

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT

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

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT."—Goethe.

Edited by Mrs. Charles Bright.

Vol. 37. No. 454.

MELBOURNE, DECEMBER 1st, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



ANNIE BRIGHT,

Author of "A Soul's Pilgrimage," and Editor of "The Harbinger of Light."

Photo. by Alice Mills.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"A SOUL'S PILGRIMAGE"

By ANNIE BRIGHT.

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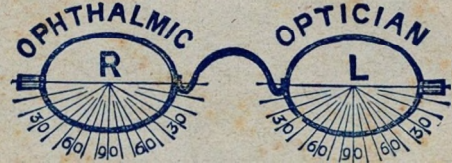
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The Harbinger of Light.

DECEMBER 1, 1907.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

A letter came to me the other day from a correspondent in N.S. Wales, asking me to tell him by return of post: 1st, if I was an eye-witness of the remarkable phenomena produced at Mr. Stanford's circles with the medium Charles Bailey; and 2nd, if I believed the manifestations were free from fraud. He told me that he was announced to speak publicly on Spiritualism, and desired to take these wonderful séances as an illustration of spirit power. Other similar letters have come from time to time, and as this is somewhat of a personal number, I am glad to take the opportunity of giving my opinion publicly for the benefit of readers both far and near. In the first place, I replied that I was always present at these séances, and that they had been for myself a remarkable education in psychic possibilities, demonstrating as they do the imponderability of matter and its government by the laws of vibration now being investigated by science. And I further assured my correspondent that it is simply the knowledge I have of the genuineness of these wonderful "apports" that makes me give them such prominence in every issue. Another and even more important matter is that I have arrived at the conviction that more can be done in the world by forcing the scientific aspect on the attention of intelligent people than in any other way. In Italy, as has been pointed out constantly in these columns, men of the very highest scientific reputation—men like Lombroso, De Foà, and others whose names loom large in European professional circles—have investigated physical phenomena with Eusapia Palladino, with a convincing result that would never have been attained by other methods. And for such a marvellous thing as the demonstration of occult forces and intelligence working in unseen realms each one must have his or her own experience. Every investigator of this kind is, moreover, on a road that may lead to results we have not yet dreamed of in psychic manifestations.

It is not possible to over-estimate the good that comes from such demonstrations. For myself it has led me to a closer study of nature's laws which has always had for myself a great fascination. Nearly thirty years ago, when the Law of Vibrations, since taken by Sir W. Crookes as an illustration of unseen psychic powers, was occasionally used to illustrate lectures on Sound, Heat and Light, I hailed it with delight, little thinking that my then dawning belief in Spiritualism would later receive its greatest impetus from this source. Discovery upon discovery since then by scientific investigators have brought to our ken first the X-rays, then the N-rays, and last of all that marvellous product Radium, as the result of the highest rates of Vibration yet measured. As Sir William Crookes points out, vibrations do not stop at the almost inconceivable rate of motion indicated at Radium on his chart, but pass on to psychic realms of which we all get glimpses, either as mediums or when

in a highly spiritualised natural condition. Thus the X-rays only do what clairvoyants have done amidst jeers and scoffs for half a century, namely, with extended vision describe the internal organs of the body and their condition. Sir W. Crookes thinks that it will be ultimately proved that the Law of Vibrations is the basis of communication between incarnate and discarnate spirits, and of the flashes of thought that pass between souls in unison, whether close to each other or widely separated. It is, Sir W. Crookes maintains, the same law that makes wireless telegraphy one of the marvellous facts of this era. When we have advanced a little farther, and understand more of these occult laws of nature, we shall no longer need telegraph wires, telephones, or even wireless telegraphy, to connect us with those in sympathy with us. Our thought will go with more directness than by any wire or mortal messenger.

In one of Mr. Stead's articles, he stated that after gaining a knowledge of this law he no longer sent a telegram to anyone he wished to see. All that he did was to project his thought in the right direction, and sooner than in any other way would his friend respond to the mystic appeal and appear at his office door. Many similar experiences have happened to myself, and beyond any doubt I have established the fact of being able to send messages of strength and comfort to loved ones hundreds of miles away. In this respect, as in many others, I am convinced that spiritual agencies assist, and that some of our potent and invisible helpers not only, as in my case, bring the request for such message to be sent, but actually help to set the vibrations in motion. This brings the spiritual interpretation that the world will eventually arrive at. I would like to assure my readers that this power can come to all, and is simply the result of a *natural* spiritual development. It is just one of those "Gifts of the Spirit" that Prentice Mulford tells us of, and which come to the tireless and earnest seeker after truth. There is no miracle about it. The still small voice within has at last made itself heard when the noise of the world has been shut out and the "peace that passeth understanding" takes up its abode in our hearts. Then what seem miracles to outsiders happen. My first experience came some ten years ago, when in the early hours of the morning, just after midnight, I was woke up to a sense of pain and anguish connected with one of my children some thousands of miles away. Then I was told an accident had happened. It was almost a month before confirmation came of the truth of this intimation, more subtle than wireless telegraphy, more impressive than the spoken voice. As Minot J. Savage says, when once a knowledge of a power outside ourselves is recognised, the Rubicon is passed, and a great world of psychic possibilities lies before us ready for exploration.

Good it is for all of us when it leads to the great underlying truth of all, that Spiritual Force is Love and that Love is God—the all-pervading spirit that is at the back of all the phenomena of nature, the source of all our inspiration, the very breath of life. And so I have come to see that the future of Spiritualism lies in the scientific study of phenomena and in the realisation that the more spiritual force we gain for ourselves, more health, more power and a realisation of our at-oneness with spiritual things will be the blessed result. And

"When thy struggling heart hast conquered
When the path lies fair and clear,
When thou art prepared for heaven
Thou wilt find that heaven is here."

ANNIE BRIGHT.

Author of "A Soul's Pilgrimage," and Editor of "The Harbinger of Light."

Since I began the delightful and absorbing work of editing this paper many are the friends who have written to ask when I was going to put my own picture in the *Harbinger*. From one away in the Bush came the hope a few months ago that "A Soul's Pilgrimage" would have a portrait of myself as frontispiece, while many of my readers nearer home, whom I constantly meet, have expressed the desire over and over again to have, not only my picture, but some notes of the life that has led up to my present outlook. Two years ago a most earnest request was made to this effect, but I pleaded for time, and to wait until I had realised, in a measure at least, some of the ideals I had set before me. And now that my book, "A Soul's Pilgrimage," is a concrete fact and lying before me on my desk—"the first fruits of them that slept"—I have acceded to the general request to sit for my picture, and to say just what comes nearest to my heart at what is a momentous event in my history.

From the time I began to think, as well as read, I have looked with longing desire at a book and wondered, with my youthful hands still aching from writing out a mere pamphlet translated from the French, how anyone could achieve the mechanical part even of writing a volume. To write a book was a goal, however unattainable it might seem, that was always before me. In "The Soul's Pilgrimage" there is just enough fact to make a readable presentation of how ideals may be pursued and finally attained when life's solemn responsibilities are accepted in a reverent and humble spirit. Much that could not be put in a book for general perusal has happened, however, in the way of direct intimation

during the last dozen years or more of the work awaiting me of "training souls" as it is termed. At the time these communications would have read as fairy tales to outsiders, but although I never allow messages from the unseen to control my actions, these are invariably corroborated in my outer life. This, too, when the straightforward "humdrum duties of daily life," as Ella Wheeler Wilcox puts it, have been scrupulously attended to without reference to the events predicted. In my long experience I find it always the wisest course to "make no plans," as this leaves the spirits' way clear for guidance and inspiration. Strange to say it is exactly seven years to the day as I write that a message indicating my future work was given, which in every particular has proved correct. It was in November, 1900, that, after a period of enforced absence from my work of editing a magazine through my energies being devoted for many months to nursing and business of quite a different kind, I found myself once more free to resume my writing. But a strange indecision seized me. With a heart full of desire for employment I found myself unable to set about ordinary press work, and the days and weeks of inaction pressed heavily upon me. One day I was particularly cast down, felt I had lost my way somehow, and to quote Ella Wheeler Wilcox again,

had "a serious discouraged hour when I felt I was further away from my goal than ever." And then a remarkable thing happened. After attending to my household duties for a few hours I lay down on a sofa, when I presently became conscious of some divine influence bathing me from head to foot. After a while the imperative command came to me "to write." It was the work of a moment in this exalted condition to find myself at my desk, when the following message, signed by a spiritual helper, was poured through me. "I want to say something of great importance," the message began. "If you desire to be strong and well you must give up all ordinary work and go about solely doing good to souls. After a while flowers grow up all along your path, and you will be a source of light and healing to many. You must do nothing else. . . . It is the division of energy that distresses you. I do all I can for you, but a great struggle is always going on. Salvation comes quickly when you once do as I desire. All your troubles will pass away. You do a great deal now, but you cannot do all you are appointed to do until you do a divine work in the world. I shall be always with you, and a great crowd of angels who will bear you up lest your feet falter by the way. I am a chosen director for this work. Do not hesitate, but give yourself up to the divine helpers who are calling you. All disease, depression and dastardly fears will flee away. Courage and faith remove mountains." Then followed the name of an exalted spirit I was familiar with, and it was as if my darkened soul had been bathed with noonday light. It was quite two years before the first opening was presented to me, although, from the moment I received that message, I definitely decided to use whatever gifts I had in trying to show to others the wonderful light that comes from the spheres and is the source

of all strength and spiritual growth. Never did I lose the assurance that, however long delayed, I should be "shown the way" eventually, and the last five years read like a romance in the light of this message from the Unseen. Health and rejuvenation have come in fullest measure. After a long and arduous life I find myself able to do work that I could not have achieved when simply resting on "the arm of flesh." And whether it is my book, "A Soul's Pilgrimage," or any truth I am able to say on this great subject of the soul's destiny—the greatest that can engage the attention of mankind—that appeals to my readers, they may rest assured that it is simply my receptiveness to the divine influences controlling my life that gives any value to my written words.

It is somewhat unusual, I feel, to unveil one's inmost heart to the world's scrutiny, but the publication of my book must be the excuse. It will, I hope, bring me still closer in touch with my readers, and be as useful as I desire. I am conscious that this book is only preliminary to a more important one. During the last four or five years I have had spiritual experiences that have transcended any previous ones. Each day the future of Spiritualism becomes clearer to me. It is, I am convinced, through scientific doorways that intelligent people will pass to a knowledge of the psychic realms



Alice Mills, Photo.

ANNIE BRIGHT.

interblending with this mundane sphere on every hand. Individuals will learn of the power of the spirit to disintegrate matter, and also to send into every human organism that puts itself into focus to receive it streams of spiritual force that will drive out disease and make us realise our high destiny as temples of the Living God. Prayer is the great leverage of the Spiritual Universe—prayer of that vital kind which knows no stated periods or attitude of body, but which the world must come back to before the Religion within Nature humanity is waiting for becomes a blessed reality.

MRS. BRIGHT'S NEW BOOK.

*"A SOUL'S PILGRIMAGE."

Biographical and autobiographical writings are very much like dreams—generally possessing but passing, if any, interest for listeners or readers, though invested with paramount importance by those relating them. Only once in a way arise a biographer like Boswell and a subject like Samuel Johnson to afford us a life, the details of whose trivial words and acts are read to-day with as engrossed attention, whether of amusement, instruction, or sympathy, as they were by their contemporaries in the 18th century. It is given to but few to present an autobiography such as Annie Besant's that by its inherent charm, its unconstrained truthfulness of delineation, compels the delighted admiration of friends and even the respectful homage of foes.

In recording some of the salient passages of a soul's pilgrimage, Mrs. Charles Bright, in the handsome book before us, has adopted the narrative style of the novelist, and not "the first person singular" of the autobiographer, although, as in novels, her characters are allowed to speak for themselves, and the *oratio directa* is freely used. This method doubtless has its advantages, to some extent relieving the author of a painful self-consciousness in narration of personal experiences, as well as annulling a possible charge of occasional egotism. In the foreword to her own matchless volume of self-portrayal, Annie Besant admits the difficulty of telling the story of one's own life—"the telling has the savour of vanity"—but she realises that the faithful autobiographer does his work because he thinks that, "even at the cost of unpleasantness to himself, he may throw light on some of the typical problems that are vexing the souls of his contemporaries, and perchance may stretch out a helping hand to some brother struggling in the darkness, and so bring cheer when despair has him in its grip."

Mrs. Bright's life-lines, though in many respects different from Mrs. Besant's, have yet in others been very like hers, and we feel the appositeness of that noble woman's concluding reflection, "Since all of us, men and women of this restless and eager generation—surrounded by forces we dimly see, but cannot as yet understand, discontented with old ideas and half afraid of new, turning from the husks of outgrown creeds, but filled with desperate hunger for spiritual ideals—since all of us have the same anxieties, the same griefs, the same yearning hopes, the same passionate desire for knowledge, it may well be that the story of one may help all, and that the tale of one soul that went out alone into the Darkness and on the other side found Light, that struggled through the Storm and on the other side found Peace, may bring some ray of light and peace into the darkness and the storm of other lives." But whatever be the form in which its narrative is cast, Mrs. Bright's book is pregnant with lessons learnt from a life of loving labour, and radiant with the record of sorrow and suffering, trial and tribulation, bravely borne and triumphantly surmounted. Its perusal cannot fail to interest and instruct; unhesitatingly it is commended to the earnest attention of all. Meantime our readers are perhaps seeking some insight into this volume of experiences, but we are reluctant to forestall, even in a degree, the pleasure which first-hand acquaintance with

its contents will assuredly afford; nor indeed can space be spared for a synopsis or *résumé*. The authoress's many friends, and all who would know her better, must read for themselves this tale robed in the garb of romance, yet truthful in all its fateful facts.

It is a fascinating though pathetic story of a young girl nurtured in affluence and refinement, early confronted with the problems and the duties that beset the serious-minded in this earthly pilgrimage. We see Stella, the heroine, moving with grace in her domestic circle, "in" it, yet not "of" it, beloved by the girls of the Sunday school class, which she conducts in connection with the Unitarian Chapel in her native town. Soon she is called upon to choose in marriage between the Superintendent, a wealthy widower with a ready-made family—an estimable man in many ways—and a visiting young clergyman, himself also a Unitarian, "tall, strong, with fascinating eyes, splendidly clever," albeit deadly in earnest and consumed with "the enthusiasm of humanity," but with no equipment of this world's goods beyond his rich mental and spiritual endowments. Of course, the father, a man of sterling qualities, but "commercially" minded, favours the elder suitor. The maiden's choice, however, is otherwise, not so much in the response of the heart to the appeal of love as to a call to "the higher life."

And so she and the young minister are presently united, and set out for their new sphere in Sydney, where her husband, "Mr. Richmond," has received an appointment as pastor of the little Unitarian church there. Then follows the story of the sad though well-sustained struggle with crippled finances, increasing liabilities, sectarian animosities, internal strife, depleted health and ever-growing anxieties; the story of the husband and father's devotion to wife and children and to parish work; the wife and mother's equally unselfish care to all entrusted to her charge. The little home was hallowed by mutual affection and strengthened by the husband's unfaltering faith in "a guiding hand." But the struggle went on, amid varying circumstance, now lightened by mild visitations of prosperity and enlarged friendships, now intensified by malice and all uncharitableness. Then came the dreadful catastrophe—Mr. Richmond's death by falling from the rocks at the South Head. "Stella sat as in a ruined temple, with earthquake fissures gaping on every side, and surrounded with a dark wall of doubt from which her useless questionings returned unanswered. Father and mother and husband gone, and she left alone with four little children to rear and guide along life's labyrinths." Oh the pity of it! "The only thing that remained for her was work—daily work—hard enough to make her forget life's bitter problems." Yet mid it all she was "literally surrounded with love," and "there never were such friends before." The writer's gradual emergence from doubt and darkness to assured conviction and certain light is simply yet powerfully depicted.

Now whilst appealing primarily to Spiritualists, and penned by one who has proven by her written and her spoken word the sincerity of her conviction that Spiritualism is "the true Truth," this book does not fail to hold the mirror up to nature, or to speak the truth in love. Like "all scripture given by inspiration of God," it is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." In these days, when Spiritualism is wounded in the house of its friends, when the Christ-spirit is almost daily crucified afresh and put to an open shame, when the seers and prophets of the living God are supplanted by vacuous visionaries and true mediums by mercenary mountebanks, when the fantastic speculations of nebulous theorists are preferred to the philosophical, logical revelations and expositions of our pioneer writers, it is a treat to come across Mrs. Bright's volume, with its clear enunciations of common sense, and its plea for the purer, higher spiritualism—"the natural possession of all souls that attain exalted spheres of faith and love"—a spiritualism rooted and grounded in fact, and crowned and glorified by merciful, loving ministrations. Most

*"A Soul's Pilgrimage," by Annie Bright; with a foreword by Wm. T. Stead. 296 pp., cloth. Price, 3/6 (Geo. Robertson & Co., Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, 1907).

precious of all is the life-lesson which this gentle, cultured lady illustrates, enforces, and re-emphasises,

"That every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love."

Printed at a great distance from its author's home, thus precluding the close revision of "proofs" generally so essential to protect a writer from the machinations of his natural and mortal foe "the comp.," this volume in all its 300 gracefully written pages is singularly free from serious typographical errors. Being, moreover, handsomely bound in a dainty shade of green cloth, gilt lettered, it presents an attractive appearance and should prove a most suitable Christmas or New Year gift.

W.W.

KIND WORDS FROM A COLLEAGUE.

Mrs. Bright has judiciously chosen a work of fiction as a vehicle for the illustration and exposition of what future generations will look back upon and revere as the Great Revelation of the nineteenth century; namely, the disclosure to mankind of the all-important fact of spirit return, spirit communion and the continuity of the soul's existence beyond the grave in which our mortal tenement lies buried after its decay and death. These have always been matters of religious belief with a considerable portion of the human race; but they were entirely destitute of proof, and the very belief itself was generally felt to be so insecure, that the dread of dissolution has been never more acute and poignant than among Christian peoples; who, instead of rejoicing at the promotion of their kindred to a happier life in "mansions in the skies," and at their emancipation from all worldly ills and troubles, put on a garb of mourning, relinquished the enjoyment of innocent pleasures for a time and were unfeignedly "sorry as men without hope," and entertained so little genuine faith in an after life for those they had loved and lost, as constantly to speak of the departed as lying in the grave. But in the middle of the last century, certain phenomena occurred which demonstrated to those who had eyes to see and ears to hear, that the gracious promise of Christ to send his Comforter was on the eve of fulfilment, that Jacob's vision was being realised, and Milton's declaration was being verified that

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen,
Both when we sleep and when we wake."

Spiritualism was re-born into the world, and presented to every man and woman gifted with proper discernment the actual "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen." The New Testament and the inspired portions of the Old, were vivified with a new life, the nature and mission of Christ, his transfiguration and resurrection received a vivid illumination, and people were brought to understand for the first time the true meaning of the words of Paul, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," which became as transparent as glass to hundreds of thousands, and then to millions of persons convinced of their truth by the logic of facts.

Among those whom this glorious Revelation rescued from the blank and dreary negations of that Materialism which is just as rife in the world to-day, as it was throughout the length and breadth of the Roman Empire, when Christ came upon earth to light up the expiring flames of a spiritual belief in man's hearts, was the writer of the volume under notice; and impelled by a desire to make known to others, the sublime truths which have transformed her own life and entirely changed her outlook upon the two worlds of which each of us is a denizen, even while clothed upon with the garments of mortality, she has written, with the aid, as she observes, of "those helpers both visible and invisible, who have made this book a possibility," the story of "A Soul's Pilgrimage." It embodies, as Mr. William T. Stead observes in the preface he has kindly contributed to it, "the substance of much that she has learnt in her own pilgrimage through life. I do not by this imply that it is an autobiography, but the value of such a work as this depends chiefly upon the fidelity

with which it interprets the real experiences of real people. Its fundamental thesis is one which is gaining an increasing vogue in modern fiction and in modern thought, namely, the possibility of intercommunication between those who are in their bodies and those who are disembodied."

I will not forestall the pleasure which the readers of the book will derive from its perusal, by relating the plot of the story, sketching the characters introduced, or describing its most interesting incidents; and associated as I am with Mrs. Bright, as a contributor to the "Harbinger of Light," I am restrained from praising "A Soul's Pilgrimage" as cordially as I could wish, lest I should be suspected of partiality to a colleague. I must therefore content myself with the saying that it is written with marked ability, sustained earnestness, and an obvious desire to promote the interests of righteousness and truth.

J.S.

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

A REMARKABLE SIGN OF THE TIMES.

In the June number of the "Aurora Espirita, or Christian Renaissance," which has been enlarged to 44 pages, and is published at Pernambuco, in Brazil, appears a full report of a series of sittings with the celebrated medium, Eusapia Paladino, which have been actually held in the University at Turin, under the direction of Professor Lombroso, and have been followed up by a lecture on Spiritualism, delivered before a brilliant audience, which filled the theatre Corignaro, in that city, by Professor Pio Foà, who fills the chair of Pathological Anatomy in that University, is Director of the Museum of Anatomy, and Secretary General of the Academy of Sciences in Turin. As our contemporary remarks, the fact of such a lecture having been delivered under such circumstances, is altogether unprecedented.

IL VELTRO.

The seventh and eighth numbers of "Il Veltro," which have just reached me from San Pierdarena, one of the suburbs of Genoa, denote by the nature and quality of their contents the high intellectual status of the editor and his contributors, as well as the great interest which is being felt in the subject of Spiritualism by the educated classes in the great and flourishing seaport city, which contains a population of 180,000 inhabitants. Among the themes treated of in the numbers before me are the Direction of Spiritualism, Religion and Occultism, Mediumship and Science, Spiritual Religion, and the events of special interest to spiritualists which have occurred in Italy during the two months covered by the numbers of this publication just issued; while among the writers of the various articles I find the names of gentlemen of conspicuous ability.

LA TRIBUNA ESPIRITA.

The third and fourth numbers of our new ally, the "Tribuna Espirita," of Rio de Janeiro, as a "journal of combat and propaganda," maintain the high level aimed at in the first, and betoken an increasing demand in the capital of the Brazilian Republic for periodicals devoted to the spread of the truth.

LA VERDAD.

The September number of this theosophical review, which comprehends among its objects the study of science, philosophy, comparative religions and occultism, and is published in Spanish at Buenos Aires, contains a memoir and portrait of the new President of the Theosophical Society, Mrs. Annie Besant, together with her presidential message, and articles on the physiology of the astral body, on the question whether animals possess souls, the clothing of phantoms, oriental philosophy, Lourdes and the scientific psychology of miracles, on some more predictions of approaching cataclysms, on the mediumship of Miss Helen Smith, and a notice of theosophical periodicals published in other parts of the

world ; together with notes on current events ; altogether an excellent number.

FREEMASONRY EXPLAINED.

This is the title of a malicious brochure, written by A. Alhaiza, and published by H. Daragon, of No. 30 Rue Duperré, Paris, in which the writer traces the history of this brotherhood in Europe, connects it with the Jews, and strives to discredit it in the eyes of the world as "an abominable secret society," which he hopes to see laid in ruins as an association of shadows and crimes. Whether this pamphlet was written in ignorance of what Freemasonry really is ; or whether it was dictated by a spirit of malignity, I will not take upon myself to determine ; but in any case it is a tissue of libels and misrepresentations. The real founder of Freemasonry was Pythagoras, whose object was to establish a secret society which should keep alive from generation to generation a knowledge of the Unity of the Godhead, should exemplify in its daily practice the truth of the brotherhood of man, and should adopt a system of signs and pass-words by which members of the fraternity should recognise each other whenever and wherever they might meet. To tax Freemasonry, as Alhaiza does, with being anti-religious, anti-national and anarchical, is a perversion of facts which would be ludicrous in the extreme, if it were not an infamous and detestable calumny. J.S.

MR. T. W. STANFORD'S SEANCES WITH THE MEDIUM, CHARLES BAILEY.

BY MRS. CHARLES BRIGHT.

One of the most remarkable features of these unique séances is the lofty character of the addresses given from time to time. A few weeks ago, on October 18th, it was announced that Signor Valetti would give a lecture on "Dante, His Life and Work," instead of one announced the previous week on "The Search for the Holy Grail." Then, totally unexpected by all the sitters, was given the following lecture—one that entranced the listeners and which would have been beyond the power of the best-read person in the room to produce at a moment's notice, were such a thing as thought-transference suggested by those unacquainted with the medium's total lack of scholarship and inability to even appreciate the works of the immortal Dante. As a "test" it transcended anything that could be brought in the way of "apports," remarkable as this phase of mediumship undoubtedly is. It was not possible or desirable to curtail a magnificent address of this kind, and its length precludes more than a passing notice of other matters. Cavalier James Smith, one of the most profound Dantean students at the Antipodes, although not present at the séance, was so impressed with the remarkable accuracy of the events and names particularised that he has written some valuable comments thereon that will be found at the end of this article. Permission has been given for the Indian tapestry, one of the most remarkable "apports" ever brought to this or any other circle, to be photographed as supplement to this issue, and it is more fully described elsewhere.

The following is a brief account of the séances held since our last issue :—

60TH SEANCE. October 4th. Address by Professor Denton : "Is There a Personal Devil?" Three birds brought. Lump of clay with Mosaics. Some interesting phenomena promised now medium's health restored.

61ST SEANCE. October 11th. Continuation of Address by Professor Denton delivered previous sitting, entitled "What Influence, if any, have Evil Spirits over Mankind?" Phenomena—Clay with Mosaics. Bundle of manuscripts from Thibet. Bird's nest with four eggs after medium had been rolled on the floor as a special "test." Atmospheric conditions bad.

62ND SEANCE. October 18th. Address by Signor Valetti on "Dante," reproduced in this issue. Phenomena—Clay with Mosaics. Manuscript from Thibet.

63RD SEANCE. Creswick night. Recitation of a play, "Vengeance is Mine," written by the great actor in spirit life and spoken by him through the medium.

" DANTE, HIS LIFE AND WORK."

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY SIGNOR VALETTI ON FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 18TH, 1907.

Specially reported by Miss M. Wilson, Shorthand Writer and Typist, Premier Buildings, Collins St., Melbourne.

I have been asked to speak to you to-night and it gives me unalloyed pleasure to do so on any subject with which I am acquainted. So I have selected one I should know a little about, considering that the immortal Dante is a countryman of my own.

There are three constellations in the poetical firmament which outshine all others, as do the great planets in the physical heavens—they are Homer, the Greek poet ; your own English William Shakespeare, the bard of Avon ; and Dante Aldighieri, the Florentine. Dante was born at Florence, in Italy, in the month of May, 1265. He came of good family, and was most liberally educated. He seems to have been familiar with all the works of contemporary writers in every country under the sun, and appears to have also read the works of those who had gone before him—which becomes evident in reading the Divine Comedy. His name was really Geranti, contracted to Dante, and he belonged to a wealthy family of nobles that lived in Florence in the thirteenth century

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Dante, when only nine years of age, met the one, female who made an impression on his life and character, the one whom he personified as a goddess of purity and love. Beatrice Portinari lived not very far from the home of Dante and the Ponte Vecchio, the ancient bridge which spans the Arno. As I have said, Dante was liberally educated, and when he reached manhood he was elected to the office of Prior—or Magistrate—in old Florence. Just at this time the nobles living in Florence and Arezzo, a city not far distant, were antagonistic to each other. This disaffection developed later into a war. The opposing factors were known at the time as the Blacks and the Whites. Dante, as a magistrate of the city and one who had charge of the peace, banished for a time certain members of the noble families. The Whites represented the Guelphs, and the Blacks the Ghibelines. Just at this time an appeal was made to Pope Boniface VIII. at Rome to settle the conflict, which was in reality between the nobles and the papacy. Pope Boniface settled the matter by sending a Cardinal with 1,200 armed men. It was just at this time, 1302, that Dante became embroiled with his superiors, the See of Rome. He made a journey to Rome to plead the cause of his party before the Pope, and it was during his absence that Pope Boniface sent the armed men. News reached Dante that the nobles in Florence had associated him with the Guelphs, and had issued a decree fining him 5,000 florins and banishment from his native city. Later they proceeded to something worse, and declaring him to be a traitor they passed sentence of death upon him. In a battle which took place near Arezzo at the commencement of the quarrel, it is true that he fought on the side of the Whites, and that is how he came to be classed as a Guelph and a traitor. However that may be, Dante never returned to his native city, Florence. He wandered through various towns of Italy, being at different times under the care of eminent men. Finally he visited Ravenna, and it is also said that he visited Paris. Modern criticism and research have shown us that much associated with the life and character of Dante is fictitious, but I am just giving you to-night what we know to be facts established by research. It was in the year 1321, after wandering for a number of years, that Dante died at Ravenna at the age of 56. Some time before his death, sentence of banishment was also pronounced on his wife and family. He had married a Florentine woman named Gemma Donati, and had by her a family of two sons and a daughter, whom he called Beatrice after his first love.

BEATRICE PORTINARI.

It was, as I have said, when he was nine years old, that Dante first saw Beatrice, then a lovely child. He

at once became enamoured of her, and henceforth loved her with a pure, unselfish devotion. Again at the age of 18—two nines, mark you—he came in contact, near to the Ponte Vecchio, with the object of his affections. Passing along between two ladies he beheld the beautiful Beatrice Portinari. In one of his last productions, "Vita Nuova," or "New Life," he tells us about another person, called Matilda, but she was not the woman of his love, but a celebrated Italian lady who was renowned for her works of mercy and charity. It is strange, but true, that though he loved Beatrice Portinari with such pure and unselfish devotion he did not marry her. She married another, and some two years after her death—for she died young—he married Gemma Donati, who as I told you was finally banished from Florence. These are the main historic facts of the life of Dante, which I presume are known to most of you.

GIOTTO'S PICTURE OF DANTE.

First let me speak of the personality of this world-honoured man who wrote the Divine Comedy—wonderful verses unsurpassed on your earth plane. Comte said of them, "an incomparable epic." We are told that Dante, when he was about forty years of age, walked with a kind of stoop, and had an aquiline nose and a peculiar turned-up lip. During the life-time of Dante there lived in Florence one of the greatest mediæval painters—Giotto. He was, besides, a friend of Dante. On the wall of the Palace Podesta he painted a wonderful picture. It represented a scene from Paradise—Christ enthroned and crowned. He introduced in the picture many of the citizens of old Florence, and included among these was the youthful Dante. Seven years after, in the wars and commotions which tore and racked the Tuscan States, this portion of the palace was converted into a prison house, and it was also a place where they sometimes housed the soldiers. It is known in modern Florence as the Bargello. In the year 1840 an American and an Englishman, lovers of Dante, with one of my own countrymen, set out with the intention of visiting every available place in Florence to try and discover this wonderful picture, which they felt was still in existence. The Palace Podesta was visited, and various rooms were searched, until the Bargello was entered. Let me tell you that when this palace was converted into a prison house, the hand of the vandal took the whitewash brush and obliterated this grand and beautiful production of the mediæval painter, Giotto. You would think, my friends, that the Florentines, lovers of Art, would have cherished with an unswerving care and love this production of one of their own sons. But, alas, many priceless works have been destroyed in the confusion and turmoil produced by the angry passions of men. After having gained permission from the king of Italy—which, I must inform you, was not readily obtained, for, to be truthful, I must say he placed many obstacles in the road—they made an indefatigable and thorough research, and, after some months' work, Marini, my countryman, at last cleared off the whitewash which had been so barbarously placed on the walls, and there was found the beautiful picture containing the only authentic portrait of Dante. But, alas, it was injured with what was apparently a nail hole in the left eye. This was restored later, but the eye is too small to my mind. Looking at that face, you are struck with the fact that it shows great intelligence, force of character, and will-power. The peculiar shaped cap which was worn in the thirteenth century is well depicted in this picture by Giotto. If you visit Florence do not forget to pay a visit to the Bargello.

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY.

After the death of Beatrice Portinari, Dante appears to have become very restless and to have visited other cities, writing meanwhile his wonderful production, the Divine Comedy. Let me tell you, however, that the term Divine was not applied to it by Dante himself, but was given to it some years after his death. I have heard an ingenious lecturer trying to prove that it was Boccaccio, who lived after the death of Dante and lectured on the works of Dante in Florence, who gave

it this title. Boccaccio himself, you will remember by his work, "Decameron," was a Florentine, but that does not matter. The reason Dante gives for calling this superb work a comedy is as follows:—Referring back to the ancients, to Seneca, they regarded a tragedy, he says, as a story or something that started well and ended in disaster; but a comedy—the ancient comedy—started in trouble and slowly worked out to something better. Hence, he called his work comedy. Let us for a short time review this wonderful work. It is in three books, if you like to call them so—The Inferno, or hell, Purgatorio, and Paradiso. Let it be understood that Dante was a thorough Roman Catholic, though he desired a reformation of the principles, at all events, of that church, and strove earnestly for it, therefore his belief in the dogmas of the Church of Rome colors all that he has written. But we will find that right throughout the true spirit of love to humanity—the brotherhood of man—is portrayed.

HIS DIVINE LOVE FOR BEATRICE.

I said he was influenced by his love for Beatrice Portinari. Judging from what we find in the fifth and several other cantos of the Divine Comedy, she was of a beautiful nature, as well as physically beautiful. Now, Dante's love for Beatrice was not of the flesh, sensual. When Dante walked through the streets his fellow citizens or those who lived in other cities that he visited, would point to him and say, "There is the man who has been in hell!" and I say, "There is the man who has been in heaven!" Judging from his incomparable production, Dante understood something of that pure love which transcends everything that is human, and comes nearest to the divine love, than any man who has ever loved on this poor benighted earth of yours. I believe it with all my soul. Too often is love, or what we call love, but a mask for sensuality, and in those who are not sensual there is much that is of the flesh, much that is selfish, but in the love of Dante for Beatrice—whom, as I said, he recorded after her death as love and purity personified—we have in Dante's love for Beatrice the highest, the grandest, the noblest example of love pure and divine. It was unselfish; he thought not of himself, but only for the good of others. It was not a boyish love, either. It was two nines—he was eighteen when he met her the second time—and shortly after she passed to the spirit world. When he commenced to write his poems, the thought that came to him was this: whom could he have better for instructress, spiritual guide, or a grand high ideal than Beatrice, the object of his pure affection. Hence we find that he opens his Inferno by saying that he found himself within a wood, having strayed from the path, and then he goes on to tell us that as he gets further into this wood he encounters certain creatures—a tiger, a lion, and a wolf, representing falsity and that which is evil and ferocious in mankind, for be it understood that the whole of Dante's production is nothing but a vision of the soul of man commencing his earth journey in trouble, passing through sin, purged therefrom in Purgatory, and finally rising purified and triumphant to the heaven of God. As he proceeds upon his way in the Inferno, he meets a spirit, the spirit of Beatrice, who some years before had gone to the better world. He again beholds his mistress: oh, how divine, how sweet, how pure! and she recognises him! He asks assistance—to be under her guardianship and her guidance, and to be shown all that is to be seen, so that his soul may be purified, and he may, so to speak, recede from all that is earthly and sensual and have intercourse with the beings who dwell in the spiritual world. Placing himself, therefore, under the guidance of Beatrice, they visit the Inferno regions. Those of you who have read his Inferno will realise how the Italians in those cities could say, "There is a man who has been in hell," for it is so perfectly realistic. When you read your own poet, Milton, in his Paradise Lost and Regained, grand works indeed they are, you feel that you are reading poetry, but when you read Dante's Inferno you are struck with the fact, startled, and almost horrified, with the realism of the whole thing.

You feel as if you had shiveringly, quaking with fear, followed in the footsteps of Dante and viewed the horrors of the infernal regions. You will remember that at the period of time in which Dante lived, injustice reigned. It was an unjust act whereby Dante, who was an upright man, was banished from his native town, was condemned to pay a fine, and was afterwards condemned to death. It was indeed the result of injustice, jealousy and intrigue, and it seems to have embittered the life of Dante for long years, perhaps for as long as he lived. He was not afraid, then, to place his enemies and those who had done wrong to mankind in the worst places in the infernal regions. We read that he found a Pope upside down in the ice who had been unjust. It is a remarkable thing about the various cantos comprising the *Inferno*, that he places in the infernal regions all the remarkable characters that had lived previous to him. There we find Æneas, the founder of Rome, Anchises, who carried his father on his back from the ruins of Troy, Virgilius and members of the Cæsar family, popes, cardinals, prelates, kings. In one canto, indeed, the whole of it is devoted to the names of certain kings who lived and reigned in his day, who were infamous for their vile lives and their injustice. Beatrice, the pure spirit, is the personification of all that is good and beautiful and pure in the greatest and noblest sense, immaculate and spotless, without a thought of the sensual, without pandering at all to the passions, as she leads him onward through the infernal regions. When I read the *Inferno* and have closed the book, I always feel—or always did feel when I was in the flesh—as if I had escaped myself from those awful regions. Now, mark, Dante believed that there was such a place as hell. The Roman Church taught it, insisted on it. Pardon me when I say that I, in the days of my flesh, was a sincere, and I hope devout, Roman Catholic. Since I have gone to spirit life I have had reason to change my views concerning many of her teachings, but I respect many of her sons and daughters. Dante believed in all her dogmas and her teaching, and, notwithstanding that, he was better taught, more deeply inspired, than by anything he received from her teachers. It would appear as if he had got a glimpse of God, of his Christ, while yet in the flesh, as if he had stood in heavenly places and had been spiritually instructed, and, notwithstanding his belief in these old dogmas, there runs like a golden thread throughout his writings the blessed truth that man should delight in the works of God and give praise to Him for all that is manifest, believing that, at last, good will come to every soul—that out of the *Inferno* with its awful rivers, its lakes and its fields of ice, a hell most horrible—it will by purification in Purgatorio, be ultimately purified and pass into the portals of God, a pure and holy spirit, where he will be able to enjoy throughout eternity that peace which is the outcome of a perfected heart, a life attuned to godliness, at one with God, upright and holy. This Dante realised, notwithstanding his belief in the Roman Catholic doctrines.

PURGATORIO: A SPIRITUAL STATE.

To pass on to his Purgatorio we find there evil spirits expiating their crimes—undergoing a system of purification. I know that the Protestant world does not believe in Purgatory, but Dante spiritually realised, while at the same time believing in the somewhat gross purgatory of the Roman Church, that inexorable justice demanded the expiation in some way of all crimes committed in the flesh, that the balance of justice must be adjusted, and that if a man sin against himself and his fellows he must pay the penalty. So we find that evildoers are being purified in Purgatory. Spiritualists, investigators into the occult, who receive spiritual teaching from above, you must know and realise that there is no gross, physical place of expiation, called purgatory, but there is a spiritual state in which the spirits of unjust men are confined. As the Master once said, "They are held in chains of darkness, they have been brought before the judge who cast them into the prison house, and verily they shall not come out until

they have paid the uttermost farthing." Dante realised this. He could not imagine that men, who had sinned through ignorance, such as great poets, sculptors, kings, and princes, who had gone before him, should everlastingly suffer, even in hell, and so he fills his Purgatory with hope. Oh, the last precious thing to escape from Pandora's box was Hope. It is Hope that uplifts the human heart. Thousands, nay millions of your brothers and sisters to-night are hoping, though they have no knowledge, that at some future time good will come to every soul. Oh yes, God is too good to cast away any remnant of mankind, any soul. All are His, and no matter how insignificant or how vile, that soul belongs to God—the universe would be incomplete without that one—God will restore him at last.

PARADISO: THE HEAVEN OF LOVE.

I find that the time has almost gone. I must hurry on to the Paradiso. In Paradise, restored to the kingdom of heaven, are the spirits of those who through sin were made to pass through purgatorial fires, who had suffered in hell, and were finally pure, happy, and at rest in heaven. There is a quotation that is often used by speakers and others. It runs something like this, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," and it was placed over the door of the Dantean hell. But let me say that reading his Divine Comedy, I see that he understood, that he was inspired to believe that at last, in some way or other, God would restore the spirit of man to its proper state, one of perfection, one of purity, and, if you like the expression, holiness. Dante's idea of purity and love can be gathered through reading the three books. You must go through these books carefully to understand how intense, how passionate were the fires that burned in his soul, how he loved, and how his love was such that it gave new life to all that was good in every human soul. His love went out to all humanity. True, he railed against his enemies, but we have this consolation, in reading several of the cantos, to find he believed that in some way good would be the outcome of evil, and hence in his Paradiso we find all things restored. I know this is disputed by some Dantean investigators or lovers of Dante. But I, for many years, being proud of my countryman and his wonderful works, have, in the flesh, read and re-read his works, and since I have gone into the spirit I am convinced that I am right and that the great soul of this wonderful poet believed that ultimately all would be well with every human soul, his enemies included.

DANTE'S SPIRITUAL APPEAL.

There have been many poets. When we read the poems of Milton, Shakespeare—and you will remember that I placed Shakespeare in the trio of the greatest poets that have ever appeared on your earth plane—we are uplifted morally and spiritually with what we read. When we read the works of Dante, however, we feel that our inmost soul is appealed to, that we are pointed at personally, that it is our case entirely, that we have transgressed, and that we will have to expiate our sin in some way. And then, again, our souls are rejoiced by the fact that at last we shall be purified and be eternally happy. Reading the works of Dante inspires one to have grand, noble, holy ideals. He was so engrossed, so consumed with love for his ideal, Beatrice, his guide and the personification of all that was good and beautiful and pure, that he seemed to dwell in the heaven of love. I can believe that Dante, cast down, wandering from city to city, was daily uplifted when his thoughts went out to her who was the personification of all that was good and pure. Some writers have said he was a melancholy man, and that the curl of his lip suggests it. I do not believe that my grand countryman was morose or melancholy. I think that he was sad, that he was like a philosopher troubled about the problems of life, who had no time for frivolity, for foolishness or foolish speaking. Life for him was a serious business, and he believed that justice would at last demand expiation for every offence committed against himself, against his fellows and his God. Realising this I can well understand that he was grave but of noble mien. But that grand

spirit has passed into Paradise, and faith with him has become knowledge. He realises that the spirit with which he was imbued, and which inspired him to write those grand, uplifting verses was substantially the spirit of the Christ, and, making all allowance for everything that was colored by his belief in the Roman Catholic dogmas, and by the severe times in which he lived, Dante's production is undoubtedly the grandest work that man yet has produced. I know that your own William Shakespeare with his grand works has uplifted humanity; his knowledge was vast, wonderful, but let me say to you Englishmen, it lacks the spirituality that Dante's work possesses. He created great characters, it is true, he was a master craftsman, but, as I said in the opening of my lecture, when we have read the Divine Comedy we feel that this man has been in heavenly places, whether in the spirit or in the body I know not, but he has been there and he has seen sights and heard things that it is not lawful for man to utter. Yet he has given to us the results of those spiritual interviews, the results of that glorious inspiration which was the outcome of having a grand, a noble, a beautiful ideal, who was ever leading him upward and onward until he at last became purified, and is enjoying to-night the beatitude promised to those who love God and his fellows. Truly his state is one to be envied. This genius who lives for evermore will yet inspire others in these days of enlightenment. When you are not clouded with the trammels and troubles of mortal life, when light from science, from research and criticism has been spread abroad upon everything, when you may freely handle and investigate in these days of liberty, light and knowledge, he will inspire someone who will yet rise—a great idol breaker—to cast down all that is of error, and to uplift all that is human and godlike, all that is noble, pure, lovely. This will Dante yet do, for he is not dead, for "behold," he says, "I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death."

SOME NOTES ON SIGNOR VALETTI'S COMMUNICATIONS.

By J.S.

Being thoroughly well acquainted with the city of Florence and familiar for something like half a century with the life and writings of Dante, I have been much struck by the obvious genuineness of the disquisition on the poet spoken through the lips of Mr. Stanford's medium by an Italian artist recently deceased. All the names of places and persons mentioned were so accurately given, and were so entirely outside of the knowledge of the medium, that they must have emanated from the disembodied spirit of a person conversant with the locality and with the personal history of the great genius of whom he was discoursing with such fulness of knowledge. It matters little whether the speaker bore the name of Valetti during his last life or otherwise. The essential fact is that a personality other than that of any one then and there present in the flesh was addressing himself to those seated in the room, that all the information he gave with respect to the poet is verifiable; and, as I have said, that the persons and places he touched upon were existent in the time of Dante, and that the localities and structures enumerated bear the same names to-day.

The Palazzo del Podestà, more commonly known as the Bargello, still rises from the Via Proconsule, is the equivalent of our own Town Hall, and of the Mansion House in London. It dates from the thirteenth century, and hidden beneath a coat of whitewash on one of the walls was discovered, not many years back, a portrait of Dante, delineated in profile by his friend Giotto, one of the precursors of the Italian Renaissance. I have seen the picture, which was described to me very minutely on the 11th of July, 1901, by the artist himself, who stated that it "had been lamentably re-touched," but that the outline was pretty much as he had left it. It was originally a flattered likeness, he said, for the poet's

lower jaw was somewhat heavier than it there appears, and the teeth projected, causing the under lip to protrude; while the nose was higher in the bridge and drooped slightly over the mouth.

The Ponte Vecchio is one of the oldest bridges crossing the river Arno, and dates from 1362. Each side is flanked with goldsmiths' shops, and has been so ever since the year 1593. They are only one storey high, and over the roofs of those on the west side is carried a covered gallery, through which you pass from the picture galleries in the Uffizi to those in the Palazzo Pitti on the other side of the river.

Arezzo, famous as the birth-place of many distinguished Italians, Petrarch among the rest, is specially referred to by the poet in the 29th canto of the "Inferno," where he makes one of the unhappy occupants of that dolorous region exclaim:—

"I of Arezzo was
And Albert of Siena had me burned:
But what I died for does not bring me here."

Beatrice Portinari was the name of the beautiful young girl with whom Dante fell in love at first sight, at a very early period of his life, and to whom, as has been said, he offered "the noblest and most faithful homage which man has paid to woman." He has told the story of his love in his earliest work, the "Vita Nuova," a poem which has no peer in all literature. Unhappily for him, but not for the world, she was betrothed by her family to a certain Simone dei Bardi, an ancestor, by the way, of George Eliot's "Romola," but only survived her marriage three years. It was an overwhelming blow to Dante; but after death she became the inspiration of his genius, and we all know how she became his guide through all the snares of life and the cruel vicissitudes of his earthly pilgrimage, and finally he beholds her arrayed in the glorious light of the highest heaven, and he is reconciled to the bitterness of exile and the worst adversity that can befall him in his lonely existence, because "now he knows where she is, and what, and how faithful and beautiful."

"HE LEADETH ME."—Ps. xxiii. 2.

BY DEVOTION.

"He leadeth me." Through crushing storms of pain
How oft I sank to earth with heart low bowed;
But His refining purpose showed out plain,
With just a rainbow set in every cloud—
And thus He leadeth me!

"He leadeth me." Adversity's cold days
For years swept o'er my spirit once, but then
A voice within me changed my prayer to praise
Until my soul fulfilled its glad "Amen."
And still He leadeth me.

"He leadeth me." Oft at the gates of death
I waited with the storm-rain in my face,
And in the darkness felt that icy breath;
But Faith sustained me and lit up the Place.
I know He leadeth me.

"He leadeth me." How sharp the chastening rod
Smote me, and broke my rebel will and pride,
But recognising clear the hand of God,
I saw One Presence walking by my side,
For so He leadeth me.

"He leadeth me." And in my soul I see
A Well of Living Water springing up,
And bubbling with a music joyfully,
Right to my lips is held a brimming cup.
Home, Home, He leadeth me.

"He leadeth me." My soul, sing to the world
Thy blessings all the afflictions sure outweigh,
So let Faith's glorious banner fly unfurled
To show thou'rt climbing to the Perfect Day
Yonder. He leadeth me.

Sydney.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

Believers in Spiritualism are many, but students of its ethics and the philosophy of spiritual intercourse are comparatively few. Hence we find numbers of people whose interest has been awakened by some personal experience of a psychic nature, or the relation of such by a friend, commencing an investigation by going to some promiscuous circle, or partially developed medium, and receiving what is presented to them there as gospel. Or, on the other hand, when seeking for corroboration in some other similar channel, and, finding the teachings more or less contradictory, they either give up the quest or wander from medium to medium till at last they pin their faith on the one whose teachings are most consonant with their idiosyncrasy and become a disciple of the particular cult represented by the medium of their choice. Under these circumstances there is little progress possible, as they are for the time in a veritable *cul de sac*, out of which they can only get by study of the higher teachings of Spiritualism, or conversation with those who have reached a higher plane. In the earlier phases of the modern spiritualistic movement people were urged to personally investigate the phenomena, and it was then appropriate for them to do so, the primary facts at that time needing demonstration. But with the vast accumulation of evidence from the highest sources that has accrued (and is still being added to) the phenomena are proved beyond question, and for novices to go over the ground which has been traversed over and over again, by scores of the world's most eminent scientists, with the view of testing or corroborating their reliability, is puerile. What is needed now is Light on the Path, that those who are sufficiently interested to enter into an investigation may see the safest road and, by means of the light gained, not only avoid many obstacles, but have a clearer comprehension of the rationale of the spirit world. The light alluded to might be diffused by a wide dissemination of pamphlet literature containing the gist of spirit teachings, a condensation of its philosophy, and of the philosophy of spirit intercourse, with a few select descriptions of the after-life given through reliable media by those who are experiencing it. Secondly, by extensive advertisement and circulation of cheap editions of standard spiritualistic works, and the donation, to all public libraries that will receive them, of first class spiritualistic literature.

One of the most important facts which needs to be impressed upon the mind of a would-be investigator is: that there is no restriction of spirit communication from the other side, from the wisest and most enlightened, to the most ignorant and unprincipled. *All is dependent upon the conditions given on his side*, and wherever the investigator approaches the matter with a decided bias he is likely to attract spirits of the same opinion who will endorse his views and confirm his belief, though it be erroneous. There are as many contradictory opinions in the spirit spheres pertaining to this world as in the world itself, and the Wisdom spheres (which are only directly reachable by those who have by study and application prepared themselves to give the necessary conditions) are the only planes from which there are no

contradictions; a study of spiritual philosophy will make this apparent. More trouble and discord comes from the non-realization of the foregoing than from any other cause, the general idea being that all good spirits should know and speak the truth, but we must remember that all truth is relative and based upon the knowledge of the individual. We find good and intellectual men in the body giving teachings diametrically opposed to each other, each believing them to be the truth, and in like manner good spirits speak the truth *as they know it*, and will continue to do so until they get purged of earthly error and ascend to the higher planes where absolute error is unknown. Those who were liars and deceivers here, though they may not be able so readily to deceive their comrades in the spirit world, can and do exercise their propensity when they come in contact with mortals; hence, everything that comes from the spirit world should be tested by Reason—"By their fruits shall ye know them"—but they must be judged by their morality, not by their theological belief. This question of Light on the Path is an important one. Though philosophical Spiritualists are not given to proselytising, and are confirmed in this by endorsements from advanced teachers on the other side, one of whom, in the course of a series of impressive teachings, wrote in our presence: "Seek not to proselytize, those only will be interested who love good and truth," yet this was qualified by instructions for us not to hide the light, but to give those who were ready to receive it the opportunity to see it. We conceive, therefore, that it is the duty of all those who have derived consolation and enlightenment from the reception of spiritual truths to assist individually and collectively in their wider diffusion. W.H.T.

PROFESSOR LOMBROSO AND SPIRITUALISM.

Another remarkable article on Spiritualism appears in the current number of the "Lettura," from the pen of Professor Lombroso, who relates in detail the outcome of continued experiments conducted by him in conjunction with the well-known medium, Eusapia Palladino.

There can be no doubt, asserts the Professor, that genuine Spiritualistic phenomena are produced by intelligences totally independent of both the medium and the parties present at the séance. On many occasions he has proved this to be the case, a notable instance being when three spirits actually appeared in the room together, each at a considerable distance from the others, and each producing distinct phenomena.

Professor Lombroso says he must refuse to follow the example of the great majority of his brother savants, who, where spiritualism is concerned, "deny the truth on principle."—*Globe*.

Q. R. L. Stevenson has said—we quote from memory and not with exactitude, "There is one person whom it is my duty to make good, that is myself. My duty toward others is better expressed by saying, Make them happy. Live your life so joyously that your friend will envy you, but do not live it for the purpose of making him envy you. The fruit of the Spirit is love, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—all men like these fruits. If your orchard is full of these, your friend will wish that he had an orchard like it. Do not preach; simply practise. And always remember that God has seen fit to make him the master of his own life, and any wish on your part to become master of his life and bend it into conformity with your liking and your conscience would be a wish to violate the divine order."—*The Outlook*.

MARY T. LONGLEY.



MRS. MARY T. LONGLEY,
Secretary N.A.S., U.S.A. and Canada.

By the last American mail came a most interesting letter, full of sympathy with her co-workers in Australia, from Mrs. Mary T. Longley, secretary for the last nine years to the National Association of Spiritualists of U.S.A. and Canada. To readers of the American spiritualistic papers Mrs. Longley's name is a familiar one. In connection with her duties as secretary many communications are forwarded to the press, and these, with articles on various subjects connected with spiritualism, are among the best of their kind. My request for a few notes concerning the career of one who has for so long been a prominent worker in the States brought the following response, which will be read with interest by her friends at the Antipodes:—From this source we learn that Mary Theresa Longley was born in 1853 in South Boston, Mass., U.S.A. Her father, John B. Shelhamer, was a German who went to America when a young man, her mother being a native of Boston who could count her descent from the Puritans of the New World. Early in the sixties the father enlisted in the "Civil War," and was a soldier for over three years, during which time his wife became interested in Spiritualism, principally from the fact that one of her young children, a boy of six years, became a medium. Through him she received many communications concerning her absent husband, which were subsequently verified, and also much enlightenment regarding life beyond the grave.

In later years the entire family became prominent workers in Spiritualism in Boston, the youngest daughter, now Mrs. C. L. Hatch, who is an officer in several Spiritualistic Societies, and secretary of the Mass. State Association, being married to Mr. J. B. Hatch Jr., also an ardent worker in the Cause.

In 1868, when 15 years old, Mary Theresa Shelhamer also developed mediumship, and from then till the present time she has been actively engaged in the promulgation of Spiritualism. For three years she was message medium and editorial writer for the "Voice of Angels," a spiritual publication that for many years had a fine circulation and standing in the States. In 1879 she was engaged by the famous "Banner of Light" in Boston as its message medium, and for a period of fourteen years she remained identified with the work



Headquarters N.A.S., U.S.A. and Canada, Washington, D.C.

and interests of that establishment. During that time thousands of individual spirits gave personal communications in their free public meetings, which were stenographically reported, printed in the "Banner," and sent broadcast over the world. It will be found in the files of that paper that thousands of verifications of the truth of the messages were received from strangers all over the land who had thus received tidings from their loved ones gone before. During these years Mrs. Longley also gave innumerable lectures under the inspiration of John Pierpont—a noted reformer and poet-preacher when in earth life. These lectures were delivered at camps, and before societies in different cities and towns, at which audiences ranging in number from a few members to thousands were present. In 1888 she was married to Prof. C. P. Longley, the noted musical composer—author of "Only A Thin Veil Between Us," "Over the River," "Where the Roses Never Fade," and a number of other inspiring compositions, publisher of several fine musical works, and an ardent Spiritualist. Before and after her marriage Mrs. Longley published several books, among them being "Life and Labor in the Spirit World," "Outside the Gates," "When the Morning Comes," etc. In 1893 she resigned her position on the "Banner of Light," and with her husband made an extended trip to California, where she lectured for six months before the Progressive Spiritualists of San Francisco, Prof. Longley rendering the musical part of the service for this society. Subsequently, for nearly three years, Mrs. Longley served as message medium and editorial assistant for the "Light of Truth"—then published in Cincinnati. The Longleys subsequently returned to the East, settled their affairs and removed to Pasadena, and thence to Los Angeles, in the State of California. But in three years they were called to Washington, D.C., where at the Annual Convention, in 1898, of the National Spiritualists' Association of America, Mrs. Longley was elected Secretary of that great organization, to which she has been annually re-elected up to the present time. Mrs. Longley has announced that she will not seek re-election at the October Convention, as she wishes to once more take up the active work of her mediumship, which in a measure has been in abeyance through her duties in the National office. During these nine years of official life, Mrs. Longley has, however, published a large amount of

matter, delivered innumerable public lectures and served in many ways as the instrument of the spirit inspirers and messengers who have trained her for this work since she was a girl of fourteen years. She declares herself always and ever "An old-time Spiritualist" without qualification or prefix, and although she, as a registered physician by the State law of Massachusetts, is entitled to the title of M.D., and by virtue of her ordination under the law of California, is a reverend minister, she cares nothing for titles, knowing that her successes in the medical field and as a preacher of the Gospel of Spiritualism have come from the inspiration and influence of the spirit world, and not from any degree conferred by men. Mrs. Longley is indeed an inspirational writer and speaker of a very high order, and her extensive influence is due not to scholastic education, as she only attended school between the ages of six and twelve, but to a natural receptiveness which has made her a gifted message bearer from Unseen Realms. A.B.

LIFE'S PROGRESSION.*

RESEARCH IN METAPHYSICS.

"There is no death. There are no dead."

It is seldom that I have met with a book that has given me such complete satisfaction as "Life's Progression," by Edward C. Randall, Counsellor-at-Law of Buffalo, N.Y. As the title indicates, the subject is large enough to embrace the individual soul's progress from its time of inception to the fuller expansion it receives as it travels naturally onwards to the psychic spheres. And the author is emphatic in his declaration that all can receive the same enlightenment that he has done if they will make the requisite conditions. "The so-called dead," he says, "still live, and live here among and about us, and if one will make the requisite conditions he can talk with those who have separated from the body just as satisfactorily as before." Further on, he says: "I have no monopoly in speech with the other sphere. The avenues that I have travelled are open to all. Any can have what is given me from day to day. All can enjoy it by mastering the simple laws of Nature and by creating the conditions." And how did he get these the reader will ask, and this is what he tells us. "Life's Progression," I must first remark, is a book that should be read from cover to cover, and when the three hundred pages of large type have been scanned, the volume is felt to be too precious to part with. Every line is necessary and valuable. On page 40 we read: "I recall the quiet village where I was born, and the procession of men and women going solemnly to the old Methodist Church every Sunday. Dr. Hall, the pastor, was a grand man to look at, and each Sunday he told us what poor miserable sinners we were. 'Repent, Repent,' was his cry. 'Do it to-day, to-morrow may be too late,' he shrieked again and again. We listened in silence, and the locusts buzzed in the trees outside. Then we went out into the sunshine again, the flowers opened to the sky, the robins, wooing and mating, sang merrily among the trees, and all the world seemed glad—all but I. I was thinking of the horrible pit and going down to Hell. . . In search of light," he says, "I went among Church people and found discord. I went into the wilderness and found harmony. I studied the books of many peoples and found that each had a Redeemer . . . that each claimed the road to Paradise ran through its creed." Then in 1890 he was asked by a friend: "Will you go with me to-night to see Mrs. Emily French? She possesses a strange power, claims to get independent voices and messages from the spirit world." In the first instance they were told that there was no limit to progress that could be made in this direct speech with spirits if they would labour earnestly and honestly.

SPIRIT INCARNATION.

It was my privilege when writing a few lines on Re-

incarnation to give my deep-rooted conviction that the individual soul starts on entering matter with endless progression through the spheres before it. I refrain from dogmatising on anything, but one of our most able writers remarked afterwards in an article: "I suppose that no rational person imagines for a moment that two human beings are capable of anything so wildly impossible as the calling into existence of an immortal soul. There is something so incredibly blasphemous in the mere idea of the creature usurping in this way the unique attribute of the Creator that one may well shrink with horror from so audacious a proposition." I felt that this was a mere travesty of my most sacred intuitions regarding the soul's progression, and in language much more explicit than I had used comes in the following passage from Mr. Randall's book the exalted teaching he has received. First, he tells us of his experience with Mrs. French:—

"Night after night Mrs. French and I sat and talked and listened in darkness. Why in darkness? do you ask. Because in light there is motion. In order that the spirit may talk with audible voice it must, for the moment, be clothed with material. *Motion disintegrates matter.* Everything that ever lived was born in the dark. In this condition, then, the whispers came more distinctly. Words were uttered, sentences formed, until in time, out of the darkness, in my own home, surrounded by conditions that I myself made, voices full and clear came, filling the room, reverberating through the whole house,—metapsychic voices which any could hear as well as I myself, and which many have heard. With these voices came splendid speech, great lectures, much knowledge. We were told that in space and from the beginning there have been *two elements.* One we call 'spirit'; the other, 'matter.' Spirit lives and feels and never dies. It struggles constantly after knowledge, and uses matter to aid its development. In our individual inception, according to natural law, an atom of life-force from the great universe, which is all life, is clothed with material, and thus becomes an individual conscious spirit, ever growing, ever changing, ever developing, according to the unwritten laws of evolution and progression. Death is but one of the natural changes in the march. It is no more radical than many others with which we are familiar, and no more to be feared. The body is but the temporary abiding place, the house of the spirit while here. Like the building of brick or wood, it wastes, decays, is repaired and renewed. When no longer fit for habitation it is abandoned."

Towards the close of the book the author goes into fuller detail of this soul incarnation as follows:—

"When matter, according to natural law, becomes receptive, it is impregnated with this life-force of the universe, and with the help of material nature develops a soul. This over-powering spirit-force, so strong and harmonious with Nature, is able to enter into the seed and give the power to live. It is like the touch of a hand that starts a machine into motion. The great spirit of life, called God, is the match to light the fire. Material must be laid ready, for spirit cannot create in earth planes. It is not reincarnation, because individual spirit does not enter. Only the touch that germinates life in the material seed is given.

"Before occupation, this life-force was universal. The moment it is clothed, it becomes forever individual. This spirit of man comes from the Sphere of God, or Universal Good, and it returns sometime, enriched and glorified, through the spheres and planes of progression. So it completes the circle and adds its dominant force to the universal spirit that speeds embryo life and holds dominion over all worlds. What it becomes, whether vegetable or human, depends on the character of the matter that it inhabits, depends, also, on how much spirituality has entered. Gross matter will not receive as much of the spirit of God as refined material. What further becomes of it depends on the environment, teaching, and effort as it comes to maturity. Children of the base do not receive in the beginning as much of God as the children of those who have developed and who live spiritual lives. The more spirituality one takes on in embryo life the better life he will lead, the nearer to Nature he will come."

"Spirit may enter matter and start it on the journey, but does not dominate it. This spirit that is clothed with a body becomes individual, is free to act and free to think. If filled with spirituality, the labor will be easier than for one on the lower planes. But all starting with what Nature was able to give and with what they were able to receive, must work with what was given them; for it is only by labor and trials that character is made and the germ of spirituality increased. Little can be given in the beginning to anyone. All can make much of it, and must, in this or some other sphere, bring it to perfection by gradual growth."

"This soul of ours was first a part, then, of the universal spirit of the exalted, which man calls God. It was an atom which in the instant of conception impregnated and entered receptive matter, which clothed with material became individual and commenced its journey on this earth of ours. It must go back through this and the other spheres of evolution and progression to God, whence it came. This is not done in the

* "Life's Progression." By Edward C. Randall. The Henry M. Brown Co. Buffalo. New York.

moment of dissolution, but must be reached by ages of labor in developing and perfecting the soul according to immutable laws. Not one step can be taken until it is earned. No wings will aid this progression to the higher spheres; only honest, earnest work will avail. This is the watchword of future life."

In answer to possible objections to this soul-satisfying deliverance that individuals actually know of their various re-incarnations, I would say that while crediting them with good faith, I believe that in the Great Beyond it will be found that some other explanation than that of re-birth will be found for the close relation to individuals of spirits who have already lived on earth.

Every page of "Life's Progression" is full of valuable teaching. The titles of the chapters: "Spiritual Bondage," "Speech with Spirits," "Thought Building," "Life Does Not End," "Our Abandoned Dead," "The Awakening," "Mission Work," "Lessons from Experience," "Life Among the Spheres," "The Origin of Man," give a faint idea of the richness of the contents of this volume, which should be read by all who see in Spiritualism the germ of the world's coming religion or who desire to learn what the Higher Spiritualism means. A.B.

DR. BARADUC.

The Prophet of Spiritualistic Medicine.

So great has been the interest shown in the Supplement in our November issue of Dr. Baraduc, the great nerve specialist's photographs of psychic emanations, that readers will be glad to know the latest of his marvellous experiments in psychic healing. A correspondent from Paris, writing to one of the great American journals under date September 28, says:

"A new and fascinating departure in medicine is that inaugurated in Paris by Dr. Baraduc, the prophet of 'spiritualistic medicine,' whose expositions of his new and startling theories have created great interest. In an interview specially accorded to the correspondent of "The New York American," Dr. Baraduc stated that he is of opinion that present-day medicine is, in France especially, with a few rare exceptions, entirely atheistic and treats the human body just as a mechanic treats a machine without a soul.

A new school has arisen to combat these methods, and a revival has taken place of what may be called 'spiritual medicine,' or the medicine that will not care for the body and reanimate the organs without taking thought of the soul. Dr. Baraduc is the chief of this little school, and he has brought it into such prominence that the representatives of official medicine—the faculty of Paris—have been compelled to open their doors to him.

On October 15 Dr. Baraduc will start a course of lectures on spiritual medicine in the hall of the faculty.

In describing his therapeutic methods, he said:

"I was always struck by the inefficiency and non-success of the physical methods adopted with regard to the maladies I call fluidic—that is to say, those the cause of which is not in the organs where it is seated, but in the fluid force animating the organ. This fluid force is the same as what we call the astral body, which consists of blood and electricity, substances producing photochemical reactions that leave the impressions of their character. How is one to treat this fluid force, how change, develop or restrain it? All depends on the kind of malady with which it is attacked. With my method there is no longer need of the ordinary diagnoses. I photograph the fluid body of the patient, and the study of the development plates enables me to distinguish the variety of the malady.

"After much research I have discovered five different forms of malady of the fluid shown in the photographical development of the fluid in the shape of granular, round, globular, undulating or bulbous growths of the nervous tissue; and these five forms are subdivided again according as the reaction obtained on the photographic plate is green, red or blue in color.

"The disease being ascertained, there is nothing to do except apply the treatment, and for this I make use of

the elementary, natural remedies—water, fire, salt, etc., according to circumstances. Thus, nervous patients are treated to a regime of salt water. The salt is placed in a vessel with holes, and the water is allowed to filter through this on to the body of the patient. Such patients whose fluid bodies are found to contain objectionable matter are treated with incense burnt by pounds; while a third very efficacious treatment is the radiothermic one.

"This method consists of taking an iron spade which has been made white hot in a fire and passing it slowly round the patient's body so that the hot vapors cling round it and act upon it. It is interesting to note that this contiguity of the hot spade gives the patient a feeling of great freshness. The various treatments last about two months.

"But the investigations I am now pursuing will extend still further the domain of spiritualist medicine. I can now cure the souls of the dead of the evil fluids which often after death imprison them in a kind of well, and prevent them accomplishing their ascent towards the supreme good. These tethered souls, kept in a kind of coma, are only liberated by the violent evocation of the doctor treating them who naturally can only make use of moral forces. One of the most marvellous results I have yet obtained is that with my dead son."

In a voice quivering with emotion, the doctor continued:

"My son Andre, stricken with consumption, said to me: 'Father, take me to Lourdes to die or to be cured.' I carried out his wish, but hardly a month after his arrival we understood that his end was near. My son, who was very pious, prayed unceasingly, and in his prayer recurred frequently these words, 'Confidence, Jesus, Light,' to which I attribute a great power capable of disengaging the soul from the ties of the body. At the very moment of his death, when he could no longer speak, he was able to pronounce these words with force, although nothing more escaped from his lips except the vowels "O" (Confidence), "U" (Jesus) and "E" (Lumiere), and in this effort, with his face lighted up, he expired.

"Directly after he had been placed in his coffin I photographed it, and on my cliche were distinctly visible the fluids driven away by this evocation flying into the ether. Some days after when taking a photograph of an oratory what was my joy and surprise when developing my plate, to find in a portion of the ceiling the face of my dear Andre, who smiled at me in an ecstasy."

THE VICISSITUDES OF THEOSOPHY.

In the latest number of *Light* the following leading article under the above title sums up very concisely the position of Theosophy and its leaders at the present juncture. As will be seen, controversy runs riot in the Theosophical press regarding the authority of the "Masters." All of which goes to prove that the genius of Spiritualism in its various phases is opposed to authority or any rigid rules whatever. Spiritualism of the kind advocated by its highest exponents is doing the more legitimate work of spiritualising the ideals of humanity rather than enforcing rigid rules in place of those out-grown fetters of orthodoxy from which we have happily escaped. The present position of Theosophy, with its three distinct branches and threatening of other divisions, is proof positive of the gospel statement that "neither do men put new wine into old bottles":—

"It is one of the strangest things in the world," says *Light*, "that a Society which professes, and doubtless professes with entire sincerity, to be inspired by a spirit of perfect charity towards all, as the witness to the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood, is never for long out of the hot water of strife, and of strife nearly always turning upon personalities. Its history, in truth, is largely a history of the comings and goings and clashings of individuals.

"The reason probably is that the Theosophical Society is over officered and overdone with Rules,

Resolutions, Minute-books and Certainities. Alas! even in matters of the Universal Brotherhood, a little distance lends enchantment to the view. Mr. Sinnett, who ought to know and does know, sees this, and says plainly that the Society's organisation is 'unhealthy to a grotesque degree,' that its 'machinery for the promotion of theosophical study' is 'more or less tainted with unhappy traditions,' that its rules are 'chaotic,' and that it needs guiding into desirable channels.

"All this and much more comes out in a very important Paper by him on 'The Vicissitudes of Theosophy,' a kind of counterblast to the triumphant election of Mrs. Besant to the Presidentship of the Theosophical Society. That election, however, in itself, does not appear to be distasteful to Mr. Sinnett, but the manner of it, or what preceded it, has evidently disturbed him a great deal. As is now well known, Mrs. Besant's election was preceded by her supposed nomination by 'two great Adept Masters' at the deathbed of Colonel Olcott. This, Mr. Sinnett resents as irregular, undesirable, improper and doubtful: irregular, as opposed to the letter and the spirit of the Constitution, undesirable as a precedent, improper as a mode of nomination, and doubtful as having anything to do with the Masters at all.

"On this last point, Mr. Sinnett is plain spoken. He says:—

"It would be impossible here to set forth in detail the reasons which induce some of those amongst Theosophists of the largest experience to regard these alleged manifestations as having been—we know not exactly what—but certainly not what they seemed. It is hardly necessary to say that no one supposes they were the product of any contemptible imposture, of the kind not infrequently associated with alleged appearances of materialised spirits through the agency of mediums. I entertain no doubt whatever that two figures closely resembling the Masters in question actually stood by Colonel Olcott's bedside, materialised and visible to physical plane eyesight. But if they were not those whom they represented, it is obvious that they may have been in reality the result of occult activities distinctly antagonistic to the true welfare of the movement. Should that view be a correct one—and I hold it to be nothing less than my duty to declare that in my opinion the theory that they were what they seemed is absolutely untenable—we may have arrived at a curious turning point in the history of the great movement."

"This is a serious and far-reaching conclusion, presenting Mr. Sinnett himself as one engaged in sawing off the branch on which he sits; for he tells us, in this very Paper, that there were 'two great Adept Masters,' undeniably associated with the movement from the beginning, one of whom was at the back of his 'Esoteric Buddhism.' He writes confidently of 'the Master' who revealed to him the secrets of the 'super-physical planes.' But how can he be certain? If the two 'materialised and visible' figures by the bedside of Colonel Olcott, 'closely resembling the Masters in question,' were impostors, if, that is to say, 'the theory that they were what they seemed is absolutely untenable,' what about the original two? We fail to see where the test is, or where is the ground for discrimination.

"The moral of all this is that the less we rely upon these spirit-people as authorities the better. They are all intensely interesting, and might be unspeakably useful in various ways, but we should be chary of accepting them as 'Masters,' or even following them too implicitly as guides.

"This spirited Paper by Mr. Sinnett naturally woke up Mrs. Besant who, in a charitable and peace-making mood, had induced Mr. Sinnett to serve under her as Vice-President. Quite promptly she challenged Mr. Sinnett to resign, and the challenge was accepted, but not before Mr. Sinnett had spoken all his mind. He claims that the Master's teaching, which is 'the basis of the Society,' was in the main given to the world through him, and says bluntly to Mrs. Besant:—

"Now that you have ventured to claim that we must all accept your interpretation of the Masters or be held to repudiate them, it is time to resist so arrogant a contention, especially

while it rests on a body of occurrences which many of those in the Society best qualified to have an opinion regard with distrust. It is difficult to suppose that you can really think denial of your infallibility equivalent to disloyalty to the Masters. In my case it is precisely because I am loyal to the Masters that I feel bound to speak out plainly at the present crisis."

"And part of this 'plain speaking' is to tell Mrs. Besant that she is 'at present under a misleading occult influence'; to which Mrs. Besant, in the current number of 'The Vahan,' promptly replies by saying that Mr. Sinnett is 'misled by evil influences,' the remainder of 'The Vahan' being chiefly filled with fighting letters *pro* and *con*, one old Theosophist distinctly bidding for a secession 'out of the dust,' under the leadership of Mr. Sinnett.

"We do not care to pursue this unpleasant subject, and have discussed it only to point the moral already indicated by us, that the Theosophical Society, with all its excellent qualities and uses, is as much a warning as an inspiration. It is far too highly organised and regulated; and its supposed nearness to the Masters (referred to by Mrs. Besant as 'They,' with a capital T) is far too dangerous to be safe."

PERSONALS.

Mr. W. P. Béchervaise, whose name is so widely known, not only in Spiritualistic circles but as post-master for many years at Ballarat, passed to the Higher Life two weeks ago in Melbourne. It was with the late Mr. Curtis, of Ballarat, that Mr. Béchervaise investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism many years ago. Mr. Béchervaise's introduction to Mr. Curtis' volume, "Rustlings in a Golden City," in which this is mentioned, will have been read by many in Australia, as we are indebted to Mr. Béchervaise not only for bringing out a new edition of that interesting work, but also for many copies for free distribution to inquirers. Since his retirement from the Public Service he has taken several trips to England, and superintended the bringing out of a new edition of Mr. Curtis' work on one of his visits. Always keenly interested in the advance of Spiritualism, his loss is as a personal one, not only to the editor of this paper, but to many another worker who received his ever-ready words of encouragement and sympathy.

Rev. R. J. Campbell's services at the City Temple, London, are attended by the same enormous crowds constituting a phalanx of earnest inquirers. In latest London files we are told: "There was a magnificent congregation last Thursday morning, when Mr. Campbell resumed the mid-day service. The solid phalanx of City men who occupied the centre of the area, together with those who thronged the gallery and were content to stand throughout the service, would have been an inspiration to any preacher. Mr. Campbell's voice was somewhat hoarse as a result of the strain he had experienced in speaking to several great gatherings in the North of England last week. For instance, on Tuesday evening, after addressing some 5,000 people in St. George's Hall, Bradford, he had to address an overflow gathering in the open air, composed of people who had been unable to gain admission to the lecture. But his sermon on "The Spiritual Witness of the Universe" was listened to with profound attention, and those in the far-off corners of the church could catch every word. Early in the service Mr. Campbell reminded his hearers that that day was the thirty-ninth anniversary of the starting of the service, and expressed his pleasure at seeing many of the worshippers who had attended practically every service since he had taken charge of it six years ago."

Mrs. Besant was announced to give the first lecture of the Winter Session in connection with the Literary Society of the City Temple on a Thursday evening in October. Rev. R. J. Campbell, in announcing the lecture on the previous Sunday evening, said: "Come and hear a woman who looks at life from a different point of

view to your own," and referred to Dr. Parker's appreciation of Mrs. Besant's sincerity many years ago. At the lecture on "The Spiritual Life for the Man of the World," Mr. Campbell took the chair and remarked that "Mrs. Besant was one of the greatest moral forces of the day."

Dr. J. M. Peebles writes of renewed health and activities, and forwards a pamphlet, "The Orthodox Hell, Church Creeds and Infant Damnation," which on account of its "warmth" he recommends to be read on a cool day. It is a new and much enlarged edition of a pamphlet published by Dr. Peebles some years ago, "The Christian's Hell," now out of print, but frequently called for.

Mr. B. F. Austin, of the Spiritual Church, Rochester, N. Y., has a lengthy notice in his September number of *Reason of the Bailey* séances, and quotes in full Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's testimony to the "fact" of matter passing through matter in his presence as given in our July issue.

Mr. George Spriggs, in a letter received last month, speaks of increasing interest in psycho-therapeutic healing by the medical faculty, and of the rapid growth of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society of which he is president.

Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, editor of *Light*, is still lying in a very precarious state of health, his advanced age giving but little hope of his recovery. Mr. George Spriggs says: "You will be sorry to hear that it is not thought that Mr. Dawson Rogers can last long: he is in a very low condition."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a charming paper in our Indian contemporary, *Prabuddha Bharata*, suggested by a visit to a Mahatma who called himself "the happiest man in the world," but who was strangely different to Vivekananda, whom she had met twelve years before. This Mahatma is one "who only believes himself great," while Vivekananda "gave the message that strengthened the man of business; that caused the frivolous society woman to pause and think; that gave the artist new aspirations; that imbued the wife and mother, the husband and father with larger and holier comprehensions of duty."

Leopold Danvil, editor of *La Revue Spirite*, is writing a series of most interesting articles on "Jerusalem," a summary of his recent travels in the East.

Mrs. Ellen Green, the celebrated English speaker and medium, is expected to arrive in Melbourne shortly under the auspices of the M.P.S. Lyceum.

Mrs. Harris-Roberts, of the Society for Spiritual Progress, Auckland, writes most hopefully of the work under her auspices. After an absence of many years her daughter has returned to Auckland, to the great joy of her mother. A welcome was tendered her daughter by the Society, which was one of the most enjoyable functions. All the members were working hard for a forthcoming bazaar. Mrs. Roberts' address is "The Rest," 19 Picton St., Ponsonby, Auckland.

Mr. W. A. Hennig, Secretary of the Religious Liberty Department of the Union Conference of Australasia, sends from headquarters, Strathfield, N.S.W., two useful pamphlets against Sabbath observance being enforced by law, which should be widely read. He says: "Premier Kidston spoke wisely when he said that 'they (government officials) had nothing to do with the right of Charters Towers people to spend their Sunday or Monday in their own way, and to have excursions on Sunday or Monday, as they were perfectly free in this matter from government interference.' Bishop Frodsham gave good advice a short time ago when he said that 'With reference to Sunday amusements, however much we may deplore any departure from the Christian conception of Sunday, in my judgment, we shall not do well in attempting to force such conception upon the whole community by civil ordinances.'"

Sir Oliver Lodge is contributing a series of papers on "Psychical Research" to the *Clarion*, Mr. Blatchford's celebrated paper. Sir Oliver points out the duty of scientific investigation, and the "necessity of steering between the Scylla of stony minds with no opening for spiritual things, and the Charybdis of easy and omnivorous acceptance of every straw and waif whether of truth or falsehood." Under same date, London *Truth* has an article on "The Brain and Supernatural," to show that science shows everything of an unusual nature to be an absurdity. "One day it is Palmistry, another day Mental Telepathy, another day Spiritualism, another Christian Science, another Theosophy and the Mahatmas." With the "stony mind" Sir Oliver Lodge speaks of, *Truth* says the whole is a delusion and a snare.

Rev. Alexander A. Boddy, Vicar of All Saints', Monkwearmouth, England, has come out as a believer in faith-healing, Pentecostal voices and remarkable phenomena. Revival services are being conducted in the Parish Hall by Pastor Barratt, of Christiana, Norway. The London *Star* and *Morning Leader* have special reports of the meetings, and both the Rev. Mr. Boddy and Pastor Barratt are overwhelmed with reporters from all parts.

"Pastor Barratt," says the *Star*, "is a fine figure of a man; was born in Albaston, Cornwall, in 1862, and went out to Norway at the age of four. He has had a remarkable success as a preacher in Norway, where he is known far and wide. He is a fine musician, and studied under Grieg, who was a personal friend of his, and of whom he tells many stories. He also knew Bjornsen and Ibsen well."

VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

There was a crowded attendance at the *Conversazione* on November 18th, when Mr. C. Dillon was announced to give "Shakespearian Fragments," these constituting the entire entertainment of the evening. Extracts from "Hamlet," "Othello," "As you Like It," Henry IV. and Henry V. were selected, and Mr. Dillon's renderings were followed with great interest and applause. There have been crowded attendances at the Austral Hall on Sunday afternoons and evenings. Mrs. Morrison has lectured and given demonstrations in the evening, and at 3 p.m. a V.A.S. circle is formed, at which Mrs. Morrison has also been present. In the Austral Buildings, on November 19th, Mrs. Morrison also gave a seance for the V.A.S., which was as successful as ever.

On Tuesday morning, at 11 o'clock, Mr. Donahay continues his Conference Class at the Austral Buildings, to which all searchers after truth are cordially invited. In connection with the V.A.S. there is a Developing Class which members may join without additional fee on sending names to Hon. Sec., Mr. M. J. Bloomfield.

M.P.S. LYCEUM.

On October 20th the 35th Anniversary of the foundation of the Lyceum was celebrated. There was a large attendance of children and adults, and the hall was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens. An address was given by Mrs. Redfern, and the prizes for the half-year distributed. Two special prizes given by Mrs. Knight McLellan, the Conductor, for "the best boy and girl," were awarded to Miss K. Adams and Mr. Warne respectively, the latter being one of the veteran pioneers of the Lyceum. Both the afternoon and evening meetings were well attended. At the latter addresses were given by Mesdames Knight McLellan, Redfern, Hornblower, and Boden, and Mr. E. Bridge. For the regular Sunday evening meetings Mrs. Knight-McLellan and Mrs. Boden have been the speakers.

One of the notable occurrences of the month was the annual picnic held at Heidelberg Park on Nov. 11th.

Vans were hired for the occasion for children and friends, and the change from the railway, with the walk from the station, was greatly appreciated by all who availed themselves of it. The picnic was a great success, and the day most enjoyable, thanks to the good arrangements made for the comfort of all by the Committee.

SPIRITUALISTIC CHURCH OF VICTORIA.

Continued progress is reported by individual members, and the fourth anniversary of the establishment of the Church on November 17th, 1903, was celebrated. On Nov. 27th the election of officers for ensuing year was to take place, and in a later issue particulars will be given. At time of going to press no official report had reached the office.

SPIRITUAL CHURCH OF JESUS.

It is gratifying to record increasing interest in all the functions connected with the above. Mrs. W. J. McLennan, the Speaker, is now fully restored to health, and hopes to continue work in connection with the Church for an indefinite period. During the summer months Mrs. McLennan's classes will take the form of instruction in the scientific development of spiritual forces, with illustrations. These classes meet at various times during the week at Room 21, Austral Buildings, where particulars can be obtained from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day but Saturday.

Miss Schiebel continues to hold a séance every Friday evening at Room 21, Austral Buildings, which is greatly appreciated. On Friday, Nov. 15th, the meeting was conducted jointly by Mrs. Dearden Smith and Mrs. McLennan. An enjoyable Social was held on Friday evening, November 8th, and a picnic at Studley Park has been arranged for Saturday, December 14th, when it is expected that a large number of friends and co-workers will be present. Many of the latest contributions to Spiritualistic, Theosophical, and New Thought literature have been added to the Library, access to which may be obtained by payment of 2/6 a quarter.

AUCKLAND ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Mr. Joseph Taylor, of the Universal Institute, Nelson, N.Z., who was expected to occupy the platform, gave two splendid opening addresses, but was obliged to give up his engagement through a severe attack of influenza, much to the regret of all. Until another speaker is engaged, Mr. Gordon Coleman is giving addresses, followed by excellent psychometric tests. The Association will be glad to receive offers from accredited speakers and mediums. Letters should be addressed to Mr. F. Lancaster, Hon. Sec., Oak House, Hobson Street, Auckland.

SPIRITUALISTIC CHURCH OF W.A. LIMITED.

From Perth comes the gratifying news from Mr. Lucas, President, that large and increasing congregations are attracted by the eloquent discourses of Mrs. Edwards. Her addresses have received most favourable notice from the daily press, and strangers from far and near are constantly present. It is good news to hear that Mrs. Parker is now on the way to convalescence after her serious illness. She has gone for a prolonged stay to the country among the hills, and although gradually gaining strength it is not expected that she will be able to resume work for the Church until after the commencement of the New Year.

QUEENSLAND PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL CHURCH

We have received word from Mr. Tom McLaughlin, Hon. Sec., that the above Society has leased for two years one of the finest churches in Brisbane, formerly the property of the Presbyterians of that city. It is situated in Wykham Terrace, and is described as a most

picturesque building. Mr. Lovelock, trance medium, and Miss L. Reinhold, who is described as "the gifted girl preacher" in the advertisements, attract audiences that tax the seating accommodation to the utmost. Instead of President and Vice-President, a Leader and Committee have been appointed, Mr. Genn, the retiring President, receiving the hearty thanks of members for his valuable services. A Sunday School has been formed under the superintendence of Mr. Chambers.

Secretaries are kindly reminded that reports must reach the office by 20th of each month to ensure admission, and that space is limited. It would be easy to fill the columns of the *Harbinger* three times each month with news of important psychic doings that pour in from all parts of the world.

PASSED ON—MR. JUSTICE CLARK.

A laurel of loving regard, reverently laid on the grave of Andrew Inglis Clark, Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Tasmania. *Obit* Hobart, November 14th, 1907. *Æt.* 59 years.

Born and educated in Hobart, Mr. Clark studied for and entered the legal profession, in which he became in time a leader. He for several years held office as Attorney-General, and his promotion to the judicial bench was widely welcomed as a fitting recognition of sound legal knowledge and sterling integrity. A sufferer from cardiac disorder and complications, long but ever bravely borne, he has passed through much tribulation to the blissful Beyond, survived by a widow of singularly gracious personality, and a large family of good attainments and much promise. On the memorial tablet of a little son who predeceased him by many years Mr. Clark caused the following simple but touching inscription to be engraved:—"He has gone before us through that ancient and invisible way which has been sanctified by the feet of all the faithful, and illuminated by the passage of the Man of Griefs."

Andrew Inglis Clark was not a Spiritualist, in the ordinary sense of that term, but he lived, moved, and laboured in the sphere of the Higher Thought, holding kinship with James Martineau, Emerson, and all of their school. He corresponded with many of the men of intellectual light and leading in Europe and America, with some of whom he was personally acquainted; amongst them John Fiske, Walt Whitman, Josiah Roach, James Drummond, as well as men, in England, on the Continent, and in the United States, eminent as statesmen, jurists, and sociologists. His charming home in Hobart was the *rendezvous* of thinkers, whether residents of the Island State or visitors from abroad. In his library, undoubtedly the finest private collection of literature under the Southern Cross, have foregathered such men as Moncure Daniel Conway and Alfred Williams Momerie. The former (Dr. Conway) held a very high opinion of the "rising young barrister," as he called him in his fascinating book, "My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East," and it is singular that his own death followed that of Mr. Clark by a few days. Though a staunch Unitarian, and never seeking to hide his theological views, Inglis Clark did not publicly associate himself with any religious organisation in Tasmania; he had friends and admirers in all the churches, who recognised in him as, first and foremost, an honourable and lovable man. W.

PROBLEMS OF THE SPIRITUAL.

BY REV. ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

Those who are familiar with Rev. Arthur Chambers' works will welcome a volume which is more essentially spiritualistic in tone than any previous one. A glance at the titles of the chapters shows the drift of the book, "Can the Departed be objectively present? If so, in what way can they manifest themselves to us as to be recognizable?" "Why do not all the Departed manifest themselves to those they have left behind?" It is on sale at Miss Hinge's Book Depot, price 4/6.

LOVE IN UNSEEN REALMS.

From America came recently a number of the *Swastika*, a first-class magazine edited by Dr. McIvor-Tyndall. On the opening page there appeared the following charming verses, which illustrate so perfectly the divine love of Dante for Beatrice as portrayed in Signor Valetti's address in another column, that this opportunity is taken of reproducing them with grateful acknowledgment to the gifted author:—

"THE GARDEN OF ENCHANTMENT."

BY MARGARET McIVOR-TYNDALL.

There's an enchanted garden in a realm unseen,
Where thornless roses grow, and lilies tall
Wave their bright heads above a waterfall
Of sparkling gems, whose golden sheen
Casts a soft radiance over all.

And when the carping cares of daily life
Beset my way with their insistent claims,
Shattering fair hopes, despoiling lofty aims,
Leaving but the bitterness of strife
Like some old ruin standing in its frame,

I steal away to this enchanted place,
And find, Dear Heart, that you await me there;
I see the shimmering light upon your hair,
I clasp your hand, I look into your face,
And feel your lips in ecstasy most rare.

Though seas divide and mountains vast
Rear their proud crests 'tween thee and me,
In this dear realm, by Love made free,
No time, nor space, no future,—no, nor past,—
There was, nor is, nor e'er will be.

"LOVE."

In a late issue of "Love," a monthly publication edited by Jas. T. L. Macdonald, Los Angeles, California, whose contents are so well expressed in its title, there was the following notice of this paper. It is now many years since I came to realise that love was not only the heart of Christianity and all other religions that have swayed humanity, but the secret force of the Universe. It is the great privilege and joy of my life to be brought into friendly touch with those in all parts of the world who have also realised this great truth:—

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Editors: LAURA I. FINCH (*English Edition*), CAESAR DE VESME (*French Edition*).

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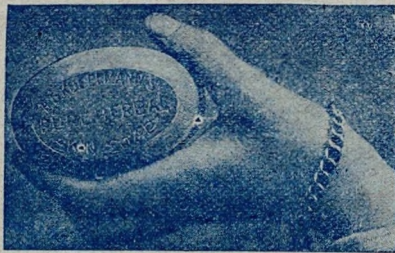
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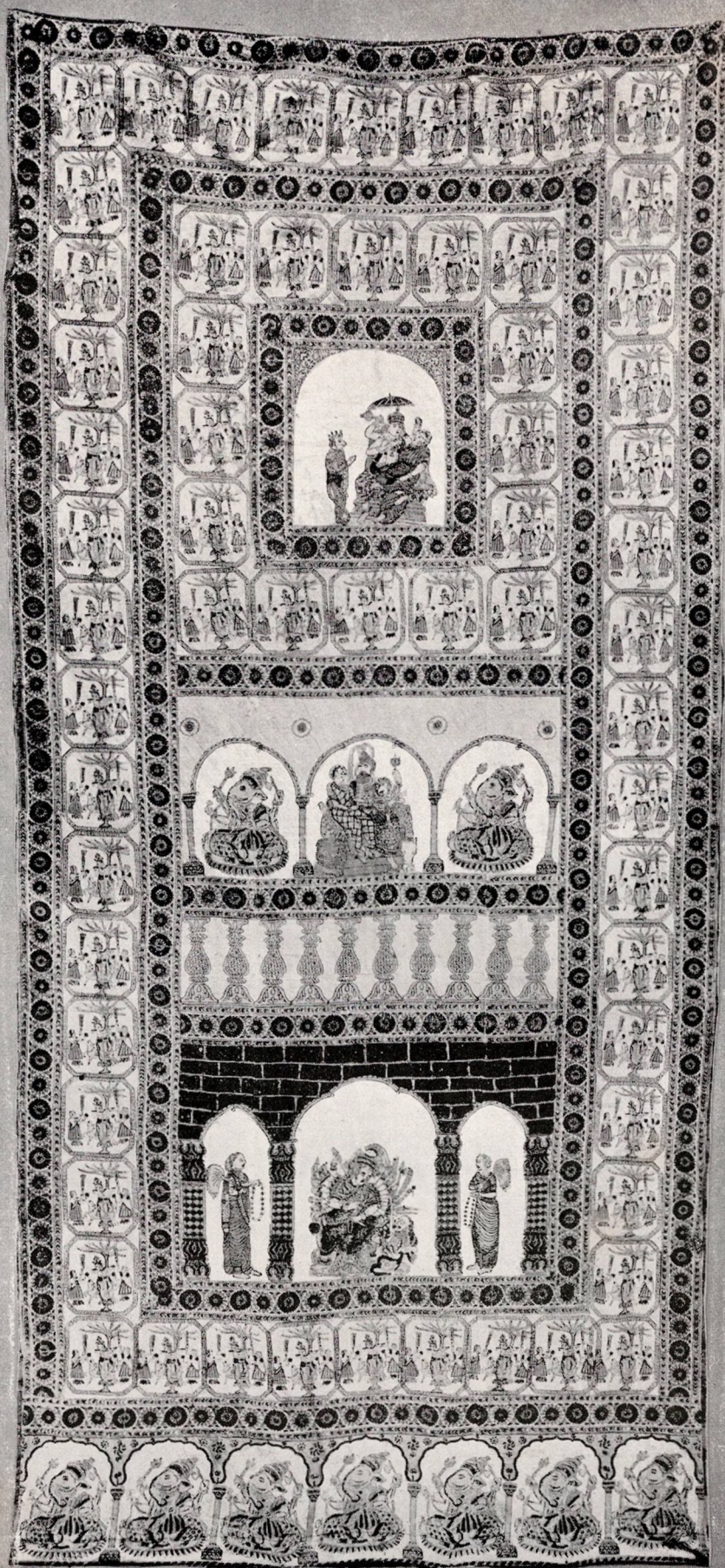
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