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The Harbinger of Light

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT, PTY., LTD., Wentworth House, 203 Collins St., Melbourne.

A Monthly Digest Devoted to

Psychical Research, Spiritualism, and Spiritual Philosophy

"Dawn approaches, Error is passing away, Men arising shall hail the day."

We search the World's Press to tell you of Spiritualism's progress

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greetings!

Christmas, 1940

To all our Readers, Contributors, Advertisers and Helpers, we extend our warmest wishes for their happiness this Christmastide and during the coming year.

LED BY A STAR

WHAT CHRISTMAS DEMANDS OF YOU

By URSULA BLOOM

IT is the feast of Christmas. The shops are decorated, and in our hearts there is that certain thrill, that sense of excitement, the knowledge that—for a short time anyway—the world will be kinder, life will be more genial, happiness will abound. The old message of Peace and Goodwill to all men will descend from Heaven once more, and live, unfortunately for all, too brief a space in our hearts again.

Nineteen hundred years ago, men were led by a star to an Infant shrine. There lay the Messiah Who had come to redeem the world, and to found a new faith, a faith which has been but badly carried through.

I suppose that now, nineteen hundred years after the great miracle of Christ's birth in Bethlehem, the world is at its lowest ebb. Then it was needing its Redeemer badly. It had become a world in which power and preferment only mattered. The old gods were gods of vengeance, there was no humility, no comfort, no sympathy, it was a world driven by those in power, and driven hard. Now, in this world war, we are a world that has gone to pieces. The war is destroying the last particle of a dying faith in us. The churches have been wrong, wrong from the start, in that Christ never decreed a priest-ridden religion, but Christianity — a Christianity that we in our ignorance have never attempted to follow. In the Victorian era, the Church tried hard to retain its hold. Its hold was the same dogmatism that the Romans used, when they trod on the heart of unhappy Jerusalem. It was not the hold that Christ would have employed.

Now We Have Empty Churches.

We have men and women who have not had the benefit of an upbringing close to the faith of their forefathers. Men and women who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and for whom life after death does not seem to exist.

The young people of to-day are seeking and are not finding. What do we hear going on around us? "We snuff out like candles." "What does the afterwards matter? I don't believe there is an afterwards." "Get all the fun you can now, and as you can."

This is the generation of young people who have no soul, who cannot touch the deep realities of life and of death; who put off thinking of the inevitable to-morrow, of the other side, until they actually pass over.

For us all there is for ever a Star shining, which asks us to follow its lead. Nineteen hundred years ago, wise men followed it to the humble inn where they learnt the simplest truths. That Star has never set. It still reigns high in the Heavens, and is there for those who will follow it. It is immortal.

Personal Responsibility.

It tells of our immortality, and it only asks us to "Seek, and ye shall find." It is every man's and woman's duty to satisfy themselves that they have done their utmost to be assured of what happens after death. It can be only one of two things—either we snuff out, or we go on. If we go on, then an added responsibility is ours. We have got to live this life so that we may go on wisely and well, and not have to pay for mistakes which we have willingly made here. We have got the very word "mistakes" wrong. The sins that matter are the sins of lust, and of intolerance, and of gross hard-hearted misunderstanding; the sins of thinking the worst of other people, of selfishness, and of determination to have that inevitable good time, whatever happens and whoever suffers.

The sins of blindness to the Star that only asks us to follow it.

If your faith has failed you, if you are groping about in the abyss of miserable uncertainty, take yourself in hand now. It is your duty to find out something about the to-morrow which knows neither night nor day. It is not a duty that you can shirk and shift on to somebody else's shoulders. It is something that you personally have to undertake, something you have to find out for yourself

Spiritualism Can Give You Proof.

I am not suggesting for one moment that you should go dabbling in psychic matters, and having sittings, and laying yourself open to all manner of dangerous uncertainties. Spiritualism has its charlatans, it has its frauds, and it lays itself very much open to these. I am suggesting that you should attend a service, read a book or two on it, and then make a simple test yourself. Nobody can convince you save yourself. Proof is only coming to you from a personal contact with the other world. Proof is a personal thing, something that another cannot give you, something you can only find for yourself.

You have got to **know** that we do not flutter out like candles in a wind. You have got to **know** that we suffer very much for the evil that we think and speak here. That there are people in another world who would give all they know to re-live their earthly span again—and cannot.

You have got to know that the Star leads you to find the cathedral within yourself, not the cathedral outside yourself. You are a temple, and in that temple you receive God. You are a body here to live for God, and to work for God, and you cannot dispose of your responsibilities as easily as you imagine.

The Star is there for you to follow. If you are blind and will not see it, then you lose the great truth behind the Christmas message of Peace on Earth, Goodwill to all Men. It is your duty to find out more about yourself, instead of letting the world slip by with nothing done. You ought to discover where you are going, what will happen to you at the change called death, and if there are others who will help you, and how they will help. You ought to make the road easier for yourself to tread, and incidentally easier for those who walk with you—by living to-day for to-morrow, by giving out of yourself in the right direction, and so making the world a far finer and nobler place.

Christmas Demands This Much Of You.

Christmas demands that the great light of the Star shall be reflected within the light of self, and, held high, act as a torch lighting your path to eternity. Christmas asks this, it gives you the great chance, it demands that you shall take it.

Are you going to miss it for another year? Are you going to set aside all thoughts of life after death and its meaning, and say "Oh, what's the use?" Life after death is the most important matter to life before death, only so few of us realise it. Life before death must be properly lived if it is to help life after death at all. Knowledge is needed. Aid is needed. Direction is needed.

But the Star still shines to guide you. Follow its lead.

—"Light."

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER.

"Spirit Teachings."

The reprint of the Memorial Addition of "Spirit Teachings" received through the mediumship of the late Mr. Stainton Moses (M.A., Oxon.) with two portraits and biography is now on sale at this office.

"Spirit Teachings" is one of the classics of Spiritualism that no Spiritualist should be without. It is to Spiritualism what the Bible is to Christians.

Nothing is more suitable for a Christmas present. While the present stock lasts we will supply at the specially reduced price of 7/6, post free to any address.

DON your wrapper indicates that your subscription is due.

1. 2 3.

One of these figures on your wrapper indicates the number of months that you are in arrears.

The Babe of Bethlehem

WILLIAM CANTON from "The Bible Story"

NOW it happened that Cæsar Augustus issued a decree at this time for a census of all the world. Every one was to be registered in the village or city to which he belonged; and Herod, who had trouble enough with his turbulent people, fixed the time of enrollment at the feast of tabernacles or green lodges, when harvest and vintage were over, and the weather was good for wayfaring, and great numbers were used to go up every years to Jerusalem.

So Joseph, who was of the house of David, went up with Mary, his espoused wife, to be enrolled at Beth-lehem, the king's city. All the country was astir; distant voices singing, sounds of men and beasts, and trials of dust told of people journeying to their native places. It had fallen to evening as Joseph, leading the ass on which Mary rode, ascended the rise to Beth-lehem. All the mountain-land about them was filled with light, for opposite to each other the setting sun and the full harvest moon were on the hills together, as though some wonder were about to happen in the world and the great lights of heaven had come out to see.

When they entered the city, they could find no lodging; in the caravanserai there was no room for them, and every house already had its guests. A kindly townsman showed them a cave in the hillside near the tower of David, where cattle were housed in the wintertime. He brought them water and a fagot for fire, and in the rack there was straw. There they were glad to shelter, and there in the dead of night Mary's babe was born, and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in the manger.

That night shepherds were keeping watch in the deep valley which sinks down east of Beth-lehem. Their flocks were feeding in the moonlit fields in which Ruth had gleaned, and their fire was burning on the threshing-floor on which Boaz had slept among his sheaves. Suddenly the great angel stood by them, and the glory of Jehovah shone around them. They cried out with terror, but the angel said to them, "Be not afraid! I bring you good tidings of a great joy for all the people. A deliverer is born to you this day in the city of David. He is the Messiah, he is the Lord. This shall be a token for you—you shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

All at once the heavens seemed to open, and a multitude of the heavenly host were with the angel, and they said with innumerable voices, "Glory be to God in the highest heavens, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased!" Then in a moment the angels were gone, and there was only the full moon shining. The shepherds, coming to themselves, said, "Let us away! Why do we stand here?" Let us to Beth-lehem, and see this thing which the Lord has made known to us."

They hastened up to Beth-lehem. They aroused the watchman dozing at the gate. In the cave beside the tower of David they found Joseph and Mary. There in the ox's crib lay the new-born babe, clothed in his little woollen coat and swathed in soft bands. The birth of the child and the words of the angel were spread abroad through the land, and ardent hopes were awakened in the minds of many that at last the day of deliverance was at hand. All these things Mary treasured in her heart; and mused over them as she nursed her little son.

Be a Naturopath, Masseur, Chiropractor, Psychotherapist, Osteopath, or Physical Director. Personal and Postal Tuition. Call or write for particulars.

CLAUDE BEALES

Dean Hygiean Institute, Col. Mut. Bldg. (Next G.P.O.), Brisbane.

"I Believe in Black Magic"

By JAMES NORBURY, former Editor of the "Lyceum Banner"

TO the casual reader of Spiritualist literature the claim that there exist in the world men and women who to-day practice the black arts may seem merely an idle fancy or a ridiculous superstition; but to the serious investigator in these matters, particularly the one who has tried to appreciate occultism in its historical setting, the possibility of such men and women existing is immediately seen to be highly probable.

In our ordinary daily life we can use or misuse our faculties. We can create a culture based upon selfishness, and thus evolve a civilisation that soon leads to its own destruction. The same factor applies to the psychic faculties. They can be used for the benefit of humanity, to bring to us a wider vision and a deeper understanding of life, or they can be allied to a selfish lust for power, and used to exploit others for one's own well-being.

For many years I have recognised the fact that it is possible for Spiritualism to foster the wrong kind of development in its circles. The wise man does not leave his house, in which there are valuable treasures, with every door open for any passing stranger to help himself, and yet often we find the sitter in a developing circle opening himself or herself to any entities that care to take possession of the body. The powers of attraction are far greater than we realise, and like will attract like on all planes of existence. The person whose normal life is undisciplined, and who lives out his round of daily activities in an immoral manner, will very possibly attract to himself undesirable entities who have passed through the change called death.

If, as we claim as Spiritualists, character does not change when we pass into the other sphere of life, then it is logical to suggest that there are undesirable individuals living on the borderland between the two worlds, and I am convinced that these entities will attempt to take possession of the physical vehicle of the medium to gain once more momentary carnal pleasure from contact with the earth plane.

Again, we are becoming all too familiar in this country with the type of medium who commences to run private seances in his or her own home for individual gain—seances which deteriorate more and more to the level of fortune-telling, and which have, I believe, a very bad effect upon the sitters as well as upon the medium. Let me cite an example of this kind of thing. A few months ago I attended a "one-man-show." I heard from the medium while under control, matter that could only be stamped as harmful, and while undoubtedly the statements made about certain relationships between sitters and other people were all too true, at the same time I did not see much wisdom in the control of the medium advising quarrels with neighbours. In this case I think we definitely see psychic gifts being used wrongly, and evil forces being liberated within the seance room which might cause a tremendous amount of friction in the work-a-day world if their advice was taken.

These cases, however, are in the majority not due to the conscious misuse of psychic gifts, but are entirely due to the wrong development of the mediumistic faculty. Where you have a person in charge of a developing circle with a strong sense of moral responsibility towards the sitters, these kinds of happenings are very unlikely to take place, since the one in charge of the circle will be able to weed out the undesirable elements among the sitters.

An Uncanny Experience.

In black magic proper we find a person who has made a detailed study of the laws governing the psychic life, and who has thoroughly disciplined his own psychic nature, using his gifts for his own personal aggrandisement rather than in the interests of the greater whole, humanity.

I well remember an experience I had of this kind some years ago while lecturing

in Scotland. One evening I lectured on "Psychic Development, and the Use and Misuse of Psychic Faculties." During the question time a man commenced to closely cross-question me on black magic, and after the lecture he immediately button-holed me and continued his cross-examination. Suddenly I realised he was trying to influence me in some way, and that his influence was not a very desirable one. At once I took up the very positive attitude of self-defence, closing all the doors of my psychic nature, and enfolded him in an aura of loving sympathy. Immediately all the seething hatred in his nature came to the surface. He warned me that he allowed no one to interfere with his work, and that we should meet again before I felt the town.

The bedroom I used at the house at which I was staying was on the ground floor of the house, and in the early hours of the morning I was suddenly awakened from my sleep, trembling all over and bathed in perspiration. Looking towards the window I saw a vague form outlined against the glass, and on getting out of bed and switching on the electric light, I saw it was my questioner of the evening before. He was beckoning me to open the window. Needless to say, I did not do so.

Almost at once, my host, who had heard me walking about in my bedroom, knocked at my door and asked did I want anything; and as I moved towards the door to open it, the form retreated from the window out of view. I explained to my host what had happened, and he informed me the same man had caused trouble with a lecturer a couple of years previously, and that most of the people in the town looked upon him as an undesirable person. He suggested that I should have his dog, a large airedale, in my room. I assented to this, and with the dog safely lying on the mat in front of the fireplace, once more I retired to bed, determined to finish my night's sleep.

As soon as I was dozing off, I was aroused again by a feeling of fear, and when I got out of bed to switch on the light, was amazed to find the airedale crouching in the corner of the room, the hairs on his neck standing out, and his eyes wide open with a glassy stare in them, and his short stump of a tail well pressed down between his back legs. Again I saw the figure at the window. Suddenly the man seemed to bend down and hurl himself physically through the window. The dog crouched still further into the corner, and I knew the man's presence was in the room. As I opened the door to call my host, the dog bolted down the corridor, scratching at his master's door, and whining piteously. The figure had again gone from the window, and as it was nearly morning, we decided to light the fire and sit round it, talking, until the dawn broke through the darkness of the night.

Next morning on the gravel outside the window we found footprints outlined clearly, proving that he had been there, and I had not been suffering from hallucination. This man, I am convinced, was an adept in black magic and a danger to the community.

Spiritualism carried out with a better moral attitude, and mediumship developed in the right type of person, is an asset to society. The egotistical form of Spiritualism that is arising all the world over in the form of "one-man churches" and haphazard circles of development, is undoubtedly detrimental to the individuals concerned. Our task is to gain legal status in order to protect our mediums, and, coupled with this, to recognise mediumship as the sacred thing it is. Underpaid and overworked mediums are one of the scandals of Modern Spiritualism, while "phenomena madness" is undoubtedly the danger zone within our Movement to-day.

A SPIRIT PROPHECY IN 1875.

At page 35, of Stainton Moses, "More Spirit Teachings," the following passage occurs:—

(An Egyptian spirit controlling.)

"The spirit-world looks with awe on the near future. War is probable, and everything tends to a great European convulsion. Wars will cease when man is perfect, but that can never be while he is incarnated."

Christmas Among The Poor

From the "Melbourne City Mission Record"

The nearest approach to the heavenly harmonies ever heard by man is surely the announcement by the angel of the Lord that

"Unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

He who touches the narrative of Jesus' birth should realise that here, if anywhere on this earth, his feet are standing on holy ground. To us they are filled with the holiest associations of our lives and with the sweet illusions of childhood. They have charmed away half the grief of the world; they have inspired more than half of the best art of the world, which has depicted the holiness of motherhood and of childhood in undying colours.

In the darkest hour of history Christianity set forth from Bethlehem upon its errand of love; along every highway the eager feet of the messengers of peace and goodwill to man gravely made known the meaning of the Incarnation. While pomp and power were looking for Him at the front door, He quietly entered the stable as the child of a carpenter.

"They found the young Child with Mary His mother"—surely this is an inversion of the right method of stating the case. Judged by our little rules the mother should have been mentioned first. This is not a slip, for just after we read the angel said to Joseph, "Take the young Child with mother," and then afterwards again, "Arise and take the young Child and His mother." The frequency of the repetition shows us that to indicate the young Child first and the mother afterwards was not a literary slip. The rule is CHRIST MUST BE FIRST. "He was before all things, and by Him all things consist."

When the wise men came into the house they fell down and worshipped the young Child; they did not fall down and worship Mary. They hardly saw the mother. Who can see anything but Christ when He is there?

When the Christ came into the world there was no room for Him—He had to make room for Himself. Sometimes when a tree makes room for itself it overthrows old walls and stone buildings—those silent, everswelling roots thrust out the masonry of man.

We read in the story of Bethlehem that the angel of the Lord appeared in a dream. The angels are ever mindful of the good. "Are not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" You say you have had no experience of angel ministry. Be careful what you say, lest you narrow yourself unduly by the mere letter and miss the poetry and grandeur of your life. You are asked to believe that God can come to you by any one of a series of innumerable ministries. We must not "limit the Holy One of Israel." The question is not what can I do, it is what can God do?

When the wise men came they worshipped the young child. Wisdom is always reticent of speech. It is the fool who chatters; the wise man thinks. When Socrates was told that he was the wisest man in the world he ran away, and yet returned to accept the compliment, for, said he, "I knew that I knew nothing, and I have met with no other man so wise."

We appear to have banished the angel of silence—the angel of quietude is a nuisance to our fussy civilisation. We have set noise in the front, and silence has been exiled from the church. The pity of it!

Human nature has after all more influence over human nature than anything else. Abstract laws are of little moment to us until we see them in actual operation. The law of gravitation is but a matter of intelligent wonder while we view its influence in the movements of revolving planets or falling stars; but when we see a baby fall terror-stricken from its little cradle to the floor "the attraction of large bodies for small ones" takes on a new and heartfelt meaning. The beauty of devotion to truth in the fact of opposition hardly stirs an emotion in many of us, as we regard it from the safe distance of our own self-

satisfied liberty; but when we see the lonely martyr walk with head erect through the raging mob and kiss the stake to which he is soon to be bound, when we watch him burn until the kindly powder explodes about his neck and sends him to exchange his shirt of flame for the robes, then the heavenly beauty, the sincerity, the greatness, the God-likeness of sacrifice, especially of sacrifice for truth, comes home to us and captures even the coldest hearts and dullest minds. The revelation of Jesus in the flesh was a recognition of this principle. The purpose of His life was to manifest God in the flesh, that He might attract man to God. He took human nature that human nature might see the best of which it was capable. He became a man that men might know to what lengths and breadths of love and wisdom a man might attain. He became a man that men might know to what depths of love and service a man might reach.

The wise men not only worshipped but gave gifts. Worship is giving, it not receiving.

Picture the little girl nanging her poor stocking on the end of the bed on Christmas Eve, her last thought being how Father Christmas comes down the chimney: then the dream of the doll and sweets in the stocking. Imagine the scene in the early dawn as she looks around, and then remembering the stocking jumps up and glides to the end of the bed only to find the poor little stocking as it was the night before. We can realise her shocked disappointment. If such a circumstance were given to any company of ordinary Sunday School children, or at any other gathering where normal children meet, it is safe to say that not one child out of a hundred would refuse to give one of their toys to that little girl. Yet we know that this happening really does take place. It is in such circumstances that the Melbourne City Mission endeavours to supply the missing toy, thus bringing joy into the heart of the young child on Christmas morning.

You find the Christmas season dips rather deeply into your pocket. Each of the children needs some token of your goodwill. They may be only three or four, yet it means something these times. This is our difficulty with our great family, which does not number fewer than from four to five thousand.

Considerable sympathy must be felt for the lonely man who is homeless at this Christmas time. He still has memories of friendship, relatives and home. The depression has reduced him to poverty; without home and cheer he is often in need of more than food. The warmth of a sincere handshake and the hope for a turn in the tide mean much to him, and it is something we all can give without impoverishing ourselves.

Look out across our world this Christmas time. How selfish we all are; all too careless often of our friends and thoughtless of the underprivileged and the unfortunate. How niggardly and ungenerous we can be, and yet, when Christmas comes, the meanest of us feels the spirit that steals across the world. Some distant echo from angels singing of goodwill reaches the dullest ears. It is not that the day compels us to generosity—it charms us. We all love to be more lovable at Christmas time. What a life His must have been, whose birthday so fascinates the world from selfishness to generosity!

In the old-time copy books we were made to write, "Second thoughts are best." Are they? Not always. Often first thoughts are more generous, more unselfish, and certainly more spontaneous, than those that come after. One reads the appeals of many good societies and hears of cases of want which need relieving. The paper is put down with a resolution: "I'll see what I can afford to help that poor man or woman." Then you think again, "I've just given a guinea to the hospital; let them relieve the poor thing," and you get on with your work and shut up your feelings of compassion. You could have afforded a little help. You might have had to go without something that you liked yourself, and you would have been none the worse for that. YOUR FIRST THOUGHTS WERE BEST. "Poor old Mrs. Somebody-over-the-way," think you. "She is nearly blind; perhaps she would like someone to read to her." That is your first thought. Then

comes a second, less worthy of you. "If I do, Mary's dress will not be finished for the treat. I cannot spare the time." So poor old Mrs. Somebody has to go the whole day without a word from anyone or anything to occupy her long weary solitude. Were not your first thoughts best?

"There are lonely hearts to cherish
while the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish while
the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew as our journey
we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do, while the
days are going by!"

* * *

IMPORTANT

In the sending of correspondence and parcels, will our friends kindly note the address:

THE MELBOURNE CITY MISSION,
280 Exhibition Street, Melbourne, C.1.
Mention that you saw it in the
"Harbinger of Light"

APPARITION SEEN ON NORFOLK ISLAND.

Mr. Charles Bennett died suddenly at his residence, at Cascades, Norfolk Island, at 3 p.m. on September 10, 1940. Mr. Bennett owned a butchery, at which some offal having accumulated he proceeded to lift it for the purpose of removal. As he had been in ailing health, one of his employes interposed, saying, "Don't do that, Dad, let one of us lift it." Mr. Bennett replied, "I am feeling fine;" with that he fell down dead.

Between 3 and 4 p.m. the same day, Mr. Fleaman and Mrs. Stoker sat down to afternoon tea at their house, at Middle Gate, about a mile away from the Bennett home, when they saw Mr. Bennett standing in the doorway. Mrs. Stoker remarked to Mr. Fleaman, "Will you go and fetch another cup and saucer, Mr. Bennett might like a cup of tea." When Mr. Fleaman returned with the cup and saucer he asked, "where is Mr. Bennett?" Mrs. Stoker replied, "He has gone outside." Mr. Fleaman went outside and looked round, but saw no one, so he went a little way up the road and met a neighbour, to whom he said, "Has Mr. Bennett just passed you?" The neighbour answered, "Mr. Bennett fell down dead a little while ago."

Mr. Bennett had business transactions in cattle with Mr. Freeman. Some such business project may have been on his mind at the moment when he died so suddenly. This is the probable explanation.

H. L. Williams, Indian Police, retired.

HUMANITARIAN UNIONISM.

Clother for Children in South Africa.

The Transvaal Clothing Manufacturers' Association and the Garment Workers' Union have agreed jointly, as a gesture of hospitality and human feeling, to clothe at least 2,000 refugee children who came to South Africa from Great Britain.

The initiative for this offer came from the Garment Workers' Union, which issued an appeal to all its members to supply their labour free and to work overtime to provide all the necessary clothes. These will consist of 12 items in the case of girls, ranging from dressing gowns to sun-suits, and eight items in the case of boys, including suits. Hundreds of workers have already volunteered.

The Garment Workers' Union reminded its members "that a duty rests on us as human beings and as trade unionists to extend to the children—many of whom come from working-class homes—our warmest hospitality in a concrete fashion, and not only in word."

The employers have agreed to provide the material for the garments free of cost, and to put their factories and organisations at the disposal of the workers for this purpose.

The Garment Workers' Union has also started a fund to provide for the maintenance of all garment workers' children who might be among those sent from Britain to this country.—Department of Information.

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The Astounding Work of "Medicine Man!"

MANY CASES TREATED IN PRESENCE OF A LONDON DOCTOR.

By EL. L. MAAS.

I HAVE just returned from seeing "Medicine Man" (the "control of Mr. F. J. Jones) work at Marylebone House, 42 Russell Square, W.C.1, and all I can say is that these things must be seen to be believed. At 12.45 p.m. when I arrived twenty people were already waiting, and by two o'clock fifty were in their seats, and the healing was timed to begin at 3 p.m.!

So much is known nowadays about these psychic healers that I need hardly say more than that for years this African "Medicine Man" has been working through the body of an Englishman, who goes into trance, i.e., vacates his body while the African controls it, to diagnose, give advice, make passes, and massage the patients who come to him for treatment.

To-day being a special day for demonstration he started at 2.10 p.m., and until 6.20 p.m., without a stop, one person after another filed past him to receive what he considered necessary treatment.

The medium, Mr. Jones, remains in trance, and at the end he says it feels as if he had been asleep all the time. He remembers nothing at all. It is interesting to see him go into trance, a slight convulsive movement only showing that something unusual is taking place, and then under the control of "Medicine Man" he jumps up from his chair and by his alert manner shows he is ready to tackle all cases coming before him. He gives an invocation in a deep, powerful voice, a hymn is also sung and then he begins his work.

Number one patient comes up and is asked to sit down. "Medicine Man," taking his or her hand, examines the tips of the fingers. This gives him certain indications and he sets to work with passes, either over the spine, round the head and down the side of the neck, the body, the legs, the feet, etc., each case being treated differently. All the time he is issuing commands in his native tongue to his spirit helpers, interspersed with English, when saying something to the patient or the physical helpers who are there to give additional power.

From time to time he raises his hand and appears to take in some "force" or "ray" (which he calls his medicine) invisible to us who watch, and we see him use this "force" on the patient. He either pats it into the body at the requisite spot with tiny little taps of his finger-tips, or following a nerve or muscle puts it where required with one finger—just that, no more, no less.

Once or twice, however, he threw this "force" with tremendous power at the correct spot. Meanwhile his voluntary helpers in white overalls, of whom two were in attendance, stood ready to direct this ray (which they also seemed to gather out of the air) with hands upraised, and at "Medicine Man's" order down came their hands, fingers pointing straight at the spot requiring the inflow of power. Then at the word "off," rapped out by the healer, they relax and await the next move.

I was puzzled and wanted to know what they were doing, so asked his helper "Sunshine" exactly what the talking and gesticulating was about. "Medicine Man" (who must have heard my question) left his patient and came over to me to explain that when he was speaking in his own language he was asking for the "medicine" necessary for the patient before him, and that when he or his helpers put up their hands this particular "medicine" was given by the invisible band of spirit associates.

This I understood to mean that various rays of healing power are manipulated from the "Other Side," the human helpers being merely the instruments through which they are directed.

Not a minute was wasted, neither was there any undue haste, but the necessary work was done without hesitation, and patient after patient was treated until nearly seventy people had passed under his hands.

One of the most interesting things to see was, when new patients came before him, "Medicine Man," with unfailing correctness, told them what was the matter with them. For diagnosis the medium sits down and puts his face close to the body of the patient, his eyes being shut tight all the time. Then he slowly moves his head up and down, from the solar plexus for instance, and one feels there is a scrutinising etheric eye at work searching the very marrow of their bones as it were, so intent is he to get at the root of the trouble.

Then he tells the patients exactly where they feel their pains and gives them the reason for their ailments. For instance, to a lady who had not said a word, he said, "You have had a fall." At first she did not recall it, as it had happened a number of years ago. "Medicine Man" showed her how this was the direct cause of her illness. Passing his hand over her head he told her that she had dreadful headaches as well as pains in the eyes, which felt as if they were being pushed out, to which she said, "It is quite true."

Turning to a London Doctor present, "Medicine Man" called him over and pointing to a certain part of the patient's back said that owing to the fall a certain nerve had been forced out of position and that with the passing of the years it had become

permanently distorted. Following with his fingers the course of the nerve up the back, over the back of the head, and over the forehead, ending at the eyes, he explained how this had caused the dreadful pains. He said that if a non-clairvoyant Doctor treated this woman for headaches it would do no good at all, because, unable to see it, he would not discover the cause. Then he gave the woman certain exercises to do at home—bending in such a manner as would straighten out the nerve. How could he have known of that fall of a patient seen for the first time, and get at the cause of her trouble, if it was not for the more far-reaching vision of the Spirit?

One of the last cases dealt with was that of a man who came all the way from Wales. "Medicine Man" diagnosed the case as asthma, and asked him how long he had been suffering from this, to which the reply was, "Three years." Then he said to the man, "If you promise to do exactly as I tell you you will be well in six moons." He prescribed the simple right diet and added, "No pipe of peace for you." He gave him a treatment then and there, administering to his lungs the "breath of life," the most important part of all the treatments, which is always given by "Medicine Man" only.

At the same time he asked the Doctor present to come and hear his explanation of the case, and how he was going to deal with it to clear the bronchial tubes so that normal breathing could take place. He insisted that in no other way could such a case be cured.

A lady who was saved from an operation by the intervention of "Medicine Man" told me that when he diagnosed her case she felt distinctly a luminous eye searching the interior of her body, and stopping at the exact spots where doctors had discovered ulcers.

Another lady who looked very weak and tired was "rontgen-rayed" by this penetrating eye, and was told she had undergone so many operations that there was not much left inside her, but if she followed the advice and treatment she would soon feel a different woman.

Several children were brought to him, and the friendly natural way in which he handled them at once put them at their ease. He invariably dismissed them with a kiss, as well as tucking a sweet or piece of chocolate into their hands, with a final, "May the Great Spirit bless you always!"

While this indefatigable healer was at work people kept coming and going and talking, but nothing seemed to disturb him. Just about halfway through the medium drained a glass of water to replenish his body which was being used so strenuously. So natural were his movements—walking about and talking—that if one hadn't seen his eyes closed all the time one would hardly believe that another entity was using his body.

I think the most beautiful thing that afternoon was when a young mother handed him her baby. He took it in his arms, and the little one sat up quite happily. To see "Medicine Man" standing thus for a few minutes, surrounded by various people, and with the child nestling up to him, was such a lovely picture that it reminded one of the Christ's words: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

When the Doctor was saying good-bye to him later, I heard "Medicine Man" say, "I am a servant of the Lord," and the deep sincerity with which he uttered these words was very impressive. He also pleaded, for the untold number of sick people in the world, for a fuller co-operation of medical men with psychic healers. Earlier in the afternoon I heard him say to this Doctor: "What I want is that you doctor men come and see me, and not say no. I want to help you people."

It is too much to ask of medical men generally just to go and see "Medicine Man's" work and ply him with questions, since he says he only wants to help humanity, and so fulfil a mission of love? Far from destroying any doctor's practice, a co-operation of the two forces would increase it, and thousands of people who might otherwise die a premature death or linger on for years in a helpless state could be saved. Co-operation, working together in friendly team work, and doing that which ought to have been done all along, would more amply fulfil the Christ's command: *"Go, heal the sick."*

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DEPLORABLE METHODS.

When they are prosecuting mediums, the authorities are never content to give evidence that the public have been deceived or are likely to be deceived, but employ paid police spies to induce people to break the law. I see by the Press that they have been using the same methods to secure a breach of the food regulations. A grocer at Colwyn Bay was charged with selling tea without coupons.

A shorthand-typist from the Ministry of Food was said to have made the purchase in the company of an inspector. The accused claimed that the girl appeared to be very much distressed, and he was so moved by the story she told that he voluntarily gave her his own tea ration. Miss Onslow, who made the purchase, said that it was the only time she had done such a job, and it was so distasteful that she had resigned her position, and I don't blame her.

I look upon it as a dirty business, of which the authorities should be heartily ashamed. The magistrate evidently thought so, too. He dismissed the case. I know that the practice of spying and provocation is common in Germany, but I thought we were fighting against that sort of thing.

—The Two Worlds.

Spirit Guidance on The Battlefield

By Dr. RICHARD EDEN, in the Glasgow "Daily Mail."

This war, like the last, will throw up its men of genius. There will be Generals who will fight by the orthodox rules and attain success' There will be others who will act on inspiration and attain greatness.

INSPIRATION? Perhaps you don't believe that any commander would have the audacity to plan a campaign on so slender a basis as a mere hunch — a premonition?

If so, you are wrong. There is nothing which more sharply distinguishes the military genius from the military expert as the fact that one has a sixth sense—and uses it. Remember Lord Roberts? He had an unusually brilliant career, but he never failed to admit that he owed much of his success to the fact that he was "psychic."

Let me give you, first, an example of his power of prophecy. You will appreciate the importance of this. The commander who is able to see round the corner of time, so to speak, and anticipate his opponent's next move, has a gift worth half the guns in his line. For he can deploy his forces in such a way as to checkmate the enemy, even before the latter makes his move.

The scene is Quebec. The date July 29, 1908. And the characters in our little story are Lord Roberts, and the editors of the "Winnipeg Tribune," "Chicago Daily News" and "Toronto Star." In addition, there are five other newspapermen. Lord Roberts has just arrived in Quebec and he is facing a barrage of questions from the curious Pressmen, who write down every words he speaks. First, he says that the goodwill between Canada and the United States will grow stronger. Then a grave note creeps into his voice.

"I wish," he says, "I could say as much for the continent of Europe. They refuse to believe me when I tell them in Britain that we are asleep under a false security. "I want to tell you now that in my opinion Europe is heading straight into the most terrific war in history. But no one that matters believes me."

The assembled editors and reporters are astounded by this dismal premonition. One of them asks: "Who will be Britain's opponents?"

"Germany!" replies Lord Roberts without a moment's hesitation. And it will invoke the same unity of purpose between Britain and France as now exists between this province of Quebec and the rest of Canada. So far we have three clear predictions. There will be the greatest war in history. Britain will fight Germany. France and Britain will be united as brothers.

Amazing Prophecy

Now watch the prophecy grow. The newspapermen scent a big story, and ply their guests with more and more questions. 'When will this war break out?' asks one. Again there is no hestitation in Lord Roberts' reply.

"1914 at the latest," he says, "and let me add that England and France will have the most trying experience of their existence. They will, in fact, come so near to defeat that they will be fortunate to retain their democratic status."

"You do not envisage defeat with yourself as Commander-in-Chief?" he is asked. "I shall not be there at all!" Lord Roberts replies. "I've had my day. But as a prophet I make one more prediction: "There is to-day in the Ecole Militaire in Paris a professor who is destined for everlasting fame in military history. He is the man who will see us through to victory, what little victory there remains when it is all over. His name is Foch. He is a born leader. But he is years ahead of his time."

The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec was

announced at this stage, and so the interview ended. But the written word remains to prove that Lord Roberts' uncanny clairvoyance had penetrated the future and foretold with striking accuracy the shape of things to come. Had he not chosen soldiering as a career, he would have been a sensation as a Spiritualist medium. His sixth sense never failed him. It even won him the Victoria Cross!

An Indian soldier had "killed" the Ensign and was making off with the regimental standard. Roberts challenged this man, who fired at point blank range, but he knew intuitively that he would not be hit. The miracle happened. Roberts was not even wounded.

The Miracle

Again and again he acted on intuition. He tells us in his autobiography of one instance when he allowed his inner voice to over-ride military judgment: "My intention (he says) when I left Kabul was to ride as far as the Kyber Pass. But suddenly a presentiment made me retrace my steps and hurry back to Kabul—a presentiment of coming trouble which I can only characterise as instinctive. This feeling was justified when, about half way between Butkhak and Kabul I was met by Sir Donald Stewart and my Chief of Staff. They brought me the astonishing news of the total defeat of Brigadier-General Burrow's brigade at Maiwand and of Lieut-General Primrose, with the remainder of his force, being besieged at Kandahar."

Lord Roberts was able to go to the relief of the besieged troops, and only arrived in the nick of time. Had he not experienced his "presentiment of coming trouble," and been influenced to retrace his steps, he would not have arrived at all. As it was, the besieging Afghans were taken by surprise and suffered an overwhelming defeat.

And what of Foch—that man whom Roberts had foreseen, six years before the Great War, leading the Allies to victory? Marshal Foch also had his intuitions, which enabled him to supplement military judgment with amazing flashes of insight. During the Battle of the Marne, General Foch acted as one inspired. Reason and military precept were thrown to the winds as he followed an irresistable urge which drove against all logic and reason. He said afterwards, "I advanced four miles. Why? I don't know. But I knew God was there. And I was filled with a wild obstinacy!"

Strange words for a soldier, upon whose leadership depended not only the lives of his men, but the defence of his country. His advisers urged him to turn back. Foch was deaf to all appeals. His position seemed madly precarious. But God was there, he was insensible to others' advice, he held on, and to the amazement of Joffre, his Commander-in-Chief, he stabilised his position and even drove the Germans back! Joffre described the manoeuvre as "a miracle." And Foch, when questioned afterwards about his hunches, contented himself with the laconic comment. "It was given me that I knew what steps to take!"

Kitchener, another of the great idols of the last war, had a clear premonition of his death at sea. Because of this, he allowed himself to be exposed considerably more than a Commander-in-Chief should be. It is on record that once, when he narrowly escaped death from enemy gun-fire, he told his aide-de-camp: "Don't you worry about me. I shall not die by shell-fire but by water." In fact, he often told his friends of his presentiment that he would die by drowning.

Even so, he good-humouredly tolerated the presence of his bodyguard—Detective Inspector M'Laughlan, of New Scotland Yard. This man, too, was fated to have a foreglimpse of the tragedy which was eventually to overtake them both. Detective Edwin Woodhall, who was in the Secret Service on active service, has told of his last meeting with M'Laughlan. The latter clasped his hands and said "Goodbye, my boy. God bless you—I shall never see you again." Shortly afterwards, Kitchener and his staff, including M'Laughlan, embarked on the ill-fated "Hampshire," which struck a mine off the Orkney Islands, and sank in a few minutes. There was only news of eleven survivors from the eight hundred men aboard her.

Lord Kitchener and Detective Inspector M'Laughlan were never heard of again.

Many Premonitions.

No one who has studied the life of Lawrence of Arabia can doubt his possession of a remarkable sixth sense. His personality was that rare combination of dreamer and practical man of action. The desert tribesmen should have regarded him as an infidel. Instead they elected him as their Prince.

Lawrence had many premonitions, some of which saved his life, and he believed he was led by a higher power. His physical disadvantages were great. He was too small in stature to get into active service, he had little or no military experience, yet he formed and led armies, fought decisive battles, and won greatness for himself and his country. Always he followed the promptings of his voices, and he was never betrayed.

But perhaps the greatest of all examples of spirit guidance on the battlefield is that of a woman—Joan of Arc. This ignorant peasant girl saw visions and heard voices which brought her people victory. In the end, she died at the stake because she would not swear that the spirit who guided her were evil. Her story is easily the most amazing chapter of seership in wartime that has ever been written.

Here, now, is the story of a woman's premonitions in the last war. She was the wife of Lieut.-Commander G. H. Pownall, R.N. Commander Pownall was in charge of the submarine flotilla at Malta. Commander Pownall had been in command of the submarines at Malta for three years when the war broke out. When the dread news came, a member of Admiral Carden's staff said to Mrs. Pownall, "Anyway we (the Admiral and his staff) shall not leave Malta, for the Admiral has just received an extension of his appointment."

A few mornings later Mrs. Pownall said she had dreamt in the night that Admiral Carden was to have command of a fleet at sea, but nowhere near England. Mrs. Pownall was noted for her clairvoyant powers, so this prediction, and also the fact that it was regarded as "highly improbable," was written down and signed by witnesses at the time. Admiral Carden was then Superintendent of Malta Dockyard. Five weeks later the Admiral was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, then at the Dardanelles.

COBBER KANE "SENDS HIS SOUL."

Mrs. Estelle Roberts, the spiritualist medium—says Cobber Kain, ace air hero, who was killed in a flying accident—has asked to be put in touch with his fiancee, Miss Joyce Phillips.

Mrs. Roberts told the "Sunday Pictorial" recently that at a recent seance a boyish voice broke in:

"Hi there!" it said, "I'm Cobber Kain. Can you hear me?"

No one in the circle knew Kain personally, Mrs. Roberts said, so he was asked if he had a message for anyone.

The "voice," according to Mrs. Roberts, then said, "Will you endeavour to give my love to my fiancee, my mother and sister? Tell them I have been back and I am all right."

Still in Love

From her home at Rose Farm, Great Mollington, Cheshire, Miss Phillips spoke to the "Sunday Pictorial" and when told of Cobber's "message," said:

"It is wonderful! I have never had anything like this before. I am still desperately in love with Eddie—and his Maori mascot, Tiki, is still my most precious possession.

"I would give anything to speak to him—and hear his voice. I should know his voice—no one who knew him could possibly make a mistake. I should like to come to London and be able to speak to Eddie, if it can be arranged. I write to his mother regularly. We shall always keep in touch with each other. We have a bond in the man we both loved—and still love."

Mrs. Roberts is going to meet Joyce as soon as she go to London. "I am only too glad to be able to help the boy speak to her—he is so anxious to make contact with his sweetheart and his mother and sister," Mrs. Roberts said.

Nonsense About Sir Oliver Lodge

HANNEN SWAFFER TAKES US BEHIND FLEET STREET HEADLINES.

(From his page in "The Leader")

"IT gives me a melancholy pleasure to attend the obsequies of an old friend," Sir Squire Bancroft used to say, dressing up, for another funeral, like George Alexander in "The Importance of Being Earnest."

And it gives me a melancholy pleasure to read their obituaries.

Sir Oliver Lodge's passing was another case in point.

For once, Fleet Street got fleet. It grabbed all its telephones at once and called up every Spiritualist it knew. It started "revealing" things, got excited over "sealed envelopes," "code messagees," and saw a couple of ghosts over its left shoulder.

Pity the Poor Public?

The "News Chronicle," owned by Quakers, quaked so over the passing of one of the noblest men of the last half century that it dragged in Harry Price—you know, the Harry Price who, accompanied by reporters and camera men, once walked up the Harz Mountains to see if a magic formula could turn a goat into a beautiful young man.

Yes, it consulted the Harry Price who, in 1936, was photographed in a "haunted bed" with Professor C. E. M. Joad.

Then, the owner of the bed complained about the sensational news a reporter was telephoning from her house. He waved her off, saying, "My dear lady, the public wants something tasty."

The poor public got it!

What Price Harry?

According to the "News Chronicle," "Mr. Harry Price, psychist, honorary secretary of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, said he did not consider the Lodge test to be water-tight."

In 1937, Professor A. V. Hill, writing to "Nature," said that when he inquired of the Principal of the London University, he was told that Price's council had nothing to do with the University of London.

"Every fake medium in the world will pour in claims that Sir Oliver has spoken through them," said Price, "and that they know the contents of the envelope."

Why a so-called fake medium should advertise the fact that he or she was wrong, only a "psychist" would understand.

"The Times" Test !

Still, "The Times" said, some years ago, that it would only be converted to Spiritualism when it found a medium who could give the winners of horse-races.

Apparently its own tipster had been having a very bad time.

The "Sunday Graphic" said in reference to the sealed envelope, "that Spiritualists were demanding that a seance should be held." This sublime stupidity was left out, however, after one edition.

24 Years Ago.

The "Sunday Dispatch" tried to prove how sensational it was in 1916. "Twenty-four years ago," said a 'Sunday Dispatch' reporter, "Sir Oliver Lodge authorised me to make in the 'Sunday Dispatch' a statement that made a Spiritualist sensation throughout the world."

The statement was about his son, Raymond. This was true, but the heading was, "Sir O. Lodge's first Confession."

Actually, of course, it was eight years before that Sir Oliver had said he had held communications with friends who had passed on, and seven years before that he had published "Survival of Man."

I SET THE FASHION.

The "Sunday Dispatch" recalled, in story, no doubt written by Russell Stannard, that, twenty-four years before, it had printed how Lodge had, through Mrs. Osborne Leonard, obtained messages from his youngest son, Raymond, killed in Flanders in September, 1915.

This interested me because I was editor of the "Dispatch," as it was then called. In those days, with no interest whatever in Spiritualism, but realising the need for comforting mourners, I sent Stannard up to Scotland, to get an article on "Survival"

from Lodge, one that was probably the first published on the subject in an ordinary newspaper.

I paid Lodge £50 for the article, and then followed it up with articles by General Sir Alfred Turner and other Spiritualists. Afterward, I sent Max Pemberton round on a tour of mediums, but, soon tiring of the subject, dropped it.

"Loose Evidence."

"There was some amusement when, in "Raymond," Lodge suggested that there were cigars in Heaven," said the London "Star' Man's Diary." "His own frank explanation was that the question was so important that lesser standards of evidence should be accepted. The point seems to be one of personal taste."

I suppose he meant the taste of the cigar.

Now I am sure that Lodge's evidence was much more scientific than that which the same writer had last week, when he challenged Frank Owen to deny that he was Scipio.

The slightest knowledge of Frank Owen's style would have stopped the "Star" man from not knowing the author was Dicky Crossman.

Besides, why didn't he call up Frank and ask him?

The Beaver's Hero Son.

Although Beaverbrook, in speeding up the aeroplane drive, has no need for stimulus, he finds it in the fact that his son Max is one of the bravest of the splendid young pilots now calling out "Planes, planes, planes!"

Young Max Aitken was manager of the "Sunday Express" when, a reserve flying officer, he joined up immediately at the outbreak of war and soon became an ace.

His squadron was called "The Blues," for it included ex-varsity men who had won sporting distinction. Max was a soccer Blue at Cambridge.

Loel Guinness is Max's C.O. Max is a flight-commander, who, regularly twice a day, goes up bringing down the Germans. He starts from an aerodrome right next to where his sister, Mrs. Montagu, lives.

Often she watches him leave. Invariably she waits to see him return.

Max Aitken took part in raids on Borkum. He was also flying regularly over Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk, taking a brave part in helping a retreat more glorious than any triumph.

Although Max works as part of a squadron, doing team work, he is known to have brought down five aeroplanes on his own.

I print the story because it can't go into the "Daily Express." For once the Beaver and the eaglets must, with unaccustomed modesty, keep quiet about something in which all Fleet Street can take pride.

A WAR-TIME PRAYER

Lord of Mankind, what shall we plead
In this our hour of direful human need!
When fierce, unreasoning Force assails our Gate
To bind our very Souls and seal our fate!—
Thou, whose unbounded Love doth wide embrace
The final purpose of the human race;
Whose law is infinite and sternly just;
Whose balances doth weigh the smallest dust;
Whose ordering Mind controls the farthest star,
And in whose Being is no flaw nor bar;
What can we do but cast ourselves on Thee,
In whose pure presence sin and weakness flee!
Oh give us Light our proper way to heed;
We cannot fail if we have Thee to lead!
Almighty Father, make us wise and strong
To do the Right and only fear the Wrong!

Cohuna. G. E. TERRY.

"TRANCE ADDRESSES OF SAMBERINO."

Delivered in Roseville Spiritualist Church, Roseville, Sydney, Australia, through the mediumship of Henry B. Raine.

"Trance Addresses in Samberino" is attractively bound in red cloth and forms a suitable and inexpensive Christmas gift, indeed we could not suggest a better book to interest those who have no knowledge of Spiritualism. There is nothing that would antagonise the orthodox believer; on the contrary, what is offered him is conso'ation and practical help.

Through the generosity of the author, we are enabled to sell this book at half price. Price, posted, 2/9.

The Babe of Bethlehem

Given by "AGONIUS" *through* FREDERICK H. HAINES.

At Christmas-tide we look back to beginnings and win courage for the future. Readers will rejoice to go again with the shepherds and "the angels of Jesus" to look into the crude cradle in the stable at Bethlehem. One who wishes to be known as "Agonius" takes us in spirit-vision. Come! F.H.H.

THE great intent of long premeditated purpose lies in a manger, wrapper in fair linen and nourished by a mother's love. Yet once again the stupendous miracle of human life, impregnate with divinity, has been wrought for man's upliftment.

Life is love made manifest and is ever of God. But oh, the wonder-vision of a new-born child to those whose eyes are open to the glory-light which shines about the purpose of its being! Never a babe was born but the Spirit glorified it to the Will of God and wrought upon the physical body a miracle in every part so that each was fitted to the purpose of its creation. The very maimed and crippled also are subject to the retributive law which in their persons vivify the past or bring, through ministry of torment, opportunity to those who need a Christ close-present in their lives. There is no failure in the greater end of all the trivialities of life and never a failure when a child is born on earth.

So Jesus came Christ-worthy from the hour of His nativity and in the perfection of His birth reflected God to the eyes of all who had understanding. His hands and feet were perfect emblems of a fate which wrought beauty for a temple sacrifice; and the Mary-mother, kissing them in joyous ecstacy of love, was mother-wise of the truth that these dear tiny hands and feet were born to suffering.

The Glory of Mother-Love.

Mary knew mother-pride when the shepherds came all haste to tell their vision on the hills; and she knew in their great interest a thrill of the spirit which confirmed her secret hopes. Old and young these shepherds came, a band of nine or more, eager to behold the miracle of birth proclaimed in angel song. They stood in awe to look upon a Babe which surely, so they thought, was far more beautiful than ever a babe could be; for in their eyes there lingered still the glory-light which "shone around" when "the glad tidings" came to them upon the hills. The Mary-mother understood their adoration as a mother would and it joyed her soul that they should silent homage pay.

And they, the shepherds, went back into the night conscious of spiritual exultation and full of thought which none could understand. They had seen a Child which was in a manager laid. And the mother of the Child had been very gracious unto them and had made them welcome to look upon her son. Truly, they said, she was but young to be a mother and Joseph, her husband, was somewhat older than the maid deserved. But though he was stern and somewhat reserved in listening to their tale, lo, Mary the mother gave them ready ear. But the Child, surely, was preternaturally wise as well as good to look upon; its luminous eyes had seemed to explore their souls. Truly their experience was wonderful. They came with faith endued to pay homage to their Lord.

Childhood is the period of tranquility when the spirit within holds converse with those bright ones appointed to the guardianship of the soul. Every child is thus blessed and in its dreaming attains interior wisdom which is ever of greater worth than the issues of material life.

The Childhood of Jesus.

But Jesus knew far greater wonder of interior growth than ever comes to the ordinary child; for all His days were circumscribed with the holy Mary's love; and upon

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PUBLIC NOTICE.

We no longer have a representative of the "Harbinger of Light" in Sydney and no one is authorised to collect monies on our behalf in N.S.W.

All communications and monies due should be addressed to:

The Harbinger of Light Pty. Ltd.,
203 Collins Street, Melbourne.

His Spirit there waited a glorious company of elect who fed the flame of wisdom from above and brought many a spiritual memory from the heavenly spheres to exalt the growing consciousness of earthly life.

Jesus, as a child, was much beloved and in those love-rays His beauty grew so that many envied Mary such a son, unconscious of the greater beauty there enshrined. But it is ever thus in the world of men; the outer is esteemed the greater worth; the inner, heeded not at all or held of small account. But this laudation of His physical form by those enamoured of the eye pleased Mary less than the prophetic word which fell full oft from the lips of passers-by possessed of spiritual discernment.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS HYMNS.

By GRACE TYERS.

CHRISTMAS is a time of singing, and the songs of Christmas are among the gladdest and merriest the world knows.

Leaving out the traditional carols whose very authors' names are shrouded in mystery, there are the hymns, well-loved and time-honoured, whose authors are familiar to us. The stories of the hymns themselves are not so well known.

Of the hymns that will be sung at Christmas the most majestic is that translation from a latin poem:

"Adeste fideles,
laeti triumphantes,"

which we sing as: "O, come all ye faithful." This hymn was formerly credited, on doubtful authority, to the Franciscan Cardinal Bonaventura, who died at early middle age in the Thirteenth Century (1274). It is now known to date no earlier than the Seventeenth Century, and to be of French or German origin. The translation, made by Canon Oakeley to be sung at Margaret Street Chapel in 1841, is a triumph, and is considered the best ever made of these words.

Four years later the translator entered the Roman Catholic Church. The ancient tune, as majestic as the words, is familiar to the Christian world.

. . . .

First favourite with children among Christmas hymns is "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," written by Nahum Tate, poet laureate to William III., Queen Anne and George I. This is the only Christmas hymn ever written by a poet laureate. Tate, with Brady, is included among that select band of collaborators that have graced English letters: Beaumont and Fletcher, Besant and Rice, Gilbert and Sullivan.

Tate and Brady's Psalms in Metre enjoyed immense popularity, especially in Scotland, when they appeared in 1698. Tate also collaborated with Dryden in "Absalom and Achitopel," but apart from his hymns his work is unimportant. Though bosom friend of Rev. Nicholas Brady, D.D., Chaplain to King William III., Tate was a man of drinking habits. Strangely enough, too, his most popular Christmas hymn he wrote alone.

Its popularity at Christmas is shared by Charles Wesley's "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." Wesley, it was said, "set evangelism to music," but he nearly spoiled his great Christmas paean by an unfortunate first line, which ran: "Hark! how the welkin rings." But "welkin," though good Anglo-Saxon, never found favour in English, so Wesley wisely altered the line to its present form.

Originally it was written to be sung to Handel's tune, "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes," in ten four-line stanzas. Some of these have since been discarded because of weak rhymes, such as:—

"Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore;
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours and ours to Thine."

The hymn now appears in three eight-line stanzas, with refrain, set to a tune adapted from Mendelssohn. This form is likely to be retained, for all congregations enjoy singing it.

The hymn commencing "In the fields with their flocks abiding" belongs to Harrow schoolboys, as it was written for them by Dean Farrar when he was their assistant master. John Farmer. remembered by his pianoforte tutor, set the words to music. It was he also who made Harrow the pioneer school in public school singing.

Another hymn beloved of children is, "Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne and Thy Kingly Crown." This hymn with its peculiar metre has always been the joy of composers, who have written fine music to it. The words were written by Miss Emily E. S. Elliott, niece of the delicate Charlotte Eliott, who herself wrote some of our best-known hymns.

No Christmas would be complete without that stately hymn linking the birth of Christ with the coming Gold Age: "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear." It was written by a Congregational clergyman of Massachusetts, the Rev. Edmund Sears. A Mallee schoolmaster once told how he chose this hymn as a Christmas song for his scholars. Christmas means hard work and harvesting on a Mallee farm, and as he wrote the verses on the blackboard for the scholars to copy, there was the usual hubbub until the fourth verse:

"And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow.
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!"

Then all sound ceased. The teacher turned round, to find every child's eyes on him, and one little boy gave vent to a long sigh that seemed to fill the small schoolroom.

. . . .

The most romantic of hymns for Christmas is perhaps "Christmas Awake, Salute the Happy Morn." It is humorously remarked in England that this is often sung by the Waits before one has retired on Christmas Eve!

This powerful hymn was written by John Byrom, M.A., Fellow of the Royal Society, a versatile English scholar of the 18th century. Byrom was the inventor of a system of short-hand which he taught the Wesleys, Horace Walpole, and Lord Chesterfield (of the Letters). In religion he was a follower of the mystics. The actual fact of the hymn's origin is that when Byrom asked his little daughter, Dolly, what she would like for a Christmas present, she replied, "A new poem." On Christmas morning she found the hymn under her breakfast plate, headed, "Christmas Day for Dolly." The original manuscript is carefully preserved at Cheetham Hospital, Manchester.

But for poetic beauty among Christmas hymns, many would accord first place to that written by Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning." The statue of this saintly young missionary stands in the chancel of St. Paul's, London. All of his hymns, including his poetic gem, were written in his exquisite handwriting in two cheap exercise books, at the time evidently disregarded by his children, for around the margins on almost every page appear problems from Euclid. These exercise books are now among the literary treasures of the British Museum.

The literature of our mother tongue is profusely rich with hymns for Christmas rejoicings.—"The Herald."

TWO CHRISTMAS STORIES.

From "The Two Worlds"

The Phantom of the Bonnet Woman.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Longennecker (Reading, Penn.).

Do I believe in ghosts. I certainly do. Read this, and perhaps you, too, will agree with me that there is something worth considering in those manifestations which we call Spiritualistic phenomena. I won't vouch for it that we can communicate with the departed, nor will I say that we can bridge the gulf that separates this world from the hereafter, but this much I do say and firmly believe, that what I beheld on an early autumn morn some fifteen years ago was no optical illusion, nor was it a dream, for I was as wide awake as I am at present.

On this particular morning of which I am writing, Phil, my husband, and I, arose precisely at ten minutes to three. Rather an unusual time, you will say, to commence

the day. But you see we lived in the country on a large farm at that time, and attended the city markets some ten miles distant, so we were compelled to get an early start.

We had just come downstairs, and Phil had started for the barn to feed the horses, while I busied myself getting lunch before we started. I had occasion to go out on the side porch for the cream and butter, and in so doing I saw a woman coming up the road toward our house.

I could see her plainly, as it was bright moonlight. She appeared to be rather tall, with light, flowing garments, and on her head was a large bonnet. Our nearest neighbour, Sara Smith, generally wore one, and she was also a tall woman. Naturally I surmised this to be Sara, as her aunt had been ill the day before and might need a doctor.

With this thought in mind, I started for the fence, at the same time exclaiming: "Why, Sara, what are you doing here at this time of the night?"

No answer.

"Can I do anything for you?" I continued. "If so, tell me."

Still no answer.

By this time I had arrived at the fence and—was this Sara? My heart almost stopped beating. It's a miracle I didn't drop dead right there. I was rooted to the spot. I couldn't move. I couldn't cry out. There I stood helpless, my senses benumbed, while the apparition—for apparition it was—stood staring at me with—oh! those eyes! Will I ever forget them? Not if I live to be a hundred. They were as large as silver dollars.

In place of a nose and mouth, the creature had a long, sharp beak, like some large bird of prey. Its hands were like long, pointed talons as they rested on top of the fence.

I don't know how long it stood thus. In that brightly moonlit early autumn morn, it seemed an eternity to me.

All of a sudden it vanished, just as completely as thought the earth had opened up and swallowed it. I seemed to regain my senses, and gave vent to one long, loud scream—loud enough to wake the dead—and then I knew no more.

When I awoke to consciousness I was lying on the couch in the sitting room, with Phil on one side and the doctor on the other. I heard the doctor say: "She's coming to. She'll be all right now. Don't excite her, as she has had a bad fright, whatever it was."

He had a glass full of something which he held to my lips and bade me drink. It thoroughly revived me. Like a flash I remembered. I had seen a ghost, and as I thought about it, I almost fainted again.

I told them what I had seen. I don't know if they believed me or not. I don't think the doctor did, as I heard him utter under his breath something about "optical illusion and nervousness." He left me some medicine, cautioning me to be careful not to excite myself, and with that he left.

Phil and I went on discussing the incident, as it was too late now to attend market. It was broad daylight. Could it be possible that I had been unconscious almost four hours? Yet it was so. It was all but seven o'clock.

Presently someone knocked at the door, and on opening it, old Granny Ruggles, one of our neighbours, came in. I told her of what I had seen, and she said she had seen it, too, but never at such close range. She always saw it from a distance, she said, sometimes far down the road. It always stopped and disappeared at the old lime kiln, about a quarter of a mile up the road.

The older generation around there claimed there had been an atrocious murder committed years and years ago, and this spectre was believed to be the victim's shade.

A number of other people had seen the apparition besides Granny Ruggles and me; and the natives, in their curious Pennsylvania Dutch dialect referred to it as the "Hoot Frau," meaning in English the "Bonnet Woman," on account of the large bonnet it always had on.

"Laying a Ghost" at an Old Mill House.

An Interesting Experience.

By Edith Clements.

This will no doubt be an interesting record, as there appears to exist doubts as to whether "ghost disturbances" are illusions, imaginations, and so on. There are people who call themselves strong-minded, who have no knowledge of what fear can be, and who, as a result, will be inclined to mock or jeer when any reference is made to a house said to be "haunted." One is usually told by them that there is no such thing as a "ghost" or "haunted house."

On the other hand, there are people who, being on the look-out for sensation, or a thrill, or publicity, will advertise for a "house with a ghost." That this is true causes me to write this story, as it seems to me that Mr. Will Goldston has lost an excellent chance of securing a real old-fashioned Mill House with ghost complete. At present he would be too late, for a visit has been paid for the purpose of finding out "who the ghost was" and "why he was disturbing," and having found out the reason the old Mill House is now quiet and peaceful, and is not for sale.

It happened like this: I received a letter from the owner of the Mill (who has recently come into contact with Spiritualism). He had heard the story of how we had investigated "haunted houses and cleared them," and as a result we could assist him in his trouble.

It appears he bought the Mill House about six years ago. It was then in a terrible dilapidated condition, but by spending a lot of money upon it he made it habitable. He strengthened the old beams, reconstructed the old fireplaces, pulled down some old lofts, and had an extra wing added, constructed in quite the modern style, which contrasted greatly to the old world picturesque beauty of the Mill House. But after it was all finished noises and disturbances manifested. Maids used to complain of footsteps walking in their rooms, noises seemed to follow them, and their sleep was disturbed. The owner confessed himself to never having had a real undisturbed sleep. He also complained of an "atmosphere which seemed charged with something unexplainable." No maid would remain in his service, until at last he secured a German servant who apparently "will not be scared by the ghost," or who is not "affected," for she remains as the only servant, and undertakes the part of housekeeper to her bachelor master.

But the disturbances went on, until steps were taken to find out if there was a psychic reason for the ghostly manifestations. The day arrived when we went to investigate. We were accompanied by the owner of the Mill and two friends. We were shown into a large room on the ground floor, beautifully furnished in modern furniture, and called the drawing-room. Immediately I "felt" myself become a crotchety "old man" and commenced grumbling about pulling the place about, and "messing with the fireplaces," etc. My host agreed this was what he had done (we knew nothing of his alterations or additions until we received it from the old man).

We followed our host, and upon arriving at the top of the staircase became aware of a terrible feeling around our throat, and looking up saw or "sensed" a form hanging from a rope tied round a beam.

My host assured me no beams had ever been over this staircase. However, my sensations persisted, and I knew there must be another staircase nearby which had had beams across. It was true. We came to the staircase which used to lead up to the lofts, which had strong oak beams across, but now the lofts had been pulled down, and the new wing added in its place. It was behind all these rooms the disturbances came. My host's room was situated here, so we decided to hold our seance there.

Prior to "sitting" we were told help would be given to the old man to manifest as he was earthbound to his conditions, and from which he could not (or would not) break away from. Presently he manifested, and it was with some difficulty that he was made to understand just where he was. He was undoubtedly the original owner of the Mill, who in a fit of depres-

sion had hanged himself in the old loft many, many years before. He was still haunting his old home, and naturally very resentful of the alterations and new owners, and was trying to succeed in making the atmosphere anything but pleasant for those he could form contact with.

But he was put right in his difficulty. Explanations were given to him regarding what he had done. He was advised to start a new life and forget his physical sufferings. The result is that the disturbances have ceased, and the owner admits that the "air" seems clearer than ever before, and agrees that he is grateful to a Spiritualist for coming to his assistance and making his house quiet and restful.

Yes, ghosts are real. Houses are "haunted," but they are not always the "evil spirits" our opponents are fond of jibing about. There are many sad scenes to be witnessed when one undertakes to "lay ghosts," and we are not paid the fabulous sums of money offered to purchase a "house with a ghost." This work is usually unknown to critics of Spiritualism, but to the Spiritualist it brings an added joy in understanding, for experiences such as this give knowledge, and knowledge is power.

SPIRIT TEACHINGS FOR THE PRESENT TIMES

How The New Revelation Will Alter Man's Conceptions.

"THE BEAMS OF THE KINGDOM."

THE crudities of psychic life and phenomena are mists that have been stirred by the firelight of the New Dawn.

They are the emanations from the valleys of the world's superstitions, blood-sacrifices, and necromancies of an immemorial past.

The burning radiance of the New Kingdom is a firelight which has brought this forth as a film, or as a mist.

The Mist is not the Light, and that smoke cloud which is in danger of standing between the New Truth and the longing eyes of Humanity, must be lifted and vaporised into a clarity so that it shall not deflect the beams of the Kingdom, nor obstruct the vision of the soul.

The whole conception man has had concerning his origin, destiny, and the means whereby he can choose his path of life, have all been wrong in the main. The truth must be spoken, and it shall be so strong in its revelation that it will cause a revolution of thought; and thought which has been turning for ages from right to lift shall begin to revolve from left to right.

The mystery of life and death, and the way of emancipation shall be placed in the hands of men. What if it arrests, and recasts, all conceptions in religion, philosophy and science?

Fear not, for the Kingdom of Heaven taketh possession of the kingdom of the earth and the kingdom of darkness.

Men can only climb to a false light through the ladder of their speculative minds, or by traditions, or dark hidden problems. Tradition holds naught but obliquity, and leads not from nor to the pathway of liberation.

The whole contemplative scheme of things is the result of wrong deduction, and it is all wrong.

The revelation shall be a transforming and transfiguring revelation, and shall be the key to all economic and industrial problems, irrespective of cult, creed, or race.

In every nation those who are awake shall read it and translate it in terms of their own races. For the King cometh as never before. His feet are shod with fire. His eyes are the lightning flashes of Truth, and His heart is centrally poised in infinite knowledge.

We want to tell you that the infinite creative Spirit of Light and Truth, which men call the beneficent God, did not create the world of mechanical force, with its corruption, evil, lust, and the blood of ages; and that it has neither been permitted nor desired by the One whom you call God, the Light of Life.

But this world with its struggle, strife, warfare, crime, ugliness and selfishness shall be captured from that power that brought it into being, and shall be transformed into that which the best men in their hearts all through the great aching ages have dreamt of. The great poets, singers and prophets, in their higher moments, have all dreamt of this harmony, life, beauty and glory that shall be.

For the King cometh to take possession, to transform, to transfigure, to transmute, to defeat, and to subdue the power which brought into being and half completed a creation which produced death.

The dream from the heart of purity has already commenced its pathway. The voice speaks tender and true, and has sounded through the discords of the great glamour. The pulsations produced by that which is coming will re-dress the earth.

We cannot tell you more. You have no words adequate. We only say that it is so. You could not

understand how and what, because you have no words to understand that which is all new.

Disease, failure and death have hitherto held sway all the way through. But disease shall, with the coming of the Master, give place to ease; and death, with its attendant terror, shall give place to life; not mechanical, chemical, biological life, but life without terror.

For the Master cometh to claim and own the whole world.

———o———

THE BIBLE'S TRUTH IS SUPPORTED

Discovery of Tomb Yields Important Link in Proof.

AN important link in the chain of scientific proof upholding the historical and geographic accuracy of the Bible has been discovered near Jerusalem.

The find, a royal Egyptian tomb containing 192 gold scarabs, bridges a 400-year gap in the Bible and completes a long series of events hitherto without explanation in Old Testament history.

Excavations by scientists working among the ruins of the "lost" biblical city of Lachish, important town in Palestine and centre of the ancient Egyptians' postal service on the Arabian peninsula, revealed the tomb with its treasure of metal beetles.

Announcement of the discovery and details of its significance were made by Sir Charles Marston, eminent authority on biblical history and Egyptologist of world renown. He received word of the find from scientific colleagues digging in the Lachish fields.

The scarabs are Egyptian signets usually shaped in the form of a beetle and were symbols of a sun diety.

Describing the discovery and how it bears out the historical perfection of the Bible, Sir Charles said in an interview:

"The royal tomb, with its three tier and many chambers, its royal scarabs and signs of having been destroyed by intense heat, happens to be just one more link in the long yet incomplete chain of events which are helping to prove that Bible history and dynastic sequence of Egyptian pharoahs are contemporaneous.

"The Hebrews, in the Old Testament, refused for 400 years to recognise that there was such a thing as Egyptian dominion of Palestine.

"Naturally, in the Bible, there is a gap of four centuries, therefore, which we have hitherto found difficult to fill.

"The discovery of contemporaneous scarabs at Lachish, every pharaoh having his own scarab, covering the forgotten period in Old Testament history, is therefore of the utmost importance.

"In fact, we are gradually coming more and more to the belief that historically and geographically, the Bible is one of the most accurate books ever written.

"We archaelogists have proved that the deluge really happened.

"We have that Abraham, Moses, Noah and the others really lived. We have even proved that the Hebrews, 4,000 years ago, had a form of script, or flowing writing, which was the forerunner to modern writing.

"It is now some centuries since worldly wiseacres first set out to debunk that book which is actually the basis of the Christian religion, the Bible.

"But in a mere 15 years of archaeological research it has been possible to prove beyond a doubt that in all the main points, and in the great majority of the smaller points as well, historical and geographical, the Bible is true.

"One startling example of its accuracy is that Lord Allenby, when field marshal in command of the Arabian campaign during the war, discovered from Col. T. E. Lawrence that the best way to win the war was to follow the movements of troops as set out in the first four or five books of the Old Testament, in which not only the Hebrews, but their affiliated tribes successfully defeated their enemies because they knew the mountain passes.

"There was a flight from Egypt; the Red sea was crossed; the Israelites spent 40 years in the wilderness; an earthquake conveniently destroyed Jericho for Joshua; and flood did happen, as well as many more incidents, sometimes called miracles, that are familiar to every Sunday school scholar.

"What is more, the worship of one god preceded, not followed, the worship of many gods.

"And alphabetical writing, as distinct

from the cuneiform of Arabia and the Egyptian hieroglyphics, existed as long ago as 4,000 years, among the Hebrews!

"There was a man named Noah; there was writing before the flood, and the story of creation was a generally accepted fact in predeluge days.

"Some day we shall find a copy of the Bible, or an excerpt from one of its books, that will be dated definitely some four or five thousand years back.

"When we do find something like that, it will mean a revolution in world religions, and it will have a bearing on the theory of evolution, for it is no better than a theory, that may very well be shattering." —"Universal Service."

HATE.

By I.S.M. in Victorian Spiritualist Union News.

Hate is the outcome of fear, and he whose life is ridden by fear is heading headlong to a goal of failure and moral bankruptcy. The very foundation of Nazism and Fascism is fear. The peoples of Germany and Italy have been taught that we of the British Empire are a brutal and corrupt race, a merciless race, a selfish race who would sacrifice the world to gain our ends. Hitler and Mussolini have taught their peoples that all their suffering, all their privations, all their lack of the necessities of life are due to our activities. They have been taught to fear the democracies, and because they fear us they hate us.

We have been taught to fear snakes, and therefore we destroy them mercilessly. It is in the same spirit that the misinformed soldiers of our enemies set out to destroy London and our Empire. They fear us, they hate us, and because they have thrown themselves open to the moral forces of fear and hate they are already half beaten. They have not only to fight our armies, they have to fight the armies of the unseen world—the mental, emotional, and spiritual forces which they themselves have set in motion. There are some of our people who, when they look upon the scarred and stricken quarters of London's East End, advocate reprisals. These people, inspired by hatred of our enemies, contend that we should follow Germany's example. They actually advise that we should forget the glorious traditions of our Empire and descend to the ghoulish methods of warfare adopted by the murderers of Europe.

This is the spirit of the defeatist. It is an admission that Hitler is right. It is a confession that, in the eyes of the advocates of such reprisals, the ideals of British democracy are not worth upholding. It is a denial of the doctrine of righteousness, a blasphemous affirmation of belief in the Nazi doctrine that "Might will ever conquer Right." It is the first step to defeat. If these advocates of the methods of Hitler force Britain to jettison her high principles they will only confirm, in the minds of the people of Germany, their already tottering belief in the omniscience of their brutal master. Demonstrate to Berlin that "we are a brutal race who have no compunction about murdering women and children" and we will only succeed in consolidating them.

The bombing of London has united the Empire and won the sympathies of the democracies. It has made the whole world determined to purge Europe of the doctrines of totalitarianism. It has stimulated our will to fight (if such stimulation was ever necessary). Do we want to help Hitler by giving the people of Germany such a stimulus?

NO! I say definitely, "NO!"

Hate, fear, injustice, bitterness, the desire for vengeance, are all elements of defeat. Let us be loyal to the traditions of our race. Let us unite with the forces of righteousness and fight this war dispassionately until victory is ours. We are not out to destroy the people of Germany and their allies. It is our aim to save them from their own ignorance. We are striving to annihilate the doctrines which hold the peoples of our enemies in thrall. We are trying to set them free from the bonds which now hold them, and to reawaken the spirit of that better Europe which produced some of the greatest poets, musicians, mystics, philanthropists, philosophers, and scientists that the world has ever known. This can only be done if we adhere strictly to the doctrines of Christian fellowship of love, of justice, of humanitarianism. We are fighting for civilisation, so let us remain civilised and loyal to all those things for which our Empire stands.

UNCOMPLETED LIVES.

The Broken Arcs And The Complete Round

(By F.C.S. in the "Birmingham Post")

THE place of youth in war, it has been said, is marked by three phases: chivalry which urges to the struggle for the right; adventure in the actual conflict, ending with wounds or death or a fortunate escape finally, review, when all is over. Was it worth it? And what happened to lives suddenly cut off?

These three phases belong to every war. Youth answers the call, engages in the great adventure, receives the wounds, and pays the final price. And then the big questions are asked. It is natural that we ask concerning the fate of those who have been cut off in their prime and promise. Is the battlefield the end of them? Their lives were unfulfilled on earth, will they be completed in another sphere of being? We may recall the lines of Robert Browning in "Abe Vogler":—

> There shall never be one lost good.
> What was, shall live as before.
> The evil is null, is nought,
> Is silence, implying sound.
> What was good shall be good . . .
> On the earth the broken arcs,
> In the heaven a perfect round . . .

The "broken arcs" we know. They distress us. Is there a "perfect round" hereafter? Browning was an optimist concerning human life. Was he expressing in these lines a deep instinct within man's nature, or was he merely chattering about his wishes and investing them with the value of facts?

We need not stay to consider the objections which are raised against this faith. There are plenty of them, and they have been all answered a thousand times and more, from Plato onward. Let us rather think of this positive faith as we might regard an object in broad daylight, and then see how its contrary looks in any or no light. The real question is whether or not there are in the universe goodness, truth, beauty and love, beyond the fragments of these we know in humanity. Plato and the best of the Greeks believed there were. Through the ages the finest spirits have so believed, with excellent reason. The universe has produced man. Can it be poorer than he, in moral quality? How, then, has the fraction become richer than that which produced it? But say that silence implies sound, and that broken arcs demand the perfect round, you are at once in a rational world, and the "objections" begin to look a little shabby.

Then say that initiative always proceeds from beyond ourselves (which is the simple truth about our world and man) and it is but a step to say that the God who initiates will and must complete His work. That is both sense and Christian revelation. On the terrain of reason, objections can find no foothold. But on the ground of partial experience there is plenty to give us pause, e.g., the wastage of blossom in the springtime and the early fall of the fruit before it is full grown. Science, however, assures us that Nature never wastes anything. She has her stock-pot, into which all scraps go. With man, however, a moral problem emerges. There is no analogy between a snowstorm of blossom, or the premature dropping of insect-bitten fruit, and a human life, richly endowed, suddenly terminated prematurely by death. Whether by war or accident or disease is immaterial. The question is, in any and every case: Is this the end?

In the clubroom, when discussions arise, the question of the "Beyond" is often no more than idly academic. Not so when the dread Thing enters our home and sits on the hearthstone. "Love," says M. Legrand, "will tolerate no belief in annihilation; it demands reunion, progress, completion." What basis is there for such a faith?

An increasing number of people to-day avow their belief in human survival. They are driven to this, they say, because of the vast accumulation of psychic experiences, authentically guaranteed. When every allowance has been made for "natural explanations," misunderstandings, and possible fraud, there remains a residuum which is too convincing to be waved away with a contemptuous gesture. Mankind can never be completely satisfied with evidence of this order, which is only auxiliary and not fundamental. They need a basis for their faith which goes deep into the nature of things. The Christian Gospel offers this in its affirmation of an irrefutable principle, and a comprehensive demonstration. The principle is, "He Who hath begun a good work in you will complete it." (Phil i, 6). The

demonstration is that of our Lord, leaving earth in His prime, through man's ill will, withholding "the Keys of Death and Hades." The Son of Man guaranteeing all men the completion of their lives . . . beyond . . . It is that faith—or pessimism; for what possible alternative is there? The evidence in living experience is final for man upon this earth.

EXPERIENCES IN THE 1914-19 WAR.

Unseen Guide.

Is it possible for a man to be alive and fully conscious, yet suddenly, without warning—dead? Is it not possible that some means be devised to get in touch with them after?

This occurred to me, last year, while on holiday in Belgium. I decided to put it to a test, go up the "line" at the usual time, and arrive at the cross roads at Kemmel-Vierstraat at 12.30 a.m., at the exact hour my special chum was killed.

I concentrated all my thoughts on that unhappy night. We had halted at this very spot. We sat eagerly discussing our occupation of the forward observation post as our future home. In the distance a boom was felt more than heard, the shell seemed to wobble its way through the air. We were mildly interested in its destination. Suddenly we realised it was on us and with a resounding crash in the road. I had dived for the side of the estaminet. In the confusion Jimmie had leapt for the shelter of the wall, turned back, was too late, and was hit in the head and somersaulted to death at my side.

I closed my eyes and tried to bring back that picture. I am certain Jimmie was there. I felt it in my very soul.

I walked down the Vierstraat Road to the spot where I had buried him amidst a jumble of graves at the side of the road, and here, to my astonishment, found a large military cemetery. I faced a sea of white stones in seeming endless lines, like grostly soldiers on parade.

I had no idea of the position of the grave nor, in fact, if he had been buried in the cemetery. Yet with my unseen guide, who I knew was with me I walked straight to Jimmie's grave!

Glasgow. G. S. BARBER.

The Clammy Hand.

I was with theh K.O.S.B. in 1917, on the Arras sector. After some heavy marching, we threaded our way up the long communication trench to take up our position in support.

When we halted at our allotted place, I threw off my equipment and dropped like a log upon my pack. I had not been seated more than five minutes when a mate, Murray, I think was his name—came from Linthouse—called upon me: "Come on, Mac, I've got a good spot that will do both of us."

It was a broad seat formed in the back of the trench, and capable of holding two men comfortably.

I threw myself down and released myself from my equipment again. Then the strange thing happened. I felt something like a clammy hand passing across my brow. I must have turned very pale, because my mate stared at me and asked: "What is the matter, Mac?"

"I don't know, but I feel as though a shell was coming straight at me," I replied. My mate grabbed me by the arm: "Come on, Mac," he cried; "let's get back to where you were before."

The following morning one of our batteries opened out, just behind our trench, and very soon Jerry was answering it. Suddenly, with a warning scream, one shell fell short and landed right into the trench, covering us with debris.

ALEXANDER MAIR, N.D., D.O.

Psychic Diagnostician and Herbalist.

PERSONALLY OR BY MAIL

Mr. Mair, who has had phenomenal successes in Sydney, Brisbane, Toowoomba and other places is paying an extended visit to Melbourne and may be consulted as follows:

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT OFFICE,
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From the firestep my mate and I could scarcely believe our eyes. That shell had landed right where I sat the previous evening when the clammy hand warned me. Unfortunately, the young soldier who had taken my place was found buried and terribly mutilated.

I cannot say I ever gave much thought to Spiritualism, but my experience at that time keeps me from being cynical.

G. A. M'INNES.

Maria's Vision.

I don't believe in "ghosts" or "spiritualism," but—well, listen to this:

We were situated on the Nieuport front to the left of Ypres in 1918. Our camp was several kilos behind Nieuport and called "Ouze Dunkirke." When the enemy began to shell we suffered losses by shells falling short. I drove many wounded to hospital on the sea front.

We had to move our headquarters further back, and camped in La Panne, which had escaped shellfire.

The first morning, while awaiting my C.O., I was amazed to see the most beautiful girl I ever met. The girl, whom I shall call Maria, at once noticed my amazement and glanced back when she reached a cottage at the top of the alley.

One day three British aeroplanes came flying overhead at a very low altitude, which caused us no alarm. When the three British aircraft returned we quickly realised they were piloted by Germans. They dropped three bombs.

I rushed to give assistance. Soon I came across Maria, who was still alive but terribly wounded. I rushed her to an hospital. When I returned the dead bodies of Maria's mother and younger sister were laid aside of the shattered home. Maria died the same day.

Several days later I was standing beside my car when I was thunderstruck by a vision. There, in front of me, stood Maria. I felt alarmed, and walked down the road a few yards to compose myself.

Suddenly Gerry began to shell. The first dropped within short range of my car and badly damaged the bodywork. I received a head wound and lost a lot of blood while I lay on the deserted road.

I am positive if I had not walked down that road before Gerry began shelling I would never have lived to tell the tale.

Did Maria beyond the veil save my life?

J. M'GAULEY.

THE CHRIST HIGH SPIRITUAL CHURCH

The above church held its fourth anniversary on October 27th. There was an excellent attendance. The church was prettily decorated. Attractive piano and organ duets added to the charm of the evening together with two soprano solos, all of which tended to raise the vibrations.

The peace, happiness and harmony of the gathering were most marked and generally commented upon. All left feeling spiritually uplifted, and with the determination and courage to carry on the good work.

Miss Howlett gave demonstrations of spirit control with the assistance of Mrs. Rose Weeks, also gave several overhead readings, all of which were readily recognised by members of the audience.

We now enter into the fifth year cheerfully and hopefully with the knowledge that "The Master Hand" is with us and will guide and strengthen even unto the end.

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The press of Great Britain, without exception, gave the above book a reception never before accorded a book on this subject. It was certainly the most widely reviewed book of the winter book season of 1931-1932.

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N.D., D.O., F.A.P.A.

Psychic Diagnostician *Consulting Herbalist*

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Editor:—REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D.

Vol. 71. December 1, 1940. No. 12.

"FADER TRISTMAS,

WE were visiting the home of a man who had asked us for help for his eight children. While talking to the mother a little chubby face was put in at the doorway and this cry was made: "Fader Tristmas! Fader Tristmas!" Then becoming a little bolder, the wee chap came into the room, and standing close to my knee, looked up with such confidence, and said, "Are you Fader Tristmas?"

In our meditations that morning we had been overwhelmed by the thought that we could always be happy if we marked every blessing we received from our Father, and if we enjoyed to the full everything we tasted instead of anticipating what was coming next. And how simple it was to make others happy by being happy ourselves and having some little thing to give a smile, a word, a biscuit, a lolly. It is wonderful how even grown-ups like them. Here was a chance to practise it, so asking the mother's permission, which was given readily, we went to where the eager little hand was drawing us. As soon as we reached the yard-door, the same little voice rang out, "Here toms Fader Tristmas," and there we saw six children with pieces of paper for plates and orange peel for food playing their games. The little fellow whose imagination was more vivid than the rest had heard a strange voice and had come in to see if it were really Father Christmas who had come.

Now, before entering the house we had heard an ice cream cart bell, and it was just a few minutes after (whispering to the elder girl) that some of those biscuits with ice cream inside were placed one on each paper plate, where they didn't have time to melt waiting for the guests, and the little tongues, which had been chattering were too busy to even say "Fader Tristmas."

We left them very happy, with the promise that we would meet again, and true enough, the very next morning "Fader Tristmas" came up again with all his brothers and sists, and again his little running comments were funny. "Dat for me; no, dat for Nelly." It is wonderful how the last pair of shoes generally fit, and soon they were all as happy as sandboys in the anticipation of putting on the garments. But "Fader Tristmas" wouldn't let his go; he must carry them in his arms —no paper to cover them from his sight for him. We thought of some toys that the "Sun Toy Fund" had left us, so soon we had a great happiness in giving each of the eight children a toy, and a bag of cake sent in by our local friend, Mrs. Funge, and "Fader Tristmas" and his brothers and sisters were our friends for life.

They will come again, and it doesn't cost much to make such as they quite happy, and in this happy state the true story of Jesus is a sweet story in their ears. Because they have been transported from mock food (orange peel) to real food, ready to understand the spiritual happiness of the revelation that they are to become the children of God.

You can help in creating this happiness amongst such beautiful little children as "Fader Tristmas." Only one suggestion would I make, and that is, that you let your Heavenly Father make you happy, and then the other things will suggest themselves.—"J. H. Baines."

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