

"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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LEADING FEATURES:



Christmas Tree Seance

Irish Psychic Stories

A Materialisation Seance

The Reluctant Healer

Spiritualism in Brazil

A Midnight Apparition



And Other Interesting, Informative
Articles

IRISH PSYCHIC STORIES

A Review of "The Life of Dr. O. C. Somerville,"
by Geraldine Cummins (Dakas, 21/-), by Phyllis
Connell, in "Prediction."

Geraldine Cummins, well known to "Prediction" readers for her automatic writing gifts, has just written a biography of those two gifted Irishwomen, E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross, who collaborated in the writing of so many witty stories. Martin Ross died in 1915, and her collaborator Edith CEnone Somerville passed away in 1949 when in her ninety-first year. Their biographer relates how the surviving collaborator affirmed that Martin Ross (actually her cousin), Violet Martin) overcame the separation of death and continued to help her in writing further novels and stories. Here is Edith Somerville's statement (published in 1925) about this communion between two minds.

"In 1917 'Irish Memories' was published, and I told Constance" (a cousin) 'what seems so incredible to some, and is to me the most natural thing in the world, that Martin's mind blended with mine, taking, as ever, full share—and sometimes, I daresay, more than full share—in the task in hand. What has been written, and what may, in the future, still be written has owed, and will owe, if not its existence, certainly whatever it may have of life, to her inspiration.'

So convinced was Edith Somerville of this bridging of the gulf of death that on eleven of the books she wrote after Martin's death appeared the statement "by E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross."

As Geraldine Cummins shows in her biography, the surviving collaborator of this celebrated partnership was a brilliant woman, eminently sane and practical. Of one novel of hers Lord David Cecil wrote:

"'The Real Charlotte' is a masterpiece, a classic: one of the very few novels of the first rank that has appeared in England during this century." In 1933 an eminent Irish critic, the late Robert Lynd, wrote that if he were "asked to list the ten greatest masterpieces of comic fiction in the previous forty years I could not leave out *The Irish R.M. Stories* by E. Æ. Somerville and Martin Ross."

Though this life of Dr. E. Æ. Somerville abounds in the witty remarks and humorous comments she made, interest and entertainment lie also in the number of psychic stories related. Here is a sample.

"Edith believed in the spirit of an old house, or rather, in the collective passion of its ghosts when aliens invaded it.

"The Martin ancestors of her collaborator, Martin Ross, lived for four hundred years in the town of Galway. Subsequently in the late sixteenth century, they built their home at Ross, in beautiful West Galway.

"During the troubled times of 1921, some armed Irishmen took up residence in the empty house. Edith told me that the Martin ghosts were promptly roused to action and made sleep impossible for several of the warriors during the night watches. One phantom, 'a cavalier ancestor,' was unrelenting in his efforts 'to protect the family mansion from invasion.'

"'A gentleman in quare knickerbockers,' was how one of the invaders described him. 'He came walking down the stairs to us: Sure, we thought we'd lose our lives—!'

"So they wisely bolted from the house.

"An Englishman, who was perhaps less easily impressed by ghostly manifestations, bought Ross and decided to make it his permanent residence. In this instance, apparently, the last drastic measures had to be taken by the spirits of the Race to dislodge the invader.

"A fire broke out, three-storied Ross was burnt to the ground, and it was reported to have been said locally: 'No hand of man lit the match, no act of living man made that blaze.' In the words of Edith Somerville 'the old house committed suicide.'"

An eerie and dramatic tale is related in the biography about the psychic practice of table-turning. Geraldine Cummins writes:

"Edith delighted in an awesome story she told me of another circle of people who questioned the table about a young man known to them. He had left his home and disappeared. 'Where was he?'

"'Search the river,' came the startling response.

"They did so without result; and then they again received the direction from the table: 'Search the river.'

"On this occasion the man they were seeking was found, and it was evident that there had been (as mentioned) foul play.

"'Years afterwards,' Edith wrote, 'a nun, on her death-bed, told how, on a moonlit night, she had seen a struggle and a body thrown into the river, but held her peace, fearing publicity for herself, knowing that such evidence as she could give would avail nothing. One sees the tall, dark convent walls, well used to guarding secrets, with the deep river rushing under them, and can realise a little what was felt by that lonely, trembling creature, withdrawn from the world, and yet suddenly plunged into a sort of participation in its crimes, as she peered through the narrow window that should have been blinded, and saw the fight on the river-bank, and heard, perhaps, the splash that ended it.'

"'One of the nuns saw me,' the table had told, and had not been wrong in telling it."

Other psychic tales in this entertaining book are of equal interest.

CHRISTMAS TREE SEANCE FOR SPIRIT CHILDREN

By Margery Lawrence, 25 Princess Ct., Bryanston Pl., London, W.1; England.

The Medium: Ronald Strong, London.

Christmas tree parties are beloved of children everywhere. Of all seasonal festivities they are unique in their magic and enchantment. And for spirit children no less than for earth children, such a party is not to be missed.

A most interesting psychic experience of mine was a Christmas party given to a group of spirit-children, which I think perhaps deserves a more detailed description, as few people outside those experienced in psychic work would realise that such a thing is possible.

This happened in Christmas week, 1943. We had subscribed for a Christmas Tree and hung it with such gifts that we could manage to collect, decorated it with scraps of coloured paper, tinsel, ribbons, anything gay and colourful we could get, and set it upright within a large tub filled with bits of coal—mainly slack, as it was impossible to get hold of any earth, and it was a heavy tree, about five feet high and not too well-balanced.

Real Joy For Children

We sang carols in honour of the day, and began (as far as I can remember) with "Onward Christian Soldiers"—it is important to sing something with a catchy, swinging rhythm, which is why ordinary hymns are rarely used in Circle work, as their tunes are too lugubrious and long-drawn out, so do not provide the brisk, speedy vibrations necessary to work up the psychic power.

But two of three Christmas hymns do possess such vibrations, and before we had been singing more than a moment or two, a child's voice piped up from the darkness, in a matter of seconds other small voices joined in, and the party was in full swing!

We could hear the rustling of the branches as small, unseen hands pulled the toys off the tree, hear the joyous cries of triumph, the talk, the eager questions, the boasting as the children compared notes—the Guide had told us it was a party of little East Enders who had died in the blitzing, and certainly the voices talking, in a variety of rich cockney accents, bore out his statement!

"A real tank . . . Whoopee!" shouted a small boy, and one of the wooden tanks that we had placed at the foot of the tree came trundling recklessly across the floor of the room, right across one of the sitter's toes, and in answer to his yell of pain a cheerful voice shouted, "Sorry, mister—didn't see yeh!"

We heard the clinking of beads as small girls tried them on, the squawk of a talking doll or teddy-bear as spirit fingers pressed their springs, the air was full of the blow of whistles, the clamour of rattles, cymbals, drums and the jingling of bells, accompanied by the constant babble of jubilant childish voices . . . then suddenly in the darkness sweets were thrust into our mouths from some of the packets on the tree, sometimes with their paper covers removed, sometimes without, but always with unerring aim.

The man next to me suddenly called out, "Susie, let my hair alone, will you?" (Susie is a small girl-spirit who has attached herself to Red Eagle as semi-pet, semi-messenger; a cockney flower-seller's child with a huge sense of humour) and I felt myself being wound up in string, ribbon or something, though in the darkness I could not see what on earth it was . . . in other words, as we sat there motionless in our circle in the dark we were surrounded by the pandemonium and excitement of a real children's party on earth . . . only the children taking part in it were no longer on earth!

Childish Pranks

Yet they were romping and playing with the toys we had collected for them just as gaily as when they were alive. And when at last Red Eagle intervened and said it was time for the party to close down, several of the children were brought to the mike" as it were, and thanked us shyly, stumbingly or boisterously, according to their temperament, led by Susie, who apparently was more or less managing the whole thing.

Then away they went, clutching the spirit counterparts of the toys with which they had been playing, and leaving behind a wrecked room and a circle of sitters exhausted with laughter and looking more like gargoyles than anything else!

Everybody's hand was linked to that of his neighbour all the way through the seance, but still the most fantastic tricks had been played with all of us.

The man next to me, who had protested that Susie was pulling his hair, was decorated with paper flowers, stuck in every buttonhole and his hair (which he wore rather long) had been twisted upwards into positive spirals and roped with tinsel!

I was tied securely to the medium, right across the circle, in a sort of involved "cat's cradle" of scarlet string, so thickly that we had to be "unlaced" before either of us could leave our chairs.

Another man had pieces of chocolate paper stuck all over his face, and his coat on inside out—though how it had got so he could not possibly tell—two other sitters had their pockets and the fronts of their coats or blouses stuffed with oddments . . . and in the middle of the circle the tree had been hauled out of its tub and was lying flat on its side, yet there was not a morsel of the loose stack in which it had been rooted lying on the floor.

Moreover, within the circle, somehow carried in over the heads of the sitters, were lying two large and heavy chairs normally kept against the wall of the seance room, outside the circle. Chairs that, ordinarily speaking, would take two men each to lift.

When we took our places in the circle these two chairs were, as usual, standing outside the circle with their backs against the wall. At the end they were inside—but nobody had quitted his or her chair for one moment during the sitting!

A clever subterfuge for the impression of the sitters; but even if all this could possibly have been man-made, which I deny, to what end. The medium stood to gain nothing by staging so elaborate a "performance" as all the sitters were old friends already "converted" so to speak.

No fee was paid him—the only money given was spent on the tree; the toys that had given the spirit children a happy afternoon were conveyed to the nearest hospital the following day, and the sitters were regular helpers of Red Eagle. You must find a better reason for "faking" than the suggestion that it is being done for the sake of impressing people already impressed!

—"Psychic Observer."

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CLOSING PRAYER

God Who in His great wisdom discloses to us His meaning of life in small particles, shall in His own good time teach us His will and reveal to us His mysteries.

We must, in our own soul, apply the words of His servants until we, too, shall be able to say: My vision is now clearer and my understanding greater. This is my earnest prayer to the great Creator for you.

NOTABLE SPIRITUALISTS TO SETTLE IN AUSTRALIA

(Reprinted from "The Guardian," Perth, W. Aust.)

Mr. A. W. Austen, his wife Paulette Austen, Mrs. Austen's mother (Mrs. Gloria Roualt) will arrive in Australia next July to make their home and carry on their work in Australia.

Mr. Austen is an outstanding author and journalist in England, whilst his wife and her mother are both fashion designers and modellers. During his service with the British forces in the war, Mr. Austen saw Perth, fell in love with it, and determined that some day he would come and live here. He is resigning the position of editor of the London "Psychic News" to do this.

Mr. Austen is principally noted for his psychic journalism, he having taken a leading part in establishing in England public belief in life after physical demise and communication. He takes a broad outlook on psychic matters, and through the mediumship of his wife, Paulette Austen, he has established communication with "White Ray," an advanced spirit-force in the world Beyond, whose commonsense outlook on the problems of life has a world-wide audience.

In a recently published volume, entitled "The Philosophy of White Ray," through the mediumship of Paulette Austen, he emphasises the practical and scientific aspect of survival, confirming what this paper has told his readers, viz., that the part of man that survives the grave is his thought, which is not dependant upon any particular shape or form in the man. This is evidenced, in a general way, by the survival of thoughts that have long since passed out of the mind of the individual. Ten, twenty or thirty years later, he may have occasion to recall his earlier thought.

Where has that thought resided in all these years? Humankind accepted the belief that somehow thought was engraved, like in a gramophone, upon the little grey matter of the brain, but even science has now discarded that. The brain is the organic instrument of the mind, necessary to man (as a transmitter of the mind) to the physical organs and senses, but once man has finished with the physical body, he has no further use for the brain. The mind (the receptacle and record of all his thoughts) then operates directly upon the etheric or spiritual body, without the man being conscious of any change. It is natural, and scientific.

Writing of his wife's gift of mediumship, A. W. Austen says:

"My wife and I were walking along a country lane in Corsica on our honeymoon in 1938, when I suddenly realised my wife was no longer with me but her place had been taken by a stranger, who told me of life in a religious community centuries ago. That was the first indication I had that I had married a medium. Brought up in France as a Roman Catholic, my wife was convinced that she would soon cure me of my 'Nonsense.' Instead she developed her own psychic gifts and has become the medium for 'White Ray,' whom I consider to be the most lucid teacher from the spirit world who is communicating today."

Since "White Ray" is not as well-known to Australians as to English people, it will be worth while extracting a few illustrations of his "Answers to Questions," published in the work, "The Philosophy of White Ray," printed by Psychic Press Ltd., 144 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Recording some of "White Ray's" Answers to Questions, Austen publishes the reply to the query, "Why does a spirit trouble to come to our dreary world to contact us, if the spirit spheres are as wonderful as we have been told?" "It is easy to explain," replied "White Ray." "Your world is not dreary to us when there is a circle of love, when you seek truth with an earnest desire and with sincerity in your souls. When we have established that bridge of truth, and when there is an understanding which some of you have achieved with the spirit world, then there is a great attraction. Then we can bring to you our hard-gained knowledge. We can try to make you aware of those masterpieces of beauty which we see on our side. We cannot show you all the picture, but we can bring glimpses of it to you, and this may help to change the aspect of earthly life for you.

"The limitations that are imposed upon you through this shell of human flesh will no longer exist when you realise that the spirit is free. When you know that, even while you are in that shell, you can reach out to higher spheres and gain for yourselves some knowledge and understanding that you could never have realised existed.

"Communication is the most natural thing. The Great Spirit—who has created life, in all the different worlds and universes, in all its perfection and detail—would not and could not have omitted the most necessary of all things, communication between the spheres. It has always gone on throughout history. It has gone on in limited ways at times. A trickle, sometimes, has come through. But one day it will flow. The power from the more evolved planes will come to your world and make you understand many things that have seemed obscure. It will bring

the answers to many questions that have remained for centuries unanswered. Though at times it is a flickering light, yet it will become a beacon to you all.

"You are, as we are, children of the Great Spirit. As we have, you have in you, eternal life. Within yourselves there is the divine spark of light which, if you only gave it its full expression, would make life a great joy. Our Maker has given you all the facility to contact those spheres from which the light can pour to you.

"Why is that some on your earth think it is wrong for you to ask those spirits who have passed on to a higher plane of life, for their guidance? Is it not a common thing on your earth to send your children to schools of learning, to ask one who has more knowledge than they to teach them in life, to prepare them for their true responsibilities?"

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THE MAN WITH AN AMAZING POWER: THE RELUCTANT HEALER

By W. J. McMillan (Victor Gollanz, London; 17/-,
English Currency.)

(Reprinted from "The Advertiser," Adelaide, S.A.)

Attending a dinner party in London, William John MacMillan was told by a medium who was present that he had the power of healing. And then, to his horror and dismay, he was forced to prove the medium's words by relieving their hostess of sinus trouble.

He was horrified because, as a student of theology, training for the American Episcopal Church, he thought as his fellow churchmen did about such things, and had no wish to dabble with strange forces of which he had no knowledge. Whether the reader will believe that Mr. MacMillan's power of healing comes from heaven, or from the unexplored regions of human

thoughts, is not under discussion, nor does Mr. MacMillan himself try to prove one way or another. He merely gives an intimate psychoanalysis of himself as far as he is able.

In his book he outlines, in detail, his own and other people's reactions to this phenomenon of his. Harley Street was, not unnaturally, more than a little suspicious, and it was with some triumph that he obtained the first and only licence ever granted by the Home Office to practise as a "psycho-therapist."

It is interesting to read of the church's reactions to Mr. MacMillan and his healing. The American Episcopal Church declined his services, and he was never ordained. An English bishop was frankly horrified at Mr. MacMillan's un-spiritual approach, while the late Dr. Dick Sheppard, that unorthodox and well-known London clergyman, was his firm supporter. Dr. Maude Royden, who, incidentally, recommends this book in a brief note on the cover, quite actively supported him by giving him the use of the vestry at the Guildhall, where she was a preacher, so that he might receive patients there.

All this time, Mr. MacMillan was still trying to learn more about the mysterious power he possessed. He joined the Theosophical Society with this hope; he studied Eastern religions and explored his own psychic potentialities. To his absolute disgust, he found that he could do automatic writing and, without the use of a medium, "could contact those who had died, when asked to do so . . ." He tried psychometry with fair success, and at one time feared that he could become a first-class fortune teller!

(Continued on page 17.)

A LOS ANGELES MATERIALISATION SEANCE

(By Mr. A. Blain, Perth, W.A., in "The Harbinger of Light," Dec., 1937.)

By the kind invitation of Dr. Vincent M. Wilson, of 1174 Berenda Street, Los Angeles, I attended a materialisation seance at his home on 11th August, 1937, his wife being the medium. There were twenty-five people present.

The cabinet was formed by black curtains drawn across a corner of the room, running on wire. Before the seance commenced, and before the curtains were dropped, I was requested to examine the cabinet, which I did. The light used was over the door, a kind of lantern with a shutter on the front. A cord was attached to this shutter running on pulleys, the other end of the cord being behind the cabinet curtains. We were told that the spirits themselves let in as much or little light as they wished by this arrangement. Joe Williams was the spirit in charge of the proceedings.

At the commencement of the seance, and about a minute after Mrs. Wilson went behind the curtain, a spirit came but was too weak to speak for itself, so Mrs. Wilson came to deliver the message to the lady it was for. The spirit came out after Mrs. Wilson and stood in front of the cabinet waiting for her to come back apparently. It went in when she was coming back. She came out four times to deliver messages before settling down. Then the main seance commenced.

Thirty-three Spirits Materialise.

The voice of a little girl spoke up very clearly, and prettily, and greeted all those present by name, except myself and another man, who were

strangers. Mrs. Wilson only gives those seances for special friends, and they are held very rarely.

This little spirit is called "Sparkle," and it is a very appropriate name. We two strangers were introduced to her. She said I was a long way from home, and asked my first name, and said how glad she was to see me.

There were thirty-three forms in all came, of different sizes, both males and females. They stepped out of the cabinet and gave their names, mostly in full.

Joe Williams, the presiding spirit, showed his face only, between the curtains. He welcomed me very nicely, speaking in a very natural voice. He let down the shutter of the lantern, and we could see his face quite clearly. He said he was in spirit life 78 years, and was 32 years old when he passed on. Spirits frequently get quite peeved if any one talks of them as dead. He gave us quite a discourse, and among other things, said he was the spirit chemist who did the technical work. He then sang a song for us, and accompanied himself on the banjo. His voice was quite natural and clear. He then explained the reason for the cabinet.

Spirits Write in Notebook

Sparkle showed herself. She noticed my book and pencil and asked Dr. Wilson to bring it up to her, and she printed her name "Sparkle" while he held the book. I feel very pleased to have it as those present said she had never done so before.

Now in San Francisco, at a dark trumpet seance, Mrs. Becker, being the medium, the darkness was absolute. It was so intense that I could not see a shadow of my book moving six inches from my eyes. Here another little spirit child who had previously asked my name, spoke to me across the room, and said I had a book and pencil

in my hands. Next instant she was standing beside me, and took the pencil out of my hand without the slightest fumbling. She ordered me to hold the book while she wrote her name. She said, "Now hold it steady" and she wrote. When the light came on I found she had written the name Lolly. Her mother, Mrs. Becker, told me she insists on being called Lolly-Pop, and that was her writing, and that she had no earth name as she was prematurely born, and consequently never breathed in this life.

To return to the subject, the control cord of Mrs. Wilson's cabinet was manipulated from behind the curtain. The room was made very much brighter by the additional light. A rather small, dainty female form stopped out, and smilingly gave her name as Anna Held. She exchanged greetings with a number of those present. A lady next to me said she was the well-known actress.

She wore a very pretty white dress, and she walked about and turned, her veil floating behind her. She held her dress close to her person, so that we might see the rounded curves of her body. She was very dainty in face and figure and I should say about a head shorter than Mrs. Wilson the medium.

Later on the shutter was again moved and a lot more light let in, and another lady stepped out quite naturally. She seemed a woman about forty, in size about half-way between the medium and Anna Held.

An English Spirit Appears

She announced herself as Lady Trelawney, and she came to speak to three English ladies who sat next to me, separated only by a passage of about two feet between the chairs. She stood in front of the three ladies, and held one of the ladies' hand for about three minutes. I was so close I could have touched the spirit's dress by reaching out my arm.

I did not understand the significance of her dress, but after the seance, the lady whose hand she held told me that Lady Trelawney had passed away in 1931 or 1932, and that she was her sister's husband's mother, and the elaborate train which floated behind her as she moved, and her jewels and head dress of three feathers were all a part of her court dress. I have permission from the ladies to give these details. They gave me their London address.

Before the close of the seance, Sparkle came and sang "Land of My Dreams" in a very pretty childish voice, and she started "A Long, Long Trail" for the others to join in. Of course, I am giving only a very small portion of what occurred. One form came from a ball of light, that rolled down the curtain, and one melted away in front of the curtain. The seance was quite a long one, and immediately one form parted the curtain and went in another came out.

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(Continued from page 13.)

Interspersed with the laying bare of his fight against a career into which he feels he has been forced, are excellent descriptions of the many places in the world where he sought rest and meditation. And, serious though the subject, there are moments of lightness, as, for instance, when he finds black silk sheets provided for him in a cottage at Sevenoaks, England—the landlady having read many American thrillers and followed the American films. From the beginning to the end of this book one watches the struggle of a man who, much against his inclination, is dedicated to years of self-sacrifice and denial to help others. Mr. MacMillan has written with complete candor of the terrific ordeal he has undergone during his eighteen years of "treating," and nobody reading this book could possibly doubt his sincerity.

SPIRITUALISM IN BRAZIL

(Reprinted from "Yours Fraternally.")

Mrs. Rita Barki, of Leeds, England, together with her husband and her daughter, have recently returned from a visit to Brazil. The Barki family are members of the International Spiritualist Federation, and as they were particularly anxious to contact Spiritualists in Brazil, Mrs. Barki took with her an introduction to Spiritualist friends there and she was able to contact them and to see for herself the work that is going on in that vast country.

I had a talk with Mrs. and Miss Barki about their experiences and this is what they say:—

"One is a little non-plussed at first at the extraordinary development of Spiritualism in Brazil. It appears what it is, magnificent. The Spiritualists have two radio stations, one of which is completely devoted to Spiritualism; the other is partially given over to this subject. The Spiritualist atmosphere is much more matter of fact and national than it is here and numbers of professional men—for instance, doctors band themselves into spiritualist groups. This lack of secrecy in the movement makes a welcome and refreshing change.

"There are large hospitals financed by Spiritualists and staffed by professional doctors and nurses who are Spiritualists. We were shown the plan of a hospital not yet built which will be one of the biggest and certainly the most modern in the country—again entirely financed by Spiritualists. There are also orphanages, houses for the aged, free medical services offered by the Spiritualists and the provision of food and clothing to the destitute.

"Mr. Aurino Souto, the president of the largest Spiritualist centre in Brazil—the Liga Espirita do Distrito Federal—was kind enough to spend a

whole day taking us to visit a few of these charitable institutions. We were most impressed by what we saw and we were particularly pleased to note the great kindness and understanding shown to the patients and orphans.

"Our first call was made at a modern hospital, situated in beautiful grounds overlooking the hills of Rio. The hospital is divided into two wings, one being for general cases, including a maternity section and a surgical section. The operating theatre is equipped with the latest and most modern instruments. The other wing is for mental diseases.

"When a mental case is admitted, a medium is in attendance as well as a psychiatrist to determine whether the case is one of obsession or of mental unbalance. If the case is decidedly an obsession, it is treated by the medium and after the obsessing entity is excluded the case is handed over for rehabilitation by trained psychiatrists. If the case is a mental one, it is treated in the usual way.

"We then went on to visit two orphanages, one for girls and one for boys. These orphanages take children from the age of 4 until about 16, train them, teach them and give them a religious upbringing of a Spiritualist type. They are taught Spiritualism in the general sense and are trained as much as possible to become good citizens.

"There are over sixty publications and a Spiritualist section in one or two of the most important daily papers. We were treated with the utmost courtesy during our stay in Brazil and found ourselves on the platform at one of their important meetings, a celebration of their most important date in the Spiritualistic calendar, i.e., the birthday of Allan Kardec, viz., 18th April. We were asked to speak a few words, much to our consternation, as our command of the Portu-

guese language leaves much to be desired. The point of all this is that the meeting was reported the following day in one of the leading daily newspapers, the 'Vanguarda,' with a photograph of myself. This would be equal to having a full and sympathetic report of a British spiritualist meeting in 'The Times' or 'The Daily Telegraph' with photographs. One cannot help but contrast the tardy attitude of the British press with the freedom given to Spiritualism in the Brazilian press.

"The secret of the success of Spiritualism in Brazil is the development of its practical side. This may be regarded as partly due to the force of circumstances. There is no colour bar in Brazil, but there is at times considerable poverty and distress among the native population and the Spiritualists have stopped in to alleviate this distress. The emphasis therefore in Brazil is upon the practical side rather than the phenomenal or philosophical side, although neither of these has been neglected.

"A word must here be said about the philosophical side. We in England put the phenomenal first and philosophical second. In Brazil it is philosophy first and phenomena second, and the reason is that in Brazil Spiritualism has to battle against the lower forms of spirit phenomena which manifest themselves at times, among the mixed races and which have led to a confusion of idea. Thus the Spiritualists have felt that a philosophy was of greater necessity to check these undesirable forms of phenomena and to draw a line between black magic or 'Mocambo' and bona fide Spiritualist phenomena. Consequently, meetings are given over much more to discussion than to phenomena, and we in Great Britain might well take the lesson to heart and have much more discussion than we do.

"Meetings are held at the Liga which are attended by mediums from time to time, but they mostly confine their activities to helping those who have passed over, not those who are still in the body.

"Mr. Deolindo Amorin kindly gave me a copy of a formidable volume of 332 pages of close print, the author of which is a certain Francisco Candido Xavier. This work is in Portuguese and is a great philosophical work written in beautiful prose. The point about this book is that all of it was received by automatic writing through the hand of a man who normally can neither read nor write and has hardly a vestige of education of any kind. Here, obviously, is material received from the world of spirit through an untutored and an uneducated mind—yet the substance, diction and style are those of a highly educated man.

"Spiritualism in Brazil has complete constitutional freedom of action and expression, although the Church which is mainly Catholic, is, of course, opposed on principle. A most important point is that no medium or healer can charge for services or demonstrations.

"Spiritualism is doing a noble work in Brazil—the prime difference between Spiritualism in Latin America and in Europe is that in Europe phenomena provides the proof of survival leading to the erection of a philosophy based upon the knowledge received by communication, but in South America the philosophy appears to be the first necessity by which to measure the level of psychic phenomena of which there is an abundance.

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J. Herman Fichte, German Philosopher:—"It is absolutely impossible to account for these phenomena, save by assuming the action of super-human influences, or unseen spirit intelligences."

AN EDITORIAL

(In Spiritualist Church News," Christchurch, N.Z.)

The April number of "The Harbinger of Light" contained an alarming statement regarding the Census. Figures showed that while in 1921 the number of Spiritualists was 4,332, in 1947 the number had decreased to 1,111, and these figures were for the whole of Australia.

Now we know that Australia is a continent with a large population and a number of Spiritualist Churches. Unfortunately, owing to lack of reports, we know little of their activities, and it would be worthwhile for an exchange of news between our Churches and theirs. Their Churches must have a certain membership and it would seem, therefore, that either the Census figures are incorrect or that a number of Spiritualists haven't the courage to come out in the open and acknowledge themselves as such.

The same position prevails here, according to our Census figures. A large number of people believe in Spiritualism and know survival to be a fact, yet on the Census paper they are anything but Spiritualists. One wonders why. Do they fear that they will be classed as fortune-tellers?

There is the Spiritualist, too, who does not attach himself or herself to any Church—they do not want to serve, they prefer to be free, forgetting that if others were of a like mind there would not be any Churches for them to attend just when they felt inclined to do so. They flit from Church to Church phenomena hunting, or else they have their home circles and so contribute nothing whatsoever to the movement which needs the support of its believers.

One would like to see the pioneer spirit in evidence again and workers attracted to our Churches who are proud to be Spiritualists and

who are prepared to give something in return for the great truth which has been given them. We need earnest souls who, once having seen the light of Spiritual truth and understanding, will follow it whereso'er it leads.

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HELPING TOWARDS PEACE ADVICE FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

PEACE BE WITH YOU ALL!

I remember talking to you many moons ago of Peace on Earth and the furtherance of the real brotherhood of man. Tonight I wish to add a small further talk on the same subject. At that time the threat of war was very real to you, and I remember comforting you by saying I was feeling confident that war could be averted. This, so far, has been correct. I feel that we may now look forward to a period of reconstruction, in which I am anxious that all such circles as this should lend a helping hand and by doing our part in teaching peace and acting as if we believe it possible, we should manage to at least put our part of the universe on a better footing.

I am aware that man still seems selfish and self-centred. I am also aware that many profit by war, but even so, with the forces of good on our side, combined with the forces of good on your side and led by able statesmen, we should even now bring about the better and wiser understanding that war is a wicked and foolish way of trying to settle differences. Consider for a moment the feeling of comradeship experienced by many people now who were enemies in the last war. That alone must make for better understanding, and I beseech you all to try in your thoughts to forgive the aggressor and to make sure that you are not harbouring a grudge and so perpetrating a further conflict which hard thoughts do help.

Could we take out of man's mind the thought always of profit our work would be much easier, but man must live, and to live he feels he must make profit, and so this becomes in time an obsession until, by his easy way of shelving an important subject, he adds his quota to the war-mongers.

Your world is going through the stage of transition from purely gross and material to something more spiritual, but we feel that you are moving very, very slowly indeed, and have been cast back many years by the last terrible upheaval. This can also work for good, if only men would use the great inventions of the last war to further the marvels of science for the enlightenment of man and not for his mass massacre.

Watch closely all news of scientific development and see how spiritual guidance is taking a part in leading scientists to look for greater marvels in healing and for the upliftment of the more downcast human.

When in conversation with others, point out these things, try and lead men's thoughts away from destruction to construction and spiritual upliftment. Point out how the trend is now for a higher understanding of the mysteries of life and how those mysteries can govern our daily lives. If you do, you will find men quite responsive and often looking for a lead from someone, and that is how thought for good or evil develops. Mankind today has almost reached the peak of greed and acquisitiveness and is finding that it can have repercussions, such as higher cost of living. This will make him realise he must himself do something about it to help and will be looking round for ways and means to make life easier for himself and family. This is the small beginning but it can and will, if fostered cor-

rectly, bring good results. It is my mission to point out these things and ask that you try and foster this feeling of self-help with a more spiritual outlook in your circle of friends. I hope I have made myself clear: I feel that my seed has fallen on good ground and will bring forth an abundant harvest. Goodnight.

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THE OTHER MAN

Perhaps he sometimes slipped a bit—
Well, so have you.
Perhaps some things he ought to quit—
Well, so should you.
Perhaps he may have faltered—why,
Why all men do, and so have I;
You must admit, unless you lie,
That, so have you.

Perhaps if we should stop and think,
Both I and you,
When painting some one black as ink,
As some folks do,
Perhaps, if we would recollect,
Perfection we would not expect,
But just a man half-way correct,
Like me and you.

I'm just a man who's fairly good,
I'm just like you.
I've done things I never should,
Perhaps like you.
But, thank the Lord, I've sense to see
The rest of men with charity,
They're good enough if good as me—
Say, men like you.

AN ADVENTURE OF THE SOUL

(By the Rev. A. D. McCutcheon, Superintendent of Port Adelaide Central Methodist Mission.)

When he took the little boy for a walk, they came upon a dustman who had climbed the ladder to his cart, and was tipping the dirty cargo of rubbish from the bin upon his shoulder. Showers of dust enveloped him, and the little boy was entranced. Suddenly he stopped, and, looking up into the face of his big friend, he said, "Hasn't the dustman got a lovely face?" You must have noticed that amid all the dust and the rush, and the desolation of life, there's a loveliness we miss that children see. When we are nearest to them we understand.

Again we come to Christmas time. We sing again the angels' song, "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men." But peace on earth doesn't descend on the skill of politicians, nor finally on the attitude of man to man, but on the relationship of us grown-up folk to little children; not to our child, but to every child of God. That is what the Christ child came to make plain.

So once again we make an amazing pilgrimage. We become as little children, and are unashamed. For a few hours, at least, passionate peace is in the sky and in our hearts. Age slips off, and we are young again. Our absurdly superficial dignities are forgotten. We tramp from wherever we live to Bethlehem.

It may be that for some of us this Christmas time the road is a bit difficult and twisting. We walk toward Bethlehem with tears in our eyes, but with tender and gracious memories in our hearts. It may be to some that home is but a memory. The way, for others, may be very lonely. But no matter who we are we all walk toward Bethlehem. Christmas becomes an amazing adventure of the soul, and many a miracle is

less wonderful. Cities and townships are transformed, and rows of houses become clusters of homes linked up like pearls by a common thread of love.

Dickens knew what he was about when he created Scrooge and then converted him, for all the world really hates churlishness. Why all the fuss and bother about Christmas? What makes this transformation? It is the festival of the child. The child is the centre of the Christmas picture. You are thinking of how to fill a child's stocking with gifts to make a child's eyes glow. Perhaps you have grown old and the "wee bairns" have long since left the old home. Maybe there is a great hunger in your heart—not to get, but to give. It is all so unreal if you leave out the child. You know full well it is the child who takes you to the heart of things. So come to Christmas-time knowing full well that it is the festival of the child. Because of this, at Christmas-time we see the transformation of the commonplace. There are simplicity and innocence in the face of a child.

This can be a comforting discovery for us poor pilgrims who are overwhelmed by complexities and have lost our innocence years ago.

What do you see at Christmas-time? The commonplace; yet it is strangely transformed. The Eternal is touching the temporal and God seems very near. The birth of Jesus Christ must be more to us than a historical event. It can be a spiritual experience. We look down the vistas of time and space to Bethlehem and the Child of Bethlehem. There is nothing too good to be true. So we come back to our own drama and the parts we have to play. Life is not easy for you, but you are going to give the children a good time this Christmas.

Why should you? Because you cannot quench the hope that is in your own heart. You want

them to feel it, too. It is not a wish for one child, or for one nation, but a desire for all mankind. So this Christmas we shall become again as little children. But don't let it end with filling a stocking or wearing a paper cap.

Why should it end at all? Let us look into our own hearts and see. Maybe the Christ of Christmas is here.

—"The News," South Australia.

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A MIDNIGHT APPARITION

By A. Gerard, Christchurch, N.Z.

I had not long started work as a storeman at the "Lyttleton Times" Office (now "Star-Sun") when one night I had a peculiar dream. I dreamed that I had been called upon to go back to work at night, and was on my way home. When I heard the town clock strike the hour of 12, I was turning out of Colombo Street on to the North Belt, as it was known in those days, but is now Bealey Avenue, and I was startled to observe by the light of a solitary street lamp the figure of a tall woman dressed in deep black coming towards me. She glided past without a sound and I felt a cold shudder go through me as I turned and watched her out of sight. On waking I dismissed the dream as a nightmare. For one thing it was ridiculous I thought; there was no likelihood of my having to return for night work.

Weeks went past and I had forgotten my dream when one night I was roused from bed. "There has been a fire down at the office," the messenger said. I was wanted to open up the storeroom and get more paper out. I hurriedly dressed and went down and did what was necessary. I was on my way home again when I heard the town clock strike the hour of 12. Where had this happened to me before, I thought, as I turned the corner on to the North Belt. My dream then flashed upon me with startling suddenness, for there by the light of the street lamp I saw the

same woman coming towards me. Too amazed to attempt to touch or speak to her, I felt the same cold shudder pass through me as I turned and watched her out of sight.

With the exception of the reason for my returning to work everything happened as in my dream. I feel convinced that the woman I saw was in reality a visitor from the next world.

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A VISITING MEDIUM AND HEALER

A Glasgow medium, Miss Estelle Anderson, is visiting Eastern Australia and has had very successful meetings in the Spiritual Church, Brisbane. The Hon. Secretary of the Church reports that Miss Anderson is an able lecturer and demonstrator, and has conducted most successful weekly group classes for healing and the development of spiritual life and work.

One case is reported of a young man who had been advised by three doctors to go to hospital for a bowel operation, was given absent treatment by the medium, her group, with the result that when X-rayed again the growth or obstacle had disappeared. Neither the doctors nor the patient could account for the fact and the man was discharged.

Instantaneous healing was given by the medium to an arthritis case, and a heart case, that had been treated by a great specialist for some time, was cured by the medium in two sittings.

Estelle Anderson will be visiting Sydney and Melbourne during December.

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"PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TOWARD MEN"

A Spirit Communication through the
hand of L.L.

These words the angels sang at the birth of the Christ, and some, at least, of the men on earth

joined with them in joyful accord. He, the tiny Babe, cradled in a manger, heralded in Peace, and all through His life on earth He preached and practised the same. On your earth plane is there Peace today? No! nations strive against nations, man quarrels with his brother, everywhere from the highest to the lowest there may be seen dissension and strife; in the business world, in the world of books, every man's hand seems lifted against his fellow. Even amongst those who should point the way, your priests and pastors, you have bickerings and angry words. Is there no solution to your many difficulties? Yes, if you would only look for it. "Seek and ye shall find."

The Master said, "Yet another commandment give I unto you that you 'Love one another.'" In these three last words lies the solution for all your world troubles. "Love one another." Strife would soon end, troubles pass away, difficulties disappear, if, and I say if, these three words could be applied in every little thing you were doing.

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JEWELS

Keep in your heart all the kindness you have known—the loving words oft spoken, the friendship you've been shown, the cheerful understanding, the little thoughtful deed, the comfort that was given you when you were sore in need. These are the jewels on the golden thread of time—perfect gems of happiness, which make our lives sublime; they form the silver lining when the clouds are dull and grey, and shed love's blessed sunshine upon the darkest way.—
R.A.K., Wyandra.

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