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THE  
**A**USTRALIAN **S**PIRITUALIST  
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MOTTO: "EXCELSIOR."

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SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

*The Australian Spiritualist.*

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

Reflections on Hosea, xiv, 5 — "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon."

**T**HE passage referred to at the heading stands out in bright relief from the dark and stormy background of the proceeding chapters, which contrast invests it with an air of singular beauty. Israel had wandered away from the Lord, and in this chapter we have a promise of God's blessing following their return. With what tender love does God Himself seek to woo His erring children! With what ready compassion does He welcome the erring ones back again; "I will love them freely." Then comes our subject—the promise — "I will be as the dew unto Israel,"

In scripture there are many references to DEW, and it is oft employ-

ed as a symbol. In the above subject we are here taught what is the sole cause of all Spiritual refreshment and growth. It is the descent of those gracious and mighty influences which proceed from God Himself. There is no other sufficient cause. "I," saith the Lord, "will be as the dew unto Israel." The dew is here, as oft elsewhere employed as the symbol of Divine Influence, and a very beautiful and appropriate figure it is. You all know in what way dew is formed. The heat of the day evaporates the moisture of the ground, and in the cool evening it is condensed. The drops in the early morning on the blades of grass is the dew formed during the night.

A great mystery gathers about the formation and deposit of dew. Not one ever saw—not one ever heard the dew descend. You know where the dew comes from and in what way and under what conditions the dew is deposited, but no one ever witnessed the process by which the dew-drop was formed. In the formation and deposit of dew, the process is, or at first sight seems to be less open to our inspection than that of many other natural oper-

ations—the descent of rain for instance. You see the clouds piling themselves together in all their magnificence, one mountain range on another. You know they are charged with moisture, and at the appointed time you see a plentiful rain descend for refreshment of man, beast, and the earth. But in the case of the dew, you see nothing till you see the result. A like mystery gathers around the impartation of that Spiritual Influence called Spiritualism, which the dew symbolises. You gradually become acquainted with it in its results, but not in the working of its communication. It matters little that you are unable to trace the process, if you are able to rejoice in the result. The dark night of dogma hides the dew from you at present, but when dispelled, the bright day of communication with Heaven and the World of Spirits will burst forth in all its grandeur and magnificence upon you.

There is more than one waiting to bear you "good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people." The channel is now open, and through it will stream the glorious light and truth of one God, in all its SIMPLICITY.



## POET'S CORNER.

## A Mother's Bible.

GIVE me that grand old volume, the gift of a mother's love,  
 Though the spirit that first taught me has winged its flight above ;  
 Yet with no legacy but this she has left me wealth untold,  
 Yea, mightier than earth's riches, or the worth of Ophir's gold.

When a boy I've knelt beside her, in our dear old cottage home,  
 And have listened to her reading from that prized and cherished tome,  
 As with low and gentle cadence, and a meek and reverend mien,  
 God's word came from her trembling lips, like a presence felt and seen.

Ah ! not in life's weary battle, or the triumphs of to-day,  
 Has that form e'er vanished from my sight, or its precepts fled away.  
 But when worn with toil and trouble, I can feel new strength arise,  
 As I ponder its wondrous depth of lore, and its teachings sweet and wise.

I can hear still the plaintive music that fell on my childish ears,  
 And feel, oh ! how deep and keenly, the sins of my after years ;  
 From my eyes the scales have fallen, and the retrospect to me  
 Is that of a soul at random tossed on the surf of misery.

Solemn and sweet the counsels that spring from its open page,  
 Written with all the fervour and the zeal of the prophet age ;  
 Full of the inspiration of the holy bards that trod,  
 Caring not for the scoffer's scorn, if they gained a soul to God.

Men who in mind were god-like, and have left on its blazoned scroll  
 Food for all coming ages, in its manna of the soul ;  
 Who through long days of anguish, and nights devoid of ease,

Still wrote with the burning pen of Faith its heavenly mysteries.

I can list the good man yonder, in the grey church by the brook,  
 Take up that marvellous tale of love, of the story and the Book ;  
 How through the twilight glimmer, from the earliest dawn of time,  
 It was handed down as an heirloom, in almost every clime ;

How, through strong persecution, and the struggle of evil days,  
 The precious light of its truth ne'er died, but was fanned to a beacon blaze ;  
 How in far-off lands, where the cypress bends over the laurel's bough,  
 It was hid like some costly treasure, and they bled for its truth, as now.

He tells how there stood around it a phalanx none could break,  
 Though steel, and fire, and lash swept on, and the cruel waves lapped the stake ;  
 How dungeon doors and prison bars had never damped the flame,  
 But raised up converts to the creed whence Christian comfort came.

That housed in caves and caverns, how it stirs our Scottish blood,  
 The Covenanters, sword in hand, poured out the crimson flood ;  
 And eloquent grows the preacher as the Sabbath sunshine falls  
 Through cobwebbed aisle and chequered pane, a halo on the walls.

That still mid sore disasters, in the heat and strife of doubt,  
 Some bear the Gospel oriflamme, and one by one march out,  
 Till forth from heathen kingdoms, and isles beyond the sea,  
 The glorious tidings of the boom spreads Christ's salvation free.

So I cling to my mother's Bible, in its torn and tattered boards,  
 As one of the greatest gems of art, and the king of all other hoards,  
 As in life the true consoler, and in death, ere the judgment's call—  
 The guide that will lead to the silent shore, where the Father waits for all.

## A New Heaven and a New Earth.

A LECTURE BY MR. THOMAS WALKER.

FROM the earliest condition of man, and from the moment that thought becomes disconnected from the purely earthly and carnal of life there commences a looking forward into futurity—a hoping for a life beyond mortality. During that period of the world's history, when the sciences were not developed ; when the spiritual and physical sciences were comparatively unknown ; men were left to themselves to form their own conception of the place they would inhabit after the mortal coil was permanently cast aside. For, let Materialists argue as they may, and use all the force they can, that

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,  
 Might stop a hole to keep the cold away ;

still, deep down in the soul's centre there is a voice that speaks and assures man, even in the most sorrowful of his bereavements, that there is something more beyond mortality, that there is a life of compensation hereafter.

With the saint and savage ; with the barbarian and civilised, there is still the same voice ; and the greater the degree of intellectual and mortal development, as Cicero informs us, the more certain and fixed is that voice and hope within the soul.

If we turn backward, and read the pages of time, we shall find record of the crude ideas of those men who were endeavouring to fashion from insufficient data and information the home to which they were bound. We shall find that the Greeks had their Elysian fields whither the favoured of the gods were taken, and where the heroic sons of men were admitted, to dwell in the company of the gods continually and fare sumptuously every day. Every Grecian with all sincerity believed that he should bask in the friendship of Olympian deities and be as one of them for ever, becoming as immortal as the Gods themselves. It was the cherished idea of a still more ancient people that the greatest delights of heaven were those that come from a remembrance of wars and a repetition of them. If we turn either to the east or to the north, we shall discover a prevalence of similar superstitious ideas ; for if we consider the ancient Hindoos'



heaven, and the paradise of the Norseman, we shall find that the people were looking forward to the ultimate enjoyment of purely material delights. The Norseman imagined that the redeemed would all the day long be at warfare; that the moment they were wounded in the fight their wounds would be healed, and so enabling them to continue the conflict still further.

In the wide halls of Valhalla, among the huge *gigants* (giants), and beneath the eyes of Thor and his twelve peers, the brave of the earth were to pass eternity in drinking mead, feasting well, and doing everlasting war. Then we have the heaven of orthodoxy—a paradise of rich gold, a locality possessing a grandeur and magnificence far transcending anything the most fertile imagination could pourtray; having gorgeous mansions, built of the richest gems, with jasper gates, and streets all paved with gold. The Christian, even to this day, has his slumbers disturbed by his dreams of such a heaven. Then we have the Turkish heaven, where men only are immortal, and the women having no souls are not permitted to enter. And slightly paraphrasing the words of the poet—

“Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
Sees God in the clouds, hears Him in wind;  
His soul proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way,  
Yet his God, to be his home has given.  
Behind the cloud-topped hills, a glorious heaven,  
Where slaves once more their true natures behold,  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.”

These are those who have passed their lives travellers, sore-footed, over the stony paths of mortal existence and who are approaching the end of life's journey on earth, and who look forward to the time when they shall enjoy sweet rest, and have cessation from their weary toils. There are others, bounding with the purity of their inner nature, and who are sighing for an atmosphere where their souls can have purer pleasures, and where the heart's sentiments can find their true and unrestrained expression. Another class of minds look forward to one continued and uninterrupted state of worship, where for ever and ever, day after day, there shall be perpetual chanting of hallelujahs before God, seated upon his throne, surrounded by specially-selected saints, with the peoples of all climes and of every degree, waving heavenly palm-leaves, and singing hallelujahs for eternity! This, truly, is a very delightful thought to the musical and pedantic

but when we think of it being prolonged for ever and ever, the only drawback will be its illimitable duration and its unpleasant monotony. However, this is only attainable by souls who have been specially trained and educated to the end, for certain kind of beliefs are necessary to attain it. We must sing with the poet on Christmas-day—

“This is the month, and this the happy morn,  
When the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin-mother born.  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father make us a perpetual peace.”

It is through hymns of this and less meritorious kind that the kingdom of heaven will be accessible to all believers. All who have the image of their Redeemer wrought in His blood upon their hearts shall enter into His spacious and magnificent courts, but all others shall be cast out. Here let us not be understood as speaking against genuine Christianity, because as Christianity in its purer form exists, we believe it to be the highest culmination and collection of moral which humanity can possess; although we must ever remember that those morals are not distinctively Christian, for they belong to every nation and to every people; but against orthodoxy, with its shadowy dream, haunts of selfishness, and unfounded assumptions do we speak, for it gives you ideas of the future which are not consistent with the beneficence and goodness of God; it gives you ideas of earth which are not consistent with the wisdom of the Most High. So do men picture their future homes when left unaided by the truths of demonstrations.

It has been said by one who has many admirers in Christendom, that the first heaven and the first earth must pass away, and on this must descend the new Jerusalem from on high bringing peace and joy to every sorrowing and afflicted soul. Such is needed, for this is indeed a time of tribulation and sadness; there is stalking abroad that cold figure with iron hands and freezing eyes—Materialism—-which deadens man's sympathies and man's hopes: therefore it is necessary that there shall descend a new heaven to give rest upon the earth, and to impart to men's hearts and minds the certainty and conviction that their are journeying to brighter and better lands. We tell you that the citadels of Christendom are tottering. We tell you that the castles of orthodox faith are falling. We

tell you that the old landmarks are being destroyed. We tell you that there is a flood that is sweeping from the earth all the evil that has been, as effectually and potently as ever did the fabled flood of Noah. There is a time coming which shall witness the demolition of useless systems, which shall come to soothe the afflicted, which shall come to strengthen hope, which shall come as a true Comforter, which shall come in full time to give to all the certainty that you need; and we tell you it is the new heaven which shall come, and over-arching mankind shall give to you a new earth. The new heaven is Spiritualism, which is descending from the highest and brightest angels to illumine the souls of man; for when Spiritualism gets really into the soul, and finds its abiding place, have you not a heaven within you?

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## A Grand Truth Well Put.

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THE success of the Spiritual Movement depends in the highest degree upon the co-operation of the people of earth in the efforts which the advanced spirit-world is making to destroy the errors, from the effects of which inconceivable numbers of the human race are suffering both on earth and in the spirit-life; that this co-operation must follow the route which is illuminated by the light which comes to us from these successful pioneers in the march toward human perfection; that to proceed in harmony in this great movement there is but one course to pursue on the part of those who truly desire its success, and that is to banish from the mind every selfish and unworthy thought, and cast away every consideration that is not consistent with truth, right, and justice.

R. P. Jonnal.

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## Life after Death.

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VERY many from the Christian World are amazed, when they find themselves after death in a body, in garments, and in houses, as they were in the world. And when they recall to memory what they had thought of the life after death, of the soul, of spirits, of heaven and hell, they are affected with shame, and declare that they have thought like fools, and that the simple in faith are much wiser than they.—Swedenborg, L. S.

### My Experience Since I left the World.

BY ALICE.

In the year 1878, a young man came from Australia to England. He became acquainted with me, and we were often in each others society. In 1880 he returned to Australia. Four months after he left, I was taken ill, and shortly afterwards departed the earthly life, the exact date of which I cannot remember, and it is through the person before spoken of, I now give my experiences in the Spirit World.

I well remember being carried upstairs to bed, I felt I should never go down again in the flesh, and my conjectures proved correct. I was not long ill, when the world seemed to shrink from me. My parents stood around my bed, my poor father never saw me, being blind, he grasped my hand and told me to "look higher," and kindly, if I may so express it, thundered in my ears—"look and live; Christ died for you. He shed His precious blood on Calvary for you. He invited you to Himself at your last sickness, you refused His offers of mercy, now He has brought you down again, will you, now rest on Him. He died for you, oh wash in His precious blood and be clean." "Now Alice," he said, "take a dive into the fountain open for sin and uncleanness—then with a hope of cheering me, he began to sing—

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, &c.

"Now Alice," my Father cried again, "come to Jesus, He will save you; you have nothing to do, the work is all done for you"——and then my consciousness gave way.

I well remember hearing my mother talk in the same strain, for how long I cannot tell—an epileptic fit seized me, and I was borne away by Spirits into the Spirit World. In a little while my consciousness returned—and I was permitted to see the room I had left a few moments before. There was my mother, brother, sisters, father, and a few friends around the bed whereon lay a heap of dust and ashes. My mother often said 'midst her tears, "let's hope she is better off." I did not know what this meant, when one at my side told me I was dead. I looked at them in astonishment,—dead, I said, why I can both hear and see, how can I be dead? You do not understand they replied, we mean to say you have left the earth. Immediately upon hearing that, I went back into the Spirit World.

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As I have said, the last words I heard on earth were,—“look to Jesus, He died for you, that you might not die.” I also said—I went back to see my lifeless body. When I went back into the Spirit World, as I had been taught, I began to look for Christ, who had done so much for me. I thought what I would do, I would cast myself at His feet, fall before Him in humble attitude, and shout—“crown Him Lord of all,” then ask Him to give me the lowest place in the heavens. I looked about for some time, wandered here and there; I saw a great many, but they did not look like my Saviour. Some of them asked me where I was going, but I would not reply—only,—I want my Saviour. At last, weary and tired, I lay myself down on a grassy mound, and slept,—how long I know not until a sort of semi-consciousness came over me,

and I remembered hearing John\* preaching—“The great archangel's trump shall sound, and all the dead awake;” I then composedly turned myself over and awaited that great day, when, I thought, I shall surely see my Saviour. Now what do you think awoke me? To you who know nothing of Spiritualism it will appear very absurd. One day my brother sat in the house alone, thinking about me, he earnestly wished for me—the wish was telephoned, (if I may so express it,) to me. The sound of that voice awoke me, and I hastened at its call, but my brother not being a medium, I could not see through him, but I heard him say,—“I wonder if Alice can see John.” That at once sent me seeking after him. How I found my way across the water I know not. I tried Southern Australia, Sydney, then I came to Brisbane. I heard his name spoken in many places, then I found out where he was. I found he had mediumistic powers, (undeveloped,) and waited to impress him. The only way I succeeded was—one evening he was standing listening to a man talking about Spiritualism. I impressed him to ask questions, and to talk with him on the subject as they walked along. I went with him all the way, led him up to the meeting on Sunday evening, impressed him with what he heard and saw. I patiently waited an opportunity to make myself known unto him, but none presented itself for a time. The opportunity came at last. One day he was standing by the side of a strong medium, when I impressed him to take the rod. Mark—he was not thinking of me at all at the time

\* It may be well to mention that the John here noted is a person now living in Brisbane, and may be referred to on the subject.

he had not even the least idea that I had departed the earth life. When he took the rod I astonished him by spelling out my name. When satisfied it was I, he asked me if I would become his guardian angel, as he had but a few weeks before, become, if the expression is allowed me, converted to Spiritualism. I had not then the power to become guardian angel to anyone, I told John so, and promised I would ask permission. John gradually let go most of the dogmas of the churches, and as I had got permission to become his guardian, I became installed into that office. But the sceptical reader will question who it was I asked. To answer this I must go back to the time I first found John. During the time I could not impress him, I wandered about in the Spirit World, finding here and there one whom I knew upon earth, but not learning anything of any substance. I did not gain more light regarding the resurrection morn until I happened to come across the mother of my medium. She was a good Baptist woman whilst on earth, and fully believed, as I did, in the resurrection morn was also wandering about the Spirit World, instead of progressing toward her proper sphere. We soon became linked together in love, and gaining information from one still in the flesh, (though able when in trance, to visit the Spirit world,) that we ought to look to the Lord for help, we took his advice, and hourly prayed for His guidance, and in answer He sent us an arch-angel to direct us. We asked through the arch-angel if we may become guardians to the dear ones on earth. He soon returned with permission, first however, informing us, that as our mediums became regenerated, we should also rise, but also as they degenerated, we should

have to follow. After consulting together we agreed to become guardians of the medium through whom these experiences are given. He has greatly risen, perhaps not in the world's estimation, but in the sight of Him who is Lord of all—Jehovah Jesus. As he has risen so in proportion have we. We have passed through the second heaven, and have been a short time in the third.

I must now leave you, and conclude this on some future occasion. May the Lord open the eyes of the Spiritually blind, for His Own name and Truth's sake. Amen.

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## An Evening with our Spirit Friends.

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[From the *Harbinger of Light*.]

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In the following lines we present our readers with a detailed account of a sitting at a circle in this city composed of several members, who constitute one of the oldest circles in Melbourne. After the usual preliminary arrangements had been completed, and the medium had passed into the trance state, she remarked that the conditions of the circle were very favourable, and that there was a strange and peculiarly strong influence present, but she was not yet able to discover from whom it proceeded. In a few minutes the medium remarked—now I see a form, and it has moved round, and is looking at that picture on the wall, the portrait of Swedenborg. It is a male form and I see him very distinctly. The medium then became very much excited, and partly rose out of her chair: she then complained that the vision had become indistinct, con-

fused; but soon resumed her lucid condition, and said,—Now he is going to speak. The control then, through the medium said:—Is there a friend at this circle who would be kind enough to explain the Swedenborgian doctrines to me? I find at this circle some whom I have known during my former life, whilst, my good friends, I was with you in the earth-life. The medium then said: Do you know who this is? It is old Mr. Justice P—— but he don't seem to know me; he is touching his forehead in a confused manner. He evidently possesses much penetration, but for the moment he seems lost in thought. Now he has in his hand a large thick volume, and he looks from it to the portrait on the wall. Now he is going to speak again. I am under the impression that the knowledge of Swedenborg's doctrines must constitute a preliminary step to the attainment of a higher Spiritual state; it was told me that a foundation would be laid on my mind by a knowledge of these doctrines. I received this information in the Spiritual world. The medium then remarked: Now he is walking up and down; he is not altered in appearance, excepting that he looks wan and ghastly, and has the appearance of a darkish veil thrown over him. Now he is looking very hard at Thinker (Mr. S.); he seems very soft and gentle; he says he will always take a great interest in the general welfare of the colony; the life of the community seems to be part of his life, but he is confused somewhat. He now asks that a remark addressed to him by Thinker may be repeated. He says: Yes, you are quite right, that institution was indeed the offspring of my most earnest desire to aid my fellow men. If you would permit me to suggest that one of my

legal brethren should be requested to take my place. . . . .

I quite feel that the boundary which separates us is very narrow, much narrower than I could ever have expected. The veil is so thin that in a little moment and the inner life is opened to you; it is only a question of waves of attraction. Now, who of you can conceive of the millionth part of a second? but in this brief time you are transferred from one state to another, and find yourself in the Spirit World. I have met many whom I have known in my recent life; some also whom I have wronged, and the sight of these was wormwood and gall to my soul. I have also met some whom I helped, helped in the best of senses; not so much by worldly means as by the advancement of the mind. Oh! I cannot tell you what a holy, what a true gratification the sight of these afforded me. I feel that I am near to you, so near that I could touch you did conditions, permit. I have learned so much since I came here; many things which before were a confusion in my mind are now quite clear to me, and I only wonder that I did not see before what I now see so clearly. Spiritualism is too sublime a belief for the men of the nineteenth century to grasp. Nature is full of similitudes; under the waters, and under even the surface of the earth itself, you may find the ruins of prehistoric nations; and the time will come when the present generation shall disappear in like manner. Mighty changes will occur; and thus also will the mind of man change and develop; and as it does so it will realise more fully the great truths which now it rejects. I know that your little community will grow and expand also, until it becomes a mighty nation; and, therefore, from my heart

I say, "Advance Australia!" The control then continued: Before I take my departure, may I ask if the request I made will have the attention of the friends of the circle? A long conversation then ensued respecting the doctrines of Swedenborg. The control admitted that he was not prepared to accept all that had been advanced by the great theologian while on earth, yet that he quite thought there must have been features of his (Swedenborg's) teachings which were calculated to ennoble and raise the mind. The control said he had found that this Swedenborg was regarded in the Spiritual world as eminently pure, wise, and good; and he desired to discover the foundation on which so much goodness was built, that he might be assisted to raise himself, which he hoped to do. The control then said: I thank you for the kind words you have addressed to me; they have afforded me encouragement and gratification, and I am thankful for the opportunity of having thus communed with you, and hope to be allowed to come again. Farewell! The medium then remarked: Ah! old Mr. Justice P. has gone; I am so glad that I fell in with him. Now I will pass on. Tell sister that Alfred W—is here. He says: My mother would understand if she looked at these things in the proper light, and she would be thankful. It is one of those contradictions of earthly people that while they admit that their children who have departed to the inner life are better off, yet they repine at their going. The more I see of my new existence, the more I feel higher and better in degree; and I am thankful for the change which has taken place. If they would understand this, they would not sorrow as those who have no hope. The past is as nothing

to me; the present is everything; and what is the future but a continuous present? . . . . The medium then remarked: There is an elderly lady present; she evidently comes to another earth friend. Thin, sharp features; some of her lower teeth gone. She has ringlets hanging down the side of her face. Now she has something in her hand. She holds up a card, and round the edge of it is black. It is an embossed card, and I can see printing on it. Now she holds up a portrait; it is that of a young man, rather frail looking. Now I will try to read the writing on the card; Sacred to the memory of Hannah B—." I can't make out any more, it is difficult; she has a very wavering mind, and don't understand conditions. I have got this to say that another earth friend can help that lady, and I think there is some relationship between them. She seems to have had some great trouble, and that funny, old-fashioned portrait has had something to do with it. Now she is shedding tears; she is crying bitterly; poor old lady! she was once very pretty; there is nothing to annoy or vex me when I approach her. Oh! if you could see the look of softened sorrow on that poor lady's face, you would not say I had wasted my time in stopping to speak with her. That is a peculiar portrait she has; it is more like a painting.

(To be Continued.)

#### WORK.

THERE is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop himself, according to the magnitude Nature has made him of; to speak-out to act-out, what nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable, nay, it is duty, and ever the summary of duties for a man. The meaning of Life here on the earth might be defined as consisting in this: to unfold *yourself* to work what thing you have the faculty for.

Thomas Carlyle.

## A Trip to Rosewood.

Two happy days were spent at Rosewood by several members of the Circle of Love and Friendship, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C——— the parents of one of our mediums, on Saturday, Feb. 26th, and Sunday, Feb. 27th. It afforded them relaxation, amusement, and instruction. We cannot do better than give the particulars of the visit in the narrators own words.

We left Brisbane by the early train on Saturday morning. The weather was beautiful, the air invigorating; and the journey lasted until breakfast time, which, when we had walked the half-mile to Mr. C———'s farm we were fully prepared for. Having been heartily welcomed, and satisfied our appetites, we disported ourselves to our own likings—some riding, some shooting, others strolling about. I joined the shooting party, and although the shooting did not fall to my lot, I was fully employed and amused, picking my way through the thick scrub. The day passed thus in happy amusement and the evening that we were longing for came at last. We then held a pleasant meeting for about two hours when Mr. C——— had an opportunity of speaking to his son who left the world some years ago, he spoke for several minutes through one of our mediums while in trance, afterwards he received another communication from one of His guardian angels containing some very excellent advice. Now, this being the first time Mr. C——— had witnessed anything of this kind, he was rather confused, and could not understand it, especially the working of the rod. He said he could not but believe that the rod was moved by us of our own accord. To prove to

him that it was not us we advised him to take it himself, after a little persuasion he did so; we chose a young girl (his daughter) to take it with him, he then addressed himself to all present, and said:—If it be spirits that are here to-night, or whatever is the cause of these to me, unaccountable proceedings. I wish to find out if there is anything in it or not." They then took the rod, and we asked in the name of the Lord "if there be any spirit present, to move the rod." For a moment it remained still, then it commenced to swing gently to and fro. We asked it to move quicker, and it did so, and suddenly took a long sweep backwards, and turned completely round in the fingers of Mr. C——— and his daughter. He laid down the rod. Mr. C——— we inquired—did you move the rod, he said no, I did not, and I could not stop it from moving, we also asked his daughter, she said she did not move it; then Mr. C———, we replied, either you are deceiving your daughter, or your daughter you, or else some invisible power did so; are you satisfied? I am perfectly satisfied something moved it he replied. Shortly afterwards we retired to rest, fully satisfied with our nights work. On Sunday morning we attended service at a chapel in the neighbourhood—the discourse was commenced about the Deluge, but when the person officiating had spoken a few words, he said he was not able to explain and make them understand as he would like, so he would leave them to ponder over the subject themselves. We admired that man for doing so. He felt himself incapable of dealing with the subject in its proper spiritual sense, and told the people so. It would be well if a great many would do the same, and not talk about things they know nothing

of, and of which they themselves have not learned the true sense and meaning. In the afternoon we held a seance and received some very good instruction from an angel who was a minister when on earth; this was given in the presence of several visitors who tried to uphold their doctrines and dogmas, but on the challenge of the angel they could not find any passages of Scripture to uphold their belief and faith, and so were utterly confuted. On Sunday evening we visited some friends at a neighboring farm house, and spent two happy hours trying to enlighten them on the subject of Spiritualism. One of our mediums was controlled by the guardian angels of persons present from whom they received good advice. On Monday we returned to Brisbane, all of us having spent an enjoyable time, and knowing the Lord had caused good to be done. Seed was sown that we hope in time will bring forth good fruit.

## LOCAL.

SEVERAL members of the "Circle of Love and Friendship" spent a pleasant day on Thursday last by a trip down the river. During the day, several Spirits spoke through mediums some of them in a most humorous manner. This goes to prove that those gone before have an interest in us in many ways. On some future occasion the Spiritual Sense of what we saw and heard, may be given in these columns.

WE have been asked to give our ideas of Mr. Rigby's Gardeners' Guide lately issued. That is hardly in our line, but our Spirit Editor tells us that it has a good Spiritual meaning and will therefore probably be reviewed next week.

Special Notice to Readers of the "Spiritualist."

IT may cause some little surprise that another Paper similar to the TELEPHONE should be commenced in Brisbane. We therefore offer a few words of explanation. The TELEPHONE we deem in the wrong place. It would do well in America, where Spiritualism is well grounded, but for Australia, and Queensland especially, it is too far advanced in its doctrines. What is wanted is a LADDER for the people. This is what the SPIRITUALIST will aim to show the public. It will commence on the bottom step, and as the people rise so will the standard of the SPIRITUALIST. Our motto will always be EXCELSIOR, higher, still higher. Another attractive feature of the Paper will be reports of LOCAL seances and full reports of all Spiritualistic meetings in surrounding districts. We trust that as our desire is to raise and elevate the notions of the masses, our efforts will meet with the approbation of all earnestly seeking truth.

Notice of Address.

ALL Letters and Communications to be addressed to the SPIRITUALIST Office and Depot, 83, GEORGE STREET, BRISBANE, where anyone desiring to gain information may apply personally.

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We shall be glad to receive notices of any Seances held in Brisbane and other districts, and will, (if practicable,) assist in forming new circles where our help may be needed.

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