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By **W. T. STEAD**

Being Messages received from Beyond the Veil by
ANNIE BRIGHT

Editor of "Harbinger of Light"

With an Analytical Study of the Messages by
W. BRITTON HARVEY

Author of "The Soul and the Soul"



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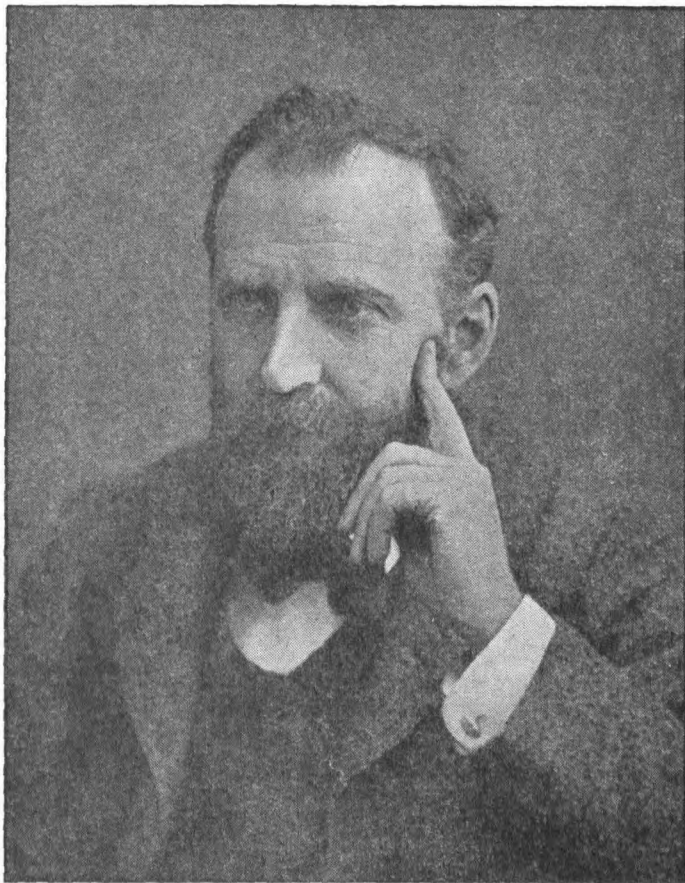
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WILLIAM T. STEAD.

What Life in the Spirit World really is

HOW THE MESSAGES WERE GIVEN.

By Annie Bright.

(From the June number of "Harbinger of Light.")

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 roundabout 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 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, by the soul get-

ting 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 5400 words.





MRS. BRIGHT

MR. STEAD'S "JULIA" AND AUTOMATIC WRITING.

By Annie Bright.

In my own experience of automatic writing "Julia" has been so important a factor that at this time of new and startling developments it seems that the article to be written next must be concerning her connection with Mr. Stead and myself, showing the *naturalness* of all that is happening or about to happen in connection with this paper. For myself it is but an extension of the wonderful occurrences of past years, and as in them nothing has ever deflected me from the great truth that our inspiration must come *direct* to each one of us, so what I write now is given in the same natural way, but with a feeling of greater power, greater inspiration, than ever before. I have to work just as hard, but I am conscious of a perpetual impetus that sustains and impels me onward. It is just an increasing supply of what is really the Elixir of Life from the inexhaustible reservoir open to all humanity. It is the only power that can give health, strength and vitality, and take you into closer and closer touch with the ethereal world and the dwellers therein. It is, moreover, latent in every human being. My only desire is to give this wonderful message as clearly and strongly to the world as possible. Said my great co-adjutor in the spheres at the pentecostal hour—nine o'clock—one morning, "You will be placed securely on your feet, and with spirit ever turned towards the Light such writing will pour through you that darkness will be dissipated in many places, and people made at least to think. They will be startled out of their utter carelessness of the most important thing in life to study—their eternal destiny. . . . Shut your eyes and ears to everything but the great

message put into your hands—commit thy way unto the Source of all Light and Love and your strength will be perfected." On another occasion I was told that "it was the religious deductions drawn from the phenomena that attracted Mr. Stead to myself and this paper so long ago." "This golden chain was, of course, a reality," he wrote, "and there it was after I passed over, and it drew me to you at once. To find an open channel of communication was a great delight, and my first words, as you know, were: 'So full of delight at my new surroundings.' You forgot to mention in June "Harbinger" that 'Julia' was standing beside me as I was writing. 'How I Met Julia' will probably be the title of my next article from the spirit side of life." "It is such an eye-opener to me," says Mr. Stead, in one of these priceless communications, "that I am wanting all the time to open the eyes of those I have left behind, and as many besides as I can reach. . . . On your little speck of earth you have no idea of the immensities here—immense things, immense armies of workers going forth on missions. Your great seers on earth catch glimpses thereof, but with the best of them it is only glimpses. Nothing I have ever read on earth can give an idea of the reality to your minds. . . . This great truth has now to be brought home to the world in quite a different way. Do you meet now with any of the attendants at church, do you meet with any clergyman, who has anything but a hazy idea of life beyond the grave? They treat it as an abstract thing, whereas it ought to be the most live and tangible subject of all. Oh, it is simply grievous to look at the scenes I have left and feel, although thankful for doing so much, that I had not had a tongue and pen both touched with fire to let people know of the greatest reality of life. I did my best under the circumstances, but it was a poor best after all. . . . I seemed to astonish people, and yet if I had known a little of what I know now I should have tried to set the world aflame. I would have gone from continent to continent, proclaiming this great, this glorious, this greatest of all facts—that of communication between the two worlds." This seems to have nothing to do with "Julia," and yet it must

be told to show how his experiences in earth life are the basis of all he has to say from that greater and more glorious side of existence.

“ JULIA ” AND HER PICTURE.

As showing a continuity in these spiritual happenings, it was in the “Harbinger” of February, 1910, that “Julia” was made a prominent personage in this paper. At that time “Julia’s Bureau” had come into world-wide notice, and had also incurred severe criticism in the London press for receiving and publishing messages from Mr. Gladstone and others relative to the political crisis of that day. Just at that time Mr. Stead sent me the picture which is now produced and some account of these doings at the Bureau, published eventually in a Supplement. All this recalls vividly the first letter that I received from Mr. Stead, dated August 15th, 1893, commenting on an article I had written in a Melbourne weekly paper, wherein I described a sitting at which I had been present to obtain “copy” for these articles “Modern Witchcraft,” which I had been engaged to write. Just when I visited the circle my mind was literally full of “Julia.” Mr. Stead had, in the previous number of his “Review of Reviews,” told the world of his automatic writing and the letters he was receiving from “Julia,” whom he had known in life, and who, about three years before, had passed on suddenly in America. I was a stranger at the time to everyone present excepting the friend whom I accompanied, and expecting to be only a silent visitor and reporter of proceedings, was surprised to hear that a spirit wished to be recognised who had come for the first time to this side of the world. Her name, she said, was “Julia,” Mr. Stead’s Julia. No one at the circle had apparently read the article but myself, for her name evoked no reply or recognition. So I asked to be allowed to answer, and in a few brief sentences was told she had come through the attraction of my great interest in Mr. Stead’s new development and would later on help me in my work. This was duly included in my article and sent to Mr. Stead in London unknown to myself. This brought his first valued



“JULIA,”
AND AUTOMATIC WRITING

letter, to be eventually the foundation of a friendship and valuable help which has now extended beyond the Borderland. After encouraging me to pursue the enquiry, and saying I should find Julia a very helpful soul and likely to "manifest herself in a more definite manner," which proved quite correct later on, Mr. Stead gave his personal experience of Julia's communications as follows:—

"The personality of Julia," said Mr. Stead, "is to me beyond doubt. You cannot receive intimate and constant communication for more than a year from any person, whether in the body or out of the body, without becoming conscious of the character of the person with whom you are in communication. Julia is quite distinct to me, as distinct as any person in my office. She is extremely good, always cheerful, always full of consolation, a little bit too sanguine, perhaps, now and then, but as true-hearted, loving and sympathetic a friend as I have ever had in this world. . . . She was a noble woman when she lived, and death, to say the least, has not impaired either the kindness of her spirit, or the power of her intellect."

This was written nearly nineteen years ago, and in confidence. "Letters from Julia" were not then published, and Mr. Stead was not prepared then, I know, to give his complete adhesion to the spiritualistic hypothesis. His words written so long ago give an added interest to the picture, and Australian readers will be interested to know how deeply rooted and of what long standing is his spiritual partnership with this beloved friend of his.



[In the article on "Automatic Writing and Mr. Stead" on another page, 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 communications such as those from Mr. Stead are as much within natural law as Wireless Telegraphy itself.]

WHAT LIFE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD REALLY IS.

By Mr. W. T. Stead.

No. I.

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 supernal 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.



HOW I MET "JULIA" AND MEDIUMSHIP.

By William T. Stead.

No. 2.

One of the first subjects I have to speak about is Julia, my communications with her, the founding of the Bureau of Communication, and the relation of all three to Spiritualism. Among the great crowd that welcomed me on my arrival in this blessed country was Julia, faithful as ever, and rejoiced to have me on this side of life. At one's passing over there is no restriction as to those who wish to extend greetings, and everyone drawn to you in earth life, with advanced spirits and angels, who have, perhaps unconsciously to yourself, directed your work, are there on your entry into spirit realms. Later you are taken, accompanied only by one or two chosen ones, and your appointed spirit guide, to the home prepared for you. According to earth reckoning it was just a day or two before Julia and I had opportunity for special converse, as our homes are in different parts. But then to speak face to face, and know that all her messages were true, and that the impulse from herself to found the bureau was a reality, was unmixed joy. But, oh, how small, how puny, seem all our efforts when viewed from the spiritual standpoint. Above every other question rises the all-important one, What did this and so many other circles I was interested in do to raise the spiritual status of the world? One important result was the inquiry it caused—the name of myself and Julia became a by-word. Many were induced to investigate, many became readers of spiritualistic literature through the bureau. It was all good, as far as it went. The derision cast upon myself for supposing that Cardinal Manning, Gladstone, Disraeli, and others could speak through this channel, even did good. It was remarked at the time—and I did not see fit to deny its possible truth—that my presence at the bureau was an absolute necessity for messages to come

through speakers of this kind. And here comes the gist of what I have to say on this great subject of mediumship—this greatly misunderstood, this grossly debased subject. It is quite true that in earth life we see through a glass darkly, and that here we see face to face, and one of the first subjects I have to speak about is this subject of mediumship. It is not to be supposed that men like those mentioned above were actually at Julia's bureau. Each one of them had been my friend. I was greatly perturbed about the political situation, and in some subtle fashion, you have to be over here to understand, their thoughts overshadowed mine, and it was my inspired personality that formed those startling speeches through the medium.

WHAT EARTH LOOKS LIKE.

To look back upon earth life is to look upon what seems at first glance to be a great ants' nest—people running everywhere after something they want to possess, or some necessary work for food, clothing, and protection. Unlike a colony of ants, its people are possessed of spirit force, the training and development of which puts them in touch with the spiritual part of the universe. Here you see, therefore, illuminated spots, illuminated individuals belonging to every church and creed and nation, forming the advance guard of the human race. Just as here they cannot raise others, they can only teach and try to awake the latent powers of the soul. Here nothing counts but spiritual development. Kings, queens, potentates of all kinds who loom large in earth life sink to their true proportions here. So it will be seen that, however useful Julia's bureau was, however valuable a medium's services may be in giving evidence of an unseen existence, it ends there—unless those who listen, those who participate, gain spiritual development thereby. If I were back on the earth my work would be far different. I would go from continent to continent and set the people aflame with the knowledge I now have of the universe and man's puny efforts at understanding it. At every fresh work in my own life, the establish-

ment of "Borderland" journal, of Julia's bureau; it was the clergymen, chiefly, who shrugged their shoulders and withheld approval. And yet they are supposed to be the leaders in spiritual things. Much of this was, and is, due to the feeble presentation of psychic facts, through its being at present in the hands mostly of those who trade upon it, until it seems hopelessly mixed up with fortune-telling, and so forth. But from this it must be raised, and quickly. Psychic gifts, without corresponding spiritual development, are merely physical. A peculiarity of constitution enables them to be used by debased as well as advanced spirits. People hearing of some prophecy coming true, of some lost relative communicating, are so carried away with it that they think that is the channel through which they are to be guided. Nothing of the kind! If it is true, it is merely a means of opening their eyes to the fact of a consciousness outside themselves. If they sink down to the position of abrogating their own will power and putting themselves and affairs into the guidance of a medium, it is the beginning of soul degradation.

THE LAW OF ATTRACTION.

All this Julia and I talked over to our hearts' content. A pure and good spirit, she is ever ready to please, most anxious to be of use and continue her good work, but she perceives there is something higher before the race than she thought. People deride prayer, but, what is the same—aspiration—is the only means by which the world's salvation will come about. If you do not want to rise you remain in your narrow groove. If you have a fervent desire to get in touch with spiritual things, be in tune with the infinite; the very desire brings to your assistance a ray of spiritual force that upholds and strengthens you—does, in very truth, feed the soul. This Law of Attraction is a great fact of the universe. It is most difficult to get people on the little speck of earth to understand this life of ceaseless work—work that gives delight is its keynote—and all work is a means of spiritual development. You have heard of the prison house and of spirits going to

speak to the poor debased prisoners there—who can alone raise themselves by a desire to rise. But this is but the rudimentary stage. All through the spheres this teaching goes on by spirits in a higher grade to those just below. Often we see vast concourses of spirits on a high plane coming out of some vast amphitheatre, where what may be called spirit orators are telling of the heights of knowledge before them, and inciting them to still more fervent aspiration. Then there are less imposing meetings. You often see in one of the mansions a whole clan, as you may call them, of one family gathered from many parts of the earth, all good spirits, and although happy, desirous of learning more. To them goes some exalted spirit, for the very desire for one is in itself a fulfilment. And so this great Law of Attraction reigns throughout the universe. It is such an eye-opener to me that I am wanting all the while to open the eyes of those I have left behind, and as many besides that I can reach. I am at constant work, my very strong desire giving me this business to attend to by the controlling spirits of this sphere—here again is the Law of Attraction at work. Your great seers on earth catch glimpses of the immensities of the universe, but the best of them catch glimpses only. Nothing I have ever read on earth can give an idea of the reality to your minds. There is no word strong enough to express what I want to say about the fear of death. It is a nightmare that must be shaken off the world before it can begin even to grow in spiritual power. For everyone who sees these things a sacred burden is laid on their shoulders to proclaim this great fact from the house tops. Fear no man, fear no opposition, fear no scorn, fear no calumny, but proclaim as never before—**THERE IS NO DEATH!** There is within each one of you the power to get to know something of the life awaiting you. It is possible for each to grow near to the Ethereal Realms. Each must be his or her own saviour. Declare this far and wide. It is the great truth of the universe. It is the only possible salvation of the race.

REINCARNATION.

ITS TRUTH AND FALSITY.

By William T. Stead.

No. 3.

When I came over here and saw the various avenues of communication between this world and the one I had left I saw that all these are as nothing compared to the direct inspiration that each soul can get for itself—must get if it is to progress. I had not definitely made up my mind on reincarnation when in the earth life, any more than about the truth of spirit return until my son passed over, and I was prepared to say to the world that for myself there was no longer room for doubt. But here I soon found out the way that this fallacy about reincarnation had crept in. People really know nothing of the perpetual inter-action there is between the two worlds—absolutely nothing. Yours is densely materialistic, and reincarnation as given forth by its advocates is simply a materialistic explanation of a spiritual supersession. People will have to rise above the idea of coming back to a body. When once started on its individual career no spirit goes back to a mortal frame; but there are endless ways of influencing more or less those on earth, and this is the foundation of the idea. As in my last article mediumship was the subject, so this one on “Reincarnation—Its Truth and Falsity”—goes to the root of one of the greatest evils that afflict humanity. This also has to do with reliance on others instead of on one’s own soul, and is a result of the mischievous and misleading teaching which has arisen through dense ignorance regarding spirit control.

Of all the dogmas that retard the soul's development that of reincarnation is the worst in its effect on the human race. It keeps down individual effort, which is everything. This statement will doubtless meet with severe criticism, but that will not affect you or your paper. It will in fact strengthen both. There is no place for temporising in a thing like this. There is absolutely no foundation at all for the dogma, and it has come about from taking spirit control for spirit reincarnation. It is a monstrous idea. I do not write bitterly about it, but reasonably. In life I could not trim my sails to suit people's whims, neither can I do it now. I am much stronger about this than ever, as I see the necessity of open direct statements concerning all these great subjects.

ITS ORIGIN.

No idea can get so firmly into people's minds as reincarnation has done in some quarters unless there is something to account for it. In a rudimentary stage of existence explanations are given of strange happenings that are chiefly erroneous. Things are attributed to a past existence that are due to natural causes in this life. First of all I must still further emphasise the fact that all that comes from the spirit world is not, therefore, true. It is a most mischievous and false idea. If you saw here the masses of spirits still Catholics, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Reincarnationists and others not yet progressed into the Absolute—you would understand how with other dogmatists reincarnationists cling to their belief, give messages to those on earth affirming its truth and so perpetuate what is a misconception. It shows that all I say about mediumship must be proclaimed broadcast. When this is understood a first great step will have been taken in the raising of Spiritualism.

It is not possible for me to describe in words what the Great Awakening on this side of life revealed to me. All my previous ideas of spirit control were shattered at once. These were all too small, too materialistic, and I stood amazed at the wonders that lay stretched before me. From a great central

Source of Light which is even yet not explained to me, proceed vibrations to every part of the universe, the basis of all this being Invisible Spiritual Force. It is only the density of souls still fettered by material conditions that stops its way. Every soul that has passed from earth life is in one spiritual grade or another. There is an ever ascending and descending army of enfranchised spirits, also angels, who for those on your earth do the work of missionaries. Sensitive souls are those who can receive the most of this great supernal power. They attract to themselves those angelic helpers of the same kind for over here as well as in your world it takes many different souls to make a spiritual sphere. Those are together who think together. Some are quiet spirits, some are impetuous like myself. Everything is free, even our own way of growing nearer to the light. Mine is by rousing people to see truly, to act truly, to get rid of debasing ideas.

As communication between the two worlds had been the subject of my chief work when in the flesh, so, as I said in my article on mediumship, I found that nearly all my ideas were wrong. Reincarnation is also another conception of spirit control that is entirely erroneous. It is a dangerous error, for it weakens the will power and transfers the blame of wrong doing on to another life or lives and keeps the soul in fetters. There is not a spirit on the earth plane that has not in more or less degree some attribute that belongs to a kindred spirit on this side. One of the great laws, that of vibration, plays a constant part in this. Musicians are drawn to those on earth gifted with musical faculties, often inherited from parents or by-gone generations. Painters, in the same way, writers, and everyone in more or less degree, attract those who can help them. There is a great vibratory wave constantly moving between the two worlds. Mediumship steps in to explain how this genius or the other is not as is the case spiritually illumined by one of like kind in the spheres, but that he is actually a reincarnation of one of these great ones. There is nothing to justify this statement. No individualised

spirit has ever taken possession of an embryo in the womb. The statement about spirits waiting to be again en fleshed is absolutely without foundation. In India this doctrine of reincarnation is responsible for the large death rate among the natives. They do not lift a finger to escape from disease. This life "is only one of many," they say. They are simply paying the penalty of evil-doing in an earlier birth. They die in hundreds. Souls in an unregenerate condition like this hover near the earth and repeat this fatal doctrine to willing ears or add their unseen influence to the deadening belief that emasculates the soul more than anything else. Rest assured that all compensation demanded by love and justice is given on this side of life to every one that suffers from what is really the vices of parents or past generations. It is the spiritual development in earth life that is everything. Concentrate your thoughts on that. You have no past life to fall back upon as excuse for shortcomings in this. These are inherited often from parents at time of conception or after. They are often not fit to bring children into the world at all. All the while the mother carries the child she may not have one good thought, one real aspiration to be a good mother, and to do all that is possible for this sacred gift to her. Some women, I may say many women, want to get rid of the child; do get rid of it. Oh, what a harvest of misery such are sowing! Everyone of these on this side will be an accusing spirit, all robbed of the chance of earthly development. And here again love and justice come in. That innocent, unborn child is not allowed to suffer for the wrong-doing of parents, and grows up to the full stature over here. On earth it is different. Such as are born in bad conditions have to struggle all their lives against unequal odds, and as love and justice reign, all spirits are righteously judged on passing over, and ample reparation made for the wrong done in the little span of earth life. This small span of earthly existence, is after all, infinitesimal. There is the long open road of development before every soul, however bad its start may be. All this leads up to the general

upliftment of the race spiritually and bodily. There is so much to do that I cannot find words strong enough to show how all this must be changed before the race can spiritually advance. There must be no unwelcome children, no loveless marriages. Then all these foolish ideas of reincarnation and the like will disappear as mists before the rising sun. The central truth of all, the one fact that must be proclaimed far and wide, is Individual Responsibility. **ONE LIFE, ONE DESTINY, and UNLIMITED POWER OF SELF-DEVELOPMENT.**



· SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

ITS TRUTH AND FALSITY.

By William T. Stead.

No. 4.

People have to be over here to understand properly what spirit communication is, and I must go into the subject from a point of view that is almost unthought of when surrounded with earthly conditions. This lack of knowledge is the root of all the evils that afflict not only Spiritualism, but every other cult which relies on communications from the Unseen World, accepts them blindly, and does not use the God-given powers which are the heritage of every individual soul. It is because spirit communication is a reality that I want to differentiate between that which is the result of physical causes and the rare kind which is the result of etheric vibrations between souls attuned to these vibrations, which is the highest form of mediumship. All the confusion, the wrong messages, the deceiving messages that drag down Spiritualism are a result of physical causes. Every individual has latent powers of the soul whose action is often mistaken for communication with the spirit world. To believe this, to act on this is positively hurtful and harmful, and is the fruitful cause of much misunderstanding and misrepresentation.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

The physical phenomena at the Bailey circles which I have witnessed since passing over to spirit life are the result of vibratory action. Wonderful as it appears to you, it is really to show what the world of matter is, and that at the back of all is the Divine Intelligence that calls worlds into existence, and is at the foundation of everything—your bodies, your spirits, and all that you see around; so beautiful, too, in its working, for it gives the flowers and the fruits and all the beauty of the world to gladden the hearts of men, and gradually teach

them to rise nearer and nearer to the Eternal Presence. The world is in need of this information. People stop at tests, and it is only here and there that a soul imbibes the real meaning of it all. To show the difference between the spirit world and its inhabitants and the great Source of All, whence all power comes is the great work that has to be accentuated more and more. To see the ordinary Spiritualists' meetings and the low presentation of this glorious truth is enough to make the angels weep. It is such a travesty of all we want people to know.

MAN'S MARVELLOUS POWERS.

There is no more useful lesson to begin with than that of the latent spiritual force inherent in the individual. In the earth life it was most marvellous to me to find that not only could my hand be used by "Julia," but that friends still in the flesh could at whatever distance send me word of their doings. This fact showed that it was communication between spirit and spirit, and it mattered not whether it were encased in flesh or not. It was this which made Telepathy the handmaid of Spiritualism, and has led many a one by deduction to see the reasonableness of communication between the two worlds. It is just here, however, that the danger comes in. Many of your greatest seers have pointed this out, and nothing shows more clearly the value of their teaching than this. If a person can get in touch with another person whether in the next street, or thousands of miles away, does not matter how difficult, then, to say what is the source of so-called spirit messages. There are all sorts of influences at work—nervous, electrical, psychological, with clairvoyance, and clairaudience, all of which may be apparently giving communications which are not due to spiritual agency at all—by that I mean the agency of departed spirits. From this standpoint I can see vibratory action everywhere. Would that any one of you could stand beside me and see how rare it is for clear, direct spiritual intercourse to take place. I see people sitting in circles who are the victims of lower spirits; I see

people having visions shown to them which are positively misleading, simply because they are in a low grade of development. People actually believe all these things, want to be told what to do, and all the while the most glorious communication is ready to be granted to those who seek in spirit and in truth for the great reality of it all. It is so difficult to explain, too. If any call upon me, for instance, through sympathetic thought, I send a vibratory ray down to them, although conditions may be such that no authentic message may be given. My thoughts get mixed with the thoughts of the sitters.

As these marvellous powers inherent in humanity are developed, all this will clear away. Then you will almost see those who have passed to spirit life face to face. Those on either side of the Borderland will walk and converse with each other. And this is done even now by those who have got some spiritual growth. There is only one road to attain this. Not by sitting in circles, seeking for tests, seeking to be told what to do, where to go, but by growing daily nearer the Source of all Light. Here I can see in all the nations of the world the advance-guard of a mighty host who will follow sooner or later in their footsteps. I see the most glorious vibrations reaching between these advanced souls, and the great Central Fire, as I may call it. When this is so there are no false messages given. Through the Ether, when all is calm, pass veritable communications. It is the lack of knowledge of the source of communications that has filled the earth with false doctrines and false ideas. Let me thunder out in tones as strong as possible that each soul must be its own Saviour; each soul must grow to be in perfect unison with Divine Intelligence to get reliable messages. The watchword must be **INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY, INDIVIDUAL PROGRESS THROUGH THE SPHERES; NO PRIESTS; NO INFALLIBLE CHURCH; THE SANCTUARY WITHIN THE SOUL IS THE ONLY REALITY.**

CARDINAL MANNING IN SPIRIT LIFE.

By William T. Stead.

No. 5.

This month I desire to give something quite different to what I have done before—and there are endless subjects to choose from. To us over here the one desideratum is to awaken humanity to a sense of the reality of the world towards which all are travelling. Eyes have they, and see not; ears have they and hear not, is our constant exclamation as we witness the blindness of the multitude, and how the ears of the great majority are absolutely deaf to the Divine harmonies, the Divine messages that are around them from the spheres. These fill the Ether, and are only waiting, like the wireless telegraphic messages of earth for some receiver—some receptive soul—to annex them. Never was there such an eye-opener as the one I got myself when I viewed all this, and realised that it was just a fractional ray only from the great Central Light of the Universe that I had drawn to myself in the earth life. This illuminating force cannot make its way to the heart of humanity until the fog and mists of unbelief, the hardness of heart, and material ideas generally are cleared away. If you did but know of the mansions that are being prepared over here by those who are living in the spirit on the earth plane, whose hearts are filled with Divine Love; or of the darkness and despair, the evil surroundings that await those who have disregarded every higher impulse, who have wallowed in vice and debauchery, and come here with souls dwarfed by following the lusts of the flesh, the world would soon be in a different condition. And even now the awakening has begun. It is with increasing power that my work will be done in the future. Helpers on the earth will be filled with greater spiritual force, as the consciousness of Divine

guidance grows on them, and a spiritual revival may be expected shortly, the like of which the world has not yet seen.

CARDINAL MANNING IN SPIRIT LIFE.

And now, how can I tell in mortal language of the palatial spiritual home prepared over here for this great soul? It is just a reflex of his earth life. Ah, how well I remember the austere simplicity of his surroundings, when, as Cardinal, he was a Prince of the Church to which he belonged. How in that large barn-like structure he had made corners to work in and receive visitors behind a screen during the day, and at night retired to a recess built for the purpose in the large upper room; all the great floor spaces being filled on occasions by deputations and meetings of those with whom he was working. No one was denied him who was in trouble or need, and to myself, a rank dissenter from my youth up, he opened fatherly arms, saw that I was as anxious as himself to serve God and my fellow-man, and creeds and dogmas had no place in our minds. If a clairvoyant had seen and described him in those simple surroundings, the bare walls, the simple accessories of daily life would have become glorified. Spiritual light would have suffused the place, and the Cardinal himself would have appeared as he really was, a God-inspired Man. He was one of those who were there to welcome me; and that golden chain of Love, which is the only real tie between souls, whether on earth or in the ethereal realms, brought us close to each other at once. Beautiful as my home is, that of the Cardinal surpasses it in many ways, chiefly by the pictures that are on the walls. Every act of self-renunciation, every loving action, given as they all were irrespective of creed to those who suffered and claimed his help, is depicted there. Spiritual surroundings are as real as those in earth life. All that you have of beauty is simply a reflex or shadow of the realities here. Flowers that you have never dreamed of are here in perfection; scenes of beauty that dwarf into insignificance your most stupendous and gorgeous landscapes, are

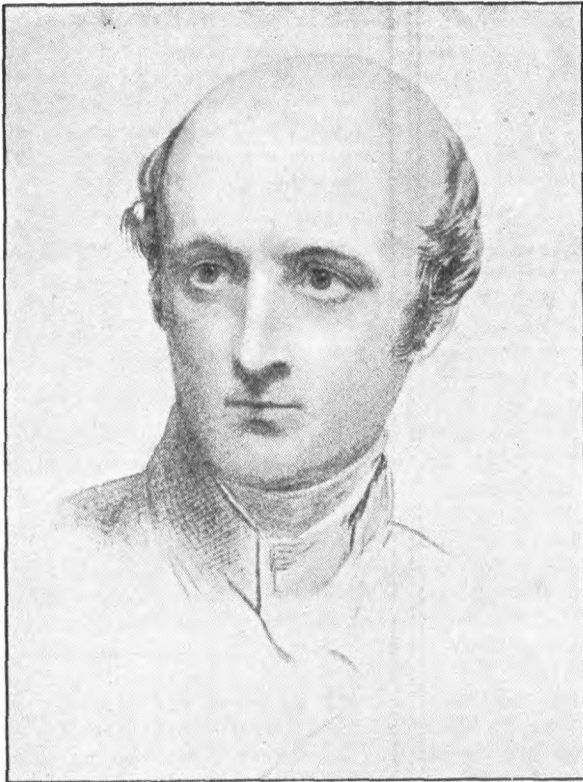
here; enormous gatherings of enfranchised spirits, where harmony of colour, enchanting music, and glorious spiritual communion and aspiration combined, draw a celestial light that was never seen on sea or land by mortals, give a splendour to our surroundings compared with which the greatest spectacle on earth seems insignificant. Here, then, freed from earth's limitations, we can meet and converse just as people on earth do, although the language of the spheres is like everything else spiritual, and all tongues are superseded by a communion that transcends words and yet perfectly conveys the thoughts of each to the other.

ABOVE ALL ECCLESIASTICISMS.

For a great soul like that of Cardinal Manning there was no Catholic Heaven to be translated to. He gravitated to a height above all creeds, all dogmas, a heaven in which he had really been while on earth; his desire for an anchorage, an authority, an infallible church making him outwardly, at least, one of a church which he imagined possessed all these. After all, it does not matter by what way people draw near to the great Source of Life and Love. Now, in our talks, we are both filled with the same desire, the only thing worth striving for—to give people an assurance of life hereafter, and what they should do while on earth to be ready for it. The Cardinal sees that nothing else matters, that neither church nor priest of any kind can do for the individual soul what it must do for itself. "All souls are mine," says the Divine Intelligence. "We are all parts of Him," said the Cardinal, in one of our latest conversations. "All that there is of creeds and dogmas must go. It has to be engraved on the minds of those I have left behind that creeds are nothing; churches are nothing; religious professions are nothing. The only thing of value is the spiritual growth that is made, filling the soul with God's power, God's love, which is the foundation of everything."

Each month am I able to give my message stronger and clearer. There must come shortly a Great Awakening. Vibrations of power are going from

here to all of you who are looking for the Light. It will burst on the world in such full radiance that souls will expand as flowers in the sunlight. "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy. your old



CARDINAL MANNING when Dean of Chichester.

men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions" in the glorious days that are to come. To every one of you, Grace, Power and Blessing, so that your lives and labours may hasten this glorious day!!

W. T. STEAD & CARDINAL MANNING
IN SPIRIT LIFE.

Autograph letter of the Cardinal to Mr. Stead, in 1885, when in prison for a technical breach of the law in connection with his famous articles, "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon."

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
WESTMINSTER,
S.W.

Nov 11. 1885

My dear Mr Stead

"All things work together for
good to them that love
God."

You have served Him with
a single eye. And the work
has been done, as you wrote
on the Sentence. No sentence
can undo it. You quoted

my words in the North, you
 have now the crown upon your
 work, that is to suffer for errors
 of judgment and a literal breach
 of the law to amend the law
 which left the moral life of
 England almost without
 defence.

I have so strongly felt this
 and have so clearly seen
 through the animosities
 against you that I believe
 what has now befallen will
 work out some unforeseen &
 greater good for your consolation

Whatsoever it may be in my
power to do shall be done.

May God give you His peace.

Believe me, always

Yours very faithfully

Henry E. Cardinal Archbishop

Many are the letters of appreciation received concerning the article in October "Harbinger" on "Cardinal Manning in Spirit Life," the fifth of that remarkable series, "What Life in the Spirit World really is." But through the courtesy of a friend the above autograph letter of the Cardinal has been sent to me with permission to have it re-produced on this page. It is remarkable testimony as to the real sympathy which existed between those two great and loving souls, and a corroboration as from the Cardinal himself of Mr. Stead's statement that he was "as a father" to him. "I was in prison and ye came unto me," was no doubt in the mind of the Cardinal as he sat down to pen this letter to his friend in prison garb for having tried to stop the awful traffic in young girls, immolated on the altar of savage and unbridled lust. These articles and Mr. Stead's imprisonment caused such an uproar in English Parliamentary and social circles that a Bill was hastily passed in the House of Commons to place within the clutches of the law any person found to be engaged in this infamous traffic.

GLADSTONE IN SPIRIT LIFE.

By William T. Stead.

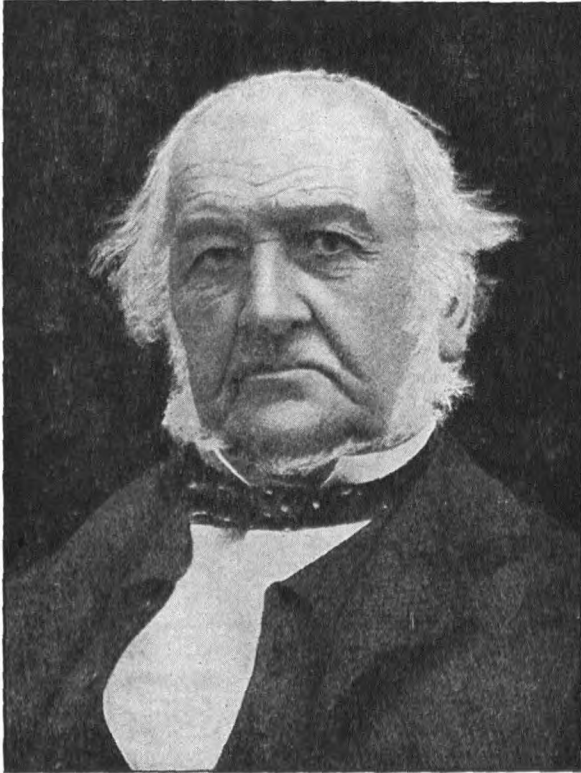
No. 6.

It will be remembered how in earth life this great statesman, this man of giant intellect, was attracted to the study of psychic phenomena, considering it the most important subject that could engage the attention of mankind. But, like many others, he halted on the threshold, his staunch orthodoxy keeping him within the borders of his Church. His contention was that if people would imbibe her doctrines to the full in the spiritual sense, all could be found within its portals to satisfy the soul. He was not enthusiastic over any of my projects. When I started the work of my life, the "Review of Reviews," he was one of the many leading men and women whose opinion I sought on the subject. He encouraged me to a certain extent, but said that sort of review did not come within his needs.

INDIVIDUAL CHARACTERISTICS REMAIN.

One of the first things people on the earth plane have to learn, and it is at the root of real progress, is that on this side of life there are as many diversities of opinion as among yourselves. There are groups of advanced spirits meeting and taking sweet counsel together on the mighty things that present themselves, and yet their opinion as to the methods of bringing about, for instance, a knowledge of the spirit world to those still on the earth plane, may widely differ. Now Gladstone was a highly developed, spiritual man on earth, but strong-willed beyond measure. At "Julia's Bureau," although his name was given as being present on several occasions

when Cardinal Manning, Beaconsfield, and others spoke, it was said by the clairvoyants that he was difficult to get in contact with. That is an exact statement of his spiritual status. Here it is just the same. His stately home is not as beautiful as that



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

of Cardinal Manning. There is just the difference that there was between their souls on earth. The Cardinal, full of love, overflowing with charity, broad-minded to a degree. Gladstone on a **high**

moral plane, upright beyond anything, intellect as strong as iron, but just lacking somewhat in the love element. Everything here is judged by that. It is the life essence of the Universe. The softer the heart, the more it has of this life-giving power. And above everything else is the supreme fact of each one being alone responsible for his soul growth.

CHURCH REFORM.

In his beautiful home, surrounded with glorious influences, Gladstone is still reasoning out all these spiritual possibilities, getting his great soul in tune with the Infinite, and growing gradually out of the strict church environment of his earth life. He still wants Church Reform above everything else—the reform of his own Church of England. He would have it brought about in a lofty, orderly way, sees how little true mediumship there is, and would prefer to use his influence in getting members of his Church to become more devotional, to get them to draw individually the divine light from the spheres. Here he and I differ somewhat. He is greatly interested in my work, but it is not the work he would do, but he will find, as I told him in a conversation we had together, that it is the simple things—the child's heart—that make for true spirituality. By that great law of attraction, we are mostly in contact here with those on our own plane of thought, and although there are shades of difference, groups of the same class of thinkers holding together, we converse at times with other groups on the great themes that occupy us all. You, on the earth plane, cannot begin to think how ardently we are all trying to solve the great question of all—how to get people to know of these great, these paramount truths of the intercourse between the world of spirit and the world of matter. How this affects the destiny, the immortal destiny, of the whole human race. How people must learn the importance of right aims, right living, and on these subjects we have discussions as eager as any in which I have taken part when in the flesh.

As I have told you, there is no compulsion, no *deus ex machina* to step down among us and declare what absolute truth is. We have to seek for it in fear and trembling, to pray without ceasing to be guided into all truth, for the soul has to grow by exactly the same means as when clothed in an earthly body. Then, sometimes when we are all discussing, there comes in answer to our earnestness one of the great spiritual leaders from a higher sphere—a Master if you like to call him so—to give us a clue, to give our aspirations the right trend. You can imagine us in an indescribably beautiful hall of what looks most like alabaster, with magical colourings never seen by mortal eyes, meeting after the manner of the ancient Greeks, to discuss some mighty theme, and one of the great Angelic Beings appearing suddenly in our midst. Then you will see men like Gladstone, Bradlaugh, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, all with uplifted faces drinking in the words of wisdom. You know how in earth life I entered into discussions with an impetuosity that could not be restrained. Well, imagine us all with keener interest than that and listening to one whose very presence is indicative of the glories of the sphere whence he came, who has travelled the same road that we are on. He is one whom we can trust implicitly, not like an orator on earth, so often filled with his own importance, and grasp, if you can, the magnificence of the scene. Here is a life so real, so magnificent, such glorious vistas, that our puny efforts when on earth sink into insignificance. Let all who read this feel that it is a call to the Higher Life.

I want to stimulate each and every one to cultivate simplicity of heart, to get away from grandiloquent teaching, from the mysteries, with which vain men would try to enshroud the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Trust that Inner Light, trust the God within the soul, and distrust every lesser thing. It should be proclaimed from the house tops that all is vain but the gradual drawing of the individual soul towards its Source. That priests are a hindrance; that forms

and ceremonies are a hindrance; that all these things deaden the soul; that they are a soporific instead of a stimulant. Realise the God principle everywhere, in every flower that blooms, in every pebble at your feet. You are all walking on holy ground. See how the law of attraction prevails in every part of creation; how a bird answers to your care; how a dog repays your affection; how the very trees and flowers have their affinities; how they lean towards each other, how they attract love to the centre of their being. Realise that the whole Universe is full of this love principle, *is* love, and then you will have started on the upward way that all great souls find they have still to travel when they have passed the great portals—the gateway of Eternal Life. Manning, Gladstone, Bradlaugh, all so different when in the flesh, are now on the same track, the same ascent that leads to the great At-One-Ment at the heart of the Universe.



WITH THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.

By William T. Stead.

No. 7.

It is not all joy, all delight, in this wonderful land. Let me assure you that there are hells over here just as terrible in a spiritual sense as those of brimstone and fire preached in every denomination by those who have not attained any spiritual knowledge; and indeed as dark spiritually as the lurid doctrines with which they blaspheme the Divine Intelligence—Divine Love. Do not think that any earthly rank—pope, cardinal, emperor, king, or potentate of any kind—any earthly possessions whatever can give immunity from the law of justice and love over here. It is indeed quite the reverse. Those in high estate have a greater responsibility and have to answer for souls whom they have in any way influenced in a wrong direction. Good as it has been to write about the surpassing beauty, the ineffable joy encircling those who have lived up to their highest ideals, it is just as important for the world to know of the hells awaiting depraved souls. They are simply filled with horror and dismay at finding the result of evil deeds done in the flesh, and are consumed with remorse just as awful as the material fire depicted by ecclesiastics. But there is no *eternal* punishment, which is a monstrous fallacy—one of the cruellest and most wicked dogmas that ever darkened the souls of mankind. Nothing is more untrue and

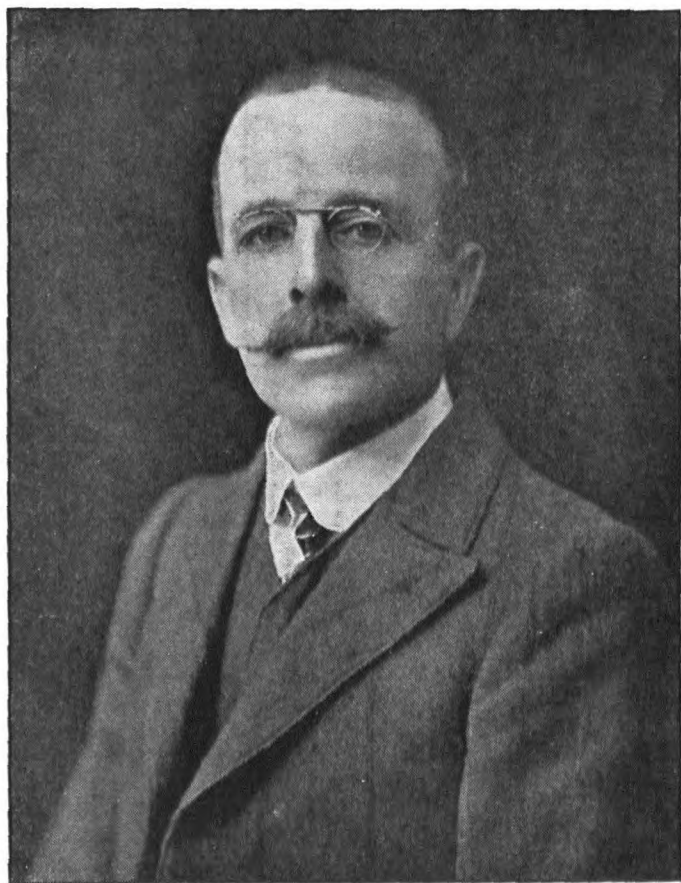
more degrading than to talk about the wrath of God and the eternal torments of the damned. Beliefs of this kind have been the fertile source of error of every kind. To imagine for one instant that any human being is authorised to give a passport to a soul leaving the body for its spiritual home is rank blasphemy. To imagine that anyone can forgive sins is worse than blasphemy. It is casting fetters around the soul and hindering its own growth towards the light. There is no forgiveness of sins. The only way of escape from sin is to grow nearer to the light—to the encircling love waiting to lift every downcast soul when once it turns from the darkness and is born again. It is one of the immutable laws of the universe that each soul must and can only grow from within—that spark of divinity so often obscured by the lusts of the flesh. And war, too, how doubly, how trebly, hateful it is to all advanced spirits who have passed out of earth's limitations. Every soul that has had to do with the sacrifice of another through war is answerable for that soul. See how thousands and millions have been rushed into eternity by these insensate wars, and what a harvest of suffering those responsible for these wars are bringing upon themselves. Their own salvation depends on helping those poor creatures—deprived of earth's opportunities for development—to gain a higher position. Think, if you can, of the horror of a battlefield and of the thousands hurried over here dazed and unfit for spiritual life. Great bands of angels go to help their passage over—comfort them as they may—but even archangels are powerless to raise a spirit—it must grow itself. It is so terrible a sight that would it were possible for the eyes of kings and politicians and generals and all who urge on war to see scenes that have been witnessed by myself during this latest war. Oh, the horror of it all! The insensate madness of the great majority on the earth plane! Some of these victims of the battlefield are higher than others, but the average soldier's life militates against the spirit's growth. They gravitate as a rule to the prison houses, to the darkness of the spheres.

A VISIT TO ONE OF THE SPIRIT HOUSES.

I visited one of the prison houses, being permitted to do this as one of the workers in a great spiritual conclave. It is a rule of this marvellous spirit life—of which our best systems of government on earth are but a faint reflex—that no one can enter these places from a higher sphere unless on an errand of mercy. The work of influencing those whom we wish to help in the spread of the great evangel of spirit return on the earth plane is in accordance with vibratory laws taking us into direct communication at whatever distance we may be. Thought passes as quickly as the lightning flash: just like wireless telegraphy among yourselves. It is by this law that my articles are transmitted through you. It is a universal law, and is developed here to a pitch you will not understand until you have thrown off the body of flesh. It is, however, loving sympathy alone that can admit you to a prison house. From the higher spheres, through intermediaries, vibrations go constantly to the earth plane to those who are giving a vital message to the world. Vibrations also come to me from those exalted spheres, and through them directions as to the work of the spiritual conclave to which I belong are received. This desire of mine to visit the spirits in prison came vibrationally and quick as thought was I transported to the dark abysses of spirit life. Here I was not alone. Going about, and with veiled faces, as the glance even of those angelic beings is as blinding as a lightning flash, they are at the side of any who in hopeless despair call on a higher power for help. To those who have attained at least to a divine discontent with their surroundings they give hope and aspiration. To hate and loathe the companionship of the depraved souls you are associated with is the first step onward. I have seen spirits lifted out of their surroundings and set to help someone still lower than themselves to rise. It was my privilege also to speak to some of these outcast spirits. As Christ went to speak to the spirits in prison, I reminded them that each of

them could be a Christ. I tried to teach them that God does not punish, that each soul makes its own heaven and its own hell even on this side of life. Like the prodigal son in the parable the repentant soul has only to turn towards the light to say "I will arise and go to my Father," and it is drawn one step nearer to the Divine Source of Love, which will at last draw all humanity to itself. I gave my injunction, "Be a Christ," with even greater emphasis from this side of life than when I was in the flesh. Every individual soul on earth life, in the prison house of spirit life, and through all the grades reaching upwards has the same road to travel. The great law of progression through service to others prevails throughout. Everyone of you still in the flesh who tries to turn another towards the light is doing what we were doing in that prison house of souls—is doing what every aspiring spirit from the lowest to the highest spheres is doing as a means of spiritual growth. It is the only way of salvation. It is the strait and narrow path that leadeth to eternal life. Ah, if everyone of you would remember the gospel injunction that "strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few there be who find it," and take heed in time. For the prison houses over here are just as actual, just as real, as the mansions not made with hands eternal in the heavens! It is in your own hands to choose the way you will go. Remember, however, for your consolation that you are surrounded with invisible helpers, and that you can reach out in the darkness and find for your heart's solace that

"There is a hand that guides."



W. BRITTON HARVEY.

THE STEAD MESSAGES.

ARE THEY GENUINE ?

AN ANALYTICAL STUDY.

By W. Britton Harvey.

Many readers of the "Harbinger" are doubtless aware that I am a Victorian journalist. It is, therefore, perhaps, only natural that I should feel peculiar interest in the various messages which, it is claimed, have been received from Mr. Stead since his ascension to the higher life. I was a great admirer of this brilliant and distinguished confrère, and if the communications which are said to have been received from him in different parts of the world are really the outpourings of his enfranchised spirit, then I am certainly a great admirer of him still. But *do* they come from him? That is the question upon which very many men and women would like to feel absolutely assured. In raising this query they do not, of course, in the remotest degree intend to reflect on the integrity of such esteemed and honourable automatic writers as the editor of this journal. It is not a personal matter at all in that sense. The question rather originates in the fact that we know there is such a thing as the subliminal mind, and that under certain conditions this mysterious and inscrutable faculty is capable of very remarkable performances. "Is it possible, therefore," it may be asked, "that although Mrs. Bright conscientiously believes these messages come from Mr. Stead, yet in reality they are merely the product of the writer's subliminal consciousness?" That, I submit, is a very reasonable issue to raise, and I am sure the lady in question would be the last to object to the adoption of this line of argument, seeing that in the Editorial Notes of the last number of the "Harbinger" we are reminded by her of the need of "thoroughness,

and—that rarest thing of all—commonsense” in the investigation of psychic phenomena.

QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

How, then, is the identity of the alleged inspiring intelligence to be determined? I may say that as a journalist who had a thorough and exacting training on the English press before he came to Australia, I am, perhaps, inclined to be somewhat hypercritical. The development of the analytical faculty naturally follows on the pursuit of journalism as a profession. One has to engage in many literary combats, and consequently becomes drilled in the art of picking out the weak spots in the armour of an opponent. It was quite in the natural order of things, therefore, that I should apply this spirit to the messages purporting to come from Mr. Stead. I have read and re-read each of them critically—not only those received through Mrs. Bright, but several others sent through different mediums in various parts of the world, in addition to one forwarded to myself by a highly-developed psychic who is not a professional test medium.

Let me admit at once that, so far as the communications published in the “Harbinger” from month to month are concerned, I cannot escape being impressed by what may be termed the internal evidence of the genuineness of their alleged origin. The direct and incisive journalistic style, the lucidity of expression, the frank and breezy robustness which characterised Mr. Stead’s writing in a pre-eminent degree, the spirit of enthusiasm and the unrestrained impetuosity which is so persistently conspicuous are remarkably Stead-like indeed. This much, I presume will be readily admitted by most of those acquainted with the earth work of this Prince of Pressmen. And this is a point of considerable importance. Sir Oliver Lodge, for instance, lays great stress on this feature of the automatic script received by the Psychical Research Society, and purporting to represent communications emanating from the late Edmund Gurney and F. W. H. Myers. He says: “If the message is *characteristic of some particular*

deceased person, and is received as such by people to whom he was not intimately known, then it is *fair proof* of the continued intellectual activity of that person."

Do the messages said to have come from Mr. Stead stand this test? I am one of those who feel that, to a very large extent, they do. But a spiritually-darkened and sceptical world will require something more than this before its doubts can be removed. Like doubting Thomas of old, it will require to be driven into a corner before it will believe. Let us see, then, if any further evidence of identity can be obtained. To quote Sir Oliver again: "The phenomenon of automatic writing strikes some of us as if it was in the direct line of evolutionary advance—it seems like the beginning of a new human faculty. I am going to assume, in fact, that our bodies can, under certain exceptional circumstances, be *controlled, directly, or temporarily possessed, by another, or foreign intelligence, operating either on the whole or on some limited part of it*. The question lying behind such a hypothesis, and justifying it, or negating it, is the root question of *identity*—the identity of the control. This question of identity is, of course, a fundamental one." I, for one, unreservedly accept that dictum, and have therefore undertaken an analysis of some of the messages whose origin is ascribed to Mr. Stead.

AUTOMATIC MESSAGES GALORE.

For some years past I have been in receipt every week of what may be termed my *Psychic Mail*. The communications are written automatically every Sunday night by a psychic of quite exceptional mediumistic gifts. On the following morning they are forwarded to me in their original form by post from Sydney, in which city the medium resides. Sometimes the budget is monopolised by one intelligence only. As a rule, however, two or three avail themselves of the opportunity of sending a message to mortals. I have hundreds of these communications in my possession, purporting to come from all sorts and conditions of men and women, and constituting

a most extraordinary collection. The great variety of subjects with which they deal—social, moral, political, religious, scientific, historical, philosophical, personal experiences, and the conditions prevailing in the after life—make them of great educational value and a source of spiritual illumination. They embrace, in fact, such a comprehensive fund of knowledge, that any man possessing such an inexhaustible store of information would undoubtedly be regarded as a walking encyclopædia.

Of course, I am only one of many who are receiving similarly remarkable communications in various parts of the globe. Professor Larkin, for instance, writing from the Lowe Observatory in California, states:—"It is positively awe-inspiring to be up here on this mountain peak and watch astounding developments. Poems, drawings, MSS., inscriptions, absolutely new ideas in human thought, records of most remarkable events and everything else that brain can compass, these and other wonders now come here daily from all parts of the world. Thus there are in existence now enough simply wonderful *automatic paintings* of scenes in other realms and spheres than ours to fill a huge gallery or building, and strange *automatic writing* that would tax a great publishing house to print." The fact of automatic writing, in short, has been so effectively demonstrated as to be beyond dispute, and it was through this phase of mediumship mainly that Sir Oliver Lodge arrived at the conviction that communication was possible between the seen and unseen worlds.

A STEAD MESSAGE FROM SYDNEY.

Goodness knows when, or how, selections from these extraordinary sheaves of messages are to be given to mankind. The object at present, however, is to ascertain if any evidence is available, besides that already mentioned, supporting the possibility, or probability, that the messages which have appeared in the "Harbinger" came from the mind of Mr. Stead. It will be remembered that the "Titanic" went down on Sunday, April 14th. Exactly a week later I received a message signed, "W. T. Stead."

Its main portion reads as follows:—

I am now in a position to know some of the eternal truths of Spiritualism. The terrible accident had nothing in it of a terrible nature for myself. My only sorrow was for the despair and mental terror, as well as the physical suffering, of those who prayed and called upon God to save them, and to know that either He was unable or did not choose to do so, in spite of their cries.

I went down exhorting those by whom I was *immediately* surrounded to be calm, assuring them that death had no terrors for myself, and need not have any for them; that shortly we should all be in a better and fairer world; that our sufferings would soon be over, and that if those who were parted from me when the final summons came would look for me when in the water—when what the world calls drowning had occurred—I would be with them, and would give them more information of the after life in which we should soon find ourselves.

I am so delighted that I was able to calm their fears, for I was aided by Julia and a spirit hand to assure and give them comfort. They went to their doom quite calmly, and remembering what I had said to them just before the Titanic sank, they were calm when their spirits left their bodies, and I gathered all that I could to speak to them, and with the heavenly messengers, I was enabled to help them much.

How thankful I am, how happy I am to know that, not only had I no fear, but that I was enabled to help my brothers and sisters in distress. How many acts of unselfish bravery I witnessed! How chivalrous the crew were! How calm! How manly they went about saving the women and children!

The real cause of the disaster was the skipper's desire to create a record trip with a record ship, and this caused him to chance the dangerous route. This, in turn, was but the result of the greed of companies, who expect their officers to try these risky passages, and it is the cause of many a loss at sea.

I have much to do here, and right glad am I to be here to do it—a real good beginning of work in the spirit world for me. I would not change places with the greatest personages on earth, for nothing could be more beautiful than the work I have taken in hand just now.

This message is satisfactory as far as it goes. There are ejaculatory expressions in it which resemble the style of Mr. Stead, and it is full of that spirit of "gladness" which characterised the first short message purporting to come from him and which appeared in the May issue of this journal as follows:—

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.

MESSAGES COMPARED.

This message, presumably, was received by Mrs. Bright about the same time as I received mine. I cannot speak positively on that point, because I have not communicated with that lady in the matter, and have, therefore, not told her of the message I received. I purposely refrained from doing so because I had resolved to await developments—to see if she received any message similar to the one that had come into my possession. I am very glad now I adopted this course, because had I disclosed its contents to her prior to the receipt by her of the messages which appeared in the "Harbinger" for June, the test which I am now able to apply would have been virtually nullified. The similarity of portions of these messages to the one I had received six weeks previously struck me at once—in fact they read in parts like a plagiarised version of my communication. To make this point clear let me reproduce a few of the sentences contained in the respective messages:—

"HARBINGER," 1st June.

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.

Surrounded by the *cries* of the helpless, drowning creatures, I passed into unconsciousness in the icy water.

HARVEY, 21st April.

I went down exhorting those by whom I was immediately surrounded to be calm, assuring them that *death had no terrors for myself*, and need not have any for them.

My only sorrow was for the *despair and mental terror*, as well as the *physical suffering*, of those who called upon God to save them and to know that either He was unable, or did not choose to do so, in spite of their *cries*.

To tell you the transports of joy when I awoke to what was awaiting me is beyond mortal words. . . It seemed as if *a whole phalanx of angels and friends* were ready to welcome me.

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 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.

I am so delighted that I was able to calm their fears, for I was aided by *Julia and a spirit band* to assure and give them comfort . . . and with the *heavenly messengers* I was enabled to help them much.

I am so delighted that I was able to calm their fears, for I was aided by *Julia and a spirit band* to assure and give them comfort.

I have much to do here, and right glad am I to be here to do it—a real good beginning of work in the spirit world for me. *I would not exchange places with the greatest personages on earth*, for nothing could be more beautiful than the work I have taken in hand just now.

The italics, of course, are mine, and I leave the reader to form his, or her, opinion of the value of these comparisons. The question is, "Did either or both of these messages come from Mr. Stead?" In fact, we can hardly believe that the one came from him without also believing that the other came from the same source. There is such a marked resemblance between the messages in the passages quoted that we can only conclude that they must have had a common origin. Supposing, for instance, that a leading article appeared in the "Argus" on a Monday, and on the following day a leader on the same subject appeared in the "Age," and supposing there were similar resemblances in the two leaders as are apparent in these messages purporting to come from Mr. Stead, what would the public say? The verdict undoubtedly would be that the "Age" had deliberately plagiarised the "Argus" article. There is, therefore, no getting away from the fact that there is a striking similarity about certain portions of these communications. And, what



MRS. COATES.

is of great importance, as Sir Oliver Lodge emphasises, they are *uncommonly characteristic of the temperament and style of the alleged author.*

MESSAGES RECEIVED IN SCOTLAND.

Let us now briefly study the experiences of Dr. James Coates, of Rothesay, Scotland, who is a Doctor of Philosophy, and the author of well-known works on psychic subjects. His cultured and amiable wife is the medium at the circles which are held at regular intervals. Dr. Coates tells us in the "Harbinger" for July that at the close of a seance held on April 26th last—within a few days of the date upon which Mrs. Bright received her first message and five days after the receipt of my own message—Mr. Stead purported to communicate. The details are set forth in the issue of the journal mentioned, and here, again, we are faced with strong internal evidence that the speaker was, in all probability, our recently-departed friend. He apparently caused quite a flutter in the proceedings by his extreme impetuosity. "I wish to break in, as my message is urgent," he exclaimed. This is very much like a repetition of Mrs. Bright's experience. When Mr. Stead sent his first short message through her hand he was in a terrible bustle. The May issue of the "Harbinger" was shortly going to press, and he was particularly anxious not to miss it. Consequently he "hustled" her up, as the Americans say, and quite peremptorily enjoined her to be sure to insert the message in the coming number, as it was of urgent import.

The whole of the message received by Dr. Coates in fact is as characteristic of Mr. Stead as are the messages received by Mrs. Bright and myself. In his allusions to the disaster he is reported by Dr. Coates as saying: "I was surprised, appalled, and yet assured." He told Mrs. Bright he was "without panic or fear." My message states, "Death had no terrors for myself." In each case this is saying precisely the same thing in different language. Mr. Stead further says in his talk with Dr. Coates: "Think of the lot of those so suddenly called to part with *family and friends*. . . as they struggled into

unconsciousness beneath and on the *benumbing sea.*" Through Mrs. Bright he wrote: "A moment's anguish, the thought of *loved ones at home*, . . . I passed into *unconsciousness* in the *icy water.*" This is uncommonly like plagiarism again. What is the difference between "family and friends," and "loved ones at home?" And what is the difference between "icy water" and "benumbing sea"?

To Dr. Coates Mr. Stead also said: "If my work on earth has been called in, there is work here I am able to do. Do not imagine for a moment that my work is done. . . There is a great work here. . . The work of my life on earth is continued here." He has repeatedly said precisely the same thing in Mrs. Bright's messages, but more particularly in the first lengthy message, with which we are dealing, and in which he said: "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." My message contained the words: "I have much to do here, and right glad am I to be here to do it—a real good beginning of work in the spirit world for me." There is plenty of "work" in these three quotations if there is nothing else in them!

"Will you help? Will you send a message, and get others to help?" is another characteristic sentence in the record supplied by Dr. Coates. Compare this entreaty with his anxiety in Mrs. Bright's message to "wipe the tears from eyes that weep," and to "take doubt from every downcast soul." There is a yearning in each of these quotations that is singularly characteristic of the man from whom they are alleged to have come. Another sentence in the communication received by Dr. Coates runs: "I saw ministering spirits, glorified spirits, helping the feeble ones whose bodies went down with the vessel or perished in the numbing waters." That is practically a repetition of similar references in Mrs. Bright's and my own messages. Then there is the significant declaration made to Dr. Coates: "Messages will be sent to many on earth from me." He was ostensibly communicating with two other people

at least about this time—Mrs. Bright and myself. And the interview with Dr. Coates ends with the almost mandatory injunction: "Send this message broadcast," which is certainly very much like the zealous impetuosity of this great and loving soul.

THE SUBLIMINAL MIND THEORY.

Now, take these three messages—one received in Scotland; another in Melbourne, and the third in Sydney; and each received within a few days of the other! What are we to make of them? How are we to explain away the numerous points of resemblance, the references to various subjects in almost identical terms, the peculiarity of expression so eminently characteristic of Mr. Stead, and that spirit of bubbling enthusiasm and impetuous zeal which so essentially distinguished this loyal disciple of Truth? Are we to be asked to be satisfied with the theory of the subliminal mind or consciousness? If so, how comes it that the subliminal mind of Mrs. Coates in Scotland, of Mrs. Bright in Melbourne, and of the medium through whom my messages come in Sydney, happened to work almost simultaneously along practically identical lines, and that each of them, unknown to each other, should have declared that it was Mr. Stead who was operating? By what subtle process were these three minds suddenly set going along the one channel? And how is it that there is such striking internal evidence of the messages having emanated from the *one* source, seeing that the mediums concerned are of *widely differing mentalities*—two of them being ladies and the other a gentleman—and that neither of them had been in correspondence with the other? Strange, passing strange! And I see no alternative than to also "pass" the subliminal mind hypothesis, so far as these particular communications are concerned.

The evidence thus far presented leaves little room for doubt, I submit, that these messages had a *common origin*. I will even go further, and also submit that the data dealt with are sufficient to warrant us in concluding that they *probably* came from Mr. Stead. But can we get still nearer to the crucial point of *identity*? Let us see?

MR. STEAD ETHEREALISES IN SCOTLAND.

The "Harbinger" for October contains an account supplied by Dr. Coates of a seance held at his home at Rothesay about 3 p.m., on 17th July last, in the presence of seven persons, including Mrs. Etta Wriedt, the celebrated medium who possesses that peculiar quality of psychic force essential to materialisation, and of whom Dr. Coates writes: "Her mediumship is unparalleled in my *forty years* experience of mediums and Spiritualism."

"Mr. Stead etherialised *twice* within a short time," says Dr. Coates, "the latter appearance being most clearly defined, *face, head and shoulders being seen by all.*" Shortly afterwards, we are told, he spoke in the "direct" voice so clearly and emphatically as to impel attention. "Those present will never forget his address to us," continues Dr. Coates, "commencing with a ringing 'My dear Mr. Coates, you know who I am?' I knew, for I had *seen* him; but the full tones of his voice and hearty greeting startled me."

At the next seance Mr. Stead spoke again, but did not appear, "and there was a ringing tone of victory in his voice." To emphasise what he had already written, Dr. Coates concludes with the very positive declaration: "In our home, and in the presence of several sane and thoughtful persons, Mr. Stead has returned, spoken and thanked Mrs. Coates for being able to use her and myself for giving his message to the world. *Yes, Mr. Stead has returned, and proved in his own person that the dead do return.*"

Here, in addition to seeing Mr. Stead, the nature of his utterances and peculiarities of manner were, apparently, as characteristic of the man as are the messages appearing in the "Harbinger." We thus find the web of evidence becoming more closely entwined about us as regards this vital question of *identity*. I now propose to draw it closer still.

MR. STEAD SEEN IN LONDON.

In "Nash's Magazine" for July appeared a remarkable article by Miss Estelle W. Stead, entitled "My Father and Spiritualism." It is written in a very calm matter-of-fact style, and opens with the bald, though somewhat sensational pronouncement, "Three



MISS ESTELLE W. STEAD.

weeks after the *Titanic* disaster I saw my father's head and shoulders as *plainly as I saw them when last we met on earth.* I talked to him about the most intimate things concerning myself and himself alone—things about which the medium could have had *no possible idea.*"

The sitting took place at Julia's Bureau, and Mrs. Wriedt was the medium. It was what is known as a Trumpet Seance, which means that the communicating intelligences speak through the trumpet instead of using the organism of the medium. This may sound incredible to those who have never witnessed the phenomenon. Until they have seen it, however, they should not be too pronounced in their criticism.

At this seance, then, the trumpet was used, and Miss Stead informs us in her quiet and collected manner, "After *showing his face*, my father took the trumpet, and, turning to one of the sitters, who had been apt to scoff at our previous sittings when father was present in his physical body, said most emphatically, "Do you believe now? Is not all I told you true?" There was something so much like the temperament of the man and his impatient zeal in this unexpected outburst that Miss Stead declares: "Had I doubted the nearness of the other world and the possibility of spirit return and communication, this would have removed it all. . . I think the many scoffers and sceptics my father had to contend with during his lifetime would find it difficult to disprove his *living, vibrating, unmistakable ego*, and the voice that conversed with me that night in the stillness and quiet of the seance room at Julia's Bureau. There were seven others present besides the medium who will bear testimony to what I have written."

This testimony is included in the article, and each of the witnesses gives his, or her, full name and address. Vice-Admiral Moore was among those present, and I will produce his statement in full:—

I was present on 6th May, when a simulacrum of your father appeared to you, Mrs. Harper, Miss Harper and Mr. Skeels. As I was on the opposite side of the circle to you, and the bright etherealisation was facing you, it was only possible for me to see the edge of it. The picture, as I may call it, was end-on to me and the Mallinsons.

On that morning, at 11.30, your dear father presented himself to me in *precisely the same way*—a brightly-illuminated face and bust. The face was somewhat emaciated, and the hair whiter than it was when

he left England. There was no question, however, as to its being a simulacrum of Mr. Stead. On this occasion he did not speak.

I heard the whole of your conversation with your father, and understood the significance of every word. On Sunday night, the 5th inst., he talked to me, and *alluded in the most unmistakable manner to the last conversation we had together in Bank Buildings.*

W. USBORNE MOORE.

United Service Club,
Pall Mall, S.W.

Vice-Admiral Moore, it should be known, is no novice in the investigation of psychic phenomena. He has applied himself to it closely for the past eight years, and the caution and thoroughness with which he conducts his inquiries are conspicuously presented in his valuable and comprehensive work, "Glimpses of the Next State."

DO WE BELIEVE THESE WITNESSES ?

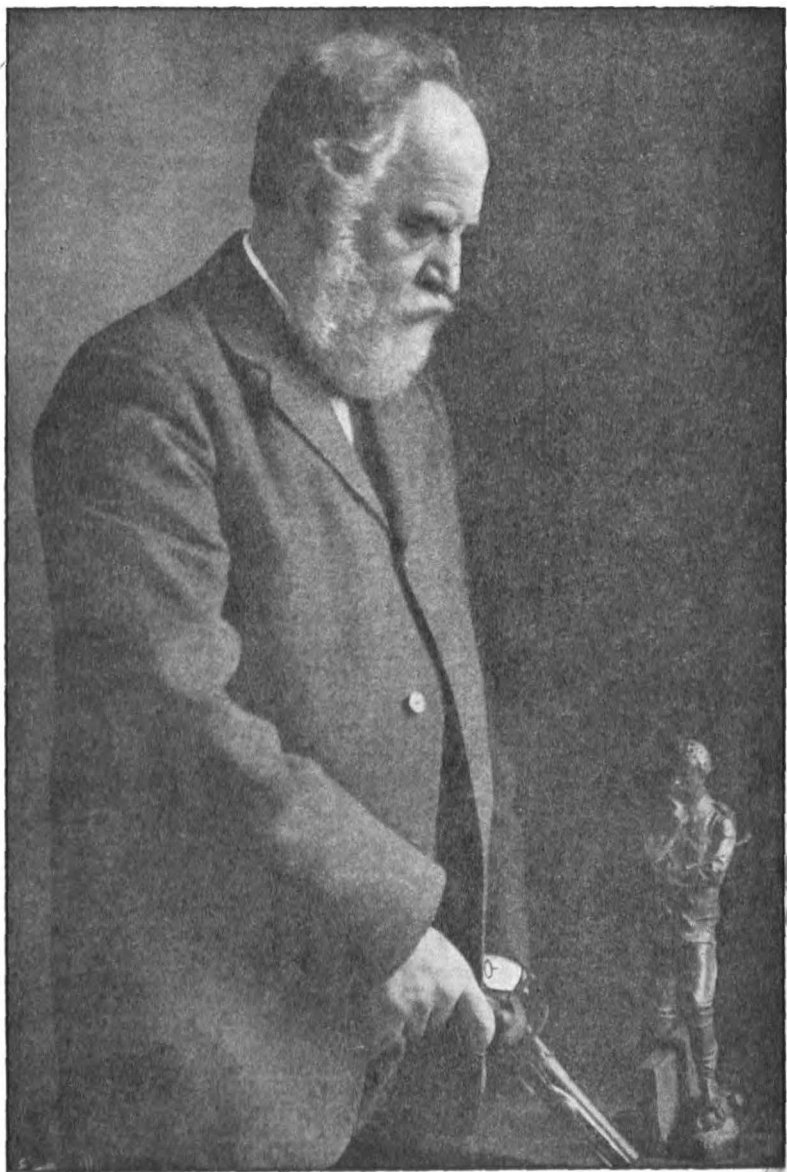
The question is, "Do we, or do we not, accept the statements of Vice-Admiral Moore, Dr. Coates, Miss Stead and the score of other individuals who declare emphatically that they have seen the etherealised form of Mr. Stead either at Rothesay or in London? If we accept the word of Sir William Crookes, the late Professor Lombroso and many other distinguished savants concerning the return in materialised form of those who had passed away, how can we consistently decline to accept the declarations of other equally capable and highly reputable investigators?"

If we do accept the evidence of these witnesses—and I for one see no reason to doubt them—then we are faced with the fact of Mr. Stead's reappearance in *distinctly recognisable form*. And if he has appeared in England and Scotland, and also spoken there, why should he not have also availed himself of the services of Mrs. Bright and of the medium from whom my own communication was received?

If it is not Mr. Stead, then who, or what, is doing it? And if he has nothing to do with it, how is it that this development comes along at a time exactly synchronising with his passing over? Why did not something

of the kind occur before his death? How is it that things were, for a considerable time before his departure, comparatively flat in psychic research circles and yet immediately after Mr. Stead goes down in the "Titanic" we have such a "fuss" as has seldom been witnessed since the advent of Modern Spiritualism? And if it was not Mr. Stead who appeared and spoke at Rothesay and in London, then who was it? And if he is not the influencing intelligence behind the automatic writing of Mrs. Bright, then who is? *And what is the explanation of all these messages being so pre-eminently Stead-like?* These are questions which the sceptic should be prepared to answer.

There is, moreover, the important circumstance to be remembered that if communication between the two worlds is possible—as averred by Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Professor Zollner, the late Professor Lombroso, and a host of other brilliant stars in the intellectual firmament—Mr. Stead is certainly the very man of all others who would strive his utmost to demonstrate the fact of spirit return. And that, in my opinion, is exactly what he is doing. It seems to have needed the passing over of a Stead to produce the commotion we are viewing to-day. He no sooner enters the spirit realm than the stir begins, and, judging by the developments that are taking place, I am not so sure that he met such an "untimely death" after all. As he himself says, "It seems as if I were brought over here because I could be more useful." He rendered immense service to the cause of Spiritualism when in the flesh. He is rendering even greater service to-day, with his spiritual strength and boisterous enthusiasm, and we may confidently anticipate that he will fulfil his promise to shake things up in Australia, and readily accept his welcome declaration that "a revival may be expected shortly, the like of which the world has not yet seen." There are great developments pending, and some of us have reasons for believing this, apart from the assurance given by Mr. Stead!



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