

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO
PSYCHOLOGY, OCCULTISM,
AND
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

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By the Editor.

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The Harbinger of Light.

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CONTENTS:

<i>The Editorial Chair</i>	21
<i>Wayside Notes</i>	22
<i>The Light Horse Story</i>	25
<i>Sir Arthur Conan Doyle</i>	26
<i>I am Thinking To-Day</i>	28
<i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox</i>	29
<i>Progress of Personality after Death</i>	30
<i>No Dead at All!</i>	33
<i>Automatic Writing</i>	33
<i>The Twelve o'clock War Bell</i>	34
<i>A Lost World</i>	35
<i>The Mystery of Mount Ararat</i>	36
<i>Books, Reviews and World Exchanges</i>	37
<i>The Continuity of Life after Death</i>	38
<i>Replies to Correspondents</i>	38
<i>Reports of Societies</i>	39

The Editorial Chair.

The Parting of the Ways.

The Christian Church is to-day at the parting of the ways. This is recognised by the more far-seeing of the clergy of all denominations. These frank and sagacious men are telling us that the Church has hopelessly lost its hold on the masses, and that it no longer commands the adherence of the intellectual section of the community. If this be true, what is there left for the Church to operate upon? Only a remnant! And that remnant, we are told by ecclesiastical authorities, does not exceed twenty per cent. of the entire people of any Christian nation. The Bishop of London places the estimate for England at seventeen per cent.—others say sixteen per cent. Taking this calculation as approximately correct, one is naturally led to ask—"What is wrong with the Church that it should so utterly fail to enlist the sympathy and support of the multitude?" There must be some cogent reason for it. Every effect is produced by a cause, and when the effect is world-wide it can only be the outcome of a cause operating in a corresponding ratio. If we were in a position to conclude that the preponderating mass of every community is utterly irreligious, utterly indifferent to the teachings and example of the Founder of the Christian religion, utterly given over to Mammon and all the term denotes, utterly disregardful of the mystery of death and their eternal well-being, there would be very little difficulty in answering the question we have asked. But this position does not obtain. People generally are not given over to the world, the flesh and the devil, they are not less religious—using the term in its real sense—than in former years, and they are not less concerned about death and the after life.

On the other hand, students of the problem, writing in the British Press, assure us that there was never a greater depth of intense religious feeling in the country than at the present time, and that simultaneously with this increased religious growth there has been a corresponding falling-off in the attendances at the Churches. And the explanation given of this apparent paradox is that the people have outgrown formal Churchianity—with its man-manufactured ritual, man-made creeds and man-devised theology—and are demanding a return to the simple and practical Christianity of the Christ. Traditional beliefs and practices, it is held, have had their day, they have been tried for centuries, and at last found wanting; and as "the minds of men are widened with the process of the suns," the theological teachings that formerly gripped and satisfied are no longer acceptable, and must be supplanted by dicta more in accord with the enlightened thought of the age.

Here, in our opinion, we have the crux of the whole position. Is it reasonable to expect intelligent men and women to go to Church Sunday after Sunday and recite creeds, in a large proportion of which they no longer believe, and to listen to sermons setting forth doctrines and dogmas which, in their opinion, are at variance with truth? The popular reply to this question is unmistakable, and is given palpable expression by abstention from places of worship. The obvious moral, therefore, is that the Church should take stock of itself, discard those speculative beliefs which no longer hold the mass in the palsied grip of the dead hand of the past, hark back to the teachings and practices of primitive Christianity, and above all else set forth a "plan of salvation" that shall commend itself to the reason of intelligent, thoughtful, earnest men. Until this is done, most of the pews will remain unoccupied and people will continue to drift farther and farther from the Church.

The Church is, indeed, at the parting of the ways, and its best friends to-day are to be found in the camps of the candid critics. We have repeatedly disclaimed being antagonistic to the Church. We are not even indifferent. We are rather actively concerned for her welfare, if only for the reason that we are not without hope that the time may come when the whole of her vast machinery and widespread organisations will be used for the dissemination of those spiritual truths for which this journal stands. The Church is at present drifting towards the rocks, and we are as onlookers standing on the shore and shouting advice to alter her course. It is true that the adoption of this advice would be productive of a certain amount of theological wreckage, and that some of the creedal cargo would have to be jettisoned. But what of that? If this is the only way of saving the ship, let these wrecking encumbrances go! Better this than complete disaster. And that is the only alternative! Many warnings, both within and without the Church, are being uttered to-day. The Right Rev. Dr. Long, Bishop of Bathurst, New South Wales, writing recently from England, says:—

"There is undoubtedly a great stirring of the life of the Church, and a passionate desire, especially among the younger men, for reform and reconstruction. This is strongly marked among the chaplains to the forces, but it is also true of the clergy in the parishes and of the younger laymen. Where it will carry the Church it is hopeless to try to predict. Inertia and force of custom will be difficult for even these ardent spirits to overcome, but it is reasonable to expect greater changes to happen in our generation than at any period since the Reformation. If the Church does not make herself free and fit for her task by her own demand and energy she will almost certainly, in the period after the war, find herself borne along upon the currents of popular changes, and her relationships to the national life altered in ways which she will then be helpless to restrain or even guide."

Here we have a suggestion of "the rocks" to which we have referred, and a reference to the approaching helplessness of the Church if she dallies too long in meeting the popular demand for reform. The Rev. Dr. Kelman, of Edinburgh, addressing the Office-bearers' Union of the Glasgow United Free Church

a couple of months ago, was equally outspoken. He said:—

"He could not be blind to the fact that in all our cities there were vast numbers who passed through their lives without knowing anything of the Church, and who did not wish to know anything about it. It seemed to him there must be something wrong somewhere when such vast masses were passing the Church door. He believed the cause of non-churchgoing was that they in the Church did not manage to interest vast numbers outside it. The whole atmosphere of our Church somehow had failed to catch their imagination. *The secret of reality was intelligibility.* How often had the Church kept dangling over our masculine young men a heaven they did not care about! Until the heaven the Church taught the young men to aspire to had got some young blood in it, and was a heaven that would make them feel strong and free and glad, it would never interest them."

There is, indeed, "something wrong somewhere," and the learned Doctor, in our opinion, placed his finger on the outstanding weakness of the Church in the declaration—"The secret of reality was intelligibility." It is because so much of what are known as "orthodox" doctrines and dogmas is unintelligible, and consequently incapable of assimilation by the reasoning faculties, that the element of reality is completely lacking. A dictum, to be real, must be capable of apprehension by the understanding and commend itself to the reason. Where these conditions do not obtain we inevitably get unreality, and it is useless to expect any sincerely honest man to tolerate what, to him, is a transparent sham—consequently, he stays away from Church!

What our ecclesiastical authorities have, sooner or later, to recognise is the fact that the theological conceptions of a hundred years ago are not acceptable to the intellect and reason of the twentieth century. In that hundred years the world has made marvellous strides in every direction. Science has exploded many a hitherto-held fallacy concerning the origin of Man, the age of the Earth, the unspeakable grandeur of the sidereal universe, and the gradual evolution of the race from primordial conditions; the Higher and the Lower Criticism has thrown a veritable searchlight on the pages of the Bible, and what is known as Modern Spiritualism has completely revolutionised our ideas concerning the nature of death and the experiences that await us in the life to come. Amidst all these changes, all this advancement in thought, all this increased knowledge, the Church has stood practically stationary, and yet there are those who still wonder why it is being passed by. It is out of date! That is all! It still clings to creeds and doctrines that all thinkers have long ago cast on the theological scrap heap! They have been examined and tested and pronounced effete, but the scrupulously "orthodox" are afraid to let them go, principally because of the label they carry, which reminds us of the late Professor Blackie's definition of orthodoxy—"Putting into a finite shape everything we know of an infinite—which is nothing!"

"The need of the hour," says Dr. Alexander Irvine, "is for men who will match the courage and sacrifice of the soldier by similar courage and similar sacrifice in the realm of theology. Such courage may take a man out of his sectarian compound, but it will lift the souls of men out of the present slough of despond. . . . The hope for religion is big—the hope for the present religious machinery is small! It is courage, then, that is mainly needed, the moral courage represented by the lines—

Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose firm,
Dare to make it known.

Thank God there are certain courageous souls in the Church to-day who are daring to "stand alone." They have caught a glimpse of the new revelation that is dawning upon the world, and are passing it on to their fellows. "This fresh outpouring of revelation," says Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "comes from the source of all knowledge. It need not be a new religion. *Let present religions find room for it, and all will be well. If they do not, it will exist independently and at their expense,* but it will always be associated with the magnificent spiritual conception of the Christ, which can only be realised and made reasonable upon these lines." Sir Arthur is, of course, referring to that spiritual illumination that is to-day being shed on the pathway of groping men and women through the agency of Spiritualism. Psychical research has demonstrated the continuity of life beyond the grave, and the indisputable receipt of countless messages emanating from former denizens of this mundane sphere. And upon these messages has been built up a philosophy of life and death which entirely capsizes much of the traditional teaching of the Church, and brings us face to face with Truth. Even the Church cannot impede the onward march of this God-designed and God-directed movement, and all the powers of Hell itself shall not prevail against it. Its champions are out to win, and the greater the opposition exhibited by the Church the greater will become their determination to succeed. Their objective is the spiritual emancipation of the race—emancipation from the fetters of traditional orthodoxy and the many theological errors which make a veritable burlesque of Him whom we worship as a God of Love, and an intolerable caricature of Christianity as taught by the Christ.

The new revelation, in short, is simply a revival of the teachings of the Master and His apostles, and it is only "new" because those teachings have become so encrusted with theological misconceptions as to be almost unrecognisable. Is the Church prepared to acknowledge this fact? It is now at the parting of the ways, and has either to move forward or for ever cease to be regarded as a reliable spiritual guide for intelligent and enlightened men.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Our "little systems" of Theology may have served a useful purpose in the past, as "broken lights" shedding a faint glimmer on the terrestrial pathway of the children of God, but they have now become "childish things," as Paul expresses it, to every spiritually-illuminated mind, and consequently must be replaced by another and far nobler "system" in conformity with the soul-awakening truths to-day being revealed from the pristine fount of all spiritual knowledge.

Wayside Notes.

Photographing the Invisible.

A phase of psychical research to which greater attention is likely to be devoted in the future is that known as "spirit photography." Remarkably successful experiments have been made in this direction for many years, but the results cannot yet be said to have received scientific endorsement, and until this has been accomplished the general public is not likely to attach much importance to the matter. Evidence, however, is rapidly accumulating which tends to effectually defeat the argument that all such photographs are cleverly-executed frauds. During the past few years, in particular, there has been a small Circle sitting at Crewe, England, for the production of photographs containing one or more of these "psychic extras," as they are called. An investigator, for instance, visits the Circle, and under the most stringent test conditions has his photograph taken,

and when the plate has been developed and a print taken, a clearly-recognised "extra" of a friend in the Other World appears in the picture.

The most notable patron of the Circle to date is Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., the eminent English scientist, who arranged his own test conditions and took with him, and developed, his own plates. The result was that a very distinct photograph of his deceased wife appeared with his own in the print. Lady Lodge was another visitor, and with the picture of herself appeared an "extra" of her gallant boy, Lieut. Raymond Lodge, who was slain on the Somme. Lady Glenconner was also photographed at the Circle, and secured an "extra" of a friend, whilst Lord Kenyon had his deceased stepfather as the companion picture to his own, and Miss Estelle Stead obtained two photos. of her distinguished father.

Hundreds of such photographs, in short, have been taken under circumstances which seem to preclude any possibility of fraud, and quite recently Mr. Hope, the head of the Crewe Circle, visited Glasgow and publicly exhibited many of the pictures with the aid of a lantern, a letter of testimony from Sir William Crookes being also thrown on the screen. An account of the proceedings, written in a very friendly spirit, appeared in the "Glasgow Daily Record," and the writer assures us that "spirit faces appear more or less distinctly on some portions of the plate."

The sceptical mind will naturally find it very difficult to accept these "extras" as what they purport to be, and a whole volume of written argument would fail to shake the position of such a doubter. We shall therefore not essay the task, and will only add for the present that expert photographers, armed with their own cameras and plates, have attended the Circle and been quite satisfied with the results obtained.

Mysterious Transmission of News.

Writing of the swift transmission of news by unknown means, Cyril Campbell and R. M. Bloch, in a recent number of the "Occult Review," give several authentic instances of events being known to aborigines long before the news reached the European residents through the ordinary channels. Buller's defeat at Colenso was known eighty miles away in two hours, and incidents in the native rebellion of 1906 were related to white men at various stations, far from the scene of the conflict, the same day. The massacre at Benin was told by a native to white men on the Gold Coast within two hours, and the loss of the "Victoria" was talked of among the natives before the news was wired out. In another case, a trivial one, a Kaffir boy was attacked by a bull; he defended himself with a crowbar, and in the encounter both boy and bull lost their lives. This happened at 10 a.m. At noon the same day a farmer, residing forty-two miles from the scene of the tragedy, wrote a business letter to a friend, and in a postscript mentioned that: "My Kaffirs are saying your herd-boy stabbed your red Devon bull with a long knife and that both are dead. Hope it is only a Kaffir yarn." It is suggested that this mysterious form of native telegraphy is due to the natives being able to project a vivid image on to the mind of a distant person—a gift or faculty lost to civilised beings. If this explanation is acceptable, it is only another step to impress such an image on a highly sensitised plate and spirit photography ceases to be "impossible!"

The Environment of the Spirit.

Some very interesting and oftentimes illumining information is given at meetings of the London Spiritualist Alliance through the mediumship of Mrs. M. H. Wallis, widow of the former editor of "Light," in which journal the proceedings are re-

ported. On a recent occasion one of the questions was suggested by the fact that perplexity is occasionally caused by some communicating spirits describing their conditions as closely resembling those of earth, while others give a different account of the matter. "Is it a fact," asked the inquirer, "as apparently indicated by many messages from your side, that the immediate stage after death reproduces, more or less in fac-simile, the conditions here—that is to say, it is the interior side of the life of this world?"

The control replied that on the spiritual side of earthly conditions the new-comer was often not thoroughly awakened to his new conditions, and unable to penetrate to the realities. His thought, in association with his memories of life on earth, had the effect of translating his experiences into earthly forms. Such conditions were illusory, but as the spirit advanced in perception he passed beyond this stage and became aware of things as they really were. He would then see that they were not as his undeveloped consciousness at first reported them, while it was clouded by the earth condition. Only to those who were spiritually quickened came the clear realisation of their environment. To spirits who were earth-bound or otherwise undeveloped the fact of death made but little change in their apparent surroundings. The next life appeared to them very much the same as this, simply because the spiritual perceptions were dormant, the mind unable to penetrate to the actualities of the new life. People found very often after death that the houses in which they lived were the materialisation and substantial expression of what they thought and desired.

Continuing—in reply to another question as to the extent to which a man's thoughts and activities in earth life formed his condition in the next—the control said, "Man goes to his own place"—and explained that the home of the arisen spirit was created largely by his own life activities, aided, as a rule, by the efforts of those who in the next world prepared for his coming. The surroundings of the spirit were plastic, being moulded by the life and thought, sometimes unconsciously, and the actual results were not always clearly perceived. The descriptions given by undeveloped spirits were therefore apt to differ considerably from the accounts given by those who, being more advanced, saw with greater clearness the real facts of the case. It was, in short, a question of perception. But it was not easy to explain the matter. It was as if one had to "put one's self outside of one's self" and see and describe something through the eyes of another. As he had said on a previous occasion, this was why two spirits standing in appearance side by side would describe their conditions quite differently, one perhaps seeing only a gloomy and barren landscape and the other a land of flowers and trees, light and beauty.

Ruskin and Guardian Angels.

Ruskin, as most of our readers are aware, in a conversation with Holman Hunt, the painter of the celebrated picture, "The Light of the World," informed the latter that it was the evidence supplied by Spiritualism that convinced him of the reality of the continuity of existence beyond the grave. It is, therefore, interesting to note that in the second volume of the biography of Spurgeon, published by his widow, the following story is given by Mrs. Spurgeon on Mr. Ruskin's authority:—

A widower was in treaty for an old farmhouse in the country for the sake of his children's health. One day he took them to see it, and the young people set off on a tour of inspection. After running about the grounds and examining the house, one of them proposed that they should explore the ground premises. So the merry band went helter-skelter in search of a way below, found a door at the head of some dark stairs, and were rushing down at great

speed, when midway they stopped in startled amazement, for standing at the bottom of the steps they saw their mother with outstretched arms and loving gesture waving them back, and silently forbidding their further passage. With a cry of mingled fear and joy they turned and fled in haste to their father, telling him that they had seen "mother." The astonished father perceived that something unusual had happened. Search was made, and close at the foot of those narrow, gloomy stairs they found a deep and open well entirely unguarded. Mrs. Spurgeons says Mr. Ruskin related the tale with an impassioned tenderness and power, which her pen cannot imitate, as an instance of direct and divine preservation from a dreadful death.

Many of the "boys" who have returned from the front are thoroughly convinced of the reality of the protecting care of guardian angels. They narrate incidents of marvellous escapes, which in some cases occurred with such frequency as to completely destroy their previously-held hypothesis of "coincidence," and nothing can now shake their belief that "there was something else behind it." It has apparently taken the experiences of the battlefield to convince these heroic lads that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Evidently the Psalmist knew all about guardian angels.

The Ecstasy of Flight.

The well-known author and journalist, Mr. Harold Begbie, has experienced the delights of a brief aerial flight, and in the London "Daily Chronicle" describes his sensations. He tells us that his first realisation of the joy of flight was the feeling of safety due to a sense of the solidity of the air: instead of floating in emptiness he discovered that he was being sustained by a dense and powerful element. This was followed by a great sense of elation: everything on earth appeared unimportant. "Nothing seemed real to me except the soul, and the one law of the soul I now knew was freedom—freedom wide as the universe. If my pilot had said to me, 'I am sorry, but something has gone wrong, and we are bound to crash,' I should have answered, 'What does it matter?' For this feeling of the soul's reality, this utter confidence in the immortality of life, was the supreme sensation of my consciousness. . . . I and the universe were one."

This reference to "the solidity of the air" reminds us of the dictum of Sir Oliver Lodge regarding the ether of space—that it is the most solid thing in existence, much more solid than either gold or lead! We do not know whether the ether had anything to do with Mr. Begbie's experiences, but we can quite understand that a "sense of elation" would follow on swift travel through a rarified atmosphere, and that such rapid transit may have a distinct effect in the liberation of the psyche. If this effect can be produced whilst the spirit is still enmeshed in the flesh, what must be the feeling of the emancipated tenant of the physical body when travelling as swiftly as the flight of thought in the ethereal realms? It would be "the more abundant life," indeed! No wonder those who are there are constantly telling us that it is the only real life, and that they specially emphasise the realisation of what Mr. Begbie describes as "freedom wide as the universe!"

Shell-Shock Cured by Suggestion.

The power of suggestion is being found to act with magical effect in the treatment of shell-shock cases in special military hospitals of Great Britain. Experience has shown that the condition of most nerve-shattered soldiers has not, strictly speaking, been caused by the shock sustained from the bursting of any particular high explosive shell. Rather it has been found to be due to a gradual breaking down

of the nervous system under the strain of active service. True cases of shell-shock concussion caused by the bursting of high explosives rarely survive, usually being killed outright.

By adopting a system of intensive moral treatment it has been found that 90 per cent. of the cases of so-called shell-shock are quickly curable. The patients are not required to undergo any special course of massage. They are taken into an atmosphere of hope and optimism, and by methods of suggestion, or persuasion, are gradually impressed with the fact that their condition is largely the effect of imagination. Take, for instance, the case of a man who has temporarily lost the power of speech. A medical officer takes him in hand. He is talked to for hours at a time by the doctor, who has been specially trained for the purpose. The doctor is full of optimism and confidence. He jokes with the patient; encourages him in every possible way, until, in time, the soldier begins to believe that, after all, he can speak, and as a rule once he arrives at this conclusion he actually begins to speak. The same thing applies to a man with a paralysed limb. He is gradually keyed up to the point where he becomes completely convinced that he can use the limb, whereupon he begins in actual fact to move the limb.

Surgeon-General R. H. Fetherston, the Acting Director of Medical Services connected with the Australian troops abroad, devoted a large amount of time when in England recently to a study of these new methods in regard to the treatment of shell-shock cases. He stated, in an interview with a representative of the "Age," Melbourne, that the manner in which the patients were made well again bordered almost on the miraculous. The dumb were made to speak, the deaf to hear, and cripples became whole again. Hypnotism was not employed; it was purely a matter of persuasion. He referred to one case he saw of a man who had a contracted hand. The fingers were tightly clenched, and the man was absolutely incapable of releasing them. He had been in this condition for four years. Within fifteen minutes he was persuaded by Major A. F. Hurst, the officer in command of the Seale Hayne Military Hospital, that it was really a matter of will power for him to unclench his fingers. Convinced, the man brought his fingers into use, and uncovered the palm of his hand. General Fetherston stated that hundreds of similar cases had been treated at the Seale Hayne Military Hospital, which is one of a number of special institutions that have been established in Great Britain for the treatment of soldiers suffering from shell-shock, neurasthenia and allied conditions.

Explaining the methods in operation at the hospital, General Fetherston said that the patients were surrounded by a highly optimistic atmosphere. Everyone breathed a spirit of confidence, and neither the doctors nor nurses would admit for a moment the possibility of failure. Each patient was induced to give his whole confidence to the medical officer in whose charge he was placed. Every case, of course, had to be treated separately, and the doctors remained with a patient from one to three hours at a sitting. Immediately a case yielded to treatment the patient was found some useful occupation, and he was kept at the hospital for two or three months. Of the men treated at the Seale Hayne Hospital over 65 per cent. had been found fit to return to military duty, and only 5 per cent. had been discharged as likely to be unfit for further service in the home forces.

It is somewhat amazing to find that no Australian shell-shock cases have been treated in England. The men have all been sent out to Australia, where the new methods of treatment have not yet been introduced. It is likely, however, as a result of General Fetherston's recent visit to England, that arrangements will be made for any cases now in England to be treated there before being sent back to Australia.

THE LIGHT HORSE STORY.

DETAILS OF STRANGE INCIDENT.

In the December issue of "The Harbinger of Light" was published an extraordinary story about an incident known as "The Riderless Horses of the 8th Light Horse." The details were narrated by an Australian officer, who witnessed the occurrence, and who said that at the very time the men of the Victorian 8th Light Horse—who had been transformed into infantry—were being practically wiped out in the Lone Pine charge at Gallipoli, their horses, which had been left in Egypt, suddenly became restive, and then panic-stricken. "Nothing that we could do would quieten them," continued the narrator, "they pranced around, tugged at their halters as though they had gone mad, and broke loose, one after another, until about 400 of them had stamped into the desert, and it was fully three weeks before the lot were recovered. And the extraordinary fact was subsequently revealed that *only the horses of the men who had been killed bolted.*"

We have endeavoured to obtain corroboration of this remarkable story, and as a result our attention was drawn to a book of breezily told stories, entitled: "The Coo-ee Contingent," published by Cassell and Co., in 1917. The name of the author is not given. One of the chapters is headed, "The Gallipoli Riders," and obviously deals with the incident under notice. The writer describes the circumstances under which one half of the Australian Light Horse were sent to Gallipoli in May or June, 1915, and the remaining half left behind in Egypt to look after the horses. Those who were not selected to go, including the author of the book mentioned, were bitterly disappointed, and the recorder goes on to say:

If there was disappointment among the men it was as nothing to the grief among these poor dumb things. At night they used to neigh softly and start, as they used to when their riders came by—but it only brought a stranger, and they became mighty restive. We went on like that till August, the horses every day getting worse. The night of the third came round, and there was lightning in the air, and over all darkness brooded like a broken-hearted Angel of Death.

At eleven o'clock the horses were getting beyond control. I rang up Headquarters—but they were sleepy there. "Oh, do your best," said an angry voice. "You're an Australian—manage the blasted horses as best you can."

I consulted my sergeant. "No use, sir," he said, "they won't be quiet."

I had an idea. I ordered a turn-out at dawn—that meant men in the lines all night—and "See here," I said, "if they get too restive call them out before."

All went well till three o'clock; preparations moved ahead—no one could sleep; at three the animals became terrified, and the desert sands began to rise like angry waves.

The sergeant came in white-faced. "Sir," he stammered, "those—horses—well, it's the horses of the chaps that are in Gallipoli; they're going mad."

"Very well," I said; "let each man mount his own horse and lead the horse of the man who is gone. But, if they get too restless—well, we'll have to do our best."

We rode out at 3.30. For a mile or so we went steadily. Then the storm rose and lashed the horses' eyes, lightning came over the sky in a manner to terrify them. I heard a noise behind me; my sergeant pulled me on one side. From out the ranks the led horses came dashing; they formed up, riderless, neighing, stamping, foaming at the mouth.

"Let them go!" I shouted, scarcely knowing what I was saying.

They went—a terrific burst of lightning illumined the scene.

Those horses, a host of them, dashed on—and on—and on.

Next morning we collected what was left of them twenty miles away. All day stragglers came back into camp.

And within twenty-four hours the tragic charge of the 8th Light Horse on Lone Pine was known to us, and *the dead horses were equal in number to the dead men.*

Another whisky—no—neat—I'm not religious—and if you think you know any explanation of what happened—keep it to yourself. I have seen what I have seen, and I don't want to see any more."

[We have reproduced this extract because of the great interest displayed in the story by many of our readers. Evidently the author thought there was something very uncanny about the occurrence, and that it was in some way associated with the gallant "boys" who fell in the Lone Pine charge. From the details given above, however, we are unable to establish the connection. The Lone Pine attack referred to took place early on the morning of August 7th, 1915, but the animals were getting beyond control on the 3rd, and bolted across the desert early on the morning of the 4th. The next morning—the 5th—what were left of the horses were collected 20 miles away. The remainder, presumably, died from some unexplained cause—although the author does not specifically say so—"and the dead horses were equal in number to the dead men." The whole thing, therefore, appears to have happened at least two days before the tragic onslaught on Lone Pine Hill. If the dates given are correct, they rob the incident, in our opinion, of any psychic interest it might otherwise have possessed. Had it occurred a few hours after the attack, there might possibly have been some reasonable ground for associating it with what had taken place in Gallipoli, especially in view of the remarkable allegation that the number of horses found dead exactly coincided with the number of men who had been slain at Lone Pine. But is this statement absolutely correct? We require further evidence on that point, and in the meantime are not disposed to "jump to conclusions."—Ed.]

TOMMY ATKINS AND HIS TEACHERS.

I have heard a preacher abuse Tommy in language that would make Billingsgate blush. I have heard another warn him of a hell that yawned in front of him. I have seen an exhorter work himself into tears over the impending doom of two hundred men who were going to the front the next day, and I have seen those same men march out of the meeting as unmoved spiritually as if they had been listening to a lecture on the atomic theory. Was it because they didn't care? No. Was it because they didn't believe what they heard? Not entirely. It was because they had a different and a better conception of God than the preacher had!—"God and Tommy Atkins," by Dr. Alexander Irvine.

HIS LAST SERMON.

"You have preached your last sermon," said one to Frederick Denison Maurice as he was dying. "Aye," he said; "but only my last sermon in *this* life." He believed he was going through the veil to preach to men. I believe it, too, though I cannot prove it—nay, even though there be difficulties in the way of believing it. And many men greater than we are believing it, impelled by the stirring of Divine impulses within.—From "The Gospel of the Hereafter," by J. Paterson Smyth, B.D., Litt.D., D.C.L.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

HIS SPIRITUALISTIC CRUSADE. GREAT INTEREST IN ENGLAND.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the distinguished novelist of world-wide repute, is making all England talk Spiritualism. Dense crowds are attracted by his addresses in all parts of the country, and not infrequently Lady Doyle is with him on the platform, whilst Sir Oliver Lodge is courageously supporting him by declaring—"I can corroborate Sir Arthur's statements out of my own knowledge."

From a report appearing in "The Sussex Daily News," we learn that quite recently Sir Arthur gave an address on "Death and the Hereafter," at the Oddfellows' Hall, Queen's-road, Brighton, by invitation of the Brighton Spiritualist Brotherhood. Sir John Otter, J.P., presided over a crowded audience, and stated that Sir Conan Doyle had been examining and studying certain phenomena, startling, transcending our science, transcending the limits of our intellectual equipment. Of the reality of these phenomena, which were attributed by him and by many others to the agency of the departed, no one who had carefully considered the evidence could have any doubt. There had been mistakes, there had been fraud, plenty of it, but the evidence was overwhelming, in his opinion, that these phenomena could not be explained by fraud, by mistakes, or by physical laws as far as known, and he was a firm advocate for a fervent inquiry into these matters.

What lay beyond the grave? asked Sir Conan Doyle, during his address of absorbing interest, and answered it from the knowledge gained by Spiritualists through communication with those who had departed this life, and which, he intimated, was inevitably always similar in detail. Gradually, after passing away, the dead person drifted out from the body and formed an exact counterpart of itself. St. Paul called it the spiritual body, but nobody but a Spiritualist could understand that. As it stood or floated about in the room, it could see and hear, but could not impress itself upon others. Presently, it becomes aware of other and strange bodies in the room which had not been there previously. These are relatives and friends who have gone before, and are come to welcome it. Then a more radiant spirit comes along, who might be termed the guardian angel, and in whose company they enter into the new life. This new life is ushered in by a sleep which averages five or six days, but was sometimes much longer. As regards the duties of this life, after death they all agree that it is the third sphere—St. Paul called it the third heaven—to which they had been translated, and to which all ordinary good people went. The first and second spheres were not such pleasant places; but in the third the state is of happiness surpassing anything they had ever experienced on earth.

They also agreed that they had work to do there corresponding with what was done on earth. Indeed, the whole of the new life tallied with that passed on earth, but they did not have the ordinary cares of obtaining a livelihood. Uncongenial people also never met; where husband and wife had lived unhappily on earth they did not come together again here. There was no physical pain in any circumstance, but mental pain did exist, and they all agreed that where on earth people thought of them and in particular prayed for them, that formed a cord drawing them closer to us. Everybody was at their best in this new life. Beyond the third sphere or third heaven there were other spheres leading up to the

eternal God of all. Those in the first and second spheres had to be purged until they were fit to rise higher.

Sir Conan Doyle, during other parts of his lecture, said he was in communication with thirty mothers who were in touch with their sons they had lost during the war. Spiritualism, he said, was not to be regarded as a rival to any existing religion, but it was a great truth, in conformity with which all religions would have to be modified and receive new life. His account of his own lengthy researches into the realm of Spiritualism, dating back from his early medical days in 1886, when he was a confirmed sceptic, was highly interesting. It was when the great war broke out that he was impelled to come forward and speak concerning that which he had ultimately realised was the truth.

THE PHENOMENA ARE PROVED.

"Fresh Outpouring of Revelation."

I hesitate to return to the subject of psychic religion. I should like once, however, to state the consecutive propositions which are the most tremendous which have ever engaged the mind of man, and which are, in my opinion, clearly proved with a definite precision which has never before been known in spiritual matters (says Sir A. Conan Doyle, in an article in the London "Daily Chronicle.") A silent revolution has been going on for the last 70 years which now, at the moment of the world's need, reaches a climax and puts religion in the forefront of reconstruction. The propositions are as follows:—

FIRST.—That the *Psychical Phenomena* have been proved beyond the shadow of possible doubt.

Before denying it, let a man read as a general view of the subject Barrett's "Threshold of the Unseen," and as a more particular instance, Crawford's "Reality of Psychic Phenomena." These are recent. Among older books, let him read the Report of the Dialectical Society and the Life of D. D. Home, written after his death by his second wife.

There are literally hundreds of volumes upon the subject, but these four should be conclusive to any man who can appreciate evidence. With such a wealth of material available, it is hardly reasonable for any man to generalise on the strength of some single individual experience.

I repeat, then, as my first proposition, that, in spite of all the excesses which we admit to have been perpetrated by the unscrupulous camp-followers of the movement, the reality of the phenomena has passed beyond the region of argument. Having this firm ground under us, let us advance to

SECOND.—That these phenomena are of no religious value in themselves, but are of vital importance as drawing attention to the messages which are pouring through from some unseen source.

The wonder-seekers, scientific or otherwise, who concentrate attention upon the material phenomena might be compared to a group of men who are so interested in the telephone bell that they forget to take the message which is coming through the wires. In the old days a prophet was expected to produce "a sign" as a guarantee of his supernatural powers and the truth of his message. These phenomena are "the sign." But having done their part they are of minor interest, and it is the message that counts. Let us concentrate therefore upon

THIRD.—THE MESSAGES:

These messages are so mixed up with the phenomena, proceeding often from the same medium and at the same sitting, that the truth of the phenomena goes some way to strengthen our belief in the messages. They are also frequently mixed up with provable details concerning this life which also reinforce their credibility.

If, for example, Raymond Lodge can tell us of a photograph no copy of which had reached England, and which proved to be even as stated, it gives us reasonable ground for belief that he is telling the truth when he describes the conditions under which he actually exists. Or when Mr. Arthur Hill receives messages from folk of whom he never heard, and afterwards verifies that they are true in every detail, is it not a fair inference that they are speaking truth also when they shed a light upon their present condition?

When, on the top of this the general scheme outlined by these messages is in the main very much the same from various sources in different countries, and when we find that it is essentially different from any preceding scheme, then we have another strong argument for its truth.

That the messages are diabolical is a proposition which surely confutes itself. If the devil is engaged in proving that materialism is a fallacy, that life carries on, and that our happiness in the next world depends upon our spirituality in this one, then he is indeed a reformed character.

What do the messages amount to?

They revolutionise, as it seems to me, all our conceptions of death. They teach that what St. Paul calls our spiritual body is the exact counterpart of our present one at its best, that the mind carries on as it was before, and that the Bishop of London expressed it very happily when he said that the man was the same five minutes after death as five minutes before, save that the cloud of illness had passed.

He is in a world which is very analogous to our own, raised as it were to a higher octave, and expressed in terms of ether rather than of denser matter. It is a world of brightness, of intense intellectual activity, of pleasant work, of homely comfort, of sympathetic and loving companionship, all enhanced by the consciousness of God's tender care.

This is the temporary ante-room to something even grander beyond. Such is the normal density of the average human being. For the wicked there are chastening spheres, which should be regarded rather as the hospitals for crippled souls than as places of punishment, though their cure comes through sorrow.

I have no space here to outline all the detailed information collected on this all-important subject, but would refer the reader to Moses's "Spirit Teachings," Stead's "After Death," "I Heard a Voice," by a K.C., "Across the Barrier," by H. C. Dallas, and a host of other witnesses. For a general view of the subject, I know nothing better than Desertis' "Psychic Philosophy," or Mrs. de Morgan's "From Matter to Spirit."

There is the argument in a nutshell. The phenomena are proved. The phenomena guarantee the messages. The messages are a fresh outpouring of revelation from the source of all knowledge. It need not be a new religion. Let present religions find room for it and all will be well. If they do not it will exist independently, and at their expense, but it will always be associated with the magnificent spiritual conception of the Christ which can only be realised and made reasonable upon these lines.

NO DEATH—ONLY A VEIL.

In the London "Evening News" appears an interview with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle by Mr. W. McCartney, under the heading, "There is no Death—only a Veil." Of the famous novelist, the inter-

viewer remarks that "he was reluctant to talk about Spiritualism because, he said, sad experience had taught him that it was not easy to get the subject discussed with reverence."

In the course of the interview Sir Arthur said that he knew thirty mothers who were now receiving direct messages from their sons, and that he had received a letter from a British corps commander who had lost his son, with whom, however, he was now in communication. Referring to the addresses he had delivered in the country, he alluded to the prospect of Spiritualists taking the Albert Hall for London audiences later on. In concluding an ably written description of the interview, Mr. McCartney writes:—

"Sir Arthur speaks to you on this question with the vigour and firmness of the unshakable believer. There is no more obscurity or mincing of words than in the strong, simple English of his books. And when he asks for reverent discussion, he asks in the tone of a man asking not for a favour, but for what is a right."

The interview was reproduced in the "Daily Mail" of the following day, when the "Daily Chronicle" also published an interview. In fact, the leading journals of England appear to be, at last, running after Spiritualistic "copy!"

BEWARE OF FORTUNE TELLERS.

In speaking at a meeting in the Leeds Town Hall, addressed by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, on "Death and the Hereafter," in connection with the Spiritualists' National Union, the chairman, Mr. J. J. Morse, editor of "The Two Worlds," announced that the Union had passed a resolution deploring the tendency on the part of the public to consult fortune-tellers whose claims were often in inverse ratio to their psychic ability. The resolution proceeded: "Whilst it may be helpful to experienced investigators to consult professional mediums, this Union is strongly of opinion that new investigators will be wise to do so only under the advice of experienced Spiritualists, or of a bona fide Spiritualist Society."

SIR ARTHUR LOSES A SON.

We deeply regret to announce that Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle are now enumerated amongst the tens of thousands of others who have been bereaved by the loss of a promising son during the past few years. In their case, however, the bereavement was not due to the war. Mr. A. Conan Doyle developed pneumonia, supervening on influenza, and passed away in St. Thomas' Hospital, London, on October 28th, in his 26th year. Before joining the army he was a student at St. Mary's Hospital. He enlisted in the R.A.M.C. and served in the ranks. In May last under the Army Council instruction permitting ex-medical students to return to civil life to resume their studies, Mr. Conan Doyle entered St. Thomas's Hospital, where he came to be regarded as "extraordinarily brilliant, keen, and hard-working," and where he was practising when he contracted his fatal illness.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the grief-stricken parents, and send them thoughts of comfort and encouragement in the distressing ordeal through which they are passing.

DAMNATION OPTIONAL.

The general synod of the Anglican Church, meeting in Toronto, after a long discussion, has adopted a resolution making optional the use of the Athanasian Creed in the Liturgical service in the revised book of common prayer. The full text of the Lambeth version is to be inserted. This creed damns everybody who does not accept the teachings of this particular church, and not only damns them for a time, but "everlastingly." Yet we are not frightened!

I AM THINKING TO-DAY.

DEATH IN THE LIGHT OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

A PROSPECT THAT INSPIRES.

By Edward C. Randall, Author of "The Dead Have Never Died."



MR. EDWARD C. RANDALL.

[The name of the writer of this article is familiar to the great majority of our readers. Mr. Randall has had a very successful career as a barrister, practising at Buffalo (New York), and for the past 20 years has been a very thorough and painstaking investigator of psychical phenomena. His experiences are recorded in his well-known works, "Life's Progression," "The Future of Man," and "The Dead Have Never Died." The two first-named are out of print. The last-named was published last year, and met with a ready and very extensive sale. Mr. Randall is a lucid and informative author, and there is a peculiar charm about his style that rivets the attention of the reader. Contributions from his pen have from time to time appeared in *The Harbinger of Light*, and in a personal letter covering the accompanying article he is good enough to forward the compliment—"There is no magazine from which I get so much real worth as I do from yours." The above portrait has previously appeared in these pages, but is reproduced in deference to requests made by new subscribers that we should adopt this plan whenever practicable for their especial interest.]

I am thinking to-day, thinking deeply! A dreadful war is being fought most bitterly, and the best of American manhood, with their Allies, fight and die that the world may be free. I seem to see the desolation in France and Belgium, homes destroyed, the dead behind the breastworks, in the open fields, in the low lands, the inhabitants of peaceful villages driven like cattle to slavery, suffering, sorrow, want and misery, and the end has not yet come.

It is Indian summer, brown October. The trees, touched by the early frost, have turned to scarlet and gold, for the autumn is here, and our people have gathered a mighty harvest, to help stay the hunger of the world in conflict. It is a time when

every heart should be filled with the joy of living, but our hearts are not filled with the joy of living, for sorrow is about and among us. Word has just come that two brilliant young men, down our street, just reaching manhood, fell last week in Flanders field. Yesterday, looking from my window, I saw a funeral cortege bearing the body of a splendid college boy, who died in the service, to his last earthly abode. For some days, the only son of close friends a block away has been desperately ill, and this morning he passed to the great Beyond. My daughter lies ill of Spanish influenza, and watching by her bedside, with the bright sun streaming in, I am thinking—thinking over the great problems of life, and dissolution, that change called death.

It is only in the presence of great catastrophes, or the loss of one near and dear, that this change, the most important event of life, is given thought. Mankind fears going out into the after-life, fears all things it does not understand. Dissolution to those who have no knowledge of the after-life must be terrible, and I fail to comprehend why, when the human heart suffers, greater effort is not made to understand this change, find what it is, and get in touch with those who have left this physical world.

Learned men, scientific investigators, have told that there is a life beyond, that those called dead still live, that individuality is not lost, that in another plane, as material as this, differing only in its vibratory condition, they live and develop and improve their mental, moral and spiritual self, that this plane and these people, invisible to mortal eye, see us, hear our voices, and are closer to us than when they inhabited the flesh garment here. Many investigating this subject have told mankind what they have discovered from year to year, have presented facts and proof of facts, and I am thinking to-day why the sorrowing world cannot and does not grasp and comprehend what has been told and proved in this regard. There should be less worship and more individual research.

He being dead, yet speaketh.

I spent twenty years in psychical research work, took the facts that other scientific investigators had discovered, classified them and gave them the same fair consideration that I have given to other subjects. Without fear, preconceived notions, or prejudice, I weighed the evidence, did my own thinking, formed my own conclusions, carried on my own experimental work, and as a result of patient effort, *I came in touch with those the world calls dead, and from them, voice to voice, learned where and how they lived, their daily occupations, their hopes, ambitions and desires*, and it should never again be said,

"The dead know not anything."

The day when men listened, but did not think, is passing away. To the solution of this momentous change, the greatest event in life, some are now giving deep thought. Each should gather for himself all evidence obtainable, consider the facts carefully, make his own deductions, and form his own conclusions, for it is only by individual effort that knowledge is gained. It is an interesting psychological fact that the discoveries made, new facts found and opinions formed by others, are of no help to us, unless we, by study and effort, comprehend and understand such new propositions, so that we make them our own. What other men have accomplished does not help me, without I come to understand the principle involved. This

means individual thinking, individual effort, individual progress, for knowledge is not immediate and without process.

So, if one would comprehend the character and condition of life beyond the physical, he must give to the subject deep thought, comprehend the principle, and know the law by which and through which there can be, and is, continuity of life. Another may enrich us with money and worldly goods, but cannot increase our mentality, understanding or spirituality. This we must do ourselves.

The soft wind stirs the branches and rustles the falling leaves this October day, but in Flanders field the battle still rages. Amid such hail our splendid army, and the armies of the civilised world, fight on, giving their lives to enrich and make the world free. About us and among us the Spanish plague has taken many of our best young men, taken them from camps, cantonments and homes. More will be taken to-morrow. Many go out every day. Each must go some day, and a sorrowing world goes on, hugging misery, allowing this change to darken our lives, when they could, with little effort, come to understand Nature's Divine plan in such progression. Just a little effort, and the door would open, and voices and messages from the living dead come telling of their daily life in the plane where they now reside.

Advantages gained by Death.

And so to-day, I am marshalling the evidence that I have gained that prove to me the continuity of life, weighing over and over the facts, reasoning from point to point, from cause to effect, and from effect back to cause, and by deductions grasping, in some small way, the advantages gained in this great progressive change.

In my research, I accept nothing that does not appeal to reason. I am not interested in tradition or unverified reports of what happened in the dawn of civilisation. I am interested in those vital things that are provable, in what is happening to-day. Through such research, I have obtained satisfactory evidence of the continuity of life. The fear of death, and the sorrow that so crushes the human heart, has passed from me, and I have come to know that dissolution is the most glorious heritage that can come to mankind, for through it we pass to a more complete and comprehensive life. This knowledge has become mine, because I refused to be satisfied with beliefs, beliefs which begin where knowledge ends. At all times demanding facts, proceeding in a sane and cautious manner, I have learned death, so-called, is only progress.

In this day of sorrow and anxiety, I send from my quiet home this message: Read what scientific investigators have said, obtain your own facts and proofs of the continuity of life, do your own thinking, and the door of understanding will open and you will find, as others have found, that *the dead have never died, but live on in another plane as natural and material as this, and know they do not lose their interest in us as they go from us, but still abide with us, enter our homes, witness our grief and love and help us by suggestion.*

Enjoying as they do greater spirituality and advantages for self-development, they work on, as they did here, waiting for and anticipating the time, when we shall join them, when there shall be no more sorrow, neither parting or death.

I am thinking to-day.

We must add to religion—we must add something now that the war has shown us the breakdown of formal religion, when millions of men and women are looking as they never have done before for a sign and a consolation.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In the October number of "The Harbinger of Light" we reproduced extracts from a letter we had the pleasure of receiving from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the gifted and popular American poetess. It was written at Tours, in France, and told of her joyful experiences in the receipt of messages from her husband in the higher life. Since then she has returned to London, and in a letter to our contemporary, "Light," published on November 16th, says:—

"I have been seven months in France, doing my bit of war work in various ways; principally in addressing thousands of U.S. soldiers in camps and hospitals. I went to France last February at a very dangerous time, and spent the first month in air-raided, Bertha-bombarded Paris. *But I knew I was safe, because my instructions to go had come from my lover in astral realms.*

"On October 22nd, 1917 (seventeen months after his departure from the body) my husband sent me messages urging me to go to France. Friends in America have copies of these messages with their predictions of all that awaited me there. All and more came true. On July 30th, my husband began to urge me to prepare to go to London in October. I was then in Tours, and I had fully decided to remain in France until February. But so insistent were the messages that I came here on October 10th. I was assured that great experiences awaited me here and a wide usefulness. I was told that I would be helped, that more light would be given me, and that I in return would be able to help others to know the truth of life eternal and everlasting.

"This truth is the one which Gladstone once said was the most important subject in the world. Everything else is comparatively ephemeral, transitory, and trivial. Life immortal, advancing from sphere to sphere until, after aeons of time, the soul has perfected itself—that is the one topic worthy of profound study. An important phase of that study is communication with our dead. It is from them that all religions have received their knowledge.

"No creed has a particle of foundation, save through spirit revelations. *The Christian religion is wholly based on Spiritualism.* God is no respecter of persons, and He is as ready to give revelations to a devout and patient soul to-day as He was in Bible times. I consider the truths which have been revealed to me since September 10th, 1917, just as important and just as authentic as those given to St. John. I find the best and most cultured and brilliant minds in England wide open to the great psychic revelation which is now dawning on the world. I realise that I am moving in goodly company in my investigations. I can already, after only two weeks here, understand why my husband urged me to spend the winter here.

"Regarding my book, 'The Worlds and I,' which will appear on November 15th in America, and later here, it contains the story of my life from influences before birth to astral-world influences of the present time. It tells the story of my messages in its last chapters; and that story will, I am sure, bring comfort to many a suffering heart in this sorrow-soaked era.

"I am a Theosophist of many years' standing; and my philosophy is opposed to the pursuit of spiritual communication save for high and holy ends. We have no right to call the spirits of our dead to come to us for trivial worldly purposes. We have no right to question them about buying and selling, or other matters wholly of earth. Our own brains are given to us to use for such subjects. Once when, bewildered with business matters, I consulted my husband, he wrote, 'Material things are unimportant. This is not fortune-telling. Fill yourself with God.' *No religious creed, no philosophy, no sermon, no preacher, ever lifted me up so near the Holy Centre where God dwells, or gave me such reverence and faith, as these messages from my beloved.*"

Progress of Personality after Death.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF COMMUNION.

STRIKING SERMON BY MELBOURNE BAPTIST MINISTER.

REV. T. E. RUTH AND SPIRITUALISM.

[A series of outspoken and otherwise significant sermons on "Progress of Personality After Death," has recently been preached by the Rev. T. E. Ruth, pastor of the Collins-street Baptist Church, Melbourne—the leading Church of this denomination in the State of Victoria. There were nine sermons in the series, the last being delivered on December 29th, and the various aspects of the subject dealt with were headed:—"Is Death a Terminus or a Thorougfare?" "Responsibility Carried Forward," "Progressive Memory," "The Truth Behind Purgatory," "With What Body?" "The Possibilities of Communion," "What May We Pray for Our Living Dead?" "The Mercy of Hell," and "All Home at Last." The address reproduced herewith was entitled "The Possibilities of Communion." The church was not merely densely packed on each occasion, but, in order to obtain a seat, it was necessary to arrive a considerable time before the commencement of the service, and there were always many disappointed ones who had to be "sent empty away." This extraordinary response in days when the vast majority of the Churches are but meagrely patronised is, in itself, a thought-compelling sign of the times. An over-crowded church, Sunday after Sunday, is such a rare spectacle that one never looks for it, and when it does by any chance occur, one naturally seeks an explanation of the unique phenomenon. In the instance under notice, the position is self-explanatory. Give the people that for which their souls crave, give them living spiritual truths in the place of dry-as-dust theology, give them bread instead of a stone, and there will not be lacking abundant guests at the feast. It is because this essential spiritual fare is not being provided, apart from very exceptional cases, that the churches are so poorly attended, and they will never be filled until the Church brings itself more into line with the New Revelation that is capturing the laity, by substituting spiritual realities for impossible doctrines and dogmas which have ceased to warp and fetter emancipated souls. The crowded congregations at the Collins-street Baptist Church ought not to be exceptional. They ought to be the rule, and they would be if the pulpit kept abreast of the pew in the matter of enlightened thought and spiritual knowledge.—Ed.]

In a grave-side address in the Birmingham Cemetery, Dr. Rendel Harris said, "This cemetery is the emptiest place in Birmingham." Dr. J. D. Jones associates that remark with the reply of Bishop Westcott to a friend, with whom he was visiting a church. "How empty it is" said the friend. "No," said the Bishop, in a hushed and awestruck voice "It is full." Napoleon, in his Egyptian campaign, pointed to the Pyramids, and said, "Soldiers, forty generations look down on you."

The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews has been conducting us through an ancient cemetery, reading the names and epitaphs of good and great men, patriarchs, prophets and martyrs, and then suddenly he shows that there is another side to the truth that the epitaphs record—"These all died in faith." He declares, with Maeterlinck, "There are no dead," with Rendel Harris, "The cemetery is the emptiest place," with Bishop Westcott, "The church is full," with Napoleon, "Forty generations look down upon you"; he says, "We are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses."

The Apostle lifts our thoughts from the empty cemetery to the crowded tiers of an amphitheatre. That is the literary transition. In the ancient amphitheatres, while the competitors were preparing for the contest, casting from them everything that would hinder their free-running toward the distant goal, the spectators would gather, filling tier above tier, until, to the competitors, the vast multitude of well-dressed people appeared like clouds touched with such varied and gorgeous colourings as are cast on clouds by the rising or the setting sun.

So are we swept from the survey of a cemetery and the reading of epitaphs, "These all died in faith," to the contemplation of a full, vigorous, glorious life and the conviction that "it is not death to die," that, in the words of Dr. Alexander McLaren, prince of Biblical expositors, "Every man that has died is at this instant in the full possession of all his faculties, in the intensest exercise of all his capacities, standing somewhere in God's presence, and feeling in every fibre of his being that life which comes after death is not less real, but more real; not less great, but more great; not less intense and full,

but more intense and full than the mingled life which, lived here on earth, was a centre of life surrounded by a crust and circumference of mortality!

* * * *

It has seemed to me recently that comparatively few churchmen really believe that "Christ has abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel," and that great numbers of men outside the Churches are perfectly sure of certain spiritual realities concerning which the average churchman is either scornfully sceptical or indifferently agnostic, and I have been impressed by the fact that *The Harbinger of Light*, for instance, has been concerned with the practical comfort of mourning multitudes, while ordinary Church papers have been almost as deficient in spiritual consolation and guidance as that dreadful "In Memoriam" doggerel about there being nothing left to answer but the photo on the wall.

I am perfectly certain that we do not take advantage of what has been definitely revealed and unquestionably established. Our loved ones have been taken from the physical plane, away from our physical sight, and we imagine it to be "orthodox" to think of them simply as a cherished memory, perhaps to put flowers on the grave wherein their dust rests, and on the anniversary of their passing to mark in some fashion our undying affection and our hope that in some dim and distant future we shall meet them again; and because we are afraid of being "unorthodox," we drop their names from our prayers, cut ourselves off from all possible communion with them, close the avenues of approach from either side, and deny ourselves the enjoyment of that relationship which is definitely revealed in the sacred Scriptures—for fear that somebody will hiss, "Spiritualists," at us, as though anyone can hiss spiritual realities out of existence.

Neither orthodoxy nor heterodoxy can prevent a progressive revelation—for the other man—here or hereafter. Neither Peter nor Paul, neither Roman priest nor Protestant parson, can take away the keys that God has given to every creative personality. The living man is alive for evermore. All that dies is the shell in which the person was encased. All that is

buried is the dust of the house he tenanted. He survives, his personal self, the thinking, feeling, willing entity survives, and is here—*here now*. *Our beloved living dead encompass us as an encircling cloud of witnesses in the actual theatre of our being*. We have apostolic authority for that invisible reality. And for an amazing complementary truth. The Apostle did not believe that death meant cessation of communion. He did not believe that heaven was any more closed to earth than earth is closed to heaven.

"We are"—not we shall be—"we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," and "Ye are come"—not ye shall come when you have shuffled off this mortal coil, but "Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the City of the Living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, the general assembly and church of the first-born, who are enrolled in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

That is the real meaning of worship. We enter into the citizenship of the heavenly Jerusalem, into fellowship with angels, into communion with the spirits of just men made perfect. The actual content of the Apostolic conception of worship is much more than that what we call evangelical. It is catholic, with a small "c." It is—for want of a better word—spiritualistic, with a small "s." Worship, according to this writer, is full of holy wonder. In the worship of the Everlasting God, in the adoration of the Risen Christ, there is also commerce with the holy angels and with the living dead.

"One family in Christ we dwell,
One Church, above, beneath."

* * * *

This heaven-earth, earth-heaven communion and inter-communion is, of course, the very soul of revelation. Creation itself is a spiritual deposit. Man is an output of life and light and love—made in the image of God, person as He is Person, spirit as He is Spirit. Everywhere, in everything, and always, the spiritual is implied. Without the spiritual, the universe is but a magnificent mansion without a tenant, a theatre without a spectator, a temple without a worshipper.

From the remotest times, in all places, in every stage of culture, from the least even unto the greatest, men have believed this to be a spiritual universe. The superstition of the savage, the intuition of the poet and the philosophy of the sage certainly have this in common. Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Jews, peopled every section of Nature with spirits. The gods of the heathen were devised to represent ideas of the mysterious spirits which tenant the earth, rule the elements and preside over the destiny of the race. This is an instinct that belongs to us as children of the Eternal. The little child, without asking questions, is sure of it. The greatest scientists of our day, after asking innumerable questions, are as sure of it as a little child. In the dim twilight, spirits have been seen, and in the high noon of civilisation.

And this is in accord, not simply with stray passages from one Epistle, such as we have just quoted, but in strictest accord with the principles, with the methods, with the purposes, and with the ministry of the Christian revelation. Angels—ministering spirits—are associated with the garden in Genesis and with the City in Revelation, and with all the patriarchs and reformers, the prophets and the martyrs, the apostles and pioneers in all the vast literature of life we have gathered into the library of the Bible. And there are not fewer ministering spirits to-day than at the beginning. Surely it was not the intention of Christ, Who opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers, to close the kingdom

of the earth to all the angels because the canon of Scripture was said by certain ecclesiastics to be closed. If spirits appeared to Abraham, surely there is no reason why they should not appear to, say, Sir Oliver Lodge. If spirits appeared to Moses and the publicists of Israel, why should they not appear, say, to Mr. W. T. Stead? If spirits fought for Joshua, why should they not appear to, say, soldiers at Mons?

There may be, of course, diverse interpretations of the same event. "Some said it thundered, others that an angel spake to Him." *But if you rule out of your Bible supernatural or supernormal appearances, and enterprises that found their genesis and inspiration in such spiritualistic guidance, you have little or nothing left of the holy venture of faith, of the actual emancipation of men and nations, of the light of Old Testament Law, the reality of Old Testament religion, the glow of Old Testament literature, the passion of Old Testament prophecy, the lilt of Old Testament song: and you have rid the New Testament of the Annunciation, of angel anthems, of the story of the shepherds, of the Transfiguration, of the mystic ministry of Gethsemane, the Rose Garden of God, of the rolling away of the stone, of the angel occupancy of the tomb, of the actual appearance of the Resurrection body of our Lord, of His Ascension, of the angel promise of His spiritual return, of appearances of inspiration to Paul and Silas, of emancipation to Peter, and much of the revelation that came to the Seer of Patmos and other founders of our faith who "endured as seeing Him Who is invisible."*

It is a very poor, anaemic Bible that you have left if you rid it of the reality behind spiritualistic philosophy, and if you cut out all that it records of the reality behind the claims of spiritualistic phenomena. And if you say that what was true in Bible times is not true to-day, you mean, I suppose, either that God has ceased to speak or that He has adopted some method of speaking that makes the Bible obsolete, or that man has ceased to be a receptive soul, which means that the Christian religion has failed. I believe that what is written is but type and pattern of what is now happening—that God is still revealing, that man is still receiving, that heaven and earth are still in close association, that there is still commerce with the skies, that human ships still sail through infinite oceans, that men still have communion with the living dead, that ministering spirits are still sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.

* * * *

I have never attended a seance or a Spiritualistic Society meeting of any kind, I have never consulted a medium, I have no personal experience of automatic writing, but life is becoming to me like Tintoretto's picture of Paradise with its vast canvas crowded with angel faces—angels everywhere, all angels. Behind the first angels which you see at the first glance, others fainter, further in, but wondrous fair; and behind these more angels again. The more you look, the more angels you discover, until the great idea of the picture seizes you, and you stand reverently gazing into the angel-filled deeps of eternity, from the glory on the outer face to the glory that is further in and in and in, without measure and without end. And herein, of course, the Bible is like life. The more you look into it, the more ministering spirits you see. See deeply and you see divinely.

Another picture—one of the finest in the world—is that of the Madonna de San Sisto, at Dresden, which depicts the Infant Saviour in the arms of His Mother, surrounded by clouds, clouds that attracted no special attention until the accumulated dust of centuries was removed, and then the clouds were found to be composed of myriads of angel faces. Perchance all the clouds are made up of

angel faces, but the faces are hidden by the dust. The dust of the conflict is in our eyes, and the very angels seem like clouds to us. But we are compassed about with a cloud of witnesses.

I repeat that I have never attended a seance, never consulted a medium, never seen any automatic writing, and I want to say, most emphatically, that such things have no personal attraction for me, but I am not prepared to take the word of an opponent who has never given any study to the subject against the testimony of Sir Oliver Lodge, who is a painstaking and scientific investigator. I am not prepared to say that a man who admits himself to be prejudiced against it is likely to know as much about the subject as, let us say, Sir William Crookes, Sir William Barrett, Judge Edmunds, Admiral Moore, Archdeacon Wilberforce, or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and many other trained experts.

The possibilities of self-deception need not be denied. They obtain in every department of religious thought. The history of the Second Advent Movement for nearly two millenniums, and even in recent times, is an instance of this—the prophecies of Butler and Dimpleby and others, which the passing of time has proven false. Mediums can be frauds, of course. So can priests and parsons. And there may be—there undoubtedly are—false spirits. “Beloved,” says the Apostle John, “believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God.”

It strikes me that seances and table-tilting and automatic writing should only be regarded as a sort of church-bell before the service, and, as far as I am concerned, I do not need the church bell. I do not know that any medium, any materialisation, any automatic writing is necessary to awaken my faith. And if I may advise you, I would say, Do not spend your time in the belfry—the inner sanctuary is open. You do not need so much the help of the other person to enter into fellowship with your own living dead. In your time of devotion to God, in the spirit of expectancy and in silence, silence which is the very best medium, enter into fellowship, into spiritual fellowship,

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

Believe that, and you can say:—

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea,
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.
I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

* * * *

Our living dead are not removed from us by immeasurable leagues of space. They were not carried by the angels into some vague and distant heaven, far, far away. The separation is on our side, not on theirs. The very din of our conflict is caught up in the music of unseen choirs. This idea gripped the imagination of the early Church. The first Christians felt that, though unknown, they were well known, they believed that the little stage on which they played had all heaven for its theatre. They heard the flutter of angel wings, and saw the glorified watching them with eager eyes.

The saints of Christ have still
Part in our joy and ill:
Keeping all our steps in view,
Guiding them, it may be, too.

“Without us,” says the Apostle, “without us they are not made perfect.” Your living dead are not shut up in a sort of epicurean paradise, feasting at royal banquets, basking in sunny meadows, finding their happiness in forgetfulness of the strife and struggle they left behind and in forgetfulness of you. The blessedness is a bigger thing than blind forgetfulness

and stifled sympathies. *Your soldier son, your soldier husband, your soldier lover, thinks of you, loves you, ministers to you.* Men who left their work unfinished think of those who carry it on. The mother who prayed for her child has not ceased to pray because she beholds the Face of Him Who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Those who have loved long and constantly cannot be satisfied in any Paradise without their loved ones. “They without us cannot be made perfect.” *Their hearts beat with the old affections. The old home is dear to them, and the old Church. The old interests thrill them. They watch and applaud the struggles of their fellows still on the stage. They have joined the great cloud of witnesses. And we may commune with them. Their Christ is our Christ.*

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit may meet,
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

“There are two worlds,” says Oliver Wendell Holmes, in “Over the Teacups.” “There are two worlds—a Lower and a Higher, separated by the thinnest of partitions. The Lower World is the World of Questions; the Higher World is that of Answers. Endless doubt and unrest here Below; wonderful, admiring, adoring, certainty Above.”

Yes, there are two worlds, but they are so intimately related, the communion between them is so real, we so completely belong to both, that to the soul of us they are one—the soul knows no partition—the Higher World is here, the world Above has brought the very quality of aboveness into our consciousness, so that we say with Francis Thompson:—

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!
The drift of pinions, would be hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;
Turn but a stone and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But when so sad thou canst not sadder
Cry; and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo! Christ walking on the water,
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

Yes, the drift of pinions beats at our own clay-shuttered doors. Let us hearken. Let us turn our estranged faces to the many-splendoured thing. Let us open our hearts to the traffic of Jacob's ladder. Let us see Christ, not in Galilee, nor only in Heaven, but here and now. “We would see Jesus.”

THE ADDRESSES IN BOOK FORM.

Our readers will doubtless be gratified to learn that the series of addresses enumerated in the introductory comments at the head of this contribution is being published in book form under the title—“The Progress of Personality after Death,” being “An attempt to say a good word for God.”

The address herewith published will undoubtedly lead many to long for further instalments of this refreshing and soul-inspiring literature, and they may rest assured that in perusing the volume to be published by M. L. Hutchinson, 305 Little Collins-street, Melbourne, at the end of this month, they will be partaking of a feast of good things concerning many of

the problems pertaining to death and the life to come that are to-day uppermost in the minds of a vast and increasing number of thoughtful men and women.

It is therefore with great pleasure that we commend this book to public notice, and we confidently bespeak for it a ready and extensive sale. The price is 4s. 6d., postage 4d. Orders may be sent at once to the office of "The Harbinger of Light," 117 Collins-street, Melbourne, and the books will be despatched immediately they are available.

"NO DEAD AT ALL!"

Striking Tribute from the Pulpit to Psychical Research.

Preaching on a recent Sunday at St. Jude-on-the-Hill, Hampstead Garden Suburb, London, from the text, "But some will say, How are the dead raised, and with what body do they come?" (1 Corinthians xv., 35), the Rev. B. G. Bouchier, M.A., said that the Church must now definitely abandon the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. He had read Job's affirmation that "in my flesh shall I see God." But those of his hearers who were acquainted with Hebrew would know that what Job really said was the very opposite. What he affirmed was, "Out of my flesh shall I see God." The body was dissolved into its constituent elements—only the spirit survived. Their dead were not in the countless graves on the Western front where he had seen the very cemeteries blown up and the buried bodies scattered to the winds. Their dead were around them in that sanctuary—in fact, there were no dead at all.

The preacher concluded with an eloquent tribute to the pioneers of psychic research, to whom, he said, the Church owed an incalculable debt. Some, at all events, were seated among his congregation, and their knowledge, as profound students of the subject, was probably much superior to his. Knowing, as he did, that the Church must alter her whole attitude towards these subjects, if she was to retain her hold upon the intellectual life of the country, he publicly thanked those who had done so much to bring home the great truths of psychic research to the minds of religious men and women.

SORROW AND TRIUMPH.

In "Sonnets of Sorrow and Triumph," Ella Wheeler Wilcox pays a tender tribute to the memory of her departed husband. These poems breathe throughout the atmosphere of a deep, undying affection; they tell of the sense of the emptiness of life and all the varying moods which followed the first shock of bereavement, and they close with the note of triumphant assurance:—

"I stand victorious at the longed-for goal,
With open vision where I once was blind,
And cry aloud to every suffering soul,
Pray without ceasing—seek and ye shall find.
Though science sneer, and school and church condemn
Your dead dwell near—you may commune with them."

I find the most intense earnestness everywhere among the audiences, and at Nottingham last night, for instance, more people were outside the hall, unable to find room, than were inside. To me "The New Revelation" is beyond question. My book under that title has been published only a few months, yet this new religion has made great bounds forward. And we shall bring the proof to millions of people.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

Another Second Advent Message

We have received for publication another Second Advent message, written automatically through the hand of a young lady, the daughter of the widow of a Church of England clergyman, who resides in Melbourne. The previous message was received on November 25th last, and was published in the January issue of this journal. It was the first of a second series of such messages—the first series being reproduced in these columns two years ago—and after referring to the approaching second coming of the Master, it concluded with these words:—

"Do not, all ye who listen, expect this in the twinkling of an eye. It comes with rapidity to our vision, but to you who know not true time as it is—to you it shall not appear to be so rapid, but He is now near you, as you shall see Him—Him Who is everlasting, never changing, Who brings in His hands love and peace. Love ye all one another, and this shall help Him in the boundless work of His love. Thy powers shall increase. Powers of the Spirit shall He bestow upon you—all ye who desire it. Remember our words of help, and do, in all, thy best, and so work with us for our Lord. For He cometh—He cometh!"

The second message was received about three weeks ago—about seven weeks after the receipt of the first—and was as follows:—

JAN. 11, 1919.

The harmonious chords of peace and love are beginning to quiver with the touch of the Mighty Hand, and they shall vibrate and respond throughout the whole universe until all shall be in accord. The whole instrument is being attuned to the one great keynote of the Ruler. That keynote is Love and Charity. Charity suffereth long and is kind. Hath not He suffered long the ills of the world and those who dwell therein? But, yea, He is kind, He crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercy, for all must be brought into the realms of love.

The proud shall be cast down. Blest shall those be who are of an humble spirit, for the meek shall inherit the earth. Humble yourselves, and be ye doers of the Word, not hearers only, for words without works shall bring forth nought.

Countless throngs shall pass to and fro to the earth plane, assisting with their power to draw souls into the light—yea, into the desire for light. They surround thee all. In the night watches the souls of men meet with the souls of the leaders here, to speak and guide on to the eternal way. While the body slumbers, the soul slumbers not, but reaches far into eternity, according to the state of the progression of the soul. The awakening of many slumbering souls is taking place, but not with rapidity, for in many cases slowness maketh sure.

When He is at hand, there shall be a ringing of bells—mystical and material—but there shall be no clashing of sounds, but harmonising strains, such as will exalt the feelings of the most youthful and aged, for it shall cause the souls to be lifted up to the heights of the eternal, and each shall thrill with a melody of tranquil peace and love.

Set a watch before thy lips, all ye who have the gift of speech. Yea, let thy words be all unto the glory of the Most High. Humanity is frail, and the trials of earth are many. Yea, we know this, but each time souls overcome, the more strength is gathered for the trials which follow.

Yea, we can only give forth a little at present, but later shall we again be sent forth to minister.

THE TWELVE O'CLOCK WAR BELL

PRAYERS FOR "OUR SPLENDID MEN."

By Rev. Canon F. J. Meyrick, M.A.

[A correspondent at Maritzburg, Natal, South Africa, has been good enough to forward to us a copy of a religious magazine, entitled, "St. Peter's Bells," published in the city named, and from which the accompanying contribution by Canon Meyrick, M.A., is taken. In explanation, our correspondent states:—"At twelve o'clock every day bells are rung and hooters sounded, and every person stands still just where he, or she is, and every vehicle is stopped, and a prayer is offered for our boys at the front, whilst the children run into the churches if they are near. "The Midday Pause," as it is called, varies in length of time. For instance, here in Maritzburg it is one minute; in Johannesburg it is a quarter of an hour; and so on; but it always begins at twelve." The correspondent adds: "I should like to say how much we look forward to the arrival of *The Harbinger of Light*. It is such a splendid magazine for propaganda purposes, and I always pass my copy on to anyone interested."—Ed.]

Many an anxious parent is seeing visions by day and dreaming dreams by night. Often the vision or the dream is a horror, haunting and terrible. Often, thank God, it is something very lovely and full of comfort.

Many of us, whose dear ones are, by day and night, flung into the midst of so many and great dangers, will be reminded by this dream of the great spiritual Forces, who, acting for God, become a boy's shield and buckler in the hour of battle.

God, the Father of us all, wishes to do the best, the very best, for all His sons. Even if He asks His son "to leap the golden stile," it does not mean that the mother's prayer or the child's prayer has been unheard. On the other hand, who can measure the power of prayer in protecting those who are dear? Prayer is the appeal of Love for a loved one.

How beautiful it is to see little children creeping into Church and quietly kneeling in a "War Corner." These children love their "Daddies," and they know God loves them, so they just say, "Please God, take care of Daddy"—love appealing to Love for a loved one.

And if the mother's beautiful dream is a comfort and an inspiration, it is also a rebuke. Those dear boys in the firing line are doing their bit for me and my home. What am I doing for them? Perhaps I cannot do much, but I may ask God to keep them very near to Him. I may ask Him, if it be His will, to bring them home again. I may ask Him, I must ask Him, that when peace comes, those who survive may return home to an England that is worthy of the men whose lives have been so gloriously offered, and of the women who have so cheerfully, even proudly, endured the heart ache, who in some cases have received wounds which time will never heal.

Read the mother's beautiful dream. Pray for all who are anxious and bereaved. Pray for the sailor and the soldier. Pray for our English homes.

Don't let the protecting "Prayer Shadows fade away."

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

I had gone to sleep full of thoughts of the war, for my boy was in the trenches in France, and was rarely out of my mind, and this beautiful dream came to me, and has been a great help ever since.

In my dream I was in France, with some one at my side, who seemed both companion and guide, although I never saw who it was all the time, and do not even know if it was a man or a woman. We seemed passing through the air, and it was misty all around, so that I saw nothing, although I was

conscious of its being another country. Suddenly my companion said in a quiet voice, "There are the trenches," and I found that the mist was gone, and just before, and rather below us, were the very lines of trenches that we had pictured to ourselves so often of late.

Yes; there they were, and the men were in them, waiting and watching, while guns were firing and shells were bursting all around. A great horror and pity took possession of me, as I saw all these young bright lives in deadly peril, and I was filled with a great longing to do something to protect them from these terrible dangers. Just then I saw what I had not noticed before, that all along the parapet of the trenches was a long line of shadowy figures, that sometimes seemed to be actual men and women, and sometimes merely shadows or mist forms. In front of some of the men were many more than others, but all had some, and I distinctly knew that they were protecting the men from the dangers all round them, although they seemed so dream-like and unsubstantial.

"What are those shadows in front of the men?" I cried to my companion, and I knew what the answer would be before it came. "They are the prayers of those at home," was the reply, and I felt a thrill of joy and shame, for how few and weak had been my prayers, and yet they meant so much.

We stayed a long time, and to my grief and pain I saw that the line of Prayer Shadows was fading away, and in some places the men were left without any protection at all.

"What can we do?" I cried; "is no one praying at home?" But at that moment there seemed to be a movement in the air, and a slight rushing sound coming nearer and nearer, and my companion spoke softly and yet with a tone of intense relief—"It is 12 o'clock, and the children are coming"; and hosts and hosts of little shadowy forms came from everywhere, and the line in front of the trenches was thicker than before, and the men were protected again! The relief was intense, and I awoke.

A MOTHER.

"SAYINGS OF A SEAMAN."

More About Prayer.

[The attached contribution has just come to hand from Mrs. Harper, who was closely associated with the late Mr. W. T. Stead, and was one of the "inner circle" in his psychical investigations. She is the mother of Miss Edith K. Harper, author of "Stead, the Man," and her notes of sittings with her gifted daughter form an appropriate supplement to the foregoing references to the power of Prayer.—Ed.]

Sir Oliver Lodge has probably done more than anyone to draw serious attention to the use of the table for inter-communication between the two states of consciousness, or the "Two Worlds." Some persons affect to consider the table a trivial and undignified method for such inter-communication. If this be so, I can only reply to such persons that the telegraph, the wireless, flag signalling, and all methods in which the Morse code, or any other code, is employed, must rank also as "trivial" and "undignified," etc.

It would be well were thoughtless folk to pause before betraying a curious and limited mental outlook by flinging epithets at what they do not understand. A message through the table has poured balm into many a despairing heart, and on those who know what may thus be done, the foolish talk of objectors falls as harmlessly as a dry leaf on a block of granite.

Another peculiarity of certain wiseacres is their assertion that "They never tell you anything." It is quite understandable that "they" do not attempt to infuse light into wilfully obscured minds, but for those who, with patience, quietness, and loving kindness, approach the portals of the Unseen there is no turning "empty away."

It is interesting to notice the great stress our more highly-evolved friends in the Unseen lay on the beneficial effects of Prayer, and none have more insistently emphasised this than "A Seaman." Again and again he has said at our little sittings (my daughter and myself alone), "Help us by constant prayer! Never forget prayer! Prayer is the life-breath of the Soul," he recently told us, at the same time saying: "I want you to learn the mighty power of thought. It is as the tides to a seaman."

Of faith he tells us sometimes to have "more." "Faith is the magic wand." "Love is all in all." "The world is grey for lack of love." Asked whether he knows more than we do about how this world was made and the stars, he answered: "You would not understand. . . . He (referring to a certain writer on this subject) tells of the machine; we feel the power that drives the stars. All love helps." "Even to drive the stars?" "Yes."

Of a "lily field" in the Unseen he told us, when I inquired "What colour are the lilies?" "All colours lilies ring like bells." He often says: "I heal and bless. . . . I draw healing from flowers, trees, water."

Another explanation of the benefit of Prayer is: "It makes a network of light."

Ever since the beginning of this pitiless war our friend has from time to time given us messages of hope and encouragement. Of hope when the days looked dark on the western front, and few were optimistic. "Have faith," he would say. "Did I ever tell you wrong?" "I see the dawn," and on the eve of a victory he would say: "Good news coming," and always in the following morning's paper would be the "good news."

On the evening of 25th September, 1918, "The Seaman" suddenly announced a coming storm in the war zone by the startling message: "The whirlpool is gathering together its deepest currents. Woe to those who are nearing the vortex."

I need not point out how this "gathering together" has come to pass. The whole world knows it. And all these things have been told us through the table, and by the Morse code of a dear friend within the thin veil which divides this world from the other, in our way of speaking, but "The Seaman" says: "It is all one life in one world."

MARSHAL FOCH AND PRAYER.

A writer in "The Month," a new Auckland magazine, states that Marshal Foch, Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the north, is a fervent Catholic as well as a fervent fighter. Above all, he is a prayerful man. He is convinced that "God sends him ideas" when applying his high technical knowledge to the problems of the war. On one occasion, previous to an important engagement, he went to the priest, shook his hand warmly, and said to him before his staff, "Father, as I told you this morning, we are to make our supreme effort in arms to-morrow. Do you also make your supreme effort in prayer. All my trust is in God."

A LOST WORLD.

By "Investigator."

Fifty years ago! How brief a period it seems, and yet how much in the interval has science accomplished! Fifty years ago! The history of the earth, according to Cuvier, Flourens, Hutton, and Warner, is a succession of terrible events and revolutions, of frightful catastrophes, whilst an eminent French naturalist, Alcide d'Orbigny, enumerates twenty-seven cataclysms destructive of animal and vegetable life. But these ideas are no longer admitted. It is now known, beyond doubt, that no such event as a complete and instantaneous destruction of a fauna and flora, succeeded by a sudden appearance of a new fauna and flora, ever occurred.

Dr. Beverly Randolph, in his work, "Pre-Adamite Man," writes:—"Upon geological, astronomical, and other grounds, I have reached the conclusion that about 58,600 years ago, a planet of this system, then revolving on its axis in an orbit between Mars and Jupiter, burst asunder—scattered into a million fragments."

Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, has compared the earth to a vast powder magazine, liable to be blown into fragments at any moment.

Quoting from the book, "Oahspe," it is recorded:—"The earth floats in the midst of a vortex, the outer extremity of which is beyond the moon. Things fall not to the earth because of the magnetism therein, but they are driven towards the centre of the vortex. The earth's vortex is a sub-vortex, existing within the sun's vortex; Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and so on, are corporeal worlds, and each and all are within the sub-vortices within the sun's vortex. Were the earth's vortex to break, the earth would be precipitated into dissolution under ordinary conditions. But were the earth's vortex to be swallowed in the vortex of another planet, then the earth would be precipitated as a globe into such planet."

Here we have evidence that cataclysms have occurred, and are occurring, in other systems than ours throughout the vast universe. Now, the question that would naturally occur to the minds of all deep thinkers is, what, in the event of a planet becoming a dead world, or suddenly hurled out of being as a habitable globe, would become of the spiritual spheres surrounding such globe?

[The point raised by our contributor is interesting. At the same time, we cannot see any connection between the destruction of a physical world and the continued existence of the spirit spheres surrounding it. The existence of such spheres can hardly be considered as dependent upon the terrestrial globe they encircle. A violent explosion may some day blow the earth to atoms, but we do not think that any such catastrophe would have any effect upon its spiritual environment. It is the spiritual that is the real and abiding, whereas the material is transient and subject to decay. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." That is how St. Paul expresses it. F. W. H. Myers, the eminent Cambridge Professor, and author of the monumental work, "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death," advances the same truth in these words—"That the world of spiritual life does not depend upon the existence of the material world, I hold is now proved by actual evidence. That it is in some way continuous with the world of ether, I can well suppose."—Ed.]

Twenty motor ambulances—enough to equip an entire sector of the American Expeditionary Forces—is the splendid result of the vigorous campaign inaugurated and carried on through the columns of "The Progressive Thinker," by its editor, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader. We congratulate our contemporary on this very gratifying result of its strenuous and enthusiastic efforts.

I have been on this quest for thirty years, and I say we have the revelation that the link is not broken, and we must carry it throughout the country as the new religion. It is the greatest revelation for two thousand years.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THE MYSTERY of MOUNT ARARAT

INVISIBLE ARMIES IN COMBAT.

In 1878, after the Russo-Turkish War and the famous Treaty of Berlin had remodelled the maps of Turkey and of Russia, two friends, Mr. Schuver and Mr. Edmond O'Donovan, who had been war correspondents throughout the campaign for London journals, set out from Constantinople on a journey of adventure in the Asiatic wilds. During the war Mr. O'Donovan, who pursued his journey as far as the Central Asian oasis of Merv, had been much at Kars and at Erzeroum, and while in these fortress towns had doubtless heard many strange stories of the haunted mountain, whose snow-clad crest is almost within sight of either city.

Being above all things an adventurous spirit, he determined to investigate for himself the mysteries of the sacred hill. He wished, if possible, to reach its summits, which, it was alleged, was a feat hitherto unaccomplished, and to inspect the ancient tomb that tradition placed in the midst of the eternal snows. He found no difficulty in inducing Mr. Schuver to accompany him.

They were resolved to test in so far as might be the sources of the evil reputation of Ararat; and, in order that they might not be exposed to the falsehoods born of local superstitious tradition, they took with them as attendants men from a wholly different part of the country. Their chief henchman, indeed, was an Albanian ex-brigand. His name was Christopheros, of whose attack upon these friends and myself I have written elsewhere. Their other helpers were Circassian Kurds, whom they had imported from the plains of Mesopotamia, and who, therefore, could have no knowledge of Ararat or its local history.

It was the Albanian ex-brigand who first succumbed to some occult influence which inspired in his stout heart a creeping sense of dread. And then one by one the rest of the party fell victims to a similar sentiment. They discussed this development freely among themselves, and, comparing notes from time to time throughout the night, found that to all the manifestations were the same.

"First," said Mr. Schuver, "there was borne in on them a knowledge that they were surrounded and overlooked by beings to them invisible, then through the darkness on every side strange lights flashed and glowed and disappeared. And then they could see, as it were, gleaming eyes attached, it would seem, to no tangible form shining at them from the peaks around, and these approached nearer and nearer to them with horrid, slow persistence, and when within a yard or two, and a sort of thicker darkness could be seen behind them, became blotted out."

Then there came to them noises of distant battle, whose phases of varying intensity they could define from the approach, and again the remoteness of the clash of weapons and the frenzied voices of the combatants.

The Din of Battle.

To men like Schuver and O'Donovan, used to savage war in all its phases, there could be no mistaking these sounds of onslaught. After a while the battle din made itself heard so close to them and so furious that it seemed as though the final stage of a great fight and a signal defeat was being enacted around the cleft where they lay, and before their unseeing eyes. Soon it ceased to be any longer a battle, and developed into what was obviously a ruthless slaughter of the vanquished and of the wounded on the field, and yet later of the families of the defeated. They were able to distinguish the imploring cries of women and children from the voices of men, and they could mark the wild and horrible shrieks that marked the murder of each unhappy victim.

Until now these gruesome manifestations had been merely aural, and they had seen nothing more material than the flickering lights and gleaming eyes, and those thickened, semi-opaque patches of darkness that followed behind them. But now, according to each of my informants, an even more inexplicable and ghastly development revealed itself. There was no moon, and the stars were veiled, and yet little by little the night around them became semi-luminous, until they could plainly distinguish each beetling crag and ragged peak and pinnacle that fringed the wide ravine, along which now passed before them, veiled and shadowy, what appeared to be a numerous company of fugitives pressed in close masses, and hurrying towards the potential shelter of the lower and scrub-grown slopes of the mountain. They could hear the urgent beating of many feet among the rocks; they could hear the scattering of stones and the rumble of displaced boulders, and as this semi-visible throng raced past the place where they lay it seemed that they could even distinguish the sobbing breathings of a host panting in exhaustion.

Following close upon this ghastly band there came a great clattering of horses' hoofs, and now, for the first time, they were able to plainly distinguish objects that passed before them. Here, indeed began the weirdest phase of the night's doings. A great body of mounted men, helmeted, mail-clad, and armed with spears, dashed with much noise past their retreat, not along, strange to say, the bed of the ravine, but amid the broken rocks and needle spires that crowned its sides. Hoarse and savage shouts broke from the throats of these spirit warriors as they rode, and calls and questions in some unknown tongue passed among them.

As they gazed on this unaccountable spectacle, a horseman detached himself from his fellows, and rode directly towards their cleft beneath the crag. So real was the apparition that first the Albanian, and then Schuver and O'Donovan, drew their revolvers from their belts in preparation for an attack, but, as had been the case in each former manifestation, the spectre, if such he was, vanished when within but a few yards of them. He reappeared again, however, this time hurling his horse in a wild gallop from one rocky spur to another, and brandishing the huge spear he carried. It was not, indeed, until the night was well nigh spent that this wild warrior left the ravine, and the first grey of the dawn was coming ere the noise died away.—"Good Words."

AN AGNOSTIC CONVERTED.

A Tasmanian subscriber writes:—

"I have been a subscriber to 'The Harbinger of Light' for two years, and since reading your valuable journal my views have changed, insofar as prior to that I was a pronounced agnostic, whereas now, I am thankful to say, I am a thorough believer in Spiritualism, and dear old Dr. Peebles is my beau ideal!"

It is such testimony as this that is a very encouraging feature of our work.

TO THE CASUAL READER

If you are merely a casual reader of this Journal—perhaps a friend sends you a copy now and again—it would afford us much pleasure to add your name to our Roll of regular Subscribers.

The rates of subscription will be found in our advertising columns. New subscribers commencing with this number, will be sent the January issue free of charge, if desired.

Books, Reviews and World Exchanges

By Dr. Isidore Kozminsky.

"Science Grounded Religion," of August, has an interesting article on "God Belief and Horrors of the Crusades." The misery of this result of wrong thinking and fanaticism is faithfully presented, and makes sad reading. "How pitiable!" writes the author. "Why did not the so-called omniscient and omnipresent 'Lord of Hosts,' who sent them to wage His holy war forewarn and forearm them? Because God was and is nothing but a myth." I do not agree with him. How can anyone on earth say that the "Lord of Hosts" sent men on these miserable adventures? Because the kings and the priests of the past told the people that God sent them on these missions, with free license to commit revolting excesses and be saints for performing them, one cannot say that God spoke to them thus. No, the finite mind cannot gauge the infinite any more than the fish in the sea can know the tiger of the land-jungle. The nearer our development brings us to the heavenly beings, so the more do we learn the wisdom of the Infinite. It is not what men say that attracts us—rather is it what we know.

* * *

"Practical Medicine" for October has an informative article by Dr. Baldev. Singh Share, M.D., on the prevailing world scourge known as "Spanish Influenza," which he calls War Fever. "The disease," he writes, "is due to a special germ which is a diplococcus flattened at either end. This germ inhabits the upper air passages, and therefore cleanliness of the nose and mouth is essential. The disease spreads by personal contact, breath, drinking basins, etc. Avoid exposure to cold and damp; keep your body strong and the stomach healthy. Above all, be clean and live in hygienic surroundings. There must be free admission of air in the rooms. If open doors are not possible, the windows must be kept open day and night, but the patient must be well clothed." One family which Dr. Share attended in Delhi were all attacked by the disease "on account," says he, "of keeping all the doors and windows shut." When he visited such patients he always made it a practice to breathe deeply several times in the open air after leaving such rooms.

* * *

January number of "Theosophy in Australia" contains notes from a lecture on "Solar Influences," by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, which is well worth pondering over; an article on Esoteric Alchemy, by W. V. Kipping, and a poetic diary extract, "The Sphinx," by Mr. Jocelyn Underhill.

* * *

There are so many good things in the November "Azoth" that it is difficult to single out any articles for special commendation. "Mental Diagnosis by Handwriting," by Dr. Hereward Carrington, is clever and informative. "What Thought Does," by Mr. Eugene Delmar, will repay reading, whilst the ideas advanced by Mr. Frank C. Higgins, F.R.N.S., in an article entitled "Cosmo-Geometry," are absorbing. "Cosmo-Geometry," writes Mr. Higgins, "is the secret science of the ancient seer which passed from temple to temple and land to land, over the whole expanse of the globe, in ages past, and was by countless races of mankind clothed in the myths and symbols which bear such striking resemblance one to another when confronted in the calm of modern research."

* * *

My thanks to Mr. James Mackenzie, of Adelaide, for drawing my attention to a valuable article, entitled "A New Cure for Pain," by Dr. William H. Bates, M.D., in the December, 1917, "Physical Culture Magazine" (Bernarr Macfadden, editor). The

cure consists of getting the patient to think *black*. "For practical purposes in relieving pain, the use of the memory is satisfactory. The conditions most favourable for memory of perfect sight are quiet or resting in bed with the eyes gently closed and covered with the palms of the hands, shutting out all light. In a few minutes or longer the patient's nerves become sufficiently relaxed to remember or see a perfect black. Most people can remember black very quickly when all light is excluded from the eyes under favourable conditions. Even persons with poor sight, or totally blind in one or both eyes, can remember a perfect black, and always with a temporary, if not a permanent, relief of pain from any cause whatever. A number of wonderful cases of relief—teeth extractions, operations, etc., with the aid of this simple process, are given. Personally I have tried the process advised on a little suffering boy with wonderful effect. Men like Dr. William H. Bates, M.D., deserve all good from mankind to whom they bear the message of mercy and good.

* * *

I have to thank a correspondent for an interesting little pamphlet by Mr. Ernest McCormick, entitled "Is Vaccination a Disastrous Delusion?" In this the truth of the old sad rite is clearly expressed, and in Victoria, after a Royal Commission had presented a damning indictment to Parliament, and the vote of the Assembly had been cast against compulsory vaccination, we have the satisfaction of seeing the Bill thrown out without argument by the Upper House, which thus opposes the demands and rights of the people.

* * *

A plea for enlightened treatment of prisoners in "The Commonweal," edited by Rev. Charles Strong, D.D., concludes as follows:—"The next reform we suggest is the introduction of the principle of *Restitution*. This would, with employment in useful work, tend to restore a man's self-respect and relieve his conscience, if it is awake, of a burden. The sentences are too short for this, it may be said. Then lengthen the sentences, not to imprisonment in a hopeless gaol, with everything to break a man down, but to a charge upon the wrongdoer's work until he has, in some measure at least, made reparation. Many wrongdoers need never be sent to gaol at all. It would be far better for them if they were made to work and repay without passing them behind lock and bars."

* * *

Other journals to hands are "The Theosophist," Adzar; "The Islamic Review"; "Prabuddha Bharata"; "Journal of the American Society for Psychological Research"; "The Messenger," Los Angeles; "Theosophy in New Zealand"; "Le Spiritisme Kerdéciste," Lyon, France; the "Occult Review"; "The Bulletin" (editor, Dr. Llewellyn George), Portland, U.S.A.; "La Revue Spirite," Paris; "Sandheden," "Kalpaka," etc.

Will You Help Us to Help Others?

If you wish to keep abreast of the Religious thought of the age, you should read "The Harbinger of Light." It is the only Magazine of its kind in Australia, and its contents should be read by all who mourn.

Hundreds of those bereaved by the war have found consolation and cheer in its pages, and many of them have had their lives completely transformed by the revealing light of the gloom-dispelling and soul-quickening Spiritual Philosophy.

If you are not already a Subscriber, you might commence the New Year well by adding your name to the Roll, and thus assist us in brightening the lives of others.

The Continuity of Life after Death.

A TALK TO DOUBTERS.

By Simeon.

"Excepting ye become as a little child ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

How is it possible for anyone in the world of our day to doubt the continuity of life after death? There can be only one explanation, and that is people do not give sufficient thought to the subject. Consider for a moment Creation in all its marvelous aspects, from the beauty of the poppy flower to the magnificence of the sun! Consider the infinitesimal speck this planet is as part of this one particular solar system of ours. Then look out upon the blue of Heaven and realise that this solar system of ours is only one among millions of similar systems, and one can no longer doubt even for a moment that life is continuous; that this planet is not our "Home," that it cannot be our "Home," but that this Almighty Universe is undoubtedly the "Home" of the children the Almighty has placed therein. "We have an heritage not made with hands eternal in the Heavens."

Why, I can remember as a youth living in the belief that this Earth was all there was in Creation—that the sun and moon and stars were made for it. How many still view this earth from a similarly narrow standpoint! And as long as they do the outlook remains so cramped, so unreasonable, as to prevent realisation of the extent and Almightyness of the Creation of the Almighty.

One must realise that the "blue" we look into day by day has absolutely no limit, either on the right hand, or on the left, else he fails to perceive the grandeur, and what is of greater importance, the purpose of this grandeur. Turn to the dear old Book and read, "Now are we sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." How true this must become to all who dwell in thought upon the grandeur which surrounds us. And how simple, how childlike, one must become to realise it! The simple acceptance of the fact—the grandeur of it all—is all that is required. It is then, and then only, that one feels called upon to bow the head in solemn recognition of the fact that "God is Spirit": "In whom we live and move and have our being"; "Who is above all and through all and in you all." How, then, can that which is actually part of the Spirit which fashioned, moves, and regulates, this Almighty Universe ever die? Such a thought at once becomes self-answered—it is impossible!

Where we make the one great fatal mistake is in keeping our eyes ever fixed upon the "seen." For that which is seen is only "temporal," while that which is unseen is "eternal." We never see the Divine Spirit (except in manifestation), and never can see Him; and likewise we never see that portion of Him which, for want of a better word, we may term the Divine Spark—part of this Spirit—which is the "Life" within each one of us. This is that which is "unseen" and is "eternal." Die! No one who ever thinks upon the matter ever can believe this. At the same time there are those who are "so blind" (determined) that "they won't see."

Of course, God's messengers hover ever over and around us—where else would they be?—and for the same reason (i.e., being eternal) they remain unseen by the material eye. So it works out that we ever see what is, in reality, the reverse side of the picture. We only see that which is unreal. Yes; this applies to the war, too. We only see the suffering, the carnage, and terrible wastage of human life; while the Spiritual verities which lie within such experiences are all lost to us. They are eternal, and we see them not. As long as we look so fixedly at

the reverse side of the picture—the unreal side—we must suffer the consequences of our spiritual blindness caused by looking upon everything with the sight of the material eye. Once we become as children trusting their Father, depending upon Him, looking up to Him, then we find the spiritual eye has vision and realisation, grows day by day in the knowledge that the more we encourage ourselves into harmony with that which is of the Spirit spiritual, the more we find ourselves loving all that He has made, even including His Laws which allow of war, in which He has great purpose.

And what of the dear ones gone? Can you, reader, not perceive that for each one of these dear boys—both their "sins," God is good, God is love—it means "Out of darkness into His marvelous light." I cannot grudge mine having "gone," knowing what I know—God bless him! And so it is with everyone who has "gone." Pity them not, I pray you, but love them still. Love them frequently, love them continuously, and thus will you, together with them, be surely drawn daily "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and no longer believe, but know, that life is continuous. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and therefore I live, too.

ASTROLOGY AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of "The Harbinger of Light."

Sir,—Himself a past-master of *Astrologia sana*, the "divine science," Dr. Kozminsky sets up a doughty defence of it in regard to certain war predictions made by him. I do not seek to controvert the accomplished doctor, but even he must admit that the leading lights of Astrology, those in England, at any rate—experienced astrologers like Zadkiel, Raphael, Sepharial, Allan Leo, George Wilde, and Ralph Shirley—have been very much "out of it" in reference not only to the *terminus belli*, but to numerous phases and personalities connected with the war. True, as Dr. Kozminsky claims, the majority of them declared that ultimately the Allies would be victorious; but "so said all of us," without the aid of any esoteric or occult data!

Having written the foregoing, I think it only fair to record that an American astrologist, Miss A. B. Hazard, M.A.S., published the following in "The Astrological Bulletin," of Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., for December, 1915 (three years ago!):—"It is safe to predict that 1916 will be the greatest of all war years, and that 1918 will put an end to this, the most barbarous of all conflicts known in the history of the world. . . . If we know anything of suicide and imbecility through astrology, then we will not be surprised to see the Kaiser go insane or kill himself, and bring the nation to a realisation of the fact that they have followed a mad king to their destruction."

Yours faithfully,

16th Dec., 1918.

W. WILTON.

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

K.R. (Caulfield).—The story may be true enough, but no names being given, and the item being contributed anonymously, the reader, who must always be regarded as more or less sceptical of the occurrence of such incidents, would probably have doubts as to the value to be attached to it. For this reason we do not consider it advisable to use the contribution. We thank you all the same for sending it along, and, so far as we are concerned, we can readily accept it as a record of fact.

Private Sample (France).—Pleased to hear that the parcel containing 24 copies of "The Harbinger of Light," and the tins of tobacco enclosed, reached you safely, but were sorry to hear you were in hospital and that your pal, Joe Stearnes, who was to have shared the "fragrant weed" with you, had been "killed in action." You had evidently had very pleasurable times reading "The Harbinger" together "in our own little dug-out." We were also very sorry to hear of the loss of your other brother. But cheer up, you will meet again presently, and if you follow the

spiritual teachings set forth in this journal you will doubtless find much to comfort and buoy you up in the trial you have to bear. Our thoughts and sympathy are with you, and we hope to see you home again soon. Be sure to call on us, and you will find us proud to welcome a selfless "boy" who has bravely done his duty.

E.L. (North Fitzroy).—Your premises are wrong, consequently your deductions are all astray. The point you have failed to realise is the fact that we do not necessarily endorse the views expressed in any article appearing in this journal, apart from those published in the Editorial columns. If you had not made this mistake, you would not have charged us with making certain statements with which you disagree. We did not make the statements at all—it was the mother, and, presumably, she has as much right to her opinion as you have to yours. Don't become narrow and dogmatic. It is a very open question.

Investigator (Carlton).—Apparently an effort was being made to write a message through your hand. There is often an excited and erratic movement of the hand, such as you describe, when an automatic message is about to be written, and nothing but scribble may result. At the next attempt, there may be a great improvement, and this may eventually be followed by writing with quite normal calmness and distinct caligraphy.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES VICTORIA. VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Notwithstanding our moving to a new hall, so as to accommodate the many people who wish to attend our Sunday meetings, on two occasions this month the new hall has not been large enough to seat all who wished to be present. We hope this attendance will keep up, so as to spurt us on to moving to a larger hall still. Sister Linwood Smith, of Adelaide, who is on a visit to Victoria, occupied our platform Sunday evening, 19th January. She was welcomed by a crowded congregation, and gave a nice trance address on "The Resurrection," which was listened to with marked attention, and enjoyed, Mr. Smith being in attendance on the platform with his wife. Mr. E. O. Jones, our President, occupied the platform Sunday evening, 26th January, and his address on "Spiritualism and Demonism" was well delivered, and it was full of truth and information, and showed he had well thought out his subject. The remaining Sunday evenings, Mr. Bloomfield occupied the platform, and his most striking address was on "Is the Planet Mars Inhabited?" The Mediums' Meetings are always full of searches after messages, and the Committee wish to record their thanks to the following psychics:—Mesdames Bryning, Alderwich, Eaton, Werber, Hanger, Douth, Marshall, Cleal, Deardin-Smith, Toode, Divers, Misses MacKenzie, Farley, Orion, Messrs. E. O. Jones, Marshall, Morrison, Davies, and Mrs. Peterson. The Conference Circles are well attended, and the leader, Mr. E. O. Jones, is pleased with the many friends who help make same interesting for the public. For the convenience of members, the Executive Committee have arranged to hold Developing Classes Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, under the Hon. Leadership of Mrs. Askew, Miss MacKenzie, and Mr. Jones. The free Health readings given by Mr. Bloomfield Tuesday and Friday afternoons are still attracting many more sitters than can possibly be dealt with. Mr. Bloomfield saw over two hundred visitors from different States, and long distant country towns during the Xmas holidays. At the last conversation a surprise was sprung upon Mr. Bloomfield by a presentation of a wallet of bank notes from his patients and Spiritualistic friends. Mr. E. O. Jones received a handsome travelling trunk from the members of his class, and Miss MacKenzie a beautiful mounted brush, cushion, and sum of money from her class members. Mrs. Harper, Hon. Librarian, and Treasurer, has returned from her trip to Tasmania, and feels and looks splendid for the change. She was the guest of the Misses Fletchers, much respected friends of many Spiritualists. The "Harbinger" sales are still up to the standard, and the paper is a great credit to the Editor.

M. J. BLOOMFIELD, Hon. Sec.

MELBOURNE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTIC LYCEUM.

During the past few Sunday mornings the platform has been occupied by Mr. W. H. Lumley, sen., who has given a series of lectures on the Human Body, entitled "The House We Live In," illustrated by coloured charts. This instruction is most attentively listened to, and, judging both by the questions asked and also answered by the children, is evidently thoroughly digested. This instruction is but one of four branches given at our Lyceum, which, with the others—Mental, Moral, and Spiritual—embraces tuition which cannot be improved upon by any religious institution. Friends! Spiritualists why not send us more of your children? What better teaching could be received than the foregoing, and your children are earnestly and truthfully needed to continue this work in the future.

Mrs. Knight McLellan has, during the evenings of the month, dedicated a child to the religion and philosophy of Truth. It was a very impressive ceremony, and was conducted, during deep trance, by one of this gifted lady's controls. Mr. E. Knight has also occupied the platform during the evenings with extremely interesting addresses on "Thought Power," "Mind Reading," and "Looking Backward," which have been greatly appreciated by an intelligent audience. These addresses have been concluded by messages given by the same gentleman, which were indeed a revelation from a higher sphere. Mrs. Marshall and Mr. Hamilton have also assisted by addresses and messages, and they, too, are conscientious and earnest workers.

The afternoon medium gatherings have been largely attended, and very successful. They have been contributed to by Mesdames Mullis, Hegarty, Hohne, Orion, McKay, and Arthur, also Messrs. Hamilton, Stevenson, Spry, Bell, and many other private psychics.

CHARLES CHATFIELD.

SPIRITUAL RESEARCH SOCIETY (MELB.)

(Affiliated with The Spiritualistic Council of Victoria)

We are pleased to be able to report steady progress, and now that the festive season is over, our members and friends are settling down to work again, we trust with renewed vigour after the spell they have enjoyed. During the month our speaker, Mr. J. M. Moorey, has occupied the platform, taking for his subjects "The Message of Spiritualism to Humanity," "Immortality and God," and "Nationalisation, Prohibition, and Education," all of which were thoroughly enjoyed, full of good thoughts and lessons.

On the 21st December we held our Christmas Fete, and, thanks to our numerous friends, who helped to stock our stalls and Christmas-tree, we had quite a bountiful array. The balance-sheet shows a profit of £19 15s. We wish to take this opportunity of thanking all who helped with gifts, and also the helpers on the day, and those who came and bought their gifts, thus assisting in such a financial success.

Our afternoon helpers have done good work, and we heartily thank Mesdames Alexander, Clarke, Marshall, and Lingwood Smith, Miss Vroland and Mr. Love for their assistance on these occasions.

BENDIGO SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS

The annual meeting was held at the A.N.A. Hall on January 6th, the main business being the election of officers for the next 12 months. Mrs. Mahoney was elected President; Mr. Roberts, Treasurer; Mr. Whitford, Hon. Secretary. We regret the short stay of Miss Stivey, but hope to renew her acquaintance in the near future. The Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. Whitford, will be pleased to furnish all information re our meetings in Bendigo.

J. WHITFORD, Secretary.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

STANMORE SPIRITUALIST MISSION.

We are enjoying the continued lectures by our leader, Mrs. Morrell, from Mr. Randell's book, "The Dead Have Never Died," which are handled in a masterly way, making clear and interesting the many facts recorded, adding, as it does, proof after proof of the all-absorbing thought, "What of the After Life." No one need fear what we call "death" after hearing the strong and tangible evidence that the dead never die.

Our discussion class for the mutual benefit of all, under the leadership of our worthy Treasurer, Mr. Oates, was opened on Saturday evening, January 11th, in the Dispensary Hall, Newtown, where 12 brothers and sisters were in attendance, and a very enjoyable two hours were spent in the exchange of views on different matters. It was decided to hold this class on the second and fourth Saturday of each month, and it is opened, not only to the members of our Church, but to all who may be interested in our cause. The Committee will be pleased to welcome everybody who may come.

On New Year's Eve, a midnight service was held in the rooms of our leader, Mrs. Morrell, 90 Stanmore-road, when a large number attended. The service was opened by Mrs. Breakspear by prayer, and addresses were given by Mrs. Morrell, Messrs. Breakspear, Kirk, and Bennetts.

Since last report, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Cole, dearly beloved mothers of Mrs. Kitty Hayes (Paddington) and Miss M. Cole (of Marrickville), have passed to the Higher Life. We extend to the sisters our sympathy in their loss, and would remind them of the beautiful gain to their beloved.

J. K. BENNETTS, Hon. Secty.

CHURCH OF SEERS, SYDNEY

I have to report fairly good meetings at the School of Arts. The Circle afternoons have been well attended, and much good work has been done and comfort given to many during the trying times we have experienced.

Our thanks are gratefully tendered to Mrs. Addison Miller, Mme. Elise, Mrs. Speed and Mr. Williams, for their loyal co-operation.

The night platform has been ably filled by Mr. Francis Perara (India), trance lectures with demonstrations, and Mrs. Addison Miller (Facts and Fallacies of Modern Spiritualism), with clairvoyant descriptions at the close.

Our North Sydney Branch at the School of Arts, Mount-street, is going along nicely. The platform workers are Mr. Glover and Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Joyce, Mr. F. Perara, and Mr. Williams.

Cordial greetings to all co-workers, with best wishes for self and continued success of paper.—Yours fraternally,

A. J. BUSH, Hon. Sec.

COOK'S RIVER LYCEUM, SYDNEY

Mrs. Cross-Turner, Leader.

The Lyceum send their greetings to all readers of "The Harbinger of Light."

We are pleased to report further improvement with the children's work.

Father Xmas paid his usual visit to the children on Xmas Eve, and presents were given to 200 children. A very enjoyable time was spent. Many of us thought of the time when we were young, and used to look for Father Xmas to come to us, so we were able to enjoy ourselves watching the children.

We had 7 children dedicated last month, the services being conducted by Mrs. Cross-Turner. The Thursday night medical meetings also were well attended.

A choir has been started in connection with the Church, under the leadership of Mr. Hobbs, and so far is very successful. We are hoping for great things with our work, if we work together in harmony and love we are sure to succeed.

MRS. HOBBS, Recorder.

SPIRITUAL SCIENTISTS, SYDNEY

Since our last report we have had successful and enthusiastic Sunday meetings, especially those held at 7.15 p.m. At times the seating accommodation has been adequate, the addresses given from our platform by brothers and sisters, all of whom are most popular and highly respected, both by the spiritualist and those who have the pleasure of knowing them. This in itself has been the means of not only our members but visitors and those who are anxious to investigate still further as to the mystic side of the Philosophy, thus showing that our meetings are not what has been termed by many who know no better, apparently treat it with contempt, and being as they insinuate *only fortune-telling meetings*. This sort of thing has long been dispelled from our meetings, our aim being for the higher, clearer and brighter sphere. By so doing our attendants have been more than repaid for the time they have spent in acquiring the plain fact as to the *continuity of life*. It has been most satisfactory that many of our speakers have received letters from visitors anxious to learn more of this subject. Thus far we must to some extent congratulate ourselves, as to the good work that has been, and is still, going on as a result of our Society.

Sister Grant is still most successful with her Monday night developing class, and also her Friday night seance meeting.

Sister Pybus is also giving good, sound, and intellectual lectures at her Tuesday night Occult Class.

The Saturday evening Improvement Class not being so well patronised as it should be, we decided to have lectures. Several of these have been given, with marked success, both as to the subject and also the attendance.

Let us all—that is, every reader of the "Harbinger"—make it their motto for the New Year—"Remember all the time that Spiritualism in its truest conception embodies the great principles of brotherhood.

E. H. HALDANE, Hon. Sec.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA. ORDER OF LIGHT (Incorporated).

It has been an eventful month for the Order of Light Christian Church of Spiritual Philosophy. On December 14th, in the Oakley Hall, the members gave a birthday party to the President, Sister Lily Lingwood Smith, and at the same time a welcome home to her Anzac son. The hall was tastefully decorated, and a good programme of vocal and instrumental music was carried out by the following:—Piano, Miss F. Wall; violin solos, Master S. Wyatt; recitation, Miss Wight; violin solo, Master Lindsay Robb; piano, Mr. Ohlmeyer; songs by several of the brothers; hypnotic display, Mr. G. Marshall and company. A good supper was provided, and several iced birthday cakes were presented to the President, wishing her health and happiness. Great credit is due to Sisters Ohlmeyer and Wall.

The members of the Healing Class, on going into recess, presented Brother Nixon with a solid silver cigarette case, suitably inscribed. The society presented the Hon. Secretary, Brother E. A. Lowe, with a beautiful 8-day clock, with inscription "for services rendered," also to Miss

Dorothy Becker, a gold cross for services to the bazaar. The usual Christmas charity was distributed by the President, on December 26th.

The President officiated and conducted the burial service at the grave of our late Brother G. W. Searle. Her address and prayers were very touching, and the old-time beautiful hymns "For ever with the Lord" and "Abide with Me" were sung by the members.

On December 30th the church held its first general picnic at Bridgewater, over 90 being present. A most happy day was spent. The party on arrival repaired to the lately-erected week-end cottage of Sister Stephens. The President held a dedication service, naming the cottage "Trinidad." A good programme of sports and games was carried out. The journey home was one to be remembered, we having to pass through a bush fire. It was a grand sight, and over four square miles of bush country was burnt.

The Church services are keeping up a high standard of Christian Spiritualism, and our meetings are well attended, in spite of the many rebuffs of those who prefer materialism to True Spiritualism, the Spiritualism of the soul to bring it in tune with God. The classes are in recess for the holidays. During the holidays the President intends to pay a visit to Victoria. A willing band of workers will conduct the meetings during her absence. We send kind greetings to all spiritual societies, and to "The Harbinger of Light," wishing one and all a bright and prosperous New Year. All inter-State visitors will find a hearty welcome to the Order of Light.

E. A. LOWE, Hon. Secty.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA. SPIRITUALISTIC CHURCH, PERTH

It is a pleasure to report the continued success of our meetings, and the steady growth of our society. We have adopted a new method of drawing from our own people speakers, who fill our platform and take their turn loyally; still we gladly welcome all mediums who visit our city, and are pleased to give them every opportunity of expressing their views on our beautiful philosophy. Monday evenings class is attended by members for the development of the true self and mediumistic attainment, and the desired objective is being realised.

The Lyceum had a very successful Christmas Social on Saturday, 21st December, and the Committee express their thanks for the ready response that subscribers and workers made to give the children a real happy Christmas.

Wishing "The Harbinger of Light" every success,

M. A. HAYNES,

MR. HUNTER,

Joint Secretaries.

WITCHCRAFT ACT AMENDMENT.

An effort is being made by the Spiritualist National Union of New Zealand to raise a Parliamentary Fund for the purpose of securing an amendment of the Witchcraft Act. All Spiritualists desirous of assisting the fund are invited to send their donations to Mrs. E. Birdsall, 6 Hereford-street, Palmerston North, New Zealand, the Hon. Treasurer, who acknowledges the receipt of the following sums:—

Misses McGowan (2), 10/-; L. T. Dumedin, 2/6; Mrs. Kaspar, 2/6; Miss Hamilton, 2/6; Mrs. McCallum, 2/6; Miss Cromie, 2/6; Miss Thompson, 2/6; Mrs. Stekel, 2/6; Miss Kelly, 2/6; Mrs. Hudson (Sydney), 4/-; C.N.R., 1/-; Mrs. R., 3/6; E. Birdsall, 10/-; Mrs. Morris, 10/-; Mr. Monat, 2/6; Mrs. Page, 2/6; Mr. and Mrs. Mudge, 4/-; G.H.J., 5/-; P. R. Russell, 10/-; G.M. (Sydney), 2/6; Miss Welsby, 2/6; Mrs. Hazlewood, 1/-; Sympathiser, 2/-; Mrs. Schofield, 5/-; C. W. Anderson, 5/-; C. B. Morris, 10/-; C. E. Sibson, 10/-; J. G. Yager, £1; W. W. McPherson, 5/-; A Friend, 1/-; Mrs. Batchelor, 1/-; Mrs. Dray, 1/-; Mrs. Coventry, 1/-.

Received from members of the Dannevirke Church:—Mr. Cottam, 5/-; Mr. Hill, 2/-; Mrs. Hill, 2/-; Miss R. Hill, 1/-; Miss I. Hill, 1/-; Miss D. Hill, 1/-; Miss M. Hill, 1/-; Mr. Thompson, 2/6; Mrs. Thompson, 2/-; Mr. McIntosh, 2/6; Mr. Pearson, 2/6; Mr. MacDougall, 5/-; Mr. Currie, 1/-; H. H. Fink, 1/-; Mr. Silson, 2/6; Mrs. Brogan, 1/-; Mrs. Cox, 1/-; Mr. Glad, 2/6.

The foregoing was intended for insertion in the January issue, but came to hand after we had gone to press.

BOOKS AT LAST!

Just as we were going to press with this issue, word was received that a large consignment of books had arrived from London, replacing those sent to the bottom of the sea by a submarine, to the great disappointment of those of our patrons who were awaiting the execution of their orders. As soon as the cases are released from the Customs these orders will be promptly attended to, as far as the contents permit. With the additional shipping now available, we have no doubt seen the last of these annoying and trade-paralysing delays.

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