

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT

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

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT."—Goethe

Edited by Annie Bright

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SIXPENCE.



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ANNIE BRIGHT,
Editor "Harbinger of Light."

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The Harbinger of Light.

JUNE 1, 1912.

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At the last moment it has been found impossible to produce the second Supplement mentioned on cover and in the paper. Will friends kindly excuse ?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Last month has been a memorable one in the history of the "Harbinger," as various articles in this issue indicate. Strong as my faith in the guiding hand has ever been, no intimation from the spheres has been of such significance as that which came to me unsought and unexpected as told in the Editorial Notes for May. It is the culminating point on a long upward journey towards the light; some new development, such as that of automatic writing nineteen years ago, coming when I was apparently ready for it. This last development came with irresistible force. For years I had known of Mr. Stead's "Letters from Julia," through his own hand, and it is about two years ago that I received advance proof sheets of still another series for my criticism, and that of two literary friends. This second instalment will no doubt now be published as a precious legacy to the world. It is, therefore, perfectly natural that Mr. Stead should at once put himself into communication with the world, and that having gained so much from my friendship with Mr. Stead I should be availed of as an already prepared channel. For myself the effect has been miraculous. Much as I have lived in touch with the ethereal world the stimulus which has come from Mr. Stead's promise of assistance in the control of the paper has filled me with renewed life and vigour.

At every step in my career, from quite youthful days, I have had to encounter the opposition of many who were dear to me, right down to the time that I announced my intention of devoting myself to an enunciation of these truths, instead of writing as before for the journalistic press. Friends have constantly deplored that as an experienced journalist I should be wasting any literary gift I might have on such an unworthy cause. It will be the same now with this step of announcing my belief in the possibility of direct communication from the spheres. As people used to say of Mr. Stead: "There is no knowing where I shall break out next." In one of the communications from Mr. Stead last month he said, after telling me he was preparing a preliminary article on "What Life in the Spirit World Really Is," "there will be such a stir that you will have to be armed at all points. . . . Even the scoffs and jeers that will come from the dense materialist will do good. What is wanted is to get people to think of these things. . . . It seems as if I were brought over here because I can be more useful. Anyway, my work was at once pointed out to me, and I am rejoiced to think I can work more effectively than ever. . . . The reality of the intercourse between advanced

spirits on the same plane has to be demonstrated to the world. There are enough people ready to hear of these great developments. It is absolutely necessary to have my article 'What Life in the Spirit World Really Is,' given to the world. I am just longing to make a statement that will astonish everybody. . . . You must be as brave and steadfast as before; but this time it is a more surprising revelation you have to give to the people. You must take no notice of the disapproval of anyone, either relatives, friends or the public. You will be sustained right through in a wonderful way."

How great the work is can only be appreciated by those who come constantly into contact with people seeking to know if there is really continuous life beyond the grave. It is found that with all the teaching given by the churches, many of the preachers doubtless striving hard to give light, that ministers and people alike are absolutely in the dark about what really awaits them after the change called death. It is as the great Teacher said a case of the "blind leading the blind." He who was one of the greatest mediums of the world deplored, as Mr. Stead does, the absolute and dense ignorance of ordinary people on this greatest subject of all. The text, "Having eyes see ye not? and having ears hear ye not?" contains the gist of the introduction to Mr. Stead's famous pamphlet, "How I Know the Dead Return." Before this knowledge can become general all the dogmas will have to be swept away. People must be taught that each one must be his own Saviour. It is this deplorable teaching of salvation through another that has emasculated the conscience of mankind, and delayed the recognition of the latent powers of the individual soul, from the development of which salvation can alone come. This is most admirably set out in Professor Larkin's magnificent chapter, "The Science of Salvation," from his book, "Within the Mind Maze," printed in another column. It is commended to the earnest study of all who are interested in every phase of social and religious reform. "The whole Christian world," wrote Lord Hugh Cecil lately, "is face to face with the great movement called Liberal Christianity. . . . This new movement will create new lines of division right through Christianity." A recognition of this is the only hope of the churches.

In a remarkable address given before the London Spiritual Alliance in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Councillor Appleyard, of Sheffield, a prominent merchant and citizen of that city, showed that lack of belief in the churches' teachings can be alone remedied by a knowledge of Spiritualism. "Cradled in Methodism," he said that he soon imbibed those anthropomorphic ideas of the Supreme Being which characterised its teachings. He tells how he emerged from slavery after many years through the facts of Modern Spiritualism. "Do any of my hearers know," said Mr. Appleyard, "what complete emancipation is? To feel the gyves of relentless creeds that may have been eating into the soul for years relax their grip and fall away, leaving the prisoner in his new-found liberty to step forth from slavery. . . . No wonder," says Mr. Appleyard, "that the church is now deploring a decrease of membership, and resorting to all manner of attractions in order to maintain her position." To get people to know something of what awaits them at the close of earthly life is the work set before all of us to carry on with increasing vigour.

Let us be of those—

"In whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition."

AUTOMATIC WRITING and W. T. STEAD.

BY ANNIE BRIGHT.

As would be seen in the Editorial Notes for May a most remarkable and unlooked for communication came from my friend, Mr. Stead, with almost dramatic force, accompanied by an emphatic request to let the world know of his delight and joy in those new experiences on the other side of life. As all my readers know I am not a searcher after startling tests, but I have been aware for many years of an ever-growing consciousness of the nearness of the spiritual world which has brought me gradually into what can be best described as telephonic communication with that glorious world of which this present existence is a mere shadow. But it was not to end there. In the early morning, when spiritual and physical strength are gathered from the great Source of all Strength for the work set before me to do, have come to me since then intimation after intimation that I must be prepared in every way to give a message from Mr. Stead to the world that will startle people it is hoped out of their dense materialism and reveal to them something of the life across the Borderland to which we are all hastening. There could not be anything that is more needed at the present time. People deliberately talk and act as if life ends at the grave, and some speak openly of annihilation as what is to be expected at the close of this short span of life. In one of the messages that have come since the May *Harbinger* from Mr. Stead, he says "The dense, dense ignorance of the people on earth is incomprehensible to us, just as it was to me when I was writing and putting in the most reasonable light what the future life must be, and was scoffed and jeered at. But to cause surprise and astonishment, even to be railed at, is good—anything that will shake people up a bit. You commenced well with that quotation from my first message in your Editorial Notes. That will be copied all over the world. Spiritual-minded people will accept it, and anyway it is just a truthful message of what I experienced. If you could but see us as we are what a change there would be in the world. All this round-about talk that there is even with men like Sir Oliver Lodge, Hyslop and others would be done away with. They would declare, as I want you to declare, that I am living a fuller, grander life than ever I dreamed of. No one would go back to earth who has attained to a sphere like this. It is only the drunkards and the debauchees who wish to enjoy once again the sensual pleasures they once had, and many in their prison house yearn not to rise to higher conditions but to go back to the pigstye they have left." This is just an excerpt from a communication of nearly 750 words

poured through me at lightning speed and occupying less than ten minutes in the writing. At 9.15 I was told to get pen, ink and paper. A tremendous force pushed my pen along the paper, and at 9.25 a communication, the most extraordinary I had ever received, was before me. We are told that there is a tide in the affairs of men which taken in the flood leads on to fortune. There is also a tide in spiritual evolution which must be followed if we are to do the Will of the Father. Even now Mr. Stead's prophecy that the short message he so peremptorily gave me for May would be accepted by spiritual-minded people as true has come to pass. A sheaf of letters attest this from readers far and near. From many parts of the Commonwealth and now from New Zealand have also come newspapers in which Mr. Stead's joyful message has been copied, thus entirely fulfilling his prophecy up to date.

WHAT MR. STEAD HOPES TO DO.

Nothing comes by chance, and it was interesting to read in a subsequent letter from Mr. Stead a day or two later how he sees that the whole of his work when on the earth for the dissemination of the truth of spirit return was directed from the spheres. Speaking of his entry into spirit life, he says, "Such an awakening was surely never dreamed of by me in my most uplifted moments. My life had been so strenuous that it is a marvel to me how I got those spiritual experiences in print. I was urged on, I know now, to do all I did, and even in sending you the article 'How I know the Dead Return' it was one link in the chain that was being woven between your work in Australia and mine in England . . . There is no one to do your work, and you will be sustained in a remarkable manner. It is so necessary to have this information scattered broadcast. People have such a hazy idea of what life here really is that I am just hungry to make a statement that will astonish everybody. You must be as brave and steadfast as ever, but this time it is a more surprising revelation you have to publish. People have such a limited view of the ethereal realms. Even my own ideas were paltry compared to the reality. There are millions and millions of workers all engaged on great undertakings such as you have in miniature as it were and imperfectly conceived on the earth plane; missions to far distances ordered and undertaken by great companies. Think of the speck that earth is in this mighty universe and then of this boundless infinite universe itself. Everything on such a gigantic scale that the enfranchised spirit almost reels at the sight that he is confronted with. No wonder that many cannot grasp it at all remain in a sort of comatose state until gradually an impulse is aroused within their dark souls to rise and look about. To see folks on earth rushing after the most degrading things, not a thought beyond the sensual, is full of sadness. And all the while the great realities are unrealised. Love is all in all. No one cometh unto the Father of Spirits but by the pathway of Love—that is



Photo. Alice Mills Studio.

ANNIE BRIGHT,
Editor "Harbinger of Light."

by the soul getting in tune with the infinite. Oh it is such a glorious message I have to give to the world, and I am doing my utmost to get your conditions and my own of the very best . . . The ball has been set rolling and must go on. There must be no uncertainty as to the note sounded. The reality of the intercourse between advanced spirits in the same plane has to be demonstrated to the world. Just as I told in my *Review of Reviews* in 1893 that I was an automatic writer you have to tell the world of your marvellous experiences. Those who scoff and jeer may do so—take no notice. There are enough people ready to hear of these real developments, and your paper has to show this to the world just as you have shown through Mr. Stanford's investigation and help, the marvellous phase of phenomena the passage of matter through matter. . . Rise to the occasion. Take the rudder firmly into your hands and lead other people of this country into something broader, fuller, and more soul-convincing than they have ever had set before them." These are excerpts only from messages that have literally rushed through my hands in the early morning hours, occupying only a few minutes in the writing. There are nine communications in all, and they would cover about nine columns of the *Harbinger*—about 5,400 words.

A NATURAL SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

Each fresh development of the latent powers of the spirit has come to me unexpectedly and without conscious preparation. The days have been too full of responsibilities and duties to devote time to what I believe comes more surely and more naturally by "living the life" and entering the pathway of love and self-negation that leads to Life Eternal. There is no short cut to spiritual development. And so in 1893, when my gift of automatic writing first showed itself, it was an unlooked for demonstration in myself of the power that Mr. Stead had so well set forth in giving to the world his experiences in receiving "Letters from Julia." At that time there had come the feeling, as it has doubtless come to many others, that mere "message" giving was too limited, and we must go further afield. All this has been told in my printed book, and it is just to trace the development of this power, leading up to this correspondence with the spheres and Mr. Stead, that it is recalled. My facility for writing and receptiveness generally have grown with the passing years. Many have been the prophecies fulfilled, but perhaps the most wonderful of all was one relating to the work that I was eventually brought to Melbourne to accomplish. The message lies before me now, with the date, November 24, 1900. For many years I had been engaged in writing on the press. I had been editor for some time of a magazine in Sydney and other papers. For private reasons I had to resign these positions, and when at liberty to resume my public work a strange inability seized me, and my pen would fall listlessly from my hand. After days of depression at this change I was suddenly called to take an automatic message, and in a peremptory manner as that from Mr. Stead last month. Its effect on me was just as marked, and, as it proved, denoted a step onward in my career. It ran as follows:—

"If you desire to be strong and well, you must give up all ordinary press work and go about solely doing good to souls. After a while, you will be a source of light and healing to many. You must do nothing else. . . . You should begin now. It is the division of energy that distresses you. I do all I can for you, but a great struggle is always going on. Salvation comes quickly when you once do as I desire. All your troubles will pass away. You do a great deal now, but you cannot do half you are appointed to do until you do a divine work in the world. I shall be always with you, and a great crowd of angels who will bear you up lest your feet stumble by the way. I am a chosen director of you for this work. Do not hesitate to give yourself up at once to the Divine Helpers who are calling you. All disease, depression, and faithless fears will flee away. Courage and faith remove mountains."

It was signed by an exalted spirit whose name I was familiar with. Surprising as the message was

in itself, the result on my own mind was marvellous. It seemed at that moment as if the scales had fallen from my eyes, and from that day I gave up ordinary journalism and just waited expectantly for the way to be opened. This did not come till nearly two years later, in October, 1902. By a curious chain of circumstances that shows as clearly as possible the guiding hand, I was invited to Melbourne in August, 1903, for four weeks to give some short addresses on Myers' just-published book, "Human Personality," of which I had made a study. With no idea of literary work in Melbourne, my visit was extended at the invitation of Mr. Terry, and in a natural, and, as I feel, God-directed way, I was two years later made the happy proprietor and editor of the "Harbinger of Light," and knew that this was the first fulfilment of the remarkable prophecy of five years previously. Many are the outward and visible signs since given me through automatic writing of events to come, of work directed. They have gradually unfolded my powers, until the receiving of this great direction from Mr. Stead came as naturally to me and is accepted as unreservedly as the last letter I received from him in life only a few weeks before his passing from the earth life. It is almost seven years since I began to edit the "Harbinger of Light," and in the first number—September 1, 1905—I took Sir William Crookes and his famous "Law of Vibrations" for my leading subject. This served not only as an indication of the purport of the message I hoped to give to my readers, but was a wonderful indication of the trend that Spiritualism was to make in the succeeding years towards a scientific demonstration of its phenomenal facts. Since then, Lombroso, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir W. Earnshaw Cooper, Vice-Admiral Moore and others too numerous to particularise, have arisen, all showing the near recognition, both on the side of scientists and spiritualists, of the fact of the spiritual basis of matter. Vibrations account for everything. When slow we have matter in its densest form, at higher rates the soul vibrates as it leaves the body and enters the ethereal realms. Is it possible for me to doubt, with this and other experiences that would fill a volume, that it is not only possible but a perfectly natural thing that Mr. Stead should find it easy to get into communication with me and those he desires to reach? It is certain that he will also use in every part of the world every available channel through whom he is able to send forth to the world the vital truths that can alone save humanity, and show people their immortal destiny, and this world as a training place for souls. As this article is personal, it was found that the only picture to accompany it was one of myself. As there is great diversity of opinion as to which picture should be selected for reproduction, it has been decided to print both—one as supplement. As it is also the initial number of a régime which it is hoped will be filled with added power, it is presented to our readers with the hope that through their prayers and good wishes everything that is ordained may be accomplished.

It only remains to be added that as this precious gift has come to me by a natural spiritual development so it can come to every one besides. As Sir W. Earnshaw Cooper wisely said in his "Spiritual Science," we are all mediums. We can all get into touch ourselves with spiritual entities. It is the only thing worth striving for, as by this means we grow nearer each day to the spiritual life in the Ethereal Realms. It takes us to the very heart of Christianity and every other cult that has been sent to lighten the darkness of this mundane existence. Are we not told in the pages of the New Testament that "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life and few there be that find it." And it all comes with renunciation of self and through the gates of tribulation.

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers."

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

BY ANNIE BRIGHT.

So much has happened since the "Special Stead Number," of May, to bring myself and paper into still closer touch with that great worker on the other side, that there could not be a more suitable address than the one by Signor Valetti, printed below, on the need of absolute devotion to the highest conceivable spiritual ideal. More will be said in another part of this issue of Mr. Stead's wonderful communications, but just here I want readers to know something of the revelations that have come to me as a great awakening, and a call to still more strenuous endeavour to bring light into the dark places of the earth. Here nothing can be said in a limited space of the manner in which for years this special receptiveness has developed. As those in my inner circle know, I have for long been conscious of being in a sort of telephonic touch with the spheres. It is quite natural, therefore, that I should hear from one who has been so great a helper to this paper in his earth life. "Such an awakening," Mr. Stead writes, "was surely never dreamed of by me in my most uplifted moments. My life had been so strenuous, that it is a marvel to me how I got my spiritual experiences in print. I was urged on, I know now, to do all I did, and even the sending you the article, 'How I Know the Dead Return,' made one link in the chain that was being woven between your work in Australia and mine in England. Everything is so new here, so much to learn to even manipulate what I must call machinery, for want of a better word. A great organisation is here, of which on earth we have a faint resemblance in our governments—resemblance only. If people were on a high spiritual plane, if all the world were lifted to a higher spiritual consciousness, everyone doing the will of the Father—you can imagine how different earth life would be. Here it is, of course, higher as all see infinite progression and realise the Love that is at the back of everything." This is merely a short extract from pages where in a space of time almost incredible, hundreds of words were written at lightning speed. These few lines illustrate, however, so vividly Signor Valetti's plea for the necessity of a higher spiritual ideal that they could not be omitted. "It does not matter a bit how people scoff," says Mr. Stead. "The dense, dense ignorance of people on earth life is incomprehensible to us, just as it was to me when I was writing and putting in the most reasonable light what the future life must be—and was scoffed and jeered at. To cause surprise and astonishment, and even railing is, however, good—anything that will shake people up a bit." So consciously am I influenced to write by Mr. Stead that nothing but the desire to be receptive and obedient will be my future care.

The following is a brief report of addresses and phenomena received since the account given in May issue:—

191ST SEANCE, March 28th.—Address by Dr. Witherow on "The Influence of Obsessing Spirits on Humanity." Phenomena. Two Birds. A third bird in nest with young bird. This was taken away in the light by request until the young bird could feed itself. Large nest of Shrike.

192ND SEANCE, April 4th.—Address by Signor Valetti, "The Resurrection from the Dead." Phenomena. Lump of clay with ivory spear points from River Niger, Africa. Bag belonging to a witch doctor from New Guinea, made from papereen, a native grass.

193RD SEANCE, April 11th.—Address by Dr. Witherow, "A remarkable Case and an Explanation." This referred to a recent cure of faith-healing in England. Bird's nest and one egg. Headdress worn by chief from equatorial Africa. This was made from the skin of an elk or gazelle and was photographed for the May number. Native dress from New Guinea.

194TH SEANCE, April 18th.—Address by Signor Valetti, "The Silent Way." Phenomena. Nest with two eggs. Yogi planted three seeds—Acorn, Lemon, and Plum. Acorn and Lemon were grown about six inches. Plum seed failed and Indian seed planted instead. This grew about 15 inches before the circle closed.

ADDRESS BY SIGNOR VALETTI:

"THE SPIRITUAL LIFE."

"I will journey this way but once."

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

"I will preface my remarks with the words of a great sage—one who was sent in his time to the people of Athens, and who gave up his life, as another also, who came after him, gave up his life, for the truth. His worldly minded, materialistic enemies would not suffer him to live, so he was given the cup of hemlock to drink. I refer to Socrates, the Greek. He once said to a number of people—and I give you my own translation—"I will journey this way but once; I desire to do what good I can in my time." Your translation by English professors is, no doubt, good; but I hope you will permit me to say that I think my own translation will bring out more exactly what the speaker intended to convey. You will note that it is a little different to the translations you have in your libraries, which is: "I will pass this way but once"—the idea of journeying, to my mind, is a better one, because Socrates passed that way many times after in the spirit—"I desire—or permit me—to do good." Others render it: "I wish to do good."

THE EXPERIENCES OF EARTH LIFE.

Some of the experiences of the past have not been pleasant; some of them have brought bitterness and unhappiness, but I desire to say that even if it has been so, it is not all evil. Could you, indeed, view the past from a truly spiritual standpoint—a very high one—you would find that even the bitterest experiences are working out for you a greater weight of glory than you can imagine. It is hard to believe this, perhaps, if you have lost position, wealth, friends, and relatives. If you have lost position in the eyes of your countrymen, let me console you with the thought that the greatest, or he who shall be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, must become as one of the least. If you have lost houses, lands, or money, let me remind you that you cannot see the end at present, but I believe if this is so, that you will in the end be greatly the gainer. Sometimes people are brought to see spiritual things through adversity. The rich and the puffed-up pass by spiritual things, but when adversity takes hold of them, they begin to reflect. If you have lost these material things, console yourselves with the thought that the majority of the best of earth's sons have been poor. Think of Him who had not where to lay His head. Think of Socrates, beloved by his countrymen, but his enemies were too many for him, and they brought about his death. But in death he was serene, because he possessed something that remained when houses, money, land and position took wings and fled away.

HOW TO BE HAPPY AS THE DAYS GO BY?

This is a question often asked. You have been seeking happiness in many directions during your lives and still true happiness is not yours. But just lately something has come your way which you have taken hold of and which is bringing you great happiness. As you sit in your seats to-night, each one should say: "I am thankful to that Providence that brought me to a knowledge of spiritual things, because it has given my soul peace, satisfaction, and eternal joy. Something has come your way—what is it? It is the knowledge and reception of true spirituality. It is the reception of true spirituality, which, working in your lives, is producing a greater and nobler manhood. The best way to get happiness is to make someone else happy. This brings satisfaction, and peace, and joy. Some people say: "But we can do so little. We are not affiliated with any society, or church." Perhaps, signore, it is a good thing for you that you are not. Your usefulness may be all the greater because you are not. There always has been a tendency in human life to make trouble

over little things—to bewail one's lot. Sometimes infinitesimal things cause great misery. Perhaps it is the weather. I once knew a man who spent half his existence bemoaning the state of the weather. If it was hot it caused him languor; if it was cold he had rheumatism; if it was mild he did not like it, he said it was too mild and out of season—always bewailing something, hence he could neither be happy nor diffuse happiness. You should come to recognise yourselves as vessels which have been emptied of all that the world delights in and filled with true spirituality. You are able, then, out of the abundance of your storehouse to give liberally to others. As you go through life people are quickened and helped. They feel your magnetism—the magnetism of a pleasant smile, a kind word, and a loving touch. All this, signore, comes from the man or woman whose life is in tune with the Infinite.

RIGHT DOING A NECESSITY.

Socrates, the great Grecian, was spiritually taught. We are told that he had an attendant daemon—that is, a spiritual messenger. Such an one had, no doubt, an exalted guardian spirit, who taught him sublime truths. He gave out, therefore, to the multitude those wise sayings, those grand and noble precepts which he received from his attendant daemon. There cannot be any doubt that he might have risen to a high position among his countrymen. The wise and the mighty came unto him. They delighted to sit at his feet and listen to his words of wisdom and to receive from him those precious pearls, some of which we have to-day. We are told that he was of sober hue, as became a philosopher, kind, long-suffering, gentle, but ready to denounce that which was opposed to righteousness. He taught a philosophy which grated upon the nerves of certain Athenian philosophers who have left a numerous progeny. I do not believe in any philosophy which teaches that evil is good. I believe, signore, that out of evil good may come, but as surely as there is such a thing as wrong, there is such a thing as right. To those who declare that it does not matter what man does—that it is right—I say it is a false philosophy. The enemies of truth and righteousness pricked to the heart by his exemplary life and teaching caused the government of that time to order him to drink the poisonous cup of hemlock. As you go through life to-day, you will find all manner of persons who will gnash their teeth at you for the truths you are giving to the world, but do not be disturbed, do not take more notice of them than you would of the cur who yelps at your feet in the street. For they do as they must. They have not developed any further, and the tiger in their nature is showing itself, and in others you see the sliminess of the serpent. But show them in return that you are in possession of something which makes you able to ignore, and rise superior to such a state of mind. Pardon instantly any affront, and say, in the words of the Great Teacher, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Time is speeding away, and as you grow older, you know how swiftly the years pass. And remember, as Socrates said, that you are journeying through this life but once. You may believe in reincarnation. That does not matter. If it brings comfort and consolation to your soul, well, hug it. I do not teach it because I do not believe it. I do not know anything of it over here. I say you are journeying this way but once; do, therefore, what good you can. I will tell you why. Every action and every thought of yours produces an effect. If you don't do good, then you must do harm. As you know, some people say: "Well, I don't do any harm, even if I don't do any good." It is a mistake, signore. The man who does not do good, does harm; there is no middle path. "No man," we are told, "liveth unto himself." If you think good and speak good, then good abounds. If you do not then some one perishes, because you have been indolent and unfaithful; do not, there-

fore, say consolingly to yourself, "Well, I have not done any harm, if I have not done good." You are not meant to be drones in the human hive; you are sent into the world to be workers. "You are journeying this way but once, do what good you can." The Nazarene said if a cup of cold water is given in the name of the Father, it brings a blessing. The spiritual meaning of that is this—that in doing something for the love of your fellows, you are working with the Father. You recognise that you cannot help Deity. He requires nothing of you. But you can help your fellows, you can help your brother who has God in him. In helping him, you worship God.

WHAT THE PAST HAS GIVEN.

Last year opened with fair prospects. As some journeyed through the year, the angel visitor came one day, tapped upon the door and placed his foot upon the threshold. And love sat holding that door ajar, barring his entrance. Then he whispered in loving tones: "Stand ye aside, I have come to take the wanderer home." You are all strangers and sojourners journeying through life. Some of your friends who commenced the journey upon earth last year got home before the new year came. They spent a happy Christmas time in the kingdom of Love. For them the new year opened most felicitously, it was full of joy and promise, of love and immortal life. If the angel messenger should tarry at your door during this present year, there is no need to be unhappy. You can have even now a foretaste of that joy, that Divine love and happiness which will take possession of you entirely in the kingdom of heaven. You can experience it right here where you are to-night, and if it has not commenced in your soul, I pray you let it commence to-night by consecrating your life, your talents, your all, in the service of humanity, which is the service of God. And assuredly as you do so, the spirit of God will enter in and bear witness with your spirit that you are accepted in the well-beloved, you are truly a son of God. There is no life like the spiritual life—no life in the universe which can compare with that life which is from God. Nothing, moreover, happens by chance. Everything is ordained by the All Wise, and He is bringing it about in His own good time, and in His own way. Remember how you have craved for something to happen, that you earnestly desired; but it has eluded your grasp, and you have turned away disappointed. If it is for your good, it has not been snatched away; it has only been withdrawn out of sight until the opportune time arrives. It is harmful, sometimes, to receive certain things if you are not receptive, and therefore not fitted to receive that which you desire. After you have spent your life in well doing, I have something else to tell you, which will help you in the future. No matter if the call to the other life shall come early or late, it matters not, for you are going to be associated, if you are spiritual, with the salt of the earth, and the choicest spirits that the world possessed. In speaking of the great and good, I do not refer, signore, to those persons who have been associated with creeds, churches and cathedrals—theologians and others. I do not say that there have not been some grand, noble men among them, but taking the history of the church as a whole, it is undeniable that the majority of them are not of the salt of the earth. But there are among the churches noble men and women who have given their lives, their talents, their all not for praise of humanity, not for possession, not for the touch of a royal sword upon the shoulder, but for the good that they can do, and the happiness which they can bring into the lives of their fellows. I see the devoted Father Damien going with his life in his hand among the lepers, isolating himself entirely and cut off from civilisation. I see him work among these poor creatures until he contracts so fearfully the fell disease, that men flee from him in terror.

At last I see him caught up by the angels and crowned with a diadem of love. I see him sitting upon a throne of love and praise, receiving the adoration and reverence of thousands who have benefited by his example, his life and his work. Is it not grand and soul-uplifting to work for humanity in this way?

EACH ONE GRAVITATES IN SPIRIT LIFE TO HIS OWN PLACE.

On the spirit side of life each one is gravitating to a certain plane of mentality—spirituality. I implore you, therefore, signore, to desire, and not only to desire, but to attain to a high spiritual standard. As you gravitate to that plane on the other side, so you are gravitating to great happiness and blessedness. If you are content to grovel on low material planes, then you will gravitate to the same on the other side, which does not bring such joy, peace, and happiness. It has frequently been said that it is more difficult to do right than to do wrong. It is a mistaken idea. Why should it be so? To the man who has trained himself, who has regard for the moralities, whose life is in tune with the Infinite and hid in God, it is harder to do wrong than to do right. With some people, on the other hand, it is extremely difficult to do right because they have no spirituality. To the truly spiritual man, it comes natural to be upright, to be honest, to do that which he should do because it is right. Of course, men do wrong unwittingly, in ignorance, but I am speaking of doing wrong wilfully.

IN CONCLUSION

Let me then ask you this night to consecrate your lives, your all, to the service of humanity, and to the cause of truth. Place to-night all you have upon the altar, and say, "My Father, I am Thy child, begotten of Thee, for Thou art the Father of spirits: all I have and all I hope for is Thine throughout Eternity. From this night will I labour, directed and inspired by Thee. It may be a poor, weak way, but I will be earnest about the matter, I will be conscientious, and when opportunity offers, I will not be afraid, nor will I hold back from doing that which is good, or advancing the truth." Do this, and ye shall live throughout the countless ages of eternity crowned with eternal life, blessed in the fellowship of the great, the noble and the good, and loving and dwelling in Love, for he who dwells in Love dwells in God.

WHAT LIFE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD REALLY IS.

By W. T. STEAD.

[In the article on "Automatic Writing and Mr. Stead" in another column, a full statement is given concerning the way in which such communications are possible. As the latent powers of the individual are developed it will be found that a communication such as the one from Mr. Stead is as much within natural law as Wireless Telegraphy itself].

Mr. Stead says:—

Those who are inclined to scoff at the idea of my being able to write so soon about my experiences in these new surroundings, limited as they must necessarily be, are reminded that all my previous life had been a preparation for this one. I did not pass over, as the vast majority do, with a mind clouded by the ordinary ideas of death. For years, to my great worldly detriment, as people were never tired of reminding me, my eyes had been opened to the realities of the spirit world. Writing, I need scarcely say, was my forte, and I was also an automatic writer, as "Letters from Julia" testify, having become a household word in many homes. For nearly fifteen years that little volume now called "After Death," directly given from the spirit world, has been in constant demand, and it has passed through

many editions. I knew that automatic writing was a valuable way of communication with those who had passed on. My experience with Julia told me this, for her personality was proved to me over and over again by test after test, corroboration after corroboration. Great as had been my belief in all these realities, full as my mind was of the importance to the world of a knowledge of the continued existence beyond the borderland, still, while in the midst of the turmoil of daily life, it is necessarily dimmed, and looked at from this new perspective, my great surprise is that I was able to see as clearly as I did, and that I proclaimed the truth in the face of such enormous odds. What more natural than that I should want to tell the world that all this is true and more wonderful than I had ever dreamed of in my most sanguine moments. As I said in that first message, I was able to send through this paper "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 the 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." It was pointed out to me by one of the angelic beings that here in the editor of this paper was one channel through which my work could still be carried on. Like myself, she was a writer, and an automatic writer, Julia herself, in 1893, having been the first to use her hand. It was almost as easy as writing myself to use her facile pen, and conditions were, for a beginning, as good as possible. It is early days yet, but conditions can even now permit me to write some of my experiences. What these conditions will become later on it is not possible to forecast; but from the spirit side of life it is declared by the spiritual conclave directing the work in these southern lands that with this number of the "Harbinger" a new era is begun in its history. It will be made to reach and influence thousands who are now in the bondage of materialism; it will spread a new and glorious idea of the destiny of man, and will do more to inaugurate a new social order than all the legislation ever attempted. For seven years the editor, amidst discouragement and despairing moments that would have quelled a weaker spirit, has held up the banner of truth. We shall see what fruit the next seven years will produce. It is a fact that helpers on this side have controlled the paper, which is itself its own best corroboration of spiritual direction. All this was necessary as a prelude, and now how can I tell in mortal language the happenings since that fearsome night when the "Titanic" went down with its precious cargo of human lives.

EXTREME CONFIDENCE IN THE SHIP.

There could not have been a more brilliant company than the one which took passage in the greatest steamer afloat. Disaster was the last thing to be expected, and the ship's enormous size gave a solidity that is experienced only when on land. It seemed too strong, too big, to meet with any disaster. I was roused from my berth by one of the first collisions with an iceberg, dressed, and went on deck without panic or fear, and found the boats being launched to rescue the women and children. So great was the confidence in the vessel that many refused to venture in the boats, and believed that their best chance of safety lay in sticking to it. Soon I realised that we were doomed. A moment's anguish, the thought of loved ones at home, the horror of the situation overwhelming me, and surrounded by the cries of the helpless drowning creatures, I passed into unconsciousness in the icy water. To tell you the transports of joy when I awoke to what was awaiting me is beyond mortal words. Think what it would be when, after a long separation from loved ones on shore, perhaps having given them up as lost, you should be suddenly brought face to face with them. It seemed as if a whole phalanx of

angels and friends were ready to welcome me. Scenes of delight opened on my vision, and the reality and the magnificence of the whole almost bewildered me. First of all I was led to a home that had been preparing for me all my life. It is quite true that "in my Father's house are many mansions." Oh! if the most beautiful architecture of the earth were put beside these, they would be dwarfed to insignificance. Here, in this home prepared for me, were on the walls representations of everything I had done in earth life, of help to unfortunates, help in reform. The help in spreading the great fact of immortal life was represented more fully than anything else. Many facts in my career to which I myself and the public would give greatest importance, were not represented at all; only such that had helped the growth of the soul. I longed to get back to the dear ones still on earth, but was just led to a place of rest in my home, accompanied by the beloved son whose communications with me had confirmed my belief in continued existence. Through him the river of death had been bridged for me. It was necessary to rest, and here, surrounded by beautiful ravishing scenery and music, of which you have only the faintest echoes on the earth, I gradually adapted myself to the new environment, and grew calm and restful.

A GREAT REPUBLIC.

What impressed me most was the colossal system of government that pervaded everywhere. Angelic beings had evidently been instructed to meet me, and every question I asked was answered by an angel guide into whose care I was placed. I wanted to see my dear ones on earth, and swiftly was carried to my home, only to find that for the moment no direct word could be given them, no assurance that all was well. Oh, the anguish, the terror on their countenances, and I powerless to do more than spread around an unseen spiritual balm and comfort that might be apprehended. I felt that I must work, work more than I had ever done when in the flesh, to spread the truth abroad of immortal life, that some way must be opened to me to tell of my delight and assure my beloved ones that all was well. I asked to be taken back to my heavenly home, to be shown some way to get at these dark places. There it was explained to me that conditions have to be made for perfect communication, that machinery, so to speak, for sending messages through the ether had to be studied. Here, also, are schools of learning for those who needed instruction even in the rudiments of spiritual knowledge; here were vast enterprises that included work in glorious regions of which those in earth life and in the fog of material selfish thought can form no idea. There were vast armies, it seemed to me, of advanced spirits setting forth on missions to other planets than ours, as well as worlds beyond our little solar system. The whole universe alive with spiritual beings all under discipline, doing the behest of some supreme director whom I have not seen, but who seems in some way I have yet to learn an Invisible Force. All this I was shown by my director, and told that soon my work would be shown me, something that would put me in touch with those all over the world who were now engaged in spreading this great gospel. That much had to be learned by me, but that I could make a beginning at once. It is the reality of the spiritual world and its nearness that I want first to impress on the world. Spite of death-dealing disasters, spite of the fact that every minute of your days some soul is passing on, the mass of people go on as if the life you are now living was the only one. They cannot conceive of a world that is more real and beautiful than earth, and yet entirely spiritual. There are here the realities of what is reflected only in earth life—flowers, trees, landscapes, and above all, a sense of youth and elasticity that no one can fully experience in the flesh, though humanity will grow gradually to a more spiritualised condition of body. Then here we realise what it is to be among our spiritual peers. The meetings in the homes of the

great and enlightened ones who have passed over are beyond mortal understanding. It is something for me to be able to say this much so soon after entering the promised land. Later I shall tell you of the people I meet, of the matured plans for work on which I am to enter. Meanwhile let every one know there is no death, that my life is fuller and brighter and with limitless possibilities, that I had never really dreamed of. We live and move by virtue of the Love force of the universe. No need for food; we are filled with the life-giving force of the Universe, that subtle fluid that feeds every material thing. To be filled with it is life everlasting—the more you have of it in earth life the more you can appreciate heavenly things. It is the Love supernatural of which you have a glimmering in the true loves of earth life. Here it radiates from advanced spirits, and there is communication of soul with soul that in your earth limitations can scarcely be comprehended. I am alive! alive! alive! for evermore! That is the burden of my message to-day.

EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

SOME PAGES FROM HIS GREAT BOOK,
"WITHIN THE MIND MAZE."

"THE SCIENCE OF SALVATION."

"The saying: 'We must be saved,' is a truth as solid as the rocks. But we must be saved from ourselves. A mentalist of long experience in studies of Mind may find food for thought in this short sentence. There are many millions of books in the world on the subject of salvation. Ninety per centum of the contents of all these works is now entirely obsolete, and petrified into rigid fossils.

"Salvation is a science. Mathematics is the only absolutely perfect science; but all scholars throughout the world ought now to join in one mighty and concentrated and definitive plan to make salvation a set and fixed science so nearly perfect that mathematics only is of greater accuracy. It would be as precise as the science of numbers were the factors numbers only, but these are all human, and intensely human. Saved from self. This would be as easy as addition and subtraction if we knew all about ourselves. We know as little about ourselves at present as we do of the opposite side of the moon which is always turned away from the earth. Thus as it were the face of one's ownself is turned away. No fact in mentonomy is more apparent than that within each human personality there are two forces, powers, states or conditions. One seeks to rise higher and higher toward perfection; the other in the opposite way, toward a lower and lower grade or state. One leads to all that can be sensed as happiness here in bodies, brains and personalities on earth; and the other to an equal degree of unhappiness. One leads to mental pain, the other to mental happiness. And likewise physical. This is the first time that the most enigmatical word in any language—pain—has been written in this book. This gigantic subject cannot be discussed in this volume. I have used a most astonishing phrase: we must be saved from ourselves. One must be saved from one's self. This is a literal fact as obscure and inexplicable it may be. I admit that I cannot understand this mystery, but the mystery is a fact as obdurate and rigid as is the fact that gravitation causes bodies to fall to the ground. It has been vehemently disputed that we must be saved. Thus it has been told us that we can live along the "even tenor of our ways" from birth to death. But the "even tenor" is not a progression. If the theory of evolution is true; and the right theory is true; then man evolves, or rather is evolved, mentally into higher and higher states. This subject is one of the most profound in the entire career of man. Mentalists from remote antiquity until now, have thought, pondered, philosophised and written upon this fascinating theme.

Mentalogical battles, wars of words, have raged for centuries striving to decide whether we have aught to do here. Writers have taught us that we are precisely as Nature made us; that we are living just as we are and ever have been; exactly according to our inherent natures. This book takes the opposite side of this stupendous question: and holds to the view that an incredible amount of work has been left on our Minds and hands. The legacy of labour resting upon man is to conquer himself and the entire earth. His herculean labours are to annihilate war, alcohol, disease, poverty, crime, pain, insanity, idiocy, poisons, deadly serpents, deadly bacteria and insects, and harmful plants and animals.

"To drain all swamps, fill every marsh, bog, morass and end death-dealing exhalations. Harness rivers winds, tides and solar energy to servitude in the production of electricity; and to use this now unknown agent to turn every wheel, do all work, in shop, factory and transport by land, water or air. To wire the planet, turn on the electric light and transform the night, or negative side of nature into day. To make mankind of one speech, by use of wireless or space-transmission of human intelligence in spoken, written or automatically printed words. This so that when one anywhere on earth hears a word, he will know its meaning. To end the hideous sex-perversion now reigning everywhere and sale of women for gold. Also the appalling and corroding Mind disease, gold-leprosy, insane clutch of wealth, and terrific horrors heaped on children for the love of gold. This formidable catalogue of work is perhaps half; the other half is named Eugenics, human culture. This science is looming now in magnificence. The original idea of human betterment was derived from the betterment problems applied to swine and cattle. This colossal subject likewise cannot be written up in this book. The reader perhaps will agree to the proposition that man must be saved and saved from himself. Or saved from the sinister and forbidding other half of the personality. Man must save himself from sex-horrors, society-inanities, war, alcohol and gold, and that in a not far distant future, or retrograde. Mentonomy only is able to save. Positively, Mind must be explored and its real nature discovered, disclosed and then these facts, simply must be utilised. This work is what has for long been posing, as errors attached to the fearfully misused word salvation. The entire work must be done by ourselves, there is none to aid.

Thus labours greater than those wrought by Hercules and a million more like him, will be that of examining, searching, and understanding, the now obscure, hidden and latent, faculties of Mind, bringing them into the light of human science and applying them—the reader may be surprised in a totally new science—education. And this mighty subject must here be passed. Thus salvation, in one of its general departments is actually to save children from themselves, lower natures, or other halves of personalities. And labours beyond all imagination must be wrought in the conservation of adults; for nine-tenths of all grown human beings living in nations—organised governments, are now unhappy. Poverty, grind of disease, ruinous taxes for senseless wars, the lame, halt, blind, deaf, misshapen, monsters, those in jail, penitentiaries, asylums for the insane with nameless horrors, for the idiotic and the dreadful poor. An army of labourers along reformatory ways will be required to assuage the appalling terrors endured by the unhappily married; those forced to study in schools utterly repulsive subjects, those forced to labour all through their lives at employments that their natures loathe; living near malignant neighbors; lifetime longings never satisfied, not wanted children, divorce horrors, court horrors, hospital horrors and a thousand others from mildest to total malignancy, harass, wear out, and trouble-toss nine out of every ten persons in civilised countries. Eugenics and mentonomy would wipe out the entire hideous and appalling mass within one hundred years.

Then the present modes of existence make it clear that to these persons—"lives are not worth the living"—a solid truth. Persons have longed themselves to death, hoping and desiring books, pictures, music, culture and good things of this world—hopelessly unattainable from poverty. Heartbreaking disappointment, merciless crushing of hope, aspiration, high ideals, and these in refined, sensitive and appreciative ones—these, and more like them, slay their thousands annually. All avoidable by a knowledge of our mental natures and application of this knowledge. Page after page of atrocious horrors could be scribbled, but recounting of these would be useless; they, and diseases of Mind, brain, nerves, and body can nearly all be eliminated from humanity by continued research in mentonomy. And terrific pre-natal horrors owing to tortured Minds of prospective mothers, cast shades of gloom over offspring through life. Entirely annihilated by a civilisation based on mentonomy. The entire legal fraternity and procedure of criminal courts will be almost reversed when mentonomy is taught in schools, academies and universities. And current civilisation likewise. This is salvation of the individual, of nations, of the race; the saving process being based on newly discovered, and now semi-latent laws of Mind. We are mental beings, not merely physical. For war with fiendish selection, selects the strongest, murders them on the battlefield, leaving the low grades to propagate the species homo. The capital discovery of all ages will be the discovery of the nature of personality.

*SPIRIT MESSAGES.

In Lilian Whiting's charming volume, "The Brownings," she gives an account of Professor Hiram Corson, editor of the above book, and his friendship with Robert Browning, commenced in London in 1881, and his last meeting with the aged poet in Venice, just before his death, in 1889. Professor Corson had done more than anyone else in America to introduce Browning to the reading public by the founding of a "Browning Club" at Cornell University, some four or five years before the formation of the Robert Browning Society in London. This to show how natural it was that Robert Browning should be among the first to give a message to Professor Corson through the mediumship of Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, the medium of Boston, so frequently mentioned by Lilian Whiting, followed by other celebrated writers whom he had personally known. This is what the world has yet to learn, that it is the most natural thing for this to happen, and that as people become more spiritualised it will be as frequent and reliable a method of communication as receiving a letter by the post from a friend in a distant country.

Professor Corson, although he had the pleasure of seeing his book through the press, did not live to see its publication, his dying wish being that it should be printed just as he had left it. This has been admirably carried out by his son, Eugene R. Corson, of Savannah, Georgia, who has added a "Prefatory Note" to his father's "Foreword and Introduction." Professor Corson was a friend of Lilian Whiting's, who is therefore able to understand and review "Spirit Messages," as few besides. It is therefore with the greatest pleasure that her admirable notice, which appeared in London "Light" in its latest issue received of April 20, is given to our readers.

The portrait of Professor Corson is from her lately-issued volume, "The Brownings," from a painting by G. Colin Forbes, R.A.

It just remains to be added that "Spirit Messages" is beautifully printed and got up by the Austin Publishing Co., of Rochester, New York, and should have a wide circulation.

*"Spirit Messages," by Hiram Corson, A.M., LL.D., Litt. D. Professor Emeritus of English Literature in the Cornell University, U.S.A.—The Austin Publishing Co., Rochester, New York.

PROFESSOR CORSON'S "SPIRIT MESSAGES."

By Lillian Whiting.



Professor Hiram Corson's book, entitled "Spirit Messages," which has recently received editorial recognition in "Light," is a remarkable one in many ways. The sitter was a man of the utmost spirituality and beauty of life, and the medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule (of 110 Dartmouth-street, Boston, U.S.A.), is a woman of refinement, and of earnest devotion to her gift; indeed, it is not too much to say that her work and life have placed psychic communication on an entirely new plane in the minds of all who know of her work, quite irrespective as to whether they believe in communications between the two states of life. Professor Hiram Corson, Litt.D., LL.D., was a great scholar. On the founding of Cornell University he was invited by Dr. Andrew D. White, its first president, to create the department for English Literature, which chair he held for more than 40 years. He was the personal friend of Robert Browning, and his greatest interpreter; and his wonderful "Readings" from Browning, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Tennyson, Walt Whitman—given in many cities—were creative interpretations, which for many years formed one of the leading features of literary culture in our country. So much must be said to define the personal characteristics of both the sitter and the medium.

During a visit I paid to Professor Corson in October of 1909, I told him of Mrs. Soule, and he professed a great desire to have "sittings" with her. In September, 1910, he came to Boston from his home at Ithaca, N.Y., and for more than three weeks he was a guest here at the Hotel Brunswick, where, at 4 p.m. each day, Mrs. Soule came to him to give the sitting. The seances thus took place in his own room, under the most harmonious and agreeable conditions. The 24 sittings were consecutive, Sundays not being excepted. The communications came from his wife (who was a distinguished French woman of letters, a Dante scholar, and who translated Longfellow's "Hyperion" into French), his daughter, his two sons, and a group of personal friends that included Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Tennyson, Phillips Brooks, Longfellow, Goldwin Smith, F. W. H. Myers, and Walt Whitman. All this group were near and personal friends of Dr. Corson, except Mrs. Browning, whom he had never met (his friendship with Browning beginning some years after her death),

and Tennyson, whom he had met but once. In 1880, and again in 1885, Dr. Corson visited Browning in London, and they met in Venice, renewing their intimacy only a month before Browning's death.

Now the remarkable element in these communications is the strong individuality revealed of each communicant. Here is a group of people of world-wide fame, whose writings and literary creations are familiar to the reading public. Each of the messages reveals subtle, delicate, and unmistakable evidences of the special trend and individuality of the person. Those of Mrs. Browning are as different from those of her husband as were their expressions here, and each of those purporting to be hers is like her expressions in letters and in literary work when here. The same assertion can be made of every communication.

Now, the sceptic would, of course, say that the very fact that these messages are so largely from well-known writers invalidates them, as such names would lend themselves to imitation. But when one comes to think of it more closely, there is no more marvellous literary feat than to imitate the style and the individuality of a well-known author. Mr. Mallock did this in his inimitable book, "The New Republic." But while his is one of the most clever and ingenious instances of literary imitation, even in this—the work, too, of a trained man of letters—the reader perceives that it is an imitation, and this suggestion is even a part of the cleverness with which it is done. But in this case the medium, Mrs. Soule, is in no sense a trained literary worker, an expert—as is Mr. Mallock, and as anyone would need to be to achieve successfully so intricate and exacting a result as the successful imitation of so large and so widely differing a group of authors. Probably not one person in a thousand out of the most cultured and sympathetic readers of these authors could successfully imitate their work, their individual form of expression, charged, too, with its vital suggestion of their characteristics and personality, even if it were a matter of life or death to do so. Such a thing is, on the face of it, practically impossible. I doubt if Dr. Corson himself, with his more than 60 years of scholarship and culture behind him, savant and scholar that he was, could have created these messages had he tried. The question remains, then, if they are not the work of the persons from whom they purport to come, from whence do they come? The possibility of the medium concocting and memorising them to be given through her voice must be ruled out; and if, in any way, Dr. Corson's own mind worked in so dramatic a fashion, unknown to himself, and the medium drew it from him, the mystery is certainly not lessened! But entirely beside the published matter there was much of personally evidential matter between Dr. Corson and his family—those trivial allusions which yet prove so much. Mrs. Corson spoke of a lace shawl that he had bought for her abroad in the early years of their married life, and there were many similar things of a domestic and personal nature that the medium could by no possibility have known. I cannot now allude individually to some of the messages and point out certain salient facts regarding them, but many of these will readily suggest themselves to the attentive reader.

THE ROAD TO TRUTH.

The road to truth is rugged, steep and bare,
And leads the seeker on to cloud-topped hills,
Only to see new mountains rise and rise,
Each steeper and more rugged than the last;
Till oft the climber's heart grows sick and faint,
And memory mocks him in his lonely pain
With praises of the valleys left behind,
Where birds sing songs sweet to the ear of man,
Inspiring faith in all that he desires.
Of death, not what it seems—the end of life,
But a more glorious birth to life more full
Of all to which the heart of man aspires,
Than ever mind of man has yet conceived.
But still the pilgrim's gaze aspires to truth,
And turns disdainful from those smiling vales,
Whose mists obscure the mountain peaks of thought.
Nettleton, N.S.W. JOHN F. HOLDEN.

SPIRITUALISM IN MELBOURNE. THE BAILEY SEANCES.

The following interesting account of what is being done at Mr. Stanford's Seances was sent to the "Sunday Times," Sydney, of May 5th, by its Melbourne representative—a gentleman who, by a careful study of what takes place, extending over several years, has become a convinced believer. He has grown from a hard-headed sceptic to rejoice in the reality of the spirit world and of its enormous influence on this phase of existence

* * * * *

This gentleman writes:—

It may be of interest to some of the readers of the "Sunday Times" to know that what are known as the "Bailey seances," at Mr. Stanford's private office, Melbourne, have produced thoroughly satisfactory results for some months past, the phenomena, the lectures, and other demonstrations of occult power having been uniformly convincing (writes our Melbourne representative). Mr. Charles Bailey, the medium, on his return from Europe about six months ago, continued his series of sittings with Mr. Stanford, the circles consisting of from fifteen to twenty regular sitters, and occasional visitors, bringing the total circle up to about twenty-five for each sitting. The phenomena have included the bringing of tablets similar to those already brought during the past few years, also wonderfully fantastic native garments, head-gear, spear points, living birds, sometimes as many as three coming in one night; also many weird and novel articles, so large as to preclude the possibility of fraudulent secretion. Indeed, such possibility does not exist in respect to even the smaller articles, for an unvarying practice at the meetings is for two or three strangers to conduct a close search of Mr. Bailey, pounding him all over, and examining his clothing right through to the bare skin. The searchers complete their task by accompanying the medium to the transparent cage in which he sits to perform his wonders after the door has been carefully locked and sealed. During the period under notice a number of gentlemen occupying high positions in the political, official, legal, and ecclesiastical worlds have attended, and they have all with perfect unanimity pronounced the phenomena to have been produced under conditions that

MADE HUMAN CONNIVANCE ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE.

The most weirdly impressive address that has been given through the mediumship of Mr. Bailey for a long time past was delivered about three weeks ago by an intelligence purporting to be the returned spirit of a man who was at one time well known in connection with the Melbourne land boom, and who committed suicide under exceedingly painful conditions associated with his loss of wealth, position and health, as a result of the collapse of the boom. The story told of the circumstances leading up to the financial calamities experienced, and to the final act of suicide, was a

MOST REALISTIC ONE,

and certainly the gestures and voice inflection were such as to lead the hearers to believe that the utterer of the words was vividly recalling his past.

The recital of what took place after leaving this world was much more weird and wonderful than the words describing mundane affairs. It would be impossible, without reproducing verbatim the address that was given, to convey an adequate idea of the word painting that was done, while no human method would enable one to reproduce the melancholy tones of the voice of the speaker describing his sorrowful condition as a result of his experience at the time mentioned. Never before was Mr. Stanford's invited circle of sitters so deeply impressed as on this occasion. The addresses as a rule are uplifting and hope-inspiring, but this one presented the obverse side of the picture.

DR. PEEBLES CELEBRATES HIS NINTIETH BIRTHDAY.

In the "American Spiritualist" for April 2 the following interesting account of this great veteran's ninetieth birthday will be read with interest by his legion of friends in these southern lands.

Saturday, March 23, was a gala day for Spiritualists of Los Angeles and vicinity. For the united efforts of its fifteen organised churches, under the generalship of Dr. Norton F. W. Hazledine, tendered a reception and banquet to our pioneer worker and pilgrim traveller, Dr. J. M. Peebles.

The occasion was a celebration of his ninetieth birthday, held in the First Spiritual Temple, taxing the seating capacity beyond the limit. Devoted workers and willing hands made elaborate preparations and decorated the temple in a most beautiful manner. The proceedings commenced at 2.30 p.m. with the general reception, the pilgrim passing with our chairman (Dr. B. F. Austin) through the evergreen archway, lined with representatives of the various churches. Then followed a presentation of the wreath of Friendship and Immortality by a little maiden of some four summers, clad in white, and offering words of greeting. This great contrast of youth offering to age this significant token of love presented a most beautiful spectacle.

After this ceremony, Dr. B. F. Austin, in giving the address of welcome, spoke most eloquently of the achievements attained by the pilgrim, and of his wonderful career devoted to the interests of Spiritualism. No other man, he said, was so widely and well known, or had so many friends; indeed, no other man in our ranks was so revered for his unswerving devotion, loyalty to principle and persistent energies in the cause of Spiritualism as our beloved Dr. Peebles. His writings will be read for centuries to come, and his name will be honoured wherever a few Spiritualists are gathered together. As the Spiritual Philosopher, Dr. Peebles stands at the head of our movement to-day, and we have a man, truly great, in whom to trust and reverence for his works' sake.

Loud and prolonged applause greeted Pilgrim Peebles as he rose to make response, acknowledging, in a most befitting manner, the words of welcome and tribute paid to him on this occasion. Though ninety winters have crowned his head with whitened locks, and snowy white, flowing beard, time rests lightly on him. He stood, erect and tall, strong and robust, intellect clear and sight undimmed, a living example of right living, a monarch defying the onward rush of time's fading processes.

Congratulations were afterwards tendered by the representatives of each church, followed by greetings from old friends and workers, and the reading of communications from the doctor's many friends all over the world. An abundance of musical items interspersed the short speeches, making a most pleasant and enjoyable afternoon.

Leading the procession to the banquet hall, where a sumptuous feast was prepared, the pilgrims and the many friends joined heartily in the banquet, and many were the toasts offered to the honoured guest. Owing to unexpected crowds of visitors the accommodations were greatly overtaxed.

The evening was likewise devoted to music, short speeches, and social enjoyment, and the reading of the pilgrim's message to the world on his ninetieth birthday; a deeply thoughtful lecture, bristling with epigrammatic sayings of great significance to Spiritualists to-day.

It is said that hundreds of letters from prominent personal friends, the speeches and congratulations on that day, with full account of the proceedings, will be printed and put in book form. Mr. Robert Peebles Sudall, the doctor's assistant and secretary, will have the matter in hand. Friends wishing a copy of the proceedings should address him at 519 Fayette-street, Los Angeles, Cal.

SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Held at Christchurch, N.Z., on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, April 5, 6, and 8.

Since the account of the proceedings of above appeared in May issue a photographic group of the delegates and visitors arrived. It is with pleasure that this is reproduced, and a report of the president's address.

An important motion, proposed by Mr. W. McLean, vice-president, seconded by Mr. J. W. Wilson, and carried unanimously, was also forwarded after the May issue was printed. Mr. McLean says, in an accompanying letter, that no answer had been received up to date. Mr. McLean was undertaking all expenses incurred. The motion was as follows:—

“That a respectful letter be sent to his Worship the Mayor of Christchurch, asking if he will accept on behalf of the Christchurch Public Library a gift of the ‘Progressive Thinker’s’ series of twelve valuable books, as follows:—‘Encyclopedia of Death and Life in the Spirit World,’ three volumes; ‘Letters from the Spirit World’; ‘Seers of the Ages, or Spiritualism Past and Present’; ‘Great Debate between Moses Hull and W. F. Jamieson’; ‘Religion of Man and Ethics of Science’; ‘The Spirit World’; ‘Interwoven—Spirit Messages from a

Speaking on the subject of protection of mediums, he said:—‘The time has come when we must seek the protection of the Government for our genuine and honest mediums, who at present are liable, any day, to be haled before a magistrate on the flimsy pretext of ‘fortune telling.’ The bill which has been drafted by Mr. McLean will be before you for discussion, and you must be very careful how you judge as to its adaptability to bring about just legislation.’”

The President next dealt with the attitude of the Church, which, he alleged, had always been antagonistic to Spiritualism. “The assault upon its dogmas and creeds comes from within as well as without,” he said. The Rev. H. Mayne Young, senior curate to Canon Wilberforce, from no less a place than Westminster Abbey, said, “The old worn-out theology of the past needed to be adjusted and re-stated to-day, as it had often been readjusted 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.”

“Psychic stories,” the president said, “are to be found in nearly all the English and American magazines, and novels are lacking in piquance that do not deal with occult subjects, however crude may be the ideas. The secular Press is giving us a much fairer hearing, and



Front Row (reading from left to right)—Mrs. Sorenson,* Gisborne; Miss Venables, Queensland; Mrs. Morrison, V.A.S., Melbourne; Mr. Moody,* Christchurch; Mr. Nation,* President National Association of Spiritualists, N.Z.; Mrs. Moore,* Hon. Sec. N.A.S.; Mr. W. M'Lean,* President Wellington Association.
Second Row—Mrs. Rodmell, Christchurch; Miss Taylor, Nelson; Mrs. Steinman, N.S.W.; Mrs. J. Wilson,* Victoria; Mrs. Sigglekow, Levin; Mrs. Pybus, N.S.W.; Mrs. Sharp; Mr. T. M'Nicholl,* Treasurer N.A.S.
Third Row—Mr. Jos. Taylor, Nelson; Mr. J. Wilson,* Victoria; Miss Walton*; Mrs. O'Keefe,* Christchurch; Mrs. Sinclair,* Wellington
Back Row—Mr. J. H. Fabling,* V.A.S. and S.S., Melbourne; Mr. Sorenson,* Auckland; Mr. Coombes,* Christchurch; Mr. Mofflin,* New Plymouth; Mr. W. M'Nicholl, Christchurch; Mr. G. Dickenson,* Waihi.

Delegates marked *

Son to his Mother’; ‘After Death’; ‘The Home Circle Fraternity—the Evolution of a New Religion’; and ‘Gems of Thought.’ Also, if he will accept, for filing in the Public Library, say for twelve months, the following papers, which will be forwarded free, as representative of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism:—‘Message of Life’ (New Zealand), ‘Harbinger of Light’ (Australia), ‘Progressive Thinker’ (America), ‘Light’ (England). By this means it is the hope of the Convention that the press, the public, and clergymen may be able to judge correctly of the claims of Spiritualism.”

REPORT OF MR. NATION’S PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

The retiring president, Mr. W. C. Nation, delivered a lengthy address, which dealt with important matters.

now that the leaders of scientific thought admit that man is on the border of vast potentialities in a realm of thought hitherto neglected and despised, journalists are reading up our literature and writing on occultism and the power it is exercising in every civilised country. From the first moment of its appearance to this it has moved on totally unconcerned and unharmed amidst every species of opposition, misrepresentation, lying and obstruction, and yet has daily and hourly grown, and spread and strengthened as if no such evil influences were assailing it.”

Delegates were present from Auckland, Levin, Waihi, Wellington, New Plymouth, and from the Lyceums of Wellington and Christchurch. There were also representatives from Victoria and Queensland in attendance.

EXTRAORDINARY "FAITH CURE."

All the English papers have had accounts of the following remarkable cure of a girl in London, who had been apparently hopelessly ill for five years. It is attested by the doctor who attended her, and is attributed to the special prayers of people attending the mission services at St. Paul's, Herne Hill, whose clergy, it is stated in the London "Daily Mirror," are astonished at her recovery. Her name has been mentioned in church before "the prayers for the sick" for years past. Rev. J. Waldron, of the adjoining parish, Brixton, who has established a faith-healing mission, has visited the girl, and is making arrangements to have her moved at once to a nursing home.

A London daily journal says:—

One of the most extraordinary cases of "faith cure" ever recorded has occurred at Milkwood-road, Herne Hill, London. A young woman, who one day was considered by the doctor to be dying, says she had a vision in the night and next day was perfectly well. For a fortnight she had been blind, but suddenly she could see; she had been deaf, and she could now hear; for five years she had not walked, and yet, to the amazement of her parents, she asked for her dressing-gown as she wished to get up.

"But you can't get up; you are not well enough," her parents told her. As a matter of fact, the doctor had told the parents she was dying, and that there was no hope. But the girl insisted on having the gown. Refusing assistance, she put it on, and, getting up, ran about the house. A church visitor called on Monday morning to see if the girl had passed away, and, to her surprise, the "invalid" rushed to the door, threw her arms around her, and embraced her.

When a press representative called at the house the patient, Miss Dorothy Kerin, was one of a merry group. She is an exceedingly pretty girl, and although twenty-two years of age, looks little more than seventeen. She was wearing a dressing-gown, "because," as the mother explained, "that is all she has at present. When she was last about the house she wore short frocks, and we are now having clothes made for her."

Five years ago Miss Kerin was taken to a sanatorium for consumptives near Reading, and, after a stay of nine months, she was sent back. She was refused admission to a hospital at Hampstead, and also to the Brompton Hospital for consumptives, her condition being so bad; and although she was sent to a nursing home at St. Leonards, she was soon sent back. For a time she was in St. Peter's Home for Incurables at Kilburn, and was taken home from there in an ambulance. It was thought then that she would not live another week; but although that was two years ago, she still lingered. A fortnight ago she became blind and deaf, and, as above stated, the doctor, on the 17th of February, said she had only a few hours to live. Yet, on her cure, she made her own bed, walked up and downstairs with ease, and, with the exception of being pale, seemed as well as could be.

Her account of what happened is extraordinary. "I suddenly saw a great light," she says, "and heard a voice saying: 'Dorothy, your sufferings are over. Get up. You can walk.' Then two hands clasped mine, touched my eyes in turn, and I was able to see my father and mother. I have no pain whatever now; in fact, I do not feel as if I have had a single day's illness."

A few days previously, says the mother, the girl murmured during her sleep: "Jesus will come and accomplish a great thing."

The doctor, who for two years has been attending the girl, was seen after the occurrence. He is one of the best known doctors and surgeons in the district. He is a justice of the peace. "When I heard that the girl had got up and was about the house," he said, "I would not believe it till I had been to see, for

I left her on Saturday night, apparently dying." Asked "Did she really suffer from consumption and diabetes?" he replied—"Oh, certainly, there's no question whatever about that. Her pulse has been up to 200, and she has been losing half a pint of blood at a time." "Then what is your theory?" asked a reporter. "As to the cause of her present condition I have no theory," he replied. "Had I read of it I certainly should not have believed it. She is well; but how she got better I do not know." The temporary blindness and deafness, he added, were probably hysterical. The amazing part was the apparent sudden cure of acute diabetes and consumption.

Another doctor conversant with the case confessed himself equally mystified. "I have seen the girl," he said, "and her condition is quite normal. She is pale, of course, but otherwise perfectly well."

An F.R.C.S. of wide experience, who has seen Miss Kerin since her recovery, says that her case is the most unusual he has known in twenty-five years' practice. "When I first examined her," he said, "I should have said it was quite impossible for her to have done what she has proved she can do now—and I shall watch her progress for the next month or so with the closest interest. I have never known a case like it."

MR. J. NELSON JONES.

In a paper like the "Harbinger of Light," with limited space and coming out only once a month, it is not possible to present a comprehensive view of what "Oahspe" really is to a profound student like Mr. J. Nelson Jones, and at my suggestion he has brought out a pamphlet of over 70 pages, in which this can be more effectually done. It is beautifully got up, and although involving a large expenditure, is to be placed absolutely without charge at the disposal of those wishing to possess copies. When it is known that each copy costs that gentleman 9d., it will be understood how earnest he is in his endeavour to spread what he conceives to be the truth. In a large majority of letters coming to this office mention is made of "Oahspe," many having procured their copies through Professor Larkin. Others are anxiously expectant of the new editions just being published in England, one by a Mr. Hardt, a Finnish gentleman, at his own expense, to be sent post free at 4/2 a copy to any part of the world; and another by the Kosmon Church, London, at 6/- a copy.

In a recent letter from Mr. Jones he says that he has received by last mail from London some single parts of Mr. Hardt's edition published in London at 6d. each, or £2/14/- for 12 dozen, *i.e.*, 4½d. a copy wholesale. Mr. Jones adds that he considers these parts will be most useful, because readers would get the *essential* parts of the book disencumbered of much that is of little or no interest to the "man in the street." "They are at a price that would admit," he adds, "of them being given away." Mr. Jones has sent three copies of these to *Harbinger* office, and it is not unlikely that eventually a large consignment may be received to be sold at 6d. each.

Of Mr. Jones' pamphlet it may be said that it contains as frontispiece a portrait of Mr. Newbrough, with account of how the book was written, also one of Mr. J. Nelson Jones himself, at the request and suggestion of the printers. Four of the chapters are designated "Jesus of Nazareth," and contain an account of the birth, death, and teachings of this great Teacher from an oahspian standpoint, combined with other interesting matter.

The pamphlet will be posted free to any part of the Commonwealth for ½d., to New Zealand 1d., and foreign parts 2d. a copy. An address, with postage enclosed, for one or more copies addressed to J. Nelson Jones, Ararat, Victoria, or to *Harbinger* office will receive prompt attention.

Mr. Jones desires to inform those who have forwarded monies to him for the English edition of "Oahspe," that by a letter dated London, April 10th, he is informed that the Kosmon Church has a definite promise from the printers for it to be completed within three months.

SPECIAL "STEAD" NUMBER.

It seems as if the cause of Spiritualism in these southern lands is going ahead by leaps and bounds, and that its great exponent, William T. Stead, is leading the way. There has never been such a demand for the paper and from every part of the Commonwealth and New Zealand as for the May number of the "Harbinger." From the Editorial Notes, in which was included the first message by automatic writing from Mr. Stead in his new surroundings, extracts have been copied in the papers both of the Commonwealth and New Zealand. A gentleman in a leading position in Brisbane has sent me one of these from the "Daily Mail" of that city. He writes: "Your message is making a great talk, and is causing people to think. A very orthodox and self-opiniated friend of mine, hitherto the greatest sceptic, has come to the conclusion 'that there must be something in it. It makes me think,' he said, and I loaned him 'Science and the Soul,' and he now wants to investigate further. So is the seed sown." In two papers in Sydney, the "Daily Telegraph" and "The Globe," the same extract from Editorial Notes appeared. In the "New Zealand Times" it was quoted under the heading "Hallucination." As things are going, it is certain that what people are now pleased to call "hallucination" will be recognised as a spiritual fact. One satisfactory feature is that no jarring word has been hitherto written.

In one of Mr. Stead's communications included in the article "Automatic Writing and Mr. Stead" in this number, he said "the ball must be kept rolling." The editor was urged also to follow on with an account of her experiences, including prophecies fulfilled, etc., in this June number. This has been done, and made still more prominent by the inclusion of a new portrait of the editor, which has for long been solicited by her friends.

MR. STEAD'S UNCONQUERABLE FAITH.

By MISS EDITH K. HARPER.

The following tribute from Miss Harper, Secretary to Mr. Stead, is among the best received. It shows what Spiritualism should mean to the world—a daily consciousness of the immanence of God.

"I have been asked by the Editor of *Light* to write a few words about Mr. Stead 'from my own knowledge of him' I have waited while it seemed to crushed and anguished human hearts that there was the remotest shred of hope to cling to that he, our beloved chief, was still, in some miraculous way, spared to pursue his noble, inspired and devoted work on the physical plane.

As a knight-errant he was great, as he 'rode abroad redressing human wrongs,' with absolutely no thought of himself, except that his life was given to him to use for others; as a clear-sighted politician, far above party littleness; as a brilliant writer, pouring forth a marvellous flow of thoughts and ideas, like sparks from an anvil, he was head and shoulders above his contemporaries. As a 'practical idealist'; as a faithful friend, a chivalrous and generous opponent; as the apostle of the world's peace; as the fearless champion of the weak and helpless; as the wide-minded, patient, infinitely interested investigator of all that touched the 'world invisible'—which he always called 'the world of realities'—in all these things he stood out as a constant example to the world he loved to serve. Others have written of him in all these aspects, and whatever is written can but fall short of what all who came within the magnetism of his personality, and the great public who were in touch with him through his writings, are aware.

But to some, the greatest and most lovable quality in his wonderfully lovable nature, was his indescribably beautiful and touching submission to the will of the Heavenly Father, to Whom all his life and actions were constantly referred. Like a trusting child he lifted his luminous eyes and sought to read, as in the face of a loving parent, what it was for 'the highest best,' God's

best, that he should do, or whither go, or what endure. God was All-Wise, All-Loving; He had ordained, and He knew best. All for us to do was to place our hearts in humble and adoring receptivity to any manifestation, any revelation, of His Will. And if by our own wilfulness or blindness we missed His 'signposts,' then to try humbly and patiently to read them afresh and aright. This may sound like much that we have heard of others—heroes, saints, martyrs, who have illumined the missal of the earth-life with their shining records. But to have seen it constantly before one, to have lived in the daily benediction of its divine influence, as did those who had the joy of serving him, is a marvellous lesson, not a radiant memory only, but the unspeakable living consecration of a lifetime.

Those who knew him best can recall how, in some sudden or long drawn out tangle of perplexing uncertainty, or complexity, when light seemed for the moment obscured in darkness and there were 'lions in the path,' and in the press of conflict it would seem that the Guiding Will had been strangely inexorable, strangely hard, how those clear, far-seeing blue eyes (which saw so deeply and so tenderly into the problems and mysteries of existence) would look for just a moment, with a quick, half-puzzled second glance, as though to be quite sure of having grasped the stern significance aright; then the old calm serenity would return, the loving trust, the unconquerable faith and certainty that 'His best is far better for us than our own best can ever be,' and that to belong to the Father, just to be used by Him as His humble instrument, for His own inscrutable purposes, is the only possible rule of life.

It was the absolute, loving submission of a heart that has been immovably anchored upon the Eternal, and which knew itself to be actuated in all ways and at all times only for the love of humanity. . . . Once the Will of God has been ascertained, all *must* be well, all *is* well, anyhow, anywhere, and for all time. So he was never weary of teaching and living. And so it is, we know now that all is well with him."

PERSONALS.

Lilian Whiting, author of "The Brownings: Their Life and Art," was honoured by an invitation from the Browning Centenary Celebration to join the committee of some fifty representative men and women "who understand the greatness of the world's debt to the genius of Browning," for the meeting to be held in London in the Westminster Abbey on the centenary day, May 7. Lord Crewe was to preside, and among the speakers expected are the Archbishop of Canterbury, Prof. Edward Dowden, Sir Oliver Lodge, Arthur C. Benson, William Watson, and the Bishop of Ripon.

Dr. Boyd Carpenter, late Bishop of Ripon, has accepted the position of President of the Psychical Research Society, London, for 1912-13.

Mr. E. Wake Cook, artist and litterateur, now resident in England, is about to contribute to "Light" a series of papers on "Spiritualism as a Social Saviour" based on the teaching of Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis regarding social reconstruction. Mr. Wake Cook holds that Dr. Davis anticipated later reformers and formulated a higher and, at the same time, a more scientific ideal than any which are now moving humanity. His is the one message most needed to-day. It is intended that from time to time full notices of these will appear in this paper.

Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice of New Zealand, writes in a Wellington journal of May 23rd an "Appreciation of William T. Stead." He describes a personal interview with the great journalist during his recent visit to England, and says that to appreciate him "one requires to get into personal contact with him where man talked to his brother man with open soul. . . . We debated many things," says Sir Robert, "for we were not always of one mind. . . . Here was a man whose soul had been touched, as it were, with a live coal

off the altar of 'his God.'" Of what Mr. Stead considered the most important work of his life—the advocacy of Spiritualism—Sir Robert says never a word.

Rev. A. J. Waldron, vicar of St. Matthew's, Brixton, London, has been lecturing on "The Occult" to the "Men's Brotherhood" at the Pavilion, one Sunday, and was listened to with extreme interest and occasionally applauded very heartily. After giving in his own belief to the truth of spirit communications, he said, "What he asked and wished for was that the whole scientific world should investigate the spiritual possibilities and probabilities of the universe. It might mean the re-shaping of the world of thought. An eminent surgeon had said to him some time ago that 'the day will come when the whole medical world will give up nine-tenths of their drugs and avail itself of this psychic force.' For Heaven's sake," said Mr. Waldron, "let us pursue it."

Mr. Herbert William Wilson, says the "Westminster Gazette," of Knowsley Road, Liverpool, managing director of Wilson Brothers' Bobbin Company, Limited, left £146,764 gross and £143,233 net. He left all of his property to his wife to dispose of as she may think fit, and, failing the exercise of such power, he left his property to his wife for life, and subject thereto, £10,000 to the Psychical Research Society, £3000 to the London Spiritual Alliance, Limited, for the purposes of research and £5000 to the "London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." There are also numerous bequests to employees.

The Bishop of Salford (Dr. Casartelli) says in a Lenten pastoral, "The Pernicious Cult of Spiritism," "it is spreading to an alarming extent in all classes of the population, and even making headway among the Catholics. We have been credibly informed that the evil is especially showing itself in certain parts of our diocese. A dabbling, perhaps for amusement, in some slight forms to occultism leads to deeper interest and an ever-growing craving to know more and see more, until the victim becomes a full adept and slave of the cult."

The "Daily Mail," London, of April 18th, has one of the best notices to hand of W. T. Stead's remarkable personality. "With the loss of W. T. Stead in the "Titanic," says the writer, "passes one of the most remarkable personalities of our time—a brilliant mind, an apostle of many causes, a man of devastating sincerity and rigid principle, yet with interests wide as the world. . . . The present generation cannot realise the power that he was in the eighties. He had invented a new style of journalism, swayed the decisions of Cabinets. His creed was eclectic, and, as his readers said in those days, you never knew where he would break out next. . . . The latest intimations from 'Borderland,' the newest way of federating the Empire, the next scheme to lay before the Hague Conference in the interests of Peace, all engaged his virile attention." If the "Harbinger" were a weekly journal and double the size many of these articles would be included in its columns.

Mr. W. McLean, president of the Wellington Association of Spiritualists, N.Z., is leaving for America on important business on June 21st. In one of his recent letters he commends to the Melbourne Spiritualists Mrs. Steinmann, who has been speaking at the New Century Hall, Wellington, under the auspices of the local society for many months. In every respect she has proved a most capable exponent. It is expected that Mrs. Steinmann will commence a series of addresses on Sunday, June 30th, for the Prahran Spiritualistic Church.

Mrs. Morrison, who has just returned from a most successful visit to the South Island, N.Z., extending over several months, has now returned to Melbourne, and is open for engagement. Her address is 27

Hawkesburn Road, Hawkesburn, and further particulars will be found in advertisement on another page.

Mrs. Twelvetree, who has just finished a successful series of lectures at the Melbourne Lyceum, brings with her from several English societies most appreciative addresses on leaving for Australia. From the Nottingham Spiritualist Society, where she was located for nine years, no words of affection could be stronger. The leading Society of Central England, with G. P. Young, president, and Hanson G. Hey, two of the most prominent spiritualists, gave her a sealed and signed diploma which should ensure her a welcome wherever she should travel. Other documents are equally complimentary.

Mr. J. Isherwood sailed for Durban, South Africa, in the s.s. "Aeneas" on May 24th, under engagement to the Spiritualistic Society there, for which he lectured with much success on his way to England last year.

Mrs. Pedley, recently from India, in advertisement in another column, gives her address, programme of meetings, and hours when she receives inquirers. She is holding a meeting every Monday evening in Mrs. Bright's reading room, Austral Buildings, at 8 o'clock. Visitors should arrive by a few minutes before that hour, if possible. All communications should be addressed to "Evelyn," 38 Hambleton Street, Albert Park.

Mr. L. V. H. Witley, author of "The Ministry of the Unseen," which was reviewed in last issue, has a splendid reply in "Light" and "Two Worlds" to the Rev. Dr. Dixon, of Spurgeon Tabernacle, who has attacked himself and Spiritualism generally. It is the old story of "everything coming from Satan" and of "seducing spirits!" Dr. Dixon also attacks Rev. Mr. Meyer and others who wrote forewords to his book as having "become detached from the moorings of faith." It is likely that many others will follow in their footsteps.

Mr. Robert White sent an appreciation of W. T. Stead when May paper was ready for publication, with material already left out for want of space that would easily fill another "Harbinger." Our thanks and regrets.

Mrs. Bright will be "At Home" to friends and subscribers from 3 to 5 on Wednesday afternoon, June 12th, at "Harbinger of Light" Office, Austral Buildings, 117 Collins Street. [Mrs. Pedley, McLeod-Craig, and other speakers. Cordial invitation to all.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many letters and M.S.S. are still unacknowledged through great press of work. Will friends kindly note this.

VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The Acting Hon. Sec. writes:—

There was a brilliant, harmonious gathering at the Conversazione held on May 20th, which included a "Welcome" to the Hon. Sec., M. J. Bloomfield, who had been absent for six months on a business tour in N.Z. and some of the Australian States. Mr. O. Waschatz, the president, was in the chair, and expressed his great pleasure at seeing Mr. Bloomfield back again. Mr. Leisk and Mr. McLeod-Craig added warm words of welcome. A good programme, contributed to by Miss Williams, Miss Feinaigle, Miss Waschatz, Mr. Edelsten, Mr. Feinaigle, Mr. Brown and Mr. Thomas, followed, and after refreshments had been served the chairs were put aside and a few games were indulged in.

Mr. Leisk is lecturing every Sunday evening at the Association's Rooms, Austral Buildings, with much success, and he conducts on alternate Sunday afternoons a Conference Circle, which is well attended. Every Wednesday evening, at 8, Mr. Leisk gives psychic demonstrations at Austral Buildings, preceded by a most interesting lecturette.

It is intended to hold a bazaar on Saturday, June 8th, afternoon and evening. Many workers are busily engaged, and useful and pretty contributions have already

been received. Friends who are willing to help are invited to send in their contributions not later than June 3rd. It is determined to make this, the first bazaar held in conjunction with the V.A.S., a brilliant success, and friends are invited either by their gifts or presence to help in this good cause.

Mrs. Trew holds a seance at the V.A.S. Hall every Tuesday evening.

MELBOURNE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTIC LYCEUM.

Mr. W. H. Lumley, conductor, writes:—

Since our last report the meetings of the Lyceum have been well attended. The evening meetings, under Mrs. Twelvetree, and the afternoon meetings under Mrs. Twelvetree, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Wells, Miss Mantell, Madame Orion, Mrs. Pedley, and others being largely attended. The soloists who have kindly assisted in the success of all the meetings have been Mrs. Vousden, Mrs. Hoehne, Miss Adams, and Mr. Lumley.

The morning sessions are fairly attended. Good work is being done. The speakers during the month were Mrs. Knight McLellan, Mr. Bush, Mrs. Pedley and Mr. Kenyon. Several fellow spiritualists from England have visited us during the month, among whom Mr. Kenyon, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Moore spoke from our platform on the afternoon of the 12th May. The social of the 23rd April was a success in every way, and the committee have decided to hold one monthly. The children of the M.P.S. Lyceum are having a treat on Monday, 17th June, at the Oddfellows' Hall, Victoria Street, and the children of kindred institutions in Melbourne and suburbs are to be invited as guests of the M.P.S. Lyceum. Many donations have already been tendered towards the success of the children's evening.

PRAHRAN SPIRITUALISTIC CHURCH.

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

During the month the Lyceum children, in addition to the ordinary routine, took part in the memorial service of Messrs. W. T. Stead and Spriggs. Pleasant Sunday afternoon services have been held with Mrs. Twelvetree and Mr. Feinaigle, and the usual mediums' circles. The lecturers for the month have been Mr. Bush (Sydney), Mrs. Boden, Mr. Kitto (limelight service), and Mrs. Parsons. Clairvoyance and readings have been given by Mesdames Orion, Boden, Werber, Parsons, Reaburn and McGeorge, and Messrs. Bush and Toomath. Madame Orion has undertaken to continue the alternate Monday night meetings. On Sunday, 30th June, Mrs. Rosalie Steinmann, a medium of high repute from New Zealand, will commence a series of Sunday evening addresses. Our thanks are tendered to all workers for the month.

SPIRITUAL SCIENTISTS.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

Mr. Leslie W. Sneesby, hon. secretary, writes:—

These services were held with success at Royal Arcade, Melbourne. The afternoon service consisted of a psychics' meeting, the speaker being Mrs. Redfern, who spoke upon the higher aspects of Spiritualism, and the splendid work being accomplished by our president and speaker, Mr. McLeod-Craig. Mr. Moorey spoke in glowing terms of the spiritual vision of our leader, and stated that after waiting for 15 years for a message from a loved one, Mr. Craig had described him in such a manner as to leave no doubt as to his identity. Mr. Moorey spoke of spiritual teaching in the highest sense that man needed to save him from Materialism. Mrs. Boden's subject was the healing of the sick by the laying on of the hands, and gave as an illustration her own case. After her very serious accident she was prostrated in

a hospital for months, and when she came out paralysed had to be wheeled in a chair. She was taken to Mr. Craig, and in a fortnight was able to send the chair away. At the last anniversary she had to struggle to the platform with two sticks, but to-day she had only one, and could have walked without any. Mr. Bush, secretary of Church of Seers, Sydney, also spoke. He referred to the splendid work Mr. Craig had done in Sydney, and how the people would like him to come back, if only for a short visit. He also spoke of the work of the Spiritual Scientists, and all the speakers agreed that our meeting was one of the most harmonious they had ever been in. At the evening service Mr. Bush and Mr. McLeod-Craig occupied the platform. The hall was crowded, and long before the time of service hundreds had been turned away. We are thinking of removing to more commodious premises. Our first conversation was held at the V.A.S. rooms, when Mrs. J. J. Sneesby was the guest of the evening. Mr. McLeod-Craig, in an eloquent and able manner, spoke of the aims of our society, and said that the guest of the evening had with her kindly smile and her truly spiritual desire to help all who needed sympathy and kindness done much to give the Spiritual Scientists that feeling of peace and harmony to which Mrs. Redfern referred in her splendid address. We are pleased to report progress in every way during the whole year. We all send best wishes and thoughts to you, dear Mrs. Bright, and thoughts of success for the "Harbinger."

SPIRITUALISM IN SYDNEY.

THE CHURCH OF SEERS.

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

Since my last I have to report good attendances at our meetings at the School of Arts. The platform workers have been (afternoons) Mrs. Hegarty (Melbourne), Madame Levorna, Mrs. Kitty Hayes (dedication), with Mr. P. N. Humphreys and Mr. A. J. Bush as psychometric demonstrators. For the evening platform, Mr. Isherwood farewelled to our great regret on April 28, prior to his departure for South Africa. May 5th, Mr. P. N. Humphreys spoke on "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" May 12, we had a large audience to welcome Mrs. Boden (Melbourne), who at once made a host of friends by her exact demonstrations of spirit return, and we are sorry that her visit to us is of such short duration—five weeks—but this regret is tempered with the knowledge that when Mrs. Boden leaves us Mrs. Knight McLellan will be here to fill her place. Our Lyceum, which is affiliated to the British body, is progressing famously under the joint conductorship of Madame Elise and Mr. W. Adams. Visitors are invited to visit the Lyceum at Leigh House every Sunday at 11 a.m. Cordial greetings to all co-workers and best wishes for self and paper.

SPIRITUALIST MISSION, STANMORE. SYDNEY.

Mr. W. D. Morrell, president, writes:—

We are glad to report steady progress with regard to the work of above mission. The Sunday services have been attended by good and sympathetic audiences, with the exception of "open meeting," Sunday, when owing to heavy rain the gatherings were less than usual.

Our speakers during the month were Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. Weeks, Madame Laceta and Mrs. Hegarty, of Melbourne.

At all the week-night meetings the spirit of harmony and love has held sway, and many have been helped and sent on their way rejoicing.

A literature department has been opened at which investigators and others can obtain Spiritualistic literature, including copies of the "Harbinger of Light."

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CHRISTIAN SPIRITUAL CHURCH OF PROGRESS.

Forrester's Hall, Sydney.

Mrs. B. Turner, hon. secretary, writes:—We have had very satisfactory meetings and classes the last month, the platform having been occupied by Mrs. Turner, Miss Turner, and Mr. Neal. The congregation has been very well satisfied with lectures and messages, and we trust that it will continue so. Kind regards to friends and co-workers in the south from the church.

WAIHI SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, N.Z.

Mr. R. R. Lewis, hon. secretary, writes:—

After acknowledging receipt of pamphlets of "Coming Religion" with thanks, which have been distributed round about the district, regret is expressed for the loss of Mr. Stead, and congratulations on the May "Harbinger."

About the work of the society Mr. Lewis says:—Mrs. Helen Pybus (Malu) is under a three months' engagement to our society, which commenced on Sunday, May 5th, and has now delivered two very excellent lectures, entitled (1st), "Spiritualism a Science—Philosophy and Religion," (2nd) "Our Spirit Guides," which were listened to by most appreciative audiences. Our society has not grown very strong as yet, but we are doing the very best we can under the adverse circumstances by which we are surrounded.

We all thank you for past favours, and hope for continued success of the "Harbinger" and your own health and happiness.

The following letter has been received for publication:—

NEW PLYMOUTH, NEW ZEALAND.

4th May, 1912.

Mrs. Bright, Editor "Harbinger of Light,"
Melbourne.

Dear Madam,—

Will you please find space for the following in next issue of "Harbinger of Light."

The "New Plymouth (N.Z.) Society for Spiritual Progress" join all others in expression of sympathy and regret at the loss of such an one as W. T. Stead. Our love is extended to him in his promotion to the next life. He will find his place amongst those bright ones. Let us hear his voice.

Yours fraternally,

A. MOFFLIN,
Hon. Sec. N.P.S. for S.P.

**J. C. F. GRUMBINE, THE AUTHOR AND
LECTURER, TO VISIT AUSTRALIA AND
NEW ZEALAND.**

In March, 1913, J. C. Grumbine, of Boston, Mass., sails from the United States on a pilgrimage of the world. He will make an extended tour of New Zealand and Australia, lecturing and holding classes. He will reach New Zealand about March 25, 1913, and continue there through April and, perhaps, May, reaching Australia in June and continuing through July and, perhaps, August or longer. Societies wishing his services will please address him, 5 Seaside Terrace, Lynn, Mass., U.S.A.

Through great pressure on our space many articles are held over till July. Among these is J. Nelson Jones' Thaumato-Oahspe, the notice of his forthcoming pamphlet being all that could be included. The paper could be easily filled three times over.

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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 unfailing 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 various 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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