

THE Harbinger of Light.

A
MONTHLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

ZOISTIC SCIENCE, FREE THOUGHT, SPIRITUALISM
AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

"Dawn approaches, Error is passing away, Men arising shall hail the day."

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A METROPOLITAN contemporary, whose name is suppressed because we are reluctant to advertise its existence, indulged a natural aptitude for scurrility on the 18th of January, by libellous philippics upon the Spiritualistic movements of the day. In the article referred to an insane attack is made upon the charges for admission to Trance Lectures at the Academy of Music—the writer being evidently mortified at their popularity, and grieved at the numerical audiences, which, every Sunday evening, crowd the dress circle, stalls and boxes. We accept the animadversion as a compliment paid to the dissemination of Truth, inasmuch that it is, virtually, an acknowledgment of the growing influence and power which Spiritual Philosophy is acquiring over the public mind. If Liebig was correct in saying that "the civilisation of a people may be gauged by the quantity of soap they used," then may the quality and value of an article be estimated by the amount it realises. We presume that people do not generally pay for what is valueless, and that there must exist a want, as well as an appreciation, before purchase is effected. *A priori*, therefore, it may be reasonably inferred, that the large audiences which patronise Mr. Walker's spiritual discourses would not pay to hear them unless they were worth hearing. Obviously we are under no obligation to our contemporary for freedom of conscience and liberty of speech. He would, probably, condemn all persons who dissented from his opinions to be buried at a cross-road, after their bodies had undergone the usual appurtenances of the stake and mallet. He would, possibly, take pleasure in rekindling the torch of religious persecution, and consigning his dissentients to premature death. It is surprising how a journal of such mental mediocrity and impertinent proclivities should be tolerated in this metropolis. The writer's fanatical

adhesion to exploding dogmas, his bigoted attachment for expiring creeds, testify as witnesses to the instability of the spurious cause he advocates. Like an iconoclast, he would demolish what his superiors are aspiring to erect, and, like Othello, he would extinguish "the light" that he is powerless to re-illumine. We have it on tolerably good authority that Anarcharsis Clootz sought to take the human race under his protection, so that he might use it as a client; and we have an idea that our friend (or enemy, whichever you like) is anxious to espouse the priesthood for a similar purpose. Like Carl Von Grumples, he comes before the world as a modern manufacturer of "bran-new-old fiddles;" and the probability is, if he ever makes a noise at all, it will be through the manipulation of a violin. After Mr. Walker's next lecture we may expect a repetition of his "five octaves of chromatic squalls." It is said that Baron Munchausen once thrust his hand down a lion's throat, and turned the brute inside out like a glove. But we hope our contemporary will be merciful, and abstain from emulating the example in his efforts to discomfort conscience. It was the amiable Mrs. Partington, whose Mocha coffee and buttered toast were so excellent, who declared one morning at the breakfast table that "it is better to speak paragonically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him;" and therefore we abjure defamation, even of him, who well merits it. Our contemporary thinks it a bad sign when people pay for admission to Mr. Walker's trance lectures, and all the time the offertory collections at the churches are becoming small by degrees and perceptibly less. Well, it is a bad sign, and no mistake, for the mercenary interests of an unsound Orthodoxy; but it is not our fault when people prefer the substance for a shadow. What has been the matter? How did it occur that Truth should ever have supplanted Folly, or that the light should actually have penetrated into dark places? Is it really a fact that the Spirit of God is now moving amongst us, or that the melodious voice of the Deity is inviting souls towards Him? The answer to the first question is to be found in the prerogative of Reason to discard the pinchbeck, and adopt the real. An answer to the last question is to be found in the general diffusion of a bright intelligence, which loves to

render humanity good, service, by directing its aspirations upwards. This is no time for lethargy! It is the hour of deep thought and of righteous action; it is the period of strong mental conflict between antagonistic elements. On the one side we confront the puerile superstitions of the Past, and, on the other, we assail the imperfect and unsatisfactory doctrines of the Present. At the Battle of Acre, fought in 1191, the Turks and Christians got possession of a galley, having two tiers of oars, and, each pulling in contrary directions, their efforts were mutually paralysed. And so it is in our day. The people are being so harassed by contending factions, whose ecclesiastical rivalry causes the stagnation of vital religion that, as painfully evidenced by the chronic passions of society, but little, if any, progress is made in moral and social advancement.

The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown appears to have recognised the difficulty of the position when he wrote as follows:—"Tract distribution by all means let us have but not only such as are entitled 'The Drunkard's Grave,' 'The Honest Waterman,' and 'The Dairyman's Daughter;' but give us something about 'The Bubble-blower,' 'Kite-flying,' 'The Honest Bank Director,' 'Don't Salt your Invoices,' 'The Sin of Using False Weights and Measures,' 'Eighteenpence in the pound; or, Considerations Addressed to a Bankrupt,' 'The Christian Duty of Paying Tradesmen's Bills with Punctuality,' 'Six of One, and Half-a-dozen of the Other; or, the Moral Balance of the Rich and Poor,' 'Honesty is the Best Policy; or, precious advice offered to a Member of Parliament,' 'Thou Shalt Not Steal; dedicated to a Clergyman who Prigs all the Sermons he Preaches.'"

We endorse the recommendation, with the hope that the gentleman who, on the 18th of January, so gratuitously insulted the Spiritualistic movement, may henceforth employ his pen in some more profitable kind of composition, for he might just as well attempt to go to sea upon a shingle, or to chase a flash of lightning through a crab-apple orchard, as try to extinguish that small spark of a divine and animating principle, which, discarding orthodox insipidities and æval assumption, is now burning within the consciences of reflective men, and is guiding the thoughts of the progressive and the intelligent to a correct conception of existing obligations, and an eternal destiny.

In writing thus we have no selfish designs to gratify, for we only seek to emancipate society from an odious thralldom of stereotyped absurdities. What we desire to see accomplished in this generation is the liberation of the people from visionary and unsubstantial dogmas, so as to prepare them for the reception of a truer and a purer religion, whose effect does not so much exemplify its power externally, but manifests its operation in change of heart from evil to better principles; which diffuses the warmth of spiritual consolation upon the mind and soul of every human organism, and which not only reconciles us to the vicissitudes of temporal life, but prepares us for entering upon the inevitable future of an everlasting indestructible existence.

Being created, we are all immortal, and cannot avoid destiny. The contemplation of such a subject is invested

with paramount interest to each individual member of the community, who is alone responsible for the consequences which will assuredly follow after the soul obtains its liberation from a corporeal tenement. And, if the acquisition of a saving knowledge is not worth paying for here, then we do not covet the coin which its repudiators possess. Spirituality is beyond price, and is not to be appraised by any monetary standard of commercial currency. If Truth is to be converted into an article of trade, we must adopt the *role* of religious protection, and endeavour to place prohibitory duties upon the importation of spurious substitutes. And it is the inspiration of such a truth which inspires the human heart with charity as well as hope; and, in fond obedience to the irresistible impulses of our mysterious guide, most solemnly do we invoke the blessings of enlightenment upon our enemies and friends. We place our enemies first, because for them we experience a sentiment of pity that they still continue insensible of that philosophy the rays of whose effulgence is just beginning to permeate society, and to dispel the gloom of Error.

One thought more. When next our contemporary opposite the undertaker shall feel irrepressibly disposed to cavil at the Walker manifestations, we shall impute his ill-temper to some remarkable provocation, arising, it may be, from chronic indigestion. With any man in such circumstances we can heartily sympathise, but can only enjoin upon him a placid submission to destiny. We may, however, remind him that, if the public pay for admission to the trance-lectures, delivered under the auspices of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, the fact of their doing so may be accepted in evidence of their popularity, and also of their being superior to any other attraction upon the boards of the Theological-platform. For the rest, we will remain content with mentioning that Gassendus was one of the greatest ornaments of France, and occupied the chair of Royal Professor of Mathematics in 1645. A French poet, whom Guillet calls Bavius, had abused Gassendus, and Mr. Samuel Cobb, in his elegy, says:—

I know (for Envy's never known to spare
The good, the wise, the virtuous, and the fair)
How a vile wretch against the torrent strove,
Croak'd, like a raven, at the loss of gold.
But none are losers by that scribbler's spleen;
Harmless his malice, and his numbers mean.
Let him write on, and, with his filthy style,
Debauch his paper, and whole realms defile;
'Tis gilding dirt to answer such a tool—
No Socrates would e're indict a fool.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

V.

"AMONG the many joys which we experience, that which arises from beautiful music is by no means the least. With earthly instruments, as you very well know, spirit intelligent forces are able to surprise and delight the senses; but when in an atmosphere which is more refined, and by means of instruments which are more perfect, the genius of man is invoked and displayed, then there are such results as the human being in the earth-state could never realize until he entered the conditions where such results can alone be produced. My own experience in this respect has been very gratifying since I reached this higher development of conscious life. Interested as I was in the service of song on earth,

I now know how to appreciate those more numerous details which form a part of the grandest exercise of which the divinely endowed spirit of man is capable. But how can I convey to you, and through you to others, the faintest conception of the reality of this most elevating experience. All the movements of nature throughout the universe are giving forth melodies which blend here with the ongoing of our daily life; so that to the harmonious soul, to the individual who has attained a position which is in unison with such surroundings, there is a perpetual feast of soul-inspiring music, which, from time to time, culminates in the more manifest exhibition of vocal and instrumental combinations, and which in its attempt to imitate the sweet melody of nature, addresses the spiritual faculties in a more concentrated and direct manner. For this purpose we come together in companies; assembling in the beautifully decorated halls erected expressly for the purpose, and so arranged that no violence can in any respect be done to the most delicate sounds which are produced, and where both those who perform, and those who listen, are alike benefitted by the engagement. At times, also, we assemble amid the groves of trees which bedeck our broad lands, and on a bed of down, surrounded by the most beautiful flowers you could conceive of, we receive fresh inspiration to fulfil our life-work, and go forth from the inspiring music to awaken in the breasts of our fellows, who are on a lower plane than ourselves, the desire to rise and grow upwards. Alas, it is often too much the case that the worker on the earth-sphere has to go forth amid very trying and difficult circumstances to do the work which duty calls him to; but O, how different is it here. With us it seems as if our very paradise consisted in the attempt to do good. Full of an inspiration, which awakens the desire, we find a pathway for the accomplishment of our purpose literally strewn with roses. And thus it is we are enabled to carry with us such healing forces, and deal with the undeveloped and the inharmonious with a success of which earth-life knows nothing; for, with music in the soul, sunshine in the skies, and energy in the life, how could it be otherwise? To a spirit newly raised from the grosser fleshy frame, and having come through much conflict and pain, weary with the toilsome pilgrimage of earth-life, the first experience produced by the sweet strains either of nature, or by the combination of human talent, is wonderfully refreshing—not so enrapturing as it afterwards proves to be, but healing and composing in its effects, so that the conflicting emotions, not yet fully escaped from, are gently removed and all ill effects subdued, not by the production of a state of insensibility but of quiet repose, which still is able to recognise the loving ministry which prevails while the recuperation of the weary nature is effected. Let me assure you that in every department of the Divine Government of the universe is manifested a benevolence which indicates the goodwill of the Great Father of all; and if you fail to recognise this fact in the earth-life, you will certainly recognise it in the next. But, I might ask, why not, with such manifested evidences of His goodness prevailing around you now, learn to love and act for His goodness' sake who deals so graciously with His creatures throughout every stage of their upward growth? Let men on the earth learn to do this, and they will find it one of the surest foretastes of a bliss unspeakable, when they arise to higher conditions, and more favourable surroundings. Why should there not be in the intelligent mind such a confident trust in the unerring wisdom and constant love of God, as should open up at all times to the conscious life, a sense of the Benevolent Presence which in every season speaks not only of growth, but improvement, by every step taken in the progressive development of the spiritual experience. And, when it is thus with you, that life goes on in this fashion, will you come to learn in what respect there enters into every movement of His Providence the blending harmony of a wisdom which does all things well, and of a love which mellows every vibration of the infinite operation; and from which issues the notes of a song so grand and soul-satisfying, that in this expression of the infinite through the music of nature, you will realise not merely the intentions of His

will, but also the pathway in which you may ever be in harmony therewith; and thus, in your actions and influences, form a part of that grand diapason which vibrates through the universe, and fills the souls of angelic beings with rapturous gladness."

VI.

"My theme shall now be concerning how I want and preached to the spirits in prison. I have already said that the influence of love stimulates the more advanced spirit to go forth to minister to those who are less developed, and who require to be awakened to a sense of the possibility of growth on to higher planes of existence. Such work as this is worthy a human being, and raises him as a worker while he seeks to raise others. I propose now to tell you some of my experience in this channel of usefulness. You have but to reflect on the condition of mankind in the earth-life, to become alive to the fact that a vast number of individuals are in a very crude and backward state of development. The combination of elements in their case is somewhat like the condition of a world when it is in its early stage of formation from a nebulous state into a more symmetrical and solid body. The various elements contend together, and produce a complete state of chaos, and would never, unless brought under a superior and intelligent influence, attain the form and condition in which the mass is to play its part as a useful member of the universe. Just in the same manner does the development of the nature of man require control and intelligent guidance; for all things of humanity in its growth are as much dependent on agencies as are the elements of the universe which, when combined into substances, afford man a base for his operations as an intelligent being. Now, it is a self-evident fact that, even as there are these very diverse and crude forms of nature in the composition of mankind on the earth, so it is a fact that individuals in vast numbers leave the earth-sphere to enter upon another condition of life in this same backward state of growth; and that when they awake to a consciousness of their condition of activity in their new abode, they are but very little better off in regard to the aspirations of their higher destiny than they were in the earth-life. Hence they are still, in most instances, the low and grovelling creatures which they were on the earth, and quite unfit to take advantage of the advance which they have made, so far as the plane their existence is concerned.

These are the spirits in prison—the men and women, yes, and children too, who have entered the more interior spirit-state, but who are low down, and in darkness, and almost totally wanting in those higher and nobler aspirations which characterize mankind when their growth is advanced and more perfected. It would only be by contrast that you could understand the vast difference there is between these spirits enveloped in the gloom of a crude and confused state, and the light and beauty which pertains to those who have left the earth-life after having attained a higher condition of growth. It is on this ground, then, that we are impelled to go forth with a light of love to awaken in the breasts of our fellow-beings the aspirations which shall work in their nature like a potent spell, and help them to see the possibility and the desirability of becoming their own deliverers, and thus of using what little strength they have to further the ends which we, as their helpers, have in view.

When proceeding thus to these undeveloped spheres of life outside the circle of that earth from which our brethren have come, we realize how strong we are as the result of the growth attained; for it is in the consciousness of this superior power, and more advanced attainment, that we gather the courage to enter regions so doleful to us, when compared with those we have left to prosecute our mission. Those of you who have been in the habit of visiting the abodes of vice and misery on the earth can easily understand this, when from your harmonious circles of home-life, and your pure surroundings, you enter the abodes of the ignorant and disorderly to aid them, also, to rise out of that state into a better. And it is by virtue of your conscious strength, and a sense of your superior mode of life, that you can

exercise the self-denial and perseverance which is necessary for the work. Thus we go forth; and, taking in our hand the lamp of love, which glows with a sympathy potent in its influence to awaken inquiry in the breasts of our imprisoned brethren, we give ourselves to the work of raising individuals whose birthright, like our own, is to attain in due time to the highest degree of spiritual excellence. The main requirement on the part of these spirits in prison is to obtain such a measure of self-control, in view of self-improvement, as shall enable them to see the possibility of an ascent out of a lower into the higher state; for happiness, to anyone, is absolutely connected with harmonious operations; and there can be no happiness, because no harmony, in a confused and crude state of being; for happiness is a quality which has to do with an enlightened intelligence, and this enlightened intelligence pertains to the higher, and not to the lower planes of conscious life. In the prosecution of our work we have to exercise patience, a patience which will refuse to believe that any subject is beyond the reach of the means of elevation. It is too often the case on the earth-plane, that even the best of men are apt to think that there are some of their number who are quite beyond the possibility of improvement, and thus cast them off as the refuse of society. This is a great mistake, and one which never can influence us here in our dealing with the spirits in prison. We do not approach them with any feeling akin to this, but rather with the assumption that their elevation is a matter of course, when the proper means are used. These spirits in prison occupy a vast number of planes of spiritual life. They are not in hell, as your theologians would have you believe; in many instances, self-content, and oblivious of anything better; in fact, there are some who believe they have attained the *summum bonum* of existence, because they have reached the more interior spirit state. While in other cases there is much misery as the result of inharmonious passions, and the sense of restraint which the new condition imposes upon them. I must tell you, however, that there is no real substantial existence to many of these states of experience, but they are rather fallacies which have sprung up as the result of failure to attain higher conditions in the earth-life, the influences brought with them from that state of existence, and which are as the fogs and mists of the low lands in marshy places, to be dispelled when the wind and sun attacks them. They feel the same states, however, to be real, and we have to show them how they may escape from this painful influence if they but second our endeavours to rise out of them. We speak to them as friends—some of them we have known in prior conditions of existence. We bear patiently with them, and, however much we may be repulsed, we yield not, and thus succeed at length in helping them out of a lower state, even as we are at the same time conscious of being aided by spirit intelligences far in advance of ourselves. I will conclude my present remarks by saying that the gospel which I have the privilege to preach to these spirits in prison, is the certainty of growth upwards on to a higher plane of being; but a certainty in strict accordance with the operations of those laws of the universe, whereby alone order can be attained, and the benevolent purposes of the Infinite Father secured. It is a no small part of this gospel to show that every element in existence has to contribute its quota to the success in view, when that element is brought into proper play in its orderly combination with every other element. And this involves the wisdom of the spheres, which shows how the arrangement of parts is to be secured, and into which wisdom those more advanced are especially introduced, that their ministry of love, as I said on a previous occasion, might become a ministry of success, because combined of love and wisdom. Now, does not my relation inspire you with a desire to engage in such a work as this? I am certain it does. Let me tell you, then, that you must cultivate the conditions of growth and usefulness now, and I can promise you a share of our good work when you come here, and whereby you will attain to a felicity which, in every sense of the term, is soul-satisfying."

"Marnias Meti.

"January, 1869.

"H. J. B."

To Correspondents.

Communications for insertion in this Journal should be plainly written, and as concise as possible.

MR. SHEPARD AT BALLARAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—Since Mr. Jesse Shepard's arrival at Ballarat, he has held several seances, a developing class, and has given two concerts. He has proved himself to be a most highly gifted medium, possessed of many other gifts besides his wonderful musical one. Last evening he gave a concert at the Academy of Music, where he was most successful in naming spirits in attendance upon persons in the audience whom he had never seen before, and delivering messages to others, having reference to matters of a private nature, understood by the parties addressed, but quite unintelligible to anyone else. At the close of the concert a vote of thanks was accorded to him, and an address read to him, which, with a poem composed under spirit influence, per spectrum, was also read, and handed to him. The audience thoroughly enjoyed the evening's entertainment, and carried the vote of thanks unanimously. The following paragraph appeared in the *Star* :—

"Mr. Shepard gave, at the local Academy of Music one of his "grand psychological, mesmeric, clairvoyant, musical soirees" on Tuesday evening, January 21, at which there was a large attendance. Mr. Shepard did a number of astonishing things, such as giving messages to persons in the room, who recognised the names mentioned in them, though they were strangers to Mr. Shepard. Difficult music was performed in a very excellent style, and the visitors departed considerably astonished and mystified by what they had seen and heard. In fact, the whole of the programme, as advertised, was most successfully gone through."

Mr. Shepard has been highly successful in developing mediums, and I have no doubt his visit to Ballarat will be productive of much good to the cause.

I am, sir, yours sincerely,

R. LORIMER.

Secretary Psychological Association.

Ballarat, 22nd January, 1879.

JOTTINGS ON PASSING EVENTS.

BY LAMBDA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Presbyterian Review*, in the last number of that periodical, contends in a letter as remarkable for its presumptuous assurance as for its writer's deplorable ignorance of facts, that "the chronology of the Septuagint and Samaritan versions of the Scriptures fully suffices to cover the whole extent of human history;" and that Mr. Bonwick, author of the book, *Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought*, has adopted "a most preposterously prolonged chronology, expressly to invalidate the Bible!" The snub administered to his correspondent by the Editor, the Rev. W. Henderson—one of the best scholars in the Presbyterian body—is so sensible, and good, and suggestive, that I cannot forbear transcribing a part of it. Mr. Henderson says :—"We are not sure whether there is not a little of the too-confident 'assurance,' of which our correspondent complains, in his own conclusions. For one thing, we are not by any means sure that the Septuagint chronology is more likely to be correct than that of the Hebrew Scriptures. . . . It will never do for us to adopt the Septuagint in preference to the Hebrew chronology, merely to save us from a difficulty. If the Septuagint is right, then the Hebrew Bible is manifestly wrong in its chronology; and then the question arises: If the Hebrew Bible is wrong on the 5th and 10th chapters of Genesis, then why may it not be wrong in a multitude of other places? . . . Perhaps, after all, the Book of Genesis was never meant to let us into all the mysteries of primeval chronology any more than it was meant

to serve as a hand-book of geology. If it had been, we can hardly understand how God should have allowed three several and distinct chronologies—all professing to be inspired, yet all different—to puzzle the minds of men. And therefore we are not quite inclined to class all men as utterly infidel and unchristian, who tell us that they are not going to throw away the Christian religion, but who cannot bring those parts of Genesis to which we have referred, into agreement with the discoveries of modern science. . . . Christ did not live and die to prove the truth, either of the Hebrew or of the Septuagint chronology, but for a much higher, holier, and more unspeakable purpose." These be manly words. All credit to Mr. Henderson for his candor!

The directors of our friend, the *Wesleyan Spectator*, some months back announced a very commendable project, viz., the donation of prizes for the three best essays to be written by young persons. The subject, "Christmas in Australia," was selected, the juvenile competitors sent in their contributions, and the awards have been made. Two young gentlemen have secured the first and second prizes, whilst the third award has fallen to a young lady of Clunes. If the latter will pardon an old heretic for addressing her, I would say, "Never mind, my dear; don't be disheartened because those boys have secured a higher prize than you have. Your sparkling little essay is worth a dozen of theirs. Cultivate your literary tastes; practise literature; take some good authoress like Mrs. Worboise, Mrs. Gaskell, or Charlotte Brontë as your guide, and you will do well." That is a pretty little paragraph of the young lady's where she says:—"Few subjects are fraught with so much interest to us as Christmas. I am not sure which causes me most pleasure, the anticipation, realisation, or retrospection; but there is a ring of music in the words—perhaps the far-off echo of that song which vibrated in unutterable sweetness through the plains of Bethlehem eighteen hundred years ago—a chain of sunbeams which has been braiding its golden way through the long, lonesome years, leaving us all the brighter for its genial influence." As for the gentlemen's essays, though creditable enough on the whole, I don't know in what consists their special excellence, unless it be their highly-starched *orthodoxy*. Take the following, for instance, from the "first prize" contribution:—"Nevertheless to all Christians Christmas is a time of holy joy and thankfulness to God; for it commemorates the time when Jesus, the only Son of God, the second person in the Trinity, took to Himself a human body, and began His exemplary life on earth—

Our God, contracted to a span,
Incomprehensibly made man.

It recalls the time when

Emptied of His majesty,
Of His dazzling glories shorn,
Being's source begins to be,
And God Himself is born.

And the Christian, remembering the unspeakable love of God to a guilty, ruined world, ought to be led to present himself a living sacrifice unto God, which is his real service." Verily, here is *Orthodoxy in excelsis*! With no irreverence, but with fervent earnestness, we might pray: "O, Lord! open this young man's eyes that he may see. Show him the error of his thoughts and ways. Save his lips from uttering presumptuous words—dishonoring Thee. Make him not an old man before his time, but keep him yet a little longer in 'the exuberant joy of youth.'"

In a Methodist Chapel, within the environs of Melbourne, devout intercession was made, a few Sundays back, on behalf of a "young man, the son of respectable parents, who, under the beguilement of demons, is now deluding the masses, and estranging them from Christ." Have any of our friends observed an improvement in Mr. Thomas Walker lately?

MR. JOHN TYERMAN.

MR. TYERMAN seems to have established himself in America, and when last heard of was lecturing in Detroit. The *Detroit Telegraph* of the 21st of October gives over two columns to report a lecture of his, and concludes with an eulogistic panegyric on his eloquence and style.

SPIRITUALISM IN SYDNEY.

THE prospects of Spiritualism in Sydney cannot be regarded as otherwise than cheering. Public attention has been directed to the subject in many ways, and the list of converts is daily increasing. Mrs. Britten and Mr. Walker have given such grand proofs of the immense superiority of their powers, that to them is due the chief credit for this; but the ground was well prepared by Mr. Tyerman, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Peebles, and the consistency and diligent labour of such men as the Hon. J. B. Wilson, Mr. Henry Gale and others, have not been without their effect. We have also to thank the newspapers for keeping us before the public, as well as some bigotted and ignorant lecturers, who have from time to time essayed to bring us and our belief into contempt. Among these last, the most prominent has been one Wazir Beg, a minister of the Scotch Church, who began life as a medico, and is principally remarkable for being a high Mason, and a leader amongst the Orangemen. He preaches in his church every Sunday evening on Spiritualism, and every now and then lectures in the Temperance Hall on the same subject on week days. His chief supporter is the manager of the City Bank, a gentleman who is never so happy as when seated on the platform at a public meeting, but whose oratorical powers are of the mildest description. This may also be said of the Rev. Dr. Beg; who is decidedly not a brilliant success as a preacher, though he can, at a pinch, roar as loud as the Bull of Bashan, or any other bull on record. In the matter of knowledge, the rev. gentleman is not much better off—possibly he overstocked his brains in early youth, and has not been able to crowd in any more—be that as it may, he does not care. He doesn't want a supply of facts to enable him to concoct an address—his ingenuity is too great to need such things—he can always manufacture enough facts for his purpose. And, to give the old gentleman his due, as a manufacturer of facts he has no living equal on this side of the line (at least, as far as is known to the writer.) Dr. Beg also makes his lectures lively and entertaining by introducing an occasional *double entendre*, or risky story, thus availing himself of the clerical privilege to say things which would make a lady blush if they emanated from a less holy source.

An admirable antidote to Dr. Beg is Mrs. Britten, who fills our largest theatre every Sunday evening with an audience of which any speaker might be proud, and who has obtained such command over her hearers that, whilst she is speaking, every ear is strained to catch her words, and at every pause there breaks out a burst of applause, which is almost immediately stifled by the "hush" of expectancy—anxious not to lose a word that falls from the inspired teacher's lips.

Mrs. Britten is now delivering a series of lectures on Wednesdays on "Mediumship." These are well attended by an audience evidently in earnest.

Dr. Slade has just arrived, and will, I think, have no reason to regret his visit to Sydney. We have been crying out for a test-medium for a long time past, and I expect the doctor will have his hands full for some weeks to come, as I know that dozens of persons, who have been charmed by the philosophy of the Spiritual belief, have only postponed giving in their adhesion to its principles until they get ocular demonstration of the truth of the intercourse with the disembodied worlds.

On Christmas Day there was a large gathering of Spiritualists and their friends at a picnic at Cremorne. The children attending the Lyceum mustered well, and enjoyed themselves much. Under the guidance of their chief, Mr. Minchin, they went through a course of exercises, combined with singing, very satisfactorily, and with a zest which formed a marked contrast to the usual perfunctory style of such show performances. Dr. and Mrs. Britten were present, and the lady delivered a short but telling address, in which she briefly narrated the early life and training of Andrew Jackson Davis, the founder of the Lyceum system. Most of the really earnest Spiritualists were present, and doubtless the gathering would have been even larger had it taken place on any other day—British prejudices in favour of a mid-day debauch on roast goose and plum pudding on Christmas Day are not easily abandoned.

There has since then been another "outing" of Spiritualists, in the shape of a moonlight concert down the harbour, at which I was unfortunately unable to attend, and of which I have as yet learnt no particulars. Such meetings should be encouraged by all who have the cause at heart, for they tend to break down the artificial barriers which Society has erected between class and class, and make people know one another—no slight advantage whilst every man's hand is raised against us.

And this reminds me how much we need some organisation here. Mrs. Britten, on her former visit to Sydney, made an eloquent appeal on this subject, but, although everybody seemed willing to do anything, nothing was done. I propose to make a move in this direction myself, at a meeting of Spiritualists which will be held next week, and I am rather sanguine of success. Fortunately, we are not Christian enough to hurt one another yet and the chief difficulties to be overcome are class prejudices, and that laziness which seems inherent in the atmosphere of Sydney.

An effort is also being made to establish a journal, which, although not intended to be a Spiritual organ, will admit reports of our proceedings, and afford us the opportunity for replying to our slanderers. In this matter, as in all other matters affecting the progress of Spiritualism, the best help has come from those who can least afford it—some of the wealthiest of our number standing aloof for fear of the world's scorn. A Company under the Limited Liability Act is being started, and the shares are going off steadily but slowly. Some of our aristocrats have declined to join, on the ground of having resolved never to take shares in any company; but none of these cautious gentlemen have offered to do what a worthy tradesman did, who stated that he could not join the company, but that he would give £5 as a donation; and, further, subscribe for several copies. With some few honourable exceptions, the Upper Ten of Sydney Spiritual Society keep diligently aloof from the contamination of the vulgar herd, and do not even condescend—except on rare occasions—to honour the Sunday lectures by their presence. But they do not hesitate to avail themselves of every opportunity for hearing our lectures in private. In my humble opinion, it would have been better for such gentry had they remained in their original orthodox ignorance. These are the people who take up Spiritualism as a novel pastime, and bring themselves and the cause into contempt. Their amusements are indulged in as a pleasant variety from the stock amusements of Society, and it is not difficult to imagine the class of spirits with whom they are usually in communication. A gentleman—a "swell" of the first water—who has recently arrived from England, speaking to me of Spiritualism the other day, remarked that "table-rapping had gone out of fashion" in London of late; that "ladies used to have afternoon circles formerly," but that now the novelty had worn off, and no sane people ever troubled themselves about it. It is to be hoped that no man will ever be able to say the same of the aristocrats of Sydney, though certainly there is some chance of it, unless a "change comes o'er the spirit of their dream."

I am myself a convert of but comparatively recent date, and therefore these things strike me more forcibly, and trouble me more than they would a man of larger experience. I have recently had some hot arguments on the subject with clergymen, one of whom adduced this very lack of earnestness as proof of the evil nature of the intercourse. He argued that, if Spiritualism were all it claimed to be, those who enjoyed the privilege of communion with their departed friends would be so thoroughly in earnest as to allow no fear of any kind to stand in their way, but would seek diligently to bring others to the same knowledge, and gladly and boldly avow their own belief. Was he right? To me it seems incredible that people who have learnt the truth should be so desperately anxious to disguise their knowledge. I can make every allowance for those whose living would be jeopardised by an admission of their faith, but are even these running a great risk? Moreover, the world at large is not troubled very much about a man's religious belief, and I think that being the subject of a "nine-days' wonder" would be about the extent of suffering any man would have to undergo—unless he were a clergyman. The case of these is hard, for of course if they become Spiritualists

they must lose their "billets"; but surely the clergyman who continues to inculcate what he knows to be falsehood would have the hardest time of it in the world to come? It is difficult to avoid being bitter on such a subject, for this moral cowardice is the worst enemy we have to meet.

In this connection I would like to ask whether some of the evil is not due to the much-admired "family circle?" I incline to the opinion that, however useful such circles may be for the purpose of obtaining conviction, in nine cases out of ten they are productive of little good after the first few weeks. This generation is not trained to habits which are likely to aid good spirits to manifest themselves, or deter lying and frivolous spirits from interfering. Again, in family circles, the circle is composed of individuals of similar constitutions, habits, and beliefs, and usually almost equal calibre. The result is at the best a dull uniformity in the communications, and imperfect development of the mediums. It would be a great thing for the cause if a society existed which could undertake the arrangements of such circles, or at least afford members an opportunity for finding out each other's needs, and so arranging harmonious and well-balanced circles. Meanwhile, I think it would be well if Spiritualists took more heed to this important consideration.

Before concluding, I would like to draw attention to the fact that Mrs. Britten is engaged in writing a book, to be called "The Faiths, Facts, and Frauds of Religious History." Every Spiritualist should provide himself with a copy of this work, for it cannot fail to be a highly valuable contribution to the literature on the subject.

As Dr. Slade only arrived yesterday, and I have not yet been able to call upon him, I cannot say anything as to his movements; but next month I will make up for the omission.

HAROLD W. H. STEPHEN.

Manly Beach, Sydney, January 19, 1879.

P.S.—I append my name to this letter, because I think it as well that anonymity should be avoided, whenever it is practicable, in the case of communications on Spiritual subjects.

VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

THE Victorian Association of Spiritualists held a meeting at the Masonic Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 14th instant, at eight p.m., for the purpose of discussing the question of "What are the Evidences in Favour of the Phenomena of Spiritualism?" Mr. Ross occupied the chair, and Mr. Thomas Walker, in a twenty minutes' speech, opened the discussion by a remarkably lucid description of the facts which Spiritualism claimed as forming the foundation of the movement as a science and a philosophy. The sentimental and metaphysical aspects of the question were judiciously left untouched, thus giving the subject a materialism in the method of dealing with it, which is absolutely necessary in controversy. Those who witnessed the phenomena and gave their testimony to the world, were described as shrewd men of business; men of profound and varied learning; persons eminent in every branch of literature, art, and science—evidence unsurpassed in fulness and clearness by that given to the facts of any other science. The facts, and the peculiar nature of the conditions under which they occurred, having been substantiated beyond all reasonable doubt, it was demonstrated that no theory of causes but that of spiritual intelligences could satisfactorily account for them.

After the address, it was announced that the subject was open for discussion, preference being given in the first instance to a speaker holding views opposed to those propounded by the opener, and afterwards to speakers *pro* and *con*. alternately. Seeing the hall densely crowded—many persons being obliged to stand—general experience in such matters led us to expect a lively debate. It soon became evident, however, that those present came there to listen, and not to speak. Having waited for some time in vain for opposition speakers to occupy the platform, some Spiritualists came forward and related remarkable experiences in their own families, through the instrumentality of their own innocent, guileless little children. In this respect, the evidence given by our friend Mr. H. J. Browne was specially interesting. One or two non-spiritualists, who subsequently spoke,

did not profess to discuss the question, but merely stated some points which still appeared to them to require explanation.

In his reply, Mr. Walker entered into a general exposition of Spiritualism, giving attention to the points raised by the objectors, and closed the evening's proceedings by one of the most brilliantly eloquent, yet, at the same time, argumentative and logical speeches it has ever been our privilege to listen to, and well merited the burst of genuine applause which greeted the speaker at its conclusion.

MRS. FIELDEN'S SEANCES.

MRS. FIELDEN gave her tenth seance in aid of the Building Fund of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists at the Masonic Hall on Friday evening, 20th December; Mr. M. Deakin, the President of the Association, took the chair. Passing into the clairvoyant state, Mrs. Fielden gave the names of fifty-nine spirits present, of whom fifty were recognised by various persons amongst the audience. The names of those who were not recognised are as follows:—Robert Chambers, Anne Moore, a female spirit named Hall, (desirous of communicating with her son Charlie), James Waxman, Henry Jackson, Robert ———, Jessie, a spirit child, of twelve or thirteen years of age, who appeared to believe that her mother was present, John Cracken, or Croidet, John ———. On becoming entranced, a beautiful invocation was delivered by the controlling spirit, who besought for those present the understanding to comprehend the return of their loved ones, and assured them that this knowledge of spirit communion, which is now spreading over the land, would bring to them joy unutterable. He pointed out that spirits are always nigh to us, and take an interest in the welfare of those they have left behind, and sympathise with them both in their joys and sorrows. He besought those present not to shut the door against the return of their loved ones, and indicated that in this way they might indeed realise that death was only a change; was, in fact, a loving messenger, who opened the door for the spirit to escape to a higher life. Finally he begged of his hearers to show that love in their conduct towards one another which would raise them nearer to the Great Spirit of Love, and assured them that if they would allow the returning spirits of their friends to enter their homes, and participate in their daily life, they would bring to them a happiness which they had never yet realized.

Dr. Mesmer, the medium's principal control, then addressed the sitters, and, in accordance with their request, spoke to them as to the nature of the preparation they should make for the future life. He likened this life to a school, where the spirit gains experience and knowledge, and pointed out that if we exist at all, a fact which some philosophers have doubted, we should make it our object in life to learn all that we can; that this will not be lost, but elaborated into spirit, and carried into spirit-life with us. He said that it was not necessary that we should all become purely intellectual, but that it was necessary that we should all become purely spiritual, and that the best way of preparing ourselves was to set about it early in life, not thinking that it was time enough when death stares us in the face, nor waiting till we are laid on a bed of sickness, nor delaying till we have arrived at maturity or old age; but that we should begin with acts of kindness in our youth, and that we should then find no difficulty in passing through life with this feeling around us constantly. He assured his hearers that when such was the case, mundane things would appear but of very little value, and that they would become so accustomed to the constant presence of the departed, and to communion with them, that it would become impossible for them to commit any wrong, even in this sphere of life. He said that it was not long prayers that would produce this, but that we must not only pray in our churches, and our market places, but must also make every act of our lives a prayer. He said it was not so difficult as it might at first sight appear, and drew a striking picture of the different effects on the individual of an unkind

and a kind act. Further, that we are all born into life surrounded by circumstances which we cannot break through, and that if we were living true to the laws around us, we were fitting ourselves for the inner life; but he also pointed out how often discord and want of harmony prevailed even in our homes, and this, he said, often prevented the return around us of our loved ones. Having summed up man's real duty, as him of old, in love to God and love to man, he pointed to the fact that all that is physical must be laid aside when we leave the body, and asked of his hearers of what use were the idols of gold, of wood, or of stone, which they were setting up for themselves. The control terminated a highly interesting address, which was listened to with marked attention, by stating that it was not necessary for their salvation that they should believe in Spirit Communion, though no doubt many of those present did believe in the "Communion of Saints," and telling them that Spiritualists go further than that, and believe in the communion both of saints and sinners; and, finally, that, if they wished only angels to return to them, they must be angels here themselves, and that then their angel nature would attract angels to them.

The medium was then controlled by a spirit named Mary Ellen, a sister of a gentleman present. After saying how thankful she was for the opportunity of thus communicating, she said that she had no idea when she entered the room that it was possible for her to control the medium, pointing to the great ignorance which exists even among spirits who have passed away a number of years, as to this means of communicating with those they have left behind. A spirit, who was recognised by a gentleman in the audience as an old servant of his wife's family, then took possession of the medium, and communicated to him something evidently of a private nature, which was imparted in a very characteristic manner.

A spirit named Margaret White then controlled the medium, and expressed her great joy in returning, and her gratitude for the privilege. She impressed on those present "that there is no Death, and that God is not a God of Wrath, but a God of Love."

Taking into consideration the numerous adverse conditions which have existed, more especially in the mixed character of the constantly changing audiences, and the great heat of the weather, we think that these seances have succeeded far beyond what even the most sanguine could have anticipated, and, without taking into consideration the very substantial addition which we understand has been made to the Building Fund of the Association, through Mrs. Fielden having thus generously given her services to the Association (an example which we hope to see followed at no distant date by other mediums in Melbourne), we believe that a vast amount of good has been done by these seances. Numerous convincing tests have been given, and the public have had some opportunity of forming an idea of what may be accomplished in the way of spirit intercourse, even under anything but favourable conditions.

MR. WALKER'S LECTURES.

THE interest in Mr. Thomas Walker's trance orations at the Academy of Music continues unabated, the audiences being on the increase. The lecture of the 19th ult., on "The First Human Pair," was a very fine one. In the portions bearing upon geology and natural history, technical and abstruse terms were largely used by the control, and flowed from the lips of the speaker with perfect freedom. The utter untenableness of the Mosaic Cosmogony was clearly shown, and the immense antiquity of the human race scientifically demonstrated. Man was shown by the lecturer to have progressed from a being little above the monkey.

We consider the last four of Mr. Walker's lectures some of the finest ever given in Melbourne.

During the first week in the month Mr. Walker visited Albury, and gave a series of lectures there, which were highly spoken of by the local press.

SPIRITUALISM IN ADELAIDE.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

ON Sunday evening, 12th January, a lecture on Spiritualism was delivered before the members of the Adelaide Secular and Free Discussion Society, by Mr. L. E. Marcus, late of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Psychological Society, and now President of the Gawler (S.A.) Psychological Society. There was one of the largest attendances that has been present for some months, the subject apparently being of great interest to the members. Mr. P. Power presided, and introduced

Mr. Marcus, who said that the world for ages had been asking the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" All religious systems answered the question in a manner, but did not offer any proof of the truth of their affirmative replies, so that it was open to the materialist to utterly deny that man differed in any degree from the beasts of the field. He claimed that Spiritualism did answer the question in a satisfactory manner; and so as to prove that its answer was true, because it offered proof of every assertion that it made. He referred to the various objections that were often made to the reality of the phenomena, such as delusion and trickery, and warmly defended spiritual mediums from the charges frequently made against them. He characterised the statement that they were cheats and swindlers as "a gross slander upon a class of ladies and gentlemen, who, as a rule, conduct themselves in a manner which would do credit to the highest in the land;" and stated that, even admitting that there were swindling mediums, that was only an argument against the individuals who were proved to be so, and not against mediums as a class. He demolished the theory that Spiritualism was of diabolic origin, by pointing to its results, which he contended were beneficial to the world. He explained the doctrines of Spiritualism as taught by the spirits, and before concluding devoted some time to a recital of his personal experiences in England, some of which were of the most wonderful character, including rappings, tippings, motion of objects without contact, psychography, materialisations, &c., most of which were under direct test conditions.

After the lecture there was a good discussion, most of those present expressing the opinion that the lecturer, while fully believing in the correctness of his statements, had been duped. They had had no experience of Spiritualism, and accordingly pronounced it impossible, on *a priori* grounds.

The lecturer, in responding to a vote of thanks, rather astonished them by saying that he would not give a snap of the fingers for any of them who were convinced by what he could tell them. All he desired to do was to awaken an interest in the subject, and get them to investigate it for themselves. He had no faith in a Spiritualist who had not been convinced by his own experience, for the experience of others was never satisfactory.

It is to be hoped that the question, having thus been brought forward in this colony, will receive an impetus that will do much good to the cause.

PROFESSOR BUCHANAN

ON PHYSICAL AND INTELLECTUAL HABITS.

(From "*Holbrook's Hygiene of the Brain and Nerves.*")

DEAR SIR,—Your letter, asking my personal experience and suggestions in reference to hygiene, especially of the brain and nerves, has just been received, and, approving most heartily your valuable labours for the development of a higher manhood, I take pleasure in responding.

I have some views of hygiene differing materially from those which have been most current in this country, which it would require much more than a letter to express. I know nothing more necessary to be impressed on every one than the importance of adapting the diet to the varying requirements of each constitution, and the varying conditions of the system from day to day. No uniform system of diet can suit various constitutions of opposite organic development, and there are few persons who do not

need frequent changes of diet to maintain perfect health. At one time salt is a necessity (especially in hot weather), at another a matter of indifference. At one time strong coffee may aid greatly in restoring a depressed nervous system, and warding off malarious fevers; at another it may greatly aggravate nervous disorders, sleeplessness and neuralgia. A volume would be required to illustrate the necessity of varied diet; but, after all, a vigilant observation by each individual, of the natural cravings of his own constitution, and the effects of each article of diet, is the only reliable guide. It was by this careful self-study that I relieved myself of severe dyspepsia in early manhood, and have brought up a comparatively weak constitution to a very healthful and enjoyable condition at the age of sixty-three.

As for the hygiene of the brain, it depends chiefly on that of the body, and is included in the laws of diet, exercise, &c., but it has also its special culture and development.

It may seem odd to those who regard the brain simply as the organ of intellectual power, that I regard the affections as the chief subject of consideration in cerebral hygiene; yet nothing is more certain in anthropology (which, as I present it, is a positive experimental science, and not a matter of literary speculation) than that the vitality and circulation of the brain are maintained, not by the intellectual powers, but by the emotions—not only the gentler emotions that seek the good of others, but the more heroic emotions which constitute impulses and volitional powers.

The first requisite, therefore, to a sound, vigorous brain is a resolute will and ambition to succeed in some honourable career; the second is what has sometimes been called *altruism* (in opposition to egotism)—the love of society, the love of women, the love of universal humanity—in short, LOVE in all its possible forms—not omitting the love of the divine and heavenly, which is the essence of religion, and the life and inspiration of the darkest hours that are surrounded by calamity and injustice.

When these loves are all normally developed, and co-operate with a strong will and heightened ambition, the brain has a fund of power that is inexhaustible, and the intellect is ever clear, copious and truthful. There is, therefore, no higher hygienic law for the brain than to love with our whole soul, and work with all our might in the direction that duty indicates. And, as love requires earthly objects and sympathy, we need to seek the society of those whose earnest and loving natures render them worthy of our love, and whose intelligent companionship will strengthen our mental and moral power. He who has a dozen noble friends is well provided for the hygiene of the brain; and it is the duty of those who aim thus to live rightly and make the world better for their having lived in it, to seek each other's society without reserve or hesitation, and to unite in groups, clubs, or societies of any kind, in which by their moral power they may sustain each other, and react upon society for its good—so that social influence may emanate from the wise, the good, and progressive, and not merely from fashion, wealth, and the lower instincts of the multitude.

When I know of such persons I seek them in a fraternal spirit, and when they approach me I welcome them with cordiality; and if all students of nature and books who live not for self alone would follow these suggestions, there would soon be a social atmosphere about them in which there would be nothing morbid—in which the brain and soul might attain a higher development. Are there not everywhere materials enough in both sexes for such society if they were brought together, and is it not the duty of every one who appreciates these suggestions to seek and to organize such society, for innumerable reasons?

Regarding the above as the major portion of cerebral hygiene, I would offer but four minor suggestions:—

1. *Vocal Culture.*—The exercise of the voice and mind in conversation and in addresses to our friends or the public is the most efficient exercise for strengthening the entire brain, for want of which many a solitary student loses half the enjoyment of life, and half his mental vigor.

2. *Balanced Culture.*—As man's constitution consists of opposite powers, no great cultivation in any direction can produce satisfactory results, unless it be balanced by culture in the opposite direction to give it a basis. Regular exercise is therefore

necessary to the student or man of intellectual pursuits, even to give the brain itself practical energy, and the exercise of the arms and shoulders is especially beneficial.

3. *Nourishment.*—A nourishing diet, abundance of blood, and sufficiency of sleep, or rest in the horizontal posture, are necessary to a sound brain. Abstinence, poor food, indigestion, and loss of rest impair the tone of the brain and favor the development of melancholy, irritability, and insanity. Rich blood nourishes the brain; poor watery blood absorbs and removes cerebral substance. The food should be varied to suit the individual constitution, but as a rule animal food and alcoholic drinks are not favourable to the best condition of the brain, although in very cold weather they are less objectionable than in the warm or temperate. Whenever freely used they diminish the relative power of the moral and intellectual portions of the brain. Their tendencies coincide so well, it is an inevitable inference that a diminished consumption of animal food would be followed by a diminished appetite for alcoholic liquids, and by an increased development in the masculine constitution of those qualities which render women more temperate and refined than man.

4. *Secretion.*—The brain is analogous in its vital character to the glandular or secreting organs, and *sympathises with all of them*. Hence it is indispensable to a sound cerebral condition to maintain every secretion in healthy activity. This is indeed far more important than muscular exercise, and is to some extent a substitute for it. The secretions of the skin, lungs, liver, kidneys and bowels are all indispensable, and every interruption should command immediate attention. Dr. James Johnson said he never felt so well prepared for intellectual effort as just after his liver had been roused by a cholagogue medicine.

Much more might be profitably said, but I would conclude with this suggestion, that he who by the foregoing rules brings up his brain to its best condition, will find it so active, so warm, and well supplied with blood in every part, that he will be conscious of its action, and will be able to discover many of the functions of the different regions by the local sensations in the head—the sense of warmth, heat and tension where the organs are active, the aching or tenderness where they are fatigued, the absence of any sensation where they are inactive, and the pain or tenderness where they have been subjected to painful mental impressions.

Under a proper cerebral hygiene, there should be a consciousness of vital action, a gentle warmth, and slight tension over the head generally, and especially in the superior regions.

Very respectfully,

JOSEPH RHODES BUCHANAN.

October 27th, 1877.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WORSHIP.

AN INSPIRATIONAL ARTICLE.

BY REKLAW SAMOHT.

WHAT IS WORSHIP? The interest, admiration and respect for any object in nature that is capable of awakening these feelings in the human breast. Worship, in a more general sense, is the soul of attraction, and hence every object in the universe worships (blindly, it may be) in great or small degree every entity to which it is drawn by the law of affinity. Thus we may say, without departing from the prosaic and truthful, that the attraction which draws the earth to the sun is the earth's unconscious worship. Worship, therefore, is a law, producing visible effects on all sentient beings, and is most appreciable in immortal man, where it becomes the reigning principle of conscious life.

We have no choice in what we worship. We must worship that which produces worship: that which attracts us towards it, and induces our admiration and love. Of course our organisms have everything to do with determining the kind and degree of our worship; for any given object will affect different beings with different feelings as they are variably constituted, and will call forth worship or its opposite as it influences this nature or that.

As no two persons are alike, that which affects us pleasurably or otherwise cannot precisely in the same manner affect our neighbour; therefore, we should be charitable to those who differ from us in the objects of their devotions.

In the same manner, we conceive that by applying an ignited torch to the dry branches of the forest, conflagration is produced; so, by an outside flame, as it were, is the fire of devotion first kindled within us. The possibilities of fire existed in the forest before the torch was applied, and the possibilities of worship existed in man before it was called forth; but the flame in the forest, and its sacred prototype in the human breast, must both be produced by extraneous and exciting causes.

The avenues and modifiers of the excitements which induce worship are the senses. Through the senses, objects flow into the soul, as it were, and there leave their images; or, more properly, call forth within us the "Universe of the Ideal." It is in the province of the Ideal that we worship. Corresponding with every image in the soul is a certain feeling which always answers to that image, and is its very life. The "corresponding feeling" to the "image in the soul," is one either of attraction for the object which occasioned it; or, in other words, we feel that we like or dislike the image whensoever it is present to the vision of the mind. If there be intense pleasure experienced when an ideal is called up in the world within us, answering to a real object in the world without, we are not only attracted to the real object, but we worship the ideal one. We transcendently admire the ideal picture which the real object has produced within us, thinking the while that the picture of the object is the object itself. This is Worship.

The foundation of all worship, then, is sensuous; it primarily depends upon the use of the senses. We must be slaves to our senses before we can be servants of religion. The quantity and quality of our religion may be measured by the registration by our nerves of certain pleasures, induced by objects we have considered, on this account, to be religious ones.

The permanent success of any system of organised religion depends upon the recognition it makes of the senses as potencies in its service. There have been systems founded by men who ignored the senses, and in words at least despised the pleasures they have induced; but, if these systems have afterwards succeeded, it has been by their votaries taking the very opposite course. This has been the case because experience has always proved that we cannot create ideals for worship; we must have a real to found the ideal upon, and in order that an object may be transmuted into the idealistic world it must act forcibly on the senses, in the first instance. The eye, the ear, the sense of touch, or some other sense, or all the other senses combined, must have been pleased by some being or quality, so to speak, before an indelible image can be left on the soul, such as can be worshipped.

It will be seen, when these facts are recognised, why the oldest and most successful systems of religion are those that employ the greatest number of devices and accessories to impress pleasurably all the senses of the human family. It is desired that the good deeds of some man shall be remembered, and the man himself worshipped therefor—straightway an imposing edifice is erected of the stateliest and most romantic type. Its spires penetrate the ethereal blue of heaven, and its towers are as strong as the castles of ancient kings; its roofs are capacious and massive as those which kept the light of day and the rains of heaven from the Alexandrian Halls of Justice and palaces of the Cæsars in the days of Eastern supremacy. Its huge columns, its sculptured statues, its gothic arches, and its ponderous doors, are as various and impressive as the architectural magnificence of the Parthenon, or the Temple of Theseus. The spot where it stands is enclosed by numerous trees and railings of strong iron bars, which shut out the bustle of the world, and add solemnity to the shadows which fall in silence upon the stately monuments of the buried dead. That very place is dear in the memory of many, for beneath the spreading

branches of some shady tree lie the last remains of all that was mortal of the wife, the sister, or the friend. Aye! there, too, the lover, with an aching heart, has sadly followed her silent form who had but sweetened life with hope, and then, in one short hour, the hand of Death had plucked that hope for ever, and left a void within the soul none else but she, and she no longer, in all this world could fill. There, too, the tender hearted mother had dropped the silent tear over the shroud of her offspring; and from thence many a child had gone into the world a sad and cheerless orphan. In the very centre of these sacred memorials of the departed rise the walls of the temple, where the deeds of the good man are to be impressed upon the minds of the living. It is a place where we repair to think only of the good deeds of those who have gone before us, and where, before the ghastly stone, or fading bed of flowers which marks the spot where lies the dead, we vow to heaven we loved them, and strive, in sweet devotion to their virtues, to forget their faults. Here, then, is the very place to worship the good, for out of sheer habit whosoever is associated with those we have loved, and do love, we learn to love also.

The edifice is completed! It is the Sabbath—a day of rest and wakeful memories! On the still, calm air, o'er woods and meadows, floats drowsy music from the tuneful bells. Peal after peal throbs on and on, till the distant hills throw back the sound, and the conscious air rocks too and fro as every listening ear absorbs its cadences, awakened by those notes to the consciousness of the near approach of devotion's hour, the rich in carriages, the poor a-foot, wend their way to the venerated temple.

The throng has entered, and the heavy doors have closed. How soft the light steals through those windows, throwing its different hues from the paintings on the glass to the worshippers in pew and aisle! The breathing of all is stifled by the imposing spectacle, and the magnificence of the objects that stand out in bold profusion before their eyes. Upon this column appears the sculptured form of some saint dear to the memory of man, and on that, in life-like proportion, is the resemblance of a benefactor of our race, whose generosity is thus kept immortal. The figure of a female is erected hard by, recalling the blamelessness and purity of her life; and there an aged man of rigid marble, his ghastly features forever fixed, lit up with the mellow light that gleams from a stained window, uplifts his hands to heaven in the attitude of prayer. Painted on the walls are a number of scenes from the life of the man whom we are to worship, this day, and at this hour. They illustrate his goodness, his wisdom, and his power. In one scene he is represented as suffering extreme pain and sorrow, inflicted upon him by his enemies, whom he is seen to forgive. In another he is teaching the people, and, we could imagine, as the precious words drop from his lips, a glow of expressive gratitude sits upon the features of the throng. In others he is seen seated in the midst of a happy gathering of Judean children, smiling upon their innocence, and comparing them to the denizens of heaven; or, riding lowly upon an ass into the city of Jerusalem, and in other ways displaying his humility and goodness. But the principal scene of all is depicted upon the large window, facing the centre aisle of the church, and occupying nearly the whole of the Eastern end, where mass is celebrated. It represents the ascent of this good man into heaven. Upon the summit of a hill stand a band of men looking up to their master, as he rides through the radiant air into the kingdom of his father. Upon their faces sorrow and astonishment seem commingled, as their eyes are fixed upon the departing king. Around these men, in groups of various kinds, are the people of the world, and the idlers of the city. In the distance are seen the three crosses, the tomb, and the temples, all associated with rich memories in the Christian mind. At this hour there is something enchanting about this view. As the morning sun tempers his rays, and as his gentle beams give transparency to the delicate colours, causing each figure to be animated with a kind of mystic and silent life, the mind wanders to the East, to the great and

good of other days—to the being we have come to worship.

Now we are roused from our reverie but to be plunged into a deeper one by music from the mighty organ, that sends wave after wave of sound to deluge our ears with raptures, and then sweet voices join and hymn praises to their Lord. Song after song, symphony after symphony, chorus upon chorus; the warbled melody, the throbbing strains from choir and instrument, swell in the air, and die away among the sculptured columns and in the silent dome. From the dreamy silence, which, from time to time, falls on the gathering, there arises the solemn voice of the officiating priest, who, curiously robed, accompanies his intonations with grotesque gestures, all savouring of the mysterious and awful. Finally, he concludes by holding up the life of the good man we have spoken of for our admiration and imitation, dwelling upon his noble qualities and exceptional virtues. Had he not lived, that edifice in which we experienced so much pleasure at that very moment would not have been, and we should never have known all its attendant joys.

Ought we not to love him who has just given us the means of rendering ourselves so happy? The people could not withhold excessive worship for such a man, who had so often been the cause of their senses becoming intoxicated, and so they worshipped him.

SPIRITUALISM AT MUDGE AND GULGONG.

FROM an interesting letter, recently received from Mr. Gellatley, of Mudgee, we extract the following:—Mr. G. was on a visit to a circle at Gulgong, and had been urging upon its members the superiority in opening the circle of a few appropriate and spontaneous words of prayer to any set and formal one, setting them in this instance the example, which appeared to produce a more than ordinary favourable condition. "There were several mediums present, and the influence was strong. Mrs. Jansen was ordered to the piano by one of the controls; the 'Chimes' were beautifully rendered, and the volume of sound from that piano literally filled the room. No performer that I have ever heard could produce the same volume of sound from the instrument, and, as to the manipulation, it far surpassed anything I have ever heard. She knows not the name of one note of music. * * * Mrs. Gellatley was then entranced by Sara Robbins and Alice Perce; they sang a verse each in turn through her mediumship, and composed as they sang. This, though nothing new to me, was overwhelming to all present, and the lesson inculcated at the same time was, in my humble opinion, superior to anything any one of them could hear in any of the churches. * * * Mrs. G. was then controlled by J.K., and I regret very much that the lecture was not taken down. It was something for those present to remember. He gave them good advice as to the efficacy of prayer to God direct, and advised them to seek higher and holier influences than the physical manifestations." Mr. G. says: "I had a conversation with several of the townspeople on the spiritual philosophy, and find that whenever I am called upon to speak and offer up a short mental prayer to God to instruct me what to say, I at once feel my head pressed, as it were, and can then go on till further orders. I am told by some of the controls that a glorious band of spirit friends are around me, impressing me what to say. * * * Now sir, I can say I have found happiness and comfort in the spiritual philosophy, my home seems constantly surrounded by good influences, and when anything that may annoy us is seen by them, they control Mrs. G. or Miss M., and warn us. If this is not God's protection I do not know what is. There are several private circles now in Mudgee, sprung from the one held in my house, they in Gulgong number about 240. So you may know that the glorious news is spreading right throughout the country. Mr. Robbins, who had a conversation with some teamsters, tells me that they are investigating; and often, when resting for the night in the bush, get a gin case for a table, and carry on a conversation with their former companions, who sometimes guide them to

where their horses or bullocks stray." From the foregoing it would appear that Spiritualism has a strong hold in the Mudgee district.

MR. GLADSTONE ON SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

DEAR SIR,—Thinking that the accompanying paragraph, extracted from the *Liverpool Weekly Courier*, of the 19th October, 1878, may have probably escaped your notice, I forward it in the hope that some of our renowned reporters and newspaper correspondents may, as far as possible, endeavour to emulate the example of one of our greatest men, and put nothing down to imposture the nature of which they do not understand.—Yours, faithfully, ALPHA.

Extract referred to:—

"Mr. Gladstone and the Spiritualists."

"A Brighton gentleman, who wrote recently to Mr. Gladstone on the subject of Spiritualism, has received the following reply:—

"London, 16th October.—Sir,—I do not share or approve the temper of simple contempt with which so many view the phenomena. It is a question, in the first instance, of evidence; it then follows to explain, as far as we can, such facts as may have been established. My own immediate duties prevent my active intervention; and I remain in what may be called contented reserve, without any fear that imposture will rule, or that truth can be mischievous.—Yours, faithfully,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"Mr. J. T. Markling, Horsham, Sussex."

"NEVERMORE."

I BEHELD a glorious vision, as I reposed in slumber,
Resplendent with the radiance of a never-ending day;
With pearly gates so beautiful, transparent, as bright
amber,
Which led to blooming gardens on Eternity's highway.
And the Angels bright were singing, and the gates were
ever swinging,
Echoing the chorus of the bright celestial shore;
Where pure love round all was clinging, and the merry
joy-bells ringing,
Proclaim the glorious tidings, they will cease, Ah!

Nevermore!

And as I look'd and wondered, came a poor heart-
broken maiden,
Whose ashy cheeks were sunken, and washed with
bitter tears;
Wildly weeping for her baby, her heart with sorrow
laden,
A sad victim of the Tempter, oppressed with shame and
fears;
But the Angels flew to meet her, and with kindly words
did greet her,
And led her to her baby, upon the tranquil shore,
Where pure love round all was clinging, and the merry
joy-bells ringing,
Proclaim the glorious tidings, they'll be parted

Nevermore!

And as I look'd and wondered, came a mother wild
with sorrow,
Lamenting for her loved ones, who had left her one by
one,
The cruel grave had ta'en them, no hope came with the
morrow.
Her heart is sad and lonely, with nought left to rest
upon;
But the Angels flew to meet her, and with kindly words
did greet her.
And took her to her children, upon the tranquil shore,

Where pure love round all was clinging, and the merry
joy-bells ringing,
Proclaim the glorious tidings, they'll be parted
Nevermore!

And as I look'd and wondered, came an object full of
sadness,
With bloody marks of tyrant's lash upon his sable
back,
With sunken, dim, affrighted eye, unknown to joy or
gladness,
Goaded sorely with his fetters, and the bloodhounds on
his track;
Quick, the Angels flew to meet him, and with kindly
words did greet him,
And led him out of danger, upon the tranquil shore,
Where pure love round all was clinging, and the merry
joy-bells ringing.
Proclaim the joyous tidings, he'd a Slave be

Nevermore!

I would still have gazed and lingered, but all around
seemed fading,
And I felt floating on the air, sweet laden with perfume,
The vision, slowly changing, and darkness all things
shading,
As I awoke in awe and wonder within my little room,
As I faintly heard the singing, where the pearly gates
were swinging,
Echoing the chorus of the bright celestial shore,
Where pure love round all is clinging, and the merry
joy-bells ringing,
Proclaim the glorious tidings, they will cease, Ah!

Nevermore!

W. C. SMITH.

Barnawatha, January 12, 1878.

DR. SLADE.

DR. SLADE left Melbourne for Sydney *via* Albury and Wagga Wagga, in the early part of last month. He gave several successful sances at the two latter places, and since his arrival in Sydney has been very fully occupied. He does not intend to make a lengthy stay in N. S. Wales, and will probably return to Melbourne in the course of a few weeks.

There has been a lively controversy in the "Bendigo Advertiser" *in re* Baldwin and Slade, remarkable for a series of most excellent letters signed "Pumphandle," whose vigorous action has drenched his opponents with the waters of truth, logic and satire. As a rule, those persons who write so glibly and egotistically about trickery and imposture have never witnessed the phenomena, or in rare instances have attended one sance, on this they consider themselves competent to decide upon the whole range of phenomena, and place their absurd theories before the public as though they were proved facts. We would commend to the notice of such of them who are not absolutely blinded by prejudice the following extract from a work by Friedrich Zöllner, Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipzig:—

On the evening of Friday, 16th November, 1877, says Professor Zöllner, I placed in a room, which Slade had never entered, a card-table and four chairs. After Professor Fechner, Professor Braune, Slade and I had taken our places and laid our hands upon the table, a knocking in the table was heard. Writing was given in the usual way upon a slate bought by myself two hours before, and which I had also marked. My pocket-knife, which I had given to Slade, in order to cut off some bits of slate-pencil, was laid upon the slate, which Slade then shoved sideways a little under the edge of the table, when suddenly it (the knife) was hurled out to the height of a foot, and fell down on the table to our great astonishment, *opened*. The experiment was several times repeated with similar results, and as a proof that it was not raised by a movement of the slate, Slade laid at the same time as the knife a bit of pencil on the slate, making a small cross to mark the place. Immediately upon the knife being thrown forth,

Slade showed us the slate, on which the bit of pencil lay undisturbed near the mark. The book-slate, after being previously cleaned and a crumb of pencil laid between, was then closed and held by Slade over the head of Professor Braune. The noise of writing was soon heard, and when the slate was opened a long message was found upon it. Whilst this was going on, suddenly a bed behind a screen began to move, and came about two feet away from the wall, shoving the screen with it. Slade was more than four feet from the bed, had his back turned to it and his legs crossed. I put back the bed into its original place. Immediately afterwards a second seance was held, in which Prof. W. Weber, Scheibner, and I took part. While the above described experiment took place in the usual manner, suddenly a sharp report was heard, somewhat similar to the discharge of a large Leyden jar. As we, startled by the sound, looked to the quarter whence it proceeded, the bed-screen fell into two pieces. The wooden pegs, more than half an inch thick, were broken at the top and bottom of the screen without any visible contact of Slade's. The fracture was, besides, at least five feet from Slade, who had his back turned to it; but, even if he had wished to break it by a side movement, it would have been necessary to fasten it on the opposite side. But as it stood perfectly free, and the direction of the little fibres of wood sticking out was parallel to the axis of the cylindrical peg, it was plain that the breakage could only have been caused by a force working longitudinally. Astonished at so unexpected and powerful a physical manifestation, we asked Slade what it meant; upon which he shrugged his shoulders, and remarked that such phenomena sometimes, although rarely, occurred in his presence. While saying this he threw, standing, a crumb of slate-pencil on the polished surface of the table, laid upon it a slate bought and cleaned by myself, and with the spread-out fingers of his right hand pressed the slate against the table, keeping his left hand on the middle of the table. Writing began on the inner side of the slate, and when Slade turned it up there was an English sentence upon it to this effect:—"It was not our intention to injure you; excuse what has occurred." The obtaining of writing under these circumstances especially surprised us, because both of Slade's hands remained immovable above the table while we observed the writing going on. The above-described phenomena, which we had observed on our first meeting with Slade, appeared so remarkable to my friends and myself, and so very remote from our previous notions, that W. Weber and I determined to invite others of our fellow-professors to witness them. We went next day (Saturday) towards evening, to Professor C. Ludwig, and told him what we had seen. The lively interest which he evinced induced me to make the proposition to invite two others of our colleagues to my rooms, in order that they might convince themselves, in Slade's presence, of the reality of the phenomena. I invited my colleagues Hern. Geh. Rath Thiersch (Chirurg), and Professor Wundt (Philosoph), in which choice Professor Ludwig fully concurred.

On Sunday, 18th November, at 3 p.m., the above-named gentlemen assembled in my room. I had the day before procured a new walnut-wood card-table, and placed it in the same room and position in which the one we had previously used had stood. The whole of the slates and book-slates to be used by Slade had been bought and marked by myself and my friends. Only Hern. Geh. Rath Thiersch, C. Ludwig, and Professor Wundt took part in the seance. After, perhaps, half-an-hour, the aforesaid gentlemen came out of the room. Of what they observed, I will only remark that, according to the evidence of Professor Thiersch, the above-mentioned experiment with my pocket-knife succeeded, and, besides that, inside a book-slate held by Slade in his right hand in full view, above the edge of the table, three sentences in the German, English, and French languages were written each in a completely different hand. The slate is still in my possession, and can be examined by any person with regard to any previous preparation.

Slade returned to Berlin that same afternoon; but what had been observed in his presence appeared to me and my friends of such a high degree of interest, and so well worthy of a more minute investigation, that we readily and gratefully accepted the offer of my friend, Oscar Von Hoffman, to invite Mr. Slade to

make a longer stay at Leipzig, and to entertain him at his own house, so that being in this way secluded from the public, he might be entirely at our disposal for scientific investigation. In accordance with this invitation, Slade again came to Leipzig, on 10th December, 1877, and took up his quarters at my friend's house.

The next morning Slade came to my rooms. I had placed the above-mentioned card-table in a room with four large windows (three to the South, and one to the West). Professor F. Weber, Professor Scheibner, Slade and I immediately seated ourselves at the table, which was placed in the middle of the room, Weber opposite me, Scheibner at my left, and Slade at my right—whilst our eight hands were laid on the table, touching each other, and Slade's crossed feet were under the eyes of those sitting next him. A large hand-bell placed under the table suddenly began to ring, and in the sight of all of us was violently shoved along the floor about ten feet. After a short pause, in which similar phenomena to those recorded above took place; a little table fixed to a door-post by means of a moveable iron pillar, suddenly began to move with such violence that a chair standing near it was upset with a great noise. These objects were at Slade's back, and were at least 15 feet from him. At the same time a bookstand, filled with heavy books, and at the same distance, shook about violently. A little pasteboard thermometer case was laid on a slate, and held by Slade half under the table. It vanished, and Slade showed us the empty slate; after about three minutes he showed it us again upon the slate.

On the same day the same persons assembled in the same room for a second seance. Professor Weber placed upon the table a small compass covered with glass, the needle of which could clearly be seen by all of us by the bright candle light. Whilst our hands were linked with those of Slade (both of which were visible, and more than a foot from the compass) the needle began, after about five minutes, violently to swing in arcs of about forty to sixty degrees, and at last to turn round in a circle. Slade now got up and went to the window, hoping that the needle would continue to move without his presence, which, however, was not the case. But when (standing) he joined his right hand again to ours (his hand being at least a foot and a half from the needle) the movements suddenly recommenced, ending with the rotatory movement as before.

In order, if possible, to repeat some phenomena which had occurred in the presence of Crookes and Huggins with Home, my friends had brought, besides the above-mentioned bell, an accordion with them. The bell was placed, in the morning, under the table, and Slade laid hold of the accordion (which he had never seen or handled before) so that the side furnished with keys hung down quite free. While Slade's left hand lay on the table, his right hand, holding the keyless side of the accordion, being visible to us all above the table, the accordion began to play, and at the same time the hand-bell to ring under the table. The latter could not have been resting upon the floor during the ringing. Upon this, Slade gave the accordion to Professor Schiebner, begging him to hold it in the same way, as it might play while he was holding it, without his (Slade's) touching it. Scarcely had Schiebner taken the instrument into his hand when it began in exactly the same way to play a tune, while the bell under the table rang violently. Slade's hands lay quietly on the table, and his feet, turned sideways, were visible throughout these proceedings.

Cheered by the success of this experiment, Slade repeated the attempt hitherto unsuccessful, to obtain writing on a slate not touched by himself, and held by another person. He handed to Professor Scheibner a slate (bought by myself), begging him to hold it first of all under the table with his left hand, while he himself held it fast by the edge. Scheibner could thus at any time judge, by a pull or a pressure, whether the slate was held fast by Slade. Slade's left hand and Scheibner's right lay on the table. After a short time of fruitless waiting, Slade remarked that he felt the touch of a damp body on the hand holding the slate, and at the same moment Professor Scheibner also felt what he described as being like contact with a damp, rough woollen material. On Scheibner's pulling out the slate,

it was found very wet on the upper side, both in the middle, and for two or three inches round the rim, as also were the hands of Slade and Scheibner. Whilst we were trying to imagine any conceivable way in which this wetness had originated, and while all hands were on the table, suddenly, close before Professor Weber, and visible to us all, appeared a small, reddish brown hand at the edge of the table, which moved about very quickly, and vanished after two seconds. This appearance was several times repeated.

In order finally to substantiate the lifting up of another sounding body from the floor, I had placed in the interior of a cylindrical glass bell of about one and one-half feet high, and one-half foot diameter, a steel ball of about three-fourths of an inch diameter, hung by a silk thread. This bell was placed under the table instead of the handbell, and very soon began a strong ringing with muffled sound, as the steel ball struck against the glass. As both Slade's hands were on the table, his feet under observation, and had there even been an application of the latter, it would have had a tendency to deaden the sound, this phenomena could only have been effected by a free lifting of the bell.

The next day, 13th December, Slade himself proposed that we should look under the table at the movements of the aforesaid bell, thereby to prove that they took place without his touching the bell. To this end we placed ourselves about four feet from the table. By conveniently placed candles we could comfortably observe all that went on under the table. The glass bell was placed under the table, under the side next to us. Slade sat on the opposite side, and had his feet, which were visible to us all, drawn back under his chair, so that they were about three feet from the bell. After a short time the bell, without any movement of Slade's, began to move in a lively manner, and to roll round on the lower rim of the glass. The steel ball struck in a sliding way against the inner surface of the glass. The same evening writing was obtained on a double slate, bound crossways with thick string, which lay on the corner of the table without anybody touching it. (*A fac simile* of the message is appended to Professor Zollner's book; it ran thus: "We feel to bless all those that dare to investigate a subject so unpopular as the subject of Spiritualism is at the present, but it will not always be so unpopular; it will take its place among the — of all climes and kinds.")

Besides all this, the large handbell placed on the floor, at the opposite side of the table, was quietly and slowly put into my left hand, which I held half open under the top of the table, Slade's hands being visible, and his feet controlled. Finally, Slade himself proposed an experiment to serve as a proof that the slate was not previously prepared, and the writing invisibly upon it. He took a slate hap-hazard, placed a crumb of slate-pencil upon it, and asked me, as he held the slate half under the table, his hand visible all the time, what I would have written upon it. I said, "Littrow, astronomer." Immediately the scratching began as usual, and when Slade pulled out the slate the above-named words were distinctly written upon it, in sprawling characters. Now, if Slade did not write those words — which, from the position of his hand with regard to the characters, was impossible — they certainly could not have been previously written, as they only suddenly came into my head.

MRS. BRITTEN'S LECTURES.

THE Committee of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, through their secretary, have been in correspondence with Mrs. Britten with the view of arranging for a series of lectures here, to follow Mr. Walker's. The correspondence was read at the committee meeting on Thursday last, and disclosed the fact that Mrs. Britten ignores both the Association and Mr. Walker, and has determined to come at her own time, whether Mr. Walker is lecturing or not. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Britten has taken this course, which will certainly lower her in the estimation of many who were her friends. A full committee of eighteen have unanimously passed a resolution to ignore her and her movements here.

COMMUNICATION.

LIFE on this planet is analogous to the life of the seed that germinates in the soil; it is merely a rudimentary condition. Not till the seed has burst its bonds, and the young life confined within has penetrated the outer barrier are its true glories revealed. Just so the soul, pent up within its earthly covering, is unable to make manifest the glories that are within. What person, ignorant of the truth, could believe that from yonder chrysalis would issue the painted butterfly, with freedom written on its wings? The old Greeks considered the butterfly emblematical of the soul, and a very beautiful idea too. Till the new-birth into spirit-life the soul may be likened to a bird, caged. There are times when we long to set a spirit free, just as a tender heart would lead your hand to free the bird that is being injured by battling with its cage. Grievous and manifold are the struggles of many whom we look down upon, and the flesh, alas! often suffers much too, in the conflict. The body weakened, and the just balance between it and its director gone. This shows the necessity for a strict watch over all man's passions, lest one predominate to the injury of the others. "A sound mind in a sound body" should be the ambition of all. This is the richest inheritance that parents can bestow upon their offspring. Heaped-up riches, or lands and houses are not to be put in the balance with health and a good understanding, for where the former is wanting, namely, good health, the latter can never be. With this knowledge Spiritualists should beware how they seek to develop unhealthy media. Such persons, however mediumistic, should be content to let their powers remain in abeyance, otherwise they only injure themselves and others by seeking spirit communion. The aura surrounding a diseased body is poison to the body of a healthy person on the earth plane; how then can it possibly give off that higher spiritual, magnetic outpouring that is to attract the beautiful and the true? Not attending to this law is, in a great measure, the cause of so much dissatisfaction between the mediums and the public; to say nothing of the mortification that is often felt personally. Mediums, too, require rest, in order that their exhausted powers should receive recuperation. Silently, but watchfully do we guard the precious instrument entrusted to our use. A precious charge, and one we highly value; for indeed it is a great and holy privilege to be allowed thus to communicate once more with earth. The pupil of your eye is not dearer to you than she is to us. On the contrary, a medium used by undeveloped spirits is injured, because recklessly used for their own idle gratification. Words of warning are sometimes not heeded or appreciated; still I trust what I have now uttered may be of use to some who are not above being taught by those who have a keener insight into these things than they can possibly have. Like all your most valuable possessions, mediumship can be abused in the use. What could you do without fire? and yet, what a terrible enemy it may become! Still you would not for that reason, I presume, be the one to say, "Then let us be without fire." If you had a barrel of gunpowder, I dare say you would be careful, knowing its inflammable nature, that it and the fire were not brought into collision. Just so with mediums: take care that they are not placed in dangerous conditions. You know how susceptible they are, and how easily influenced for good or evil. Shield them so far as it is possible from all threatening dangers; and if a catastrophe happen at any time through your neglect or that of others, be not surprised that Nature and her laws should help to open your eyes to the fact that ignorance and folly usually go hand in hand. You would not entrust an infant with a two-edged sword: neither should ignorance attempt to grasp a weapon like Spiritualism, which can cut both ways. He who is really anxious to know its uses must study to know its laws, and instead of being anxious to find a flaw in the instrument, must sincerely desire to know how to use it, then there would be less carping about the sheath when the true value of the instrument itself is understood.

Now, friends, I must say Good-night!

CASTLEMAINE.

MR. WALKER AT THE ACADEMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.
 Sir,—My inclination for *Rationality* in all matters—religious, social and political—has caused me frequently to attend Mr. Walker's lectures on Sunday evenings. In my opinion, his latest discourse on "*Spiritualism versus Demonology*," has eclipsed all his previous attempts. The way in which Mr. Walker painted the grotesqueness of Christianity proves him an artist of no mean order. The faithful representation should win golden opinions from those who take the trouble to think for themselves. Even those who are adherents of the "doubtful school" passed high encomiums on the lecturer's brilliancy, which drew forth well merited applause from the auditorium. I have heard most of the leaders of all sects express themselves fluently upon the various doctrines held in Christendom, but not one of them proved equal in ability to Mr. Walker, whose views concerning futurity needs but little exercise of the mental faculties to arrive at the common-sense conclusion that such gems of thought tend to bring about a more holy and wholesome state of things than are likely to exist under the *demonology* of the so-called Christian religion.
 —Yours respectfully,

REASON.

Just before going to press we have received from Mr. Hudson Tuttle a fraternal letter, enclosing an original poem, written specially for the *Harbinger* by Emma Tuttle, it will appear in our next.

Advertisements.

BOOKS JUST RECEIVED.

Ex Aconcagua.

- Works by John Page Hopps—
 Summer Morning: Songs and Sermons, 1s 3d.
 Spirit life in God the Spirit, 1s 3d.
 Light for Bible readers, 4d.
 Sermons for the Times, 3d.
 What am I? Vol. I. (New and revised edition), by Sergeant Cox, 11s.
 Where are the dead? or Spiritualism explained. Binney, 3s 6d.
 Syntagma, by Rev. R. Taylor, paper, 1s 3d.
 Priest in Absolution, 2s.
 Concerning Spiritualism. Gerald Massey. 2s 6d.
 Works by T. L. Strange—
 Legends of the Old Testament, 6s.
 Sources and Development of Christianity, 6s.
 Development of Creation, 3s.
 Bible; is it the Word of God? 7s. 6d.
 Do. (Boards) 3s.
 Speaker's Commentary, 3s.
 Elements of Social Science, 4s; Do. (Boards) 3s.
 Esoteric Anthropology (Mysteries of Man): A comprehensive and confidential treatise on the structure, functions, passion attractions and perversions, true and false physical and social conditions, and the most intimate relations of men and women. T. L. Nichols M.D., F.A.S., 6s.
 Sexual Physiology. Dr. Trall. English Edition, 6s 6d.
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