from my father. Much personal evidence was produced by my father, including proofs which I have since verified from my mother."

Within what time of actually dying, Mr. Bradley, did you find yourself where you are now?

I had glimpses before I died. I was here while I lay dying; you will remember that I exclaimed "It is wonderful," and then fell back. I had received in that instant a fleeting glimpse of the wonderful world in which I am now.

What does the other world look like—if there are any adequate words to describe it?

It is not easy to describe a world such as this, in terms which, in your mind, can only conjure visions of your own. There are dimensions and

sensations which have no parallel or counterpart in earthly life. Time, for instance, simply does not exist. Space seems illimitable.

Nevertheless, I shall have to content myself with finite terms, and trust to you to do your best. Is there, for instance, any night or day?

No, not in the sense that you know it. It seems perpetually day, or light. But there are dark regions to which one can travel if one wishes.

How do you travel? And how fast can you travel?

One travels by thought. To wish to be somewhere is to be there. Once again, time does not matter. A spirit wishing to re-visit the world can easily be in India one minute and London the next. The spirit, remember, is not handicapped by such an encumbrance as a physical, chemical body.

Do the spirits appear to be walking, and, if so, do they give the impression of walking on nothingness, or air? Can you describe their movements?

There can be no physical movements because there is no physical body. The great difference between a human and a spirit is this: a human consists of a spirit which is bound to, and must account to, a body. I have a form, which might be comparable to a body, but I am not shackled to it; it obeys my bidding in a completely unphysical way. If you on earth wish to cross an ocean, your spirit, which while you are alive, is encased in your body, must accompany your body. In other words, your journey, which is not purely physical, primarily becomes a physical process. But the spirit alone does not need to. To wish to be, say, across an ocean, is to be there.

It makes my envious! What did you do when you first arrived in your new world?

I waited. When one is born on the earth one is gradually accustomed to it, and slowly taught its secrets. In this case, one finds oneself, fully conscious, in a completely new sphere, utterly unlike the earth in many ways, and infinitely more vast.

What did you do then?

I was discovered by friends of mine and talked to them. The first person I saw was my sister Annie, who has been a very great help to me.

But there must be billions of spirits in your new world, Mr. Bradley, including millions of people from every country in this world who have died throughout the centuries—how can you find any person you know, or wish to see?

Spirits who knew each other on earth are drawn immediately to each other, on one thinking of the other. It is a fascinating capacity, and not easy to describe. I have already seen my mother, Sir Arthur (Sir Arthur Conan Doyle), and even Confucius, the ancient philosopher, who seemed to be wearing a brown habit, something like a monk's.

But how can spirits talk—isn't that a physical function?

There are two systems of thought transference. When two minds are in attunement, thoughts interflow with perfect freedom and clarity. It is a kind of coherent and easy telepathy. Because of this, spirits who spoke contrasting languages while on earth can "talk" to each other with the greatest of ease.

Then the spirit of some ancient Chinese mandarin who existed centuries ago could carry on

a "conversation" in this way with a Frenchman who died only recently?

Yes, if he wished to.

Is there any sort of atmosphere where you are?

Definitely. It differs greatly from the worldly atmosphere. The best description I can give it, is to say that it is as exhilarating, clear, and rarified as it is in Switzerland. There is abundance of light, like sunlight, and no greyness. There are earth, and water, and trees, and verdure, and oceans here just as on earth, though a thousand times more wonderful. The birds, for instance, have more brilliant plumage than any I have seen on earth. The flowers are most extraordinary of all. They are as infinite as the early flowers in their abundance of types, shapes, and colours, but apart from being heavily and strangely perfumed, have a strange feature. They seem to exude sound, as well as perfume! It is a sweet, pleasant sound, and differs with the flower, so that one can tell what flowers one is going to encounter, and visualise them before one actually sees them.

Do spirits live in houses?

Yes, but in shape and substance they are unlike anything I had ever seen. I have not been here long, and have never rested in my search for discoveries.

Can you describe some of your sensations?

One has a sense of complete and utter freedom. One never tires, or needs rest, and seems full of energy.

Do spirits live on throughout eternity, and if so, how do they regard the prospect? What do they do all the time? How do you regard the prospect of living for millions of years?

I am delighted with the prospect, since there is a million times as much to learn in this aura as there is on earth; and one is occupied the whole time. Time, as I have said before, does not matter.

Do spirits grow older? Supposing a baby died at birth, does its spirit enter your world, and what happens to it?

So far as I can see, spirit relatives or friends know of any death on earth which affects them and are there to meet the child spirit, which grows until its form has the appearance of being about thirty years of age.

What happens to some one who meets with an accidental death, and gets horribly mutilated?

In such a case the spirit form has no relation to the body which once encased it. The body is a mere shell, and it does not matter what happens to it.

Have you been able to discover if the spirits of suicides join your spirit world? And do you think they are glad they took their lives?

Suicide is a crime; you will be doing would-be suicides a service by assuring them that suicide offers no release. There is a danger aura round the earth, in which the spirit of a suicide is forced to stay until it has "lived out" what would have been its normal span of life on earth before entering the spirit world.

Is there anything where you are comparable with our forms of government?

Yes. We have governmental bodies which direct the organisation of certain auras. There is bound to be law and order, owing to the absence of physical life. There is no struggle for existence, for instance. There is no pain and no un-

happiness. And there are halls of learning, in which one can learn the secrets of all eras.

Halls of learning? What are they?

They are vast halls in which is taught all the knowledge that exists. All the inventions which have caused such excitement and admiration on earth have been known here ever since time was. It is through the good offices of some spirit that a human being is able to stumble across some fragment of knowledge, of benefit to humanity.

There are, incidentally, even laboratories here, in which spirits are trying to find cures for certain malignant diseases on earth. I will talk to you again about this. I have not had time to go through them yet.

Do spirits approve the efforts of human beings to communicate with them? And do they do anything to assist the process?

Of course they approve. Man himself, by his own scepticism, has closed the doors of knowledge upon himself, and only his own faith can fling them wide again. One day communication between human beings and spirits will be as easy as switching on a wireless set.

If you saw your son, Patrick, in great and immediate danger, have you any means of preventing it? And would you do so?

One would be aware of it, and could avert it by a process of thought-levitation, which would make Pat aware of it before. But if it was considered that the danger, or experience, was a necessary retribution or education for my son, I would have to stay my hand.

Have you been following worldly affairs since you died?

Not a great deal. I have been too pre-occupied

here. I have several times been to my own home, Dorrincourt, as my family well know. I was also at my funeral, part of the time, but was anxious to be with my wife.

Is there any sort of music where you are? Where does it seem to come from?

The music I have heard, so far, sounds like the music of many organs—but I have not been able to discover anything resembling an instrument. I will try to find out more about it and yet you know next time.

(At this point the spirit expressed a desire to discuss personal things with his son. A conversation followed, in which Patrick Bradley and Dennis Bradley talked of many domestic things. Then, an affectionate farewell, and the seance was ended.)—"Sunday Express," London.

Typescript copies may be obtained from Mr. Neil, Hatfield, Warndo Street, Kirribilli. 6d. post free, or 2/3 per dozen.

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ARE NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS?

By Dr. Enid S. Smith, in "The National Spiritualist."

Spiritualism can prove the fact that life is continuous by demonstrating the return of those who have passed to another world. This important truth is of the greatest spiritual value because it profoundly revolutionises our outlook on life and consequently our behaviour. Our demonstrations of proved survival have transformed philosophy from theory into reality, and religion from a creed into a living experience. Communication with the Spirit World is demonstrated by psychic phenomena.

My purpose here is not to repeat my experiences with direct voice, with materializations, shaking hands with my deceased mother, my own passing and returning, experiences with numerous apports, including flowers, heavy cans of food, large stones, with slate writing and messages on ordinary paper brought through the air in broad daylight in my own house. But rather, my purpose is to share with you a few of the experiences of my very good friends which have helped me to become more conscious of and grateful to my own guardian. The Scripture, "Are not all ministering spirits?" And further declares: "He will give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all ways."

A friend of mine whom I have known for many years, who has given his life to working and witnessing for the truths of the spirit, one midnight when scarcely five years of age, for the first time met his guardian angel. She awakened him by touching him on the forehead. He opened his eyes to see a room as bright as midday with a very beautiful woman with radiant face and golden brown hair standing by his bed. He later learned that she was a sister of his who had passed on but of whom he had never been told.

As years went by, this lovely spirit saved his life many times.

One day, while leading the way through the woods to some ant hills he wished to show to two wood choppers, he suddenly stopped. When one of the men shouted to him to go on, he said, "I can't; something is holding my legs!" It is easy to imagine why they thought him crazy; but they changed their minds when they came close to him, for within a step's distance ahead lay a rattlesnake, coiled and ready to strike. He had not seen this snake, which the men now disposed of quickly.

Some years later when my friend was riding on a train, he put his head far out of the window, looking at something on the ground that was just passing. Suddenly two invisible hands seized him by the shoulders and pulled him back with tremendous force. The man in the seat behind him who had also put his head out was not so fortunate, for about the time that my friend was pulled back the other man's head struck a telephone pole which killed him instantly. Neither had seen the pole as they were not looking in that direction.

Some time after this incident, accompanied by a man and woman, this same friend was walking along the sidewalk in one of our great cities talking, when suddenly he shouted, "Stop!" and stood still. The other two looked around to see what was the matter. As they looked, a coping, from one of the tall buildings that they were passing, fell and struck the sidewalk with a great crash just where the next step would have been. They asked my friend how he knew the stone was going to fall. He replied that "Something" had seized him around the legs and that he knew what that "Something" was, and heeded it quickly.

Healing also is a part of the work of our ministering spirits. The story of John, who had his chest crushed in during the war, and of Mary his wife, the cripple, is told by another friend of mine who gives his life to witnessing to the truth. This story is almost as dramatic as the instances of divine healing seen by the great French physician, Alexis Carrel, formerly of Medical Center, New York City, who in his book, "Man The Unknown," tells of seeing a cancer healed on a man's head almost instantly—also of seeing bronchial pneumonia, tuberculosis, lupus, influenza, boils, and many serious ailments healed through divine power. Mary was much concerned about her husband's pains which would start and continue for hours and even days until he seemed as though he would go out of his mind. He explained again and again that doctors had told him they could do nothing for him. He would have to get along as best he could. Mary herself had been born with a curvature of the spine and both hip sockets out of place. She had undergone many operations and series of treatments throughout her lifetime, yet she still dragged one leg as she walked and her back was still curved and painful.

One cold winter night in February, 1950, John had to work on the midnight shift at the mill. Before he left, he complained of the pains starting up in his chest. Mary was unable to go to sleep after he left, thinking of his suffering. She fell upon her knees and prayed for John's healing. A strange thing happened. While she prayed for John, she felt the bones of her own body begin to turn. She not only felt them moving, but she could hear them as they twisted and snapped and turned within her own flesh. The noise they made sounded the way marbles do when one squeezes them in the sack they come in. Then she began to perspire and to become dripping wet as though

she had been out in a downpour. She could not move or speak, or scarcely remember where she was. She wondered if she had died. But no—this was not death. Her bones in her body had been turning and twisting and now something said to her, "Mary, stand up!" She stood up, sliding her right foot far out to rise upon, holding to the bed for support, as she used to do. But now her other foot no longer slumped. She touched her hip, her back. She had never run in all her life, but now she leaped to the electric switch and flooded the room with light, and then glanced into the mirror and saw herself straight and tall and perfect. She then rushed to the telephone and called her mother and told how she was healed while praying for John. The mother said she would be right over, though it was only three o'clock in the morning. She came in to find Mary running, jumping, and skipping about the house. They sent for John to come quickly. When he arrived, he told them about his expecting his pains to continue all night as they usually did, but instead they all disappeared. He soon discovered that while his wife was praying for him, she also was healed.

Healing is a part of the work of many churches; as, for example, that of William Fagen of the Heber St. National Spiritualist Church of Keighley, England, who brings, on an average, physical relief to some forty people during an evening. On the occasion I have in mind, the audience sat a few minutes spellbound and then burst into a resounding ovation, as each decisive result became apparent. Following the removal of continuous headaches from numbers of patients who had suffered from them a length of time, varying from five years upwards, seven or eight cases of goitre were treated. In these cases the goitre was softened, and in most cases it was dispersed in

view of all present. Four or five cases of curvature of the spine were treated, adjusted and the attendant symptoms removed. Arthritis and rheumatoid cases were successfully treated and these formerly disabled persons were able to walk around among the audience. One case was a girl in her 'teens, who, unable to walk, was carried on the platform. Mr. Fagen proceeded to apply healing to her arms and legs, while her mother and a local chemist, who co-operated, checked up on the proceedings. Afterwards she was enabled to walk across the platform. Further satisfactory results were obtained with cases of partial blindness, deafness and fibrositis, and other maladies. The whole demonstration lasted two and a half hours and was an outstanding success.

In like manner, our ministering spirits, or guardian angels visit us personally to comfort, heal, and help us continually. What would we do without them?

* * *

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* * *

Experiments to test extra-sensory perception along the lines of those conducted by Dr. Rhine in America, and Dr. Soal in London, were carried out, and of 7,400 guesses, the subjects were dead right 227 times more than could normally be expected.

One old lady of 75, named Lizzie Williams, guessed right 488 times out of 1,700, which is 148 more than she should have.

Worked out mathematically, according to the laws of chance probability, the odds are some thousands of millions against her guessing correctly.

THE SPIRITUAL BASIS OF PERFECT HEALTH

By Ized, in "Kosmon Unity."

Health is the right flow of Spiritual Forces"

Health is the right of every human being. Health is the unhindered flow of life force through an unobstructed physical system.

The system that is in complete harmony with the laws of healthy being does not get out of adjustment with its environment, physical or spiritual. The rupture of that harmony results in maladjustment. Maladjustment results in loss of ease—a condition of disease.

The Life Power that is ours flows continuously from its Primal Source. Its function is to keep the organism in constant adjustment with itself. This pre-requisite fulfilled, a condition of health results.

The consciousness that is ours or, more correctly, that is **us**, exercises its powers of selection and direction toward the accomplishment of its purpose. That purpose is the perfect response of the organism to the forces of life so that the consciousness may develop fully the capacities of its being.

Consciousness can only act on its environment—immediate or mediated. Conversely the environment, mediate and immediate, impinges upon the consciousness—the Ego. This interaction is bounded by the structure of the life unit; whether a free roving animal or the unit in a colony, as ant or bee.

The evolutionist says that the variety and divergence of life forms have come to exist by a process of natural selection of accidental departures from normal. Some such departures, he says, have become fixed and eventually normal because they have proved useful. Many such departures, he says, have proved of little or no value, and

so have disappeared. The Faithist, on the contrary, says no departures are accidental but are the impulses of the life force directed against the limits of its expression. The consciousness thus urges an expansion which transcends these limits and changes the form accordingly. Having faith in the Ever Present LIFE the Faithist sees LIFE as the Creator and Originator of all FORM, by Whose activity the Cosmos is eternally being changed from glory to glory.

* * *

SILVER BIRCH SPEAKS AGAIN

Published by the Spiritualist Press Ltd., 48 Old Bailey, London. Price, 10/6 (English currency).

"To read Silver Birch is to love him. He is more than a guide; he is a loving friend, who knows our perplexities, our troubles and struggles. Their very greatness and complexity are a challenge to him, and with a deft turn of phrase he reduces them to a simplicity which contains within itself the assurance of victory.

"You cannot read this book without receiving new strength, greater courage, more wisdom and a divine benediction."

—Rev. Peter Couchman.

Table of Contents: To the Great Spirit; Spirit Healing; Behind the Scenes; Guidance from Beyond; Life in the Next World; After Sudden Death; The Bread of Knowledge; When Seances Fail; Jewel with a Million Reflections; The Voice of Conscience; Fundamental Realities; Power of the Spirit; A New Philosophy; Why We Live; When Death Comes; The Eternal Cycle; Problems of Mediumship.

* * *

White Ray, through the trance mediumship of Mrs. Paulette Austen, says that while, in spite of appearances, man is becoming more humane and kindly towards his neighbours, there is a great and increasing lack of spirituality.

THE LEADERSHIP OF JESUS

By Harry Johnson, Preceptor, I.P.S.C., London.

(Reprinted from "The Two Worlds.")

It is entirely illogical to say that in the name of Jesus Christ men went to war in 1914 or 1939. Such a statement is an absurdity of the worst type. There is no record anywhere which even suggests that Jesus as a teacher had the exclusive possession of truth. Neither was it ever claimed by him that he was the originator of teachings which he gave to the world. Rather did he insist that truth was eternal and free! It may or may not be true that Christ's teachings can be traced in previous patterns of thought—Confucian, Zoroastrian, the Psalmists of Jewry, or the "Secrets of Enoch," but this does not lessen their truth or their efficacy upon human life, even in this "much enlightened" twentieth century.

As to the acceptance of the Commandments of Moses, it should not need pointing out that Jesus summarised the Law for his followers (Matthew 22: 37-40) and this summary is acceptable to Christian and non-Christian alike. It is at least enshrined in the first two of the Seven Principles of Spiritualism.

If one carefully examines the results of heredity he will find some striking illustrations of ill-doing of parents being inherited by their offspring; and repugnant though it may seem to him and others it reveals a truth which none can deny. Agreed there are many who reinterpret the Mosaical declaration of God "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation . . ." but the fact must be faced that the **parents** (not God) are morally responsible for what is "visited" upon their progeny. Of course we should accept the highest truth and teaching possible; and though we may find it best interpreted and expressed by "Silver Birch,"

Emerson, John Wesley or T. S. Elliot—if it be **eternal truth**, we shall find it has its basis in the Four Gospels, if we seek to find!

One often wonders—why it is the guides and teachers from the Spirit World neither contradict nor try to belittle the teachings of Jesus, while neologic humans styling themselves rational, delight in “beating the air” thus! However, when it comes to leadership, it rests not so much upon obeying the cry: “Hearken ye!” but in responding to the call: “Follow Me!” In other words: Not knowing, but doing.

Jesus Christ remains the Leader of the great and grand majority of men and women of the Western World, not merely because of what he said, but because of what he **did**. “Follow Me!” It is a hard job to make a full response, but, frail and failing as we are, we know it to be the right way! He healed, comforted, uplifted, defended, shared, provided, and in unbounded compassion served his fellows for the very work’s sake! Others have; many more may; that will make him glad; not truculent, niggardly or critical.

Some years ago I had close acquaintance with two Chinese, one who had adopted the Christian Faith. During a discussion at which I was present, the Christian Chinese was suddenly asked by the other: “What is there which Jesus tells you to do, and Confucius does not?” “Nothing!” was the ready response. “But the difference is,” he added, “That while Confucius tells you to do things, Jesus not only tell you, **but he shows you how to do them.**”

Let us sum up the whole matter with the comment of Jesus found in John 13: v. 17: “If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.”

MIND-READING BY A DOG

A short animal film is being shown in England which introduces an Alsatian dog named Rita that is said to be able to receive thought transference from its owner, a Mr. Smith. Before the demonstration, commentator Richard Dimbleby made the point that the dog had never before appeared with a public audience, and while admitting that some people might believe there was some trickery, stated that as far as he could tell there had not been.

Then before a committee of three, one of whom was an official of the P.D.S.A., a slip of paper on which a word was written was taken from a sealed envelope and shown to Mr. Smith, whereupon Rita gave barks equivalent in number to the letters contained in the word. After that, a member of the panel wrote two numbers on a blackboard, four and one, and the dog's barks gave the total five. Another test was made with a case holding six cigarettes, and then, while Mr. Smith was out of her sight behind a screen, the dog gave barks equivalent to the letters in the name and colour of an object, a red book, that had been handed to him.

Mr. Smith claimed that he discovered the dog's ability by accident on an occasion when he was invited to have tea and food and the dog gave different barks according to his positive or negative replies.

—"Psychic News."

* * *

Red Cloud's philosophy:

"The glory of life is to love, not to be loved;

To give, not to get;

To serve, not to be served;

To be a strong hand to another in time of need;

To be a cup of strength to a soul in time of weakness;

That is to know the glory of life."

JESUS AND PAUL

(Continued from page 10.)

Paul: But—your miracles?

Jesus: You mean my powers of healing? No one ever associated any power of mine with my **birth**. They did not say: "Nothing amazing in that considering his miracle-birth." Not once.

They just said: "Is not this the carpenter's son whose brothers and sisters are here?"

There was no "mystery" in minds of my generation in regard to my birth.

Paul: But your own biographers, my master—

Jesus: I know biographers. When their subject (always famous or notorious) died, the biographer always found something astonishing in his immediate ancestry, especially in the mother—a pretty sentiment, my Paul, and a natural one. All the world loves a mother! and—

Paul: But, my master, the story has caught the world's imagination. They have now a day in honour of the "Babe of Bethlehem." It is the Holy Mystery—

Jesus: And all the world loves a new-born! The Gentiles will rejoice; they always liked mysteries. They loved to make their great ones greater still—both in life and death. At birth they were Wonderful; after death they became Dieties. My answer to your question, Paul, is—**I do not know!**

Paul: You refer to after death. What, then, of the Future Life? How did you deal with that. I had much to say to the Saints about the Kingdom-to-come.

Jesus: So I have heard. Now that is a question I can answer and did answer in my lifetime. One day when my disciples were showing me over the Temple buildings, they asked that very question and I replied:

"Day and date no man knows. You don't know; I don't know; even the angels in heaven don't know. God alone knows." (Matt. 24: 36.)

And to take them out of their dream, I added, "Wake up! Keep the day's work going, and because you don't know—Watch!" (Matt. 25: 13.)

Paul: You didn't know? I thought you knew all things.

Jesus: Oh, no. There were some things I did know that I did not tell—to the people who asked me.

Paul: Were you not the Great Teacher?

Jesus: It was because I was a teacher, and knew my pupils, that I often reserved my opinions.

Paul: You didn't know! That would be on account of your "Kenosis," my master.

Jesus: My what? Oh, yes, you mean that theory you gave to the Philippians?

Paul: Yes. How, though you were equal with God from the beginning, you "emptied yourself" of your Glory and became a man of no reputation? (Phil. 2: 7.)

Jesus: My glory, Paul, such as it was, was to be a Man, and I fear I did have a considerable "reputation." I have studied that part of your letter to the Philippians with care.

I quite approve of verse 5; but the glorification that follows—to verse 11—I confess made me think of that remark of Festus to you, my Paul. (Acts 21: 24.)

Paul: I was never done placing you on a high pinnacle, my master—

Jesus: So it would seem. Luke tells of another who did that. (Luke 4: 9.) No, Paul, I must tell you frankly I do not understand your theory of the—Kenosis, nor your argument.

(Continued bottom of page 30.)

REINCARNATION

The following letter appeared in a recent issue of "The Two Worlds" in reply to a letter published in a previous issue of that journal:—

Miss Dorothy Peters is quite mistaken in thinking that I am "puzzled by the ambiguous statements of the guides" on the very ambiguous theory of Reincarnation. Naturally most of the Eastern guides believe in it, because it was instilled into their minds from birth by their parents and all around them when on earth. The history of the nations shows how tenaciously the Easterns cling to their old beliefs and customs.

I have attended Spiritualist meetings for about 25 years. Yet I have never heard any spirits say that, since they passed over, they have become converted to Reincarnation, though they did not believe in it when on earth. Evidently the Eastern guides find it easier to convert the simple people on earth than to convert those in their own surroundings, who naturally expect there must be plenty of proof over there if Reincarnation is true.
—D. M. C. Granville, London.

I first "Empty myself" and yet I retain "the fulness of the God-head" (Col. 2: 9), and am credited with omnipotence. I make another prophecy, Paul.

This "mystery" of yours—and it is a mystery to me—will keep the priests and pundits busy for the next twenty centuries to come.

Many ecclesiastical honours will be won in the contest.

THE END.

* * *

"PSYCHIC NEWS"

Postal subscription, 21/8 (English currency). Obtainable through Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

THE EMERGENCY FUND

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations: M.C., Camberwell, 60/-; A.U., Coburg, 20/-; Z.C.M.S., Brisbane, 20/-; E.M.G., Eastbourne, 12/6; B.K.B., Redfern, 7/6; H.A.I., Townsville, 2/6; F.T., Long Jetty, 7/6; E.A.W., Barwon Heads, 7/6; W.B., Geelong, 7/6; A.B., Essendon, 7/6; R.S., Brisbane, 7/6; A.S., Napier, 4/4; J.C. McD., Bowden, 1/6.

* * *

F E A R ATTRACTS THE THING YOU FEAR

—Says Shaw Desmond, in "Psychic News."

What should a fearless Spiritualist look like?

One person who measured up to this standard, according to Shaw Desmond at the Victoria Hall last week, was Lord Dowding.

Desmond was sharing the platform with Ena Twigg at the Sunday service of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association.

Urging Spiritualists to live more fearless lives and not act upon impulses springing from motives of fear, Desmond said:

"Lord Dowding is much more than a great air fighter, he is an utterly fearless man. He just doesn't know what fear is."

This was his way of congratulating Dowding for outspoken advocacy of the truths of Spiritualism and Desmond exhorted Spiritualists to read the Air Chief Marshall's latest book, "Dark Star," which, he said, was highly informative.

There was good reason for Spiritualists not to fear, for there was a great force at the head of this movement. Desmond put it this way:

"Jesus to-day is the greatest force in the world. He is at the head of Spiritualism, but he is at the head of many other things as well.

"He is the leader of the spirit of Spiritualism when that spirit is of the highest quality."

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Wholly set up and printed by Hunkin, Ellis & King Ltd., 113 Pirie St., Adelaide, for "The Harbinger of Light," and published by J. T. Huston, 16 King William Road, Adelaide.