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THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO
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AND
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

Founded in 1870 by Mr. W. H. Terry.

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Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.

Vol. 48. No 575

MELBOURNE, JANUARY 1st, 1918.

SIXPENCE.

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By the Editor.

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Slain Heroes in Their Homes.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.
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JANUARY 1, 1918.

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The Editorial Chair.

Christmas and Our Fallen "Boys."

This article is being written in anticipation of the issue reaching most of our readers in time for perusal at Christmastide. This is usually the merriest time of the year, but in tens of thousands of homes the spirit of mourning will supplant the spirit of happiness, and the lamentation of the modern Rachel will be heard throughout the land. To all such sorely bereaved ones we offer our tenderest sympathy, and our one desire is to send to them a message of comfort and cheer. It is a difficult—very difficult—task. Cold type seems such an ineffective medium for conveying such well-intentioned sentiments. A personal talk, even a grasp of the hand, is much to be preferred. But in the absence of these more intimate methods the pen must do the best it can.

During the twelve months that have passed since last we celebrated the anniversary of the birth of The Christ, many homes have been thrust into mourning, consequent upon the transition to the Higher Life of those self-sacrificing and heroic souls who have fought and died for the ideals of a righteous cause. This is, therefore, their first Christmas in the realm of the "more abundant" life, and also the first Christmas that the loved ones left behind have experienced the pain of lamenting their departure. On both sides of the veil there will be manifestations of grief. But let us hasten to add that the grief on the Other Side will not be occasioned by the conditions in which these gallant spirits find themselves to-day, but by the consciousness that their friends in the flesh are bemoaning their absence, and their utter inability, in very many instances, to impress their broken-hearted relatives with the gladsome assurance that "All is well." This is no imaginary conception. It is based on scientifically demonstrated fact, and the time is not far distant when that fact will become much more generally recognised than it is to-day.

To make the point clearer, let us briefly review what has happened to those noble "boys" who sprang to the colours at the call of Duty, and without thought of self, shouldered the rifle, went forth like modern Crusaders to meet the common foe, fought bravely in the trenches, and fell as martyrs and heroes that others might live. Have they "died" in any real sense? NO! Have they gone out of existence as the beasts that perish? A thousand times—NO! Are they, then, still alive? YES! And are they the self-same, dear, loving, natural "boys" as when they moved amongst us and caressed us in our homes? A thousand times—YES! There is only one change—they have simply lost their physical bodies. The REAL man, the immortal ego, remains absolutely unaltered by the process of Death. In the language of the Bishop of London: "A man is exactly the same

five minutes after death as he was five minutes before death." That is absolutely true.

These deathless "boys," then, are still precisely the same to-day in all their essential characteristics as when enveloped in their mortal robe. They have carried forward all their feelings of affection towards their loved ones on the earth, all their cherished desires, all the possessions in the treasure-house of memory, and all their little idiosyncrasies of character. None of these things belong to the PHYSICAL body. They are the attributes of the SPIRITUAL man, and consequently they endure after the raiment of flesh has been discarded.

Death does not transform a man into either a saint or a devil. He awakens to spiritual consciousness with the impression firmly embedded in his mind that he is, to all intents and purposes, just as he was when functioning on the terrestrial plane. The change, in fact, is so imperceptible at first that many of those who have passed through the "Gateway" positively refuse to believe they have "died!" If they have experienced illness they naturally feel free from pain, but they attribute this to the fact that they have suddenly, and by some inexplicable means, become convalescent. That they have "died" is altogether an irrational explanation. The ideas that had been instilled into their minds concerning the meaning of Death had not been realised in the slightest degree; there had been no dread and no terror; they had not consciously crossed the "dark waters of Jordan"; they had not been transferred to the mythical Heaven of their imagination; they were manifesting in a body similar in form to the physical vesture; everything around them seemed as natural and as objective as the things of earth; they felt the same impulses and the same desires, and the general environment produced by their mental activity seemed exactly the same as before. How, then, could it be said they had "died?" They might feel that "something" had happened, but what that "something" was they would be unable to explain. "Death" would be the last explanation to offer!

The days pass, teachers take them in hand, and very soon the conviction dawns upon them that they must have "died" after all! Then they become concerned for those they have left behind, and knowing they must be mourning their departure, they are accompanied to their former homes by friendly guides and endeavour to impress the dear ones with a sense of their actual presence. Alas, the effort often fails! The grief of the bereaved has erected an impenetrable barrier—a dense wall of grey mist, which spiritual vibrations are unable to influence. Imagine the disappointment and sorrow that follows—a loving heart thwarted in its mission of mercy. Such a soul realises all the grief that pervades the home, and is powerless to afford relief. This experience is going on in countless homes to-day, and all because the people have never been taught the glorious truths of the Spiritual Philosophy. And it is not until the grief has abated that the loving messenger from the Summerland can, in varying degrees according to the impressibility, or otherwise, of the mourner, become a "ministering spirit"—such as those St. Paul refers to—to afford solace, inspiration and cheer to those so much in need of help.

Is it any wonder that, possessing a knowledge of these spiritual truths, we desire to proclaim them from the housetops? Is it not time that men and women were plainly told that there is not only one, but TWO parties affected by the conditions created by a death in the family? The spiritual and the material interpenetrate, and it is very easy for us to

mar the happiness of our friends in the Beyond by indulgence in inordinate grief at their transition. This is why Sir Oliver Lodge is constantly entreating those bereaved by the war to endeavour, as far as is humanly possible, to modify their distress. And every experienced investigator endorses this entreaty. We urge the point particularly at this Christmastide. All these loving heroes will be returning to their homes on earth to participate in the celebration. And we can either mar their visit, or make them joyful, according to the mental condition in which they find us at the time.

In this connection we may refer to the work of Sir Oliver Lodge—"Raymond, or Life and Death"—and his experiences with his fallen soldier son. Lieut. Raymond Lodge was struck by a fragment of shell in the attack on Hooze Hill, on September 14th, 1915, and died in a few hours. On November 26th of the same year, Lady Lodge interviewed a very estimable and highly-developed medium in the person of Mrs. Leonard, and in the course of the sitting Raymond purported to speak to his mother. He said he had been to his home, and added: "Mother, darling, I am so happy, and so much more so because you are." "Yes, we are," replied the mother, who, together with Sir Oliver, had on previous occasions communicated with her boy, "and as your father says, WE CAN FACE CHRISTMAS NOW." Raymond assured her that he would be there, and said he wished to "strike a bargain" with her. "If I come there, THERE MUST BE NO SADNESS. I don't want to be a ghost at the feast. There mustn't be one sigh. Please, darling, keep them in order—rally them up! Don't let them! If they do, I shall have the hump!" Lady Lodge responded that "they would all drink his health and happiness," and Raymond replied: "Yes, and you can think I am wishing you health, too."

About three weeks later—December 17th, 1915—Sir Oliver Lodge was talking to another excellent medium, Mrs. Kennedy, when her hand began to write, and a conversation by this process followed. After some preliminaries, Sir Oliver Lodge remarked: "Raymond, you know it is getting near Christmas now?" to which Raymond replied: "I know; I shall be there. KEEP JOLLY, OR IT HURTS ME HORRIBLY. Truly, I know it is difficult, but you MUST know by now that I am so splendid. I shall never be one instant out of the house on Christmas Day." Further talk ensued between father and son, and at the conclusion of the interview Sir Oliver remarked to Raymond: "WELL, WE SHALL BE VERY HAPPY THIS CHRISTMAS, I THINK," to which Raymond replied: "Father, tell mother she has her son with her all day on Christmas Day. THERE WILL BE THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF US BACK IN THE HOMES ON THAT DAY. BUT THE HORRID PART IS THAT SO MANY OF THE FELLOWS DON'T GET WELCOMED. Please keep a place for me."

Eventually Christmas Day arrived, and Sir Oliver Lodge states that on that day "the family had a long table sitting. It was a friendly and jovial meeting, with plenty of old songs interspersed, which Raymond seemed thoroughly to enjoy, and, as it were, 'conduct'." He refrains from going into details, but there was evidently no tinge of sadness, and yet only a little more than three months had elapsed since Raymond paid the supreme sacrifice in France. This is a great tribute to Spiritualism as a consoling agency, and there are thousands of other families bereaved by the war who have had similar experiences. But the point we desire to emphasise is the allusion made by Raymond to the effect produced on our spirit friends by GLOOM in the home. "There must be no sadness"—"Keep jolly, or it hurts me horribly. How natural! And, like wise and thoughtful parents, Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge put aside their grief in the interests of their boy, and when he arrived on Christmas Day he was given a real merry welcome.

This is the spirit which all the bereaved should seek to inculcate at this present Christmastide. It will not be so easy, of course, for those who have had no experiences similar to those related, and all we can hope is that they will derive some little solace from the personal testimony of others. For this reason we reproduce, in another portion of this issue, a very telling article from the pen of a well-known London business man, dealing with the conversations he has had with his fallen soldier son. We may also appropriately introduce at this stage a letter just received from a New Zealand merchant, who is held in high esteem, and who writes to us as follows:

While desiring to express appreciation of your Editorial in the last issue under the heading "Our Casualty Lists," may I be permitted to add a thought thereto? On considering the "Great Question," are we not far too much given to consider it from our point of view only, forgetting entirely the view-point of the loved one on the "Other side"?

We have spoken with our boy (killed in action) many, many times; in fact, it is now a regular thing, and this is what he said recently:

"Do you know, Dad, I don't think you can quite grasp it. Do you know THE 'BOYS' SUFFER MORE HERE WHEN THEY RETURN HOME IN SPIRIT AND ARE REFUSED A HEARING THAN EVER THEY SUFFERED ON THE BATTLEFIELD? They know they are alive, and try to apprise their loved ones of the fact, only to be met with, and encompassed by, WAVES OF TORMENTING GRIEF. This is why I bring so many of them through to you, Dad."

The question is, how can we open the eyes of the many parents and friends to the truth of this, and how essential it is not to grieve. I am willing to do anything I can for the "Boys" who have given their lives that I may continue to live in freedom. I am not concerned about the parents. If they will remain blind, then, perhaps, it is well they should suffer. It is the "Boys" I am thinking of. What can we do to make the way easier for them?"

The testimony to the effect produced on the departed by excessive grief is world wide, and the only way to relieve this deplorable result is to spread abroad a knowledge of the fact. It is a fact vouched for by many of the leading scientists of the world, by prominent clergymen who have investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism, by numberless other intellectualles who have studied the subject, and by countless men and women in the ordinary walks of life. The "discovery," however, is so much at variance with the preconceived notions of the multitude that they naturally find it difficult to give it credence. These dear "boys," of whom we have been writing, are supposed, according to conventional religious teaching, to be away among the stars, and much propaganda work has to be done before that prevailing misconception can be removed.

The spirit world, to the vast majority, does not "around this world of sense, float like an atmosphere." And the possibility of influencing our invisible friends by our thoughts and feelings does not to-day form a part of the teaching of the Church. It is irrefutably true, for all that, and for the sake of our passed-on warriors we would urge the reader to accept the fact. Our concern is as much for our celestial heroes as for those left behind. We desire that, whether on this side of the "Great Divide," or on the other, they shall all enjoy a peaceful Christmas, that they shall all feel resigned to what has taken place, and be inspired and uplifted by the thought that we are all safe in the keeping of the Great All-Father, and that "underneath are the everlasting arms."

Mr. James Shaw, hon. secretary of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, writes that the Rev. Susanna Harris has just completed a three weeks' engagement with the association, circles being held daily. "The results were most satisfactory, the tests received in a great number of cases being most startling, while several messages were given by David Duguid, the author of 'Hafed, Prince of Persia,' the evidence of identity being most convincing. There is no doubt that such seances are a great help in propaganda work."

Wayside Notes.

Personal.

With the close of another year it affords us exceeding pleasure to express our warm appreciation of the support received from thousands of readers during the past twelve months, and of the sheaves of letters that have come to hand breathing generous words of encouragement and cheer. Every portion of the English-speaking world has been represented by those letters, and although it has been quite impossible to personally acknowledge but a small proportion of these tributes to the work we are endeavouring to perform, we can assure the writers that all their communications have received a hearty welcome and that we greatly value the very kind and stimulating sentiments expressed.

Among the more practical supporters of this journal we desire to acknowledge our continued indebtedness to Mr. T. W. Stanford, of Melbourne, who has never failed to render substantial help, and whose liberal assistance is as readily given to-day as in any previous time. He is essentially a practical Spiritualist in the fullest meaning of the term, and although facing the setting sun of his earthly existence, is as enthusiastic as ever in his promulgation of the inspiring truths associated with the Spiritual Philosophy. May he yet be spared for many years to aid and advance the Cause, and when "the call" eventually comes, have the satisfaction of reflecting that he has not left a stone unturned in his endeavours to brighten the spiritual pathway of his fellowmen. We honour him as a Pioneer, and publicly acknowledge our admiration of the generous and sympathetic traits which so markedly distinguish his character.

We also extend our hearty thanks to all the Societies throughout Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and South Africa, for their sustained patronage, and thus helping us to "keep the flag flying" in these trying times of phenomenal cost of production. Had it not been for the war, "The Harbinger of Light" would before this have been still further enlarged, for although it is evidently giving satisfaction to its great body of readers, the Editor is not at all satisfied with its present dimensions. He desires to see it half as large again, and is sufficiently sanguine to harbour the conviction that his objective will be reached when circumstances are more propitious than they are to-day. In the meantime, it is necessary to go slowly, to cultivate patience, and to conserve our resources in view of the uncertainties of the future.

We, at all events, enter on the New Year in a spirit of cheery optimism. We fear no foe, in whatever garb he may be dressed, and intend to go steadily forward, buoyed up with the consciousness that the teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy were never in greater demand than they are at the present time, and that the flowing tide is undoubtedly with us. There is a great awakening coming, a great re-shuffling of beliefs and doctrines, and when the re-adjustment of religious thought arrives it will be found that the much-derided cause of Spiritualism will triumph over every adversary.

The Tone of Spiritualism.

"The tone of Spiritualism must be raised." This demand has been frequently uttered of late in England and America, and has been applied both to the public platform and to certain sections of the Spiritualistic Press. The Cause, it is held, must be in the hands of educated speakers and educated writers, and in setting forth the tenets of Spiritualism as a religion, greater reverence and less dogmatism must be observed. We are thoroughly in accord with these sentiments.

We would not for a moment reflect on the great band of earnest men and women who, though lacking a finished education, are nevertheless doing their best in all sincerity, and are accomplishing work which others are not prepared to undertake. They

are rather entitled to our grateful recognition for the services they so cheerfully render, but the fact must be admitted that with the rapidly-growing accessions to our ranks of men and women of intellectual attainments, the necessity arises for the teachings of Spiritualism to be presented in a literary garb that shall command respect, and set forth in a spirit that shall not wound the tender susceptibilities of those to whom such teachings are entirely new.

Refinement and Reverence are two essentials. These will attract, whereas vulgarity and irreverence can only repel. Some of the contributions received by us during the past year have not been accepted because of the absence of these qualities in the writers. Others have been rejected because of their inferior literary style. Discrimination must be exercised, and if some of our contributors feel disappointed in consequence, we can only express regret, and explain that it is quite impossible to publish matter that does not conform to a certain literary standard, and observe the necessary degree of reverence when dealing with religious themes. We know from experience that much harm may be done by adopting any other course. And our experience is by no means singular.

Only a few weeks ago we had the pleasure of receiving a letter from the Rev. Charles L. Tweedale, F.R.A.S., Vicar of Weston, Otley, Yorkshire, who is an enthusiastic Spiritualist, and from whose pen a very interesting article appears in this issue. He had just "discovered" "The Harbinger of Light," and, *inter alia*, stated:—

"I have for the first time read 'The Harbinger of Light,' and did so with great interest. I congratulate you on its production—it is sane, helpful and clean, which, I am sorry to say, is more than can be said of some Spiritualistic papers I could name. Some are a perpetual offence to any man of education, and do infinite harm to the Cause of true Spiritualism, which is all one and the same with Primitive Christianity. I am delighted to see the fine tone and spirit of reverence, and the eminently correct attitude towards The Christ and Primitive Christianity which characterise 'The Harbinger.' Some Spiritualists, who are not worthy of the name, seem to think that the more they indulge in, or allow cheap sneers against The Christ, or the more they deny His historicity and teaching, the greater service they do 'The Cause.' There never was a bigger or more ghastly mistake. It is absolutely fatal to the progress of true Spiritualism, for The Christ still remains, and in all probability, ever will remain The Master. I hope 'The Harbinger' will always be edited by one who bears these fundamental facts in mind."

We reproduce these extracts, not in any spirit of egotism, for we are quite prepared to allow the journal to speak for itself, but merely as an endorsement of the position we have advanced, and may add that several other clergymen of different denominations have written in a similar strain from time to time. Were any other course pursued, this journal would not be admitted into their homes, and the same may certainly be said of many other families. In fact, the most effective way of minimising the influence of "The Harbinger" would be to substitute irreverence for reverence, and to generally adopt a slipshod and irresponsible mode of writing.

That, however, will never be done under the present regime. We shall continue to be fearless in the expression of our views, but without intentionally offending the canons of good taste, and in no other way can we hope to reach the great mass of thinking, educated people, who are more than ever before prepared to listen to what we have to say.

What Is Spiritualism?

SPIRITUALISM is not merely the demonstration of the fact that life extends beyond this plane of external things. True Spiritualism only BEGINS here—this is the firm foundation upon which it rears its structure of sublime thoughts and actions.

SPIRITUALISM IS A LIFE LIVED IN THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT. It is beyond anything that one person can demonstrate to another, it is the unfolding of the individual—the development of the soul and the education of the Spirit. It brings an influx of Spiritual knowledge into the interior by means of inspiration, because of the aspirations and yearnings of the soul for truth, which attracts to it Spirits of knowledge and wisdom who minister to, and answer the soul question of the interrogator.

But this is not all! Spiritualism serves in lifting the soul into a state of union with that Spirit sphere to which it belongs, where it may in its own right, gather up some of the truths of the Spiritual Universe, and learn something of the life of love and liberty in the "vestibule of heaven." And this knowledge, so learned, becomes in time, part of the real self of the individual, even the motive power by which the material brain is unconsciously ruled, and the body kept in subjection, and made clean and pure, fit temple for the God who dwells therein.

The practise of Spiritualism is the reaching forward of the soul that realises that "the sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed." The object of the earth life is discipline and education, and it can be lived in conscious at-one-ment with Infinite power, and in intelligent co-operation with the ministering angels—whose charges we are, and under whose guidance we may live a life of liberty, and loving service to humanity. God requires no higher service. Love is the ful-filling of the law.

In true Spiritualism "he that is greatest is servant of all"—not for the sake of material gain, but for the sake of Love. Therefore, he that has the most spiritual insight and knowledge has the greatest power, which he must use in the service and upliftment of humanity, remembering that "he that hath much, of him much shall be required." THIS IS SPIRITUALISM. THIS IS THE TRUE LIFE.—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Serious Thoughts from Dr. Peebles.

"And as ye go, teach," said The Christ of Nazareth. Taking this as his text, our esteemed and venerable friend, Dr. Peebles, writes:—

My Dear Friend,—

How brief is a day, a year, compared with eternity; and when and how are you and I going to spend it? What a momentous question: Eternity!

Believing as I do in the Divine Goodness, inexorable law, and in the present day ministries of angels, with my mind centred upon the Golden Rule of The Christ, I strive daily to be right, to think right and to do right. This is my sincere purpose—Is it yours?

You—yes, you, my friend—brought into this world but a little naked body, with a few germinal seed-principles; and, at death's gateway, you can take nothing with you but consciousness, memory, mental acquirements, moral attainments and spiritual results of virtues and vices, which decide our destinies in all future worlds. Think of this seriously.

Above all other emotions Love is the divinest, and the supreme glory of God consists in that love which is only giving and never receiving. Love inspires and simplifies, while selfishness complicates stings and blights the highest virtue in man.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples," said Jesus, "if ye have love one for another." Pure love radiates the sweetest charity, tenderest sympathies and reminds us that:

In the beauty of the lilies,
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom
That transfigures you and me.

A Spirit Friend's Repentance.

For more than eighteen months instalments have been reproduced in this journal of some of the experiences of the Editor, as related in his "Psychic

Diary." It may be remembered by some of our readers that one of the earliest and most impressive incidents he experienced had reference to the return of a relative, who said she desired to ask his forgiveness for her unkind treatment of him as a boy.

The circumstances alluded to occurred between 30 and 40 years previously. The writer of these lines resided in England at the time, in the same town as that in which the relative in question also lived, but the post mortem interview took place in Melbourne nine years after the aforesaid relative's death in the Old Country, and it need hardly be added that the medium had never heard of the existence of this family relation. She, in fact, was an entire stranger to the interviewer, had never seen him before, and did not know his name. This relative, however, came, gave her correct name, and the name of her husband, and explained in extenuation of her conduct, that "she had no children of her own," and consequently did not understand how to treat the writer of these lines. Other striking details were related in proof of her identity, but the burden of her conversation was her intense regret for her unkind conduct, and her desire to be forgiven.

The incident was recalled to the writer's mind on recently looking through a copy of "The Annals of Psychical Science," published in 1907, in which an account is given by Dr. Joseph Venzano, of Genoa, of a seance at which he was present with four others. It was held in the rooms of the Minerva Club, Genoa, and the medium was Eusapia Paladino. This is what the narrator says:—

In spite of the dimness of the light, I could distinctly see Mme. Paladino and my fellow-sitters. Suddenly I perceived that behind me was a form, fairly tall, which was leaning its head on my left shoulder and sobbing violently, so that those present could hear the sobs; it kissed me repeatedly. I clearly perceived the outlines of this face, which touched my own, and I felt the very fine and abundant hair in contact with my left cheek, so that I could be quite sure that it was a woman. The table then began to move, and by typtology (i.e., rappings) gave the name of a close family connection who was known to no one present except myself. She had died some time before, and on account of incompatibility of temperament there had been serious disagreements with her. I was so far from expecting this typtological response that I at first thought that this was a case of coincidence of name; but whilst I was mentally forming this reflection I felt a mouth, with warm breath, touch my left ear and whisper, in a low voice in Genoese dialect, a succession of sentences, the murmur of which was audible to the sitters. These sentences were broken by bursts of weeping, and their gist was to REPEATEDLY IMPLORE PARDON FOR INJURIES DONE TO ME, with a fulness of detail connected with family affairs which could only be known to the person in question. The phenomenon seemed so real that I felt compelled to reply to the excuses offered me with expressions of affection, and to ask pardon in my turn if my resentment of the wrongs referred to had been excessive. But I had scarcely uttered the first syllables when two hands, with exquisite delicacy, applied themselves to my lips and prevented my continuing. The form then said to me, "Thank you," embraced me, kissed me, and disappeared.

Many investigators could doubtless relate similar experiences. The consciousness of guilt for wrongs committed in the flesh lays a heavy burden on the immortal soul, and confession and plea for forgiveness seem to be, in such cases, a condition of spiritual progress. Sincere and unreserved pardon should always be extended to these contrite friends, and the assurance given of prayers for their speedy advancement. Of course, it is better far to make atonement before leaving these mortal scenes!

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

Experiences of a Professional Nurse.

Many Spiritual Births Witnessed.

[The following contribution is from the pen of a lady who was for twenty years a professional nurse, and is reproduced from our London contemporary, "Light." She has never attended a seance, and has little or no acquaintance with Spiritualistic literature. She is just one of a large number of persons in whom psychic powers have awakened spontaneously. —Ed.]

Astronomers have explored the heavens and discovered new worlds there, but no instruments have they devised that will enable them to see anything of what lies beyond the grave. Science, philosophy, learning, yield no certain knowledge concerning the life that follows this life. Ministers of religion are often sadly conscious of their inability to answer satisfactorily the questions asked of them by those who have been made desolate by the death of their loved ones. For most of them know little about the dead. But as with the telescope or microscope objects that are invisible to the naked eye can be seen distinctly; as with the telephone distant voices that otherwise would be inaudible can be heard clearly; so, by the exercise of the psychic faculties which some of us possess we can penetrate the barrier between the material world and the realm of spirit life, and both see and hear what is invisible and inaudible to those in whom such faculties are either absent or dormant.

These faculties are not necessarily associated with erudition, wisdom or saintliness of character. To none of such things can I lay claim. But because I have been generously provided with psychic powers I have been privileged to learn much of what is hidden from the vast majority of mankind until after death. And could I write as Maeterlinck can write, or did Maeterlinck know what I know, there would go forth to the world a message that would gladden the hearts of many who now mourn their dead.

"There is no death; what seems so is transition," wrote Longfellow in one of his inspired poems. This is no mere expression of poetic fancy, but a plain statement of fact. THAT TRANSITION I HAVE OFTEN SEEN. For something like a score of years I was a professional nurse. Many deaths I witnessed. And many times I beheld the spirit body rise from the discarded earthly body, in appearance an etherealised, glorified replica of it. No trace of suffering or disease did I ever see on the radiant faces of those thus transformed. Striking at times was the contrast which they presented to the human features, emaciated by debility or deep-furrowed by pain.

Never into the "great unknown," as some despairingly call the other world, do the dead go forth alone. Always they are met by those who have come from the realm of spirit life to welcome them on their entrance into a new sphere of existence. IN DEATHS WHICH I HAVE WITNESSED, THESE ANGELS, AS I CALL THEM, HAVE ALWAYS APPEARED BEFORE THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF THE ONE FOR WHOM THEY HAVE COME HAS ACTUALLY CEASED. Clearly visible they have been to me at such times, though unseen by the other human occupants of the room or hospital ward, save by the dying person. For oftentimes, just before the end came, I have observed the eyes of the dying light up with glad surprise as they beheld the angels who were awaiting their transition. Often they have recognised them as friends or relations who had preceded them to the other world, and have greeted them joyously. For when the weakened bonds that hold the spirit body to the earthly body are about to be finally sundered, the dormant spirit faculties, it would seem, are often awakened, and what was a moment before invisible becomes visible.

Of this I will relate one of several instances I might recall. In the hospital to which I was attached

a sweet girl of seventeen was dying of consumption. The weariness that comes of extreme weakness and debility was heavy upon her, and she yearned for rest. Her father, mother, and brother had been summoned that they might be present when the end came. And to the bedside had also come two angels. Before they themselves underwent transition they had been the two most intimate girl friends of the girl whom death was about to claim. I recognised them, for I, too, had known them.

"It has grown suddenly dark," the dying girl exclaimed. "I cannot see anyone."

Then she saw the two angels and recognised them. A smile beautiful to see illumined her face

"Oh, you have come to take me away," she said. "I am glad, for I am very tired."

They were her last words. In perhaps a minute she was what the world calls dead. But when the two angels vanished from my sight they bore with them one who was now like unto themselves.

Angels Meet our Fallen Heroes.

"BUT WHAT OF THOSE WHO MEET SUD- DEN DEATH IN BATTLE?" some may ask. "Do angels also meet them when they enter the other life?"

Aye, verily they do. I testify not only to that which I have been told by angels, but to that which I have seen. For often I have been liberated from my physical body, though not by death, and sometimes have been transported to battlefields. And there I have seen angels—hosts of angels—ministering to the wounded and the dying and bearing away those who have been killed—not their mangled corpses, but their spirit bodies, unscathed by shot or shell.

Nothing with which we are familiar in this life is more generally misunderstood than death. Of all the many gifts which our Father in Heaven bestows on us it is, I think, the best. As it has been revealed to me it is the crowning proof of Divine love. Death is but a rebirth into another life which, for those who seek good and not evil, is a broader, freer life than this—a life in which the best that is in them finds ampler scope for development; and in which, as they progress, they obtain a deeper realisation of the love of God than is possible here, and joy unspeakable in serving Him.

MANY ANGELS I HAVE SEEN. They differ with respect to their features and figures much as do human beings at various stages of life. For though transformed by death they are still human. But whether indicative of youth or old age, and of whatever type, their faces are all aglow with something that so unmistakably bespeaks tenderness, goodness, love, that they are all beautiful to look upon. Though some may be patriarchial in appearance, with snowy hair and long, flowing white beards, there is about them no suggestion of the decay and decrepitude which on earth are usually associated with extreme age. Whether their faces indicate that they passed from this earth-life young, middle-aged, or old, they are all, so they impress us, endowed with more vigour and vitality than is ever possessed by those who still abide on earth. In short, it seems to me that the beings whom we speak of as dead are far more vitally alive than are those who have yet to pay the great debt of Nature. LIFE, MORE ABUNDANT LIFE, IS THE GIFT OF DEATH.

Strange it is that many Christians are as contemptuously sceptical as are the grossest materialists concerning every experience in these twentieth-century days which may be adduced as proof that life persists after death, and that the so-called dead, as is more than once recorded in the Bible, do return, and, when the means are available, do often communicate with the living. "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be." THE DEAD ARE ALL ABOUT US. Has it not been said, "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways"? The ministry of the angels is a real, most beneficent and glorious ministry.

THE BOYS COME BACK.

FALLEN HERO TALKS TO HIS PARENTS.

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACT.

By Richard Wilkinson.

(Toksowa House, Dulwich Common, London, S. E.)

[The author of this article is a well-known London business man who, until recently, was as sceptical regarding the kind of phenomenon here described as anybody could possibly be. His primary object in writing it was not to tell an interesting story, but to give to the general public facts which, having comforted him, may be expected to comfort tens of thousands of others.—ED.]

Out of the many conflicting prophecies as to how the war will affect the future one stands out pre-eminent in its promise of fulfilment. Without doubt an extraordinary and broadcast interest has been roused in things spiritual which promises far-reaching effects.

We are no longer satisfied with dogmatic creeds or cut-and-dried phrases reduced for many to a meaningless jangle of words by centuries of reiteration. Only lack of thought made them acceptable in an age of materialism which the war has brought crashing about us.

To have our youths cut off from us at the very beginning of their manhood seems so unnatural that we cannot all accept it in stoic silence. The eternal questions, "Whence come we? Whither do we go?" become insistent in their demands for an answer, and it is to those who are seeking this answer I commend what my wife and I have to relate. Not that it is conclusive in itself, except as a first link in the chain which we ourselves can forge in our search towards the Infinite.

I have no doubt there are many who, like myself, dazed by a sudden loss, with a hurt past expressing, have believed their dear ones gone for ever beyond all recall; and it is to those I would address myself in the hope of bringing them the comfort we have derived from our strange and wonderful experiences.

I am just an ordinary man of business, dealing with figures all day; I have no scientific training, and no professed religion; I have no arguments to offer, no axe to grind; I MERELY GIVE FACTS, SIMPLE IN THEIR DETAIL, BUT WHICH SERVED TO CONVINC ME THAT ALL MY PRECONCEIVED IDEAS MUST GO BY THE BOARD.

In November, 1916, my son was mortally wounded while leading his men at Beaumont-Hamel, and several days later died, on the verge of his nineteenth birthday. My wife and I went to France, where in a military hospital we had a few hours with him before he passed over. He was an only child, and the sentiment between him and his mother, who is exceptionally young, was as much the outcome of an intimate friendship and delightful companionship as it was due to her maternal relation; the loss to her is a threefold one.

Deep-rooted Prejudice Defeated.

I will not dwell upon that last meeting. On our return to England a friend, anxious to help my wife in her great grief, sent her Sir Oliver Lodge's book, "Raymond." Such was my prejudice that I begged her not to read it. However, I did not feel justified in persisting in face of her expressed desire to do so, but I was emphatic that I should not be asked to be a party to what I considered absolute folly.

She was so impressed with what she read and the prospect it opened out to her that she used every available argument to lessen my prejudice and induce me to read it. "Men like Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Earnshaw Cooper, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Dewar, Sir William F. Barrett, Sir Arthur Conan

Doyle, Sir William Crookes, all men of science and letters, had," she said, "after years of research and consideration, ranged themselves on the side of belief." It might be that I, an ordinary business man who had given no thought to the occult or to theological matters of any kind, was the one in error, not they! These arguments seemed to me reasonable, and I changed my mind and decided to read it.

However, I was in no way convinced, though I thought it a beautiful theory and realised my mistake in condemning it unread. I felt it might be a consolation to her, so agreed to help in any way possible. She wrote to Sir Oliver Lodge asking his advice. He knew nothing about us, but out of kindness to one suffering a loss similar to his own, he introduced us to a friend whom he thought would be helpful, who had also experienced a like bereavement.

In January of this year she anonymously arranged a sitting for us with Mr. A. Vout Peters, and at our first attempt to explore the unknown we were told that our boy on going over was met by "John, Elizabeth, William, and Edward." These four names only were given. John was my father; Elizabeth, my mother; William, my brother. My father has been dead about thirty-six years, my brother William about thirty-five years, and my mother over two years. Edward I could not place, but, impressed by the accuracy of the first three names, I wrote to my eldest brother inquiring about a child who I knew had died in infancy before I was born. I had an immediate reply, informing me that a child named Edward had died at the age of twelve weeks.

A Very Personal Test.

Another remarkable instance occurred upon this first occasion. The boy, knowing my unbelief, said he was anxious to give me proof of his presence, and he proceeded to do this through reference to a matter **INTIMATELY PERSONAL AND KNOWN ONLY TO MY WIFE AND MYSELF**. It is so peculiarly private that I do not care to add it to this statement. Among other things, he also reminded me of a youthful schoolfellow of his to whom I had given an uncommon nickname, which had stuck to this boy through his school days.

Although my boy's name was not Roger, he had always been called so, except by his mother, who had converted it into the pet name of Poger. The medium told us he was getting a name through. It was R—o—. He could not make out the next two letters, but the last was "r." I replied, "That is the boy's name—you mean Roger." Instantly the medium answered, "The boy says I am not to say Roger—but Poger!"

My curiosity, if nothing more, was roused by these phenomena, to me inexplicable. I felt I could not leave the matter there. I had entered into it purely to find consolation for my wife, but I realised I might find something more.

Some weeks later, again anonymously, we made an appointment with another medium, Mrs. Osborne Leonard. As upon the previous occasion, this medium knew nothing of us, why we had come, or concerning whom we sought information. The first things he did was to give us an exact detailed description of our boy, also the name Poger, adding that Elizabeth, John, and William were near, helping him.

Unknown to me, my wife had been concerned at the absence of her own letters from among many others she had found in the boy's returned belongings, although she had made no mention of this. The medium was insistent that Roger was pointing out a satchel with a flap which was among his things and had been overlooked. "There," she said, "his mother

would find the writing she was in search of." On looking in the place indicated, the satchel with the flap, just as described, was found, and in it all his mother's letters and nothing else.

Then followed a particularly interesting and convincing instance. The medium stretched forth her hand, which, she said, held something that looked like a coin and yet did not seem one, but she was very definite about its being bronze. My wife suggested it might be a regimental brass button which he had had made into a locket for her, but the medium insisted that if we searched things thoroughly we would find a bronze object which answered to the description given. Roger was anxious it should be found and a hole made in it that his mother might wear it as a token. We had no previous knowledge of his having possessed anything of this nature, no mention had been made of it in his letters, but on returning home we found in a little stud-box a penny bent nearly double by a bullet.

Conviction follows Investigation.

BY THIS TIME I WAS THOROUGHLY CONVINCED THAT COMMUNICATION HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED WITH MY BOY, and was most anxious to pursue it further. At this stage a friend told us of a Mrs. Annie Brittain, a medium to whom we also owe some very convincing proofs.

Upon the first occasion in which she acted as medium I was told from my father and mother that I would be approached by J— (my brother) regarding a matter with which I was to advise him to have nothing to do. My brother lives in the North of England, and as I had not the slightest idea of what this message might mean, I got into touch with him over the telephone and asked him if he wanted to see me about anything. He answered, "Yes, I was just going to write to you." My reply was: "Whatever it is about, have nothing to do with it. This is a message from our father and mother." He said that he had wanted my advice as he contemplated contesting our mother's will.

Both my parents' names were given, and though my son appeared in the Army List as Leslie Stuart Wilkinson, his name again came through as "Poger." We were also told upon this occasion that "there were two boys with him—Geoffrey and Malcolm." Both were cousins who had passed over during the war. One went down in the "Defence," the other was recently killed in action.

It would take too long, and perhaps encroach too much on space, to give in detail all our varied experiences; suffice it to say, we had the minutest description of different people belonging to us, in some cases intimate instances in their lives. The manner of my mother's, father's, and brother's deaths were told me, and that two of these deaths were due to accidents, details of which were described. Shortly after the death of my wife's father, which occurred since Roger's, and is the most recent death in our family, we were told of his presence with the boy, his name was given and a perfect description of him.

In conclusion, I will give THE STRANGEST AND MOST WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE OF ALL, though it is of an almost sacred nature, and only our desire to soften and assuage the grief of others induces me to write of it. While my wife was nursing her father at Brighton the boy one morning stood beside her in broad daylight. It was about eight o'clock. No theory or explanation will make her accept this as an impression or possible hallucination. She firmly believes the boy to have been actually present.

A few days later she returned to town, having made no mention of this to anyone, and only told me as we met at the station. That same afternoon we saw Mrs. Brittain. Almost the first thing she said was, "The boy wants me to tell his mother it was not a dream—the veil was allowed to be lifted for one second. And," added Mrs. Brittain, "Joan has also seen him." Joan is an intimate young friend, who a

little time before had told my wife, to her astonishment, that she (Joan) had actually seen him under conditions which placed out of bounds the possibility of its having been a dream. Mrs. Brittain had never heard of and knew nothing of Joan. She told us many strange things at this extraordinary sitting. Thus far no medium had given my wife the name of endearment the boy used to her, and she was transfixed with joy when this time he said, "Good-bye, Angel," the name she was most used to from him.

IF ANYONE HAD TOLD ME A YEAR AGO THAT I COULD READ, MUCH LESS WRITE WITH CREDENCE, THE INSTANCES HERE SET DOWN, I WOULD HAVE REGARDED IT AS IMPOSSIBLE. I should, therefore, like to warn the sceptic who may chance upon this not to cast it aside with a sneer from what he considers a superior attitude. Discard if you must, after careful consideration and an effort to understand; but great is the temerity of the man who without care or thought flippantly sets aside the profoundest of questions.

Whatever our religion let us be sure that no one of us has a monopoly of truth. By searching the beliefs of others we may find that which answers our greatest need and completes our own imperfect conception.—"The London Magazine."

A NEW ZEALAND BOY.

Talks Freely To His Father.

Mourning Turned to Joy.

By Simeon.

[The contributor of these experiences is a prosperous New Zealand merchant, who has won the respect of his fellowmen by his commercial rectitude and the probity of his personal character.—Ed.]

Many and varied are the spiritual manifestations in this Dominion of New Zealand to-day. Truly the Light is growing, and I am convinced it is one of the blessings the war is bringing to many. Nor need we wonder, seeing that so few are free from loss of some one near and dear to them. Thus the heart is touched—the heart that is bearing the strain; and as the heart is the centre of our Spiritual Beings, so the drawing between the Spirit Centre left in the flesh and the Spirit Centre dis-robed of the flesh is real and sincere, and results must of necessity follow. We must not forget, however, how few comparatively speaking have had realisation of the channel open for communication prior to the catastrophic blow falling so suddenly upon the nation. Consequently they have been caught unprepared. My sympathy is with all such, and as one who has followed the open path for many years, I write in love of my fellow-sufferers.

IT WAS QUITE DIFFERENT IN THE CASE OF OUR DEAR BOY. From early childhood he was brought up to know and appreciate the fact that "nothing is hid," excepting in as far as we hide it from ourselves by self-imposed limitations, the outcome of ignorance. Though only twenty when he left for Gallipoli, he had been privileged to see full-sized materialisations, and had affectionate knowledge of and kind regard for some sisters possessed of the power of mediumship. We were therefore not much surprised when some THREE MONTHS AFTER HE FELL ON THE SOMME FRONT, HE GAVE US EVIDENCE OF HIS PRESENCE. We did not hurry. We did not ask. We waited, leaving it to him to come in his own good time, but we never failed to send him loving thoughts. He had been resting, and regaining his strength, hence some delay.

And how REAL he was! Absolute proof of his living presence has again and again been given to us. And how he thanked us for having brought him up in the knowledge of the Truth. It had, he said, made his passing so easy, while our loving thoughts had helped to re-invigorate him. And

what joy it was to him to come back and find response in us, that both he and we might know that nothing can ever break the cords of love. Lucidly he explained to us how he now saw from both sides—we seeing from only one; he therefore could speak with knowledge while we must accept much of the truth in faith.

How we all love our "Boys"! And how much our nation has done and is doing for them irrespective of cost. Here then is a simple thing we might do—Think in reality of those who have gone! Speak to them in love! Pray for them to the All Father, the All-pervading Source of Life, the Divine Spirit, "in Whom we live and move and have our being."

If I could only tell you, too, of the many companions he has brought with him and assisted to speak, you would no longer ask why I am so anxious to write this message. Do I not love all those who have fought and died for us who are older, that we may continue to enjoy rights of freedom? Therefore it is I plead with those who have lost one who is near and dear to them to give him a welcome home in reality, and send him continual thought-waves of love. This is what the dear ones long for us to do. God is Love, and Love is the never-failing channel of communication.

ONLY LAST NIGHT OUR BELOVED BOY WAS AGAIN WITH US, AND SPOKE FOR NEARLY TWO HOURS, almost as freely as when present with us in the flesh, and great and lovely is the work he tells us he is engaged upon. And so, of all who have "passed over" none are missing or forgotten. He told us he had been privileged to see The Master, and to bow within the radiant Light of His all-pervading love for the children of men, for the Sons of God who are fighting onward along the path of tribulation. Wherefore, brothers in affliction, "be of good cheer" for this is the path by which all must move "out of darkness into His marvellous light."

[No doubt many of our readers have temporarily lost their heroic husbands, sons or brothers, and been subsequently over-joyed to discover that they have found them again. We, therefore, sympathetically invite them to forward their experiences for the comfort of others. The records should be lucidly phrased, and prominence given to any convincing evidence of identity and what the "boys" say concerning their present environment.—Ed.]

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

Principal Forsyth, in an address at Hampstead Garden Suburb, London, on "Religion and Immortality," said he approached with great diffidence the question of prayers for the dead. He would not speak upon it if anyone in the audience would prefer he should omit it, but as his subject, strictly speaking, was "The Effect of the Belief in Immortality on Character," he thought the subject was legitimate. His own feeling was that **WE SHOULD PRAY FOR THE DEAD**, since such a custom brought us into practical relations with other immortals. He was not then speaking as a Christian apologist, but he maintained that there was nothing in the Christian religion against it, and a great deal in favour of it.

Answering a question by a member of the audience with regard to the absence of any exhortation to this custom in the New Testament, Dr. Forsyth said that, strange as it might seem to say so, the Bible was never intended to be transmitted to us. When it was written men looked to a sudden ending of the world, and with the Resurrection vivid in their minds, they knew that their dear ones were living in Christ, and were convinced of their impending union with them.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

[For many years this comforting poem, illustrating in many ways the idea that what is called death is only a change of being, was supposed to be written by Lord Lytton, but the author was an American newspaper editor in Iowa, Mr. J. L. McCreery, who wrote a volume of "Songs of Trial and Triumph." The thought of the poem has been expressed by other poets, as by Longfellow, "There is no death; what seems so is transition"; and by the Welsh poet, Lewis Morris, "Death! There is not any death, only infinite change."]

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganise to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! The choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth.

Though life becomes a dreary waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into Paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of bird-like melody
That we have missed and mourned so long
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death! Although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms.

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead."

They are not dead! They have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away—
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love us yet,
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Since May 21, 1916, I have been passing through the Valley of Sorrowful Search, seeking for those who possess knowledge of life after death, to support the faith which I have always possessed.

It is easy to be satisfied with faith when the one who makes your earth world a heaven is beside you. But when that one goes where you can neither hear, seen or touch, and when the hours, days, weeks and months pass, with nothing to break the appalling silence and not one sight or sign is given to star the awful emptiness of earth, faith cries out for knowledge, to ease the awful anguish of desolation.

Many of my friends have told me of comforting experiences and helpful messages received through psychics, and others have assured me of personal impressions which seemed to them convincing evidence of the existence of those who had passed out of the body. The following letter, however, brought me the greatest amount of comfort of any, and I am giving it to the public with the consent of its author because I believe it will help hundreds of others as it has helped me. The writer of the letter is Kate Jordan (Mrs. Vermilye), whose novels, plays and moving picture dramas have made her name familiar to the reading world.

Kate Jordan has been my friend for more than twenty years, as was her beautiful sister, Martha, who died in the prime of her young womanhood in the spring of 1909. The affection between the two sisters was unusual in its closeness and complete sympathy. Martha's death, sudden and unexpected, was a crushing and colossal blow to Kate Jordan. Although many members of her family had died previously, Kate had always been a questioner and a seeker, rather than a firm believer, in the continuance of personality after death. Therefore the following statement made by her to me possesses peculiar significance. Replying to a letter of mine wherein I expressed despair of obtaining the direct proof which I seek, and in which I said that I believed my beloved must also be unhappy in his inability to communicate with me, my friend wrote as follows:—

"Ella, Du Maurier says in 'Peter Ibbetson' what makes it all so logical in a way, that what is Beyond may be at times so incommunicable to mortals that it is not always possible to get even frayed edges of it over to our understanding. I know this was conveyed to me one dark wet day when I sat alone in deep grief for Martha, thinking how rebellious she must be at having to leave the world she loved so young. Then suddenly and softly the most ineffable joy touched me. I sat as one with every pore expectant—not moving. It was a breath of a feeling for which there is no name in language, and I had a sense as of golden sunlight rolling through the room and out. I came to reality, to find myself in the corner of the sofa open-eyed, just as I had been, the room shadowy, the rain pouring. It was afternoon, and I was, and had been, wide awake. Something out of the Great Secret had touched me, so beautiful, so belittling to everything that humans call happiness, that I was thrilled and could not move. One thing this wonderful moment did for me—I never did, never could again, think of Martha as rebellious for having died. I knew she was happy, mine alone was the grief. On other occasions, before and since that marvellous moment, I have felt Martha with me, entirely in a vague, subjective way. I am sure that which you seek will yet come to you, perhaps most unexpectedly."

It seems to me the above interesting words from a brilliant and gifted woman must carry comfort and hope in this crucial hour to thousands of suffering hearts.—"Occult Review."

AT THE FORK OF THE ROAD.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

At the fork of the road the turrets rise
Of the Half Way House to Paradise;
At the end of the path where we meet our dead
And we rest there awhile ere we forge ahead.

When forth together of old we fared
'Twas the stopping places for which I cared.
Wayside hostelry, inn, or tent,
House or cabin held sweet content,
When under one roof we snuggled together
And little mattered the place or weather.

Wide were our wanderings hand in hand,
Far we journeyed by sea and land;
And the longest and hardest day found grace
In our tender thoughts of the resting place.

But now alone on my way I go
And the thrill of motion is all I know.
To keep on going or East, or West,
Northward, or Southward, and with no quest,
Nowhere lingering under God's dome
Since out of earth's lexicon death struck "Home."
No aim pursuing—(Save day by day
Doing the duties that come my way),
No one seeking, since in no place
On the whole globe can I see your face;
Alone forever, though crowds are near—
It is so I must finish my journey here,
Until at the last my path shall blend
Into your own at the long day's end.

Where the two paths blend at the fork of the road
We will dwell together in love's abode;
We will rest and love for a thousand years
Before we journey to higher spheres:
We will live and love and dream and pray
And a thousand years will seem as a day.

Nowhere is rest for the soul of me
Till the House at the fork of the road I see.
I hurry along but the time is slow
As ever along on my way I go,
And the thrill of motion is all I know.

At the fork of the road the Rest House stands
The Half Way House to Loftier Lands;
At the end of the path where dead meet dead
And live and love ere they forge ahead
On the white steep path that must be trod
Alone by each soul as it goes to God.

PROMISCUOUS SITTINGS.

Here is a passage from Sir Wm. Barrett's latest work, "On the Threshold of the Unseen," that should be of value to those who are only at the beginning of their investigations:—

"Every Spiritualist knows the mischief of promiscuous sittings of ignorant people, and many feel as strongly as I do that paid professional mediums who have been convicted of fraud should be sedulously avoided. The best sittings I have had have been in full light; so with Sir W. Crookes' wonderful observations. In fact, Home, I believe, always refused to sit in the dark: and probably with any medium by patience and perseverance the light could be gradually increased without serious injury to the results and with enormous gain to the accuracy and precision of the observations."

The following appeared in a recent issue of "The Christian Globe": I cannot follow the public ridicule of Sir Oliver Lodge's belief in Spiritualism. We need not, because we disagree with anyone, attempt to discredit him as an absurdity."

The PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF of CLAIRVOYANCE

CAMERA REGISTERS THE INVISIBLE.

A CLERGYMAN'S UNIQUE EXPERIMENT.

By the Rev. CHARLES L. TWEEDALE, F.R.A.S.

[The contributor of this article is the Vicar of Weston, Otley, Yorkshire, who has come into considerable prominence during the past two or three years in connection with his investigations in Psychical Research, and his work on "Man's Survival After Death" is admittedly the finest and most impressive presentation of the subject yet published. The book has been reviewed by all sections of the Press in the United Kingdom in terms of high commendation, and is in very extensive demand. No library, in fact, can in these days be considered complete that does not include this remarkable and exceedingly well-written volume. In a letter received from the author a few weeks ago he states that he has had "wonderful experiences during the last few years—experiences of the most extraordinary and convincing kind, covering every phase of manifestation except direct writing. The records fill seven large MS. volumes, and many are of the most marvellous and dramatic kind. When published, the book will form one of the most remarkable, if not the most remarkable, on record, as practically all the wonderful happenings have been spontaneous, and the majority of the most wonderful occurred in broad daylight or lamplight. We have had knocks, rappings, loud crashes, rooms shaken, materialisations in daylight, the direct voice absolutely shouting through the house, hands melting in the grasp, bells ringing in volleys, all the furniture upset in the rooms several times, and apparitions of the 'dead' in daylight, together with the most awe-inspiring forecasts of events and deaths accurately fulfilled to the day, hour and minute, and many times I, myself, have been seen and heard in the house when a long distance from it, this being my own peculiar form of psychic gift. I would not exchange these experiences for all the world has to give on the material side. They have been precious glimpses of the unseen and eternal and have given a reality to my religious beliefs and my Bible that nothing else ever gave, and I am profoundly thankful to God for the inestimable privilege which has been vouchsafed to me." This is certainly a most amazing record of experiences, and their publication will undoubtedly prove a sensational sequel to "Man's Survival After Death." It is with much pleasure that we publish the accompanying article, which may be said to be unique in the nature of its subject matter, and to afford striking scientific proof of the reality of clairvoyance. It is impossible, however, to reproduce, on the paper on which "The Harbinger of Light" has to be printed, the photograph containing the "psychic extra" referred to in the text with sufficient distinctness to do justice to the original, in which the face of a man, with an abundance of hair, moustache and beard, is very clearly discernible on the front of the piano, and completely hides from view the portion of the instrument occupied by the figure.—Ed.]



THE REV. CHARLES L. TWEEDALE, F.R.A.S.

Clairvoyance is the power possessed by some individuals to discern spiritual beings, and in spite of the quibbles of opponents is undoubtedly referred to by St. Paul in 1 Cor. xii. 10, as one of the spiritual gifts possessed by the Early Church. It has existed all down the ages, and has been alternately accepted

as a truth and rejected as error and superstition. Anciently it was universally believed in, and the Scriptures are full of incidents showing its exercise. In modern times, especially during the days of Tindall, Spencer, and Huxley, scientists, in the main, laughed at such things as fantastic fables, as did the majority of the laity. Of recent years, however, science has turned her attention to psychic things, and evidence has been forthcoming which has convinced many of the most eminent scientists of the present day as to their reality.

It has been my privilege and good fortune to have an experience which has scientifically proven the reality of clairvoyance, as will be readily perceived by the following particulars set forth in the form of an affidavit attested in the presence of a Commissioner for Oaths, by myself and the other two witnesses:

IN THE MATTER OF A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH PRODUCED AT WESTON VICARAGE, NEAR OTLEY, IN THE COUNTY OF YORK.

WE, Charles Lakeman Tweedale, of Weston Vicarage, Otley, in the County of York, Clerk in Holy Orders, Margaret Eleanor Tweedale, the wife of Charles Lakeman Tweedale, and Herschel Burnett Tweedale, the son of Charles Lakeman Tweedale, both of Weston Vicarage aforesaid, jointly and severally make oath and say as follows:

FIRSTLY, I, the said Margaret Eleanor Tweedale, for myself say that on the 20th December, 1915, about one-thirty in the afternoon, my husband, my son, and myself were at lunch in the morning room, when suddenly I saw the apparition of a man, with a full head of hair and a beard, standing on the left-hand side of my son, and in close proximity to the piano in the said room. I immediately cried out to my husband and my son that the figure was so

standing. I directed their attention to the figure, but they could not see it. My husband hastily left the room and brought in his camera, and took a photograph of the position where I still saw the semblance of a man. I produce the exhibit marked A, which is a true copy of the negative taken by my husband, showing the figure of the bearded man.

SECONDLY. I, the said Charles Lakeman Tweedale, for myself say that on the 20th December, 1915, I was present in the morning room of Weston Vicarage, along with my wife and son Herschel, and that my wife drew my attention to a figure which she saw in the room standing by my son's side, and although I could not distinguish it I immediately brought in my camera and took a photograph of the position where my wife still adhered that she saw the figure. The photograph marked as the exhibit A is a true copy of the resulting negative. I swear that the negative, which I personally developed, was in no way tampered with, nor did the plate leave my possession until it was developed.

THIRDLY. I, Herschel Burnett Tweedale, for myself say that I was present in the morning room at Weston Vicarage aforesaid on the 20th December, 1915, about 1.30 p.m., when my mother suddenly drew my father's and my attention to the figure of a man which she saw standing on my left-hand side. Along with my father I was unable to see the figure which my mother said she saw. My father immediately left the room and brought in his camera, and exposed a plate on the position occupied by the figure as seen by my mother. The exhibit marked A is a true copy of the resulting negative. No other person was present in the room during the time the picture was taken except our three selves.

Sworn this 27th day of February, 1916, before me
JOSEPH WILSON,

A Commissioner to Administer
Oaths in the Supreme Court of
Judicature in England.

CHARLES LAKEMAN TWEEDALE.
MARGARET E. TWEEDALE.
HERSCHEL B. TWEEDALE.

My wife described the man as a little man, and said that the top of his head appeared to be about on a level with my son's shoulder. She saw the figure move away from my son's side and pass round the corner of the table during the time I was fetching the camera. My wife and son continued sitting at the table during the exposure. The photograph shows my son seated, in addition to the figure of the man. The plate was developed almost immediately after the exposure was made, and did not go out of my possession meanwhile.

The plate was taken from a new box of quarter-plates, and had not been previously exposed. No person of similar appearance has ever been photographed by me, or has ever entered Weston Vicarage during the time I have lived in it. Neither I, my wife, nor son recognise the figure shown in the photo. The camera is in perfect order, and no image of this kind shows up on plates exposed in the same camera shortly before or after this remarkable photograph was taken, conclusively proving that the figure is not formed by a "pinhole." No picture of a similar figure hangs on the walls, nor do we possess one. None of us were thinking of such a figure at the time of its apparition.

The ground being thus thoroughly cleared, we are faced with the fact that my wife clairvoyantly saw the figure of a man with a good head of hair and a beard, which figure neither I nor my son could see. On a camera being brought and a sensitive plate exposed on the spot where the figure was seen by the clairvoyant, a photograph showing a man with abundant hair and a flowing beard was obtained, which photograph was recognised by my wife—the clairvoyant—as being like the man she saw. The camera is an optical and mechanical apparatus devoid of imagination, and which cannot be hallucinated.
THUS THE REALITY OF THE CLAIRVOYANT

VISION IS PHOTOGRAPHICALLY AND SCIENTIFICALLY PROVED.

And now for the last and not the least significant fact. The head of the man on the photo. COMPLETELY HIDES THAT PART OF THE PIANO WHICH LIES BEHIND IT, conclusively proving that the man had a definite objectivity, although invisible to the normal vision of myself and my son.

The negative has been examined by several professional photographers, who declare that it is perfect and that the image is as definitely and truly in the film as are the images of the pictures on the walls. The photo and negative has been examined by W. W. Baggally, one of the principal investigators of the Society for Psychical Research, and he, in the presence of myself and other witnesses, said that the face was perfectly distinct and that he could see the hair of the beard. Sir Wm. Barrett, F.R.S., late president of the Society for Psychical Research, and one of its founders, has also seen the photo and describes it as most wonderful. He also says that he can see the face clearly. Nothing visible to normal vision intervened in direct line between the lens and the place where the head of the figure shows up on the photo. The negative and affidavit are open to inspection.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

"I will see you again and your heart shall rejoice and your joy no man taketh from you."—John xvi., 22.

REV. CHARLES L. TWEEDALE, F.R.A.S.

"Abide with us," the weary travellers said
As slowly waned for them the evening light;
He brake the bread, and for one moment stayed,
Then the loved form withdrew from mortal sight.

Except I see the nail and spear wounds wide
Cried doubting Thomas, in the upper room
The Lord appearing showed His hands and side,
In glorious triumph over death and tomb.

Who art Thou, Lord? this was the trembling cry
Of Paul struck down on the Damascus road,
"I Jesus am," was heard in soft reply,
'Tis hard for Thee to kick against the goad.

As the dear Lord in far off days of yore,
Met loved disciples at declining day,
So our departed, who have gone before,
Can meet and commune with us in the way.

Therefore our Cypress wreaths we lay aside
For flowers and lilies in their sweetest bloom,
For death's dark stream does not from us divide
The souls of those we have laid in the tomb.

Their eyes immortal, looking from above,
Behold our griefs and fears from realms of light,
Their souls immortal, in immortal love,
With our glad songs in harmony unite.

Our best Communion with the Saints in light
Joins those who toil on earth to those in Heaven,
While the great cloud of witnesses unite
To light and cheer us with their succour given.

Thus as the ages and the years roll by
Tidings of joy to men are handed on,
Life Everlasting, Immortality,
Are shewn us still, although our Lord is gone.
Tune, St. Agnes, Langran.
Hymnal Companion, No. 139.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time,
for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM ON HIGH.

**"GREAT PEACE HAVE THEY WHO LOVE
THY LAW."**

TRANCE ADDRESS AT MR. T. W. STANFORD'S
MELBOURNE CIRCLE.

By Dr. Robinson.

THE INVOCATION

Divine Father, once more we approach Thee to ask for Thy blessing. The loved ones who have assembled here to-night have almost lived another year. It has been a year of trial and trouble to some, a year of victory to others, and spiritual upliftment, of comfort and joy: something attempted, something accomplished.

Maybe some have had failures and have been cast down. If so, we ask to-night that they may be uplifted, and be given heart to enter the fray doubly armed for the fight in the New Year that is opening upon them. What that year will bring forth to them they know not, but this we know, if they are faithful, they have Thy sure word of promise that Thou wilt be with them, and they also have the knowledge that loved ones, now immortal, will watch their efforts, watch their fight in the good fight of faith, and will help, will assist, will comfort, will inspire.

We thank Thee, oh, our Father, because of Thy goodness to all these Thy children, and to Thy people everywhere. It is true that Thou dost send the rain upon the just and upon the unjust, and we know that Thou wouldst that all men should come unto Thyself and be partakers of that spiritual joy which Thou dost give to Thy children who trust in Thee. Increase in the coming year their spiritual knowledge and spiritual powers; strengthen their minds and wills, and help them to accomplish more than they have ever done in the cause of truth, for the liberation of humanity.

Give health and strength, spiritual strength, to all these Thy people, and may they be consistent co-workers with Thee for the good of the whole world. Help them to bring men and women in from the highways and hedges unto Thyself, that all may find salvation. Answer these our petitions, for we ask with a singleness of purpose and for the good of Thy creatures. Amen.

THE ADDRESS

The duty of speaking to you annually at Christmas time devolves upon me, and I confess to it being a pleasure. To-night I shall speak to you from the text, the words of which are no doubt familiar to you: "Great peace have they who love Thy law."

Once more upon the earth plane Christmas time has come round, and all Christians, poor and rich alike, in their own particular way, are seeking to celebrate it with feelings of joyousness. Even some of your wandering children, away in the bush or in the forest, far over the sea in unknown lands, among savages and barbarians—when Christmas time comes they, with one accord, strive to be happy; they make merry for a short season, and then, alas, too often with the majority, they return to their sombre ways.

To-night I desire to point out to you how one may rejoice and rest in peace, not only at festival seasons, but throughout every day of the year. And I would like to say to you, my dear friends, that there is no real happiness, no true peace, out of God. I know that your conceptions of Deity, of His nature and attributes, are different from the views held by a great many people. Some believe Him to be an anthropomorphic God, while others who are better instructed know that He is "Spirit" (not "a" Spirit), and that we are all the offspring of God, and no true peace or happiness, no lasting peace, can be obtained unless we seek it along spiritual lines.

The year that has nearly fled has brought to most of you new experiences; some present to-night are feeling the burden of years; within themselves they are forced to admit that they have reached the brow of the hill, and in future their descent will be towards the bars of the grave. But to the truly

spiritual child of God this brings no alarm or apprehension, but rather a feeling of comfort and joyousness, that very soon he will have laid aside the burden of life's troubles, he will have bid "Good night" to the things of earth, and will say "Good morning" to spiritual verities, and to those friends who are lovingly waiting for his advent into the Kingdom of Heaven.

God is now dealing with mankind spiritually. Let me say that God has never interfered with the affairs of mankind, or perhaps I should say, of earth. He has never interfered with the affairs of mankind along material lines. God is Spirit. You are "a" Spirit: you came from God, and unto God you return, and along spiritual lines, through spiritual intercourse, and by spiritual messengers, God communicates with you. He has in the past done so with the nations through various channels: strange emissaries at times have worked for the Lord. He chose Osiris to deliver the Jews out of Babylon, and frequently He uses the weak and the ignorant things of the earth to confound the mighty and the wise, for the wisdom of the earth is foolishness with God.

"I will trust Him though He slay me."

There are a number of people at the present time who hold certain views, believe in certain philosophies, and of a truth calmly examine, and one is forced to confess there is very little in them that would give comfort or peace and joy. It is a hard old world in which you live. I think your experiences of it have taught you so; and unless a man has something that he can lay hold of in times of doubt, darkness and distress, the world is indeed a hard place to live in. But if your spiritual eyes have been opened, as I know yours have, if your hope is in God, your Father, come trial or trouble, distress or bereavement, poverty or riches, the language of the soul is: "I will trust Him though He slay me."

We are told by spiritual teachers, by seers and prophets, that it is extremely hard for the materialistic, for the carnal mind, to receive spiritual things—they have no fellowship with you. They cannot enter into that which gives you comfort and peace: to them it is an enigma, it causes them often to rail and to scoff. To the truly spiritual man, who is in constant communication with God and the spirit world, it is a peace that flows like a river, a peace that comes from God, which the world cannot possibly give him, and which the world, with all its trials and troubles and temptations, with its various vicissitudes, cannot take away—it is that which he will hold to when he comes to the dark waters of Jordan; for him the crossing will not be rough.

How to attain this peace. We are assured in the old scripture that there is no peace to the weak, and I believe that statement to be literally true. Go into your cities—ah, if you go down into the souls of those who have money, place, and power, whose vapid existence is soon terminated, if they spoke the truth, they would be forced to confess that they have nothing satisfying. The broken cisterns of the world mock them as they stoop to drink, and, wailing, they flee, not knowing whither to turn their steps, and some have plunged deeper into the water. I will tell you how to get this peace: most of you know.

Once becoming assured that you have the truth—and God reveals Himself to every man: to one man in a certain way, to another quite differently—it brings conviction, and once you have been divinely illuminated there is no turning back. When I hear a man say he has doubts after some period of time, then I am loath to believe that he has been truly converted from his old life and ways. When the illuminated spirit has entered into him, and once becoming convinced, a man will press forward and get

spiritual knowledge and spiritual light and power, development of his spiritual gifts, if he possesses any. If a worker in God's vineyard, zealously and sincerely will he prosecute that which has been given him to do, and that work brings to him joy and peace.

The Spirit of God."

But, above all, the spirit of God enters into the soul, and bears witness with his spirit that he is a son of God, and that he is accepted as an illuminated child, one who is working for God. I say, having this knowledge, his soul is filled with peace which will never leave him. It is impossible—let me say this advisedly—for a man once having been taken hold of by the Spirit, and having communion with the world of spirit, it is impossible for him to turn away like a dog to his vomit: I say it is impossible for him to go back to that materialistic life whence he came. A man who does so has never been truly spiritually regenerated, and I do not use these terms, as you well know, in the orthodox sense.

What blessings have they who trust in God, and who have this great peace, the communion of saints, the knowledge that loved ones are constantly with them! The comfort this brings is known to yourselves, especially to those who have lost dear loved ones—wife, mother, child, brother, sister. Not dead, but hidden from view just for a little while. The unbeliever, who should ask you: "How do you know?" is asking something that he himself does not know or understand, and if you return an answer to him, he does not understand. The unbeliever must first receive light before he can receive the things of God.

Some of you have laboured for years in God's vineyard. You have been depressed at times, and cast down, and to-night my message to you is, whenever this feeling takes possession of you, remember the results are not with you. It is for you to sow, and God gives the increase—cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall return after many days. Ye shall sow and another shall reap, but always bear in mind that the truth, no matter how disseminated, whether by word of mouth, by newspaper, or pamphlet, has gone forth to accomplish something that God intended it should accomplish, and it shall not return void unto Him. And at last, in the Kingdom of heaven, you will see the result. You may upon the earth plane know a portion of your work has been successful, but you will never know the whole until you reach the Kingdom of Heaven, and then you will be brought face to face with those who were spiritually illuminated through your efforts.

God is using everyone of you in various ways, and that which thou doest, do with all thy might. Oh, do you realise for whom you labour? It is for God, the Father of spirits—it is for humanity. You only can serve God by serving man. To make everyone happy, to lighten the burden of some poor soul, to walk in His steps, and to do something in His name, brings peace, perfect peace and joy. We do not hold out rewards for those who do well. Well-doing brings its own reward. "Great peace have they who love Thy law." The man who is truly spiritual will strive to live in accordance with the laws of God as he understands them. Nature's laws are God's laws. He will not do anything that will injure his physical body, for the reason that the body is the temple of the spirit, and he who defiles the temple shall be destroyed.

While I am upon this subject—I do not frequently speak about the habits that men have upon the earth plane—let me say this: Any habit that defiles the body—it may be a smoker's habit, there are many unclean habits that men have—if it defiles and produces disease, you are at enmity with Nature. Will you kindly take note of that. You are breaking Nature's laws and producing disease in your body, and if you have a knowledge of it, you are undoubtedly doing that which is evil.

In Tune with the Infinite.

Trying, then, to live close to Nature, and in tune with the Infinite, you say, that peace which I have

comes from God, and God alone. You will not need to rush into the mad turmoil of the world to get happiness. Ah, how unsatisfactory and how fleeting—some people almost faint from weariness. They have tried every fascination and device, the allurements of society, and find no peace, no lasting joy. But they who love God's law grow spiritually, they show forth in their lives the fruits of the spirit daily; they advance towards old age, growing old gracefully; life unfolds more happiness, joy, and pleasure. They take note of their surroundings, the opening buds upon the trees, the flowers of varied hues, the song of birds, the rising and the setting of the sun, and all the phenomena of Nature appeal to them. They are in tune with the Infinite, and these facts are produced through Nature, by Nature's God, and Nature's God is your Father.

Then you have the assurance that after life's fitful fever, there is for you an endless festival, a time of rejoicing, a time of peace and restfulness. Oh, how vast, how hard for you to grasp, is the eternity of God! Some are not spiritual, they are like the restless ocean, when stirred to its miry depths, there is no peace within, and those who have stifled the voice of Nature in their souls and conscience, have sold their life's happiness for what the world can give, and at last find that what they took for real joy and pleasure is vanity. The luscious fruits which the world tempted them with are but the apples of Sodom.

"Great peace have they who love Thy law," and as the years roll round this peace increases, and my prayer for you to-night is that you may not only have a peaceful Christmas time, but at all times be filled with the spirit which produces joy and peace, now, and for evermore. Amen.

DR. WITHEROW.

With such an excellent discourse, you will not desire to have another, and I do not intend to address you at any length. But I appear here to-night on behalf of those friends who minister unto you, and have done so for a considerable space of time. I desire to say to you, Mr. Stanford, first, that on our side of life we desire to thank you for having so successfully continued these meetings for so many years. We have to thank you, in the common name of humanity, and as an old servant of God, for being so consistent, so persevering, and showing by your life that what you believe in, what you profess, you also possess.

And I have to thank the members of this meeting who assemble here from time to time for their co-operation, for the help they have given to you, Sir, and to us, for be it known unto you, men and brethren, that without your faithful co-operation we cannot do very much. Heaven and earth united, and then all the forces of darkness are weak—Ignorance and folly flee away. I thank you, then, as an ambassador of God, for the help you have given to us, for the assistance you have given to Mr. Stanford in prosecuting this most glorious cause, and may you all be preserved blameless for many years to faithfully carry on this work, which has made itself felt in the four quarters of the earth. Hundreds and thousands have been brought to a knowledge of the truth, while others have been caused to stop, pause, and investigate.

And I also have to thank the Editor of the "white winged messenger" ("The Harbinger of Light"). Oh, think of the power of the press to-day! What I am saying to you is published, goes out, and many whose hearts are prepared receive the seed into good soil, and it germinates, brings forth a bounteous harvest. This assistant is helped from our side, as you all are, but in a special way, and the good he is accomplishing, co-operating with our Brother Stanford, will not be known until the deeds of earth are published in the Kingdom of God. On this festive occasion, when men are proclaiming peace and goodwill towards each other, I wish you great joy, great peace,

great love, for he who dwells in love dwells in God. May God bless you, as He alone can bless you, prosper and keep you. Amen.

CLOSING PRAYER

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

We thank Thee because Thou hast promised to abide with those who dwell in love. Abide with these people; let Thy spiritual messengers, the ministering spirits, o'er-shadow them in their homes, in their daily walk, where'er they be; may they be conscious that they are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses, and may peace, great peace, perfect peace, which cometh from Thee, the Father of Lights, with Whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning—may that great peace take possession of the souls and the lives of these people, and all Thy children everywhere. Amen.

"IT'S A LONG JOURNEY UP THE RAY."

By Agnes Considine, Melbourne.

"We are living in a time of wonderment, assailed by doubts and fears—lacking a sense of proportion. The light that for many of us, as Spiritualists, appeared to glow steadily ahead now seems like an elusive will-o'-the-wisp."

Such were my reflections as I absent-mindedly walked along a side street in one of Melbourne's most congested suburbs. I longed for some direct assurance of help at hand, of some measure of enlightenment in my darkness. It has been said of Spiritualists (perhaps with truth of many) that they are ever seeking "tests"; but Spiritualists who are "spiritual" know that the most valuable test comes, not when one is feverishly craving, but when one is in dire need. Mediums know this, and while sympathising with friends who consult them, realise that one must make the necessary conditions oneself and light comes as one is prepared to receive it. A test may be received in ordinary every day conditions—often in simple manner. Such was a recent experience of mine, and, judging by my peace of mind since I feel assured that it was not an accidental happening.

In my desultory walk I stopped to admire some flowers that grew around an old-fashioned cottage. An elderly woman on the shaded verandah said pleasantly, "Will you come in and rest?" I started (I had not noticed her until she spoke) and hesitated for a second—for city people are so conventional, as a rule, that to be addressed by a stranger in a friendly manner, awakens suspicion—but one glance at her placid, kindly face reassured me and I gladly opened the gate and sat down on the low garden seat. From flowers to other subjects we wandered in our talk, drifting finally into channels of "New Thought." (We call it "new," but it is the same thought that stirred the minds of men and women who have striven to grasp Truth throughout the ages.) Sitting in that calm atmosphere, my doubts and fears seemed lulled. I tried to explain to her how far my faith had declined during this time of stress, and how a blank wall seemed to rise up before my mental vision whenever I sought enlightenment.

"Do not try," she said, "to build up any theory or seek to evolve any explanation of present conditions. They are beyond our ken. I have a quotation that I use whenever my mind begins to get puzzled over apparently dreadful things, and it helps me greatly. Just say to yourself, 'It's a long journey up the ray'—meaning the bridge that leads from the personal, which perishes, to the immortal, which endures. I came across it in a book written by Robert Hitchens some years ago, and I think it explains much. It is a long journey, too, from protoplasm in mud-ooze to perfected spirit in etheric realms. This is only a little stage of the great journey. Humanity errs often, but seemingly it is only through mistakes that nations learn. Just so with individuals. We do not know the reason why, but the path of pain is the only path that leads to wisdom."

"But we are so weak," I said humbly, after a little pause. "It is so difficult to master the ignoble thought, to return good for evil, to conquer one's pride. We may strive to do so, but just as we think we are strong an annoying occasion arises, or a severe disappointment occurs, and all our good resolutions vanish, leaving us afterwards ashamed, and marvelling at our vindictiveness and uncharitableness. The evil in us is so near the surface."

"Just so!" she replied, "It's a long journey up the ray—and we cannot expect to travel a road without an obstruction and occasional stumbles. Why expect too much from our imperfect nature? It is a struggle all the time of animal and spiritual. The ape and tiger within us is being subdued. The main thing is to be of good cheer and to avoid getting disheartened at our occasional failures—they are inevitable. But there are compensations as we go along, too! Every time one conquers one feels that the road is being shortened. The world of 'mind' is far larger than the world of 'matter,' but the average person does not always realise it. Our condition of mind is of far more importance than our material condition."

"The majority of people do not see that."

"No! And because they are blind we have a world suffering sorrow, strife and trouble. Seeking the personal which perishes will never satisfy, for the spirit of man must ever seek the immortal, which endures."

I rose to leave my companion as the departing sun's glow lit up her flowers with radiant tints.

"You are so peaceful here," I said looking around. "It seems easy to be a Philosopher in this quiet spot—far from the crowd."

"Oh! But the storm has swept through my garden at times, too!" she said, significantly. I pressed her hand understandingly, and passed out through the little gate.

It was with a lightened heart I turned homeward, feeling that I had been led by unseen hands to this spot to receive aid in my necessity. The memory of her steady eyes and calm demeanour will help me along that journey up the ray that we all travel together. We have much to learn and far to go, but we can help and be helped if we so desire.

Hope on! Hope ever!

GREETING FROM SCOTLAND.

In sending a Christmas greeting to the Editor of "The Harbinger of Light," Professor Coates, Ph.D., of Rothesay, Scotland, writes:

"The Harbinger of Light" reaches me with unflinching regularity, which says much for the pluck of British seamen and more for our ever-vigilant navy. The contents of the journal are read with increasing interest. The issue for July is of unsurpassing interest for the excellency and variety of the subject-matter of both the original and selected fare."

We much appreciate these very complimentary remarks.

PHENOMENA AND CONDITIONS.

It is the most experienced investigator who is the least credulous, and it is also unquestionably true that it is those psychical researchers who bristle with suspicion that have never been able to obtain conclusive evidence of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism. They are not abler or more critical investigators than Sir W. Crookes and other scientific men who have had overwhelming proofs, but they bring with them a psychical atmosphere that is as unfavourable to success as a damp atmosphere is to the working of a frictional or Holtz electrical machine.—"On the Threshold of the Unseen," by Sir Wm. Barrett, F.R.S.

One should give a gleam of happiness whenever it is possible.—George Eliot.

THE MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

"TO MAKE MEN SPIRITUAL."

By an Englishman.

[The writer of this article is a professional gentleman who recently arrived in Australia from England. He was a close personal friend of the late Mr. W. T. Stead, and what he has to say about the necessity of spiritualising Spiritualism will doubtless be endorsed by every thoughtful reader of this journal.—Ed.]

The late W. T. Stead once made the remark: "The great mission of Spiritualism is to make men Spiritual." One is, however, struck with the fact that Spiritualism has been, and is, being studied—and practised—less with a spiritual aim than as a scientific demonstration. And under all the circumstances one cannot but conclude that AT FIRST the scientific aim is essentially the right one. But if we leave it there, then it is better left alone entirely; for to know that a man has fallen in the water and not to attempt to rescue him, is to have knowledge of a fact without helping to save the man, and what may be equally important, without using that knowledge to develop your own soul, by attempting to make some effort or sacrifice on behalf of another in need or distress.

So, if we merely learn that our beloved "dead" still exist, what availeth it if we do not put that knowledge to a use on behalf of their and our own uplifting; to spiritualise the fact? I have said that at first the scientific aim is the correct one. And why? As soon as a thing is established as a FACT, and is not merely a FAITH, that fact will be more potent, and of greater value if it is then used for the spiritual development and ennobling of mankind, and of the individual man in particular. It was largely in the failure to establish our past faith (we who were trained in Christian theology and beliefs) as a DEMONSTRABLE FACT, that caused so many later on to abandon that faith.

Our early-day theology, the old ideas of God, and His providential and individual care, by interference on our behalf with natural laws to suit our individual needs and wishes—these, we found, did not coincide with the experiences of our daily life. Then we doubted. Our anchor gave way, and we were adrift. The compass needle did not point North—or anywhere else reliable. Much—very much—that we learned in our Sunday schools, in our chapels and churches, ethically, was good, was inspiring, helpful to guide and strengthen our lives. But there was also much that was untenable, insufficient, impracticable—much that was contrary to and even opposed to what we actually saw around us.

The Old Dogmas Fail.

The early teaching gave us something to start on. Let us be grateful for that. But when the problems of life—and death—came upon us more and more, and our needs of assurance became greater, the old dogmas and teachings were wanting in reality. It cannot even be said that these things SATISFIED our forefathers. They did not. They were wont to say, "It is God's will," and tried to resign themselves to that statement. But it was not enough, and did not meet any human case.

One cannot but feel, and feel with almost certainty, that the failure of early religious ideas to meet the increasing responsibilities as one gets older—aye, and as nations get more intricate and developed—is the cause of so many, of vast numbers, giving up their early religious practices and faith, in disappointment. Because, often, of the great respect we had for them, and belief in them, and our teachers, we, each in our own way, do not SAY

we are disappointed, or that they have failed us, but we each FEEL this, and quietly let the religious practices and professions drop out of our lives. Nevertheless, it IS principally because they have disappointed us. Of course, some there are who are quite content and happy to continue. So much to their comfort! Who would take away from such their faith? Certainly not I. But, on the other hand, it would be easy to point to many others whose early faiths have dimmed, not because the individuals are less earnest, less sincere, less spiritual, but because they have felt the impotence of these faiths and hopes in the way they viewed them.

In outlining the above I am giving really my own experience, which is, I know, quite a common one. Now, however, a wider field, on a more assured basis, is opening to some of us. To many it has already been known and experienced. And there is every evidence that saner men and women, more practical, more insistent, are discovering that the experiences of seers and mystics are tangible and demonstrable, and instead of looking upon psychic phenomena as supernatural—in the sense of being outside of the natural—they regard them as being really most natural, in that they are in conformity with Nature's laws—though unknown or little understood to-day, but increasingly less so. Where we went wrong was in believing that BELIEF would change natural laws. It won't. Faith itself will not save or condemn one. Ignorance will not excuse one. Nature will crush, or punish, the learned equally with the ignorant who ignore her laws.

Now, to remain merely demonstrating psychic forces and occult phenomena is surely to remain, shall one say, materialistic. It may give comfort and assurance, but does it really uplift the individual character? Does it ennoble? The many instances of charlatanism answers in the negative. The question then arises: "Can you spiritualise a fact? Can you turn to holy and sacred account, and to the enriching of the individual nature in all the graces, the FACTS of Spiritualism?" Yes. The Chinese do so in regard to the veneration of parents who have died, and to ancestors. Some medical men spiritualise their profession by working as servants of a "Divine Art," as their science has been called. Nurses, dealing with chemical, physical and hygienic facts, spiritualise their science to a degree only the sick know who have been nursed by some of these wonderful women.

Ask many of our poor, wounded soldiers in Hospital who led them nearer Heaven—the nurse or the priest. One does not wait for the answer. So I think Stead was right when he said: "The mission of Spiritualism is to make men spiritual. Any other purpose of Spiritualism may be good, but its best, its highest, and its ideal is to make men Spiritual. Take for instance, prayer. Millions pray who never pray! It has become a custom, habit, form, duty. It is fulfilled without purpose or aim. Let men, however, once learn that it is a SCIENTIFIC FACT that prayer can be concrete, that thoughts are things and can be photographed, that thought causes vibration and crystallises into form and shape, that vibrations affect other sensitive people—alive or dead—and hence are real and helpful. Then prayer becomes a potent force and a reality. You then realise prayer may help others if it does not help the one who prays. It may do both.

Our Beloved Dead still Live.

Now, if our beloved dead still live—never mind the contradiction of terms—and Spiritualism demonstrates they do, is it not folly not to learn some grace or graces that will be of service "over there"

when we arrive, and to those who have "made good"? Is this not spiritualising a fact—turning to good and high account our knowledge? Much—perhaps most—of this can doubtless be attained in our dealings with the human element, by the exercise of patience, justice, toleration, sympathy, and by following Paul's advice "Whatsoever THINGS are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, THINK OF THESE THINGS." Now, if thoughts, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, occupy our minds constantly, why, then, surely this is spiritualising facts.

But the question arises: "Is Spiritualism based on fact? Is it a fact that communication with disembodied spirits has, can, and may take place?" Does the sun shine? Go out into it and see and feel, get into its rays, observe the light, and if you cannot see the sun itself, you, perhaps, can see the shadow it casts. And you cannot have shadow without light. "Seek and ye shall find." Evidence is plentiful. You cannot know anything of electrical engineering without studying electricity and mechanics. And one must study the subject of Spiritualism as one would study any other subject that is scientifically demonstrable. Saying "You don't believe it" does not prove its falseness. Men in all ages have disbelieved many things long after they were proved to exist, and have disbelieved the possibility of things before they were accomplished, that other men had visions of.

Jules Verne saw in literary visions the possibilities of flying and of submerged vessels. He was a seer in a sense. His imagination, coupled with his conviction of the possible, was not accepted by the scientist or the average man, when he wrote his prophetic novels, but these introspections, nevertheless, have become very real, and to-day who would doubt, or deny, the exploits of the flying machine and the submarine? So in time past many visionaries, as they were dubbed, gave to the world—as did Jules Verne—their belief and conviction of communication with the spirits of the "dead," of just men made perfect, of ministering angels. The Church, Roman and Protestant, Lutheran and Greek, and all their sub-sections, was the most guilty of any organisation to decry these convictions and assertions. But now men of science, honourable and true, sincere in word and deed, have demonstrated the FACT of communication with our sacred dead. True, everyone does not believe it, everyone does not know it, because everyone will not sincerely, and with an open mind and reverent attitude, "seek" to know the Truth. Men and women are incredulous, suspicious, doubtful, and everything else but seekers after Truth.

Well, there are vast numbers even to-day who have never seen flying machines, nor submarines, and mayhap have never heard of them—people living away in the vastness of China, of Africa, of Iceland, and in places "far from the madding crowd." Such persons would be very hard to convince that battles in the air, with vast machines lifting dozens of men, tons of materials and guns, were in daily conflict, or that vessels unseen, could exist for hours deep in the mighty ocean, whence they can issue deadly missiles and sink great liners. But however doubtful, however sceptical, however much such persons might deny these things, we KNOW they are true. We don't BELIEVE them to be true. Belief does not come in at all. It is KNOWLEDGE. So with communication with our beloved dead. It is this FACT, then, that we need to spiritualise—to turn to account for our edification and the uplifting and ennobling of our own soul and the assistance of those "gone before."

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.—Caussin.

TACITUS AND THE CHRISTIANS.

A PAGE OF EARLY HISTORY.

By Arthur Murray, M.A.

Special, for "The Harbinger of Light."

Tacitus is the greatest of Roman prose writers. His style lacks the floridity of Livy, or the rhetorical polish of Cicero, but it is characterised by a terseness, an intensity, and a firmness of touch that no historian has ever excelled. What he has to say in his *Annals*, therefore, on the Christians is of the highest moment, the more so, too, that in boyhood he may have seen and must have heard of the horrible persecution he refers to under Nero in 64 A.D. His life stretches from 52 to 119 A.D.: he is therefore the contemporary, and he was also the friend, of the amiable Pliny.

Unfortunately, some of the work of Tacitus has been lost, and we can only guess at its contents from the allusions thereto by ancient writers. Yet, what has survived, meagre as it is, is of the highest evidential value, more particularly in a time like this, when even the existence of Jesus is denied, His personality declared a myth, and the utterances attributed to Him in the Gospels affirmed to be only mere survivals from the speeches of a mystery drama, centreing around the character of a purely fictive personality.

Tacitus says very little, but it is to the point, and is decisive. Its emphasis is deepened by the *prima facie* certainty that Tacitus thought the Christians guilty of abominable crimes, and that he would therefore have no motive in attempting to relieve them of the charge made by Nero; and, further, because he deems them so little likely to increase or to survive that he abruptly dismisses the subject. If Tacitus has ever returned to this earth, or if in other realms he has retained a consciousness of things below, how must he have smiled at this own blind inability to foresee the future!

"The life of every man," says Carlyle, "is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose ulterior course and destination, as it winds through the expanses of infinite years, only the Omniscient can discern. . . . Little can we prognosticate the future influences from the present aspects of an individual. . . . Who has ever forgotten those lines of Tacitus, inserted as a small, transitory, altogether trifling circumstance in the history of such a potentate as Nero? To us it is the most earnest, sad, and sternly significant passage that we know to exist in writing."

Here is the passage:

"So, for the quieting of this rumour (e.g., that he had burnt Rome), Nero judicially charged with the crime, and punished with most studied severities, that class hated for their general wickedness, whom the vulgar call Christians. The originator of that name was one Christus, who, in the reign of Tiberius, suffered death by sentence of the Procurator, Pontius Pilate. The baneful superstition, thereby repressed for the time, again broke out, not only over Judaea, the native soil of that mischief, but in the city (Rome) also, where from every side all atrocious and abominable things collect and flourish."

"Tacitus," concludes Carlyle, "was the wisest, most penetrating man of his generation, and to such depth, and no deeper, has he seen into this transaction, the most important that has occurred, or can occur, in the annals of mankind."

The above translation of the celebrated passage from *The Annals* (xv. 44) is probably by Carlyle himself, for it is very vigorously done. However, it contains a mistake which involves a good deal more than a nice point of Latinity. For Carlyle gives "judicially charged the Christians" as the English equivalent of the Latin "subdidit reos Christianos." But classical scholars know that the prefix *sub* connotes secrecy, falsity; hence the true rendering is: "Nero

FALSELY charged," a rendering which, of course, makes clear that Tacitus entirely repudiates the charge made by Nero, while at the same time he credits the odious enormities vulgarly ascribed to the unfortunate Christians.

The "Wickedness" of the Early Christians.

The wickedness commonly believed prevalent amongst the new sect were incest, infanticide and cannibalism. The last probably arose from some popular interpretation of the words, "Eat My flesh, and drink My blood," used in the Sacrament. Another reason that the charge of burning Rome could be more readily fastened upon these innocent people was that they were known to talk of burning and destruction of the world and all therein. The New Testament reader will recall 2 Thess. i. 8—"The Lord Jesus from heaven, with the angels of His power in flaming fire, rendering vengeance to them that know not God"; also 2 Peter iii. 10—"The earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up"; also Revelation xvii. 8—"She shall be utterly burned with fire."

The same belief against the Christians is mentioned by Minucius Felix, a Latin writer of the 2nd century, in a passage which, together with an extract from the same writer about cannibalism, I shall quote later.

Here let me return to Tacitus and continue the translation of his Latin from the point where Carlyle stopped:

"Those were first seized who confessed, and afterwards on their testimony a great number of others who were convicted less of having set fire to Rome than of hating the human race (*odio humani generis*). Mockery was added to torture; they were wrapped in the skins of beasts to be cast to dogs to devour; they were crucified; they were set alight like torches to give light by night. Nero had offered his gardens for this spectacle, and he mingled with the people in the garb of a charioteer or driving a chariot. Thus these wretches, though deserving of exemplary punishment, inspired pity, for they were not sacrificed to the interests of the public, but to the cruelty of a single man."

What strikes us most here is the dreadful indictment, "haters of the human race," brought against a religion based on Universal Brotherhood. Yet we must remember that the Christians were at this time commonly confused with the Jews, who might be said, even from their own scriptures, to be an exclusive race. Tacitus mentions the Jews in History (v. 5.2), published 107 A.D., about 10 years before the Annals.

"They are inflexibly staunch to each other,—they hate the rest of the world as if they were deadly enemies. Among themselves they are absolutely unrestrained, and their proselytes are taught to scorn their former gods, to cast off their country, to despise parents, children and brothers." (This last phrase may be an echo of "He that loveth father or mother more than Me.")

Very probably, as Gibbon suggests, the Jews at the time of the fire, 64 A.D., used their influence through the Jewish actor, Alibyrus, a favourite of Nero's wife, Poppaea, to turn Nero's fury against the Christians, who, after the first establishment of Christianity, had definitely broken from Judaism.

Nietzsche condemns Christianity.

Again, the Christians by their aloofness, their detestation of war, of gladiatorial contests, their prophecies of doom, their invitation to all the vile and sinful to come to Christ (whereas to the old Pagan mysteries, only the pure were admitted), HAD become to some extent "haters of the human race," more particularly as there arose then a genus of men that have never quite died out, to whom a prediction of fiery sulphurous ruin of all things seems to bring a perverted sort of religious consolation. As the good works of the Christians became known, that charge of misanthropy died out, to be revived again

in our own day by the frantic Nietzsche—"I condemn Christianity and confront it with the most terrible accusation that an accuser has ever had in his mouth. To my mind it is the greatest of all conceivable corruptions. I call Christianity the one great curse, the one enormous and innermost perversion . . . I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind."

We must not forget also that outrageous crime was by no means unknown amongst early Christians. A reference to 1 Corinthians will establish that. However, a monster like Nero could hardly have proceeded against any sect for immorality.

As to the fact of the horrible punishments mentioned by Tacitus, there seems to be no doubt, for later writers refer back to this persecution, and the poet Juvenal, writing at the beginning of the 2nd century, seems to have this in mind when he warns any would-be satirist of imperial favourites—"Thou shalt give light as a torch, like those who are stood up to burn and smoke with a sword fixed under their throats."

What an exemplification of Carlyle's dictum, that prognostication is impossible, may be seen in the fact that just before the time of the burnings Paul was writing his letter to the Philippians (62 A.D.), which he closes with the greeting—"All the saints salute you, especially they of Caesar's household." This Caesar was Nero!

One puzzling thing in Tacitus is his assertion that the name "Christians" was in common use among the populace at Rome at this time. If so, it must have spread rapidly. However, there is not wanting other evidence, for at Pompeii (destroyed 79 A.D.) there is said to have been found, scribbled on a wall, the letters H R I S T I A N. These, I believe, have since been obliterated entirely.

As we look back over that chapter in Tacitus we dimly see how much the whole philanthropic world owes to the few unknown, but loyal hearts, who saw in the Good News the Millennium that was to be, and is to be, and gladly laid down their lives for the truth.

THE ETHER OF SPACE.

When Science could not account for the pull of the sun on the earth, or the passing of light from sun to earth, on any theory based on the known structure of the universe, she hypothecated another form of matter, and called it "cosmic ether." On this ether she employed her highest powers of analysis. Pierce has shown that it is a million times as elastic as steel. Thomson has shown that a cubic mile of ether would weigh only one thousand millionth of a pound. Herschel has shown that an amount equal in weight to a cubic inch of air would press outward with a force equal to seventeen billion pounds. It pervades all things. It fills all space. It is an infinite, tremulous ocean, which islands the constellations as the Pacific islands a reef, and through every cubic inch of space it holds the potency of a force equal to seventeen billion pounds.

To account for the universe as revealed to the touch, the ear, and the eye, science must hypothecate such an unseen universe. One of the imperial thinkers of the race, forerunning the demonstrations of science, asserted the existence of an invisible material universe, and said, "I am much inclined to assert the existence of invisible beings in this universe, and to classify my own soul among them." This was Kant. Now science stands as to man where she stood as to the physical universe before the demonstration of this finer realm of matter. The universe, with its display of forces, could not be explained by its tangible, visible, audible body. No more can man be explained by his tangible and visible body.

The Student's Page.

By DR. ISIDORE KOZMINSKY.

Written specially for the "Harbinger of Light."

I have been asked to "say a little more about astrology," and perhaps a few lines may not be uninteresting. I have not the slightest doubt but that astrology is destined to be the leading world science, and how much it is being used in this terrible war will never really be known. Its employment in the past is a matter of history, which no true student can neglect to notice, and if the time of our country's declaration of war had been regulated by astrological science, it would have been better for us all and better for the world. But men stumble on, blindly trusting to their five imperfect senses, and regulating their actions by material reason, which leads them into labyrinths of difficulties, from which escape is not always possible. In the government of States, all the promptings of impulse are followed, and it is hard indeed for wisdom to assert herself.

It was this condition of things which caused a great philosopher to exclaim on the little wisdom with which this world is governed by men. At the present time, the Church and the State have, outwardly, at any rate, continued to ban astrological science. Why? I am sure it would be difficult for the best of them to give a satisfactory answer. Very few of astrology's enemies really know anything at all about the science as it now stands, strong in its thousands of years of observation, tabulation, and experience. I have never yet read an article against astrology without a feeling of disgust that people ignorant of the mighty subject should have the temerity to condemn it.

Some little time back a lady of standing in the scholastic world lectured against astrology. I was sorry for her—very sorry, indeed, to listen to such a terrible exhibition of ignorance, not only of astrology, but of the merest elements of simple astronomy. A writer in one of our leading newspapers was permitted to publish a "leader," which only showed that he knew absolutely nothing about the subject on which he presumed to write. In fact, I know of no science which has been subjected to the attacks of bigotry and ignorance more than the God-sent science of the stars, which are "for signs and seasons, for days, for years, for men, and for nations." I therefore beg my readers to insist on having first-hand knowledge and to refuse to listen to the opinions of those whose minds are filled with prejudice and bigotry. These people have always been the same, and it is fair to ask a person of this order what he knows about the subject he condemns so lightly.

I will be pleased to reply to any inquirer in this department of "The Harbinger," and to do my best to smooth away any difficulties. Astrology is the true science of life, and in it the greatest prophets the world has seen were versed. It is a science which no religion, or religious belief, can be divorced from; for it is the science of Heaven, and the true bestower of comfort on this pain-racked earth. Look up at the beautiful heavens, and there before you is opened the true book of Revelations, which you can read if you only try, for the key is always near you. Is it not clear to you that those mighty lamps of dazzling beauty light the road to the throne of the Holy Master of the Mysteries? Then come with me along the glittering way—the way which leads to Peace.

It is with feelings of deep sorrow that I read the news of the departure from earth life of Mr. Alan Leo, one of the great masters of astrology. Mr. Leo was the author of a number of books on the subject, and all his publications were extremely interesting and instructive. It was my privilege to receive occasional letters from Mr. Leo, and, on behalf of "The Harbinger," I beg to express my sympathy with Mrs.

Bessie Leo, and the staff of "Modern Astrology." It is sad to think that in the later years of his life of service, such a distinguished author as Mr. Alan Leo should have been subjected to prosecution under an obsolete Act, which presumes to regard many students of science, music and learning as "rogues and vagabonds."

I have received a letter from the students' friend, Raphael (Mr. R. W. Cross), in which this well-known writer promises to publish some tables of Houses for Southern Latitudes, for the benefit of students, in future editions of his useful Ephemeris. This is in answer to a suggestion from me, sent some time back. I am sure that Raphael's decision will extend the usefulness of his indispensable publication.

I am holding over some interesting letters until next issue. I will reply to personal letters as time permits.

THE UNCHANGING EGO.

The self is real, not a mere appearance of Reality. We, each in his direct experience of personal identity, ARE the absolutely and eternally real, albeit under finite conditions and limitations. We are substantives, nouns, and pronouns; and what we mean by the self is real in the sense that it owns all its qualities, all its changing states and activities, as, so to speak, its adjectives. They may pass, it abides; they are always more or less changing, coming and going; but it remains ever the same, ever one with itself. It is not a flowing stream, nor a cluster, a "heap," a group, a collection, nor a series of ideas or psychological events. The past belongs to it as truly as the present, because in a very true, deep sense it is non-temporal, eternal. This unitary aspect of experience, this identity of the self, constituting the very basis and essential presupposition of all the activities of our intelligence, if we deny or ignore it, the world for us must lose its unity, its laws, its order, and its meaning; chaos and anarchy must everywhere prevail. For it is certain all the unities, all the categories and universals by which we lay hold of and interpret existence have their sole source and meaning in this primal experience and conviction each of us has of his own real, unchanging ego mid the flux of time.—"Religion and Reality," by J. H. Tuckwell.

BICOTRY.

In all customary societies bigotry is the ruling principle. In rude places to this day anyone who says anything new is looked upon with suspicion, and is persecuted by opinion if not injured by penalty. One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea. It is, as common people say, so "upsetting"; it makes you think that, after all, your favourite notions may be wrong, your firmest beliefs ill-founded; it is certain that till now there was no place allotted in your mind to the new and startling inhabitant, and now that it has conquered an entrance, you do not at once see which of your old ideas it will or will not turn out, with which of them it can be reconciled, and with which it is at essential enmity. Naturally, therefore, common men hate a new idea, and are disposed, more or less, to illtreat the original man who brought it.—Walter Bagehot, "Physics and Politics."

Investigators who, taking an exalted view of their own sagacity, enter upon this inquiry with their minds made up as to the possible or impossible, are sure to fail. Such people should be shunned, as their habit of thought and mode of action are inappropriate and therefore essentially vulgar, for the essence of vulgarity is inappropriateness.—"On the Threshold of the Unseen," by Sir Wm. Barrett, F.R.S.

BROKEN HEARTS.

Hundreds of extra copies of this issue have been printed, in the expectation that many of our readers will desire to post it to friends who have been bereaved by the war. The subject matter has been specially prepared for that purpose, and will, we trust, carry consolation and cheer to many a broken heart.

Those who feel an impulse to obey the divine injunction, "BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS," and who have no particular friends to whom they wish to send the magazine, may possibly feel disposed to forward their orders to the office of this journal, 117 Collins-street, Melbourne, and we will address as many copies as directed to the grief-stricken relatives of heroes who have paid the supreme sacrifice.

We have a list of names and addresses of bereaved parents in Australia far exceeding the number of copies available for this purpose, and are prepared to defray the postage in connection with all such orders.

A Postal Note for 2/6 will cover 6 copies—reduced rate—and, of course, 5/- will enable us to despatch 12 copies. We have no intention of financially benefiting by this transaction. All we aim at is to defray the cost of the extra supply, and at the same time cheer as many hearts as possible in these times of stress and sorrow.

PERSONAL

Ever since the inception of the Spiritual Research Society, Melbourne, some six years ago, the position of Hon. Secretary has been held by Mrs. Adams. Unfortunately she has had to relinquish the office through circumstances over which she had no control. The amount of work she put into the performance of her duties is deserving of the highest praise, and is fully appreciated by the officers and members of the society, who very much regret the necessity for the step she has taken. Without a doubt the great success of the society, both numerically and financially, is attributable to her splendid efforts and untiring zeal, and it is hoped that in the near future she may be enabled to take up the office once again.

MATTER AND CONSCIOUSNESS.

Infinite Being must be infinite in an infinite variety of ways and directions. Our conceptions of the nature and quality of God are frequently vague and uncertain. In speaking of God as spirit, which conception in many minds implies the opposite of matter, the difficulty has been even to apprehend what is meant by spirit. To-day, with the new views of matter emerging as a result of a fuller investigation of it, there is growing a clearer understanding of what is meant by the term God. However changing matter may be, however much it may appear and disappear, there must be something behind and underneath it which is real. Matter is a mode of Divine Being. As such it is related to Being; and all the permutations of matter become so many expressions of consciousness. We cannot, therefore, predicate that what we know as the universe is the only form of manifestation of Infinite Being.—From "Constructive Spiritualism," by W. H. Evans.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES VICTORIA.

VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Again the V.A.S. Committee has pleasure in reporting continued successful meetings. Mr. Bloomfield still occupies our platform on Sunday evenings. His subjects for the past month have attracted good attendances, and the membership is still on the increase. Miss MacKenzie and Mr. E. O. Jones, hon. leaders of No. 1 and No. 2 Developing Classes, report good progress of their stu-

dents. The Ladies' Committee of the Association are kept busy supplying teas on Sunday evenings, and Spiritualists generally appreciate the privileges given by the V.A.S. Mr. E. O. Jones reports good attendance at the Conference Circles, and the subjects selected by the sitters for conferring on are instructive and vital to Spiritualistic propaganda work. Our service conductor reports having attended to fourteen funerals, and conducted the Spiritualistic Burial Service, also seven marriages, and four Dedication Services for the past year. We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Askew, our V.P., whose father passed over since our last report, and Mrs. Hutton and Mrs. Reynolds, whose sons were killed at the front. Mr. Leslie Tucker sends word that he has recovered sufficiently to be able to be sent from England to the French front. Mrs. Harper, Hon. Librarian, is pleased at the increase of reading members to the Association, and is doing her utmost to keep the V.A.S. Library up-to-date. We are pleased to welcome back to Melbourne, Mr. Joseph Blascheck, the English humorist, and Miss Alyce Austin, who have in the past helped the V.A.S. in social functions, and trust we may again be able to prevail upon them before they leave for distant shores. The Mediums' Meetings are still well attended, and Mr. Bloomfield, our leader, wishes to record his appreciation to the private and public psychics who have given their services for the past twelve months, especially Mesdames Alderwick, Bottrell, Bryning, Divers, Marshall, Weber, Duncan, Hanger, Goode, Kirby, Misses Furby, Gledhill, MacKenzie, Dick, Messrs. E. O. Jones, Marshall, Davies, and Morrison.

Mr. Bloomfield resumes free health readings on January 4th, and as so many attended Tuesday and Friday afternoons, it is impossible for him to see them all; so, to save disappointment in the future, it is requested that sitters register their names with Mrs. Harper, at the V.A.S. Rooms any afternoon during the week. The number of patients registered on the books for the past 10 months are 1022, and 63 patients have received their prescriptions free through the kindness of friends, who do not wish their charity advertised. The V.A.S. Committee extend hearty greetings to all kindred societies and good wishes for success of the "Harbinger" for the coming year. Our thoughts of love and brotherhood we ask you to convey through your valuable paper to all Spiritualists, and wish all a happy, bright, and prosperous New Year.

M. BLOOMFIELD, Hon. Secretary.

MELBOURNE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTIC LYCEUM.

In this the opening of another year, it would be advantageous to consider ways and means of beautifying the cause of Spiritualism. Each society has, of course, its own particular speciality; some are interested in the welfare of the young and some are not. Let it be at once understood that we, the M.P.S. Lyceum, desire to specialise in the children's cause, and this can only be advanced by the attendance of the children belonging to those who call themselves Spiritualists; but, alas, it appears that they either have no children or object to them being taught the precepts and philosophy of Spiritualism. Were it otherwise, we should have our Lyceum full of the young. The future of Spiritualism relies entirely upon the present-day children for its exponents, but if these necessities are absent from its teachings, how are they to be fitted to fulfil their obligations? It is unspeakably depressing for all who are working in this great cause to realize the absence Sunday after Sunday, of these, our little ones. Is it that Spiritualists and individuals are ashamed of their religion? Appearance would certainly suggest so. What are all the members of the various societies and the Spiritualistic Council of Victoria thinking about? Nothing from them is ever advanced to bring into prominence this fact, the absolute necessity of the children being trained for the work of the future. Mental, moral, and physical training is given in our few Lyceums, but the response is far from being what it should be. Surely it cannot be true that Spiritualists only care for the phenomena, the test? Even granting that this is all it still remains their duty to send their children to those Societies who have provided them with this phenomena. May we make one further appeal, and ask you all who have a love of Spiritualism in your hearts to send us the little ones to train up the way they should go, and begin by sending them to us on the first Sunday in the New Year.

CHARLES CHATFIELD, Secretary.

SPIRITUAL RESEARCH SOCIETY (MELB.)

(Affiliated with The Spiritualistic Council of Victoria)

We are pleased to report continued success and a steadily increasing membership, assuring all a warm and hearty welcome. The addresses for the past month have proved most interesting, including one by Dr. Smythe, on "What are we teaching our children concerning themselves," the subject being dealt with in a highly instructive manner, and the doctor has promised to come along again before long.

On Sunday afternoon, December 2nd, we had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. M. Parker. Her short talk on "The Miner" was illustrated by her messages, which proved veritable grains of gold—in fact, I might say nuggets, and everyone present went away the richer for her thoughts.

Mr. J. M. Moorey's subjects have been "Capital Punishment," "The Need for Reincarnation." This subject was in answer to one of the questions brought forward at our last question night. "Who is Perfect," and "Birth and Death."

On November 18th, Mr. Moorey dedicated the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Newton to the cause of Humanity.

Our half-yearly meeting was held on November 26th, when both Secretary's and Treasurer's reports showed satisfactory and appreciative progress.

Mrs. Adams, who has been Secretary for the Society since its inception, has found it necessary to relinquish her duties, and it is with great regret we part with one who has worked with such untiring energy.

Miss E. Vroland has been elected to the position, and those who know this lady are assured of the continued success of the Society.

I regret to report the passing to the higher life of our old friend and member, Mr. George Field, and extend to his loved ones our sympathy in their loss.

A. GRANT, Recorder.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

STANMORE SPIRITUALIST MISSION.

We are pleased to welcome our leader, Mrs. Morrell, back amongst us again, and that the change and rest has had the beneficial result expected.

Our service is still maintaining its high standard of thought, and proves very interesting to the many who gather Sunday after Sunday to receive the Light and Truth from our beloved ones on the other side of life.

At the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Bewicke, some 50 or 60 of our members met on Saturday evening, 24th November last, for the purpose of giving a welcome home to our leader, Mrs. Morrell, and at the same time presenting her with a token of love and esteem. The presentation, which was made by Mr. Cooper, was subscribed by the members of the Stanmore Spiritualist Church. Both Mr. and Mrs. Morrell responded feelingly of the kindness and love shown to them by all.

A very pleasant surprise was given during the evening by Mrs. Cole, who, on behalf of her daughter, Miss Cole, in a neat and pretty speech, presented to the library fund the sum of £5 (collected in 3d. pieces). Mrs. Morrell, on behalf of the Library Committee, expressed thanks and gratitude for so generous a gift.

During the evening, the following ladies and gentlemen contributed largely to the enjoyment of all present by rendering songs, etc., etc.:—Madames Bidmead, Bone, Good, Stedman, Misses Bewicke, Oates, Cole, Moyes, Hollis, and Messrs. Ferguson and Welch.

We congratulate our hostess, Mrs. Bewicke, on the success of the reception, also as the mover in the presentation being so successfully carried out.

The postponed social in aid of the Benevolent Fund was held on Saturday evening, December 1, and proved very successful. During the evening dancing was indulged in, interspersed by songs and recitations by Mesdames Stedman, Baker, Misses Basford, Hollis, Harrison, and Messrs. Breakspear and Eccleston: Mr. Hayes playing for the dancers.

With kindly greetings and love in the coming New Year, and continued success for the "Harbinger."

JNO. K. BENNETT, Hon. Secty.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

ORDER OF LIGHT (Incorporated).

Saturday, November 17th, 1917, was a "Red-letter Day" in the annals of the Order of Light Christian Spiritual Church, when the residence of the Grand President, Sister Lily Lingwood-Smith, was "en fete" to do honour to the first children's social and tea party held by the Order. Forty "Sunbeams" assembled, and from 3 o'clock till 5 (when tea was announced) indulged in all sorts of games. The very large dining-room was beautifully decorated, and the tables contained a sumptuous supply of cakes, jellies, sweets, etc., for the happy band. In the centre of the table was a large birthday cake, supplied by Sister Wall, the day being the anniversary of the birth of her little "Sunbeam," now in spirit world. The sight of so many happy young faces was one to be long remembered; many of the parents being present gave valuable help. Afterwards games, singing, etc., were indulged in, and it was a late hour when the last tired "Sunbeam" reluctantly bade adieu to the Grand President. A Christmas Tree will be held for the "Sunbeams" on December 22nd. On November 23, 1917, a social evening was held at the Grand President's residence. A large number of members and friends met to bid farewell to Brother Herbert Le Fevre, who is leaving shortly for active service, and to present him,

on behalf of the class members, with a leather-lined soldier's vest. Sister Lily Lingwood-Smith, in making the presentation, remarked that our roll of honour is steadily increasing, and though a woman of peace, not war, yet she realised it was for ours and us to answer the Empire's call. In love, she presented the young soldier, who has just passed his 19th birthday, with the gift, and trusting God would protect him and bring him safely back. Bro. Le Fevre feelingly replied. Sisters Gully and Rendell and others, on their own behalf, gave him some useful presents. Music, songs, and recitations were given by Sisters Carlos, Wall, Le Fevre, Lucky, Brothers Smith, Bright, Stephenson, Lucky, Le Fevre, sen., and E. Le Fevre. Supper was partaken of, and ample justice done to the good things provided by the Grand President. Before disbanding, all joined in singing "God be with you till we meet again."

On December 11th, a large number of members assembled at the residence of the Grand President, to wish her birthday greetings, and to present her with tokens of love. After partaking of tea and the good things provided, the usual loving speeches on such occasions and vocal and instrumental music was indulged in. Sister Lily Lingwood-Smith, in a well-chosen speech, thanked them all for all the kind and loving wishes.

The Sunday services and weekly developing classes are well attended. The pure Christian Spiritualism taught and maintained by the Order is commanding the respect of many workers and teachers in the orthodox faith. The Grand President is supported by a most loving band of members. She has been most ably relieved by the following speakers:—Nurse Grace, Brother Gee, Wall, and Brother Victor Cromer. A great meed of praise is due to Brothers Toombs and W. Lowe for their indefatigable labours on behalf of the Order. The Western Australian Branches of the Order are making good progress under their President, Sister F. Osborne Harris.

The Grand President and members send greetings and love to all Spiritual Societies, and to the Editor and staff of the "Harbinger of Light." Wishing you all a bright, peaceful and prosperous New Year,

SISTER KATIE ISAACS, Hon. Secretary.

No other Reports had reached us at the time of going to press—much earlier than usual on account of the Christmas holidays

THE ANNIE BRIGHT "AT HOME."

We are indebted to Mr. E. Love, our guest for December, for a very pleasant afternoon. His lecture and horoscope on Numbers was most interesting and instructive. The desire was expressed that he would soon favour us again with his presence.

The year has drawn to its close without us achieving our desired success by the completing of the Endowment. Still we thank all who have so willingly responded to our appeal, and hope for a further effort on our behalf in the New Year.

We have no special guest for our January At Home on account of the holidays, but a warm welcome will be given to all friends and visitors.

We wish the Editor and "Harbinger" a successful New Year, and sympathise with all our bereaved ones, and trust that it will be the herald of a true and lasting peace.

R. E. McLELLAN, Hon. Treas.

M. A. BODEN, Hon. Sec.

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