

WITH PRESENTATION FULL-PAGE PORTRAIT OF W. T. STEAD

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT

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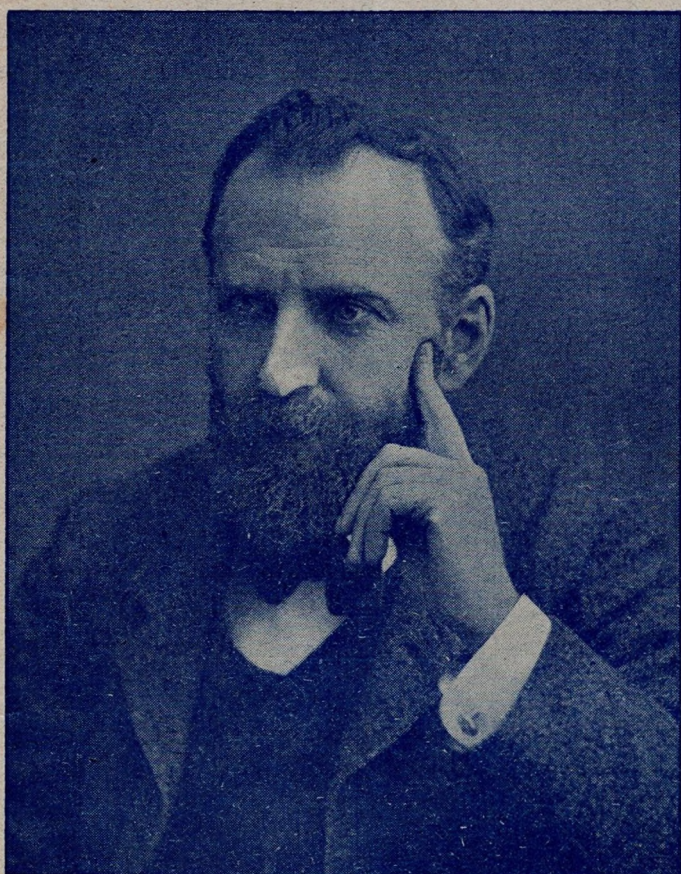
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Edited by Annie Bright

Vol. 42. No. 507.

MELBOURNE, MAY 1st, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



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The Harbinger of Light.

MAY 1, 1912.

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SPECIAL "STEAD" NUMBER.

OUR PICTURES.

By the courtesy of the Australian editor of the "Review of Reviews" we are enabled to give to our readers the life-like portrait of Mr. Stead, which forms one of the supplements to this issue. It was a personal and highly valued gift of Mr. Stead to his colleague in Australia, and our most cordial thanks are tendered to Mr. Judkins for his kindness in lending it for re-production.

By the generous aid of an unfailing helper in the cause and the skill of engraver and printer, it has been possible to present readers of the "Harbinger" with this unique memento of one of the most faithful and earnest workers for Spiritualism of later years.

As a faithful representation of Mr. Stead twenty-one years ago the smaller picture on cover and in article is given in contrast.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is not possible to write these notes without first mentioning the great defender and exponent of Spiritualism, Mr. W. T. Stead, whose tragic leaving of the earth life has thrilled us all. For those of us who realise to the full the transitoriness of life on this planet, viewing it merely as the seed time of human existence, and a school for the development of character, there is no room for terror, and even regret is shorn of half its bitterness at lives apparently cut short. For there is no actual break in life which goes on beyond the change called death with renewed vigour and with opportunities that can scarcely be gauged in this struggling existence. There has occurred in connection with Mr. Stead's transition one of those remarkable and unsought for experiences which come unexpectedly in the early morning when my spiritual and bodily powers are being replenished for the work that is set before me to do. Much of it would appear like a fairy-tale to the uninitiated as well as many similar experiences whose corroboration has come afterwards in my daily life. Suffice it to say that I was conscious of a great upliftment and the words "Stead is here," came clearly to my spiritual ears. Then rapidly some writing which I was enjoined by him to give somehow or somewhere in this issue of the paper. He had read my article, that was not to be disturbed, but in "Personals" or elsewhere to let the world know something of the joy of the new-found world. "Just tell them," he said, "that I am full of delight at my new surroundings; full of delight that this world is even more full of joy and ecstasy than I had essayed to tell people in earth life; so full of joy that I want to wipe the tears from eyes that weep

through this terrible disaster; so full of joy that I want to take doubt from every downcast soul. So full of delight that I can help my beloved even more than when on earth. My affairs will go on all right. For myself it was a swift passage, a short despairing time—chaos, confusion, only to find myself lifted out of it by loving spirits all round me. Everything so real and so tangible that I felt as if on an enchanted island having escaped from a ship wrecked on its shores. So close is this spiritual realm to the earth that we can understand how those with open vision get glimpses of beautiful scenery and angelic beings. The people still on earth are in a fog rushing after what is of no value and only those can be happy who get attuned to spiritual things. I can write through you so easily."

All who know me best are well aware that it is contrary to my usual custom to mention publicly, or even to intimate friends, the marvellous assurances that come to me in every trying time, of guidance from a spiritual conclave, which directs not only the work of the circle, with its wonderful teaching, but the paper itself. From my previous knowledge of these things, I personally accept my message on this occasion as true. It is only the strong and earnest desire, almost command, that accompanied it which has made me depart from my usual rule. Much more was said of my work and life generally, and if my paper appeals in the future more strongly to the public, if I get the ear of the thousands who are waiting for these truths, it will be because one more helper has passed to that great World of Causes and a fresh impulse towards still better work has come thereby.

There is no doubt that we are on the eve of great changes and developments in the religious thought of the time. It was curious to read in the columns of the *Argus* what would have shocked its readers even ten years ago. In the notice of the performance of "The Creation" at the Exhibition Building on Good Friday by the Philharmonic Society the writer prefaced his criticism by saying that "a certain power of detachment is necessary in order to enjoy Haydn's 'Creation.' It is not only that the underlying assumption of the separate creation of species is unthinkable . . . but that there is nothing profound in the general conception of the universe as it appears in this work." This is quite true and as I sat and listened to the exquisite music I found myself thinking of Ingersoll's splendid lecture on the same words as the soloist sang, "He made the stars also," but it was not expected that the *Argus* critic was going to write something similar. And yet we have the clergymen calling out that the old theology is dead and that any criticism, such as Rev. B. F. Austin's, "Conundrums for the Clergy," is quite unnecessary. Some of the best preachers, however, see the position quite clearly. Rev. H. Mayne Young, preaching in Westminster Abbey said lately:—

"The old worn-out theology of the past needed to be adjusted and re-stated to-day, as it had often been re-adjusted and re-stated in ages long ago in order that it might once more supply the needs of a progressively inspired people. . . . The day was not far distant when, unless the Church of England freely re-stated and remodelled her creeds, so as to meet the requirements of the age, she would be left stranded on the shores of time, while the tide of modern life would leave her ever further and further behind—a sad warning of the inevitable results of an ironbound system of worn-out dogmas and lifeless traditions."

This applies equally to all orthodox churches. There is a general eclipse of faith, and the churches will lose their hold on the masses in ever increasing ratio until a religion worthy the acceptance of rational people has been evolved.

"There lives more faith in honest doubt
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

WILLIAM T. STEAD,
Brilliant Journalist and Avowed Spiritualist.

BY ANNIE BRIGHT.

It will be nineteen years next August since I received my first letter from Mr. Stead, and there lies before me now the last he was to write to me in this life, received a little over a month ago. During the intervening years he has been a constant help and inspiration in my work, and it is almost impossible to write all that is in my heart, in face of the appalling catastrophe which has shocked the world and spread unspeakable grief and dismay in thousands of homes. When the first news came of the wreck of the mammoth White-Star liner, "The Titanic," among the icebergs of the North Atlantic, and Mr. Stead's name was among the list of distinguished persons on board, it was hoped that he might eventually be found among the saved. Gradually, however, hope was extinguished as further news came, and now in all the grievous details that come slowly to hand it is evident that he was either washed overboard when the final plunge of the doomed steamer came, or perished on a raft from the extreme cold and exposure. That he has passed on to that fuller and more glorious existence—the truth of which he had proclaimed so faithfully and in the face of gigantic odds to the world—all of us know who have gained any knowledge of the unseen world and its realities. But the horror of the tragedy is still upon us, and all we can do is to pray that the stricken hearts of his relatives may be soothed and comforted by the knowledge that for him death had no terrors, and that it was probably just a summons to "go up higher."

A PALMIST'S PROPHECY.

In the first number of the fourth volume of "Borderland," published January, 1897—that is, fifteen years ago—is one of a series of chapters on "Palmistry," by Mr. Stead, this one being headed, "Is Palmistry Dependable?" giving an account from *Pearson's Magazine* of the same date, of nine typical hands as told by a palmist. The photographed hands—that of Mr. Stead being reproduced on the next page—were submitted by *Pearson's Magazine* to "Teresina," a pupil of Cheiro, the great exponent of the science. "All the delineations were given by 'Teresina,'" says Mr. Stead, "without in the least being aware as to the character and the persons to whom they belonged. The nine palms which are arranged in their order, are as follows:—W. T. Stead, Sir Walter Besant, Dr. Parker, Mr. G. R. Sims, Sir Evelyn Wood, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the Lord Chief Justice, Mrs. George Alexander, and a typical criminal and a notorious burglar." Mr. Stead and others bear testimony to the remarkable accuracy of much that was said, considering that a photograph of a hand is too indistinct for detailed information, and the curious part for us to notice is that she says "the life line is moderately long, terminating about 63." As Mr. Stead was born in July, 1849, the age "about 63"

exactly coincides. "About this prophecy," Mr. Stead remarked, "I can say nothing. Madame Blavatsky used to say I would live till past 75. I think one prophecy is about as good as another." A statement made, however, from studying the life line on a hand is, as the result shows, much more to be credited than anything predicted by a medium or astrologist which, as results prove so often, must always be received with extreme caution.

MR. STEAD DEMONSTRATES THE LATENT POWERS
 OF THE SOUL.

It was in 1893 that from Mr. Stead came the first great impetus to what may be called the "Newer Spiritualism," by his articles in *The Review of Reviews* concerning the automatic using of his hand, not only by "Julia," a friend who had passed to spirit life, but also—most remarkable and revolutionary of all previous ideas—from those still in the flesh. These would come from friends wishing to inform him of something, or

from members of his family travelling on the Continent or elsewhere. In every case the correctness of what he was told was subsequently corroborated. For myself it was an important epoch in my own spiritual development, and of more personal import than that of the declaration of a natural unsuspected law—that of Telepathy—by eminent scientists in 1888. In a remarkable way, which I have told in my published volume, I was brought into touch with "Julia" in unexpected fashion, and this led to the first letter I received from Mr. Stead in 1893. At that time I was writing for a weekly journal in Melbourne and was asked by the editor to give him six articles on what I should discover by visits to the most accredited mediums and palmists, but from a purely journalistic standpoint. My ex-



WILLIAM T. STEAD.

periences were so remarkable that the mere jotting of them down made "copy" that was quite unexpected, and among them was a brief interview with "Julia" at a circle above suspicion, where no fees of admission were received. This was sent unknown to myself by a friend in Melbourne, who had read the articles, to Mr. Stead in London, bringing the letter to me, which was the commencement of our long and intimate correspondence. It was always a cherished desire that I should see him some time, somewhere face to face, and in the letter received a few mails ago Mr. Stead says, "Is there any possibility of your coming to London? We should be very glad indeed to see you." This after telling me that he agreed with me in my estimate of Marie Corelli, and that I should receive in due course an article for *Harbinger* with the account of Mrs. Wriedt's doings in her expected visit to London in May. It is highly probable that Mr. Stead was crossing the Atlantic with the intention of taking the return trip with Mrs. Wriedt when this terrible disaster occurred. At this date, however, the object of his visit to America is not known, and this and other details will have to be waited for.

MR. STEAD AND JOURNALISM.

Mr. Stead has been called the Prince of Interviewers, and there is no doubt that this gift of sympathy with his subject, and the power of imparting that sympathy to his readers was the secret of his great success. With the usual purblindness of the average newspaper man, *The Age* is made to say in an otherwise excellent "character sketch" of Mr. Stead in its issue of April 18, "Despite his early blunders in connection with the 'Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon,' and his vagaries in connection with 'spook-lore' and his 'familiar' Julia, he always managed to maintain his hold on an immense public in Great and Greater Britain as a brilliant writer who had the entrée of half 'the houses that matter' in the capitals of Europe." Mr. Stead's own view of these important incidents in his career was an entirely different one to that of his would-be critic. As is well known, consternation in society circles, whence the



Photograph of Mr. Stead's hand.

money comes for the cruel and shameless traffic in young children for immoral purposes, was the result of Mr. Stead's fearless showing up of London's licentiousness, and the law was set in motion for him to be accused of some technical law-breaking in connection therewith. For this he was sentenced to a brief imprisonment in November, 1885, in Holloway Gaol, which was a source of honour to him rather than the degradation his enemies wished to bring about. Every succeeding year he made that memorable date a fête day, donned once again the prison garb he was compelled to wear, and received the congratulations of his friends. In the last letter sent to me he enclosed two photographs taken last November in prison garb endorsed "in remembrance of November, 1885." Of his other "blunder," according to *The Age*, in connection with "spook-lore," as it stupidly terms his valuable work in bringing before a densely materialistic world the realities of spirit life, we may safely leave results to posterity. It will be the one thing that will stand out above all others in his remarkable career, and will stamp him as one of the most sincere and bravest of investigators. It took something more than ordinary courage to run the risk of ruining his career as he did in 1893 by publishing in the *Review of Reviews* his experiences as an automatic writer, and some of the letters he was then receiving from Julia. That it seriously affected the circulation of his paper, then started about three years, is certain, but Stead was not the man to turn back

having once put his hand to the plough. We know, indeed, that "no man having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God," and if anyone set himself to do the Will of the Father in giving these truths to the world it was W. T. Stead. In his introduction to the first edition of "Letters from Julia," published in 1897, but which after passing through six editions is now re-named "After Death," he pertinently says, "No one who knows anything of the prejudice that exists on the subject will deny that I have no personal interest to serve in taking up the exceedingly unpopular and much-ridiculed position of a believer in the reality of such communications. For years I have laboured under a serious disadvantage on this account in many ways, both private and public. I am well aware that the contents of this Preface will be employed to discount and discredit everything I may do or say for years to come. That is unfortunate, no doubt, but of course it cannot be weighed in the balance compared to the importance of testifying to what I believe to be the truth about the messages written with my hand." This was his unflinching attitude of mind and is a striking contrast and standing rebuke to the many public men who with not half so much at stake as he, deliberately stultify themselves by failing to stand erect at critical moments and are for ever debased not only in the eyes of onlookers, but are sowing a seedbed of insincerity to be reaped when they have to face the realities of spirit life. To hide the light under a bushel for fear of men's opinions is the unforgivable sin, the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost which is God's voice in the soul. Said the great Teacher, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men."

AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

So great, however, was Mr. Stead's fear of self-deception on so great a subject that, although he went on investigating in the most whole-hearted way, it was, as he considered, evidence for himself alone until 1909, when I had the pleasure of receiving an MSS. article for publishing in the "Harbinger" entitled "How I Know the Dead Return." With his characteristic kindness and unflinching interest in my work he had sent simultaneously the same article to the "Fortnightly Review" and this paper so that it might be printed in Australia by the time the "Fortnightly" should arrive. It is what may be called "A Human Document" giving every step in his growing conviction of the truth of Spiritualism, culminating in his decision to give this great assurance to the world. That article created a sensation. It was subsequently published in pamphlet form by E. W. Cole's Book Arcade, and many thousand copies have been sold. In the "Age" of April 22nd passing mention is made of this pamphlet and Mr. Stead's simile, in his most able introductory pages, of crossing the Atlantic, to gaining knowledge of a spiritual world. Comparing the difficulty of getting reliable information from that other land he says: "At last after innumerable disappointments, it is possible that the captain of the last exploring expedition might succeed in getting through a message, clear direct to the point, such as this:—

"From Captain Smith, of the 'Resolute' s.s., to Lloyd's, London:—'Alive and well. Discovered new world filled with descendants of Christopher Columbus and his men.'"

It might almost be read as a message to-day from that other world. Captain Smith of the "Titanic" has, indeed, opened a new world to many on his ship, and there is no doubt that all are "alive and well" in the spiritual sense.

FAITH MADE PERFECT.

At the close of the pamphlet, "How I Know the Dead Return," Mr. Stead takes the reader into his confidence and tells them in the following sentences of his absolute faith:

"One last word. For the last fifteen years I have been convinced by the pressure of a continually accumulating

mass of first-hand evidence of the truth of the persistence of personality after death, and the possibility of intercourse with the departed. But I always said, 'I will wait until someone in my own family has passed beyond the grave before I finally declare my conviction on this subject.'

"Twelve months ago this month of December I saw my eldest son, whom I had trained in the fond hope that he would be my successor, die at the early age of thirty-three. The tie between us was of the closest. No one could deceive me by fabricated spurious messages from my beloved son.

"Twelve months have now passed, in almost every week of which I have been cheered and comforted by messages from my boy, who is nearer and dearer to me than ever before. The preceding twelve months I had been much abroad. I heard less frequently from him in that year than I have heard from him since he passed out of our sight. I have not taken his communications by my own hand. I knew him so well that what I wrote might have been the unconscious echoes of converse in the past. He has communicated with me through the hands of two slight acquaintances, and they have been one and all as clearly stamped with the impress of his own character and mode of thought as any of the letters he wrote to me during his sojourn on earth.

"After this I can doubt no more. For me the problem is solved, the truth is established, and I am glad to have this opportunity of testifying publicly to all the world that, so far as I am concerned, doubt on this subject is henceforth impossible."

In the very title of this pamphlet can be seen the manner of man Mr. Stead is. There is no hesitancy, no mental reservation, in his declaration "How I Know the Dead Return." In some of his letters he has said how he should like to visit Australia. It is quite certain that if such a happy event could have taken place he would have made it an epoch in the spiritual life of this people. In Melbourne the Town Hall would have been taken and opened freely for all to hear the glad tidings of great joy. Better than all the missionaries with whom

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order."

Mr. Stead would tell of a Universe with Love and Justice at its centre, of mansions which we are building every day in those ethereal realms by every thought and word and deed in our passage through this earthly pilgrimage, of a judgment to come where each soul will be its own accuser, of the Divine law which makes it possible for all at last to be at one with the Father of Spirits—In Tune with the Infinite.

UNCEASING WORK IN THE FUTURE.

There is endless work, however, for us all to do. In spite of spasmodic attempts on the part of sensational preachers to attract crowds, there was never a time when the churches had less hold on the masses. Intelligent people have turned once for all against creeds which belie the goodness of God, and in most cases have given up all belief in a future or interest in anything but the so-called pleasures of life. As was well said by Signor Valetti in April "Harbinger," when telling his "Experiences in Spirit Life." "Men are sick in their soul of being told to trust to another. They cannot fathom the scheme or plan of salvation, but they do know that round about them is a world of misery, of unhappiness, of shortcomings. It is only the true spiritual philosophy which teaches man to rely upon himself and become his own saviour by being true to himself." The most important thing that has to be done is to show that spiritualism, such as Mr. Stead's and all true upholders of its unrivalled philosophy, has nothing to do with fortune-telling, and to dissociate ourselves from unworthy exponents who bring discredit on the cause by fraudulent practices and lives which will not bear investigation. This is a transition period, and in our ranks now are to be numbered many men and women of equal training and intelligence with Mr. Stead, whose lives, like his, are above reproach, whose word is their bond, and who emphatically "live the life." It is in the hands of such as these that the future of Spiritualism rests. And more rapidly than many people are aware it is being lifted into the dignity of a faith, at once simple and soul-satisfying, destined to be the religion of the future.

It is hardly possible to conceive of the change that will come over the world when this happy consummation will be reached. There will not only be a new meaning to life, but Death will no longer be the King of Terrors and the dread messenger the people have been taught to believe. We may rest assured that to Mr. Stead death will not be a destruction or lessening of power. It will simply be an enhancement of existence, an awakening from this earthly dream, a casting off of the trammels of flesh and a wider field for love and service. He will meet the loved ones who have gone before, for

"They are not dead; they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that diviner sphere."

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

By ANNIE BRIGHT.

There has never been an address given at the above circles or elsewhere, as far as our knowledge extends, which gives so vivid and life-like a view of the life in the spheres as that by Signor Valetti, published in the April issue, entitled "Personal Experiences in Spirit Life." Difficult as it is for those still in the body to understand spiritual realities, the evident earnestness and sympathetic desire of Signor Valetti to give a real and life-like picture to his hearers must be responsible for the remarkable result. From many different quarters have come warm encomiums, echoing the feeling of those privileged to listen to its delivery, that it was one of the most remarkable addresses ever given at the circle. It was the experience, however, of one who had been at least "sincere," and at the following circle it was announced by Dr. Whitcomb that an address would be given at the next meeting by "a citizen who violated his conscience on the earth plane and had to suffer for so doing." It is printed below, with a prefatory address by Dr. Witherow, and presents as awful a picture as that given by Dante in his Inferno.

Each step onward in this marvellous investigation of the universe and its hidden forces shows that there is no more outstanding fact than that apparent on the threshold of investigation by open-minded inquirers, that each one must be his or her own saviour. Any of the world's great teachers can help the individual growth of a soul, but no one can do the work of another. There is, moreover, absolutely no "forgiveness of sins"; not even the Father of Spirits can obliterate the stains that defile the soul by wrong doing. These must be washed away through repentance and fervent aspiration for increased light. But let us remember that this universe has love as well as justice at its centre, and no struggling soul is left without help in its need or a "Messenger," as in the case of the stricken soul who tells its sad story below. Corroboration of this comes from our greatest and clearest thinkers. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace says, as quoted in the April "Harbinger": "The infinite chasm between ourselves and the Deity is to some extent occupied by an almost infinite series of graded beings, each successive grade having higher and higher powers in regard to the origination, the development and the control of the Universe." Every day science is bringing us back to a real religion, showing that not only is spirit the basis of matter, but that at the back of electrons, atoms, molecules, and electricity itself, which is the great motive power, that there is a Directive Force recognised throughout the ages under various names, and from which alone we can draw spiritual strength. The more we grow spiritually, the more light and love. To be without these is to be plunged into the nethermost hell, as in the case of the lost soul which appealed so earnestly to the sitters at Mr. Stanford's circle.

The following is a brief account of addresses given and phenomena witnessed since the report in April issue —

187TH SEANCE, February 29th.—“Personal Experiences in Spirit Life,” address by Dr. Witherow. Phenomena. Tablet from Babylon, brought in the light. Plant grown by Yogi from bulb brought from India of a jungle lily. Yogi explained that he simply hastened the forces of nature and grew in half an hour what would take perhaps three weeks in a natural state. It grew about 12 inches before the close of the sitting. A second tablet was brought and both translated by Dr. Robinson.

188TH SEANCE, March 7th.—“Experiences in Spirit Life,” by one who passed into the darkness, given below, with Dr. Witherow’s introductory remarks. Phenomena. A tablet from Babylon in the light. An edible bird’s nest from China. A second tablet. Mandarin’s skirt.

189TH SEANCE, March 14th.—Address by Dr. Witherow, “The Spirit-filled Life.” Phenomena. Woman’s dress from the north of New Guinea not yet visited by the white man. It was photographed for the April issue. Two tablets from Nineveh.

190TH SEANCE, March 21st.—Address by Signor Valetti, “God in Man.” Phenomena. Tablet from Nineveh. Seed brought by Abdul, planted by Yogi. It grew several inches and the plant became luminous, and could be seen in outline when the light was put down. The plant was called the Swamp Iris, and it was explained by Dr. Whitecomb that it became luminous by concentration of the power which Yogi utilised to make it grow. A native picture from New Guinea, painted on a mat made from “paperine,” like that used for the belt of the woman’s dress photographed for April issue.

ADDRESS BY ONE WHO PASSED INTO DARKNESS.

INTRODUCTION BY DR. WITHEROW.

Specially reported by Miss M. Wilson, Shorthand Writer and Typist, Modern Buildings, 317 Collins Street, Melbourne.

My name is Witherow. I must make a few remarks to prepare the way for a speaker from the dark side of spirit life. You have had addresses delivered, and notably one from Signor Valetti, reported in April “Harbinger,” on “Personal Experiences in the Spirit Life.” Each speaker has tried to make you understand that it is a very desirable state and world to live in. But most important is it to remember that its beauties, its pleasures, and its satisfaction are only for those who have really laboured to attain unto them, have, in fact, earned them. I trust that no one has gone away saying, “Well, it seems that the whole of the human race will have a splendid time hereafter.” That all depends upon yourselves; for, unfortunately, the happiness, the joy and the peace that we personally have experienced is not the experience of all people. I have no desire to make you believe that I was a sanctified person, or in any sense above all my fellows, spiritually or morally. Nothing of the sort. Looking back on my life in the flesh, I am astonished to find how complacently I lived, considering the enormous number of mistakes I made daily. Many things I might have done, and ought to have done, I did not do; but I am thankful to God that through it all I was sincere, and that I tried to do my duty in all circumstances. The rest I have left with God. Alas, there are myriads of souls who have not tried to do their duty. They have violated their conscience, and have said within themselves, “I will have none of the things of God; I do not care for the rights of others or for the sanctity of human life.” “One world at a time” is enough, they have said, and then they have passed on. But their experiences in the spiritual world into which they have entered are not so pleasant as for those who have tried to do their duty.

WE MUST ACT RIGHTLY FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS SAKE.

We are not commissioned, however, to hold out hope of reward for right doing. A true man will do right “in scorn of consequence,” because it is right. There is something within him which rebels at that which is wrong when he is tempted to go astray. It is abhorrent to him, and more especially to the man who has made spiritual matters his life’s business. Some people say, “We are too busy to give much consideration to these matters.” With Felix, the old Roman when Paul “reasoned of righteous-

ness, temperance, and judgment to come,” they say we will hear thee “at a more convenient season.” But I tell you there is only one time to consider spiritual matters and that is the present. Grasp it now—there is only one time.

There is a brother in the spirit who is now going to take possession of this sensitive to speak to you. This address is not to be published with his name as it might cause some of his friends great uneasiness, and we do not wish to do that. It is for your benefit, and that when you go forth you may tell others of judgment to come. Our friend and brother, whom we are helping, and whom you will help to-night, understood the spiritual philosophy and even sat in spiritual meetings. You will hear to what he attributes his downfall and the misery he has experienced. Let us all pray for this downcast one and not only for him but for millions of others who are in the same state as himself. If in your heart you give him sympathy and a strong desire that he may rise out of the darkness—that is a prayer.

“Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire,

Uttered or unexpressed:

The motion of a hidden fire

That trembles in the breast.”

If you desire in your souls to help the sufferings of others—that is a prayer. We are told that it is a good and holy thing to pray for the souls of the departed, and so it is. Good thoughts reach everywhere; they penetrate to the uttermost parts of the universe; they are stronger and more potent than evil. Nevertheless evil thoughts, of a necessity, can work a great deal of mischief. Let the good prevail!

A MELBOURNE CITIZEN’S EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT LIFE.

Good friends, my name is —. I ought to know somebody here to-night, for I am in Melbourne, am I not? I should know some. I have been asked by kind friends on my side to speak to you, and have been urged by Dr. Whitcomb to come to you for my own personal benefit. Some here may remember me. I lived in this city—in Carlton. I had a good upbringing by my parents in the church. I got my information about spiritual philosophy from a friend of mine who is over here with me now. I used to visit him in the Eastern Market. I am, ladies and gentlemen, a victim of greed. I have been told to freely confess my faults, and there is no need to hide anything now. Is there anyone here who remembers—a long, long time ago, it seems to me now—what was called the Melbourne Land Boom, when all Melbourne—and, indeed, all Australia—went mad; and I went mad with them. I sat in many meetings like this. I wish to tell you, good friends, that I truly believed in life after death, truly believed that my friends came back to me; but, with it all, greed got the upper hand. I went land booming with others. I made a little money, and then I lost it, and this so acted upon me, that I lost all self-control and moral restraint. I could not help it. I think that it must have been influences who had lived on the earth in the same state as I was in that came round about me, for I did something that I ought not to have done so as to get my money back. Ah, how often are we warned, and we won’t take any notice, just like a child with the fire. I was sitting once in a meeting with this man as the medium whom I am now speaking through. I think his name was Bailey, and it was in the house of Mr. Hudson whose wife, I would like to say, has helped me very much. It was in his house that Dr. Whitcomb, who presides at this circle, came and spoke to me. This is what he said—Ah, if I had only taken notice! He said, “I have got to warn you that if you don’t give up your evil ways that you will lose everything you have got and some affliction will come upon you. Your end will be terrible.” Those were the words he said to me through the mouth of this man. It seems to me a long time ago. I did not take any notice. Yes, I remember I did for a little while. But then I saw others doing the same kind of thing, and I sinned again. There was

a man owed me some money and he refused to pay me. I stopped going to these meetings, and I became, commercially and financially speaking, morally bad. I went, as you would say, from bad to worse.

HIS HEALTH FAILED.

Up to this time I had always had pretty good health, and we should be thankful for the blessing of health. It seemed, however, to go from me. Some complaint took hold of me, and I lost the use of my legs. The doctor said it was rheumatism. At last I had to be driven about, I could not walk; so not being able to go about or do business, and not having much money I became poorer and poorer. I had always been able to be well dressed, and my clothes got shabby. There are a good many things I cannot tell you. I got extremely wretched with these pains. I was then living at a place called Hawthorn, and I do not know how it happened. I went to bed one night, and it seemed as if there was someone in the room. I remember that influences seemed to be round me urging me to put an end to myself. Everything was black and horrible. I could not help thinking of that doctor telling me I should get sick. It was awful. Next day I was really bad. Perhaps, friends, there is some excuse in a way for a man who has had good health all his life and then has months of pain racking him night and day; for one who has no money and his landlady dunning him; other people hunting him also; and he striving all the time to preserve a genteel appearance. It is hard! hard!

I was very bad that day and those evil influences round about me seemed to say, "End it, end it!" I do not want to say anything that would hurt the feelings of the ladies present to-night, but I made up my mind—I was so miserable—to end it. Oh, what a foolish thing to do! I always used to think that to kill a fellow man was the most terrible crime in the world. I find now that it is more dreadful to kill yourself—to cut short your own existence. I will tell you why I think so. You have it all in your own hands concerning yourself, but by murder you force the evil on to another, and that much is lifted from him while you have that much more to bear.

HIS PASSING OVER.

There came round me that awful night, what is difficult to describe. It was terrible, terrible, terrible! I hope none of you will ever be in my case. I know now what I ought to have done. What a curse the love of money is to cause a man to get into a state like that! That is all you people are fighting for when the love of money gets the better of you. You are fighting for your destruction if you do not handle it better than I did. I used to hear the spirits say this through other mediums and I used to say, "You are not down here." That night, so black, so awful—and I ought to tell you about it but I cannot—it was so dark, so awful and I could not help it. Ah, how awful, how terrible it was! Then I felt that all seemed to be going out from me. Everything grew dark and black. I seemed next to come out of myself, and I will tell you just what I felt. I hope none of you have ever experienced it. I felt as if some terrible calamity was coming on me. I wonder how a man feels who has got to be hung next day, for I think I must have felt like that. It was black but I could hear something like people sobbing. It sounded like curses, and yet I could not hear it distinctly. I sensed it in some way. There was sobbing and wailing, and I seemed to be groping in some dark place. It would be hard to make you understand how I felt. In my good days I used to pride myself on keeping select company. They might not have been select morally, but outwardly they were. I liked to be with gentle people and genteel folk. Suppose for a moment that people could take you and throw you into prison among murderers, thieves and low characters; suppose you were taken in your sleep and next morning you could find no way out—that is how I found myself, only

worse. Then there came a messenger to me. He was bright but his face was hidden. I don't know why they hide their faces—do you? He told me what I had done. He said, "You have destroyed the temple of the help spirit of God, and until you come out of this state messengers will come to you and help you." I felt that if I had been in the flesh like you people are, I would shriek with the horror of being among those depraved spirits, of being in a dark place like that.

WHAT IT IS LIKE.

I am told to tell you what it was like, but how can I tell you? I went to New Zealand once, where the mountains burn, and it is all dark and barren. There are no mountains burning here, but it looked like a blackened, dark country—a barren waste—and the further I travelled in company with these awful associates—ugh!—the more barren it got. I had not been long there, though it seemed a long time to me—I am only telling you this so that you may understand—when we came to a great sheet of black water. As I looked into it I saw all the things that I had done wrong, and the peculiar thing about it was this, that to everything I saw I exclaimed, "That's right; I did that." Had I been over in Hawthorn I would have said, "No, I did not do such a thing." But I had to admit the truth of it there. I was in that dreadful company for a long time. The worst of it is that everyone tells his woe to the other. Oh, it is maddening. To me it was torture! The messenger with the veiled face used to come to me. He seemed to impress upon me that my crime was more than anyone else's. But why? Because I had been instructed as you people are. I knew the truth. I had thrown aside the lies, the errors and the falsehoods of the church's teachings. That is why it was worse for me. In my agony I felt like falling down before the feet of the messenger and begging him to say something or do something that might get me out of those awful surroundings. I knew someone down here and I thought if I could get where I have been brought to-night—and I am thankful to you; I am thankful to them that brought me here—I thought if I could get down here that I might find out this sensitive. But they kept me away from him. I went to other places, but they waved me off. I know why—do you? It was because I am a dark spirit—that is why.

I looked for the coming of the Messenger who bade me hope and told me what to do; but I was so bound that it was hard to do it. Then the influences round me held me down. Oh, I could not fully tell you about those over there with me—and I have got to go back! It is better now than it was, but I want to get out of it. I hope that the directing spirits are taking into consideration all the pains I have suffered and the worries I had to encounter. It was awful! The Messenger tells me that that was not so much my crime, but that I learned and professed the truth and did exactly opposite. That seems to be worse than taking one's own life. For a long time—it seems so long; it seems thousands of years to me—my hair and whiskers were grey in the flesh, but if I had had five minutes of what I have experienced here they would have been white when I was a youth. But I am going to get out of it. I pray you, tell me how! I used to sit in a chair in a meeting like this and while I listened to the loved ones speaking I was sometimes planning how I would make a bit more money—not always in a strictly honest way, but by sharp commercial practices. I knew that some day I would have to die. I had no doubt about it. I want to tell you that there is something worse than pains in the flesh. They tell me here that there is a bright and beautiful place, so bright—but I have not seen my father and mother yet. I know they send messengers to me. They want to help me, and I want to get to them. For a long time I have wanted to get to them. I could not tell you about those degraded spirits round me. It is too horrible. You would not, you could not, un-

derstand. It is a dark, barren place. Ah, tell me, I beseech you, that I will come out of it. Pray to God that I will! I sat in a chair like you and listened as you are listening. I knew I had to go over to spirit life, but I thought it was a long time off. In about eighteen months I lost my money and I lost my health, and came over into this barren blackness, this environment. Ugh! It's awful! Tell me I will rise out of it! If there is any way you can help me, if prayer helps at all, pray for me. If I could make you understand you would not put the most loathsome dog in my surroundings. Ah, I know there is one ray of hope for me. But I have got to go back to it; I have got to go back now! I would like to stop here, but I have got to go back."

It is not possible to describe in words the effect upon the sitters of the above address, much less the pitiful voice, the exclamations of horror at the speaker having to return to this prison house of souls. The medium was left trembling, and with tears on his cheeks. As if to voice the feelings of all present, the Rev. Gilbert White, the control who opens the meetings each evening with hymn and invocation, then took possession of the medium, and gave the following

INVOCATION.

Heavenly Father, we realise Thy great power, Thy infinite love, and the justice of Thy holy laws. Thou hast commissioned us to teach that men's wrong doing will find them out. Thy compensatory laws are working out for each one. To-night we pray for our brother and for thousands and millions of others as well. For this cause was the gospel preached unto them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit. We are told that "He went and preached unto the spirits in prison." To-night we beseech of Thee that Thy messengers may unveil their faces to those souls lost in darkness, who set at nought Thy laws, and did that which was evil. But we praise Thee because Thou hast told us to proclaim that "justice and mercy have kissed," and that Thou wilt bring again out of captivity those who sit in darkness, those who have done evil, that at last Thou wilt bring unto Thyself, not only this lost soul, but millions of others. We rejoice with exceeding great joy to know that at last the whole human race, no matter what their offence may have been, no matter if they have sinned little or much, will at last be found clothed in immortality, rejoicing in Thy love and in Thy mercy. At last, though it may be afar off, they will be found in tune with the Infinite. It will be a grand deliverance to these Thy children who are suffering the results of their wrong doing. Hasten their liberation, and may their testimony be a warning to those who wander from the paths of rectitude and truth. Amen.

EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

By the last American mail came the following article from our esteemed friend and most indomitable worker, Professor Larkin, of the Lowe Observatory, California. It is written expressly for readers of the "Harbinger of Light" in this Southern Hemisphere, among whom his name has become almost a "household word." It will be seen that it embraces the highest spiritual philosophy, at once simple but profound, which shows as nothing else does that this world is a school for the training of souls, and that everyone must be his or her own saviour. In the midst of much now put forth by all classes of occult students obscuring this simple truth, it is good to recall the absolute and only foundation of real religion—the recognition of our at-one-ment with the great source of Light and Love and Power at the back of the changing phenomena of the Universe.

In a just-published book, "The Gleam," sent from America this mail by a friend, is told the story of

how a soul struggled through every phase of orthodoxy to get the light and found the first gleam at last through realising that God was to be found in nature and not in the creeds. Speaking of a New York lecturer the author says, "Here was one who dared to break the seal that theologians had laid upon the universe six thousand years ago, declaring that God had finished His work of creation, when everything about me was living evidences of Spirit vibrating in created matter, operating through universal laws, as truly as when they were first spoken into existence æons ago. How could I have missed it so long—Spirit vitalising all things, all men, all truth, that there was nothing but Spirit?—which by Professor Larkin is called Mind. And yet with strange persistency clergymen who consider themselves well read go on preaching the same old doctrines drawn from a supposed infallible book, and protest that there is nothing to answer in "Conundrums for the Clergy."

FROM HIGH TO LOW; FROM LOW TO HIGH

A STUDY IN PHASES OF MIND.

BY EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Written expressly for "The Harbinger of Light."

In making research into the labyrinths of Mind when securing data for my book, "Within the Mind Maze," I made explorations within intricate corridors, passages, crypts, chambers, rooms, halls, apartments, domes, towers and turrets even to apparently the highest in the temple—the majestic edifice, that building not made with hands, the palace that contains the throne-room of the Mind. Suppose that you are in a crypt in the lower portions of a huge building, and upon opening the door and stepping out you find the floor of the passage to be gradually ascending as you walk along. Keep walking, say, in dim light, ever rising. Enter corridors to right or left, turn as within a maze or labyrinth and search for brighter light. You may thus ascend to the highest part, to the highest room, and not be greatly illumined, not see the brightness that you imagine must be in the magnificent temple. Then you may turn and descend slowly and reluctantly to the low place of gloom whence you started. But another in a low crypt or room adjoining the one whence you started may step out into the ascending passage, like the inclined passageways in the Pyramid of Suphis in Egypt, find light that increases in brilliancy, which shows the shining way which leads first into the chamber of the Queen, and then to that of the King. Thence higher and higher to the apex: to mental heights, to heights sublime, supreme. But on a straight line down from vertex of the pyramid are the chambers of the king, lower that of the queen, and far lower in the natural rock, an unfinished room filled with debris, all in confusion.

Thus I have compared two temples, one of light and beautiful architecture, adorned with pillars, pilasters, entablatures, sculptures and ornate capitals; and the other the rigid, plain and unadorned pyramid. And the buildings in this writing are both majestic temples of the Mind. But the light, airy, and fairy structure made of marbles and porphyry also rests on a foundation in gloom below the earth's surface. And the pyramid is central over the neglected chamber far below. A straight, inclined, finished passage in the pyramid leads down, down to the unfinished chamber, and also a crooked, devious, unfinished passage. This leads through a troubled and difficult way into the lowest crypt. But the ceiling of this room is finished. Chips of stone and debris fill the lower portions of this most mysterious room under the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh. And the labyrinth at Arsinoe, in Egypt, is said to have contained 3000 rooms, half below and half above the surface of the earth. The initiatory rites beginning below, taught the candidate how to ascend from darkness to light. In the intricate esoteric labyrinth of Crete, the wandering initiate in lonely ways met the

dreadful monster, Minotaurus. All temples of antiquity from Ellora to Eleusis and all pyramids from Mayapan in Mexico, to the Nile, are comparable to the ascent and descent of Mind. For the mysterious entity, whose real nature is at present totally unknown, the Mind, has been in the lowest crypt, and highest outlook from the pinnacle, a number of times in regular succession on earth.

MIND PRE-EMINENT.

One fact stood forth in the midst of my researches: the phase, portion or fraction of Mind now expressing, revealing, manifesting and functioning under the name or designation of human, contains all things whatever that are living—alive. All centres of life; this includes all living creatures, from those whose dimensions are the one-hundred-thousandth part of an inch, to those of monsters of one-hundred feet, are also centres of Mind. But all of their kinds, phases or types of mind are within the human. The actual kind of mind in a scorpion, centipede, tarantula, viper or Gila monster, these and the minute fractions of mind in all bacteria whatever, as of tetanus and cancer, these and all others whatever are in the mind we call human. This may appear to be incredible: but I here state and assert that this is true. And these are included in the symbolism of the subterranean rooms of pyramids, labyrinths, palaces and temples. The fairy palaces of white and gold, of onyx and marble, carved into flowers and lace, symbolise the good, the pure, the true. I discovered these two entities, these two grand divisions of mind in phases human, though by contrast they appeared to be two separate beings. Thus, since no trace of a clue is discovered regarding the nature of Mind, we can notice and study appearances. Thus we appear to be dual, low and high. But whatever the nature of the low and high, they manifest in the same brain. Thus the mind in man can think scorpion thoughts, or those of the dove, the dreadful and the lovely. If we are dual, then of all problems ever presented the detection and mastery of low by high is the highest.

LOWER IMPULSES MUST BE CRUSHED.

Dear reader, this is the fact: We simply must crush the low. This is our mission in the present phase of being. The candidates in all temples of initiation from Ecbatania, Babylon, Jerusalem, Palmyra, Athens to Rome were beset by the most alluring and fascinating temptations to lead them astray from sight of the shining rooms above, to be cast into labyrinths of gloom, into crypts below. Up here on this summit, in the shrubs and mountain flowers, there are humming birds drawing sweets; but there are scorpions beneath lonely rocks. The problem is, can we in the present phase of human life here on the earth be all good? Are we really dual low and high all within one being? But one glimpse of a personality—that of the highest mathematician's personality, not mathematical, if such a thing could be possible—but it is not—would so astonish the non-mathematical, that the man would exclaim, "Am I the same kind of a human?" It all comes to this: if we are not dual beings, but are actually one with such an array of almost, if not really an infinite number of phases and mental properties, if this is true then human beings are complex beyond all present powers of imagination. We cannot now even begin to think of our intricate selves. All of the physical sciences are now expanded into regions and heights sublime. But these are as child's play in comparison with mental realms. All mind studies are now chaotic; there is not one combination of facts that can be classified into a science. The innumerable phases are as a complex puzzle with no suggestion how to begin explanation. Or better still, like a very high differential equation in front of a student of the calculus. If you were in the subterranean chamber beneath the centre of the pyramid you could ascend by a straight inclined passage toward the light; or struggle upward through the crooked passage toward a straight cor-

ridor leading to light. We must save ourselves from our other self, or lower portion of self. I repeat, we must do this, or suffer the penalty of remaining imperfect. *To save* is a scientific mentological fact. But a mystery is here: why was the ceiling of the lower room finished? Mysteries of Mind are deepening: who is able to explore and solve?

Lowe Observatory, Calif., U.S.A..

March 17, 1912.

MR. GEORGE SPRIGGS.



"Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before."

Only four weeks before the news of the passing over of this faithful worker and beloved friend came as a shock to so many in Melbourne (as the latest tidings gave hope of recovery) came Mr. Spriggs' last letter to the editor of this paper. It lies before me now and tells of an affection of the lungs and heart that had confined him to his room for many weeks, but is deeply touching in its thanksgiving for having "fought the good fight" in life and in pressing forward to those things which are before. As I re-read his letter the words of Paul, at the head of this column, came into my mind, so illustrative are they of Mr. Spriggs' faith when standing before the portals of that other and grander Life. He says, "I am surrounded by friends, seen and unseen. I have never regretted that I have exercised my mediumship, but feel thankful that I obeyed the call to go on. If I recover I doubt if I will be able to do much more. . . . I am getting stronger and hope to pick up quickly. If not, then I must commence my work on the spirit side. I cannot remain idle. . . . I do feel thankful I have a knowledge of spirit life. *It is worth worlds.*"

Mr. Spriggs had always taken a deep interest in Mr. Stanford's circles. "It is *facts* like these that we want," he has constantly reiterated, and he closes this last letter with the hope, so often expressed before, that Mr. Stanford should publish a book with the results of the circle and with illustrations of "Harbinger" supplements, to spread broadcast in handy form, all over the world. From letters received from all parts, including some by latest American mail, in which a prominent minister speaks of the help the seance accounts are to himself and the classes under his charge; saying how the pictures are handed round and explanations read as published—there is no doubt that Mr. Spriggs' suggestion is a good one.

Personally, it is difficult to express the loss that Mr. Spriggs' passing over is to myself and work. From the time I became editor of this paper, nearly

seven years ago, each mail has brought packets of newspaper cuttings full of the latest information for myself and readers of all that was worthy of note concerning spiritualism and cognate subjects. The last received had been despatched from his sick-room and addressed in his own handwriting. This is a sample of his faithful and generous assistance to every worker he came in contact with.

Of his marvellously correct diagnosis of disease by his clairvoyant gift, many in Melbourne give glad testimony to-day. But as including his work both here and in London, not so generally known, the following accounts from "Light," of March 16th, will be eagerly read by his many friends and patients throughout Australia. This number of "Light" contains also the same picture as that given in this column as a special supplement. It will be seen that Mr. James Robertson, of Glasgow, an intimate friend of Mr. Spriggs, officiated in London at the private funeral service held at Mr. Spriggs' home, Kew. And at the close of the article from "Light" will be found "An Appreciation" by James Robertson which is too valuable to be omitted.

TRANSITION OF MR. GEORGE SPRIGGS.

"Our dear friend and co-worker, Mr. George Spriggs, passed peacefully away at the age of sixty-two on the morning of March 9th at his home in West Park-road, Kew Gardens. Though it was well known that he had been ailing seriously for some time past, there must be many in the wide circle of those who held him in affectionate regard for his kindly nature, his unfailing helpfulness and his splendid work in the diagnosing and healing of disease, to whom the news will come, or has already come, with something of a shock. His presence had grown so familiar, and his popularity was so great, that this could hardly be otherwise. In losing him Spiritualism loses one of its most marked personalities, the Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance a most faithful worker, and the Psycho-Therapeutic Society its valued president. For many years in the 'seventies Mr. Spriggs resided at Cardiff, and through his mediumship the 'Circle of Light' conducted by Mr. Rees Lewis, was favoured with very remarkable manifestations of spirit power. Materialisations occurred of the most convincing character, under conditions which rendered them of exceptional value as evidence of the reality of the phenomenon of the duplication of form, as many as twenty of these forms, men, women, and children, appearing in one evening, several being seen at the same time. On one occasion three separate forms were clearly seen at the same time in the garden outside the house where the seances were held. On some occasions the gas-light was turned on at full power while the materialised form was in view of all the sitters, while at times the medium and the 'form' were both plainly visible.

"From Cardiff Mr. Spriggs went to Australia and held seances in Melbourne, at which similar manifestations occurred. Some of the forms were weighed and records kept, Mr. Spriggs also being weighed, with results which clearly indicate a distinct temporary loss of weight on his part as the result of the phenomena. After a time Mr. Spriggs was given his choice by spirit friends of either continuing his seances for materialisations or being used by them for diagnosis of diseases and healing. Wisely, we think, he chose the latter, and speedily an extensive practice was built up, hosts of persons receiving undoubted benefit from the advice and remedies they received.

"After a successful career in Melbourne, Mr. Spriggs decided to return to his native land and settled in London, where he at once began zealously to devote himself to work for Spiritualism. He was for many years an active member of the committee of the Marylebone Association of Spiritualists, and frequently gave addresses to that society and others. For several years he gave his services to the London Spiritualist Alliance for the diagnosis of disease, and a large number of the Members and Associates profited by the advice that they received from his control. More recently he rendered similar service to the Psycho-Therapeutic Society and worked ardently for the success of that institution. Latterly, since he went to reside at Kew Gardens, he took much interest in municipal matters: he was president of the North Sheen Ward Union, and, having been elected to the Richmond Borough Council, was appointed on a number of committees and won the appreciation and good will of his fellow councillors. No man will more deserve to be 'remembered for the good that he has done'—and what better epitaph could be recorded of our arisen friend who has passed to a larger sphere of usefulness in the spirit world? Our sincere sympathy goes out to his relatives and friends.

"On Tuesday morning last, Mr. James Robertson, of Glasgow, who spoke in a tender and heartfelt manner of the inestimable service rendered by Mr. Spriggs to humanity, conducted a private funeral service at the house in the presence of a few intimate friends, amongst whom were Mr. Henry Withall, representing the London Spiritualist Alliance; Mr. W. T. Cooper, president of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association; Lady Coomaraswamy and Mr. Arthur Hallam, of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, and Miss S. McCreadie. A public service, at which the Mayor and Corporation were present, was afterwards held at St. Peter's Mission, North Sheen, Richmond. The body was subsequently cremated at Golder's Green."

GEORGE SPRIGGS: AN APPRECIATION.

BY JAMES ROBERTSON.

One of the bravest and sweetest of men has gone to his reward. The burden of the earthly has slipped from his shoulders, and his eyes are opened to the spiritual realities which his unwearied life strove to make clear. His was a truly noble and valiant soul, in which was mirrored human excellence at its highest point. I have a sense of loneliness now that George Spriggs has gone out of my physical life. I know that we do not bury life or love, yet I feel the sense of vacancy within when I think that such an influence for upliftment has gone from my physical sight. Of late numbers of old friends have had the summons given to them to cast off the mantle of flesh and begin their work again in another part of God's kingdom, but these did not give me the keen sense of bereavement which the translation of Mr. Spriggs has done.

I had hoped that the worst was over, and that we should see him again, as of old, scattering blessings around. On the 24th ult. he wrote me that he believed he would now recover; that the unseen friends who were always about him had been doing all they could to assist. The feelings he expressed took away all fear from my heart. Only a few hours ago I wrote Mr. Wallis expressing my gratification at the good news of his convalescence, when now comes the chilling "wire" that he has gone home, retired with his armour on, worn out with service, and full, no doubt, of the thought of immortality and the true joys awaiting him.

A beautiful life-record is his, all along, from those memorable Cardiff days, when the vanished forms of the loved again came into view and refreshed those who were waiting for the consolation. It is a record which cannot fade from the world, for those things will one day be pondered over and treasured as an authentic gospel of the closeness of seen and unseen. The great fact that he was an instrument blessed to carry conviction on the greatest of subjects burned in his heart and could not be stilled. The spirit's voices carried him with the message to Australia, where the welcome was warm. The miracles of the saints of past times, the chronicles of sacred books are poor in the face of the natural spiritual facts which George Spriggs' gifts laid bare. He made clear to the world that there is a vision deep and keen which can read the secret depths of man's constitution, that what may be hidden from the eye of sense is revealed to the eye of the soul. Many realised that consciousness did exist apart from the physical brain. Many who did not admit the power of the spirit were soothed and helped. To the work of Spiritualism George Spriggs gave himself with ardour; it was the paramount truth the world needed, and he worked with a will to plant the seed. When he saw his way to retire with a moderate competence to London, we thought that he would have a season of rest. He could not, however, resist the claims of the suffering who came to him, but gave himself, whenever he could, to heal and soothe.

TEN YEARS PRESIDENT OF PSYCHO-THERAPEUTIC SOCIETY.

The Psycho-Therapeutic Society will stand as a monument of his devotion to human weal. Week after week found him at the society's rooms giving forth the healing light from his spiritual lamp. He was never too busy to lend his aid. Sympathy was the keynote of his character; he felt that he must use his life for the highest and holiest purpose—the lightening of the burdens of his suffering brethren. He has established a fact which deeply concerns mortals, that there is a world linked on to this from which comes oftentimes healing for soul and body. That he will have his reward is not to be doubted. Already some of those who stood beside him so long will have taken him by the hand and poured into his heart their wealth of affection, showing him the beauties of his new habitation. A whole-souled, modest man, with no gift of eloquence, but giving forth from his life an aroma of sweet and uplifting power, he forgot all he had done, his thought ever being, "What can I yet do?"

When shall we again find his peer? The well from which many drink is now dry; we will miss its healing, and feel we did not esteem it at its full worth. His dust the tomb may claim, but his great spirit is ours, and his name will be cherished as one of the beacon lights sent to guide mortals to a realisation of the bright life in the beyond.

SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION
of the
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF
SPIRITUALISTS,

HELD AT CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z., ON FRIDAY, SATURDAY
AND MONDAY, APRIL 5, 6 AND 8.

In the Spiritualists' Church, Christchurch, the 6th annual convention of the above National Association was held, presided over by Mr. W. C. Nation. On Good Friday the first session was opened, when the president of the Christchurch Society, Mr. F. A. Moody, welcomed the delegates.

Mr. W. C. Nation, president, kindly furnished the following brief report:—

The proceedings were opened by a hymn and prayer, and after greetings and apologies had been read from absent ones, the delegates from different parts of New Zealand answered to their names. Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson were present as the accredited representatives of the Melbourne societies, and Mr. Fabling, who had received a letter asking him to represent two Melbourne societies, was also present. Miss S. Venables was permitted, by courtesy, to represent Queensland. The ladies of the Christchurch society having handed round refreshments, the business commenced. The president delivered a lengthy address on the wider aspect of Spiritualistic work, and the secretary's report dealt with local matters. In this report reference was made to mediums and others not identified with any society or the N.A.S. taking part in the proceedings, and it was pointed out that this could not be allowed in future. Mediums were especially at fault, coming, some of them, from Australia, working on the platforms, and yet holding aloof from any organisation. The balance-sheet showed an improvement upon the previous year's finances.

The election of officers resulted thus:—President, W. C. Nation (re-elected for a fourth term); vice-presidents, Messrs. Wm. McLean (re-elected), and F. A. Moody; secretary, Mrs. W. E. Moore (re-elected for fourth term); trustees, Miss McLean and Mr. G. Astridge; auditor, Mr. Fryer.

A collection was then made for the Indigent Mediums' Fund, and £3 4s. 3d. subscribed.

On Saturday the time was taken up in discussing the bill brought forward by Mr. McLean to uplift Spiritualism and purify its ranks by dealing with genuine mediums for their protection, and leaving the law to deal with those whom the Association cannot recognise as genuine. Clause by clause the bill was debated and every point carefully studied before being passed. Alterations were made here and there, and when the discussion was finished and the amended bill passed as a whole, a round of applause broke forth. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. McLean afterwards for his work in preparing the bill.

Resolutions on a variety of subjects were passed. Greetings were accorded to the National Spiritualists' Association of England, and the hope expressed that the International Congress to be held in July of this year would be successful. Greetings were also sent to the Belgian International Bureau, with the wish that the Universal Spiritualists' Congress, to be held in Geneva, Switzerland, would do much to strengthen the cause of Spiritualism. A motion was passed to the effect "that we hail with gladness the fact that Victoria has sent to New Zealand delegates to represent at this Convention the societies of that Australian State, and we hope that the time is coming when there will be a National Association of Spiritualists in Australia."

As Mr. W. McLean was about to pay a visit to the United States, a resolution conveying greetings to the N.A.S. of the States was carried.

It was resolved to hold the next Convention at Wellington.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

A letter from Mr. Dawbarn, of San Leandro, Cal., and the following article came as a pleasant surprise by the last American mail, as news had been received from time to time of his failing health. He says, "I have been moved by the spirit to once again meditate with the pen. I send you the product. But your columns are always filled with such interesting matter that I hardly imagine you will find room for such articles as mine. But you may at least be personally interested, so I have concluded to send you the enclosed. I hope you are well and flourishing like your grand 'Harbinger.' As I am now close to 79 I can't expect to be on duty on this side much longer; but I am better than I have been for some time."

In all the articles that have been sent to the "Harbinger" about Oahspe, there has never been so clear and comprehensive a statement concerning the chapter on "Cosmogony" as that given by Charles Dawbarn. This chapter is generally commended to the first attention of readers by those who have made a complete study of the book. As it was not possible with the limited space at our disposal to insert the whole of Mr. Dawbarn's article, this part has been selected, as it forms a basis for the further study of the book that he enjoins on his readers.

OAH SPE. THE NEW BIBLE.

A STUDY BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

This work is so different from the usual class of "revelations," and, so to speak, its tale is told in such a commonsense way, that thousands are beginning to study it, and assume that as "ancient history" it is at least as reliable as any of the other bibles.

But apart from its historical claims, its theory of creation is quite as probable as the La Place conception of planets thrown off from a central orb. The eminent astronomer, Edgar L. Larkin, is my authority for this statement.

As Oahspe is a work of some 900 pages, I can do little more in one or two brief articles than point out wherein it seems to differ from all other "revelations." Its most startling chapter is headed "Cosmogony," and the reader with any scientific bent will study it with intense interest. Let me see if I can give the independent thinker an epitome of its teaching.

Those acquainted with the marvellous law of vibrations know that everything in and on this planet, no matter how solid to our senses, can be vibrated up and out into our atmosphere. And therein continuing to vibrate more and more rapidly, it must ultimately reach and become merged in the great ocean of ether, which scientists are now teaching must and does fill all space, and interpenetrates everything less ethereal than itself. So we mortals live in a world which is floating in a vast ocean of ether, and composed of ethereal particles whose speed has so slackened that we sense them and call them solid. In other words, everything we can realise through our mortal senses is condensed ether. Every atom, whether we call it mineral, vegetable, or animal is merely concentrated ether. Oahspe teaches that our planet is probably the lowest or slowest of these vibratory movements, and that what we call "death" passes the intelligent unit on to a plane where the vibrations are a little more rapid. This process is evolutionary and eternal, reaching ultimately into other ethers of which we cannot even dream while in mortal life.

The reader will perceive that wherever there is intelligence—and that is everywhere—that intelligence will be expressed according to its vibratory surroundings. For instance, the mortal who has become invisible to us by leaving his earth body merely reaches a certain atmospheric level at which his intelligence finds a new form and home, at a comparatively short distance from this work-a-day world of ours. And

when ready for another change it will merely be to still more rapid vibrations expressed a few thousand miles further from the centre of our vortex. After a few such changes ether itself is reached, and therein and thereon begins the history of our planet and its inhabitants. And it is this history here told for the first time that makes Oahspe the most remarkable of the various bibles with which the inhabitants of planet earth have been blessed or afflicted. So with the above as preface we will now pose as witnesses of the eternal drama which has its setting in the infinite ether.

THE VORTEX AND THE BIRTH OF WORLDS.

Ether, as we are told, has vast realms inhabited by intelligences to whose forms and senses it is as solid as this planet is to us. It also has its atmosphere of like comparative density to ours. And from time to time in this atmosphere arise whirlwinds. Most of my readers have noticed in country roads and fields small whirls, a few feet in diameter, which gather dust and anything more solid they can lift. The writer has often watched with amusement sheaves taken up in a field of grain and presently dropped, giving the appearance of a celestial two-step dance. Each of these little whirls is a vortex, gathering its prey and forcing it to its centre. On a larger scale we have the destructive tornado sparing nothing it can lift, and leaving ruin behind it. According to Oahspe these whirls are on a gigantic scale in the ethereal atmosphere, and seem to be produced by a power superior to that of its inhabitants. This great supreme they call Jehovih, and make him the object of their reverence. Out of these whirls everything in which we live and move and have our being seems to be evolved. For we are told of a tremendous whirl large enough to contain and form our sun and planetary system.

This whirl now becomes a "vortex" forcing all its heavier particles to its centre, and at the same time whirling and travelling like our earth limitations. The raw material, is, of course, that of the ether, which we have seen necessarily contains everything solid, liquid and gaseous with which we are acquainted, and as with every other whirl, little or big, the heaviest particles are soon forced to the centre. In this way our sun becomes the centre of this vortex. The force which thus condenses and whirls the vortex in which the sun in travelling is called "vortexya." This is the force which impels every atom to the centre of the vortex, and is called "gravity" by our scientists.

But this vortex of which we are now speaking has far more of the raw material than the sun could use, for it extends to the limit of the outermost planet. So, one after the other, smaller vortexes inside that of the sun are formed, and in their turn condensed into planets, each having its independent motion, while, of course, subject to that of the sun vortex. Most of these vortexes are closed at both ends, but some of the smaller, such as our moon and the smaller planets, are open at the ends, and then revolve only at the speed of their superior orb. As we know too well, all whirls travel, and this great vortex containing the sun and his entire system of planets and comets, each within its own vortex, must travel on and on so long as it remains a vortex, and subject to the compelling influence of "vortexya."

Astronomers have long known that our solar system is travelling on and out into space. According to Oahspe this great vortex travels in a circle that requires nearly five millions of our years for its journey. It is rushing through the frictionless ether where exist densely populated regions, unoccupied spaces, swamps and deserts, each influencing the moving vortex spiritually, mentally and physically. Thus in one of these regions called Dans our vortex commenced its career. The changes from one Dan to another are called Danya. The time required for passing through a Dan seems to vary from 500 to a thousand of our years. Herein is the key note of this

"revelation," for, as no two Dans are alike, our vortex and all within it is affected for good or ill by the conditions of the particular Dan through which it is then passing. The import and effect of this will be seen as we follow the chapters of this history.

Now let us remember this vortex is the nearest we are going to get to anything we might call "creation." The rest is merely the effect of conditions upon the raw material of which this great vortex is composed.

Vortexya is the compelling force which gradually forms sun or planet at its centre, and at last when sufficiently condensed our little planet was ready for the introduction of life. The revelators assert that life is incomprehensible to any intelligence, however advanced. But after the planet was sufficiently cooled to permit water to remain on its surface there appeared certain electric and magnetic conditions which permitted or compelled Se'mu (green scum) to appear on the surface of certain ponds or lakes. This Se'mu really contained not merely microscopic forests and general vegetation, but the divine sparks out of which was to spring all other forms of life.

It was the conditions provided by a certain Dan through which the vortex was passing permitted this birth of life in the new world, and at the same time compelled it to certain manifestations. Such is a very brief account of Oahspe's chapter entitled "Cosmogony."

A BOOK TO BE STUDIED.

In Oahspe, although one of the grandest of "revelations," we yet very perceptibly detect, as in other bibles, the influence of the mortal instrument. Dr. Newborough was himself a fanatic, holding views and beliefs that could not be made practical in this life. His personal attempts to mould the teachings of Oahspe into mortal usefulness were failures, and his followers have succeeded no better than himself in that respect. But there is many a sublime chapter in the book that is quite equal to anything in other books called "sacred." We must not omit to notice the asserted origins of the various religions that now hold sway over mortals. Each had a specially inspired teacher worthy of all honour and love. But we are told that false leaders arose. There were fierce wars on earth and in atmospherea which ended in rebel victories. As a result we are told that the leader of every religion that is world wide to day is falsely claiming to be its inspired founder. This includes Christianity.

This history, whether true or false, is intensely interesting. Of course what has here been written of this somewhat ponderous volume is but a brief outline of a most marvellous work which, taking into account the brief time in which it was typed by a very narrow-minded fanatic, is most assuredly the marvel of the age in which we are living. It is already accepted by many leading thinkers as worthy of study, and as such it is recommended to the reader by the present writer.

San Leandro, Cal., March, 1912.

*THE MINISTRY OF THE UNSEEN.

A PERSONAL TESTIMONY OF, AND TESTIMONY TO, LOVE FROM BEYOND THE VEIL.

It is long since a book has reached our hands which presents in so convincing a manner the reality of spirit intercourse, combined with a truly devotional spirit, which is probably the reason that the writer got into such rare telephonic vibration with his wife when she passed beyond the threshold of mortal life. It was only published early in the year, and it has already passed into its third edition—a phenomenal popularity for a book of this class. Perhaps the most startling thing to its orthodox readers will be that Mr. Witley and his wife were both de-

*"The Ministry of the Unseen," by L. V. H. Witley, London. L. N. Fowler, 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C. Price at Cole's Arcade, Melbourne, 1/3.

vout and active members of the Baptist Church, and under the ministry of Rev. F. B. Meyer, of Regent's Park Chapel, London, were both received into the church together, and were married by Mr. Meyer on Christmas Day, 1895. It was in 1909 that Mrs. Witley, after being three months in a private hospital, succumbed to her malady and passed on, only to be more united than ever to her husband, as is shown so conclusively in this interesting volume.

Mr. Meyer is a sincere and truthful man of broad and liberal tendencies, and in his foreword to this book says, "We are evidently passing into a new realm. The veil is getting thinner, and the day is at hand when we shall see face to face. What may be immediately before us is known only to heaven, but it is sweet to think that the Departed may not only be a great cloud of witnesses, but a great body of helpers!" Other forewords are by Rev. Z. T. Downen, D.D., Baptist minister, who has read the book "almost with delight"; Rev. Basil Wilberforce, Archdeacon of Westminster; Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, London; Rev. Arthur Chambers, author of "Our Life After Death"; and lastly by our beloved friend W. T. Stead, whose tragic end renders every word that he has spoken still more precious.

For months after the passing over of his wife Mr. Witley remained, as he tells us, "in unrelieved gloom." Gradually he began to feel that "her gain has become actually and really my gain," and then as nothing comes by chance, he got a communication for the first and only time through the personality of a psychic who was in a state of trance. This was the opening for his subsequent personal impressional messages. It will be seen in the quotation given below that as the author was preparing the MSS. for the press, there came into his hands a little book, dated 1373, in which similar revelations were made to a lady at Norwich, England, nearly 600 years before. This shows the universality of the powers of the individual soul to get into touch with spiritual things, and that the highest attainment of all—the only safe road in fact—is to realise, as Sir W. Earnshaw Cooper says in "Spiritual Science," that we are all mediums.

On 25th September, 1910, in the house of a friend residing near Birmingham, my wife, who had then been on the other side for over eighteen months, spoke to me audibly (for the first and only time since her passing on), through the personality of a psychic who was in a state of trance. Suffice it to say that the words and actions were of such a nature that, in combination with what transpired in the same house, both previously and subsequently, on the occasion of the same visit, it was absolutely impossible for me to hesitate to believe that my wife not merely continued to live but that she continued to love and to take a deep interest in my welfare. But I cannot go into further details of this just now. I will only add for the present (1) that the psychic in her normal state had never seen me before and knew absolutely nothing of my experiences, (2) that other matters both as to the past and the future, were revealed to me—things absolutely outside my own ken, and (3) that the thing of which I was assured with most force was that my wife was anxious to write to me and would most certainly do so. Repeatedly the assurance was uttered (by another than my wife), "Your wife will 'impress' you," and further, "these 'impressions' you will pass on to others." No one was more surprised than I to learn this; but the only *raison d'être* of the present work is that it records in part the fulfilment to the full of that which I was assured from the other side, and that it carries out the suggestion that the "impressions" received were to be communicated to others.

The "messages" are not written automatically; I simply sit alone in my wife's realised presence and write down that which she impresses upon me—retaining, of course, entire freedom of action and full control of my own consciousness all the while.

At the time when I was preparing this MS. there came into my hands a little book entitled: "Comfortable Words for Christ's Lovers, being the Visions and Voices vouchsafed to Lady Julian, Recluse at Norwich in 1373. Lady Julian details three ways in which these "revelations" were made known to her, and I was struck immediately with the apparent identity of her experience and my own, for the second method was described by her in this way: "By words formed in mine understanding"; "as for the words formed, I have said them right as our Lord showed me them."

The editor of the book explains it thus: "She seemed to receive in her quickened reasoning faculties, verbal messages, distinctly formed in her mind." Now, it is not that I read this explanation and then tried to put it into practice for myself; the fact is that having had a like experience, I recognised and understood it straightway. Of course, there remains the difference that Lady Julian expressed herself as conscious of direct touch with the Divine, whereas my "messages" have come from my wife.

Harbinger readers are urged to study this book for themselves. It does not lend itself to quotation, and wants to be read in its entirety.

THE SPIRITUALIST'S DAILY LIFE.

BY DUDLEY WRIGHT.

[It was a great pleasure to receive from Mr. Dudley Wright, of the Authors' Club, London, the following article, which by a strange coincidence gives a practical illustration of Edgar Lucien Larkin's statement in another column that the upliftment of the spiritual nature is our chief work in this mortal life. There is no lesson that needs more persistent setting forth, and Spiritualism will not be more than a delusion and a snare for those who fail to see that its end and aim is the development of the spiritual life. Dudley Wright's emphatic statement regarding prayer is most valuable, as also his definition of what prayer should be. "Not incessant and wearisome petition," he says, "or even petition at all, as the word is generally understood, but rather the constant, upward aspiration, the conscious dependence on Eternal Power." It is a great pleasure to be able to present to our readers an article that is so entirely in accordance with the aim of this paper.]

One of the principal features of nearly every religious system is that its adherents worship, or, at least, revere, the founders of those systems, sometimes above and beyond the doctrines which they taught. The Vedantist reveres Krishna; the Confucian, Confucius; the Buddhist, Gautama, the last of the Buddhas; the Christians, Jesus, Who was called Christ; and the Moslems, Mohammed; while the more modern forms of religion, Christian Science and Bahá'ism, revere respectively Mrs. Eddy and the Bab. The Christian religion has, perhaps, gone further in this respect than any other, because the singular position claimed for Christianity in its orthodox aspect is that its Founder was Eternal, Almighty and Omniscient. Spiritualism, on the other hand, has sometimes been derided because it has no acknowledged leader or founder to whom its followers may pay the tribute of worship or adoration.

All honour to those great and noble Ones who have brought light to the dwellers in darkness and dispelled the clouds of ignorance, appalling in their blackness, but excessive veneration of a teacher may tend towards materialism rather than spirituality, and a slavish adherence to a person rather than an observance of principles. The same characteristic is noticeable in political life. Men will frequently go against their own conscience in order to vote for the measures and motions introduced by the leaders of the party to which they have allied themselves.

The Spiritualist, the true Spiritualist, has one definite aim and purpose—the development and perfection of his inner, spiritual nature. When I was about six or seven years of age, a friend of my mother came on a visit to our house, and, incidentally, I laid hold of the fact that he was a Spiritualist. When I asked my mother what a Spiritualist was, she (the daughter of a Scotch Calvinist minister, and opposed to all forms of heterodoxy) told me that a Spiritualist was a person who believed that tables can rap and jump about of their own accord. I know that, even in those young days, I thought what an idiot the man must be; yet there are even to-day educated people, outside the ranks of orthodoxy, who have no higher conception than that of Spiritualism.

The recognised teachers in Spiritualism—Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Stainton Moses, Denton, Dr. Peebles, and others—have never failed to

emphasise the necessity for the due training of the spiritual nature, regarding that as the first and necessary step, the outcome of which will be the development of spiritual power.

There is no life harder to live than the truly religious life: there is no life which yields greater happiness and serenity of mind. I do not mean by "happiness" that exuberance which characterises some forms of religion, but that possession which enables the mind to remain calm and peaceful amid the severest trials and the greatest poverty and distress. There is no more difficult verse in the whole of hymnology to sing than—

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

and the effort to put those words into practice is characterised more by seeming failure than success.

Resignation in the midst of trials and afflictions is a favourite theme for expansion by philosophers and preachers. Those were noble words that Seneca uttered when he declared that:

True joy is a serene and sober motion, and they are miserably out that take laughter for rejoicing. The seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolution of a brave mind that has fortune under its feet. He that can look death in the face and bid it welcome; open his door to poverty and bridle his appetites, this is the man whom Providence has established in the possession of inviolable delights.

But Seneca had never been placed in the position he described; he was barred by his wealth from experiencing practically what he described theoretically, and so, though he may have been, and doubtless was, sincere in all that he wrote and said, yet his words do not carry the weight they would do were they the outcome of personal experience. In the same way we may, perhaps unjustly, receive the words of a popular preacher when we ascertain that, at the time he is discoursing upon the blessings of poverty and of the necessity of remaining cheerful and calm in the midst of afflictions and trials, distress and misfortune, he is in receipt of a large income and surrounded not only with necessaries, but even luxuries, and both in abundance.

What are the elements necessary to give one strength and comfort in the time of the severest trial and difficulty from the practical and experimental point of view: what should be the principal "spiritual exercises" of the Spiritualist in his daily life?

Of all the factors which go to make up the spiritual life, the first place must be accorded to prayer, the principal factor in the formation of a true character. Not incessant and wearisome petition, or even petition at all, as the word is generally understood, but rather the constant, upward aspiration, the conscious dependence upon Eternal Power. Spiritualists possess an advantage over non-Spiritualists because of their belief in the constant, and, very often, conscious presence of unseen helpers.

Methinks that Protestantism did protest too much when in its exuberance of zeal it sought to rob us of one of the truest and most beautiful articles of almost universal belief—the belief in the existence and reality of Guardian Angels. "We sing of the realms of the blest," and these realms and the inhabitants thereof are often much closer to us than we think.

Then, too, we must not forget the urgent necessity for meditation and meditative reading. The exigencies of life are great; men and women have often to toil, when in employment, from early morning till late at night, and, not infrequently, into the following day, and the question may arise: "How can I meditate in such circumstances and conditions?" It is difficult but not impossible. Men have been known to learn a foreign language by assiduous application when performing the morning toilet, and it is possible to learn the language of heaven in the same way. When we are not sleeping, we are thinking; it has become such a habit with us that we cannot now get out of it, but we have the power to direct our thoughts into the right channels and profit by our musings.

Madame Guyon recommended meditative reading as a step towards meditation *pur et simple* and meditative prayer, discarding the frequent repetition of set forms or studied prayers. It is not always wise to lay down set rules and systems for others. Each must be guided in a large degree by special and personal requirements.

Akin to meditation and meditative reading is the helpfulness, and joy, of spirit communion. We may tell others about this, but cannot prove it to them, because there are some things that cannot be proved: they can only be known—and this is one.

Life and its powers, in the opinion of a daily increasing number of people, do not cease at the change of death. It is natural for us to ask for help or favours, even from friends on earth, and often, in mundane matters, we are more or less dependent upon some one in particular, and it is but natural to think that, if life thus continues, they retain their interest in and affection towards us, even though we may not perceive their form and presence.

"We are in the midst of an invisible world of spiritual beings than whom we have been for a little while lower. That region or condition of space in which the departed find themselves immediately after death is probably much nearer than we imagine, for St. Paul speaks of us as being surrounded by a cloud of witnesses."

Apart from these factors it will be found extremely difficult, if not, indeed, impossible, to become conquerors in the daily and hourly struggle against sin and evil. Life is a continual struggle, but, to the awakened man, the man pressing onwards towards enlightenment, it is a continual struggle upwards, and one of the greatest aids to progress is that of personal service for others. We want to avoid being guilty of the humbug of hypocrisy of talking about the joys of spiritual life and the delights of spirit communion when some poor sorrow-stricken individual remains unbefriended although it is within our power to lighten the load of misery and care. It is not sufficient to show our love by proxy. We do not discharge our personal obligations by gifts of money to societies and institutions when we have the time and opportunity for personal service, and if our Spiritualism does not lead us to take an active interest in the welfare of the fallen and distressed it is unworthy of profession. Faith without works is dead, and knowledge without action is significant of a stagnant condition. It is not by what we know but by what we do that our happiness is secured. There must not only be the ability to expound spiritual truths, but the successful effort to put them into practice. It is not much use talking about the brotherhood of man unless that brotherhood is evidenced in our lives. There is no virtue in subscribing to societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals unless we utilise every opportunity for lessening the cruelty that takes place daily in connection with vivisection and other abominable practices. It is hypocrisy to talk about the joys of spirit communion unless at the same time we put into practice the injunctions and teachings which are given to us as the result and outcome of such communion. Work for others will, more than anything else, help forward the extinction of selfishness. We are constantly told that we must die to self. There is the carnal self which we have continually to crucify in order that the Christ principle, to which we have continually to aspire, and as the one characteristic of the Christ life is the doing of good to others, let us include good works as well as faith in the programme of our daily life, and become not only Spiritualists in mind and thought, but Spiritualists in action.

Authors' Club, 2 Whitehall Court, London, S.W.

One of the most remarkable London clubs, says "Tit Bits," is the International Club of Psychical Research, in Regent Street. It has no concern with merely earthly things. Although the club has only been founded a few months, it has already over 500 members. Every possible "ist" is represented. There are theosophists, spiritists, phrenologists, psychologists, spiritualists, mesmerists, and so on.

PERSONALS.

W. T. Stead and his work are very near to us at this time of transition. His latest number—March—of the English edition of "Review of Reviews" lies on the table, and just a hasty glance at its pages shows how alive it is with the enthusiasm of its editor. "Are We on the Brink of Hell?" is his question concerning the great coal strike. He points out that if the men's demands are not conceded that civil war, in which the sole arbiter will be starvation—starvation endured not by the combatants alone, or even in chief, but the starvation of a nation."

Norman Angell, author of "The Great Illusion," is one of the celebrities that Mr. Stead has a "talk" with, as his greatest hope is to bring about a cessation of war. The author's full name is Ralph Norman Angell Lane, and in the "Daily Mail" office and newspaper circles he is known as Ralph Lane. "Norman Angell," says Mr. Stead, "is perfectly certain of his position." "People constantly misrepresent me and assert," he said, "that I have declared war to be henceforth impossible. . . . What I have asserted and demonstrated is that war is a game which is no longer worth the candle. . . . It is an illusion that conquest means profit, or that you can increase your wealth by annexing territory." So convinced is Lord Esher of the cogency of the argument in "The Great Illusion" that he has bought copies enough to send to half the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe.

Mr. J. P. Jack, the little-known editor of the "Hibbert Journal," has about three columns devoted to him by Mr. Stead. It is most interesting reading. It was in 1899 that J. P. Jack, a professor at Manchester College, Oxford, conceived the daring idea that even in that Philistine time there might be a remnant of thinkers who would support a journal exclusively devoted to the high matters of the mind, and pay 2s. 6d. for a number every quarter. The Hibbert Trustees doubted, asked him how many copies he thought he could sell, and Mr. Jack, taking his courage in both hands, said, "probably 750." "You will be lucky indeed if you sell 300," was the timid response of the trustees, but nevertheless showed their courage and foresight by generously backing up the enterprise. At the end of ten years the "Hibbert Journal" had a circulation of 10,000, its decennial special number going up to 12,000.

Dr. Steiner's teachings are set forth by Mabel Collins in the March number of "Occult Review." Among other things he is against spiritualistic seances, saying, as everybody knows, "that the phenomena are sometimes misleading and sometimes false." Dr. Steiner's complicated statement of the duty of the Ego during Devachan, set forth, as if in this wonderful universe he or any of his cult has all knowledge, is very different to what Mr. Stead is experiencing in all its beauty and simplicity and power in the spiritual spheres he has entered upon. There is evidently a company of spiritual beings on the other side whose special work seems to be to give dubious information to such as are ready to assume the role of superior teachers. Let each one get into personal touch with the Divine Source of Love and Light and all these spiritual mirages will disappear. There is no mystery but the "mystery of godliness."

Dudley Wright's article in another column illustrates this. In a personal letter to the editor he says: "Two new books from my pen are published this week; one, "A Manual of Buddhism," published by Messrs. Kegan, Paul and Co., and one on "Prayer," published by the Theosophical Society. Mr. Dudley Wright represents, as will be seen in his excellent article, the type of Spiritualism that is now asserting itself on every side. It is just the simplicity of the gospel teaching or that of every other real spiritual messenger. Both books will be noticed on receipt of them from the publishers.

Mr. J. J. Morse, editor of the "Two Worlds," received just as we go to press, has a most interesting article on the transition of his old friend, Mr. George

Spriggs, with picture. It is the chief article in the issue of March 22nd, and can be seen at the reading room of "Harbinger of Light" office.

Dr. J. M. Peebles was to celebrate his ninetieth birthday on March 23rd at Los Angeles. There was to be a banquet in his honour and many other features set going by committees formed some weeks in advance. By next American mail particulars should be received, and meanwhile cordial congratulations are sent by all his friends in Australia, whose name is legion.

Mrs. Knight McLellan, as will be seen by advertisement in another column, will be away from Melbourne for one month from June 12th.

J. Fairfax and Sons, of Sydney "Morning Herald," send from the office of the "Sydney Mail" the first copy of that paper issued at the reduced price—3d. It is full of illustrations and most interesting reading matter, and readers are advised to secure a copy.

Mrs. Bright will be "At Home" to friends and subscribers from 3 to 5 on Wednesday afternoon, May 8th, at "Harbinger of Light" Office, Austral Buildings, 117 Collins Street. Mrs. Twelvtree, of England, and other speakers. See daily papers, May 8. Cordial invitation to all.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Harbinger of Light."

Madam,—As one who was most closely connected, both in public and private life, with the late Mr. George Spriggs during his last five or six years' residence in Melbourne, I would like to place on record my high estimate of one who was nearest to my ideal of a true Spiritualist. All Spiritualists will allow its bedrock principle should be "Live to do good," and it has never been my lot to meet one who has had in his nature so happy a blending of the human and divine as our departed friend. Whilst advancing himself he had at all times a helping voice and hand for those he came in contact with, throwing a benign influence for good in whatever walk of life he found himself. Truly may it be said of him, "He was a good Spiritualist, a good man working for the upliftment of humanity at large."—I am, &c.,

H. TAYLOR.

"Blackwood," Dorset-road, Croydon, Vic.

To the Editor of "The Harbinger of Light."

Madam,—In your March issue of the above journal you notified that Mr. Stanton was giving free treatment at his rooms, 157 Collins-street, Melbourne. I was a long time under medical treatment for consumption, and was told by the doctor that my case was hopeless, and he advised me to go into a consumptive home, where it was expected I should soon die. On March 4th I availed myself of Mr. Stanton's kind offer and went under his treatment. At that time I was almost too weak to stand. My cough was incessant and very painful, and I breathed with great difficulty; my sleep had almost left me, and I only dozed occasionally; my appetite was quite gone, and I merely ate to keep alive. I have been about seven weeks under treatment, and now my strength is greatly improved. I can walk about with ease and comfort; my cough is almost gone; I can breathe freely and without pain; my appetite is good and I enjoy my food.

Before I went under treatment life was a burden almost too heavy to bear.

It is now an unspeakable pleasure because I am certain of being perfectly and permanently cured by Mr. Stanton's marvellous power. Will you kindly publish this letter in your valuable columns, so as to show other poor sufferers where they can go to get cured?

Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours gratefully,

ROBT. GORDON.

29a Albert-street, East Brunswick.

VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The Acting Hon. Sec. writes:—

The Rev. David A. Leisk, who now lectures every Sunday evening at our rooms, 117 Collins-street, still continues to draw good audiences. Every available seat is in demand. All sides of Spiritualism are expounded and made clear to his hearers, and we have the assurance that he will remain with us for some time to come.

The Conference meeting every alternate Sunday attracts many seekers after knowledge, various speakers discussing the many subjects brought forward.

Every Wednesday evening Mr. Leisk continues his psychic demonstrations, and the lecturette given before his psychic work is greatly appreciated.

The special seance held last March was a decided success, and a second one was to follow on Saturday, April 27th, when those interested in the good work done by the Rev. David A. Leisk are cordially invited to take part.

The next Conversazione takes place on the second Monday in May, when an interesting evening is anticipated.

A bazaar in aid of funds for defraying both current and incidental expenses of the society is to be held at the V.A.S. Hall the second week in June. All well-wishers, adherents and friends are invited to contribute towards its welfare and general success.

Mrs. Trew holds a seance in the V.A.S. Hall every Tuesday evening, at 8 p.m.

MELBOURNE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTIC LYCEUM.

Mr. W. H. Lumley, conductor, writes:—

Since our last report we have celebrated the sixty-fourth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism by three meetings in the Oddfellows' Hall. In the morning, at 11 o'clock, Mrs. Knight McLellan, vice-conductor, and Mr. W. H. Lumley, conductor, were the speakers, and a good attendance of children, members and friends made the occasion both interesting and profitable. The walls of the hall were decorated with paintings, photos, and prints relating to Spiritualism and Spiritualists. In the afternoon a mediums' gathering celebrated the anniversary. A good attendance in the evening assured the success of the anniversary day. The speakers were: Mrs. Knight McLellan, Mr. Lumley, Mrs. Hegarty, Mr. Jennings and Mrs. Mantell.

On Easter Sunday, 6th April, Mrs. S. Twelvetree commenced her engagement with the Lyceum, speaking at the morning session and taking an active part in the Lyceum service throughout. In the afternoon a mediums' gathering was held, with large attendance, that took up nearly all the seating accommodation. Mrs. Twelvetree, Mrs. Hegarty, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Pedley, Mrs. Wells and Miss Mantell took part.

Mrs. Twelvetree's opening address in the evening on "The Burial and Resurrection of Jesus" occupied nearly an hour, and the new speaker quite won her way to the hearts and sympathies of her audience. The many messages given by Mrs. Twelvetree were all fully claimed and recognised. On the 13th Mr. Bush, of the "Church of Seers," Sydney, gave the address at the morning session, and in the evening Mrs. Twelvetree took for her subject, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." At the conclusion of the address the congregation displayed its appreciation by subdued but general applause. The readings were again most successful.

On Saturday evening, April 20th, many of our children accepted the kind invitation of Mrs. Rising to a children's social treat at the Brunswick Lyceum, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Mrs. Twelvetree was the speaker at both morning and evening meetings on April 21st, the lecture in the evening, "What is Religion?" being an excellent one, and followed by the usual clairvoyance.

PRAHRAN SPIRITUALISTIC CHURCH.

Mr. T. K. Marshall, hon. secretary, writes:—

The Lyceum, under Mr. Sheppard's care and instruction, is progressing steadily. The month's programme

included recitation day, also a visit to Melbourne P.S. Lyceum to assist at memorial service for Mr. G. Spriggs. The mediums' circles in the afternoon have been well attended.

Mrs. Boden holds a meeting on alternate Mondays, and Mrs. Pedley a class every Friday evening at the church, High-street, Prahran.

The evening platform has been occupied by Mr. Charles Bailey, Mrs. Pedley (from India), and Mr. Delderfield. All the services have been largely attended, and the addresses of a very high order.

It is intended to hold a bazaar in August next in aid of building fund.

LYCEUM HALL, VICTORIA ST., BRUNSWICK.

At this progressive society much valuable work has been done during the month. The speakers at the evening services have been Mrs. Parsons, Mr. Keir, and Mr. Gemmell. The "At Homes" are a special feature of this association, and are doing much to help the cause in every way. Every Saturday evening a hostess presides and makes arrangements for the comfort and entertainment of the guests. On April 13th the children of the Lyceum were the entertainers, Mrs. Moorhouse generously bearing the expense. The children themselves provided the entertainment.

On April 20th a special children's social was given by Mrs. Rising, who invited the children from the Melbourne and suburban Lyceums to meet their Brunswick comrades. Tea was provided at 5 o'clock, and both before and after games were played, and the children contributed a programme of songs, recitations, and dances. Mr. Sheppard, who has lately come from England, and is a Lyceum worker, asked the children for a vote of thanks to Mrs. Rising, which was most cordially responded to, one little girl from Richmond Lyceum calling for three cheers for that lady, which were given as only children can. Mrs. Twelvetree conveyed greetings to the children from the English Lyceums. Mrs. Rising, who responded, told the children how she saw many happy children from the spirit world, and hoped that a similar happy gathering might soon be again held.

Mr. Keir, the president, adds that the greatest harmony prevailed, and sends most kind wishes for the editor and for the continued success of the "Harbinger."

ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

The sixty-fourth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated in the Grand United Oddfellows' Hall, Latrobe-street, on Sunday, March 31st, 1912, the whole of the societies in the metropolitan area combining (with one exception) to make the gathering a magnificent success.

The afternoon service was divided into two parts, the first of which was a Lyceum session by the scholars of the combined Lyceum. Mr. McLeod-Craig officiated as conductor, and after the general work was gone through the children gave a display of marching and calisthenics, under the direction of Mr. Sheppard, who has lately arrived from England with the latest ideas from the leading English Lyceums. The exercises were carried out splendidly, and evoked much praise from the adults present.

Part two took the form of Spiritual demonstrations, which were given by Mr. G. W. Delderfield and Mesdames Boden and Thompson with marked success.

THE EVENING MEETING.

At the same hall, on Sunday evening, March 31st, the services were continued in the presence of an audience that completely filled the hall. The chair was taken by Mr. O. Waschatz, the president of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, and addresses were delivered by the speakers of the various societies.

The first speaker was Rev. D. Leisk, speaker for the V.A.S., who spoke on the great advance made by scientific demonstration of Spiritualism by great writers and of the freedom from old dogmas through the teaching of Modern Spiritualism. He was followed by Mr. J.

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McLeod-Craig, who spoke on the message that Modern Spiritualism is bringing to the world. Mr. Delderfield, of the Spiritual Church of Victoria, was the third speaker, who took for his subject the valuable work that is to be done in the future by rising out of the old methods and bringing our reason to bear on every phase of phenomena, knowing that a natural law underlies all.

Mr. Keir (Brunswick Lyceum), Mrs. Redfern (Spiritual Church of Jesus), Mrs. Pedley (recently from India) all gave interesting aspects of the subject.

Mr. Waschatz said: "This anniversary should be an awakening for all Spiritualists, showing them their responsibilities and duties. Men like Professor Hare and Judge Edmonds in America, Milner Stephen in Australia, and many others had sacrificed fame and position for the cause, and we must keep on."

A cordial vote of thanks to the organisers, speakers, and musical directors closed the meeting. The musical director, Mr. Delderfield, was assisted by Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Tozer, Mrs. Vousland, Miss Garvin and Miss Yoland.

THE CHURCH OF SEERS, SYDNEY.

Mr. A. J. Bush, hon. secretary, writes:—

I have to report good attendances since my last. The platform workers being (afternoons) Mrs. Weeks, (anniversary address) Mr. P. N. Humphreys ("Spiritualism: What it is and what it is not"), Mrs. Kitty Hayes, and Mme. Levorna. The evening platform has been ably filled by Mr. M. J. Bloomfield (V.A.S.), with two lectures, which were much enjoyed, and by Mr. Joseph Isherwood, who spoke on "The Judgment Day: When will it be, and Who shall be the Judge?" and a special anniversary address on the Rochester knockings and the growth of the movement since.

Our Lyceum, which meets at Leigh House every Sunday morning, is progressing fairly well under the joint conductorship of Mme. Elise and Mr. W. Adam. Cordial greetings to all co-workers, and best wishes for self and paper.

SPIRITUALIST MISSION, STANMORE. SYDNEY.

Most encouraging progress is being maintained in connection with the work of the above mission. Mrs. S. A. Twelvetree, the well-known English psychic, paid us a flying visit before proceeding to Melbourne to fulfil her engagement with the Progressive Lyceum. The Sydney Spiritualists accorded her a most hearty welcome, both at the reception on Saturday and at the services on Sunday. Our speakers during the month were: Mrs. Weeks, Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. Twelvetree, and others.

The Sunday services and week-night meetings attract large audiences, the Sunday evening services being especially crowded. At all the meetings it is most gratifying to report the spirit of peace and love prevails, giving strength and comfort to all who attend.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUAL CHURCH OF PROGRESS.

Forrester's Hall, Sydney.

Mrs. R. Turner, hon. secretary, writes:—

I have to report large congregations at both afternoon and evening meetings, when the platform has been occupied by several well-known mediums. Mrs. Turner and Mr. Neal conducted an adult dedication service, the ceremony being very instructive and impressive.

BURWOOD PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

Mr. Leslie Jones, hon. secretary, writes:—

I have much pleasure in reporting that the annual meeting of this Lyceum was held on 31st March, when the balance-sheet and secretary's report were read, showing the progress made during the year. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Conductor, Mr. F. C. Tanner; vice-conductors, Mrs. Blair and Mr. G. Wright; secretary, L. Jones; assistant secretary, Mr. T. Pybus; treasurer, Miss H. A. Basford; guardian,

Mr. H. Wright; librarian, Mr. C. Tanner; musical conductors, Misses H. Basford, J. Blair and A. Wright; auditors, Messrs. Dodimead and Voysey.

The committee wish to thank all friends who have assisted us in various ways by addresses and taking part in entertainments, also by donations to our funds.

A hearty welcome is extended to all at our services—Sundays, 11 a.m., School of Arts, Burwood.

IPSWICH SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

Mr. John Newell, hon. secretary, writes:—

For some time past the church has been without any recognised medium or speaker. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, gratifying progress has been made in the public meetings, as well as in the private circles.

The platform has been occupied by members, who have given inspirational addresses and clairvoyant messages, so that the banner of true Spiritualism has been held aloft.

With warmest of good wishes to self and kindred souls, and hoping thereby to ensure—

"That man ta man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that."

I end this brief report.

New Zealand societies are all represented in the report in another column of the Convention held at Christchurch at Easter.

Secretaries are reminded that reports must reach this office by the 20th of the month, and that these must be as condensed as possible through great pressure on our space.

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The Amalgamated Society known as the Victorian Association of Spiritualists and Lyceum now being mutually dissolved, all communications to the LYCEUM should be addressed to the Oddfellows' Hall, Melbourne.

CHAS. CHATFIELD, SECRETARY.

6 Princess St., North Melbourne.

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In the United States this disease, which so often terminates fatally, is said to have been cured in many instances by the following, which has been inserted by newspapers from one end of the republic to the other. Accompanying the remedy was a letter signed "Marino A. Redding," in which he relates how it has saved the life not only of himself, but all who have had a chance to use it. In Worchester, Alaska, Seattle, Pasadena and Los Angeles, it has been tried with unflinching effect. At the last mentioned place pneumonia was taking off from two to five victims every day. Four of the Los Angeles papers inserted the cure under the heading "No One Need Die of Pneumonia," with the result that only one death a day was reported, and most of these were infants under a year old. The writer says that the death of his friend, Professor Henry P. Loomis, Professor of Medicine at Cornell University lately, where none of his associate doctors were able to save him, decided him on making this simple remedy public.

The Remedy.

Get an inhalation apparatus of glass or, if you cannot procure one, saturate a ball of cotton (as large as one-inch marble) with spirits of alcohol. Add 3-4 drops of chloroform to each ball of cotton. Place it between the patient's teeth, and let him inhale the fumes in deep, long breaths for 15 minutes. Rest 15 minutes or longer if needed, then inhale again for 15 minutes and continue the same operation 24 times, and the result will be that the lungs will expand to their normal condition. In 24 hours the patient is out of danger, and in 48 hours he is cured, although weak. Change cotton and alcohol often.

The writer adds:—"I have sent this prescription to the Stanford University, the North-Western College of Medicine, Chicago; Cornell University, N.Y. State, and to numerous other places, even across to England, to some of the most prominent men there. Doctors, try it for humanity's sake, and the public for your own welfare."

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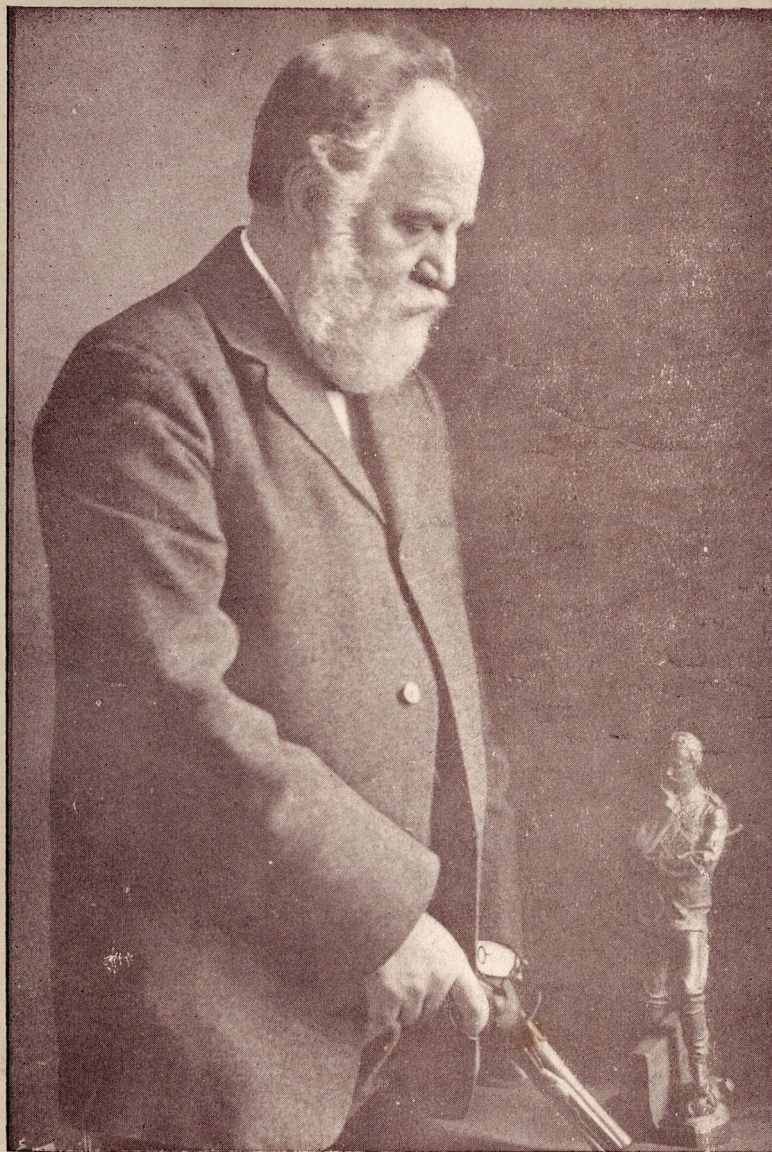
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*With Cromwell's pistol; Gordon's Statuette; and the Thomas a Kempis
presented to him by Gordon.*

Photo. reproduction of "Apport" brought to Mr. T. W. Stanford's circle, through the mediumship of Charles Bailey.



When the above "apport"—a native headdress from equatorial Africa—was brought it was found on the head of the medium seated in the locked and sealed cage, so as to show how it was worn by the natives. It was found, however, that to place the front, which is at the top of the picture, in correct position, that the back, which is a most important part, being the tail and legs of the animal, could not be shown, and it was therefore decided to photograph it flat. Dr. Whitcomb explained that this headdress was made from the skin of an elk or gazelle, although they are sometimes made from leopard skin. Curious as all these things are, it is to demonstrate the *fact* of the spiritual basis of matter that continuous accounts of these circles are placed before the world.

Even an experienced spiritualist like Mr. George Spriggs, whose passing over to spirit life is recorded in another column, has constantly said during the four years that these supplements

have been printed that the world now wants the *facts* such as these, which can be scientifically demonstrated. For this reason he has stated publicly on many occasions that his own marvellous work as a medical clairvoyant was more satisfactory to himself than any other phase of mediumship of which he had been the exponent. As Alfred Russel Wallace says in his "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," it was the *facts* that compelled him to believe, although he had to find a new niche for them. It must be remembered that this great scientist had proofs such as these of the passage of matter through matter at Mr. Home's circle, and also through Dr. Monk, whose marvels read like a fairy tale. Every day brings acknowledgment from all parts of the world of the interest taken both in "apports" and addresses, which render this circle unique in the annals of Modern Spiritualism. It is seldom, if ever, that physical phenomena and advanced spiritual teaching are combined.

Preface.

These propositions upon the all absorbing subject "Life" and presented in the form of Theses, are submitted as those most in accord with the advanced intellectual, scientific, and spiritual conditions of the present age - and a synopsis of Truth Revealed from interior life states. I venture to suggest that such a method of reasoning is logical and in accord with the laws of harmony - and harmony is the one safe test of truth even for an Angel - and every order of thought that is harmonious must and will aid in the mental and spiritual enfranchisement of humanity, and tend to the evolution of conditions of reception still more interior of an intellectual and spiritual nature, which will enable the men and women of the New Age to arrive at logical conclusions concerning some phases of life and being which heretofore have been tabulated "unknowable." The spirit of controversy is not entertained in the presentation of these thoughts, but the desire to elicit such reflections as will tend to spiritual illumination and life. If thoughts are living spiritual things, - and if not, then what are they?

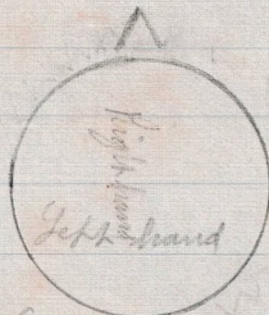
- These are not self-generated by the human brain; then it follows that in the thoughts we receive and impart we ourselves continue to live, for with them is carried a portion of our own specific life quality: hence how true is the declaration, "No man liveth to himself."

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"What is Truth?"