

"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

Editor: A. W. Austen

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Editorial

MISCELLANY

Every editor likes to get pithy, newsy letters from his readers. Even when the information given is not for publication, the "off the record" comments are often very useful in getting the background to a story and they enable one to get a mental picture of the state of affairs thousands of miles away. I hope that in the years to come, when we shall be engaged in fighting the same battles and in celebrating the same successes, we shall keep in close touch and exchange experiences.

A friend in Sydney (whom I must not name because he says he does not wish for publicity) tells me that the New South Wales Spiritualist Union, which sponsors a grand rally in the Sydney Town Hall once a year, has also held special meetings at Parramatta, Enmore and North Sydney, all successful, especially the one at Parramatta, and this Union has also continued the services started in Sydney by the English medium Gertrude Leonty. Another item of news from Sydney is that Mrs. Estelle Anderson, the

Scottish medium, who recently visited New Zealand after a greatly appreciated sojourn in Melbourne, looked in and conducted a meeting at Sydney on her way home. By now she is probably on her homeward journey.

Many of you who have known Charles Neil for several decades will want to add your congratulations to mine on his attaining his 83rd birthday on May 31st. He is in good health and retains an intense interest in the cause, for which he works indefatigably. He is looking forward to the Town Hall rally on September 20th, where he will sell the "Harbinger," psychic books and overseas Spiritualist publications, as well as writing a report of the proceedings for the next issue of the "Harbinger."

There are some live wires in Sydney, and I hope soon to be able to tell you about a new Psychic Club that has been formed there.

Now I am hoping to hear equally cheering news from Melbourne and the other capital cities—not forgetting the centres in New Zealand. A strange thing about New Zealanders. Over the years I have met quite a number, some of them very prominent in the movement, and they have promised without fail to write articles for me. I am still waiting for those articles, and I hope this will serve as a reminder to them.

I was very intrigued to read in the London newspapers a few days ago about the attitude to death of the aborigines of Malaya. At least two of the Sunday newspapers had stories about an Englishman who died after an accidental fall in the jungle. At the funeral service the oldest tribesman, addressing the released spirit of the dead man, declared: "You have reached the span of your years and must return to the land of our ancestors. You must intercede for us with ancestor deities, for we are poor people."

One writer, in the "Sunday Express," described the funeral feast at which the Englishman's spirit would be expected to return.

We can still learn, I think, even from the aborigines. I wonder how a party of civilised mourners would react if the dead man attended his own "funeral feast."

A. W. AUSTEN.

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HOW YOU CAN HELP THE "HARBINGER"

If the figures of the last Australian census are to be believed, then for every Spiritualist in the continent there are up to 10,000 sceptics. It is our job—yours and mine—to reverse these figures, so that in the years to come for every sceptic in Australia there will be 10,000 Spiritualists. Impossible? Laughable? Not if we are imbued with a burning desire to propagate our knowledge and to honour the trust that has been reposed in us by the spirit world. Too many of us are content to accept the benefits that Spiritualism brings—comfort, knowledge, the feeling that we know a little more than the fellow next door about the reason for life and where it is all leading—without even considering the responsibilities that added knowledge brings.

Many of the letters I have received in the past few months from Australian Spiritualists paint a doleful picture of the Spiritualist movement there. Good speakers are few, I am told, and competent mediums almost non-existent; the Spiritualist churches are not supported (even by many of the people who have written to me) and the large mass of ordinary people are not even interested in the subject. The movement is in the doldrums and nobody is doing anything about it. I refuse to believe that there is any-

thing wrong with Spiritualism in Australia—or anywhere else—that cannot be cured by enthusiasm, sacrifice and hard work. If Australian Spiritualists have the propaganda spirit and the driving urge to spread the knowledge of which they are the custodians, then nothing will stop them from becoming the most powerful force in the land.

If every Spiritualist pledges himself (or herself) to bring the knowledge of proved survival to one other person every six months—and if those brought into the movement in this way will do the same—then in less than seven years the whole continent will be converted to Spiritualism and the sceptic will be as scarce as the Spiritualist is now. This, at first sight, may appear fantastic, but any mathematician with a knowledge of geometrical progression will confirm my figure.

One important way in which this propaganda work can be made to flourish is to build between us a really first-class paper that will rally the forces that can work for us and will broadcast the news that death is not the end of life. I have made psychic journalism my mission for the past 21 years, and I realise the difficulties that have prevented this in the past. I want the "Harbinger of Light" to become a journal that can take its place with pride on the bookstalls, that will tell Australasians what is happening outside their own countries and will tell outsiders what is happening in the seance rooms and meeting places of Australia and New Zealand. We need to be well-informed if we are to instruct others. In this task of modernising and reconstructing the "Harbinger of Light" I need the help of all who are able and willing to assist. In each capital city I want the aid of some local Spiritualist, well-informed in local matters, who will give his (or her) time to advance the interests of

Spiritualism and the "Harbinger" by acting as local representative.

Another important aspect of the new "Harbinger" will be the financial side. I hate to appeal for money, and I know that you have responded magnificently to appeals for the "Harbinger" in the past to keep it going. I would rather balance our budget by increasing the appeal and the circulation of the paper. But it is an urgent need to enlarge the paper and to improve its appearance. We must attract the man-in-the-street, and catching his eye is a very expensive business. One very staunch supporter has made the magnificent gesture of promising to donate £25 a year to the "Harbinger" for as long as we are in need of it. To him—as to many others, I am sure—it would be a tragedy if we failed to stay the course. I do not ask for the same generosity from each of you, but

There is another way in which you can help the paper and at the same time help yourself in your own propaganda campaign to get that extra Spiritualist every six months. We are planning the new "Harbinger" for the November issue onwards, and to coincide with that we are introducing a special Propaganda Subscription to introduce the paper to new readers. Suppose, for instance, you think your doctor, or your next-door neighbour, or the fellow working on the next bench, might be a likely convert. You will discuss the matter with him, of course, tell him what you know of the subject, take him to any good seances to which you might have access. Why not also arrange to have the "Harbinger" posted to him for six months? Or what about that nice little woman living opposite who has just "lost" her husband? She could use the comfort that a knowledge of Spiritualism would bring, and you would talk to her about it if you

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A YOGI WHO "DIED"

I here reproduce an extraordinary story told by a Club member, an Indian tea planter, whose gardens are situated at a high altitude in the Himalayas. Doubts cast upon the existence of a wonder-working Yogi drew the assertion that in the neighbourhood of his tea gardens they were "Ten a penny." One of these was a friend of the family who often looked in of an evening to have a chat with the planter, who was of a philosophical turn of mind. On one occasion, during the course of a discussion on mental control, the Yogi stated that whereas, in the West, no conscious control could be exercised over organs, such as the heart, the liver and the thyroid gland, which were operated by the subconscious, many of his fraternity could control these organs consciously, just as the Westerner could control his breathing. More than this, they could control these organs in a manner which would mean death to the Westerner, with no harm to themselves.

Challenged on this point, the Yogi offered to demonstrate by bringing his heart to a standstill. The tea planter asked if he might invite the medical officer, who lived in an adjacent bungalow, to witness the feat. The Yogi offering no objection, the M.O. was summoned. He applied his stethoscope to the Yogi's chest. The Yogi seemed to go into a trance, his breathing and heart beat became slower and slower until, some sixty seconds after the start of the experiment, the M.O. exclaimed "Good God! Either my gadget isn't working or by all normal standards this fellow's dead!"

He kept his stethoscope glued to the Yogi's chest, but for a space of $3\frac{1}{4}$ minutes he could detect no heart movement. At the end of that period he heard a faint beat which grew steadily

stronger. Meantime, the Yogi had been reclining on a mat on the floor, to all intents and purposes in a lifeless condition. At the end of 4½ minutes the Yogi's heart beat was normal and he rose to his feet and moved about the room.

The tea planter queried whether a Yogi who could do such things need ever die in view of his control over vital organs. If he could stop his heart beating at will and, even more extraordinary, come to life again after it had stopped beating, could he not keep death at bay when it finally approached?

The Yogi made answer that there was a limit to their powers and that control could only be exercised up to a certain point. They could prolong the span of normal functioning of their organs and, as a matter of fact, his age was 134 years (the planter said he looked about 70), but many Yogis were much older than that. It was not so much a matter of how long one could hold death at bay by control over natural forces, as Karmic indication when one's life span should fittingly terminate. Yogis often died by allowing their life force to become extinguished when they knew that their useful period on earth had ended. Asked about survival and conditions after death if survival was a fact, the Yogi, beyond asserting that survival was a fact, refused to commit himself as to precise details on the plea that he was averse from misleading and that he could not describe the after-death state in physical plane terms without misleading. This, he stated, was why Buddha was so imprecise on this matter, also the reason for so much conflicting belief in the Christian creed, where symbolic references on this question had been accepted too literally.

The tea planter recounted another incredible incident which he vowed he had personally witnessed. In admitting that he had never seen the

Indian Rope Trick, he claimed to have seen something equally inexplicable. On one occasion when roads were under construction in his district a light steam roller had been made available to facilitate the work. One of the native workers had clumsily got in the way of the steam roller which had crushed his foot. The white overseer left the site to phone for medical attention and an ambulance. When he returned, he was astonished to find the injured man standing upright without discernable trace of having suffered a mishap! He was told that a passing Yogi had performed the cure.

The incredulous overseer managed to intercept the Yogi who confirmed the healing operation, stating that such "surgery" was simple, providing that too long an interval had not elapsed between the accident and the treatment, and providing that the particular power possessed by the Yogi was of the healing variety, since not all Yogis developed in that special direction. The overseer challenged the Yogi to demonstrate his alleged powers and, when he consented, the overseer sent a native to summon the tea planter who was in a nearby bungalow.

The Yogi lay on the ground in front of the steam roller and instructed the operator to drive it over his prostrate body after a short interval of time. The Yogi, after some "preparation," seemed to pass into a cataleptic condition. The steam roller was driven over his body, which remained rigid and did not appear to flatten under the weight of the machine. After a short time the Yogi came to himself and seemed nowise affected by the experience. The planter tried to persuade the Yogi to repeat the performance after he had sent for his camera to secure a permanent record, but the Yogi refused, claiming that the truth had been revealed once and that should suffice.

I give these stories as I heard them and make no comment save that I am fully persuaded as to the veracity of the narrator. I asked him to give me permission to quote them and him as the author. Whilst he acquiesced in the former he refused permission to use his name.

—P. S. Seward, in *"Psychic Venture."*

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ARE THESE "COINCIDENCES"?

By Edward E. Sinclair, in *"The Outspan."*

Some time ago a friend of mine from Sweden visited me in London. Mr. Berndt Hollsten is the editor-in-chief of a popular magazine in Stockholm, *"Sanigsmannen."* He is a tall, broad-shouldered man in his late forties, good-humoured, quiet-spoken and kind. One morning he came down to breakfast looking worried. "I had a strange dream," he told me. "I dreamt I entered a hospital room back home in Sweden and found my father lying in bed dangerously ill. My sister sat at the foot of the bed, in tears. She seemed surprised to see me."

"Does this dream really upset you?" I asked. "Well," he said, "it was such a persistent and vivid dream, in fact, not like a dream at all. It haunts me. I remember it so clearly . . . the small, dark-haired prim nurse who opened the door to me, the vase with red flowers on a table in the corner . . . the look of amazement on my sister's face . . ."

I insisted right there that Hollsten should 'phone his house in Stockholm. We were both greatly relieved to learn that everything was quite normal at home and I dismissed the dream from my thoughts, although Hollsten seemed more pensive than usual. But when I saw Hollsten next morning I realised at once that something had happened. It was the same dream—the visit to the hospital, the father suffering

and pale in bed. "You'll perhaps think I'm soft," said Hollsten, with an embarrassed, friendly grin, "but I've decided to fly home today."

I did not try to make him change his mind. He chartered a 'plane and set off at noon. While his 'plane was crossing the North Sea, his father collapsed and was taken to hospital with a strange illness which puzzled the doctors. Hollsten heard the news when he arrived home. He hurried to his father's bedside.

"A dark-haired little nurse opened the door to me" he told me when he 'phoned me a few hours later. "My father was in bed, deadly pale. My sister sat in a chair at the foot of the bed, weeping softly. She was too surprised by my sudden appearance to be able to speak. A vase with dark-red flowers stood on a table in the corner." "How strange!" I exclaimed. "Very, very strange," said Hollsten, his deep, quiet voice puzzled and unsure.

During the past few years I have met with several puzzling experiences of this sort—of the kind an old hackneyed phrase used to describe as "truth stranger than fiction." Some months ago I went to London's East End to talk to Mr. Joseph Stein, the man who heard a voice. Mr. Stein lives in Commercial Road, a busy thoroughfare. He is a salesman, a neat, quiet and pleasant man of 55, with candid eyes and a ready smile. His parents hailed from Austria, but he was born and brought up in the East End and speaks with the ready wit and the disarming accent of the true-bred Cockney. There is something pleasingly realistic and down-to-earth in Mr. Stein's manner. He is more inclined to discuss the Korean war and the Churchill Government than psychic experiences. In fact, he refused for a long time to speak about what he calls his "funny miracle." Here is his story:

"I lived in London during the last war," he said, "and was an air raid warden during the blitz. My wife and my children were evacuated to the country. I was fire-watching most of the nights and came home for my meals. During the worst raids I used to take shelter in a six-storey building when off duty. This shelter was about 600 yards from my home and was the safest place in the whole neighbourhood. You did not even hear the all-clear siren once you were inside the cellar.

"I was in my kitchen on the evening of December 21st, 1941, preparing my supper when the siren went. Another air raid warning. I decided to run to the shelter. The Luftwaffe had been extremely nasty lately and we all thought they would try to drop a packet before Christmas.

"I was about two-thirds of the way to the building when I heard a voice call out to me: 'Don't go to the shelter, Peppi. Go somewhere else. Don't go there tonight!' It was a woman's voice and I heard it as clearly as I can hear you now. I stopped dead in my tracks and looked around. Other people were running for shelter and were jostling and pushing me, but I didn't care. For a second I stood there, undecided, like a child and then I heard the drone of 'planes overhead. I dashed into the entrance of a near-by house and pressed my body flat against the wooden door, while the 'planes dived down to drop the bombs.

"A moment later there was a terrific bang. The six-storey building had been hit by a stick of bombs. It was a direct hit; 26 people were killed and many more injured. But I was leaning against the door 200 yards away, bathed in cold sweat and trembling. I was unable to move a muscle. I wanted to shout and couldn't. I was dumb and paralysed. No, it was not the bomb.

I had seen similar hits and even worse. It was the voice and the warning.

"You see, my name is Joseph. My friends call me Joe. That voice had called me Peppi. And there was only one person in the whole world who used to call me Peppi and that was my mother. And my mother had been dead for over 20 years when that bomb fell in Commercial Road. . . ."

Mr. Stein was silent again, puffing violently at his pipe. Then I asked him: "And how do you explain all this?" He looked at me quizzically and said, with a shrug of his shoulders: "You don't believe in ruddy miracles when you've lived all your life here in the East End. But, mind you, nobody else ever called me Peppi except her! . . ."

Another dream was dreamt by a girl of 18, Betty Jay. I heard the story from Betty's elder sister, Susan, and from other members of the Jay family. Like Mr. Stein, the Jays were unwilling to speak about their strange experience. They regarded it as something shady and unsavoury, something not conforming with their middle-class respectability.

It appears that Betty, a good-looking, vivacious girl who worked as a secretary to a bank manager in the city, had been worried by a dream during the early years of the war. Betty dreamt she was crossing a square on her way from the nearest subway station to her home in Bethnal Green, a London suburb. She was perfectly happy, the weather was fine and people smiled at her as she walked along. A van pulled up in front of her, drawn by two white horses. She heard a deafening noise and then came a feeling of excruciating pain . . . and oblivion. It was a dream in two parts, interrupted by a short period

of uneasy wakefulness. It had been so vivid, so clear and so insistent that she came to her breakfast in the morning "all pale and worn out." She still shuddered while she told her family about the nightmare and the listeners were greatly impressed. "It was just as if I died there!" said Betty.

Now Betty was by no means a fanciful or morbid girl. She had not been unduly frightened by previous air raids and bombing—or, I should say, she had not been more frightened than several million other people in London. But from that day she disliked the square, feared it and never went near it in the dark when there was the danger of an air raid. She made a detour twice a day during the blitz to avoid it. All this had happened during the first series of air raids on London. The parents respected the taboo and the mother even encouraged Betty, but the rest of the family used to chaff her about it. She took the jokes in good spirit.

Three years later the members of the Jay family were sitting in their kitchen enjoying high tea when someone knocked at the door. The mother opened it and saw the local air-raid warden standing on the threshold with a grim face. "Something has happened to Betty!" cried the woman. She was right.

At that time Hitler had just started with his secret weapon, the guided missiles, or V.1 bombs which the Londoners had christened "doodle-bugs." It was a few minutes after five o'clock, a bright day and the sun shining. There had been no air-raid warning (the V.1 came too swiftly for that) and Betty had for once decided to walk home across the square. "Dad and I ran to the place," Susan, her sister, took up the story. "The infernal doodle-bug had come down a few yards from where Betty had been standing.

A policeman had put his overcoat underneath her head, but she was dead. The bomb had killed her. A few yards away another policeman had just covered two white horses with a grey canvas. They had been killed by the bomb. We spoke to the van driver when he came out of hospital. He had seen Betty in front of the horses and heard the doodle-bug overhead while he had stopped the vehicle to let my sister pass. Then the noise of the bomb cut out—and he had seen and heard no more . . .”

The Jays moved to Willesden in North London after the incident. They put almost all London between themselves and the dreadful square . . .

I had to travel to a farm in Herefordshire to check up on incident No. 4. It was difficult to track down the man to whom it had happened—Luftwaffe Lieutenant Franz Baumler. Herr Baumler, a prisoner-of-war in British hands, had successfully applied for permission to stay in England after the war, preferring farm life there to the meagre fare in Eastern Germany. When I met him on a large estate near Bromyard, he was ready enough to talk about his “wonderful experience.” I did not believe his story until I had checked it over and over again and had questioned several reliable witnesses—the doctor in charge of a small country hospital, the nurse, a police sergeant and the man who had taken him prisoner.

Baumler had been shot down while a flight of Luftwaffe machines were raiding the Midlands on a mission to test the anti-aircraft defences a few days before Goering made his raid on the sleepy town of Coventry.

“The defences were strong enough for me,” said Baumler. “My machine was hit while I was over Warwickshire, near Leamington, and I was compelled to bale out. It was a dark and stormy

night, with strong rain. I landed in an open field. Because of the gale, I hit the ground head first, but managed to get up and shed my parachute and harness. I was rather dazed and felt very tired, and I decided to go to the nearest cottage and give myself up to the military authorities. I was relieved that the war was over now—at least as far as I was concerned.

"I must have walked for about 15 minutes before I came to the outskirts of a small town. I passed a cinema, of the suburban type, and heard the sound of music and human voices. One of the doors stood ajar and I entered. I followed a sudden impulse. It was a warm, cosy place. Most seats were taken and nobody seemed to bother about me. I stood in the back of the stalls, looking at the screen. The main picture had just started. It was a film which I had seen before the war in Munich, called 'The Scarlet Pimpernel.' I cannot tell you how long I stood there, watching the film. It might have been 10 minutes. I still remember the scenes I saw. Suddenly I was overcome by fatigue. I leant against a wooden boarding and fell asleep.

"I awoke when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was still dark and raining and I was in the open again. A policeman was standing at my side. 'You are a German pilot,' he said. 'You must come with me to the police station.' I followed him like a lamb, still dazed. At the police station the sergeant had a look at me and said: 'We'll have to take him to hospital. He's got a nasty crack at the back of his head . . . not that I'm sorry about it!'

"A young doctor stitched the wound," continued Baumler, turning his head so that I could see the scar which parted his hair. "While he worked on me, quietly and efficiently, I told him

(Continued on page 21.)

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HARBINGER

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R. J. Lees was the famous medium of the last century
who gave seances to

QUEEN VICTORIA

at which the Prince Consort spoke to her.

His mission, however, was mystical writing and he begged the Queen to excuse him from giving her more seances so that he could devote himself to his literary work. He suggested that John Brown, already in the employ of the Royal Household and later to become the Queen's inseparable companion, would be a suitable medium for her talks with Prince Albert.

R. J. Lee's writings are recognised as some of the finest ever produced in the history of the movement. Queen Victoria took a great interest in his work and when "Through the Mists" was published she bought six copies, which were specially bound, and presented them to friends.

The books of R. J. Lees can now be obtained through the HARBINGER BOOK SERVICE, 7 James Street, Perth, Western Australia.

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(Continued from page 16.)

in my best school English that I had visited the local cinema and seen a picture there. The doctor—his name was Tucker—almost dropped his instruments. The nurse stared at me with wild eyes, as if she had seen a ghost.

"What film did you say you saw?" asked the doctor sharply. 'The Scarlet Pimpernel. A very good film,' I replied. 'Don't talk rot, man!' cried the doctor. 'There is not a cinema here any more. Your comrades of the Luftwaffe took good care of that when they bombed our town exactly four weeks ago. The cinema was hit during the last performance, just after the main feature had started . . . the Scarlet Pimpernel . . .'"

I have told you the stories of Berndt Hollsten and Betty Jay, of Mr. Stein and Herr Baumler without embellishments. Whenever possible, I have used their own words. I shall not try to offer you an explanation of the strange dreams, or the warning voice which saved the life of Mr. Stein, or the extraordinary experience which befell a German pilot in the heart of England. Rationalists will probably tell you that the dreams were "just strange coincidences" and that the pilot and Mr. Stein had become the victims of "sub-conscious deceptions." It may be so. I do not know.

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GREAT CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER WHO WAS A SPIRITUALIST

For four weeks the "secrets" of the Spiritualist life of W. L. Mackenzie King, for 22 years Prime Minister of Canada, have been given publicity in the columns of the "Sunday Dispatch," one of Britain's most widely read newspapers. John Prebble, who has been writing the series, drew liberally on information already printed in "Psychic News"—in fact, photostats of everything that paper had

ever printed on King's Spiritualism were made available to him—and in addition all the facts were sifted carefully by inquiry in Britain and in Canada. The result was a very impressive series of articles, though Prebble started off with the wrong bias, from our point of view, by calling his story "queer." However, that was corrected to a large extent as the series developed. Here we reprint John Prebble's final article in the series:

PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA FOR 22 YEARS, WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING, WHO DIED THREE YEARS AGO, WAS AN ARDENT SPIRITUALIST.

WHEN HE CAME TO BRITAIN ON COMMONWEALTH AFFAIRS HE HAD REGULAR SITTINGS WITH MEDIUMS AND BELIEVED HIMSELF IN CONTACT WITH ROOSEVELT AS WELL AS CANADIAN PERSONALITIES WHO HAD DIED.

AFTER HIS OWN DEATH EFFORTS WERE MADE TO SUPPRESS INFORMATION ABOUT HIS SPIRITUALIST ACTIVITIES.

*

Towards the end of his life Mackenzie King told some of his close friends that he was firmly resolved to publish a full account of his psychic experiences. He died before such a resolve was put into execution. Or so we must believe, since there has been no hint that the book was ever started. Indeed, if we accept the bland denials of his literary executors in Ottawa, there is not a word about Spiritualism in the whole of his vast legacy of diaries and correspondence.

But come, we need not be that credulous. Scepticism is a sharp spur to further knowledge, and we should be using it here. What I have learnt during the past weeks about Mackenzie

King's secret life has convinced me that among the locked-up papers in Laurier House there could be found an even more fascinating story than I have been able to piece together. My reasons for so believing are obvious enough. Let us begin with an exercise in common sense.

It is customary enough for men of intellect and sensitivity to commit to paper, by diary or by letters, the thoughts that are occupying their minds. And King was a great diarist, a great letter-writer. What has happened to such writing? What, too, has happened to the notes he took during the sittings he had with British mediums?

When he returned to Canada he would often make copies of these notes and send them to the mediums concerned. What has happened to the correspondence he had with Miss Geraldine Cummins and Mrs. Helen Hughes concerning the sittings they gave him? Even if he did not keep copies of his own letters surely he did not immediately destroy their replies?

There is also King's correspondence with Dr. Glen Hamilton, a Canadian and an internationally known medium. Canadians have been made aware of the existence of this correspondence by the publication of excerpts from it in a prairie newspaper. Dr. Hamilton's widow has written to a Winnipeg newspaper claiming that when Mackenzie King visited her husband he declared his emphatic intention of writing a book about his Spiritualist beliefs. What is more, says Mrs. Hamilton, Mackenzie King once made tentative inquiries about securing a secretary to assist him in the work.

So far as can be gathered from the little of Mackenzie King's letters which Mrs. Hamilton has allowed to be published, the Canadian Premier paid a secret visit to Dr. Hamilton in 1933

and there took part in some psychic experiments. He was apparently deeply impressed. To Dr. Hamilton he wrote of "one of the most memorable experiences of my life" and asked to be kept in close touch with Hamilton's further discoveries.

What has happened to Hamilton's answer to this request? Can Mackenzie King's executors not find it among the papers?

It may be claimed, of course, that the letters quoted by Mrs. Hamilton are not genuine. If so, it must be concluded that she is extremely foolhardy and that the editor of the newspaper in which they have been published does not know his job. In one of the letters Mackenzie King asked Hamilton for some prayers said to have been conveyed to the doctor by the spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson.

"I expected very much from what I had heard of your researches from others," says another letter, "but the results surpassed all expectations. I cannot thank you and Mrs. Hamilton enough for having taken me into your confidence and having permitted me to share in the very rich inheritance which is now yours. It does seem to me that you are singularly blessed, and that through you a great blessing is about to be bestowed on the world. Had I not seen the photographs you have, and heard from your lips what you read and told me, also had I not had some previous experiences of my own, I just could not have believed it possible. . . . I feel I have come to a new plane of existence itself."

A new plane of existence. . . . These are significant words, testifying to the depth of Mackenzie King's conviction. Yet there is nothing, apparently, in his legacy of papers that echoes it.

What is going on in that quiet study at Laurier House, where stands the five-inch crystal ball, and where Fred Macgregor and Edouard Handy

are at present preparing the King archives for publication? These two men are probably the most privileged in the whole Dominion. Nobody else, no Cabinet Minister, not even an outside stenographer, has been allowed to examine the Mackenzie King diary.

Daily either Handy or Macgregor locks himself in an upstairs room at Laurier House, takes out the diary, and sits down and dictates. Into a recording instrument he reads the less explosive, the less startling passages which have been chosen by the executors or were indicated by King himself. These passages are later transcribed by a typist. When the reading is finished the diary will be destroyed. Gone will be the Premier's devastatingly frank appraisal of his political colleagues. And gone, too, in my belief will be the secret sensitive thoughts on Spiritualism which he committed to paper.

But the story of the Spiritualist Premier is snowballing in Canada. Take the case of Dr. J. E. Hett, for example.

Dr. Hett is an aged cancer specialist, head of the Hett Cancer Treatment and Research Foundation. He lives in Windsor, Ontario.

He claims that he was responsible for many of the sittings with mediums which King attended, both in Canada and the United States. He also claims that he has had numerous conversations with the spirit of the Premier since the latter's death. Spiritualists generally are taking an active interest in "evidence" that Mackenzie King is trying to make contact with the world he left three years ago.

At the London Spiritualist Alliance recently I was told that there had been such "evidence." It is, perhaps, to be expected.

To return, however, to Dr. Hett. My colleague in Ottawa got in touch with him and invited the

doctor to make some comment on his personal recollections of Mackenzie King. Dr. Hett's comments were corroborative, but lacking in detail. He agreed that the latest contact he had had with Mackenzie King had been through a direct-voice medium at Chesterfield Spiritualist Camp. But it seems that Dr. Hett proposes to tell his own story in his own time.

"I knew more about Mr. King's Spiritualist activities than anyone else. But I don't care to release the information at this time. I have to write the story myself at some future date. I have read some foolish articles written about King using a crystal ball and planchettes. The real story told by me would be an eye-opener."

Spiritualists, understandably perhaps, do not like references to Mackenzie King's interest in horoscopes, crystal gazing, and fortune telling. But his sittings with tea-leaf readers were well-known to many of his associates while he was alive. In fact, even King himself was not aware of how many **did** know. But once a secret is out everybody has to talk about it.

In Ottawa Mr. A. J. Pinard claims that he knew about it for years. "I obtained the information first-hand," he told reporters. "Mrs. Wilder, now 70, the Montreal medium, told me she was engaged by King once a week during the war, and came to Ottawa just for that purpose. She was also consulted by President Roosevelt and flew to Washington once a week too."

Well, there it is, that's the story of William Lyon Mackenzie King, statesman and Spiritualist. In the long view of history, perhaps, the odd jigsaw will make an understandable pattern. At the moment it still makes for controversy.

There are, for example, the Agnostics who find it ironically amusing. There is the Canadian public, deliciously thrilled, and the Canadian

Administration uncomfortably ill-at-ease. And then there are the Spiritualists themselves, proud to find that one more of the world's great may be counted among their ranks, yet faintly disappointed with the way in which writers like myself have chosen to inform you about it.

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WHITE RAY ADVISES HEALER

These answers to questions were given by White Ray, a spirit guide operating through the trance mediumship of Mrs. Paulette Austen.

The questions were asked by D. Lawrence, a London healer, who was invited to the sitting.

We are glad to greet this new friend and we hope that as we are gathered together, your side and our side, we shall make yet another link which will bring closer understanding between the world of matter and the world of spirit.

Truly you are one of those who serve suffering humanity, and for this our loving friendship goes warmly towards you, for we realise the suffering and misery of the human body and mind, and of all work this is the work we cherish most, the healing of the sick.

So to all those who are dedicated to this work we say: Go forward and do not let yourselves ever be daunted in your efforts, for within you lies the will to serve and the power to heal, and when there is such a will and such a power the rays from the spirit world will flow ever in strength towards you.

We realise the trials and strife in your world, knowing well the difficulties and the thoughts that can assail those who are in contact with the disbelieving masses. However, with each new face uplifted in sincere realisation of healing and

solace brought to them, there must be rejoicing and comfort for each of you in this work, and this is the reward which makes it worth while to conquer all difficulties.

And so, as we go together with you in this work of service, we rejoice in the knowledge that the bonds of flesh disappear and that from your world and our world we can truly unite in one great aim—the work of truth and of spirit.

To you, my friend, and to those who work with you we give our love.

A very sick person needs all spiritual aid possible. If more than one healer at a time attends the patient, can this create adverse conditions, such as cross vibrations, and instead of benefiting the patient, would this not retard progress?

We have already, some time ago, spoken on this question. It is not possible that sincere concentration on the part of the healers, however many there may be, can in any way impair the patient's recovery.

There are such things as conflicting thoughts. However, there are not very many who while healing consider anything but the health and the well-being of the patient they are treating.

In this knowledge you must realise that while it is true that not every healer can heal the same patient, the beneficial rays and power which are directed to the sufferer are going only from those who are in complete harmony with the wave-length of the sufferer.

From the healers who are not on the same wave-length only beneficial thoughts reach the patient—not harmful rays because they are not on the right range.

Is it feasible and possible for a patient to carry forward (for example) rheumatism or some other disease of the physical body from a prior life

(through reincarnation)? I am not referring to a congenital disease.

No, it is not possible.

Is it not a fact that only very highly evolved souls reincarnate voluntarily?

This is so. And can you blame the spirits for not wanting to return to your world? I do not think so. It is not a very joyful world in the way man has made it!

As we have told you before, only a small percentage of humans reincarnate; it is absolutely correct that only spirits with a vast experience and knowledge can come back to serve humanity.

We are constantly reminded of our free will. I am, however, afraid few of us on this plane have the correct interpretation. Are we not greatly influenced by the power of spirit, does not like beget like?

You talk about free will and I daresay you are right when you express the thought that in your world you do not quite realise what free will is. When you say you are influenced by spirit it is so, but then are you not spirit yourself?

It is the essence of free will to decide what aspects your beliefs are going to take. Let me put it this way. You have in your world many conflicting emotions because you possess a human shell which we do not possess, and in this way differ from our world. Though we also have free will, ours is different from yours, for we can see a clearer picture of our evolution and its possibilities.

You are swayed by material considerations which, however spiritual you may be, you cannot possibly avoid completely.

Take the case of a medium who well realises his spiritual value to the world, yet decides to ignore the spiritual value for some material outlook on life. In this we do not interfere. The individual has a free will.

Take the aspect of a scientist who decides to serve humanity. There are many ways in which humanity can be served, and there is also a way which you call service in your world, which we call bad service. There is a way of helping on progress and understanding which science can serve and, further, there are also some experiments which are of quite a different nature. In this the scientist is allowed to choose his own course.

And this goes on limitlessly for all walks of life. Each one can choose the road by which he travels, but the aim is not affected by the free will; for evolution is directed and understood completely only by the Great Spirit from which we all come and to which we all go back. So beginning and end are not of your free will, but only the road by which you travel.

As all action is governed by thought, is it not true to say that our characters depend on paternal and spiritual influences in the first place and thereafter as result of our habits?

All personalities are influenced by their early acquaintances and the direction which they receive from their near ones. Not only by thoughts but by example.

However, while this influence is felt very strongly in childhood and while within you remains the imprint of the knowledge and the lessons received in early childhood, and indeed during adolescence, the spirit within should be, though it not always is, strong enough to manifest completely independently as a spirit being.

For you came in this world to achieve individuality, which is absolutely necessary to the group to which you will eventually return. It is only through the earth plane, which spirits go through as a necessary phase of evolution, it is only through this earthly phase that individuality can be achieved.

For while we can progress more spiritually in our world, there are certain influences and trials and lessons that can be learned only on your plane, and this is the reason why you come and this is the reason why so often in your world you find undeveloped spirits.

It is because they have come from a group, not as an individual but as a fragment, and they have to promote through that individuality expression in your world.

Apart from congenital diseases, is it not true to say that over 80 per cent. of the afflictions in our midst enter firstly through the mind and thence affecting the blood which causes the disease?

Yes, it is a good question, for it will never be stressed strongly enough in your world how much the mind influences the body.

The mind is the generator of your body. Through it comes direction which gives the impulse to the rest of the body, and if the directions are wrong then the machine is bound to go wrong.

You in your world are not entirely to blame for receiving from your minds wrong direction, for it is difficult to live in a world with such upheavals as yours without at times having anxiety and worry, and who are we to blame you, for we before you did not do so much better when we were on the earth!

But we are always at the back of you to remind you of the spirit within which you have to respect, and in respecting yourselves you will realise in the admission of this spirit life within that this world of yours should not be taken as seriously as it is.

For it is only a small step in eternity, and if you can only bring the problems of life to their proper proportions, then you may get more peace of mind, more serenity, and with less worry your

bodies will be less affected too.

Is it not a fact that man's greatest enemy is fear due to ignorance and the adverse conditions around him?

We realise that and do not blame you, for we have lived in this troubled world and did not do much better. However, if you could realise that it is only a step of eternity, this world of yours would seem a little less difficult. You see a small side of the picture, you do not see the completed picture, and when many years hence you face the full picture you will understand when we say to you, you will look back and say, Did I really worry about these little things?

We realise that to you now it is all real and very worrying, but look back in history and see how much this world has gone through, and although today it does not seem a very bright and beautiful one it is in a very much better position than it used to be.

We are much more hopeful about your world today than you are yourselves.

Is it true that the quality of healing received by patients through a trance instrument is superior to that of an instrument in the conscious state, assuming all other matters are equal?

No, my friend. It does not make the slightest difference whether the instrument is in trance or not. The only thing that matters is whether the instrument is good. Trance has absolutely no effect on the quality of the healing given and received. It is only the value of the healing and not the way in which it is given that matters.

Is it the motive behind it which counts?

There is only healing when the motive is good. If the motive is good there is no result that is bad.

I have within me a constant urge to help my fellow men and it affords me great satisfaction and

joy knowing that this determination to serve mankind has its fulfilment in benefiting the sick.

If you feel within you a tremendous urge towards a form of service, and as you do this work you feel sincerely and deeply that the service you want to render reaches its destination, that while you are talking and while you are concentrating and sending forces of good to people around you, then it is from within.

For there is no urge to do any work, there is no determination to do service, which does not reach the goal once it is set in motion within. And we are sure that you will go forward in this work with the blessing of our side.

White Ray, I am very concerned at the great incidence in cancer and malignant growths in this country the past 40 years and my concern is the greater because since the passing of Dr. Forbes Ross (1913) little or no progress appears to have been made in the solution of finalising this scourge in our midst, this plague amongst us.

There are many ignorant people in your world who, although they may have knowledge of books, are ignorant in spite of this. We do know this is a terrible scourge but great progress is being made. Do not fear, this work of combat against cancer is progressing very much, more than many in your world think. While, as we mentioned before, there are those ignorant people who should not be very often in leading positions, there are many in all callings, all professions, who are very much concerned with this problem.

Many healers are doing very good work in this direction and many doctors are realising now what use they can make of healing and through this understanding, through this greater inner knowledge which they are receiving through being tolerant, they are also making great progress towards treatment of the source of this disease.

I think it will not be a long time now before they know how to rectify the cells so that they can work in the right pulsation and therefore lose the over or under tension which creates the condition of this dreaded disease.

The father of all medicine, Hippocrates, stated that cancer was a constitutional disease, a disease of the blood, and that correct diet of natural foods, removal of worry, shock and continuous anxiety, and change of habits would reduce the possibilities of this disease by removing the toxins from the physical systems. All medical men are informed of this, but appear to forget this useful information during their period of practice.

Yes, there has been that disease before, but it seems to be more virulent now. Not entirely due to diet. Worry preying on the mind has a great responsibility. So, as you say, dieting.

You have people who lead hasty lives in which they do not give themselves time to consider things properly, but leap from one occupation to another. We understand it is not always possible to avoid such complications, but they do not give their bodies a chance to relax and to assimilate the proper fuel, do not lead rational lives in many respects, but push the body without giving it a chance to lead a healthy life, and the natural result is disharmony.

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