

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.

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MELBOURNE, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



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SEPTEMBER 1, 1909.

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In response to the suggestion of many friends who desire to be reminded when their subscriptions fall due, it has been decided to send marked copies each month when this is the case. If this paragraph is marked thus X in blue pencil, it denotes that the subscription has expired, and we shall be pleased to receive a renewal, when the following number will be posted.

The greatly increased circulation of the paper makes it impossible to communicate directly with each subscriber, and it will strengthen the hands of the Editor to be thus relieved of much financial anxiety.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

When we look round about the world, and also among professed Spiritualists, does it not seem surprising that so many spiritual-minded people, including clergymen of all denominations, should stand aloof from the study of psychic phenomena? "The most amazing thing that the psychic researcher has to face," says Dr. Hyslop, in one of his recent volumes, "is the indifference or contempt which the Church shows to this important inquiry: Of all the classes that ought to welcome and encourage it, the religious type of mind should do so. . . . The triumph of materialism has brought with it a decline in the belief of a future life. The Church having lost all its battles with science, and having abandoned a strenuous intellectual defence of its fundamental beliefs, has lost its power over the poor and the labouring classes." It seems as if the basis of the Spiritualistic philosophy needs re-stating, and also that there is cause to distrust much that passes for Spiritualism, a large proportion—60 per cent., as one great seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, declared, nearly half a century ago—being the result of other forces, some pertaining to the individual, and others to low-class spirits.

There is no doubt that a new departure must be made in the mode of declaring this great gospel of the truth of spiritual communication to the world. It is not, however, new to those of us who from their first spiritual experience realised that if it meant anything at all, it must lead to a re-statement of current religious beliefs, and become an incentive to the divine life even while on earth. For myself it made clear the statement given to me when a girl in my teens, by a great preacher, that "if this world is not a school for the training of souls, it is perfectly unintelligible." And so with all the emphasis possible I have tried in the columns of this paper to indicate that above all phenomena was the great source of Life, and Light, and Love, from which the soul must draw its strength, its inspiration, and its growth through aspiration and perpetual prayer of the vital kind. It is our only means of spiritual growth, and writers on occult subjects, like the author of the "Law of Initiation," are beginning to recog-

nise this, Mrs. Besant, in her foreword to this book, saying that the devotional side was an aspect of occult study that had been too much neglected.

As a remarkable corroboration of what I have dimly perceived all my life, has come into my hands that wonderful book "Oahspe," on whose every page is written, as if with words of fire, the vital truth of all - that man is the master of his own destiny, and that no spirit of the highest grade, not even the central one of all, can do the work of the individual soul. One of the oldest Spiritualists in North Queensland wrote a few days ago, "When I open the pages of 'Oahspe,' and read a portion, I simply stand aghast: it is so stupendous that my puny mind falls back on its exposition in the articles which appear in the 'Harbinger,' under the title of 'Scioahspe.'" The following verse from "Oahspe" is the dominant note at the back of every detail given in its pages of human life, and its spiritual development. Thus Jehovih said, "Because I gave thee liberty thou art responsible for all thou art, and for all thou makest thyself, and for all that shall come to thee, and for thy peace and happiness, both in this world and the next." This is the very heart of spiritual teaching, as given also by Andrew Jackson Davis. Through it all, however, there is the great and consoling fact of spiritual helpers everywhere ready to give the required knowledge and impulse for the striving soul to free itself from the crowd of drujas or besetting evil spirits that, assuming often to be heaven-sent teachers, are for ever keeping mankind on the lower levels.

In one of the most important articles yet written by Edgar Lucien Larkin on the subject, in an American magazine just to hand, which will be reproduced in the "Harbinger," he says: "Oahspe is surely a continuation, a supplement, an expansion of the stupendous revelation made by the Unseen to Andrew Jackson Davis. I have made a table to hold two great Bibles of all time, 'Nature's Divine Revelations,' and 'Oahspe,' by instrument John Ballou Newbrough. The entire literature of man does not contain two more wonderful revelations. The great seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, in complete and almost death trance, delivered 157 lectures of the highest possible inspiration, beginning on November 28, 1845, and closing January 25, 1847. This volume, now lying on 'Oahspe' as I write, contains 782 pages of simply amazing revelations concerning ourselves and the future awaiting us. 'Oahspe' was written by the hand of John Ballou Newbrough during half-an-hour each day on 350 days in 1881. This time was 175 hours, a total of 7 days, 7 hours. But this mighty book contains 804 double column pages, written in this incredibly short time. How many expert stenographers would be required to write about 650,000 words in 175 hours?" In "Nature's Divine Revelations," page 80, we read, "So the First Great Positive Mind operates as a Cause through Nature as an Effect to Produce Spirit as an Ultimate." "Oahspe" says, on page 43, "Of all that live on the face of the earth, or in the waters thereof, or in the air above, that breathes the breath of life, man alone have I delivered unto knowledge of his Creator." Ah friends,

"The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means."

PRINCESS KARADJA.

A Modern Seer.

AUTHOR OF "TOWARDS THE LIGHT."

BY ANNIE BRIGHT.

It was during last Christmas week that an advance copy of the Princess Karadja's exquisite poem, "Towards the Light," reached me by the English mail. So strongly did its message to the world appeal to me, that a single perusal filled me with the desire to place it in the hands of all those in these Southern Lands who are striving to raise Spiritualism to the status of a world-wide religion that shall affect the life and conduct of those who have become convinced of the truth of the phenomena. And so I placed it first in the hands of Mr. Stanford, containing as it does, only in verse, the subject matter of many an exhortation he gives to inquirers on the threshold of spiritual things as to the influence these truths should have on our lives here, in developing the spiritual nature and making our future destiny in the Great Beyond. A letter to the Princess Karadja telling of Mr. Stanford's warm appreciation of her work and an order for copies followed, and I have before me as I write the first letter I received from her in acknowledgment. "Your kind letter," she wrote, "brought tears of joy to my eyes. I was so very glad to hear that 'Towards the Light' is so much appreciated in Australia." Nearly 250 copies were eventually distributed among friends in Australia, and so instantaneous and universal was the verdict of approval that a strong desire arose to let every reader of the *Harbinger* have the opportunity of reading it. In response to my letter requesting the privilege of printing it as supplement to the paper came an instant and cordial assent. "I hasten to reply to your letter just received this morning," wrote the Princess, "I have no objection at all to your re-printing my poem as a supplement to the *Harbinger*. On the contrary, I am intensely happy that it may thus reach many who would not under other circumstances be able to read it. I was told that modest little poem would be the means of doing a great amount of good, and it really seems as if the predictions of my invisible friends will be richly fulfilled, thanks to the splendid co-operation granted to me in different places." The Princess has suffered much for conscience sake, and although a Princess and inhabiting a castle, has to bring up her two children according to their rank on a somewhat limited income. Meanwhile the whole of her life is devoted to the exposition of the great spiritual truths shown to her in vision and through inspiration. She tells me that she has had extraordinary experiences in her life that some day, possibly, she may write down. An idea of what these may be will be gathered from her own recital of the way "Towards the Light" was given her—an experience seldom vouchsafed to mortals, as the poem itself is the witness.

HOW THE POEM WAS WRITTEN.

At some future time it may be possible to give some

details of Princess Karadja's life. For the present nothing can be more interesting than an account of the way in which the poem was given to her. She says in the Preface:

"The poem that I now publish was composed under strange circumstances.

On midsummernight, 1899, I was alone in the chapel at Bovigny Castle, praying on the tomb of my husband and eldest son, when I suddenly heard a voice whisper: 'Fetch pen and paper.'

I obeyed. My hand drew automatically a sun, and wrote the words, 'Mot Ljuset' ('Towards the Light') without help of my personal will. When I took the pen in my hand, I had no idea about what I was going to write, but nevertheless I wrote fluently hundreds of verses. I must have become entranced. . . . It seemed to me that the temperature fell quickly. . . . I felt chilled, although the summer heat was oppressive. My soul was detached, all my senses were sharpened and acquired an extraordinary lucidity. I was so distinctly conscious of the spirit voices, that it was almost as if I had written under dictation.

Everybody who reads this poem might probably believe it to be the result of long religious meditation, but such is not the case. The soul whose evolution is narrated was an utter stranger to me. Most of the thoughts contained in this poem were not mine five minutes before I wrote them down.

WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

No satisfactory answer can be given to that question. Telepathy is the only possible explanation of such phenomena. Telepathy—transmission of thought—must take place in some way similar to wireless telegraphy.

Vibrations of thought flash through the ether as well as electric wires. This now little-known psychic force will probably be mastered in the future. Living men will then, without difficulty, be able to communicate with their disembodied friends. Fifty years ago the idea that two people might exchange thoughts at a distance of a hundred miles, by telephone, would have been considered preposterous. For my part I am absolutely convinced that free intercourse between liberated spirits and incarnated souls is simply a question of time.

In every period of history each new idea has to fight its way. Most people consider everything that they have not personally experienced to be more or less incredible. I shall therefore not be in the least surprised if my statement concerning the origin of this poem is doubted, contradicted, or ridiculed; but I have decided to endure with resignation the annoyances to which I may consequently expose myself.

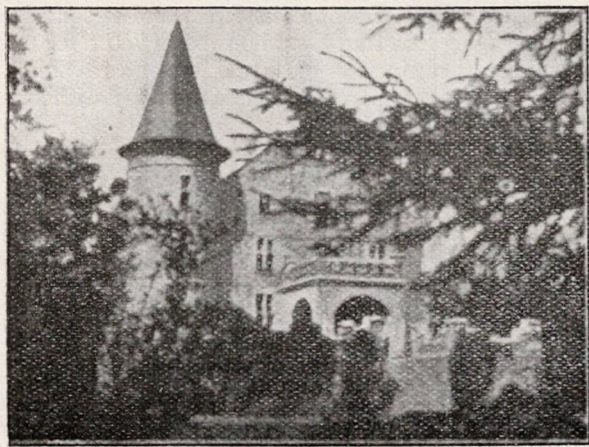
Nobody, who is not willing to endure personal inconvenience for the sake of truth is worthy to bear witness of eternal verities."

ITS FIRST APPEARANCE.

As will be noticed in the above, it was ten years ago last June that this remarkable event happened. Given originally in Swedish, the Princess's mother tongue, it was published in that language a few years ago, and met with extraordinary success. Six large editions were rapidly sold out. German, Dutch and Danish versions soon appeared; French, Italian and Russian are to follow. Princess Karadja says: "I have myself undertaken the English translation, but am indebted to several friends for many a valuable hint. It is no easy task to handle poetry in a foreign tongue. I claim the indulgence of my readers for this first attempt at blank verse." In the near future many more works from her pen may be expected to be put into circulation. As announced in "Towards the Light," there will be published shortly what the Princess regards as her greatest work, "King Solomon"—a mystic drama in five acts. "It is by far the best thing I have ever written," she tells me in her latest letter. Among



PRINCESS KARADJA.



Bovigny Castle, Belgium.

other works she desires to publish is "The Gospel of Hope," a booklet at the nominal price of 6d., if subscribers can be first obtained to cover the cost of printing. Both these works will be brought before the notice of "Harbinger" readers in due course, and I shall be glad to hear from those readers of "Towards the Light" wishing to read more on these lines. That her whole life is devoted to the work can be gathered from a delightful address given in London which I have been privileged to read in manuscript lately. The Princess said, in speaking to a gathering supposed "to exclusively embrace women of intellect": It is a matter of no small importance that the great subject of Psychical Research which unites us this evening has been taken up with interest by a large number of members. Surely there is no problem worthy of more consideration. Each one of us has, probably, at some dark hour seen a being whom we loved slide beyond the veil, and we all know that each hour brings us closer to the great gulf in which we also shall soon disappear. That thought ought not to make us miserable. The sting of death is broken when *knowledge* has spanned a bridge across the dark abyss. The building of that bridge is the most magnificent work in which a human being can be engaged. Every piece of evidence collected which proves the continuity of conscious existence after the change called death is valuable material. . . . "Few things," the Princess adds, "are as repulsive as low-class spiritualism. Promiscuous seances have done an immense lot of harm. The frauds and quarrels, which are their inevitable consequence, have thrown grave discredit on the whole movement. . . . Too much care cannot be taken in the composition of a circle. One single unsuitable person is enough to spoil the conditions altogether." After speaking of unscrupulous "Astrals" who attempt to take possession of mediums and assume to be exalted spirits, the Princess says: "How then can trance-speaking, automatic writing and drawing be explained? Some of these phenomena are so high class that they can certainly not be attributed to astral influences." The Princess's explanation should be read carefully. "Whenever there is real value in a work," she says, "which is not the result of our normal consciousness—then it comes most surely from the higher planes. But it is a mistake to suppose that the intelligences from these spheres would directly influence our physical frames. The thing is managed quite differently. It is our own Higher Self or real Ego, who pulls the delicate wires which make the lower self obey. In our normal condition we are not aware of this Higher Self;—yet what is the voice of conscience, if not the whisper of that lofty Master, whose obedient servant the lower self ought to be. He is the angel, who "always sees the face of our Father in Heaven." He is the pure gold into which the base metals of earth have to be

transmuted. We must become the glad and proud co-operator of our celestial self—not a vile tool in the hand of the Enemy. The astral plane is the plane of lies and deception. . . . The less we have to do with it the better."

"Towards the Light" is an exemplification of the teaching given through the Higher Self. It is quite true, as we read in our greatest inspired book—

"Thou shalt judge thyself; thy spirit is as a manuscript in thine own handwriting; thou art daily writing thy grade and the place of thy abode in heaven."

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

A NEW SPANISH AUXILIARY.

The continuous spread of Spiritualism in Spain is indicated by the appearance of a new monthly periodical, entitled "Lo Maravilloso," which is published twice every month at No. 19, San Bernardo, Madrid. It is illustrated, and consists for the present of sixteen pages quarto. Its secondary title is "A Review of Inexplicable Psychology and Dynamism." The fourth number—the first which has reached us—contains a memoir, with portrait of that eminently gifted clairvoyant and clairaudient Joan of Arc, whom the Church of Rome burnt alive in punishment for bearing witness to the truth, and by way of atonement has just beatified; a report of a lecture delivered in Paris on the phenomena elicited in connection with the mediumship of Eusapia Paladino during four consecutive years; an account of Victor Hugo's conversations with spirits, together with passages from his poems showing the bent of his mind in this respect; a narrative of the circumstances under which Professor Lombroso became convinced of the communion between incarnate and discarnate spirits; and a statement of the experiments made with a lucid subject by Dr. Ferroul at Narbonne, in France. Such experiments, by the way, are being multiplied every day in all parts of the world, with convincing results; and it is evident that the time is rapidly approaching when the denial of them and of their only rational and scientific explanation will come to be regarded as a proof positive of some mental defect on the part of the person who makes it.

I note likewise in another Spanish contemporary the publication in Buenos Aires of what appears to be an excellent book, entitled "The Evolution of Positive Science into that of Spiritualism," from the pen of Señor Cosmo Merino, the learned and gifted editor of *Constancia* in that city. It appears to be a work in which the existence of the soul is demonstrated by scientific proofs.

DEMISE OF EDOUARD GRIMARD.

Spiritualism has sustained a great loss by the demise in Paris of the above named brilliant and fertile man of letters, at the age of 82. He was one of the ablest and most valued contributors to the pages of the *Revue Spirite*. Being the Director of the Normal School at Toulouse, he produced a number of educational works, among others "La Plante," which deservedly enjoyed a high repute among botanists. His purely spiritual works included the following:—"The Hernader Family," a psychic novel; "A Veil withdrawn from the Infinite;" "The Science of Religions;" "The Spiritual Creed;" "Notions upon the destiny of the Soul after Death in the principal periods of History;" "Reincarnation;" "Of the idea of Justice and its Development in History;" "Christianity, its place in Religious Evolution;" "The Bibles."

THE "HARBINGER" ABROAD.

We notice in the April number of *La Verdad*, a theosophical review published at Buenos Aires, in the interests of Science, philosophy, comparative religion and occultism, about two columns of extracts are given from the *Harbinger* in relation to a recent lecture by Dr. Robinson at Mr. Stanford's, which it praises very highly, and is only precluded from translating in its

entirety by want of space. It likewise quotes an article on Psychometry, with special reference to the writings on this subject of Dr. J. R. Buchanan and Professor Denton. And thus the bread cast upon the waters in one part of the world, returns after many days to the caster.

OUR INVISIBLE HELPERS.

A great sensation has been caused in Naples by a series of events of which a full report is given in the *Messagaro*. A miscreant named Peccia, 75 years of age, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life for outraging a little girl named Angiolina Liguore, and afterwards strangling her, as he believed, then leaving her body in the open country while a storm was raging. Next morning it was discovered that life was not altogether extinct, and medical skill was successful in rescuing the child from death. On her recovery she declared with great earnestness and every appearance of truth that a beautiful lady clad in white robes had been close by her side all night and had not disappeared until the morning. The peasantry, ignorant of spiritual phenomena, believed that a miracle had been performed, and on her restoration to health, carried her in triumph through the countryside. Many similar cases, says our Roman contemporary *Ultra*, have been reported, and notably that of a little girl who was buried alive for several days in the ruins of Messina, and who declared, on being disinterred, that she had been companioned and cheered during the whole time by the presence of a female spirit. The gift of clairvoyance and clairaudience is much more common than is generally supposed, and our spiritual helpers would naturally be more than usually active in their beneficent work in the midst of such a terrible calamity as the earthquake in Sicily.

A WARNING APPARITION.

The *Echo du Merveilleux* relates the apparition of a little girl who died when she was twelve years old, to her brother aged four, and by whom she had been completely forgotten. She was playing in the sitting-room of her parents' house one afternoon, when she abruptly broke off her sports, stretched out her arms, and sought a refuge in her mother's arms. Pointing to one corner of the room, she declared that her little sister was there visibly present, smiling upon her with looks of affection, and beckoning to her to follow her. Their mother does not appear to have been seriously disquieted by the incident until a few weeks afterwards, when the child, who was in the best of health at the time of the mysterious apparition, suddenly sickened and died.—J.S.

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

By ANNIE BRIGHT.

In letters from friends at a distance, and from others nearer home, much satisfaction is expressed at the complete answer given to the "Argus" report of a private seance with Charles Bailey, in the supplement of the August issue of this paper. The subject has become, indeed, one of world-wide importance, and can no longer be left to the interpretation of those entirely ignorant of the laws controlling the unseen spiritual universe. To enable those interested in the subject to form their own opinion on the merits of the case, 5000 pamphlets containing the supplement matter, as well as 5000 supplements, have been sent broadcast throughout the Commonwealth, New Zealand, and distant countries. Many Spiritualists even do not see the importance of this inquiry into the constitution of matter; and yet it is through this gateway of knowledge that psychic facts are being accepted, and a basis for immortality formulated that is attracting men of intelligence in every quarter of the globe. In an eloquent speech by Mrs. Annie Besant on "New Doors Opening in Religion, Science, and Art," delivered at

St. James' Hall, London, in June, and reported in full in "The Christian Commonwealth," the lecturer took the exact lines, when speaking of the Coming Religion, which have been persistently outlined in this paper, concerning the value of these scientific investigations. Psychic knowledge can be gained by "deliberate working with nature along the line of evolution. . . . The next world will form part of this world to you, so that in religion a large number of things that now are matters of faith will become matters of everyday knowledge. There will be no need then to talk of human personality persisting on the other side of death.

YOU WILL SEE YOUR DEAD.

all around you, as some are able to see them even now. Death will be only going into another room in the house that we are all living in."

This is quoted as an apt illustration of the fact that truth belongs to no section, and no personality, but is the birthright of all who seek the light. This number is almost devoted to the great affirmations concerning spiritual things that this paper seeks to put before the world. "Towards the Light," by Princess Karadja, which forms the literary supplement, is in this way "a gem of purest ray serene." As an example of the spiritual teaching conveyed at these circles, and as taking similar lines to those so exquisitely portrayed in "Towards the Light," Dr. Robinson's "In Memoriam" address on the passing over to the Higher Life of one of the sitters at these circles has been selected as peculiarly appropriate.

Mr. Charles Bailey's visit to New Zealand has started under the most favourable conditions. Mr. W. McLean, of Wellington, has made excellent arrangements for the circles to be held in that city. As a preliminary, this gentleman requested the Customs officials to make a thorough search of Mr. Bailey's boxes on his arrival from Australia, so as to furnish proof that nothing in the way of "apports" was surreptitiously brought in. Mr. Bailey was "interviewed" by New Zealand "Times" and "Evening Post," and the papers were flooded with correspondence. The greatest interest prevailed, and it was satisfactory to receive a telegram just as this article was going to press reporting the success of the first seance. In the September issue full details may be looked for.

ADDRESS BY DR. ROBINSON.

"IN MEMORIAM."

Delivered on Thursday evening, June 10th, 1909.

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

I take two passages from the New Testament, and another from the Old Testament, to place at the head of my remarks. One from Revelation, "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number;" "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living" (Matt. 22, 32); and from Isaiah, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God."

THE WORLD A TRAINING PLACE.

When we look abroad upon your earth plane we realise in a measure the truth of the saying that the world is a vale of tears. It should not be a vale of tears, for it is ignorance on spiritual matters that causes so much trouble, so much sorrow and distress. It is a fact that man is truly a stranger and a sojourner upon the earth. And yet I know that there are many persons who, if they had their will, would remain upon the earth plane for ever. But this is because they are not spiritual. The thought becomes appalling. Just think of living under your present conditions for ever—a race of immortals, confined in the flesh! The rational man shrinks from such a thought. It was, moreover, never intended that man should dwell for any length of time upon the earth plane. He was sent into your world to

get a little knowledge, to obtain some spiritual light and truth if he will, and then to pass to that higher life with all its possibilities. Those people who cling to the flesh life are as a rule of the earth, earthy, unspiritual and ignorant. The spiritually enlightened man desires a home free from all that offends. He desires a home where he might be happy—not a happiness bestowed upon him through the merits of another, but where he can rejoice in the happiness that comes to all who labour to do that which is right for themselves and for others. Reflect for a short time on the strange events continually occurring round about you. Think of the mystery of pain and suffering. Some people find it hard to reconcile the suffering and pain that are in your world with Infinite Goodness; but in the school that you are now in, adversity and tribulation are to a certain extent necessary. It is through tribulation that man shall enter the kingdom of heaven, for spiritual knowledge is only entered through trial and trouble. True the road to the kingdom of righteousness is a broad one, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein if he be earnest and conscientious. When you sit by the bed of pain, whether it be that of a child or an adult, and witness the inroads made by disease upon the physical frame, and the great suffering that often attends certain diseases, one must be struck with the fact that Infinite Goodness is not directly interfering in any way. Let me to-night solemnly and reverently say to you all, that it could not be otherwise. If it were so, God would be partial in not having regard for the sufferings of all alike. The good would be relieved of their pains, while the evil would suffer. Let me assure you that the soul of the unrighteous man is as precious in the sight of the Eternal as the soul of the righteous. Have you ever thought about the parables of the prodigal son, of the lost sheep, and the piece of silver? Though ninety and nine sheep were safely housed in the fold, the good shepherd went forth to seek and to save that which was lost, because the straying one was as precious in the sight of the Eternal as the ninety and nine who were safely in the fold. I am horrified and grieved when I see and hear so-called religious teachers misleading the people by telling them how a portion of humanity is accursed, and how blessed is the remainder. Let me reverse it, and assure you that if God delights in those who are within the fold, reverently do I say that He is more concerned for those who are unspiritual—for those who wander and fall by the wayside. Some will say that is strange teaching, but I tell you that it is the truth, and also that it is rational. Are we not all the offspring of God? Have we not been taught that God is no respecter of persons? Such being the case, no matter how degraded a man may be, God's spiritual messengers are commissioned at all hazards to rescue such an one, to drag him from the miry clay, from the deep pits, and place his feet upon the impregnable rock. I say unto you that "joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." All men are called upon to suffer more or less. All men are not alike in their physical organism. There is no avenging Deity or revengful God sending disease among you. You are the product of many causes. There are thousands of persons who have scarce had a day's physical health, but their spiritual life has been beautiful, their spiritual light has been brilliant. There are many with no health of body, but the law of compensation has given them a beautiful spiritual nature. Let me say in the words of the teacher Paul, "For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. . . . for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are

not seen are eternal." Let these words sink deep into your heart, because in the hour of affliction they will give you a consolation and comfort which nothing else can afford.

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

To-night I am speaking for the comfort and consolation of those who have been lately bereaved. I know that they do not grieve as those that have no hope, but let me impress upon them the fact that the loved one whom they have lost would not exchange places with them if that were possible! Life may be attractive for some people, for those who have physical health and all their wants supplied, but I care not how rich you may be, how much of the world's goods you may possess, if you have not spiritual life it is something that you will regret in the hereafter. All of you have at times, in your quiet moments, thought about your loved ones who have gone into the spirit life. Some of them were taken away from the earth plane without any warning; some lingered upon a bed of sickness; while others were removed by accidents peculiar to human life. At the time it seemed most awful, most shocking, that they should have suffered or been snatched away in that manner, but looking back from their spiritual plane to-night they regard life on earth as something that was for a little time, and then passed away for ever. I will give you a homely illustration of what I mean. Most of you have at times suffered with the toothache, and you have perhaps realised in a measure what the poet Burns said concerning that agonising pain—that it was "the hell of all diseases." Then the tooth was drawn, and the pain was gone for ever. So those who have passed into the Great Beyond regard the suffering of earth life as you look back upon the little suffering you had with a toothache. It is passed, and now they have perfect rest and peace. One has gone from this meeting who sat here some time—quite a young man. We who are constantly round about you, and see your auras, have noticed that as far as he was interested he was sincere, with an intense desire to receive spiritual light and knowledge. He was of a quiet disposition, not given to the delights and pleasures of the world. At the last, in his hours of consciousness, it dawned upon him that he would soon be passing to that rest and happiness of which he had thought a great deal, and of which he had heard through the intelligences who speak through this medium from time to time. Nature at last was merciful, and he glided almost imperceptibly into that beautiful life which awaits you all. His suffering may be compared with the little illustration I have just brought forward. Let me assure you, oh weeping ones, and you who are bereaved, that he would not exchange his condition with all the conquerors of earth, or with the richest of earth's sons. Before him stretches a life full of glorious possibilities, of improvement, progression and happiness, without the weariness or pains of the clogging flesh. Into that realm of which some have had an insight while yet in the flesh he has gone. The seer, John, beheld a great company "which no man could number." Just think of this great company, my friends. Right away from primitive times, when man commenced his life upon earth up to the present, they have been entering in one by one, and if they find themselves in a state or condition that is not as exalted as they could desire, there is no blame to anyone but themselves. This is the blessedness of the truth which we teach. No man on the spirit side of life will be able to say, "It is because of another;" everyone will have to admit, "I am in the state or condition I made for myself while on the earth plane." But I am thankful to be able to say that no matter how dark that state may be, Eternal Hope beckons them upward and onward. No soul need remain in a darkened condition. They are in-

structed and helped forward along those planes of progression right up to the footstool of the Infinite, crowned with knowledge and spiritual happiness.

THERE ARE NO DEAD.

"For God is not the God of the dead, but of the living;" and to those people who believe that the dead are asleep, I apply the words of the text that I have just quoted. If your brother or sister is dead, then the Eternal is not your God. Some are alive unto God, while others have not yet entered into the fullness of life. That is the only distinction, but I add the comforting assurance that no matter who they may be that you have lost, they are being assisted. The Christ of God still goes to the prison house. He walks through the streets of the New Jerusalem stretching out his hands to those who are in need of help. The healing of his seamless robe can still be felt by those who desire perfect spiritual health. That touch which gave release from fell disease can still be felt by those who desire to climb to higher spiritual heights. Be comforted, then, oh my friends, and do not put on the sombre trappings of sorrow, but rather rejoice in the knowledge that when your loved ones pass away the soul is born anew. This is the spiritual resurrection which Paul taught, and which the seers and prophets delivered to those who lived in that day. We read in the Scripture that a certain woman, named Rachael, lamented the death of her children.

"A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachael weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not."

"Thus saith the Lord, Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears. . . . for they shall come again from the land of the enemy."

So to-night I say to you all, do not doubt that they shall come again from the land of the enemy. When you close their eyes in death the angels of God open their spiritual eyes upon the light supernal. When you fold their physical hands for the last time they enter into that spiritual body which shall know no weakness or pain or weariness. Some of you have thought, "I may never see them again." I beseech you not to dwell in the valley of doubt, for doubt brings sorrow, but rather live upon the heights of faith and knowledge. It is not necessary that you should have received any great spiritual test to realise the truth of the continuity of life. I have little sympathy with those who go about your earth plane seeking what they call "tests." They are looking to the outside. Deep, lasting affection comes from within, the spirit bearing witness with your spirit, and no matter how ignorant a man may be, he will have this living witness. "Refrain your voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears," for your loved ones undoubtedly shall come again from the land of the enemy. There is a time coming when all of you will be gathered to your fathers. Oh, what a holy convocation, what a great and innumerable company there is on the other side of life. John said, "I beheld a great multitude which no man could number." They are numberless as the sands upon the sea-shore.

THE GOAL OF LIFE.

What is to be the end of it? What is the final goal of humanity? John summed it up in a few words but little understood by present day teachers and preachers. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God. . . . and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people." In a world, a life, a state, just as real as the one in which you are now dwelling, men will live throughout the countless ages of eternity. They will climb to higher spiritual heights until perfection is reached, becoming at one with God, absorbed into the Infinite, dwelling and living in Him: not sub-

ject to any of the old infirmities or anything that offended them in the days of their flesh. It is a place wherein perfect peace and righteousness shall reign, wherein no man shall say, know the Lord, for all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest. It is not a heaven of golden streets and walls of jasper, with intelligences playing upon musical instruments. Nay, I tell you, it is an existence where man is all powerful, where man feels that he is part of the universal soul, the spiritual centre of the whole universe. For the universe is concentrated upon and gravitates towards Infinite, Universal, Illimitable, and Eternal Mind. What are the pains and pangs and weariness then of the flesh compared to this delightful state that is before every one of you? Realise that each one will be able to say, "I climbed not to these glorious heights on the merits of another, but I worked, I fought, I struggled, I laboured, and by right I take my position among those who are for ever the sons of God, rejoicing in such knowledge." Heaven is indeed a place of happiness. There you will be reunited and understand each other. We shall know as we are known. "For now," said Paul, "we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know, even as also I am known." Beloved, let no man deceive you. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap in the spiritual life. Therefore seek to live hourly, daily, in accordance with your light and conscience. Then when the hour of dissolution shall come, it will be with a longing desire and a joy and a peace which passeth understanding. No man should be afraid of death. Death is common to all. It is a process throughout Nature. Bacon, in one of his essays, declares that "to die is as natural as to be born." It is not death that men should be afraid of. They should be afraid to do that would injure themselves, for in injuring themselves they are injuring others. For, remember, that no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself.

Beloved, these are the words of truth which you one and all will find most blessed if you take them to your heart. Realise that there is no death, and in the land of light and liberty those whom you have lately missed are dwelling to-night, crowned with the crown of life, looking for your coming, waiting for the hour when the word shall go forth, "Haste ye, for thy friend cometh." Remember that you need not wait for dissolution to live in the happiness of heaven; it may commence below, for the kingdom of heaven is within you. Every man who spends his life in the service of others has set up within himself that spiritual kingdom that "shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." He shall eat of that bread which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world. And when men have eaten they shall hunger no more.

W. T. Stead contributed an important article to the London "Daily Chronicle" at the end of June on "Journalists and the Church," in which he says that journalists as journalists know nothing of Christianity, nor do they even assume the existence of God. "I do not remember," he says "a single article in any secular journal that editorially recognised or affirmed that there was even so much as a 50 per cent. chance that there was a Deity who cared anything for us or ours. . . . But even those great fundamental postulates of all religions, God and a Future Life, are equally ignored. If anyone denies this, let him ask himself if a visitor from Mars were to read all the editorials in all our daily papers, would he even for one brief moment have a glimmering suspicion that the men who wrote them or the readers for whom they were written had any faith whatever either in the existence of a God or in the persistence of our personality after death?"

PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE.



An early Portrait of Mr. H. J. Bunney.

It is no matter of form to attach the above words to the decease of Mr. H. J. Bunney, in the closing days of July, when the "Harbinger" had gone to press. He was one who was ever with his lamp burning, ready for the call that comes sooner or later to the children of men. In the last letter I received from Mr. Bunney, a year ago, now lying before me, in reference to a pamphlet concerning a remarkable experience of his own, he enclosed, without any allusion, a portrait of himself, taken possibly about a quarter of a century ago, when he was actively engaged in business as manager for George Robertson and Co., the well-known publishers and booksellers, with whom he remained for 34 years. It is reproduced with this article, as giving a life-like representation of Mr. Bunney when he was in the very centre of Spiritualistic work, and a regular sitter at Dr. Motherwell's circles, of which he possessed a complete record. In an interview six columns long, written by myself in the January number of "Harbinger of Light," 1905, full particulars of Mr. Bunney's career are given. The opening words run as follows:—

"It is fifty years ago to-day since I started from London on my way to Australia," were the first words I heard when chatting with Mr. Bunney of his personal experiences in Spiritualism, "and I may say," he went on, "that my life has been all along a spiritual pilgrimage after the manner of that which John Bunyan depicts so forcibly in his immortal work. Mountains of difficulty to climb, morasses of doubt and sloughs of despond to be waded through, to say nothing of the lions said to be ready to devour those who leave the beaten tracks of orthodoxy and go in search of more light."

FIRST SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES THROUGH
CHARLES FOSTER.

Like many other Australians, Mr. Bunney obtained his first introduction to psychic phenomena through Charles Foster, the world-renowned medium, who, more than 30 years ago, paid a flying visit to Melbourne and Sydney. Of this memorable experience Mr. Bunney said:—"After the lapse of years, that first introduction to practical Spiritualism is as vivid as ever; the manifest presence of a number of persons, although invisible in the

room with us on that occasion was so distinct that I cannot but believe that when Mr. Foster declared he could see them in great numbers flocking about us, it was quite true, their presence to our spiritual senses being as palpable as if we had seen them with our physical sight." But even in these early days of his spiritual awakening, Mr. Bunney was ever pressing forward to that more perfect spiritual communion in which the soul gets its own experiences direct.

"There is a nearer approach," he says in this connection, "to our spirit friends than that which comes through the agency of a strange medium. There is a potency, in a greater or less degree, in every mind, which, if cultivated, would enable the individual to become his or her own medium, and thus come face to face with the great facts of spiritual life. This has been my great privilege for several years, and, by virtue of this, I have not only heard the voices of my spirit friends, but seen them under a variety of aspects, and received communications which have been as palpable as the intercourse with earthly friends around us in the walks of daily life. . . . I can testify that with the spiritual eyes there are beautiful things to be seen, and with the spiritual ears elevating things to be heard. The look of eternal love which beams from the countenances of our dear ones gone before, the character of their surroundings, the words of counsel and encouragement, and hence the bright hope and expectation infused into the soul are all as familiar to me personally as the things of time and sense."

HIS MIND PREPARED THROUGH SWEDENBORG'S
WRITINGS.

In some of the able papers contributed by Mr. Bunney to the columns of the "Harbinger" nearly a quarter of a century ago, he tells how his first questionings regarding the lack of real spiritual teaching in orthodox circles came through reading the works of Swedenborg. Under the title of "Familiar Letters on Spiritualism," he gives some interesting details concerning this phase of his mental and spiritual awakening. "I will candidly confess," he tells us, "that I owe my introduction to Spiritualism ostensibly to the study of Swedenborg's writings. It often appears very remarkable to me that with all our long experience of practical religion there should have been really so little realisation of the facts of spiritual life, and the clear apprehension of its natural results. . . . I suppose this arises mainly from the fact that in the teachings of the Christian Church an impassable barrier has been raised between the living and the dead; between the world present and the world to come. Swedenborg's vivid statements of the reality of the spiritual state as pertaining to man, both during this life and after the death of his body, first led me into a positive realisation of the existence and immanence of such a life; and when the time arrived to follow up these impressions I was prepared to enter upon the examination with greater effect than if I had not thus perused these writings."

A PROMINENT MAN IN ORTHODOX CIRCLES.

It was no easy thing for Mr. Bunney to break away from his previous surroundings. He had joined the Baptist Church, Collins-street, Melbourne, and was an intimate friend of that spiritual-minded preacher, Rev. James Martin. In those early days ministers were scarce, and for 19 years Mr. Bunney preached on most Sundays for every denomination where pulpit supplies were wanting. What his defection from orthodoxy meant to him personally will be best expressed in his own words:—"Whenever you make up your mind to allow it to be known that you are a Spiritualist," Mr. Bunney warns our readers, "then you will find that your

dearest friends and associates, as well as the multitude with whom you come in contact, will express either the most extreme pity or treat you with ridicule and contempt. . . . Dare to think for yourself in opposition to the current thought, and depend upon it you will soon find out what persecution of the most painful character means. I have no hesitation in saying that I have personally realised this, and that it is not an easy thing to stand like a rock in the midst of a tempest so raised."

Although the tide of public opinion is now turning towards a fuller realisation of the reality of spirit communication and the potency of Unseen Forces, there is an almost incredible amount of ignorance on the subject yet to be faced and overcome. Most important is it that people shall be awakened to a knowledge of their place in the Universe, and the necessity to draw for spiritual strength and growth on the great Central Source of Light and Love. Mr. Bunney saw this from the first. He literally obeyed the command given through one of our highest sources of inspiration.

"Call not upon the spirits of the dead to come to thee; but call thou on thy Creator for wisdom and light and truth and purity; and, if it be well with thee, He will send unto thee such spirits as are best adapted to thee for thy resurrection." Thus it is not to less phenomena, but to a higher and more personal kind that Spiritualists of the new and more exalted order are called. It was to this class that Mr. Bunney belonged, and tender sympathy will be in the minds of all our readers for a man who has done such valiant yeoman service to the cause in Australia, and is now called up higher to still further pursue the work set before him by heavenly powers, and to which he thenceforward dedicated his life.

W. T. STEAD ON SPIRIT RETURN

By the latest mail came news of the annual meeting of the Spiritualists' National Union, England, held this year at Halifax, Yorkshire. A mass meeting was held on Sunday night, July 4th, at the Grand Theatre, at which the chief speaker was Mr. Stead. The President, Mr. George P. Young, whose articles in the "Harbinger" last year on the new scientific basis of Spiritualism will be remembered, was in the chair, and the theatre was filled in every part.

Mr. Stead, who prefaced his address with a prayer, said he had practically given up public speaking, finding the strain rather more than he could stand, in addition to all the other work he did. That night he completed his fifty-ninth year; to-morrow was his sixtieth birthday, and he did not think he could better end his fifty-ninth year of life and service than by speaking such words of truth and earnestness as had helped him in his pilgrimage. The other day one of the most distinguished statesmen, who was a High Churchman, defined religion to him as consisting chiefly in dependence upon the unseen. If that definition were right religion in this country was in a very bad way. (Hear, hear.) His friend Cecil Rhodes told him he always made a practice whenever he met a Jew of asking whether he had in the course of his attendance at synagogue heard any allusion to the future life as a motive for conduct in the present life. He said he had never found one. He (Mr. Stead) had tried the same test upon many Christian Churches, and he must say honestly it was very seldom they ever heard from the modern pulpit any expression of real faith in another world. (Hear, hear.) The Christian Church had become materialistic. It had long been his cherished conviction that in the constantly-renewed evidence of the reality of spirit return we had a great reinforcement

by which God was going to combat the forces of materialism and revive spiritual religion among mankind. They never could do wrong unless first they ceased to believe in God as a living force.

The great mission of Modern Spiritualism was to be spiritual first of all itself. The popular notion that Spiritualism taught that there was no punishment hereafter for a life lived in defiance of the laws of God and neglect of duty to humanity was a great mistake. As a man lived here so he awoke in the other world, and if they lived selfish, loveless lives here, when their bodies dropped from them they might find themselves in outer darkness. That was built on the evidence of spirits who were living in outer darkness. They in their time would pass into another state, in which their position, happiness, and opportunities of usefulness would be governed by the use they had made of their lives here and now. Spiritualism was not a message of wrath to man, but rather one of the most beneficent agencies by which the love of God was interpreted.

MR. E. WAKE COOK.

By those who knew this gentleman when he was a resident in Melbourne, he will be chiefly remembered as an accomplished painter in water colours, and in our own National Gallery are two choice examples of his work, distinguished by that poetic sentiment, that vivid perception of the beautiful in nature, and that extreme delicacy of touch by which all the productions of his pencil are characterised. Since his migration to England, where his talent found prompt recognition, literature and the study of psychic science have engaged his attention, without lessening his love of his art. It is very probable, indeed, that the latter has gained in inspiration in consequence of his having been brought into closer touch with that spiritual world from which is derived the impulse to, and the sustaining force of all art, literature and science. This is shown by an article from Mr. Cook's pen, which appears in the July number of the *Contemporary Review*, entitled: "Our Unrealised Divine Sonship." The theme is an elevated and ennobling one, when discussed in a devout spirit, as in the present instance; and one passage from the article may be quoted partly for the sake of its originality, and partly because it furnishes an excellent illustration of the way in which Mr. Cook's nature has been spiritualised by the habitual cultivation of his psychic faculties, which we take to be what is meant by Paul's words respecting our "having our conversation in heaven." Mr. Cook writes: "The dictum that no 'man can look upon God and live,' contains part of a profound truth which needs stating in another form. Familiarity makes dullards of us all. Could we but *realise* what we verbally know, or the real meaning of what we claim to know, it would bring such a sudden expansion of the spirit that it would break our outer material bonds, and we should 'die' to this world, and burst into a larger and grander life. So to look upon God, or any great spiritual reality, would only cause us to die to the outer life, and live more intensely in the higher life." Nor would any other mode of existence, it may be added, be possible to us if we once became fully conscious of that divine sonship which we participate in, because that which is imperishable within us and will survive the dissolution of our mortal frames emanates from Our Father, and is therefore a portion of His eternal essence, who is immanent in all things." J.S.

Professor Willy Reichel, under the title of "Experiences with Bailey in Melbourne," has forwarded to "Light" an account of his sitting at Mr. Stanford's circle a few months ago. A first instalment appears in the issue of July 17th. When this series of articles is finished Professor Reichel's observations and conclusions on this important matter will be given to our readers.

USE OF THE PHONOGRAPH IN SPIRITUALISM.

During a short visit to Washington about fifteen years since, we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Dr. Theodore Hansmann. This gentleman was even then a veteran experimenter in various phases of spiritual phenomena; and an afternoon was spent in inspecting numerous exhibits of direct drawings, paintings and spirit photographs which he had received through various mediums, but principally through Pierre M. Keeler. In addition to these, he had a large collection of autographs of notable people who had passed to the spirit world (many of them centuries ago), nearly all of which had been tested by comparison with extant writings and found to correspond. These were generally obtained by placing a blank sheet in a closed book and leaving it for a short time on a shelf in proximity to the medium.

Some of the coloured pictures were works of art, and all creditable productions. The doctor is a level-headed man, enthusiastic but at the same time critical, and his description of the conditions under which the different phenomena alluded to occurred were lucid and satisfactory. Since that time we have corresponded at intervals, exchanged experiences, and among the curios that have from time to time reached us are some very beautiful specimens of spirit photography. The Doctor has lately been experimenting in a new field, viz., spirit voices obtained through the phonograph, and in an interview reported in "The Washington Times Magazine" he says "The idea is my own; but it is surprising to me that it never occurred to anyone else. How wonderful to listen to the voices of the great departed; of Homer, Virgil, Socrates, of warriors, philosophers and poets of the ancient and modern world; to hear the very tones of Lincoln, of Washington, Grant, and our own well-remembered ornaments of public life. Then the great singers, as we progress, and the spirits become accustomed to the apparatus, may again delight mortals from the other shore. The voices of Malibran, Jenny Lind, Mario and Grisi will materialise voices on the cylinder; as will the unique violin tones of Paganini, and the piano combinations of Liszt. Is it not wonderful?"

He explains to the reporter that the materialised voices of spirits have spoken to him and others for years, and that he himself had had conversations with Homer in Greek. There was nothing astonishing to him now in this, and the use of the talking machine in recording what the spirits say is as logical as a problem in mathematics. He had spoken with his kindred who had passed on, and clearly recognised the voice of his wife and son. Several successful experiments had been made, and he was hopeful of being in a position within a few months to give a public demonstration.

Should the worthy doctor's hopes be realised (and provided there is co-operation on the spirit side, we

see great probability of its being so), the phenomena will be of great value in the identification of friends and relatives whose voices we have been familiar with, and we should opine that there would be less difficulty in its expression than there is in spirit photography. We have personally conversed with several spirits, principally through the mediumship of Mr. George Spriggs, and therefore knowing the direct voice to be a fact, do not anticipate any serious difficulty in the attainment of Dr. Hansmann's desire, and so join with him in the hope that it may be speedily realised.

With regard to spirit photography, numerous evidential articles have appeared from time to time in our columns, which if collated would demonstrate the fact, and among those who testified by experience was the late J. Traill Taylor, editor of the *British Photographic Journal*. The subject has been in abeyance of late, but references to it in last issue indicate that it is coming to the front again.

SCIOAHSPE.

X.

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

PASSAGE OF MATTER THROUGH MATTER.

RIGID AND MATHEMATICALLY EXACT FACTS.

The Book of Judgment being the Grades and Rates of mortals and angels in the Light of God, as the word came to Es, daughter of Jehovih.

CHAPTER I.

(1) "These are the words of Judgment, by the will of God, Jehovih's son, as rendered by Es, for the resurrection of man."

(2) "Hear the words of thy God, O man! I am thy elder brother of tens of thousands of years' experience. Profit thou in my wisdom, and learn the discourse of thy God."

(3) "Jehovih, Creator of all things, spake to me, thy God, saying: Give ear unto Me, O God, My ambassador of the earth and her heavens for this thy season. Obey My mandates, and teach mortals and the angels of thy lower heavens to know Me and to rejoice in My creations. The time is now come when the light of thy inspiration and thy angels shall extend around the whole earth and in her heavens also."

(4) "In all former cycles, My Gods had to deal with separate divisions of the earth; My revelations were unto each, for a special time, which is now at hand. I have prepared this land untrammelled with Gods and Saviors and Lords, enforced by the sword, so that my revelations of this day shall be published and not suppressed. And thou shalt reveal to mortals the plan of My worlds; and, as to who thou art, and the method of thy inspiration and dominion on the earth and her heavenly kingdoms."

(5) "Thou shalt keep open the gates of heaven for a season, and the spirits of the dead shall commune with mortals, good and evil, wise and foolish. And mortals shall see them, and talk with them, face to face; and they shall recognise their own kin, sons and daughters, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, the dead and the living."

(6) "And the angels shall demonstrate the subtlety of corporeal things, and the capacity of one solid to pass through another solid uninjured."

(7) "Yea, the angels shall bring from great distances heavy substances and cast them down in the

presence of mortals, who shall see these things done, and testify thereto." OAHSPÉ, p. 753.

I have seen these things done and write this article in which to testify to the changeless facts, which are as hereinafter written. Twice, recently, I visited a humble home in Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. The family consists of a father, mother, a little girl, aged 12 years 4 months, and a little boy, aged 6 years. And the home consists of four small upstairs rooms. When ready to begin, the mother took hold of one end and I of the other, of a black cloth 9 feet long and 4½ feet wide. She fastened an end to a hook in a door casing, and I the other to a window casing, thus cutting off one small corner of the room. The ceiling is 9 feet high; the floor is carpeted, and the walls are plastered and covered with wall paper. A picture was hanging on one side of the enclosed "cabinet," and a window occupied the other. This opened on a street, and was curtained. I examined the floor of the corner, the carpet, baseboard, walls, wall-paper, picture, window, curtains and the black cloth critically before and after the seance. Then three chairs were placed in front of the black cloth. Spectators were present, and the space between these chairs and the first row of people was three feet.

PREPARATION OF THE MEDIUM.

The little girl was then placed in a chair. A heavy cloth as wide as her arms are long was then placed around both arms, which were crossed. Then this cloth was pinned together, and to both sleeves and to her little short dress. I pinned one sleeve, the mother the other, and other women fastened cloth and sleeves to the dress. A great many pins were used, and the arms were bound together so closely that I protested; but the girl said that she never suffered from the heavy bandage. Another black cloth was pinned to the screen, which passed close under her chin, and fell over her lap to the floor. I was appointed "manager," and took the third chair, leaving the vacant chair between me and the child. All could see the little face against the blackness. One lamp, oil burning, was in the dining room and another in the bedroom, and the light from both made everything clearly visible. The space behind the screen contained a wooden bench 16 inches high, 20 long and 12 wide. I placed two zithers, one 9 x 16, and the other 10 x 18 inches in the space, one on the bench and the other on the floor leaning against it.

PHENOMENA.

I then proceeded to take my chair, but before I could do so, the larger zither sounded louder than it was thought possible. The entire set of strings was swept by a force one would think sufficient to destroy the instrument. Then low plaintive airs were played, and the zithers were placed on the floor. Then the bench was lifted high and brought down with terrific force several times and with loud noise. Then it was shoved all around the corner with rapid motion.

MATTER THROUGH MATTER.

Flowers were held against the cloth by me and by a number of persons. Fingers and a thumb projected through the cloth, seized them and drew them through the fabric and handed them back over the top of the screen. Then everybody said "There is the zither just over your head." I arose, held my hand, and it was placed gently in my grasp. The mother then said to me: "Hand it over, but hold it with all your might." I did so, and clutched the instrument with all the force at my command. It was pulled out of my hand with the rapidity of lightning, and with a twisting, wrenching motion. No hand was visible. I resumed my seat. Then the

mother came with a glass two-thirds full of water, pressed it against the screen close to my face. I put on my glasses and beheld a snowy white hand come through the cloth, take the tumbler of water back through the curtain, and immediately hand it out over the top. Then this was repeated. I then held white pearl opera glasses against the cloth. A thumb and two fingers appeared, seized one tube and I held the other. Then the glasses were slowly drawn through the cloth, evidently that I might have time to examine, and handed back to me over the top. I saw the hand—the whiteness of the hand was different from that of the pearl. Then, when seated again, I placed my back to the screen, and a hand reached through the cloth and touched my head three or four times. I put the opera glass on my right shoulder. It was instantly taken by the white hand through the cloth, and passed out and set on my left shoulder. In order that I might see this act, I requested a gentleman to occupy the middle chair and place the glasses on his shoulders. I saw the hand come out, take the glasses through and push them out again and set them on the other shoulder. Then I at once went around behind the screen. The bench and zithers were there. I lifted up the bench so that all could see. Then I placed a zither outside of the screen and turned the back of it toward the audience. My black coat was 3 inches back from the screen and the strings of the zither 3 inches in front. Fingers and thumb, pure white, stood out of the lapel of my coat, and extended through the cloth and thrummed the zither four times. A woman then occupied the middle chair, with back to screen. I saw a hand emerge from the cloth, take out her comb and reach over, replacing it. An incredible event followed: another woman took the chair, but her comb was far within dense hair. The hand took it out as though no hair was present, reached it over and replaced it exactly as before. Then somebody in the audience requested that the girl's arms be examined. They were tightly bound as at first.

MEDICAL TREATMENT.

Then treatments followed. Persons occupied the middle chair, and all kinds of massage, rubbings and patting of backs and heads occurred rapidly. I placed my back to the screen, and my head was treated to various manipulations. Then the girl said: "Turn around." I did so, and two hands gently rubbed my eyes a number of times. Headaches were instantly relieved by touch of these mysterious fingers and palms of hands.

MOULDS OF HANDS TAKEN.

Then the mother melted a lot of paraffin, and heated it hotter than it was wont to be. A large earthen dish of this intensely hot liquid, and another of cold water were placed on the bench. Instantly moulds or casts of many fingers were thrown among the people. The fingers were thrust into the hot paraffin. Some adhered; then they were placed in the cold water. The fingers vanished, leaving thin and perfect casts, which were of exquisite types and forms.

DIRECT WRITING.

Next, a tablet of writing paper and pencil were handed over the top of the screen. There was a gentleman present, an entire stranger to all. At once a note was thrown over directed to him, signed by his brother, long "dead," requesting him to come behind the curtain. He did so, and saw nothing but the bench, zithers, paraffin, dish of water and tablets. At once he stepped out. Writing was resumed, and many notes were thrown over. The scratching and rustling of paper could be heard all the time. Then the people sang two hymns, the zithers kept exact time from first to last. I exchanged places with a

person. This brought me to the end of the screen that was attached to the window casing. I was in a shadow cast by the opposite door casing, the light from the lamp in the bedroom not falling upon me. I slowly put my hand behind the black cloth and also behind the window curtain, and touched the window pane. I made no noise, and none saw me, nor could any. Instantly a leaf of the tablet was torn off, and thrown out, which read in bold handwriting: "Take your hand out, please, Prof." I have this writing now. In my new position, my head was in contact with a portion of the screen close to the window. Here was a vertical slit 7 inches long to allow a tin trumpet, whose mouth was a close fit, to be placed. The trumpet was pushed through this, and the small end, 1 inch in diameter, rested on the bench. Immediately a deep bass voice of a man announced readiness to answer questions. Six or eight persons came up. My head was one foot from the trumpet, and I heard every word. In each case, family and personal questions were answered, revealing to inquirers matters understood by each. Many of these were from Eastern cities.

SHAKING HANDS.

A hand and forearm appeared above the screen. All present formed in line, and we marched along in front of the girl and screen. We all could see every object behind it. Sometimes an arm appeared with a sleeve and then without, up to near the shoulder. All were given a handshake. To me the arm seemed to issue from the back or shoulder blade of the girl. And then it appeared directly over the top of the bench. After shaking hands, the arms and hand vanished each time. When the seance was over, I helped to take out the pins from the heavy tiresome bandage. The pins were there precisely as I had placed them two hours before. Thus matter has been passed through matter within one foot of my eyes more than a dozen times, in good light. At the age of six months, objects near this girl would move at times, and the phenomena have ever increased in complexity since. She may be able to open a way for the appearance of living plants, birds and animals in due time.

A FULFILMENT OF PROPHECIES.

The prophecies of the marvellous Oahspe are now being fulfilled with absolute accuracy. To me, the taking of the comb from a thickness of hair, the issuing forth of fingers from my coat and vest, and the hot paraffin casts are wonderful. And the loud voice in the trumpet also with no "rubber tubes" through floors and walls, as in "fake" doings. This is submitted to the reader: it is positively awe-inspiring to be up here on this mountain peak and watch astounding developments. Poems, drawings, MSS. inscriptions, revelations, absolutely new ideas in human thought, records of most remarkable events, and everything else that brain can compass; these and other wonders now come here daily from all parts of the world. Thus there are in existence now enough simply wonderful automatic paintings of scenes in other realms and spheres than ours, here on the earth's surface, to fill a huge gallery or building, and strange automatic writing to tax a great publishing house to print. As I bring this article to a close, my eyes turn almost unconsciously over in the direction of Oahspe. And the mystery instantly deepens—why is the wondrous book in this great mountain observatory? Oahspe is at work on a colossal undertaking—namely to annihilate root and branch that awful distorting truth named Christianity, as taught by howling evangelists. Why does Australia allow them to deceive the people as to the true nature of man's future existence?

Lowe Observatory, Echo Mountain, Calif., U.S.A.
July, 1909.

PAINTING UNDER SPIRIT CONTROL.



Sheep near the Coast.

In a recent number of "The Sketch" a whole page is given to the reproduction of two pictures by Mr. F. L. Thompson, the New York goldsmith, who, quite untrained as an artist, produces paintings in the manner of the late R. S. Gifford. One of these pictures, "Sheep Near the Coast," is reproduced in this article.

Writing of these pictures in "Harper's Weekly," Mr. Gustavus Myers says:—"To know nothing of the technique of painting, never having taken a single lesson in the art, and then, when approaching middle age, to turn out suddenly the most exquisite canvases in the exact and characteristic style of a notable artist who passed away a few years ago—that is the extraordinary experience of Frederick L. Thompson, a New York goldsmith. . . . In painting after the precise style of the well-known artist, R. Swain Gifford, have Mr. Thompson's mind and hand been guided telepathically by Gifford's surviving intelligence? Is Gifford continuing his work through Mr. Thompson? After painstakingly investigating every phase of the case, Professor J. H. Hyslop, of the American Society for Psychical Research, has reached the conclusion that the hundred or more paintings which Mr. Thompson thus far has executed have been inspired by Gifford's spirit. . . . Mr. Thompson is now nearly forty years old. . . . 'Three years ago,' he related, 'I was working at my trade with —,' and here mentioned a well-known firm of jewellers on Fifth Avenue, New York City. 'It was at that time that I first began to see distinct visions of landscapes and faces, and an irresistible impulse overwhelmed me to paint them. . . . Within a few moments from the time the visions first appeared, I had my sketch ready; I was compelled to paint at once by some unknown force. The paintings are finished entirely by feeling.'

By the last American mail came the "Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research" for June, containing as chief article a full statement of what he terms "The Thompson Case," by Dr. James H. Hyslop. It is a detailed account, with eight full-page illustrations, of his investigations into the case, and the personal direction given to Mr. Thompson concerning pictures and views left unfinished by Mr. Gifford, proving the most remarkable account of direct spiritual control of a normal kind. The article is almost 40 pages long, and readers are advised to become subscribers to the American Society, which for one guinea a year supplies valuable articles of this kind, too long, of course, for quotation. Dr. Hyslop's account of the way in which Mr. Thompson became impressed to work narrates some interesting facts, is given below.

"Sometime in the summer and fall of 1905," says Dr. Hyslop, "Mr. Frederic L. Thompson, who was a goldsmith, and not an artist, was suddenly and in an explicable way seized with an impulse to sketch and paint pictures. Accompanying this impulse were numerous hallucinations or visions of trees and landscapes which served as models for his work.

"Mr. Thompson had no training in art. He had obtained only the slight education which the public schools give a boy until he was thirteen years of age. He had a few lessons in drawing such as the public school gave. He then had to go to work, and he was employed in an apprenticeship at engraving. He served at this work for some years. His employers discovered that he had some taste at sketching, and the foreman of the department encouraged this as a means of helping Mr. Thompson at his engraving.

. . . It is apparent that he had no education or important experience in painting, so that whatever merits his painting might have they do not represent the usual result of education and practice. When he was seized with the impulse to sketch and paint he seemed to lose his interest and art in the work of a goldsmith, and began to show some unusual powers as an artist in oils. While he did this work he often felt that he was Mr. Gifford, Robert Swain Gifford, and remarked to his wife at times, 'Gifford wants to sketch.' He did not know at this time that Mr. Gifford was dead. He had some years before been slightly acquainted with Mr. Gifford, having met him once or twice on the marshes about New Bedford while Mr. Gifford was sketching there, Mr. Thompson himself being out hunting. He talked with him a few minutes only on one of these occasions, and on the others merely saw him sketching at a distance. Once he called on Mr. Gifford in New York to show him some jewellery, but saw nothing more of him.

"This explains the limits of Mr. Thompson's relation to pictorial art and of his knowledge of Mr. Gifford, so that whatever interest his recent work as a painter may have it is not the result of the usual agencies in the production of artistic work. Between the period indicated, the summer and fall of 1905, and the latter part of January in 1906, Mr. Thompson kept on at his sketching and painting. Toward the latter part of January he saw notice of an exhibition of the late R. Swain Gifford's paintings at the American Art Galleries, and went in to see them. He learned at this time, and not before, that Mr. Gifford was dead. Mr. Gifford had died on January 15th, in 1905, some six months before the impulse seized Mr. Thompson to sketch and paint. While looking at Mr. Gifford's paintings on exhibition he seemed to hear a voice say, apparently issuing from the invisible, 'You see what I have done. Can you not take up and finish my work?' This incident may be treated as an hallucination or as a fabrication, unless evidence can be produced to make it credible. I am reporting only what I was told. Whether genuine or not, it was of sufficient influence on the mind of Mr. Thompson to induce him to go on with his sketching and painting. From this time on the impulse to paint was stronger, and between this date and the next year he had produced a number of paintings of artistic merit sufficient to demand a fair price on their artistic qualities alone, his story being concealed from all but his wife."

In January, 1909, Mr. Thompson consulted Dr. Hyslop in regard to this overpowering impulse, with the fear that his visions and hallucinations were affecting his sanity. Dr. Hyslop tells how he took Mr. Thompson under an assumed name to a medium also unaware of the nature of the visit. "No hint whatever," says Dr. Hyslop, "had been given of either Mr. Thompson's character and the nature of his experiences. He says 'Mr. Gifford was described in

terms recognisable by Mr. Thompson, and in a few minutes a group of oak trees was described, even to the colour of the leaves that had appeared in his apparitions, and the fallen branches, and the locality of Mr. Gifford's birth. The allusion was to a place near the ocean, that it was New England, but that you had to take a boat to the locality. It was this group of trees that had haunted Mr. Thompson's vision for eighteen months, and he had described it in our conversation two evenings before. The real group was afterward found in the locality described. It was on one of the Elizabeth Islands on the New England coast."

The wonderful verification of this and its relation to the late artist's desires as to his work through Mr. Thompson are fully described in Dr. Hyslop's article.

Dr. J. H. Hyslop's address is 519 West 149th Street, New York.

PERSONALS.

Princess Karadja's poem, "Towards the Light," given as supplement to this issue of the "Harbinger," has met with great success everywhere, and a new edition will appear in the autumn. It is stated in the latest number of "Light" that "Her Majesty Queen Alexandra has graciously intimated her pleasure in accepting a copy, handsomely bound in mauve leather, and with the royal arms in gold on the cover."

Leslie W. A. Macarthur, F.G.S., whose articles in the August supplement were so highly appreciated, has a long letter on "Psychic Science" in the New Zealand "Times," which answers in a scholarly, temperate, and convincing manner two leading articles in that paper on June 26th and July 9th on what the editor is pleased to call "The Follies of Spiritualism." Want of space forbids its inclusion in this number.

Mr. Dudley Wright, lately assistant editor of "Annals of Psychical Science," has been appointed editor in succession to Mrs. Laura I. Finch, who joins the Editorial Board. This already includes such well-known names in the world of psychical research as Sir William Crookes, Camille Flammarion, Professor Lombroso, Professor Charles Richet, and Colonel Albert de Rochas. Premises have also been secured in the West End of London for the proposed Psychical Research Club, which will now shortly be opened. Mr. Dudley Wright is a most accomplished writer, and one who has deduced a spiritual philosophy from his study of psychic phenomena destined to form the basis of the Coming Religion. Mrs. Finch's splendid work on the paper doubtless led to her serious breakdown in health last year, and her resignation is probably due to this cause.

Eusapia Paladino has been completely exonerated from the suspicion of fraud cast upon her by the Psychical Research Society, regarding her sittings at Cambridge some years ago. Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor W. F. Barrett have since publicly announced their belief in the genuineness of the phenomena produced in her presence, and the P.R.S. having considered the matter, sent lately as special investigators to Italy, Mr. Fielding, their former secretary, Mr. Bagally (an amateur conjurer), and Mr. Hereward Carrington. These delegates came home "absolutely convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena they had witnessed," and a special meeting of the society was held to receive their report.

Sir William Crookes, who was present at the above meeting, said he was reminded by the remarks of some present as to pulleys and apparatus being surreptitiously used at one of his sittings with D. Home, when a water bottle and glass rose into the air, in a clear light, and in that position answered

questions intelligently by clinking against each other. This was in his own dining-room, and Mr. Home had not been in the room for a week previously, so could not have arranged pulleys or other fraud. Sir William said we must note that all over the world mediums professed that these things were done by the departed, and we should take notice of so universal a claim.

Sir Oliver Lodge said we seemed to have discovered a new force, and should have to revise our text books of physics. We were at the outset of a long and puzzling inquiry. He had always held that in his sittings with Eusapia, inexplicable phenomena had taken place, and believed in what he had seen, in spite of the unsatisfactory Cambridge sittings later. Sir Oliver Lodge has finished a book of psychical research on which he has been engaged for some years. It will appear in the autumn under the title "The Survival of Man: A Study in Psychical Research."

W. J. Colville has just published a remarkable instance of clairvoyance exhibited by Madame St. Leonard, late of Llanely, and now of Notting Hill. Mr. Colville introduced to Madame St. Leonard a Dr. Louis Cohen, of St. Louis, U.S.A., who was in England, and asked her "to tell him if she saw anything of an impressive nature in connection with his home and relatives"; whereupon, greatly to the surprise of both gentlemen, "she described his father as having left the physical form, although the latest news recently received from his announced him to be in excellent health." There was no doubt as to the description of the father, and the lady further said Dr. Cohen "would be obliged to return at once to America, and that he would be summoned by a cablegram." Two days later the cablegram reached Dr. Cohen announcing his father's death, and requesting his immediate return to the States.

Mr. John Lobb's book, "Talks with the Dead," has been issued in a third edition, revised and enlarged. In a criticism a column long, a prominent reviewer says "Mr. Lobb is no mere tentative investigator of the phenomena of Spiritualism. He has long ago solved the question to his own satisfaction, and he writes with the most absolute faith and assurance." The book is most attractively got up, and illustrated with spirit photographs. It has been translated into German, and is eminently suitable for placing in the hands of inquirers.

Rev. George Walters, of the Sydney Unitarian Church, has lately celebrated the 21st anniversary of the commencement of his ministry in that city. A "coming of age festival" was arranged in his honour, and despite a torrential downpour of rain, a company of about 300 assembled in the church. Mr. Waldon, president of the Church, Mr. John, general secretary of the Theosophical Society, the Rev. A. Rivett, of the Whitefield Congregational Church, and the Chinese editor of the "Tung Wah Times" were the chief speakers. Mr. Robert McMillan, editor of "The Stock and Station Journal," presented on behalf of the congregation and their friends a cheque for £69 as a token of affection and esteem, followed by smaller ones from societies connected with or in sympathy with the church's broad views. In reply, Mr. Walters assured his hearers that he would endeavour to work even harder in the future than in the past. He mentioned how Dr. Peebles and Miss Spence, of Adelaide, both well over 80, had occupied their platform during the last few years, and in 21 years time he would still be nearly ten years younger than these two great workers. Mr. Walters' spiritual teaching is so prominent a feature in his work that he will receive fraternal good wishes also from every reader of this paper.

Mrs. W. J. McLennan, who has been seriously indisposed for several weeks, is now, her friends will

rejoice to hear, on the way to recovery, and was expected to be able to resume her lectures on Sunday, August 29th. The Spiritual Church of Jesus, of which she is leader, meets every Sunday night at Scourfield Chambers, Collins-street, and the platform has been occupied by Mrs. M. A. Redfern during Mrs. McLennan's absence. Mrs. McLennan's private address is "Arcadia," 4 Davis-street, East Brunswick, where all communications should be addressed.

Mr. W. J. Michie, magnetic healer, has removed from Invercargill to Nelson, New Zealand, and is doing excellent work there in his profession, and as a member of the newly-formed Spiritualistic Society.

Mrs. Ellen Green will begin a series of lectures at the Oddfellows Hall, Melbourne, under the auspices of M. P. S. Lyceum, on Sunday, September 12th, and is sure of a hearty welcome from her many friends in this city.

Mr. Arthur Bushby, late of New Zealand, is carrying on good work as a teacher and healer in Los Angeles, California. During June, July and August Mr. Bushby was engaged to speak at several camp meetings in Southern California. His address is General Delivery Post Office, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. Mr. and Mrs. Bushby send greetings to all friends in Australia and New Zealand, which will be warmly reciprocated.

Thomas C. Lothian, 226 Little Collins St., Melbourne, announces in our advertising columns four charming booklets, price 1/-, or the set posted free for 4/-.

Mrs. Bright will be "At Home" to friends and subscribers from 3 to 5 on Wednesday afternoon, September 1, at "Harbinger of Light" Office, Austral Buildings, 117 Collins Street. "Psychic Experiences." Discussion, Mr. J. McLeod Craig, Mr. J. Isherwood, Dr. Abramowski. Cordial invitation to all.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

BY MRS. MARY T. LONGLEY, U.S.A.

In a series of biographical sketches of prominent spiritualist workers, whom she has known, Mrs. Longley gives an account of a visit to the venerable Poughkeepsie seer that everyone should read. Great interest is being taken in the new edition of his works now issued by B. F. Austin Publishing Co. Rochester, New York. "Nature's Divine Revelations" and "The Magic Staff," mentioned by Mrs. Longley, are classics in our literature and deserve the careful perusal of every student of the spiritual philosophy even if the complete set of 27 volumes is beyond reach.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

The Poughkeepsie Seer, The Harmonial Philosopher, the Father of the Children's Progressive Lyceum—everybody in the ranks of Spiritualism and thousands outside our field, know of him and his marvellous works. He became personally known to me in very early years. Our acquaintance was very pleasant, he sometimes called at our home, when we would have informal and pleasing chats; since those years our friendship, I think I can say, has been mutual. Several years ago, while suffering from nervous prostration, I was impressed to see Mr. Davis in consultation. He is now at his advanced age a physician of large practice and fine success. Our N. S. A. was about to hold convention in Boston, and in reply to my letter, this venerable seer set apart an hour for me to call upon him and I filled the appointment. We had a delightful chat, recalling old times, and while we talked, the doctor insisted I should sit in his own easy chair, from which I could feel the magnetic waves of power. He prepared some medicine which I was to take at stated intervals, but as we were just beginning convention work and it was not convenient for me to handle the fluids, I delayed opening the bottles till I arrived home, nearly two weeks after; nor did I need them for, from the hour which he literally gave to

me, I was possessed of a new strength, infilled with a vital magnetism which carried me through the arduous days of convention work, the protracted labors of days of Board meetings, the long hours of night, too, for we did not go to our rooms any of those days till after midnight, all with an ease of sense of health that if I had not known the cause of this new vitality, would have been a marvel to me and my associates.

What a glorious work A. J. Davis has wrought for humanity; no pen of mine is needed to honor him; his works speak for him and will continue to do so through the centuries. His Harmonial Philosophy; his Divine Revelations are masterpieces of literature and of philosophy. It is amusing—for it does not hurt him nor injure our Cause, to note how many of those who are ignoring Spiritualism and trying to introduce new cults of "Higher Thoughts," take whole extracts of beautiful philosophy from the works of Davis and give no credit for it—they write and teach and lecture on the themes that he presented to the world and some of them unblushingly quote his statements and predictions but without telling that these are not original with them; I know this for a fact. One man who had opened classes in Hindu Philosophy, and who himself claimed to have come from India, borrowed from the N. S. A. library repeatedly the works of A. J. Davis, and he told me that he was copying many pages from them for instruction to his class. I asked him if he gave the author credit for them, but he said that was not necessary, as Truth is universal and belongs to no one in particular. The Magic Staff of A. J. Davis, "Under all circumstances keep an even mind," seems still to be his support and stay, and no doubt is the secret of his longevity and well preserved appearance. If others of us would daily and hourly lean upon this staff it would save much wear and tear of body, nerves and mentality generally, and enable us to radiate a magnetic light and cheer that would be a constant blessing to all our environments and associations—it is the grandest aid to SUCCESS that one can have.

VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

At the monthly *Conversazione* held on August 9th, Mr. Otto Waschatz, the President, gave an address, "Who are the promulgators of Spiritualism?" which was an eloquent exposition of the aims of our great leaders. Standing out among the pioneers he gave pride of place to Dr. Peebles and Mr. W. H. Terry, whom he likened to the giant trees of the forest—the Pine and the Eucalyptus—and Mr. McLeod Craig, who is a type of the wonderful spiritual power developing in Australia, was given for his symbol the Wattle Tree. The evening was a most successful one, and cordial thanks were accorded the speaker and others who had contributed so greatly to the enjoyment of those present.

Mr. J. McLeod Craig has been the speaker for the month, his lectures, which have now been given every Sunday night for eight months, drawing crowded audiences. His psychometric readings and clairvoyance have brought comfort to thousands, and he now stands in the foremost rank as a teacher and healer.

On Tuesday evenings Mr. McLeod Craig and Mr. Richards continued their healing demonstrations with great success. These will be held during the month as usual at the Austral Buildings, and all in need of cure or advice are cordially invited.

Quite a feature of the work of the V.A.S. are the monthly Socials inaugurated by the Ladies' Committee. At the one held at the Guild Hall on August 5th two hundred guests were present. An enjoyable musical programme is given between the dances. The next Social has been arranged for Monday, September 6th.

MELBOURNE P.S. LYCEUM.

During the month excellent addresses have been given by speakers of different types of thought, but all most interesting. Mr. Jennings told his audience on August 1st "How to see the Spirits." On August 8th Senator

E. J. Russell gave a scholarly address on "Moral Conceptions." Mrs. Knight McLellan, trance address on 15th, and Miss E. Lambrick on 22nd, on "The Re-birth of an Old Truth."

Morning speakers were Mr. J. L. Clark, Mr. Edelsten, Mr. Davies and Mr. Du Vergier. Miss Lambrick, who is a most cultured speaker, gave an address also on Sunday afternoon on "The True At-one-ment."

For the month of September Mrs. Ellen Green will be the speaker. Her first lecture will be given on Sept. 12th, and she is sure of a hearty welcome by the many friends she made in her first visit to this city.

SPIRITUALISTIC CHURCH OF VICTORIA.

Mr. J. Isherwood has filled the platform each Sunday evening, and has delivered some soul-stirring addresses, the most notable being the "Woman of Endor," the "Story of Belshazzar," and the "Writing on the Wall." A pleasing feature of the month's work has been the dedication of three children to the cause of truth, one by Mrs. Knight McLellan, and two by Mr. Isherwood.

The Lyceum in connection with the Church is growing by leaps and bounds, the attendances being very large. The speakers for the month have been Messrs. Edelsten, Arthur, and Mrs. Knight McLellan. Recitation Sunday took place on July 31st, when a grand programme of 17 items all given by the scholars, was provided.

A choir has been formed in connection with the Church and Lyceum, and any friends desirous of joining are cordially invited to send their names to the organiser, Mr. E. M. Knight. Group leaders in the Lyceum are also required.

A very enjoyable Social was held on Saturday, Aug. 14th. The next social takes place on Thursday, Sept 30th, to which friends are cordially invited.

THE OCCULT STUDENTS.

The Occult Students held a successful social gathering on the evening of 9th August, in the Austral Church Lecture Hall, when Mrs. Redfern and the Rev. Hector Ferguson gave interesting lecturettes on "Practical Occultism" and "Perfect Mental Poise" respectively. Both speakers emphasised the power of mind to overcome all the ills of life when properly understood. Dr. Abramowski, who occupied the chair, spoke of the s.s. "Waratah," and described various "psychograms," as he termed the telepathic experiences received by Occult Students from friends on board the steamer. This, he thought, would yet be a great force of practical value to the world. Musical and recitative items followed, and refreshments furnished by the Committee of the Students were afterwards served.

VICTORIAN SPIRITUALISTIC UNION.

Mr. F. H. Drake, the indefatigable Secretary, sends an "Open Letter to Spiritualists." His suggestions re practical help towards obtaining buildings of our own are valuable, and later, when the amalgamation between the V.A.S. and the M.P.S. Lyceum is accomplished, will be published for the benefit of all.

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

Mr. A. J. Bush, Hon. Sec. Church of Seers, Sydney, writes:—

"Good attendances have been the rule. Mrs. Ellen Green was the speaker for August, and has given some splendid lectures. On Wednesday, August 11th, we held a monster benefit Seance in aid of a sister in distress. There was a large gathering. The mediums assisting were Mrs. Ellen Green, Mrs. Raeburn, and Mrs. Annie Turner (Vic.), Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Steinman, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Meadows, Madame Leoni, and myself. About the middle of September we expect Mrs. Gladys Cooley for two Sundays, when large audiences are sure to welcome her. Cordial greetings to all co-workers, and best wishes to self and paper."

SPIRITUALISTS' CHURCH OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

Mrs. F. Mahony, Recorder, writes:—"Mr. J. M. Moorey, Mr. Charles Bailey (both of Victoria), Mrs. E. Schutze, Mrs. Steinmann, and Madame Malu have been the speakers for the month. On August 1st Mrs. E. Schutze dedicated to the Religion of Truth the infant daughter of the President, Mr. W. Banks. Mr. Moorey's lectures were especially good, attracting good audiences. During his stay in Sydney he has also given a psychometric entertainment once a week. On August 15th, at the afternoon service, Mr. W. Mugglestone gave a very earnest address. Mrs. Schutze followed with striking messages given from written names handed up. Mr. Moorey's last lecture, "Signs of the Times," was given to a very large audience. He left New Zealand on the 18th of August, taking with him the best wishes of his many friends, and the hope that the trip may prove beneficial to him in every way.

NEWTOWN SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

Another organisation has been formed in Sydney, of which Mr. Chas. M. Hudson is Leader, and Mr. Stephen Gower, Secretary. Mr. Hudson writes that an excellent start has been made, and that on the opening Sunday great interest was displayed by visitors. Mr. J. Wrenn Sutton, on "Science from a Spiritualistic Standpoint," with Mrs. Sullivan and clairvoyant readings, were the next speakers. Mr. Charles Bailey gave an address by one of his controls, "Empty Churches—their Cause and Cure," followed by psychometric readings by Mr. Glover, Mrs. Malu taking the platform on the following Sunday. A Children's Progressive Lyceum has also been started. It is hoped that this organisation in a populous suburb will meet with the success its earnest workers desire.

NEWCASTLE SPIRITUAL CHURCH OF LIGHT.

From this large mining centre of N.S. Wales comes the announcement that a society under the above title has just been formed. Beginning with inspirational addresses by Madame Dunlop, Mr. R. Morley, and our correspondent, Mr. B. H. Rider, the attendances have grown greatly, with scarcely standing room. Bible readings, it is good to read, are given by Mr. Stout, and an earnest effort made to uplift Spiritualism. Our cordial good wishes are extended to the new association.

SPIRITUALISTIC CHURCH OF WEST AUSTRALIA.

From Mr. E. J. Randell, Assistant Secretary, we are glad to receive the following report:—

"The Annual Meeting was held in the Church building on Wednesday, July 28th. Very satisfactory reports were read by the President, Minister, and Secretary concerning the past year's work, and it was extremely pleasing to the new officers to know that they would start the year with the Church free of debt. The following officers were elected for the ensuing twelve months:—Minister, Rev. M. Edwards; President, W. D. Campbell; Vice-President, Chas. Lucas; Secretary, Mr. Hollingworth; Assistant Secretary, E. Randell; Treasurer, Mrs. Bond; Librarian, Mrs. Longmore; Auditors, Mrs. Watson and Miss Evans; Organist, Mrs. Watson; Welcomers, Mr. Pitchers, Mrs. Wickham, and Mrs. Spicer; Vacant Trusteeship, E. J. F. Randell. We are glad to report five new members for dedication, Sunday, 22nd inst."

PERTH, W.A., SPIRITUAL EVIDENCE SOCIETY.

Mr. R. M. Hamilton, Hon. Secretary, writes:—"This newly formed Society in the West, for the purpose of spreading spiritualistic knowledge and demonstrating the underlying truths and facts of Spiritualism, organised a very successful Social on the 2nd of August. The Protestant Hall was well filled, and the evening was spent in dancing, interspersed with musical items, conversation, and the consumption of refreshments, kindly contributed by members. A thoroughly enjoyable

evening was passed. The officers of the Society are: Mr. M. Pickett, President; Messrs. Foden and Duball, Vice-Presidents; Mr. Hamilton, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. Parker, to whom the organisation is due, so well known here as the oldest established medium, will act as Leader, and others will co-operate. It is hoped that a hall will soon be rented in which the Society can enlarge its activities and spread the truth of Spiritualism."

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW ZEALAND.

At time of going to press the usual notices from Auckland had not reached this office, but private news tells of the large audiences attracted by Mrs. Gladys Cooley. The houses have been packed, many people being unable to gain admission. On September 19th Mr. and Mrs. Weeks, now in Dunedin, will follow Mrs. Cooley, who then proceeds to Australia under engagement to the Victorian Association of Spiritualists. In Wellington Mr. Charles Bailey has commenced his sittings, and is also giving addresses on Sunday. Full details of these may be expected for the October issue. Mrs. S. E. Morrison was holding very successful meetings in Wellington before Mr. Bailey's arrival.

DUNEDIN SPIRITUAL SCIENTISTS' SOCIETY.

Mr. and Mrs. Weeks, who came originally for a three months' engagement, which has been twice renewed, are still drawing large audiences. It is a longer term than any speaker has served since the inauguration of the Society. At the last two meetings the subjects considered were: "The World Beyond," by Mrs. Weeks, and "Christianity and Spiritualism," by Mr. Weeks; the psychometric readings and spirit messages by Mrs. Weeks proving particularly attractive and interesting. On the 19th of September they open in Auckland for the Society there, and will be succeeded by Mrs. Morrison as speaker for this Society.

AUCKLAND ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

As we go to press a report from Mr. F. Lancaster, Hon Secretary, reaches us. He writes that the above new Society is making steady progress and enrolling new members. Mrs. Sorensen was expected to begin a series of lectures on August 21st, taking the place of Mr. Stepherson, who has gone to Waihi.

DURBAN SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.

MRS. PRIOR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Durban Spiritualist Society has every reason to be gratified with the work of Mrs. Prior in their town. The first public meeting was a record one, and right through the two and a half months of her stay in Durban the Sunday services, in spite of there being no clairvoyance, were well attended, and the week-day message meetings were always crowded. Her lectures have filled a long-felt want, and have done much towards lifting Spiritualism on to a higher plane, and her demonstrations have met with most remarkable success, and have created a very wide-spread interest in Spiritualism. Mrs. Prior could not have arrived in this country at a more opportune time, as a revival amongst the workers is sadly needed, many having become discouraged by difficulties and financial depression. Mrs. Prior has spent three weeks in Maritzburg, the capital of Natal, and is making her way up to Johannesburg and Pretoria, stopping at several towns en route.

TRANSVAAL GOVERNMENT AND CLAIRVOYANCE

The clause in the Bill for the Prevention of Certain Offences, which aimed at the prohibition of clairvoyance, palmistry and fortune-telling, has been deleted by the Government in Committee, on the amendment proposed by Mr. Lindsay, M.L.A. Mr. Wybergh opposed the clause on behalf of the Spiritualists when the Bill was brought up for the second reading.

GOD, MAN, AND THE BIBLE.

Under the above title a pamphlet by "Simeon," one of the most earnest students on spiritual lines in New Zealand, is just published, and will be read with interest by all who seek to find a spiritual interpretation of the Bible and man's destiny. The pamphlet is well got up, and is on sale at Cole's Book Arcade, Miss Hinge's Book Depot, 178 Little Collins Street, and the office of this paper. Price, 6d.; postage, 1d.

TO OUR READERS.

There is scarcely a local paper in the Commonwealth that has not re-printed the Melbourne "Argus" article of July 6th purporting to be a report on a séance held by professional gentlemen with the medium Charles Bailey. As letters reach this office daily expressing satisfaction with the complete answer given to this criticism by the supplement to the August issue, it has been decided to give a second copy of this supplement to all our subscribers, which will doubtless be found useful to hand to those interested in the subject.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

Dear Madam,—Your supplement to the August issue of the "Harbinger of Light" is most timely and interesting. An intelligent public must have been looking for such a refutation of the report in the "Argus" of July 6th, concerning a circle held by the medium, Charles Bailey, with Mr. Stanford's consent, in a Collins-street surgery, the sitters being a few professional gentlemen. What a contrast between the "Argus" report and that in the Ballarat "Star," the writer of the latter being Mr. Leslie W. A. MacArthur. Here we have a scholarly article from the pen of one who feared no contradiction. Nothing but censure could be expected, when a well-known citizen like Mr. Stanford was attacked, as he certainly was when Charles Bailey was accused of fraud. Nor was he the only one. For at Mr. Stanford's circles in Russell-street, before the sitting commences, the medium, Bailey, is searched by representative gentlemen before taking his seat, and surrounded by an intelligent audience of ladies and gentlemen.

I have been present at many sittings in Mr. Stanford's rooms, and at other places, when Charles Bailey was the medium, and I can positively assert that Bailey is not a fraud and could not be one if he tried. The writer in the "Argus," if an excuse can be offered, is entirely ignorant of the place that scientific psychic investigation now takes in the world, or he would not have penned such gross fiction—"a fiction with a purpose." A journal should scorn to be untrue, and should leave a subject untouched which is not understood. The Rev. R. J. Campbell says: "Religious people employ the weapons of slander, misrepresentation, and petty persecution to destroy, if they can, an unpopular doctrine. They might just as well try, like Canute and his courtiers, to forbid the waves of the ocean to make their heaven-guided advance."

Never was a surgeon more accurate in diagnosing a case than Sir W. Crookes, Dr. A. Russel Wallace and Prof. Lombroso, the three greatest scientists of the day, have been in their psychic investigations, and who now affirm that the transmission of matter through matter is not only a possibility, but a fact on which they stake their reputation. They find that the bounds of the possible are being enlarged, while those of the impossible are being made smaller. Writers especially should carefully feel their way before rushing into print, for as St. Paul tells us, we are only groping in the darkened chambers of our intellect, and should pray for "more light." But, as

Schiller said—"Against public stupidity, the Gods themselves are powerless."

I am sure, Madam, you will agree with me that it is a fact, as often asserted, that spiritualistic communications are frequently contradictory in character, but Spiritualists believe in the progression which characterises life, and do not hold that, because an individual has passed over the borderland dividing the two worlds, that he has attained infallibility, but that communications must be in accordance with that soul's attainments. But that seems to be lost sight of or ignored. Knowledge, however, can only be gained by investigation, research and experiment. Unfortunately there are but few who take the trouble to investigate in a proper spirit, and therefore they remain in ignorance of spirit return, continuity of life and immortality.

Madam, yours very sincerely,
CECIL H. CAMPBELL.

The mental attitude of the individual largely determines for him what life will give him, or what he will get from it, and it is equally true that fear-thoughts are often as baseless as they are injurious. In one of his recent sermons the Rev. R. J. Campbell emphasised this point and said: "How many things are you afraid of this evening?—why be afraid? Look closely into the face of the thing you dread, and see how much power it has. It has none whatever except that with which you invest it. Oh, if men would but cease to think of the outside as the real, and learn to look within for that which is life indeed! It would not lessen their labours, but it would help them to think kindly of each other, and to banish all their doubts and dreads. Nine-tenths of the misery of life is fear; the sting of sorrow is fear, fear of all that the visitation may yet come to mean, fear of walking alone on an unknown road. Get rid of it; nothing matters but God, the gift that includes all the good the soul has ever known or ever shall know."

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Supplement to the Harbinger of Light.

MELBOURNE, SEPTEMBER 1, 1909.

Towards the Light.

A MYSTIC POEM BY PRINCESS KARADJA.

It is seldom that a work absolutely unknown in Australia should attain at once such first-rate importance as the following poem by the Princess Karadja. So warmly was it welcomed that many of those fortunate enough to obtain copies read and re-read its glowing pages affirming that new beauties revealed themselves with each successive perusal. With Princess Karadja's cordial permission, her sole desire being to have its important message to the world as widely disseminated as possible, it is now, through the generous assistance of a friend to the cause of the Higher Spiritualism, given to our readers in full.

Oh! Watcher in the silent hours of night,
Art thou prepared to greet thy noiseless guests,
The messengers from distant spirit worlds?
On rapid wings they now are speeding hither.
They float around thee; canst thou not perceive them?
Soon shall thy spirit's eye discern their forms.
Hark, child of earth! A chime of silver bells
Descends to thee from starry worlds above,
While gentle fragrances enchant thy sense.
The darkness dies.. A radiant light appears.
Behold the ambient flame encircling thee,
That flame of living light—it is my soul!

My voice now whispers gently in thine ear:
I too was once a mortal such as thou.
I am not dead, although my dust has lain
Deep in the silent tomb for many years.
I am not dead! My spirit still is living,
Serene and strong, robed in immortal garb.
I will to thee my earthly life unfold,
Then shalt thou comprehend thy future fate,
For I shall show thee all the path I trod
From earthly darkness to the spheres of light.

Thou art a tool, chosen by Higher Powers
To tell the world what thou shalt here behold.
The gift of words is thine; thou shalt express
My mighty thought, which dominates thy mind.
Unknown to thee I hither led thy steps;
Thy destiny I welded link by link.
My hand, oh woman! chiselled out thy soul:
Resist thy Guide no more! Submit in peace!

No blessed crop can grow on untilled ground;
Deep furrows have been driven in thy heart,
And now at last I sow: mine hour has come!
May God in mercy overshadow us!
I lift thy soul up to the source of Light;
Help others as I now am helping thee.
Write down the message that I bring to-night
With humble thanks because thy hand was chosen.

"Who art thou?"—dost thou ask.—I am a sinner,
Who through repentance has atoned his crimes.
My name on earth is utterly forgotten;
My race is swept away from off its face.

I was a man who once had rich possessions;
Alas! A sorry use I made of all...
No gentle memories of loving deeds
Survived me in the dismal hour of death.
Yet once I did possess a thousand treasures—
Rank, beauty, health and riches—all were mine.
Men envied me as fortune's petted child.
I deemed myself created to enjoy,
And carefully fulfilled that pleasant mission.
No broken sob could reach my deadened ear,
Nor raise an echo in my empty heart,
Where on a throne of ice my spirit dwelt,
Adoring as supreme Divinity,
As centre of the world, as Lord and God
The only being whom I loved—MYSELF!

But years rolled on .. ever the well-known round!
Earth had no pleasure left for me to taste.
I was so weary that life's pageant palled,
And duller, greyer, grew the lengthening days.
My selfish soul was filled with blank despair.

I grew to hate the joys that could not still
My craving after something I had missed,
A precious something I had failed to win.
What might it be, I knew not—only this:
Without it life was wasted, drear and void.

At last when I had emptied to the dregs
Life's pleasure-cup, I longed for dreamless sleep.
The chill embrace of death would cool my brain..
Rest! Rest! Eternal rest—oh, priceless boon!
I had no terror of the starless night,
And scorned the thought of coming Judgment Day.
Annihilation seemed to me elysian,
For I was weary—wearily unto death.

But in farewell I first would summon round me
All that in former days had charmed me most:
Wine, women, music, light and fragrant flowers—
And so surrounded I would breathe my last.

It was a merry night and I the gayest,
Because life's dreary farce so soon would end.
'Twas my last pride to smilingly approach,
Without a trace of fear, my yawning tomb.

The flickering lights burned low; the flowers drooped;
The hour grew late; my noisy friends had gone.
ONE guest remained—I was alone with Death
Whom I had dared to summon to my feast.

A flash—a shot—then deepest silence reigned.
One thrill of anguish quivered through my frame—
Then all was still! A sense of dreary numbness
Crept slowly, surely over all my limbs.
Around me deepest night.. Yea.. ebon darkness.
If death had come why did it fail to bring
The blessed sleep for which I yearned so long?
When would oblivion sweep away the past?
Why this delay? At last a dawning fear
Shook me that something would begin—but what?
I waited thus with panic-stricken soul..
Death I had courted to escape my thoughts;
I had destroyed myself; I must be dead!
I felt my body growing stiff and cold;
The heart had ceased to beat, the pulse stood still.
I was a corpse—mere matter—nothing more,
A thing which surely was bereft of sense—
Yet—after death—how could my body think?
I was aghast, for now at last I knew
That I had failed to murder all in me,
One part was left—MY THOUGHT WAS STILL ALIVE!

No mortal words can ever paint the terror
That seized me when I grasped that awful fact.
My senses seemed to whirl in stormy chaos—
What would my future be? When should I know?

The night was dark; nowhere a ray of light..
And I must wait.. For what? I dared not think.
Was it eternity—was it an hour
That I endured this torture of suspense?
I cannot tell! It seemed a thousand years,
To be alive against my will! What doom
For me, who hoped the grave to be the end!

Could there be truth, then, in the Devil's creed
Of an avenging God, who, merciless,
Condemns all sinners to eternal hell?
If so, I meant to bravely meet my Judge,
And to receive erect the cruel sentence.
I courage felt to calmly all endure—
If but the torture of suspense might end.

Still time went on.. In vain I claimed my doom.
No Judge appeared! A cry of keen distress
Broke forth at last, deep from my frenzied heart;
I clamoured wildly; "Oh, have mercy, Lord!"

A voice at once replied from out the gloom:
"What is thy wish? What favour dost thou claim
From God, whom thou hast all thy life denied?"
I murmured humbly: "Lord, a ray of Light!"

At once a flash of Radiance fell on me,
And I beheld myself! Oh, bitter shame!
Most ghastly is that moment for the man
Who lived in utter darkness here on earth.
Pray for the blind, that they may not despair
When after death at last their opened eye
Shrinks from the sight which they are forced to see,
A human heart in hideous nakedness!
The angels of the Lord behold it trembling,
And turn away at once their shuddering glance.
In abject shame the soul attempts to hide,
And, full of anguish, begs for solitude.
God grants that grace. The soul is left alone—
Alone with all the shadows of the past.

I saw my earthly life glide past in vision.
Scene after scene, forgotten long ago.
How blind—insanely blind, had I not been!
The sight of all my crimes confounded me.
They crushed my spirit with their leaden weight.
At last I whispered: "Punish me, oh Lord!"

The voice replied: "God claims no penalty.
Sin punishes itself. Each evil seed
Allowed to grow in wanton liberty
Must bear its bitter crop of pain and woe.
The angels of the Lord no anger feel
At human crime; they see its fruit and mourn.
Unhappy spirit, thou hast asked thy sentence!
Learn then, that long ago thy fate was sealed.
'There where thy treasure is, thy heart will be.'
Thus spake the Christ. These words contain thy doom.
Each man has something which he dearest holds—
His God,—a fellow-creature, or himself.
On earth he is at liberty to choose
A treasure to be kept eternally.
The soul can after death no more abandon
What during life it found most fit to love.
What was thy treasure? Hapless fool—behold it!"

A flood of light streamed down and I perceived
A lifeless body stretched upon the ground
Amidst a pool of blood. It was my corpse.

"Behold thy treasure! Thou canst claim no other.
Thou art compelled to keep thy cherished God.
Thou mad'st an idol of a lump of clay,—
No more to leave it is thy awful doom."
"No, no!" I shrieked, "I will not thus be fettered!
Ah! Loose me from the body I destroyed!
I love no more this thing. I hate to see it.
Oh, set me free! In mercy break my chains!"

"Hark! Thou hast entered spirit life unbidden;
No room with us was yet prepared for thee.
The threshold of Eternity no man
May cross before his final hour has struck.
The plans of God no mortal ever altered.
He is the Master over Life and Death.
There is a lesson all on earth must learn
And none may slip away, the task undone;
Nor lightly fling the human garb aside,
Until the soul is fit to leave its dwelling.
Woe to the man who scorns the gift of life,
Who, greatly daring Heaven, would extinguish
The spark Divine, which burns within his soul!
The deed is vain, he only makes more sure
The fate he has created by his acts.
The sacred tie, uniting soul and body,
Is only severed at the Lord's Command.
The will of thy Creator links thy spirit
Still for a time to this poor clay. . . Submit!
Learn to abide in patience—captive soul—
The day when liberty shall dawn for thee."

"So hope remains! My punishment will end?
I am not chained for all eternity?"
I cried aloud, all thrilled with gratitude.

The angel answered: "Every pain will end.
One sin alone can never be forgiven,
The sin of pride that does not wish for grace,
For then the spirit dooms itself to darkness.
God's arms are ever open. Every soul
That struggles bravely upwards finds the Light.
Though far the Goal—yet it is reached at last!"

I murmured low: "Most merciful thou art.
Oh, glorious angel, let me know thy name."
"Canst thou not guess it? Often I approached
Thy stony heart and strove to gain admittance,
But was repelled as soon as I drew near.
I am the mournful angel men call Grief!
The Lord of Mercy sends me down to earth
To show the way, which leads men up to Him.
I sow in sinful hearts contrition's seed,
Then buds humility from burning shame.
The yearning soul strives hard to leave the mire;

Though weak and trembling still it bravely seeks
To climb the thorny path to which I point.
Then hasten to his aid the Radiant Host,
Who, in the name of Christ, work deeds of love.
Their gentle hands cannot remove all pain,
But they give strength to bear the heavy cross.
They fill the weary soul with hope and courage,
And whisper promises of coming bliss.
The pilgrim soon is taught to lift his gaze
Above the darkness of this present world,
Up to the distant home where all is peace.
For thee there still remains thy crown to earn
Of Faith and Hope and Charity entwined.
These thou must tend and nourish in thy heart,
But first the arduous task of 'Patience' learn!"

How desolate and cold the graveyard seemed!
My only home in dismal winter-nights.
If I had better used the gift of life
Preparing me a nest in faithful hearts,
My frozen soul might now have been their guest,
And found relief and warmth at friendly hearths.
Alas! On earth was none of human kind
Whose grief attracted with magnetic power
My wretched soul, by all alive forgotten.
I was alone in solitary gloom,
The one companion left—my lifeless frame.
Despairingly I searched a thousand graves
In hope to find another living soul
Chained to the empty forms that mouldered here
Beneath the snow. . . Alas! It was in vain!
Each soul had left the worn-out shell of dust
In former days the object of its pride.
Each one had gladly flown. I—I alone
Was still a captive in this place of dread,
Indissolubly fettered to my corpse.
No thing on earth e'er filled me with such loathing!
My ghastly treasure! . . . With intense disgust
Day after day I watched its slow decay.
Sometimes the broken eyes would seem to weep
As though, attempting to express my grief,
They fain would bring me the relief of tears. . .

One night I wandered round the dreary grounds
And reached the gate. Then in the dismal darkness
I heard a broken sob, a feeble wailing.
Who could it be? Who broke the ghastly silence?
A living being? If so—why came he here?

It was a child, a small deserted child,
Left here to perish in the winter snow.
I felt compassion for the tiny waif
Who softly sobbed himself to sleep forever,
And anger 'gainst the mother who could leave
Her child alone to meet a frozen death.
What punishment too great for such a sin?
What could atone for such a cruel deed?
In righteous wrath I cried: "Accurst be she
Who has abandoned this defenceless child!"

Like clap of thunder rang the answer forth:
"Man, who art thou, who darest thus call down
The holy wrath of God upon thy sister?
The sinner thou hast recklessly condemned
Thou shalt behold! Repent thy malediction!
Leave to thy God, the Strong Avenger's hands
The care of vindicating martyr's blood!"

Beside me stood an angel. Sad and stern
I found his look, which seemed to pierce my soul
He grasped the hand I tremblingly outstretched,
Then, swift as thought, he swept away with me.
He took me to the city where I lived
In former days. We reached a den of vice,
Where during life I was a constant guest.
At his command I entered it again. . .
How weird, how strange appeared the house of sin!
Aghast, I saw among the shameless crowd
Unnoticed guests from silent spirit-worlds
Stand dark and threat'ning close behind the living.

I saw how evil souls with deadly hate
Urge fallen men to ever darker deeds;
I saw God's angels struggling hard to save
The sparks of virtue, not extinguished yet.
This noisy palace was a battlefield,
Where little reeked the mortals that their fate
Hung on the silent fight 'twixt light and darkness.
But many gloomy spirits, too, I marked,
Who did not fight, but wandered round the place.
In dismal watchfulness and dumb despair.
These were the souls, who once had thriven there.

Mortals, who spend their lives in wanton revels,
Mourn bitterly, when solemn death appears,
And sternly summons them to leave this world.
They strive against their lot. . . They fain would linger

Still on this earth, whose vilest pleasures
 Emprison after death their hapless souls.
 They have no strength to rend the loathsome fetters,
 That vice has forged. Earth's joys they still remember.
 Alas, poor slaves!—They love and miss them yet:
 Their evil lusts remain and torture them.
 Since they no longer can be satisfied.
 Thus they remain until desire is dead,
 Compelled to watch the sins of living men.
 At length they loathe the very sight of vice.
 Then slowly they forget their low delights:
 Unclean remembrances are swept away.
 The soul begins to long for purer air
 And lifts its weary glance from dismal earth.
 Till lo! It sees a ray of distant heaven
 And stretches unaccustomed arms in prayer.
 The heavy chains slip off: the soul is free!
 Magnetic force attracts it up to God.
 When no regrets enchain the soul to earth
 Then it is lifted up by ardent longing
 To radiant spheres, that it can not approach
 Until it learns that Death means—Liberty.

I noticed then a spirit standing by,
 With wistful gaze intently bent on me.
 How well I knew the form. It was my mother!
 I flew to greet her with a cry of joy,
 But she drew back avoiding my embrace.
 On earth my mother's arms were never closed
 Against the son she tenderly adored.
 Now—mournfully she pointed to the crowd
 Surrounding us. With burning shame I cried:
 "Oh, Mother! Mother! Have I brought you here?"

She bowed her head in silent, tearless sorrow.
 Then brokenly she whispered: "Oh, my son!
 You were my idol—dearer than my God,
 Who granted me the gift of motherhood.
 Enthralled by trammels of an earthly love,
 No soul can rise. The tie must first be broken—
 The clay we worship from its altar flung.
 When death approached, I yearned to stay with you.
 I had my wish! I was no longer free.
 My love had grown a chain attaching me
 Close to your side. Invisible I stood—
 And read within your heart your guilty thoughts.—
 I followed you with horror to this place.
 My son! My son! You were my pride and joy,
 But now my head is bent in shame for you.
 You added grievous burden to my cross
 By dragging me with you to degradation."

I stood amazed and overcome with grief:
 "Oh! Mother! Dearest mother—pardon me!
 I did not know. Oh! had I only guessed
 That your pure eyes could see my darkest deeds,
 My evil angel should not have prevailed.
 Nay, I had fought him then with might and main.
 No man on earth can surely be so fallen,
 That he would plunge in vice, if but he knew
 His mother's eyes could follow him. Each one
 Would shudder at the thought that the departed,
 Dear to his heart, was thus compelled to be
 A silent witness to his hidden sins!
 Atrocious is my doom! Yet—well deserved.
 But you! What crime is yours? Your love for me?
 Are mothers punished for their deep devotion?
 Unjust is He, who such a verdict passed."
 The shade of holy wrath, which long had darkened
 My mother's tender features, vanished now.
 She gently smiled. "Do not so quickly judge
 The sacred laws, you fail to understand.
 If keener pain is measured out to me
 Than I deserve—I suffer not in vain!
 It is for your dear sake. I murmur not.
 One day, my grief shall be your gain, my child.
 When once you truly grasp the love of Christ,
 Who suffered meek a thousand pangs for us,
 Then at the mem'ry of your mother's grief
 You will adore the mercy of the Lord."

"You love me still—although you now have gazed
 Into the deep abyss, down which I fell?"
 I cried, all trembling with surprise and joy.

Then in a whisper soft the answer came:
 "I love you still—but now with tender pity.
 My blind devotion helped to ruin you.
 No mortal man is fit to be adored;
 I worship you no more! My broken idol
 Has lost the power to enthrall my heart.
 Woe unto me! I knew not, in my blindness,
 That women harm the men they long to serve.
 By giving all and claiming nothing. Love
 Must be the recompense of noble strife;
 A price to victory—then it is precious!
 The love a man deserves—he values high;

The love unearned, despises wantonly.
 Once I was weak—the slave of my own heart;
 Now I am strong: the ruler of my love.
 It has no more the power to hold me down;
 Strength from above is granted it—to raise!"

"Oh, mother dear! Do not abandon me!
 I am unworthy of your love"—I cried
 "But do not leave me, hopeless and alone!
 You have your liberty: I still am chained.
 Remain with me, though you at last are free!"

She answered gently: "Such a sacrifice
 Would bring no benefit to you, my son.
 My mother-heart would gladly share your woe
 If, by the sharing, I might rend your bonds.
 Alas! Each spirit has to fight alone
 The strenuous battle with the lower self.
 No other back than ours may bear our load;
 No human aid can drag for us our cross.
 The only help I can bestow—is prayer.
 Allow no hopeless sorrows to consume you,
 Because I am compelled to leave your side.
 My yearning lifts me upward: you will follow
 When you have learned to meekly bear your fate.
 Be brave! For every victory you gain
 You will receive sweet comfort from above."

My mother vanished. I was left alone.
 No friend in all this crowd! I felt myself
 Abandoned, lost and utterly forlorn.
 My heart was filled with bitterness intense.
 Then to the angel at my side I turned:
 "Behold! Oh Lord! Even my mother shuns me.
 Let me return unto my lonely grave!
 I will not linger in this noisy crowd:
 Abhorrent to me is the sight of sin,
 I suffered less in my dark solitude."

"Remember thy companion at thy grave"—
 The angel gently said—"Fulfil thy mission!
 The child is still alive. Go—find its mother
 And crush her with thy righteous malediction!
 Behold the woman in that corner crouching.
 Draw near! 'Tis she—go and observe her well."

In silence I reluctantly obeyed.
 The pangs of grief had cooled my earlier wrath;
 Revengful thoughts within me long had died.
 What could I have to do with that poor creature?
 Her shocking sin was no concern of mine.
 I could not clearly see the woman's face,
 For she had hidden it with both her hands,
 And 'gainst the table rested wearily.
 Exhausted, desperate, she seemed to be
 A wounded animal that yearns to die.
 She could not laugh, as others of her trade,
 Nor weep. The fountain of her tears had dried.

I watched the hapless creature till my heart
 Grew soft to her. The angel whispered low:
 "This is the woman, thou hast dared to curse!
 Remembrance of her child now tortures her.
 Behold her grief! What pang hast thou to add
 To crush more utterly that broken heart?
 Why art thou silent? Dost thou fear to judge
 The fallen sister, who before thee stands?
 God's justice she shall not confront alone:
 There is a man whose sin is greater still.
 That babe a father had! It was his duty
 To give protection unto child and mother.
 He cast them both aside! This coward deed
 For vengeance cries to heaven, though on earth
 Such acts are not condemned by human laws.
 God made man strong that he might help the weak
 Whom now he ruins, careless of remorse.
 Behold this woman here, so deeply sunken!
 There was a time when she was sweet and pure;
 Her only treasure—her chaste innocence—
 She, thoughtless, gave away with lavish hands.
 The man she loved and trusted took the gift
 And in return gave lifelong shame and grief.
 He needed not her love. An idle hour
 It gratified a passing whim—no more!
 Cold scorn and mockery assailed her steps
 Wherever with her nameless child she went.
 Each door was closed. This one alone was open;
 So in despair the little one she left.
 Who for this crime should justly bear the blame?"

Impulsively I cried. "The heartless father!
 He murdered both the mother and the child.
 So base a scoundrel is not fit to live!"

The angel murmured: "Look at her once more
 And beg thy God to be a lenient Judge!"

I looked—and looked again—with wonder filled.
And suddenly it seemed to me I knew her..
Her bended form familiar was to me.
I sought 'mid half forgotten memories:
I must have known her—surely, ah! But where?
She raised her face: I saw the pallid features.
Oh God! 'twas she—the happy, playful child,
Whose rosy lips—alas—had tempted me.
I recognised the spot beneath the curls,
Where I had kissed her last with languid lips.
I sank together with a shuddering cry.
The angel sternly said: "Thou art the man!
The helpless infant, flung away to perish,
Whom thou hast deigned to pity—is thy son.
The tiny victim waits. . . Come, watch him die!"

Once more I stood beside the lonely spot,
Where—on his bed of snow—the boy was resting.
He was alive as yet, although the breathing
Could scarcely be perceived, so faint it was.
I bent despairing o'er the prostrate form
And cried aloud in bitter helplessness:
"Oh, could I purchase with a thousand pangs
One hour of life—that life I once disdained,
How quickly I would fly to summon help.
My hapless child, thou wouldst not perish thus!"

My sigh no echo raised. . . It died unheard.
The howling gale alone gave me response.
By heaping higher drifts of glitt'ring snow
All round that fragile wreck of human life.
The child would perish if no help arrived. . .
No **hope** was possible—yet still I hoped!
It could not—should not be. . . I must prevent
My crime from reaping such a bitter harvest.
Alas! I had no power to help. I felt
My utter nothingness. My very soul
Rose up to God in ardent supplication.
In that dark hour of anguish **faith** was born—
Faith in the mighty Lord, whose hand can snatch
Away from death its victims. I attempted
To lift my being on the wings of prayer,
Humbly imploring God to spare my child.

I then perceived a multitude of angels;
Their silver voices chanted—"Pray as we:
Thy will be done in heaven and on earth,
Oh God of love, forever and forever!"

I sank again down from the dazzling worlds
To which my ardent thought had tried to soar;
Half blinded by the glories there perceived
I never dared to stammer forth my prayer.

How dismal, cold and dark the earth appeared.
Poor child! Why had I wished to chain him there?
No! No! I ought no longer to prevent
His pure, white soul from taking instant flight
Straight to the arms of Christ—the children's friend.
A martyr's crown waits those who meekly suffer
For others' guilt. . . My son had won that crown.

"Ah! What is this? Whence comes this wondrous light
Which now illuminates the night with brilliance?
It emanates from me!" I saw a flame,
Which issued from my icy heart—'twas **love**.
That spark from heaven, kindled by my child,
Was fed with burning fuel of repentance.
All thrilled with joy, I felt a stream of warmth,
Of radiant light, all through my being glow.
At last I knew how sweet it is to love,
And felt most grateful to have learned that lesson.

The end drew near. . . A snow-white childish soul
Emerged from out its broken fragile shell;
And I drew back, not daring to approach,
Lest he in terror should recoil from me,
And shun the father who had given him
The wretched gift of life,—and nothing else.

The child was gazing out. . . He felt alone
There on the threshold of that unknown world
To which he had been summoned. Would he still
No father find, with sheltering arms outstretched?
On earth his greeting was a mother's tears. . .
Though innocent, he was the child of shame.
He had been born. . . That was his only crime!
Was not that crime by death atoned in full?
Now that to spirit life he had returned,
Was there no father who his duty knew?

He looked around and then perceived at last
The flame, which from my soul leapt forth to meet him:
"I missed thee, whom I never knew on earth!"
He whispered, nestling in my hungry arms—
"Oh father, where thou stayest, let me stay!"

"No! No! Around me all is cold and dreary. . .
Poor child, I will not share with thee my woe.
My crime against thee would still more oppress me
If I delayed thy luminous ascent.
Look up! Behold the thousand stars of heaven:
Thy home is there! Spread out thy snowy wings!
I love thee. Gladly will I now renounce
The joy thy presence would have given me.
Farewell, we soon shall meet. I follow thee,
When in His mercy, God my pardon seals."
The child then cried: "See, see thy chain is broken!
Oh father! Thou art free! What blessed joy. . .
Now, hand in hand to heaven we can rise
We two—together—always. God is good!"

What glorious bliss it was at last to fly
Away from cloudy earth in liberty
And to approach the sun, whose golden rays
Surrounded us with roseate brilliancy.
Divinely fair is the eternal dawn,
Which greets the first ascension of the soul.
Its wondrous splendour mirrors raintly forth
The great Creator's own magnificence.
Praise, glory and thanksgiving unto God,
Who made the sun—an emblem of Himself.
The human eye cannot endure its radiance;
When spirits lift their glance to it they tremble
And reverently bend in adoration
Of that sun's origin, the Source of Life.

Man can by virtue of his thoughts create
A tiny world of beauty for himself.
The thoughts of God gave birth to lustrous heavens;
The stars are a reflection of His glory.

Life, Love and Light compose the Trinity.
A myriad sparks proceeded from that source.
Each spark must grow till it becomes a flame,
Which through Eternity will not be quenched.
How is the soul to grow? Through sorrow only,
For grief makes man grow greater than himself.
Affliction winnows tares from out the wheat. . .
The wheat grows up. . . It is the crop of God.

Behold the drops of rain, which fall from heaven;
They mingle with the dust of earth,
Until the sun recalls them from the clay,
And lifts each sparkling drop up to the skies.
So shall at last each wand'ring soul return
Unto the Source of Life from which it flowed,
There to enjoy communion with the Christ
And merge in perfect unison with God.
There is no Paradise of idle rest,
Where blessed spirits dwell in aimless joy.
The highest goal to which we can aspire
Is to resemble God. To reach that end
We struggle upwards through a million years.
Eternal hope brings us eternal joy.
We paradise create within our breast.

When Sorrow comes to visit human hearts,
That Angel's mission is to sweep the Temple
Where God Himself elects in grace to dwell.
We follow in the mighty steps of Grief
With gentle tread and cool the burning wound;
We kiss away the tear which hides the sky.
Another Angel comes. . . His name is **PEACE**.
He finds in broken hearts a resting place.

To ev'ry spot on earth where prayers rise
We quickly fly and carry them to heaven,
Descending swift with blessing from above.
We watch in patience by the bed of pain
And guide the falt'ring steps of infant souls;
We fill the poet's dreams with wondrous beauty,
And bid him hear a strain of angels' songs.
His silent sobs we melt in harmony. . .
His highest thought is but a gift from us.

Say! Can there be a fairer paradise?
Can mortals dream a joy exceeding ours?
Like Christ, we ever sacrifice ourselves,
Yet keep eternally more than we give.

Now dawn is near. . . Thy lamp is burning low!
Thy weary head sinks down in lassitude.
Thy task is done: Our spirit child created!
Fruit of my thought—it has grown up in thee!
In pain brought forth, but yet of love begotten.
The seed he bears within is Life Eternal.
That seed will germinate in bleeding hearts
And ripen to a crop of richest blessing.