The Harbinger of Light

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A PSYCHIC DIGEST

Edited by
Rev. J. T. Huston, N.D.

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The Oldest Story in the World.
A Spiritualist Looks at Christmas.
The Return of Jean Harlow from the World of Spirit.
Living With Psychic Phenomena.
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The Harbinger of Light

A MONTHLY DIGEST DEVOTED TO
Psychical Research, Spiritualism, and Spiritual Philosophy

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

VOL. 72.—No. 12. PRICE, 9d. DECEMBER 1, 1941.

We extend to all our Readers Contributors & Supporters Hearty Good Wishes for Christmas and New Year.

"THE OLDEST STORY IN THE WORLD"

By Right Rev. R. Burt, Regionary Bishop of the Liberal Catholic Church

"When Jesus was born in Bethlehem in Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came Wise Men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is He that is born king of the Jews? . . . When Herod heard, he was troubled . . . and he sent them to Bethlehem . . . and they departed, and lo, the Star . . . went before them . . . and when they were come into the house they . . . worshipped . . . and presented their gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. . . ."

THERE has been a great deal of controversy as to whether the Gospel stories are to be taken literally and historically or only symbolically. Much of this argument has been acrimonious and, like most religious talk of its kind, has divided men into opposing camps instead of unifying them. The "symbolist" accuses the "literalist" of mental immaturity and superstitious clinging to myths. The literalist has accused his opponent of trying to drag God from heaven and even of playing into the hands of the Powers of Evil, although Truth is never injured by criticism, always clarified; and God cannot be dragged from heaven, if He is God.

The Liberal Catholic Church will have none of these divisions into irreconcilable camps of opposing belief. It constantly maintains that truth is many-sided, that all beliefs have some grain of truth, however obscured; but that no belief in itself has the whole of truth. Therefore it does not side entirely with either literalist or symbolist, but regards both as contributing to humanity's enlightment and uplift, although it makes no attempt to dictate such an attitude to any of its members, who may be either literalists or symbolists, as they choose.

The opinion of many Liberal Catholics is that the Gospel Story is substantially true in historical fact, but that there is a very much deeper truth underlying it, the truth of man's evolution from the animal-state to the Christ-condition. Many consider that the genius of our Lord the Christ was such, and His attunement with cosmic life so complete, that He could synchronise the events of His life with stages in the cosmic principle underlying man's evolution of consciousness. He came to enlighten and uplift by service and example. What better way could He choose than to act the

great drama of evolution in His own life?

On this principle the story of the Wise Men presents a new and greater view of the meaning of the Christ-story. The "three wise men" are the three personal factors of Mind, Emotions and Body. "Herod" represents the desire-nature with which the average man identifies himself, and which is always "troubled" when its owner turns away from the senses to the life of the Spirit. The "East" is the "Place of Light." "Jerusalem" is the "City of Peace"—the "peace which passeth all understanding." "Jew" and "Israel" are terms implying disciples, or Initiated Men, "chosen" or set apart to serve humanity along spiritual lines.

Here we see the ancient path of spiritual unfoldment. The three Wise Men of mind, emotions, and body are the instruments by which the soul obtains recognition of the universal life within it. Evolution is progressive. Savage man identifies himself with his body and its appetites, tribal man with his emotions, intellectual man with his mind. This is the point where worry begins and man is forced to look for something permanent amidst life's changing scenes. Savage man had no time to notice problems of impermanency; he was too busy supporting life. Tribal man was, and is, too engrossed in fighting people whose tribal loyalties differ from his. But modern intellectual man is faced with the critical realisation of the utter inadequacy of tribal, mechanical, and mundane things to satisfy a mind that is seeking truth and reality. Alternation between fear and excitement, as the psychologists puts it, proves to be unintelligent to the man of critical mind. Therefore he has to learn to look for some casual factor which survives these cycles of alteration. For some time, like Israel, he wanders through the wilderness, complaining of insecurity, whining that he

has lost his old taste for the flesh-pots of tribal enthusiasm, running riot and seeking pleasure in sensationalism, but not finding happiness, until at last he learns to look in the only place where happiness is to be found—in the depths of his own immortal soul, the causal part of himself. With that he crosses Jordan, River of Judgment—of Discrimination between the Real and Unreal—and reaches the borders of the Promised Land. In other words the three Wise Men of mind, emotion and body, finding the "star" of idealism that leads to the Christ-Child of divine consciousness, make the profound obeisance to That which dwells in the heart of all forms and offer their special gifts: gold, the mind purified of egotistic dross; frankincense, the uplift and sweet savor of purified emotion; myrrh, the astringent of a purified, obedient body.

This is the oldest story in the world, and the most true. All stories are built on the same theme, if they are serious. Religions have told it in the language of myths from time immemorial. Modern psychology tells it in new scientific terms. The psychologist speaks to mind and says: "There is Reality in your consciousness which survives all passing situations. Learn to find it and be FREE." But religion proclaims in words that pluck at the heart-strings;

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

"He best serves the State who raises, not the roofs of its houses, but the soul of its citizens."

—Epictetus.

A Spiritualist Looks at Christmas.

MARCELLA DeCOU HICKS

IN expressing herein my thoughts about Christ and Christmas, I am not the spokesman of Spiritualism, nor am I speaking for other Spiritualists. I am voicing my own personal concepts. Consequently if I give expression to some convictions not conforming particularly with your ideas, or even diametrically opposed thereto, remember they are merely my convictions. I do not suggest that you accept them. I concede to each and every human being the irrevocable right to his own opinions and conclusions, just as I concede to myself the right to mine.

I believe that most people love Christmas, with its gaiety, its gifts and its "good-will toward men," but too many of us have buried its true significance under a superficial clutter of Christmas trees, Santa Clauses, holly wreaths, mistletoe, stuffed turkeys, plum puddings and presents. Too many of us give but the most casual thought to Christmas as the accepted birthday of the man we know as Jesus, the Christ, and few of us indeed, ever ponder reverently the fact that we observe December the twenty-fifth as a day of gifts in commemoration of the story of the gifts brought by the three Wise Men to the infant Jesus.

Danger of Losing the Christmas Spirit

Some church groups sing the old Christmas carols and stage pageants of the Nativity, and in other ways keep alive the beautiful story, but it is pitifully evident that most of us are so busily engaged in worriedly and laboriously buying, addressing, stamping and mailing out Christmas

greeting cards to those who sent us cards the previous year—in pinching our resources to buy gifts for those we fear may send us presents—getting up huge Christmas dinners and eating them—that the spirit of Christmas in its true beauty has been all but lost.

Whether or not one believes literally in the story of the Nativity with all its attendant circumstances and embellishments—and I, for one, do not—it is nevertheless a beautiful legend, and it is fitting to pause on the birthdate of the greatest teacher of all time, to ponder a bit more deeply perhaps than is our custom on the mission, the teachings, and the supreme sacrifice of the man known as the Christ; to do a bit of special remembering of the greatest psychic the world has ever known, in the midst of the hurly-burly, excitement, and commotion of the Christmas season. It is well to give thanks and to be grateful that 2000 years ago a great teacher came among men, a psychic whose transcendent teachings gave to mankind the only workable formula for "Peace on earth"—the only instructions by means of which the brotherhood of man could be established on earth as a reality, if they were sincerely practiced. And whether this man were Jesus of Nazareth, Appollonius of Tyana, or actually some other who has never been named, we should be glad for the heritage of his teachings and his example. Personally I believe that the great teacher was Jesus.

What Really Matters

I don't believe that it matters what we believe about the so-called immaculate conception and the Virgin birth. I don't believe that it matters whether or not we accept the great teacher Jesus as the "only begotten son of God." I DO believe that it matters whether or not we absorb into our consciousnesses the fundamentals of his teachings

and practice them in our daily living—live the Christ Life. I cannot feel that the MANNER of Christ's coming is important, but I do deeply feel the importance of his MISSION.

As one probes more and more deeply into spiritual fundamentals and Universal Truth, learns more and more of the spiritual law, the necessity for believing many beautiful legends as a matter of bolstering faith becomes increasingly unnecessary. And when one, still of earth, has made his novitiate into the realms of spirit life, many things that previously seemed essential as the ground work of religious concept lose their importance. When one KNOWS, the necessity for blind faith vanishes.

Glad That Jesus Lived

I am so glad that Jesus lived and that He gave mankind the example of a sinless life. I am so thankful for His teachings and for His incontrovertible demonstration of immortality and the survival of the individuality after the change called death, that I do not care how or where He was born, or even who, exactly, He was. Whether He were "conceived by the Holy Ghost" and "born of the virgin, Mary," or the physical son of an earthly father even as you and I are the physical offspring of our parents—it matters nothing to me. The fact that He WAS born and DID live are enough.

I prefer to believe that He was human as even I am human: a son of God, even as I am a daughter of God—but a rarely gifted psychic who, through his perfected spirituality, had mastered and could use the laws of Spirit. I believe that Jesus' relationship to God differed from our own only in that He more nearly approached divinity in His perfection of soul and in His understanding and mastery of spiritual essentials and in His

celestial contacts. It is a matter that each one must decide for himself.

It seems to me that if Jesus were the Son of God in some manner in which the rest of us are NOT children of God, we could scarcely be expected to emulate Him. One would expect the only begotten Son of God to be without fault—why then stress, or do Him especial honor for His blamelessness?

The Human Jesus and the Divine Christ

To know that Jesus was human even as we are human, differing only in His spiritual perfection. His understanding of God's purposes, His mastery of psychism, brings Him so much closer to humanity and gives the poor, blundering mortal the inspiring hope of being able in some degree to approach Him in His perfection of being. Jesus, himself, never claimed to be the "only begotten Son of God" and therein lies our hope that we, as sons and daughters of God in our own right, by conscientiously living the Christ Life may eventually approach our Elder Brother in purity of life and purpose. And with this understanding of Jesus, to say that we can live sinless lives because Jesus did, really has some meaning.

As the holiday season approaches let us pause in our wild rush of Christmas preparations and take stock of ourselves retrospectively and introspectively to see whether we have conscientiously lived the Christ Life to the fullness of our understanding of it. Let us look back over the years and deep within ourselves. Have we truly striven to follow the teachings of our Elder Brother to whom we do honor at Christmas time? Let us acknowledge frankly to ourselves wherein we have failed and resolve that another Christmas will NOT find us falling so short of the mark. Let us revive the true meaning of Christmas.

THE RETURN OF JEAN HARLOW FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRIT

Contributed by The Quest Club, Auckland, N.Z.

THREE years ago, on the 7th day of June, 1938, there passed away in Hollywood a young woman who, through the medium of the screen, had become known to men and women in nearly every country of the world. I think most of you will remember Jean Harlow. Some made the mistake of confusing the woman with the actress, thus identifying her with the roles she played, but the majority of people recognised the woman in spite of the roles, and she numbered her admirers by the thousands. She was only 26 when she passed away, full of vitality and gaiety, but she was also interested in the deeper things of life, including the occult sciences, and had Dal Lee—an American authority—as her "personal astrologer."

In the comparatively short span of her life on this earth she knew both great happiness and great sorrow, and by her vivid personality attracted world-wide attention. This was demonstrated by the fact that on her first birthday after her death her mother, Mrs. Jean Bello, sometimes affectionately called "Mother Jean," received at least 100 telegrams and cables and well over 500 letters from filmgoers who had loved her, and people who had received many kindnesses at her hands. Her mother tells of how much the remembrance of these people meant to her during the first year of her loneliness and grief. Time and again strangers came to her door, people she had never met and whose names she did not know, to tell her of some loving service her daughter had done for them. This is a side of Jean Harlow's

character that may not be generally known, and we think it is not inappropriate to mention it here—there is such a strong tendency for the world to be so quick with its criticism and so laggard with its praise.

Between Jean Harlow and her mother there existed an unusually deep bond of affection and understanding. It was the mother's joy to make her daughter's home as comfortable and beautiful as possible, and to surround her with every care and attention a loving heart could devise, for Jean was the sunshine of her existence—the pivot around which her whole life revolved. Just two weeks before she passed on Jean said to her mother—"The greatest experience I have ever had is just around the corner, darling, and oh, I wish I could tell you how happy I am."

Death gave Jean that experience, but the mother was left alone and unconsolable. Life was unbearable to her in her utter loneliness, and she had nothing to hang on to but the love her daughter had inspired, and the beautiful expressions of that love which came to her every day from all parts of the world. Then one Sunday Jean Harlow came back to tell her mother all about it. We think it would be better if we quoted Mrs. Bello's own version of this very lovely experience:—

"I sat alone in my living-room and leaned my head against the back of the chair, and just said aloud, 'Oh, Baby, Baby, Baby.' And she came to me. I do not mean as a vision made manifest out of my bitter need. There is a difference. I mean that she walked into the room, her footsteps light and soft because she was wearing the little white rubber-soled shoes she always wore around the house. She was wearing her white slacks, one of the

white fuzzy sweaters she loved to wear, and in her hand she carried one of her large white silk handkerchiefs. She was there with me, warm and breathing and real. I saw her with my eyes. I felt her. She came to me, and took me in her arms and just held me there. I can't say for how long. I just know that I felt such a sense of joyousness and brightness and light as had not been mine since she went away. All at once I was healed and at peace. Then my Baby turned and walked out of the room into my bedroom. I could hear her moving around in there, humming to herself. I knew what she meant. She meant what she always meant when everything was all right, when everything was beautiful and serene, when she would say 'Isn't everything great?' That's what she said then. I told you I could not find words. Nor can I. I only know that she was here with me. I only know that she had left me, if not with a song in my heart, at least with a consciousness of song again."

And so a mother's broken heart was healed as a result of the return of her child from the World of Spirit. Now Jean is in constant touch with her mother, and Mrs. Bello says:

"My daughter has come to me several times—there is no space, no time, no barrier (as we human beings judge) that would ever keep us apart. She so believed that, and frequently spoke of the possibility of lifting 'the veil' through understanding, that it was our desire and faith that would lift the mist. I believe this. The Bible frequently speaks of 'no separation.' There is no separation in love, love is perfection, love is God."

A friend of Jean's, Miss Lucile Carlson, has

also received evidence of her return. This girl had not met Miss Harlow personally, but they had corresponded, spoken on the telephone frequently, and exchanged Christmas gifts and letters. One evening Miss Carlson attended a trumpet seance with a friend. They were complete strangers to the circle, no-one knew them, and they spoke to no-one before the sitting. As they sat quietly listening to other messages, Miss Carlson was astonished to hear her name called. She was told that a beautiful girl wished to speak to her, one who had been popular in the film world. No-one present could have known of her friendship with Jean apart from her friend who came with her, but she had not spoken to anyone in the room. Miss Carlson did not answer, and the voice came to her direct—"Lucile, Lucile, this is Jean—Jean Harlow—do you hear me?"

The voice became excited and sounded exactly like Miss Harlow's. She expressed her gratitude to Miss Carlson for helping to comfort her mother with letters, and asked her to tell her mother she was always with her, and to find out if her mother could feel her touch on the forehead when she was in bed. Then she concluded with these words—"I am so glad I could come to you, Lucile. God bless you always."

And so Jean Harlow proved to these people she loved that the so-called dead are not dead, and that communication is possible—a truth that is being demonstrated more and more frequently each day in every part of the world. By degrees she is showing her friend a number of methods of communication—trumpet, automatic writing, and mediumship. She has brought with her friends of Miss Carlton who have passed on, and she always sends messages of love and comfort to her beloved mother, who through personal experi-

ence is now able to say from the depth of her heart—"I know there is no death. Jean came back to prove it to me."

"BATTLE FOR THE WORLD"

"Hitler's Essential Requirements for This Achievement are Three:The first is military. He must eliminate the Red Army as a factor in world politics QUICKLY, before American aid can weight the scales in favour of the West. Hitherto Red forces on his eastern frontier have immobilised too much of the German army and Luftwaffe. Those forces must be freed to turn West. The second is economic. He must secure more slave labour to work his purposes; in war time, to work his war industries; in peace time, to produce cheap goods that will undercut all rivals. His third requirement, also economic, is to make Germany independent of the overseas primary producer; he must control the oil of the Caucasus, the manganese and other metals of South Russia and the Urals, and the wheat of the Ukraine."

It is his grandiose conception that, once equipped with these essentials, he can defy not only the Old World, but the New.—From "Talking Points" (Hudson and Kearns, London).

Mr. CHARLES NEIL, Organiser of Spiritualist Propaganda, of 51 Kirribilli Avenue, Sydney, N.S.W. (tel. Sydney XB4669), suggests that one of the most effective ways of spreading psychic knowledge is to buy modern psychic books and to lend them to inquirers.

He is prepared to supply the following books:—"On the Edge of the Etheric," by J. A. Findlay, 3/6; "Rock of Truth," 5/6; "Towards the Stars," 6/-; and "Oahspe, the Kosmon Bible," 6/6. Add postage 1d. for each 1/-.

LIVING WITH PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

By MARCELLA DE COU HICKS

(Continued from October Issue.)

MY eldest and youngest sons are psychics. The eldest boy, when a little fellow of three or four, used to play with a companion, completely invisible to me, whom he addressed as "Jackie." He would chatter by the hour and then come running to me crying and complaining that Jackie had had to go away.

When he was about four years old he experienced visions after I had put him to bed. Night after night he would call me to come and see his "pitty picters." I would find him sitting up in bed with eyes ashine and gazing raptly at the blank wall opposite the footboard. As fast as he could talk he would describe the swiftly moving panorama that met his gaze—blue skies full of birds on the wing, little children in a daisy field, kittens playing in the sunshine, ships on the ocean, butterflies in a flower garden.

As a boy of seventeen he suddenly developed automatic writing and during the two or three years just preceding he had experienced very strong clairvoyance and clairaudience. Much nonsense and untruth came through his automatic pencil; also discourses of great beauty, inspiration and instruction. But because he was impatient, as youth always is, and wanted his gift to manifest into perfection at once and without taking the slow and painstaking means properly to develop it, I discouraged his continuing to use it, and finally he abandoned it altogether.

However, several very unusual contacts manifested during the time he was writing automatically. On one occasion a message came through

from my great grandmother's grandmother, whose name I did not remember and which, most assuredly, my son had never heard. It was verified by my mother. The boy also received long discourses in Italian, Spanish, Mexican and German—all of which when translated made perfect sense but did not always tell the truth. One old Spaniard, calling himself Alamon Bazola, came often and wrote of piracy on the Spanish Main. We had no way of finding out the truth concerning his stories, but certainly they were blood-curdling.

One time a very dear friend came through the automatic pencil with the news that she had been killed that very day in an accident on a highway in Upper Michigan. I had talked with her only a couple of days before, and was sure that my son and I were being hoaxed, but the evening papers carried the item concerning the fatal accident, thus confirming the message.

Many times I have seen the pencil in my son's hand twist and turn and even hop up and down, exactly as if several entities were struggling for control of it, and often, while it was writing, we could actually see another personality snatch it, whereupon the penmanship and subject matter would change entirely.

When my youngest son was a baby, less than three years old, he would tell me that somebody "worked" his bed at night. Had he slept in a cradle I would have thought that he rocked it himself with movements of his body, but he slept in a crib. I didn't want him to be frightened as I had been by the cavortings of an animated bed, and I wondered why the devil pursued me and mine all of our lives. I told the child the only thing I could think of that would spare him fright, and that was that the angels rocked him

to sleep. He seemed content with that thought and really enjoyed his nightly rockings. And then one time he called downstairs to me that the angels were "wockin' baby too hard—tan't sleep." Thoroughly angry with whatever it was that was annoying the child, I marched upstairs and denounced the intruder or intruders in no uncertain terms, and demanded that they cease to molest my innocent baby. It, or they, left and there was no more bed rocking, and many times afterwards the baby would complain that the angels didn't rock him any more. He is 24 years old to-day and still vividly remembers how his bed used to swing and sway him to sleep.

Until I was 30 years old I had not permitted myself to investigate any of the strange phenomena that filled my daily life; still believing that they came from no good source nor served any good purpose. I had no understanding of psychism, and consequently no use for it. With my rigid, narrow, orthodox upbringing few could have been more prejudiced against Spiritualism than I was. Thus does intolerance force blinkers on the eyes of spirit.

Then we moved into present home and things began to happen "with a vengeance." Water faucets and lights turned themselves on and off. The front door would be heard to open and footsteps would ascend the stairs—no one had come in. Our little spaniel would follow some invisible person about the house, barking and capering delightedly. A dozen times a day voices from nowhere would speak to me. Beautiful lights flashed on and off in the dark of my bedroom at night. I would be awakened from sleep by hearing my name called and would feel gentle hands stroking my head or caressing my face. Doors opened for me without my touching them, and closed after me likewise. Repeatedly the door

bell would ring and no one would want entrance. Articles would disappear from my dresser and reappear while I was hunting them elsewhere. I would pick up the telephone and before I could get central a voice would start talking to me. The rattling of dishes and bottles was heard at all times of the day and night.

After all this had been going on for some time, I sat down one day and just took stock of all the bedlam in which I was living, and I decided that, devil or no devil, there could be no sin in investigating anything whatever if one's purpose was RIGHT—if one's aim was to discover truth. Then there I broke away completely from orthodox inhibitions and superstitions and started on the road to revelation. I determined that I would go as far into discovery as anybody had ever ventured; that I would learn to the utmost the meaning of the strange things that had made up so much of my daily life. I threw off for ever the shackles that had bound my mind.

I had heard of mediums, of course, but to me they were only people who fooled gullibles by faking contact with the dead. I by no means believed that the so-called dead had anything whatever to do with the manifestations I had experienced. And I would have vehemently denied that I, myself, was a medium.

One day, not long after I had decided that I would give myself over to the investigation of the strange phenomena that had pursued me and mine, I picked up my pencil intending to outline the plot of a story that had been building in my mind, when, to my astonishment and consternation, that pencil started off by itself and wrote:

"Marcella, this is your father. Marcella, WRITE BOOKS."

Dumbfounded, I asked, "Books? What SORT of books?" My father answered, "Books on

Spiritualism and life in general." I replied, "But I know nothing about Spiritualism and I have no interest in it."

Father: "Nevertheless, you WILL write such books; it is your destiny. But only after proper preparation. You are destined to be among the foremost writers, teachers and speakers for Spiritualism."

I said: "That is utterly preposterous. I know nothing of such matters—how then could I write about them?"

Father: "Spirit will give you all the facts. You will develop your psychic ability and establish an avenue of contact. Those on this side of life have been trying since your childhood to arouse your interest, because you have a definite work to do."

"But WHY must I do such a work? Surely, if such books must be written there are others familiar with such matters who are more capable of writing about them than I shall ever be."

Father: "No, not with your powers of lucid understanding and your courage."

"What on earth has COURAGE to do with it."

Father: "The promulgators of any unorthodox principles or ideas are always abused. Spiritualists, mediums and psychics have always been persecuted."

"And yet, you, claiming to be my father, are asking me to lay myself open to vituperation and abuse."

Father: "Yes, because you will be able to wield a vast power for good through your pen, and once convinced of the truths of psychism and of your own duty in the matter nothing can ever swerve or sway you from it."

Thus began so strangely my development in psychism. That was almost 20 years ago. During these years of the most profound and intensive study and development I have achieved clair-

voyance, clairaudience, clairsentience and automatic writing. But my most highly developed phase is that of inspiration—the illumined mind. Between myself and my highly evolved teachers on planes of discarnate thought there is a synchronisation of vibration rates which renders at all times available a channel of communication. They are able to make known to me at almost any time anything they wish me to say or to write. I have been writing for several years through the inspiration of these teachers, often about matters concerning which I consciously know little or nothing. I could fill volumes with the innumerable instances of spirit contacts, visions, warnings, instruction, revelations that have come to me during these years of spiritual growth—some of them all but incredible. Several years ago a man got into my house who, before he was finally electrocuted, left a trail of more than 27 murdered women from coast to coast. I was saved from the fate of those women by my own personal bodyguard—the spirit of a Cherokee warrior, Chief Acorn. But that is a story all by itself, and must wait till some other time.

One of my best beloved co-workers in spirit life is Henry Ward Beecher, whose amanuensis of earth I happen to be. We have just completed the manuscript of a sort of spiritual autobiography which he dictated to me verbatim. We have called it "The After Life of Henry Ward Beecher." My first book, "Eternal Verities," has been on the market for two years.

I am telling these things to demonstrate that if the "proof of the pudding is in the eating" then the proof of my destiny lies in the fact that I am at the present time fulfilling it according to the prophecy of my father in spirit some 20 years ago.

After 30 years in hide-bound orthodoxy and

almost 20 in psychic study and investigation and in the development of usable mediumship, I find myself deep in a work that earlier in my life would have impressed me not only as preposterous but as utterly incredible and fantastic. And it has brought me the only real happiness I have ever known. Spiritually I am at peace.

I knocked on the door of understanding; it opened for me, and I passed through to the other side.

A KITCHEN PRAYER

(Written by a girl of 17, a domestic servant)

Lord of all pots and pans and things, since
I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things, or watching late with Thee,
Or dreaming in the dawnlight, or storming
Heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals and
washing up the plates.

Although I must have Martha's hands I
have a Mary mind,
And when I black the boots and shoes,
Thy sandals, Lord, I find;
I think of how they trod the earth whene'er I scrub the floor;
Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't
time for more.

Warm all the kitchen with Thy love, and
light it with Thy peace;
Forgive me all my worrying, and make
all grumbling cease.
Thou who didst love to give men food in
room, or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do, I do it unto
Thee.

WHAT JESUS MEANS TO ME

By MAHATMA GANDHI

ALTHOUGH a great part of my life has been devoted to the study of religion and to discussion with religious leaders of all faiths, I know that I cannot avoid seeming presumptuous in writing about the figure of Jesus Christ and trying to explain what significance and meaning He has had for me. I do so solely because I have been told more than once by certain Christian friends that, since I am not a Christian and do not (to quote their exact words) "accept Him in my innermost heart as the only-begotten Son of God," I can never realise the full meaning of His teachings, and therefore can never draw upon the greatest source of spiritual strength known to man.

Whether or not this is true in my case, it seems to me to be a mistaken point of view. I believe that it is incompatible with the message that Christ brought to the world. For He, surely, was the greatest example of one who wished to give to all, to withhold from none, whatever their creed. I believe that He Himself, if He lived among men to-day, would bless the lives of many who perhaps had never heard His name, if they lived in accordance with the virtues that His life so imperishably illustrated, the virtues of unselfishness and loving kindness toward one's fellow men.

It is this, I think, that above all was important to Him, just as it is written in the great book of Christianity—"Not he that crieth Lord, Lord, but he that doeth His will."

What, then, has Jesus meant to me? To me He is a great world teacher. To His followers He was and is the only-begotten Son of God.

Whether or not I accept this, does He affect my life the less? Is all the grandeur of His teaching thus automatically barred from me? I cannot believe so.

The adjective "begotten" has a meaning for me that I like to think is deeper and possibly grander than its literal one. To my mind it implies spiritual birth. My interpretation, in other words, is that in His own life Jesus stood nearest to God; He most perfectly expressed the will and spirit of God. And it is in this sense that I look upon Him as the Son of God.

But I believe that there is something of this spirit, which in Jesus was expressed in the fullest measure, in all mankind. I must believe that; if I did not, I would be a cynic, and to be a cynic is to be lifeless, empty, valueless; it means that one condemns the whole race of man.

There is every apparent reason for cynicism, certainly, when one beholds the bloody carnage that Europe's aggressors have wrought, when one thinks of the misery and suffering spread over the surface of the globe, the pestilence and plague and hunger that inevitably and terribly follow in the wake of warfare. In the face of that, how can one speak seriously of the spirit of the divine in man? Because these acts of terror and bloodshed appal man's conscience; because he knows that they are evil; because, in his innermost heart and mind, he deplores them. And because, when he is not misled, deceived and corrupted by false leaders and false arguments, man has in his breast an impulse of kindness and compassion, which is the spark of the divine, and which one day, I believe, will be brought forth to the full flowering that is inherent in it.

It is an example of such a flowering that is seen in the figure and life of Jesus. I refuse to

believe that there were any who did not profit by His example and by His atoning for their sins, whether or not they consciously realised it.

The lives of all were to some degree, great or small, changed and benefited by His presence, His actions, and the words of His voice.

It is impossible, I think, to weigh the merits of the world's several religions, and unnecessary and pointless even to attempt to do so. But in each one, I believe, there was an original common impulse—the desire to help and to improve the life of all men. I interpret the miracles of Jesus not in a literal sense, which seems to me unimportant, but as the dramatic and unforgettable expression of this impulse, as the most vivid lesson possible to impart—not to pass by the sick, and suffering, not to judge those who, in the world's eyes, have sinned, but to forgive them and thus help them to enter a new and better life.

These lessons stand for us to-day as they stood for the men and women of Jesus's own time.

Jesus gave mankind, in these lessons and in His life, the great goal toward which to aspire. It is because there is such a goal, and because there was such a figure as that of Jesus, that I cannot be pessimistic, but instead am hopeful and confident of the future. And it is because His life has this significance and meaning for me that I do not regard Him as belonging to Christianity alone, but rather to the whole world, to all its peoples, no matter under what name they worship.

(Condensed from an article in "Liberty.")

He can be little confided in who confides everything to all men.

DIRECT VOICE MEDIUMSHIP

By ARTHUR J. WILLIS, C.E., Ph.D.

(President, U.S. College of Psychic Sciences)

TRUMPET mediumship gets its name from the fact that a trumpet is used to amplify the low whisper of the spirit voice from the ectoplasmic "voicebox" or larynx, generally in the dark, more rarely in the light.

Photographs of this kind of seance have been taken by several investigators. Among the most interesting of these is one obtained by Mr. Harry Edwards, of the Balham Psychic Research Soc., London, England, the medium being Mr. Jack Webber (since passed away). It is an infra-red flashlight photo, 1-50 sec. exposure, "quicker than a wink!" The medium was first lashed to his chair. Then all the sitters held each others hands to prevent trickery. As soon as the lights were put out the medium went into trance. When the signal was given by the spirit forces the photo was taken.

The picture shows the sitters holding each others hands, the medium is lashed to his chair, but, note well, the spirits have removed his coat as he sat, and dropped it on the floor at his feet, without interfering with the ropes; he is still tied up.

Remarkably enough, two trumpets are shown in action at the same time, one actuated by the ectoplasmic tube from his mouth, the other by a similar tube from his solar plexus. These tubes are the means by which the trumpets are moved about, as well as forming the wonderful "voice box." Our "expert" fraud hunter will at once say that the message is given by the medium's mouth through this tube. But—what about a

different message given at the same time to another sitter from the solar plexus? It won't do, Mr. Expert; as Shakespeare put it, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Here we see the menace to the medium of grabbing flashing lights, and other infantile means of investigation. The grabber seizes the trumpet, feels resistance and naturally concludes that the medium is holding it, and goes off triumphantly shouting, "I knew it was a fake." When the ectoplasm is drawn from the medium it is done very slowly and returned the same way. To interfere is to cause the ectoplasm to be shot back into the medium suddenly with serious shock to the victim of the ignorant and "superwise" grabber, much the same as in blood transfusion; if the pint or quart of new blood was to be shot into the body of the patient suddenly it would kill or seriously injure him. What a pity that the "smart Alec" investigator does not get the shock; he would be much more cautious and modest in his actions. Strangely enough, some Spiritualist "expert" authorities are equally primitive in their alleged tests.

Another point is that the medium is in a condition of intensely more rapid vibration than ordinary. A touch suddenly reduces his or her vibration to normal with a violent shock; similar to an electroscope being instantaneously discharged by a touch.

Usually trumpet phenomena occur in the dark, and many wiseacres object, claiming that they can insure against fraud in the light. This won't do, either, for on the stage, under the bright lights and a thousand eyes, the conjuror pulls rabbits out of an empty (?) hat or yards of ribbon out of one's ear, yet the quickness of the hand deceives the eye, and the light does not help

prove that it was a fake, though you know it. Seeds germinate in the dark, photo films are developed in the dark, &c., according to nature's laws. Why not psychic phenomena? They are equally natural.

Certain mediums can produce trumpet work in the light. At a seance with Mrs. Salzgaber, in the light she stood at arms length from the wall, the other arm extended and her face turned away from it, the trumpet was placed small end in her hand, the person receiving the message supporting and listening at the large end. When my turn came, I placed the trumpet on my shoulder, balanced in the middle. Messages came through, a murmur at the small end of the trumpet, clear at the large end and a faint squeak as I listened at the middle of the trumpet, like an old-fashioned phonograph without the horn. Of course, the trumpet was examined before, during and after the seance, both collapsed and extended.

Another remarkable experience in the light was with a medium (now passed away) who placed the large end of the trumpet over her solar plexus, the small end to my ear, as I sat in front of her. I could see that her lips were glued together, as when one is exceedingly thirsty, and did not move, nor did her larynx vibrate, yet messages came through distinctly. The large end of the trumpet formed a dark chamber for the formation of a voice box, and, reversing the usual process, the messages came from the small end, as a deaf person hears through the small end of an ear trumpet.

Often the trumpet is made visible by a luminous band around the large end. This is interesting to the beginner, but to others it is a detriment, as it interferes with seeing the psychic lights which frequently accompany phenomena.

Speaking of trumpets and psychic lights, the following experience is of interest. Some years ago, in my early investigations, I sat in my first trumpet seance. The trumpet had a luminous band, and, as a voice addressed my neighbour, I could see it dimly and below the small end opposite me. I noticed a blue-white light, about as big as my thumb, gently swaying with the trumpet, at a distance of eight inches. I did not say a word, but I thought, "that light keeps its distance so accurately that it must be fastened by a wire or something to the trumpet." Instantly the light began to jump wildly about, in response to my thought. Then it resumed its former place, eight inches below the trumpet. Again I thought "that is strange, the distance is so accurate all the time it must be fastened somehow." Again answering my unspoken thought it began to gyrate wildly, and prove that it was not connected to the trumpet.

Difficult though it is, the pursuit of knowledge in the field of psychic research is a study of absorbing interest and value.

COMPLIMENTARY COPIES

During the past twelve months we have been regularly sending private individuals free copies of the Harbinger of Light. We have not received any word whether they have been appreciated or not. Should we fail to hear from the recipients during December we shall conclude that the magazine is not wanted, and we shall send their copy to someone else.

THE WHITE LADY OF POTSDAM

Hitler's End Foretold

ADOLF HITLER is a fearful and much-worried man. Not altogether because of the slowness of his Panzer division on the Russian front, but for another—and for superstition-ridden Hitler a a much more vital—reason.

He has had a warning—a ghostly warning which has never yet failed to sound its dread voice of doom when that doom has threatened; the warning of the White Lady of Potsdam.

The White Lady is the family ghost of the Hohenzollerns. She had only one haunting ground —the long corridor of the palace of Potsdam. Just whose ghost she is supposed to be is now forgotten, but the grim legends about her and what follows her appearances are not.

The late ex-Kaiser did not scorn these legends. Hohenzollern family history had chapters that precluded that. Always in that history has a "walking" —in a storm—by the White Lady been a forerunner of catastrophe.

So far as Hohenzellerns are concerned the White Lady's last appearance was in the autumn of 1918.

A sentry of the Prussian Guard on duty at Potsdam was the first then to see the apparition. He was a veteran of the fighting on the Western Front, but the sight as the thunder crashed of the softly gliding wraith in its luminous cloak and hood so badly scared him that he shakingly roused the guard and then fainted as they turned out. It was one o'clock in the morning and the soldiers' action caused a whole lot of trouble before dawn came.

The prostrate sentry was soon brought round, but the story he told—of a wraith that floated along a passage and then, before his eyes, vanished wailing into the wall—merely earned him the guardroom.

But he did not stay there long. The regimental medical officer soon established that the man was not merely quite sober, but had not taken any alcohol at all for hours before his sentry duty. On the other hand, it was obvious that he had suffered a great nervous shock, and he was sent to hospital.

Frightened The Kaiser

But within the next half dozen hours the tale of the sentry who had seen a ghost spread throughout the palace. Some who heard it smiled with incredulity, but there were those who did not. The older palace servants and Court officials by no means treated the happening with contemptuous indifference.

What they did do was to try to keep the story from the ears of the Kaiser. Tried, but with little success. There was little that went on at Potsdam that Wilhelm did not somehow or other find out. He knew all the details of the legend as the head of the House of Hohenzollern. And he did not smile.

Two nights later, again in a storm, with a new sentry on duty, the White Lady walked again. This time the sentry did not faint. He called the guard and they managed to get to his post in time to share the sight. Thrice, according to the story that is still whispered by the older Berliners, the White Lady walked that autumn.

Within a month the House of Hohenzollern had fallen. Wilhelm was in exile in Holland. His doom had been foretold.

As the White Lady had foreshadowed, Germany's destiny had changed. It changed again a few years later, when old Paul Hindenburg lay dying. True, he was an old man, but there are plenty of Germans who will tell you his end, and the end of a fresh phase of German life, was clearly foretold by a re-appearance of the White Lady.

Hitler's End Foretold?

That appearance of the spectre was in most respects identical with what had happened before. A German ruler was passing, a German era was going for ever, and the White Lady was giving her traditional warning.

Now according to a story that has been told in Lisbon by a recent arrival from Berlin, the White Lady has walked again.

It happened during a storm nearly a month ago. And in the same Potsdam corridors as before. A wraith-like figure in luminous cowl and robes, seen by guards of the specially picked S.S. force and vanished into a wall before anything could be done about it.

Twice was the apparition seen, with a week between each appearance. After the first one steps were taken to hush the matter up. The guards were changed, and they were forbidden to gossip about the happenuing. But there was not much chance for "hush hush" when the second haunting came.

At any rate Hitler heard about it and promptly demanded full details. They had to be furnished to him, plain unvarnished reports.

Hitler, neurotic, mystical and avowedly psychic, takes such things as ghosts and ghostly visitations with no grain of salt, but with absolute seriousness. He took the story of the White Lady seriously, and as a warning that his doom was at hand.

The immediate failure of his Russian adventure and other things in the war situation have helped to convince him that the appearance of the White Lady is no accident, but a direct and fateful striking of the bell of destiny—the grim note that signals the letting down of the curtain on an era in German history—on **his** era.

—"Guide & Ideas"

THE GHOST OF SANTA CLAUS

By REV. DR. C. IRVING BENSON

CHRISTMAS EVE is the greatest night in the year. It is a night of mystery. When everybody is tucked in bed, except the policeman, down the chimney comes the queer old gentleman with his load of toys and trinkets, which he empties into the stockings of good little boys and girls.

Some unromantic people declare that there is no Santa Clause at all. How could he get through the narrow chimney pots? ask these heretics with scorn. Why doesn't the soot smirch his beautiful coat? they demand. There is a simple answer to these challenges.

The fact is, Santa Claus is a ghost. He is the ghost of that good man, St. Nicholas, who went about doing good on the sly. It is his spirit which enters into the hearts of fathers and mothers at this season, and prompts them to do his will. He lives on and labours in that higher sense of which George Eliot sang:—

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity.

The name of Santa Claus is a contraction of Santa Nicolaus (i.e., St. Nicholas). How did he acquire his reputation? How is it that every child in Christendom looks upon him as a reliable friend?

He was born of wealthy parents at Panthera, a city in Asia Minor. From childhood he was tender-hearted and could not look upon poverty or distress without lending a helping hand. His parents died while he was still young, and Nicho-

las came into the possession of vast riches. Nevertheless he lived a very simple, frugal life and spent his money on others, being specially generous to children.

Nicholas was appointed Bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor. The earliest method of perpetuating his memory was for someone to assume the costume of a bishop and distribute small gifts to "good children." From this custom comes the fashionable dress of Santa Claus as we know him.

I am well aware that some archaeologists (the Rev. Father Cahier among them) set the legends of his generosity as late as the tenth century. But who wants to be a higher critic at Christmas? There is sufficient historical evidence to prove that he had the liberal spirit with which fame has credited him.

By the tenth century the reputation of this saint's beneficence had spread into Western Europe. In 1087 the popularity of Nicholas in the West received a great impetus through the daring adventure of a band of merchants from Bari, in southern Italy. They stole the body of the saint from its tomb in Asia Minor, then in the hands of the Turks, and took it home. The sacred treasure was deposited by the archbishop in the Church of St. Stephen.

—"The Herald," Melbourne.

"I do not know how people can keep up their prejudices against Spiritualism; how they are not, at least, thrown on the wish that it may be true, because of that abrupt shutting in their faces of the door of death which shuts them out from the sight of their beloved."

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

I SHADOW THE GHOSTS

"Guide and Ideas," Manchester

For 40 years Dr. Hereward Carrington, the famous psychic investigator, has explored the realm of ghostly phenomena. He here relates some of his most eerie experiences.

I SHUT the worm-eaten old trap door behind me and looked about. The last rays of the setting sun filtered through the dusty, cob-webbed windows and cast curious shadows upon the walls and the piles of furniture with which the forgotten old loft was packed. A curious stillness reigned, after the noise and hub-bub below.

I was on the top floor of a small house converted into a furniture factory, situated in Windsor, Nova Scotia. It was mid-winter. Great wastes of snow and fir forests lay between me and my warm apartment in New York. I had come here because of the strange reports—quite long and circumstantial—telling me in glowing terms not only that the factory itself was haunted, but that the whole town was haunted, too! Here surely was an opportunity not to be missed. In all my many years as a psychic investigator I had never yet come across a case in which a whole community claimed to be haunted at the same time.

Yet here was an instance, so it was said, and I had been invited to visit the place and see for myself. I jumped at the opportunity.

These thrilling accounts had been sent me, for the most part, by an old judge living in the town, and exciting enough reading they made.

Tracing the "Spook"

Being a psychical researcher by profession,

these accounts naturally intrigued me, and I had decided to visit the haunted town to see for myself. I was met at the station by the old judge, heard his story, and accompanied him on a tour of inspection. We visited several of the shops, and sure enough things happened—though not as dramatically as the things I had heard about. We finally arrived at the factory, which seemed to be the focal point of the ghostly manifestations. I talked with some of the men, saw and heard a few strange phenomena, and finally requested to visit the upper floors alone. This request was willingly granted.

So I climbed first one and then two flights of stairs, and finally found myself alone upon the top floor. Strange sounds reached me faintly from the floor below, where the judge was waiting and the men were working. Furniture was piled high in every direction. Only here and there were a few feet of clear space, and in one of these a huge rocking chair rested majestically. I smiled despite myself. Was this what I had come a 1000 miles to see? Was this spot indeed the centre of some malign influence—some ghostly club which helds its rendezvous day and night? It did not look in the least like it. A wave of scepticism shot through me. I turned—and as I did so I saw the rocking chair start to gently rock by itself!

It was exactly as though some invisible presence were sitting in the chair, tilting to and fro. No one was near it. No one was on that floor of the building but myself.

Getting down on my hands and knees I crawled along the floor, behind the chair, so as to regard it from all angles. Ah, what was this? A black thread was fastened to the back of the chair. I traced it, and found that it passed over one or two other articles of furniture and dis-

appeared through a hole in the floor.

It was very evident that some mischievous person was on the floor below, pulling the string and causing the chair to rock. I must catch that person and make him confess.

Thought Spirits Were Working

To make a long story short, that was precisely what I did. It developed that the old judge was the only Spiritualist in town, and hence a marked character. Having nothing better to do in that small country village, which was isolated and lacking excitement, a goodly number of its inhabitants had banded together to put up an elaborate practical joke on the old man.

This is but one of many similar experiences I have had in which trickery, fraud and practical joking were involved. Human nature being what it is, we must expect that from time to time, I suppose.

But I have seen other things—extraordinary and unaccountable phenomena for which I had no explanation, and which continue to puzzle me even to-day. I am convinced that, whatever else they might have been, they were not fraud.

Some of the most striking of these occurred in the presence of a famous Neapolitan medium named Eusapia Palladino. They were occurrences I shall never forget, for they left an indelible impression upon me.

Eusapia Palladino was an illterate peasant woman, who could read and write little beyond her own name. She was, however, the possessor of strange powers, which had been studied by eminent scientific men in Europe for more than a quarter of a century. In her presence solid tables floated in mid-air, thunderous raps were heard, musical instruments played of themselves. In broad daylight bodies—or bits of bodies—were

built up in space before one's eyes, only to dissolve and disintegrate a few moments later, leaving no trace of their momentary existence. Impossible, you say? Well, I am reminded of the words of Professor Charles Richet: "I do not say that these things are possible; I only say that they are facts." With that I fully agree.

What happened at Palladino's seances? Just about everything.

Uncanny Happenings

Inside a cabinet was placed a small table, and upon it various small instruments. The medium sat on a chair outside the cabinet, and in front of her was the seance table—much like a kitchen table, only lighter. One investigator sat to her left, carefully holding the left hand, foot and knee. Another sat to her right, taking charge of the members on that side of the body. The remainder of the sitters grouped themselves around the table or stood about the room, close to the cabinet and medium.

The sitting usually began in bright white light, and many of the initial phenomena occurred at that time. Then red light was substituted, and the medium would pass into semi-trance. More striking manifestations took place then. Raps and glowing lights would be noted. The curtains of the cabinet often were blown out, as though by a strong wind inside. Movements of objects in the cabinet were heard. The seance table would completely levitate (lift) a number of times (this in full light, giving the investigators ample opportunity to verify the fact that there was no material connection between medium and table). The small objects in the cabinet would come floating out and be played upon, or placed on the seance table, or thrown into the room, sometimes by visible hands.

Touches were sometimes felt by the sitters on both sides of the medium. Musical instruments floated about, playing. Heads, hands and bits of bodies finally materialised, and were seen and felt by the sitters.

At the conclusion of the seance a cold breeze was frequently felt, issuing from an old scar in the medium's head, or from her fingertips or her left knee. The lights were gradually turned up, and the seance ended. Such was a typical seance given by this medium.

The so-called materialisation of wholly or partially formed heads and hands were striking. I have seen these form and vanish and on more than one occasion I have held one of these hands within my own, and felt it melt or dissolve within my grasp.

The Unknown Hand

On one occasion the following extraordinary manifestation occurred. The controllers were Mr. Frank Tilford (of Park and Tilford Company), who held her right hand, and Mr. Daniel Frohman, who held her left. Certainly they were practical men of the world, not easily bamboozled. The light was dim, but sufficient to see the medium. On this particular occasion we had also tied the medium's wrists to the wrists of her controllers.

During the seance a little white hand came from beneath the table, untied the knots, coiled up the rope, and threw it out into the room. Eusapia, in half trance, exclaimed, "It is not my fault. Tie me up again!" So we fastened her wrists to those of her controllers a second time.

But once more the little hand came forth, untied the ropes and threw them into the room. In the dim light we could see the whole procedure.

Now, all this untying took an appreciable time, and while it was in progress I leaned over and spoke to her two controllers.

"Will you please verify the fact that you are holding the hands of the medium—not dummy hands and not the hands of someone else? Will you trace the arms to her shoulders and see that these hands you are holding really are hers?"

Mr. Tilford held up the hand he was controlling. "Here is mine," he said. Mr. Frohman then held up his and said, "Here is my hand." While both the medium's hands were thus accounted for and visible, the little hand continued to untie the knots, coil up the rope and throw it into the seance room.

These seances with Eusapia Palladino will always rank in my memory as among the greatest thrills in my career. For here were seeming "miracles" performed before one's very eyes, in one's own laboratory, under one's own test conditions. I shall never forget them, and if every medium with whom I ever sit in the future turns out to be a fraud it would not swerve my conviction that I saw, in Eusapia's presence, remarkable manifestations of which modern science knows nothing, and the reality of which it even refuses to recognise. If only we could discover another Palladino!

PASSING OF MR. A. J. HARVEY

Mr. Albert J. Harvey, for many years owner of "West Gippsland Gazette" — published at Warragul—died suddenly on Wednesday, November 12th at the age of 80. Mr. Harvey spent his earlier years at sea, but founded his paper in Warragul about 1898, and produced it until he re-

tired 2 or 3 years ago. He continued to live at Warragul until his wife died in 1939, and since then he had lived at the Commercial Travellers' Club, Melbourne. Mr. Harvey was a member of the Provincial Press Association, and at one time was its president.

Mr. Harvey was a Spiritualist, and although occupying many important municipal positions made no secret of his convictions and published many articles on our subject in his newspaper.

He was the means of bringing his brother, Mr. W. Britton Harvey into the Movement, who subsequently became for 20 years the editor of the Harbinger of Light.

Mr. A. J. Harvey is survived by his son, Mr. A. E. Harvey, of the Esplanade, St. Kilda.

DECLINE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Orthodoxy is still losing ground.

"Unless the decline in Sunday School scholars is arrested, there may not be one left in a quarter of a century."

This prediction was made by R. Wilson Black at the Baptist Union Assembly at the City Temple, London, recently.

The speaker said that during the last year the loss of Sunday School scholars in every community had been appalling. The figures of these losses quoted by him were; Baptist Church, 16,000; Congregational Church, 23,000; Methodist, 66,000; Church of England, 82,000.

"If Sunday Schools in this country," he added, "lose the same number of scholars for the next 25 years which they lost last year, then in 25 years' time there will not be a single Sunday School scholar to be found in the land."

SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF HISTORY

AT the back of the platform in the Terry Memorial Hall hangs the portrait of a benign, elderly gentleman, with white hair and a flowing white beard. It is that grand old pioneer of Spiritualism, Mr. W. H. Terry, who could fairly claim to have been the founder, not only of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists and the Melbourne Progressive Spiritualistic Lyceum (now merged into the Victorian Spiritualists' Union), but also of organised Spiritualism in Australia.

That was 71 years ago. The V.A.S. held its first meeting in November, 1870, with Mr. W. H. Terry, its founder and leader, supported by a handful of staunch believers in the great truths of Spiritualism. Unfortunately, no records of these early meetings are now available, but it is sufficient that from this humble yet hopeful beginning sprang the great movement which spread the truths of Spiritualistic philosophy all over Australia.

And as the movement grew, so did the association which gave it its impetus. Some of Victoria's most prominent citizens, including Mr. John McIlwraith, a former Mayor of Melbourne, were among its active members, and one of its early presidents was Mr. Alfred Deakin, later to become Prime Minister of Australia.

The interest in Spiritualism was intense, and growing, and to satisfy the demand for its members for more and ever more information on the subject, the Association opened, through the energy and generosity of Mr. M. J. Bloomfield, a lending library which now numbers over a 1000 volumes, some of them rare volumes which are to-day out of print.

In the same progressive spirit, the Associa-

tion was instrumental in securing the services of many of the leading lecturers and mediums from abroad, including Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who visited Melbourne in 1920, and Horace Leaf, who was here in 1924.

In the meantime, Mr. Terry had also founded the Melbourne Progressive Spiritualistic Lyceum in 1889, and this Society was doing excellent work among the younger generations. Many of the old Lyceum members have passed to the higher life, but we still number a few among our active workers, notably Mr. Arthur Slee, the present Secretary of the V.S.U.

Both societies were registered as religious bodies, the V.A.S. in 1888, and the M.P.S.L. in 1889.

When Mr. William Layley, an old friend of Mr. Terry, passed to the higher life, a sum of money was made available to the two societies, and this, added to the F. W. Petterson bequest, made possible the building of the Terry Memorial Hall as a tribute to their founder. At the same time it was decided to amalgamate the two societies, which later adopted the name of the Victorian Spiritualists' Union.

Seventy-one years of unbroken service is a record that can be claimed by few Spiritualist churches, even in the older countries. It is a record of which the V.S.U. is justifiably proud. Those 71 years have been times of unprecedented change all over the world, and in the Spiritualist Movement no less than elsewhere. Yet here, perhaps, as in few other institutions, the change is only on the surface; for although many new societies have been formed, and many old societies have gone out of existence, the fundamental truths still stand, and through the years have spread their light over all the continent. And the society which can truly claim to be the

Mother Church of Spiritualism still pursues the goal set by its founder, and still spreads the same spiritual truths that inspired him.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old form of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand war of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson: "In Memoriam."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

W.G.S.R. (Mutdapilly), H.H.H. (Childers) —Thanks for stamps.

MISTLETOE, TREES AND PLUM PUDDING

This article, from a contributor to the Melbourne "Herald" tells the happy story of the mistletoe bough and plum pudding, Christmas Tree and festive and seasonable matters like that—with the dining-room at Buckingham Place thrown in and the King's chef as well to make a happy ending.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year . . . and when it comes it brings good cheer, and this year we shall hope that it will bring good cheer to everybody, rich and poor, old and young, city and country.

There is something about Christmas that you cannot escape. It may be due to this, that or the other item in the festive atmosphere, but there is nothing else in our calendar to compare with it in age and tradition, in universality, in its appeal, and in its meaning and significance. It is estimated that there are 682,400,000 Christians throughout the world. To each and every one of them Christmas is the event of the year.

And yet, this great Christian festival, in its superficial aspects, is based on and derives from Roman and Scandinavian paganism. That shows how old Christmas is!

Take the mistletoe, under which even in the years of grace and of Our Lord, 1934, the modern youth still pursues the bashful maiden. He doesn't know what particular custom, rite, rhyme or reason gives him this peculiar privilege of kissing under the bough. Yet the tradition is as old as time, so old that nobody—not even the antiquarians and anthropologists and Golden Boughites know.

All that they know is that the legend of the mistletoe bough derives from the old British Druids, who got it from the grim mythology of the ancient Saxons, who seemed to have brought it down from the even more grim Scandinavians.

.. .. ..

The old story has it that Balder was slain by an arrow, and brought to life again. His slayer was killed, and in token of the fact that all was peace again and brotherly love, a bough of mistletoe was hung up between earth and sky, a sort of interposition against the terrors that might come from the sky. So the bough was always hung from the roof, and then from the ceiling, and when people passed under it they embraced in token of peace and brotherly love.

And, of course, the young man took advantage of this purely platonic salute to kiss the girls—and well, there you are!

And then there is the Christmas tree. I always used to think that the Christmas tree was the sign and symbol, the very mark of a good old British Christmas. But I was wrong. Although I do not remember it, my great-grandmother remembered the coming of the Christmas tree into England. It was about the year 1842, and it all came about as the result of the wedding of Queen Victoria to a German Prince.

The Christmas Tree, indeed, was a German custom, unknown in England, but Prince Albert introduced it at Windsor and at Buckingham Palace, and because they had a Christmas tree in the Royal family party that was good enough for the loyal and, shall we say, snobbish people of the time. No home was complete without a tree. The Queen had one for her children, and soon everybody had one.

.. .. ..

Then there is the Christmas box. In the old

days the Christmas box was a veritable box. To-day it is not a box at all, but the present out of the box. In my grandmother's day apprentices used to carry round a box to their master's customers seeking a timely offering, but that custom died out long before the present generation was born.

Next, consider the holly! Holly, more than mistletoe, is the symbol of Christmas, one reason being that in the northern hemisphere its berries appear just before the festive season. So the bright berries and green prickly leaves have spread round the world as the emblem of Christmas, recalling the ancient name of Holy Berry, the Christ's thorn of ancient Scandinavia and Germany.

What of the carols? Their origins, too, are lost in the dim and distant past, though traditionally they are the sequel to the song that the angels sung to the shepherds at the Nativity, when they watched their flocks by night. Carols are very old, too, like everything else connected with Christmas, and some of them afford the earliest record of the folk lore and beliefs of peoples whose histories have long since faded away.

Christmas being a festival is also a feast time, and the Christmas feast is the big event of our modern celebrations. In the old days the bringing of the boar's head was the main spectacle, and the boar's head was the prime dish.

It still is in one of the Oxford colleges, and at the Inns of Court where they are determined to retain the ancient ceremonial and tradition; but nearly everywhere else the boar's head, not to mention the goose and the capon, have been supplanted by the turkey. But mince pies are as old as the memory of man. Queen Elizabeth had mince pies on Christmas Day—but they were not

sweetmeats in those days as they have since become.

And another "national" dish that is passing on its way is furmenty or frumenty, still made in a few remote parts of the Old Country.

.. .. ..

Christmas dinner is indeed a great institution all over the British Empire, and all over the world, too, wherever there is a small colony of British people gathered together.

I have just been having a look at the Christmass dinner that the chef de cuisine to the Royal household at Buckingham Palace (Mr. Cedard) prepared for Christmas dinner in 1933. It is a very good menu; it is a very simple menu, and it is essentially a Christmas dinner menu. What is more, it is an all-British Empire menu.

But the Royal chef has done even better than that! He has provided the recipes for the separate dishes, so that anyone of His Majesty's loyal subjects can have the same dinner as the King and Queen.

Here is the menu:—

Clear Soup
Fried Fillets of Sole
York Ham
Dressed Turkey
Plum Pudding
Mince Pies

Well, that may be a dinner fit for a king, but I do not see much difference between that dinner and the millions of dinners that millions of people will have throughout the King's dominions on Christmas Day.

.. .. ..

And though it may be a bit late to give the chef's recipe for that plum pudding this year, it may do for next year; so here it is.

Incidentally, the Royal plum pudding, judging

by this recipe, must be a whopper. In fact, the chef adds a note of warning or encouragement or advice or something. He writes: "The quantities given in this recipe are sufficient for about 40 people!"

So perhaps the King and Queen, when they sit down to Christmas dinner at Sandringham House, will be surrounded by children and grandchildren and cousins and relatives and friends and retainers to that number. What a pudding! What a gathering!

But as few people need a pudding for 40 guests, all you have to do to adjust matters is to divide each of these quantities by five.

Plum Pudding: 5 lb. currants (Australia), 5 lb. sultanas (Australia or South Africa), 5 lb. stoned raisins (Australia or South Africa), 1½ lb. minced apple (Britain or Canada), 5 lb. bread crumbs (Britain), 5 lb. beef suet (Britain), 2 lb. cut candied peel (South Africa), 2½ lb. flour (Britain), 2½ lb. Demerara sugar (British West Indies), 20 eggs (Northern Ireland), 2 oz. ground cinnamon (Ceylon), 1½ oz. ground cloves (Malaya), 1½ oz. ground nutmeg (Strait Settlements), 1 teaspoon pudding spice (India), 1 gill brandy (Cyprus, Palestine or Australia), 2 gills rum (Jamaica), 2 quarts of old beer (British).

Well—all one may add, perhaps, is—Eat that—and be merry!

MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN

Have any of our readers noted that these words written on the wall of the hall in which Belshazzar's feast was held (Daniel V.) corresponds with the morse Victory signal . . . — ?

SPIRIT WORLD AND DISHONEST MEDIUMS

By COLIN EVANS, B.A.

IN a letter to "Light," publishd some time ago, Mr. Evans wrote: "Mr. Ernest Oaten, in expressing his dislike of dark seances, referred to one he had attended where genuine supernormal evidence of survival and spirit identity was given, but this evidence (he said) was obtained by the medium's clairvoyance and uttered through the medium's own throat with a dishonest pretence that it was being given by direct voice.

Two or three questions immediately arise. Will enlightened spirit-friends manifest, and guides help them to do so, to enable a genuine clairvoyant, who is a fraudulent pretender to a rarer form of mediumship, to give a deceptive demonstration of false phenomena?

One feels it strange if "respectable" risen people, with light gained since transition, lend themselves as accomplices to mediumistic frauds. Of course, there are one or two known instances (on which Hannen Swaffer based a fictional short story) of a genuine spirit manifestation at which nobody was more surprised than the medium when the latter had descended to habitual fraud.

My own first serious investigations into Spiritualism and psychic research arose out of the (to me) amazing result of my effort, in frivolous mood, to hoax somebody. I was in those days a complete and completely ignorant unbeliever and mocker, and, feeling bored and a little contemptuous one night in the company of an acquaintance who was a convinced Spiritualist, when the talk turned on automatic writing I tried, by way of a jocular "leg pull," to test the credulity of a Spiritualist by pretending to get automatic writ-

ing myself. And while I was toying with a pencil, trying to think of something to write, and unaware that I was writing anything, his exclamation drew my eyes to two lines of mirror-writing (which I could not have done normally to save my life, never having practised or attempted it) that my hand had written at lightning speed, which read: "If Colin would stop fooling and take this seriously he would be very useful to us." But this was a striking piece of evidence given to a future platform worker in private and preventing, rather than assisting even the jocular and temporary deception of anybody—a very different thing!

Another question: In a dark seance, if the medium is in dead trance (as direct voice mediums often are), how is either the medium himself, however honest, or any sitter, to distinguish between direct voice and trance-control speech? The direct voice is so often produced within a few inches of medium—in direct voice a resemblance to the medium's voice is often experienced, while in trance control the communicating spirit often reproduces his own personal voice and intonations—and there seems no prima facie reason, with fluctuations of power, why the same spirit's communication should not be intermittently made through control of the medium's vocal organs in trance and through direct voice; and, in the absence of special apparatus tests, how distinguish in the dark?

"Sit down before every fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing."

—Huxley.

HOW SPIRITS COMMUNICATE

By A. PSYCHIC

"WHY do you" (on earth), "persist in dropping all your logical inference only when you attempt to deal with the intangible as regards spirit?" This was part of a mass of communications received lately. Then it went on: "Truth relating to the fundamentals of psychic intercourse is no more unattainable than much that you already deal with scientifically. And yet the tendency still is—at the very thought of spirit, promptly to jettison all helpful knowledge you have arrived at, deeming it is applicable.

"It is only by following Natural Law to its furthest indications that you will arrive at the rudiments of spiritual life and growth. Consider yourself free to draw your reasonable deductions as regards spiritual dynamics, and do not remain content—for an instant longer—to relegate Truth to the logic of the nursery."

All this (despite my complete lack of scientific knowledge) set me trying to go back over what I have found out, and to state it as clearly as possible. I began at the beginning, as follows:

What are these signals which I get? They are more like electrical vibrations than anything else I can think of. Well, how do they work? I cannot say, but their effect is always the same—a touch, pressure, vibration—felt on the top of the head, towards the back of head and slightly on left side. It then passes down the head, and occasionally down the spine.

Formerly (a good many years ago), this signal was more powerful; it sometimes caused shivering. This was then in connection with the getting of evidential proof from the newly passed

over, and I wondered if it was of the "hair-raising" nature so often described.

This proof-getting stopped very suddenly, and about six months later the following explanation was given:—

"We stopped that hard work. It was wearing you out; the vibrations were too low. Rest now; but understand, you will never be left without help."

After that I rested, most reluctantly, for over a year, and then started on different work.

Now, the signal, though still the same, is very much lighter—a mere feather touch often, and it is used for many different purposes.

Indeed, an elementary code has been established. A definite thrill is the sign to start work —writing. This is occasionally at inconvenient times—during meals, especially the last meal of the day. (The chance of someone being present at this meal has often been seized to get a message through to them from a friend.)

Then, during work, a brief flash will signal, "Stop! Wait for correction . . . you need more help . . . get this clearer." I know, now it means all that. So I get more paper and write out rough corrections as they come—and they always come —if I wait long enough.

But if I get the signal, but do not grasp the thought at once, I sometimes leave writing, and go off and start some job. Then, when I cease trying to understand, the meaning will dawn. Putting my hands in water, especially in warm water, often has an extraordinary effect on reception. (But water is a subject in itself.)

I get my main lay-out (for writing) during sleep, and wake with the plan settled for me, write it down at once, and elaborate it later.

To return to signals. I find I wrote some years ago: "What puzzles me about them is that

they do not always (surely) come from friends abroad. These, many of them, are no divine cablegrams; they are much too trivial. For instance—I get a signal in passing a shop, and, on going inside, find they were just writing me a note. Or else a firm one comes when I am crossing the fields. I turn round and see the gardener, afar off, hurrying after me to ask if he can get into my garden and cut the grass. And yet this current most certainly does not connect up with friends on the other side."

—"Light."

THE EERIE TALE OF THE ROSSMORE GHOST

By H. C. LAWLER

IT was on one August day in 1801 that General the Right Hon. Robert Cunningham, first Baron Rossmore, the possessor in his own right of the fine estate of Mount Kennedy, County Wicklow, attended as Commander of the Forces in Ireland the Vice-Regal Court in Dublin. When there he arranged to have a week-end party at Mount Kennedy, commencing with a dinner party next day. The party was to include Sir Jonah and Lady Barrington, of Duncan, his next neighbours in Wicklow.

Sir Jonah and Lady Barrington had retired to bed at 12 o'clock, and the story of the eventful night which followed is told by him in his "Recollections."

"At two in the morning I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature," he writes. "I listened. It occurred first at short intervals, it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument, it

was softer than any voice and wider than any music, and seemed to float in the air.

"I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly. The sound became still more plaintive till it almost died away in the air, when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone. It seemed descending. I felt every nerve tremble. It was not a natural sound, nor could I make out the point from whence it came.

"At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself. She suggested that it might be an Eolian harp, but to that instrument it bore no similtude—it was altogether a different character of sound. My wife at first appeared less affected than I, but subsequently she was more so.

"We now went to a large window in our bedroom which looked directly upon a small garden underneath. The sound seemed then obviously to ascend from a grass plot immediately below our window. It continued. Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half an hour.

"At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of 'Rossmore-Rossmore-Rossmore.'

"I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid flew in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed; in about a minute after the sound died gradually away until all was silent.

"About seven the next morning a strong rap at my chamber door awakened me. 'What is the

matter?' I said hurriedly. 'Oh, sir,' ejaculated the servant, 'Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing that my lord, after coming from the castle had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half after two this morning his own man hearing a noise in his master's bed—he slept in the same room—went to him, and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the other servants all was over.'

"I conjecture nothing. I only relate the incident as a matter of fact. Lord Rossmore was absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced."

The barony of Rossmore, with the great estates, passed to Warner William Westenra, second baron, who thus became one of the richest peers in Ireland, and here may be said something of Rossmore Castle, Monaghan.

The estate, after its confiscation from the MacMahons, was granted in 1620 to Sir Edward Blaney, first Lord Blaney. Among the terms of the grant were the conditions that he should maintain the Castle of Monaghan as a Royal Fort, and build another castle with a demesne of 100 acres. Apparently the second castle was built on the site of the Franciscan Friary of Monaghan in the townland of Corlattan, founded in 1462 by Phelim MacArtagal MacMahon. Probably Sir Edward Blaney's castle incorporated part of the older buildings.

In 1640-50 troubles, Castle Blaney, Monaghan Castle and the second castle at Monaghan all fell into the hands of the rebels and were destroyed. The second Lord Blaney was ruined by these destructions, and to raise money sold the Monaghan estate to Thomas Vincent, a London merchant, in 1653. His brother Richard, third Lord Blaney, however, married Vincent's daughter, and got

back the estate into the family as her dowry.

A carved panel in the present castle is dated 1655, and this probably denotes that the castle was again rebuilt by the third Lord Blaney at that time. It was extensively added to by Sir Alexander Cairnes in 1725. At that time it was known as Mount Maria, and so remained until the third Lord Rossmore enlarged it about 1850, when it was renamed Rossmore Castle.

The MacMahon Castle in Monaghan town was never rebuilt. Its site is occupied by the Courthouse, erected in 1797 by the first Lord Rossmore.

—"Belfast Telegraph."

"THEY WROTE IN CLAY"

By EDWARD CHEINA (late Professor of Assyriology in the University of Chicago).

WE must not forget that while our writing and printing on paper may be cast into the fire and burned, or otherwise destroyed, the ancient writing on clay still survives, and that to-day scholars are able from these tablets to read the story of mankind thousands of years. "These little clay tablets, with all sorts of records, began to pile up in great numbers, early in the third millennium, B.C., and continued to accumulate until the beginning of the Christian era.

It has thus become possible to resurrect the old civilisations, their beliefs, economics and customs. A little brick of clay, if in pure condition and well-kneaded, may be buried in the moist ground for thousands of years, and not only retain its shape but harden again, when dried, to the same consistency as before. If covered with writing, as is generally the case with Babylonian tablets, one can take the small, unbaked tablet

and brush it vigorously without damaging it.

There is no question but that the Babylonians played a large part in laying the foundations of our sciences. From the beginning of the second millennium, B.C., they catalogue and classified with meticulous care everything that came under their observation, and this body of information was passed on to be recognised or revised by the generation following.

Great strides were made in an early period in the field of medicine . . . science in its infancy. ". . . We do not call the cause of the sickness a demon, we call it a bacteria or germ. . . . The magical formula was comparable to the bedside technique of the modern physician. . . ."

By 2000 B.C. the Babylonians had already formulated the fundamental laws of mathematics . . . the Babylonians had a highly developed algebra as well as geometry. . . . No one can deny that the Babylonians were the fathers of astronomy, though astronomy was connected with astrology, just as chemistry developed from alchemy.

PROPAGANDA PARCELS

Back numbers, all different, 4 for 1/2 (post free); 1941 issue—April, May, July, August, 1/8 (post free).

TO AGENTS AND CHURCH SECRETARIES

We propose to submit small accounts quarterly, larger accounts monthly. Receipt will be enclosed in the next account. All monies received will be acknowledged in "The Harbinger of Light."

DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

Acknowledgements

In order to effect a further economy in our working expenses, instead of sending receipts by post, they will be acknowledged in the Harbinger of Light. For example, John Smith of Elwood sends 9/6 in payment of his subscription; it will be acknowledged as follows: J. S.—Elwood—9/6 (2233) Nov. '42. Showing the amount received, the number of the office receipt and date in which the subscription ends.

This date will also appear on the wrapper. On receipt of postage (1½d.), a receipt will be posted to the subscriber.

As we go to press on 15th of the month, any monies received after this date cannot be acknowledged until a month later.

Postal notes, money orders and cheques should be made payable to "The Harbinger of Light Pty. Ltd., Melbourne." Add exchange to interstate and country cheques.

WAS IT PSYCHIC?

Here is a remarkable instance of psychic or other influence. A neutral, travelling on the Orient Express, told me that one night in the train nearing the Simplon tunnel the alarm signal was sounded. It was done by a girl in the train who, when questioned, said a bridge had been blasted and the train was in danger. The train officials didn't believe her.

Now the only bridge was less than a mile from where the train stopped. So to make sure, a railwayman went along. He found the bridge had been hit by a bomb, or something, and was wrecked. Instead of arresting the girl they asked her how she knew. She said she didn't know, but had got a vision. They though she was lying.

—"Weekly Telegraph," England.

The Psychic Library

The following books have been added to the Library and are now available to Subscribers:—

F2a	After Death—What? .. .. .. Prof. C. Lombroso.
K1a	After This .. .. C. Kent.
J2a	Astrology Self Taught .. .. Astrophel
K5a	Before Adam .. .. Jack London
S2	Beginnings of Seership .. .. W. N. Turvey
S3	Biblical Spiritualism .. .. Moses Hull
M10a	Britten, Emma Hardinge, Life of .. ..
H24a	Colour Harmony .. .. Roland Hunt
H24b	Complete Colour Prescription .. .. R. T. Hunt
H9a	Doctors, Disease & Health .. .. Cyril Scott
A11a	Death is Not the End .. .. B. Abdy Collins
S4	Encyclopedia of Death, Vol. 1 .. .. J. R. Francis.
S5	Encyclopedia of Death, Vol. 2 .. .. J. R. Francis
S6	Encyclopedia of Death, Vol. 3 .. .. J. R. Francis
F12a	Essays in Psychical Research .. .. Miss X
D33a	Essential Christianity .. .. S. Angus
F14a	Evidence of Identity .. .. K. Richmond
L20a	Eyes of the Blind .. .. W. C. Lanyon
S7	Evangelism v. Spiritualism .. .. Moses Hull
S7a	An Extraordinary Flight .. .. Lady Caillard
H10a	Freedom Through Understanding .. .. E. Geraldine Owen
F82a	Fifty Years of Psychical Research .. Harry Price
H9b	The Finding of the Rainbow's End .. Roland Hunt
J13a	Foretold by the Stars .. .. C. E. Mitchell
S8	The Future of Religion .. .. .. Dr. A. W. Momerie
F80a	Ghost Land & Occultism .. E. Hardinge Britten
S9	The Gospel of the Hereafter, ... Dr. J. Patterson-Smythe
M16a	The Great Pyramid .. .. J. Garnier
S10	Healing, Mental and Magnetic .. .. .. R. D. Stocker
S13	Have You a Strong Will? .. .. C. G. Leland
D49a	Higher Aspects of Spiritualism .. .. .. M. A. Oxon
M9a	History of Spiritualism, Vol. 1 .. .. Arthur Conan Doyle
M10a	History of Spiritualism, Vol. 2 .. .. Arthur Conan Doyle
D20a	Hope, Truth and Vision .. .. Grace Mary Bobbett
C15a	How to be a Medium .. .. W. H. Evans.
S12	How We Master Fate .. .. U. N. Gesterfeld
D50a	Human Destiny Disclosed .. .. C. B. Redmile
H19a	Hypnosis & Suggestion .. .. W. Lovatt
H18a	Hypnotist's Case Book .. .. A. Erskine

S15	Illumination	W.E.
S14	Inspiration	Dr. A. W. Momerie
S18	Inspirational Addresses	W. J. Colville
S19	Isis Unveiled, Vol. 1	H. P. Blavatsky
S20	Isis Unveiled, Vol. 2	H. P. Blavatsky
S16	Jesus Christ	A. C. Deane, M.A.
S17	Jesus Christ, Occult, Life of	Alex. Smythe
B22a	Jordan Past	F. R. Scacherd
D44a	Knowledge of Thy Truth	Edward A. Gillespie
S21a	The Laws of Operation	Ebba G. Keenan
S21	Letters From Hell	L. W. J. S.
H24a	Lighting Therapy	Roland Hunt
S22	A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen	———
D67a	Man, What, Whence, Wither	Dr. R. C. Evans
S23	Massey, Gerald, Life of	B. O. Fowler
C16a	Mediums	Power House Pub
S24	Mesmerism, Library of	Fowler and Wells
S24a	Is Modern Spiritualism Based on Facts or Fancy?	Dr. J. Coates
S25	Morse, J. J., Life of	"Light"
S26	Modern Mystics and Modern Magic	A. Lille
M45	Monumental Christianity	J. P. Lundy
S26	Moses, Wm. Stainton, Life of	J. P. Lundy
S27	More Teachings of Silver Birch	A. W. Austin
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B39a	Our Garden	C. F. Barber
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D78a	Psychic Life of Jesus	Rev. G. M. Elliott

S32	Progress of Personality After Death .. .. Rev. T. E. Ruth
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F123a	The Psychic Stream .. .. J. A. Findlay
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K22a	Quenchless Light, The .. .. Agnes C. Laut
A2a	Ramble Through Earth to Spirit World .. .. Thomas Brooks.
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F47	Re-Incarnation .. .. E. D. Walker
S36	Rending The Veil .. .. W. W. Aber
S38	Rifts in the Veil .. .. Various Mediums
K23a	Revelation .. .. Dulcie Deamer
S37	Revelation, Mythology Correspondences .. .. J. J. G. Wilkinson
S38a	Roman Catholicism Before the Birth of Jesus .. .. H. Junor Browne
F49a	Scientific Basis of Spiritualism .. .. E. Sargent
M35a	Secret Doctrine, The, Vol. 1 .. .. Blavatsky
M35b	Secret Doctrine, The, Vol. 2 .. .. Blavatsky
S39	Seers of the Ages .. .. Dr. Peebles
B45a	Spirit Guidance .. .. A. W. Austin
A48a	Spiritual Adventures of a Business Man, The .. .. T. Purchas
S40	The Spiritual Herald 1856
B45a	Spirit Guidance .. .. A. W. Austin
F51a	Spirit Identity .. .. W. Stainton Moses
S41	The Spiriitual Magazine 1861
S42	The Spiritual Magazine 1867
S43	The Spiritual Magazine 1869
S44	The Spiritual Magazine 1871
S45	The Spiritual Magazine 1873
S46	Spiritualism, Physical Phenomena .. E. T. Bennet
S47	Spiritual Therapeutics .. .. W. J. Colville
B50a	Star of Hope, A .. .. Communications
D98a	Story of Religions, The .. .. E. D. Price, F.G.S.
C27a	Some Thoughts on Mediumship .. .. L. M. Bazett
F144a	Super-Physical, The .. .. .. Arthur A. Osborn.
S48	Superstitions in All Ages .. .. .. Jean Meslier
S49	Teachings of Deniel .. .. Kiki
A55a	Through Clouds of Doubt .. Major J. H. Webster
F58a	Theosophy, Key to .. .. H. P. Blavatsky
D55a	Trance Addresses of Samberino .. .. ————
S50	The Vision We Forget .. .. P. Whitwell Wilson
D111a	Wake's Apostolical .. .. .. Archbishop Wake
S51	A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands .. Franchezzo
S52	Watseka Wonder .. .. Dr. L. W. Stevens

F156	What is Occultism	Papus
S53	When Your Anmal Dies	S. Barbanell
F160	Where Two Worlds Meet	Sir W. E. Cooper
B60	The Wonder of the Ages	A. M. K.
S54	The World Beautiful	Lilian Whiting
M44	The World Mystery	G. R. S. Mead

MR. CHARLES NEIL

Mr. Charles Neil, who has been working for the organisation of Spiritualist propaganda for many years, is a strong supporter of the "Harbinger of Light." During the last three years he has made Sydney his headquarters and has visited Brisbane, Newcastle, Katoomba and other towns. He is now making arrangements to go to Melbourne for a two weeks' visit with two well-known Sydney deep-trance mediums early in the New Year.

He states that Spiritual knowledge is spreading, and that thousands of modern Spiritual books have been put into circulation and have been introduced into many public libraries.

He wishes to outline in concrete form what could be done to strengthen the cause of Spiritualism and to help to protect mediums.

CANADA'S PRIME MINISTER INTERESTED IN SPIRITUALISM

Mr. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada, whose brilliant Guildhall speech has attracted attention throughout the English-speaking world, is a great reader, and is fond of showing his friends his sanctum at the top of his house. Here he keeps his large stock of books, and also a portrait of his mother on an easel, with a light always shining on it.

In moments of relaxation he is fond of discussing Spiritualism and telepathy, in which he has always been deeply interested. He is non-smoker, a spare eater and practically a teetotaller.

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Editors REV. J. T. HUSTON, N.D.
MARCELLA DE COU HICKS.

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CHRISTMAS REUNION

CLOTHED with garments woven of beautiful old legends, garlanded with the evergreens and flowers of winter, and aureoled with the light that never was on sea or land—once again Yuletide approaches. The imagination of our forefathers depicted Christmas sometimes as a jovial old man, with a special interest for the children of Christendom, as a Father and the bountiful bestower of gifts; sometimes as a radiant child, thus identifying him with that divine infant who is said to have come to earth first in Bethlehem —the Christ Child.

Until of late years, the birth of the infant Jesus seemed to be an immense time ago. But now science has multiplied the age of the earth into millions of years and so vastly extended our estimate of time that 2000 years ago seems comparatively yesterday. And we are told by those learned in religious origins that Christmas is by no means a purely Christian festival. It seems that many of the world's saviours, according to

the legends, were born in caves or stables at or about the time of the winter solstice: that the Christmas idea is simply a beautiful nature myth adapted to religious purposes.

It is an old story, this. We are most of us well familiar with it. We do not find it at all disillusionising, although to those who allow the letter to kill the spirit it may well be disturbing. The fact is that truth will bear any amount of scrutiny—and like gold it resists the action of every acid. Keats thought that the wonder of the rainbow might be destroyed by analysis, but the result proved that analysis only increased the wonder and in no wise diminished the beauty.

When we look into this question of Christmas and of Christianity we see it as a light shining through all the religious systems and all their myths and legends. We see it as light of a revelation of the interior spirit gleaming through all the manifestations of the external world. As a revelation, Christianity is nothing if it is not a presentation of universal religion, of eternal truths too often hidden from view and forgotten.

But Christmas is not the time for deep disquisitions. Let us think of it from the point of view of a time of reunion with those who have passed from sight, but not from presence—"the beloved, the true-hearted" who at these festivals of the soul "come to visit us once more." That was once a poet's dream—to-day it is a matter of "cold fact"—if indeed "cold fact" is not too chilly a term! But we know it to be not only metaphorically but literally true. "Love bridges the chasm," said Diotima, love has indeed bridged it, with the aid of that science which represents wisdom in action.

To every fireside this Christmas where those who are gathered are hospitable in thought to the

unseen visitors, come the shining presences of friends and kindred in the Unseen—and there are no vacant places!

—"Light."

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