

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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ONE of the greatest difficulties in the demonstration of spiritual phenomena has been the inability of producing such phenomena in public or before anything but a limited number of witnesses. It requires very little practical experience in séances to satisfy the investigator that the phenomena are dependent upon conditions, but what these conditions are is a mystery to him and a problem only partially solved by the most experienced. It appears that certain persons called mediums generate a fluid in more or less abundance which, acted upon by some intelligent motor, produces the physical phenomena attributed by Spiritualists to disembodied spirits; by Occultists to spooks, elementaries, or still embodied minds; and by quasi scientists to unconscious cerebration, and many other equally ridiculous causes. General experience shows that "mediums" are as a rule nervously susceptible people, easily biologised and readily influenced by the mental tone of their surroundings. Indeed this is a strong point with a section of the opponents of Spiritualism, who account for all mental phenomena by this, asserting that everything that is given is taken by the sensitive from the minds of those present. Be this as it may, it is a well known fact that the presence in a circle of strong willed persons with minds opposed to the reality of the phenomena either weaken or entirely check its manifestation; whilst the presence of a number of strangers, even though not actually opposed to the medium, usually has the same effect. There are, however, some rare exceptions to this, where either from some peculiar latent power in the medium, or some very positive force outside of but connected with him, the disturbing influence is held back or neutralised, and phenomena occur outside of the usual conditions.

This seems to be the case with Mr. W. Eglinton, celebrated in times past as a medium for materialisation, but

who has lately devoted his powers to the production of Psychology, or writing without the intervention of human hands or any physical substitute. Marvellous are the tests he has given in private séance, but these are outweighed in importance by his more recent public ones, where before an assemblage of four hundred persons he has demonstrated the fact of Psychography. On May 27th last, in St. James's Hall, London, and in the full blaze of gaslight, a committee chosen from the audience, after carefully examining and cleaning two slates, laid one of them on the table, placed a grain of pencil on it and covered it with the other. This was done in full view of all. Whilst in this position the hands of the medium and Florence Marryat were placed upon it, and Dr. Wyld (the chairman) placed his on top of both. Immediately Surgeon Major Wolseley (another member of the committee) stated that he distinctly heard writing being done between the slates. This was corroborated by the rest of the committee. In one minute the sound of writing ceased, and upon examination the under side of the upper slate was found covered with a long message as follows:—

It gives us great pleasure in being able to overcome the difficult conditions under which we labour this evening, and to assure the audience that, although unseen to them, we are nevertheless present.

Now is the time to assert yourselves, and to band yourselves together in good solid work. Without material aid, how do you think it possible that we can bring home these truths to those thirsting for knowledge? ERNEST.

Seventy-one words legibly written in sixty seconds!

Nothing could be more conclusive than this test; some intelligence, no matter whether it was a disembodied spirit, the mind of the medium, or any other mind, operated outside of known law, and without any physical means produced a permanent sensuous proof of its action. This one experiment ought to be sufficient to establish the fact, but public prejudice will demand its repetition; indeed, some are so blinded by prejudice against anything demonstrating man's spiritual nature that no amount of evidence will convince them; but two or three such experiments, before four hundred witnesses, should establish the fact past gainsaying to any person having the slightest claim to philosophic reasoning. Mr. Eglinton is doing

an important work in London. Such mediums as he are wanted here, and we hope the time will come when circumstances will enable him to pay us a visit.

HISTORICAL RESEARCHES ON MAGIO,

Translated from the French of Baron Dupotet by

By C. W. ROHNER, M.D., TUNGAMAH.

Now, if dead forces possess this power, even if they are counteracted, the living forces must, *à fortiori*, possess equivalent potencies, and this fact is confirmed and established by experience. But they are denied, to believe in their existence is considered an outrage against common sense. This denial alone proves one thing, viz.: that those who use it as an argument are both presumptuous and vain; they reason like blind men, that is all. Let us now resume the thread of our discourse.

Science knows the agencies which it employs; we, on the other hand, do not know them. This circumstance robs our explanations of all scientific character. But our works, the phenomena we produce, exist nevertheless, and may often be brought under the notice of our senses. One of the great resources of the feeble intellect of the Savants is the *imagination*. They do not entertain the slightest doubt that to imagine is already to create, as it will be easy to demonstrate by and by; but for ourselves these fantastic creations can receive a kind of life and motion which makes them step out of their native invisibility in order to make them self-acting.

This is the first degree of the magic art, and on this we have to dwell a little. Your soul undergoes a trial; here the initiation begins.

I know very well that I am now passing beyond the limits of official science, that I am outside of its domain; but at the same time I am dwelling in a realm unknown to science, and which has for its terminus God only and the Infinite. What matters it? I do not attempt to deprive science of the good it does. I look with indifference down upon all its glories of a day, and prefer the science of the good man who knows how to graft trees whose fruits are bitter, and who can make them bear sweet fruit. He practises magic in his own fashion; does he not break a law of nature without giving himself a proper account of his own work? Men graft the black upon the white, the yellow upon the copper-coloured, regardless of the consequences of their actions. Each of us receives a graft, often without discrimination, and hand it in the same manner on to others. The vices and the virtues, the good and the evil, can enter into us by a look, by a thought, by a desire! The science of the schools inoculates its doubts and skepticism into all its disciples—its sophisms, its impotence, its contempt of truth, its false morals; it renders despotism easy for those who wish to practise it. Ah, this also is magic, since it has been able to change the work which has emanated from the hands of God, to render it irreconcilable and odious, it having been divine before. We see all these metamorphoses taking place under our very eyes; we know their source and origin. This science is not derived from matter and inert forces: spirits, intelligences of various natures are the agents; matter takes here only the form impressed upon it; matter is passive in all its mysterious manifestations; matter, therefore, is not the cause of our sufferings and of our miseries.

I have entered into all these details in order to make intelligible what can only become so by the use of comparisons and images.

I shall now return to my subject.

We are not able to see that kind of fire which emanates from our eyes, and which arouses the passions in others which animate us. We do not see our silently formulated thoughts making themselves readable in the brain of another man. The animals have a dumb or chanted language which the *savants* have never yet comprehended, and for which there is not yet an academic dictionary written, although they find time for more idle and sterile disputations.

Everything in nature is still a secret for us; but God

has left to our penetration the care and desire to discover a few of the mysteries with which it has pleased Him to surround us. And do I not know that in the same manner in which man sees so many master works externally, so also can he in his interior see the hand of the master, and assist at the spectacle of life, discern all his artifices, and recognise their actors? For our house is a common habitation, each of us can go into it as into a temple, leave his name engraved on its walls, and record in it his memories. This is not a mere image, we hold it as a demonstrable truth.

Science, therefore, has not learnt to know man; he is only acquainted with his skeleton and outward form; with the roads over which the messengers pass who carry the news to him; with the routes on which travel the workmen who repair and sustain his system; with a few laboratories in which are prepared and accomplished the most necessary and indispensable changes and transmutations. Thousands of years were required to obtain these imperfect morsels of knowledge, which, moreover, were often due to chance discoveries, thousands of generations had to pass by under its carnal eyes, and the springs of millions of his machines had to break first before man reached these few paltry results. Science asked for realities, and in order to obtain them it interrogated not life, but death; not the architect, but the building material which he uses; not the genius of all things, but his own poor spirit. Oh, magicians, wake up! Throw off your academic rags and tatters; put out of your road those men who disdained and persecuted Mesmer! Come and revenge the victims of this false learning. But no, rather leave them in their blindness; does not nature herself punish them sufficiently by revealing to-day to a few humble men all these lying interpreters know and don't know of a language which you could speak so well; you, the initiators and original teachers of mankind; you, whom they represented to the world as a band of rogues and impostors?

In spite of myself I am always carried away into the field of recrimination, as if my wrath were to produce some good; as if I was able to arrest in its course the chariot of error! This, however, is not the case; but the wall, if just, will lift the valve which shuts down the truth, and which then issues forth from the breast, in order to save us from the *ennui* of life, from the displeasure of our birth, and perhaps even from suicide itself.

The magicians were very well able to distinguish, and not to confound, all that belonged only to the domain of pure phantasy and illusion. All these lying creations engendered by a fevered imagination were rejected by the true science as the *scoria* and dross of animal spirits, as impurities which disturbed the intellect. All that gross vapours derived from bad humours and diseased brains were carefully put on one side; they sought to shelter themselves from their influence by an austerity and habit of life which allowed the senses little sway.

Magic power only goes hand in hand with purity of life. Like those essences which would lose their virtues if they were mixed, magic must be concentrated like the rays of the sun. Without that, she receives no longer the divine seed of creation; her works are imperfect. Reflect on the precepts of all religions: *To see God one must be pure*. To this degree of purity of spirit respond and follow the works; that is, either diabolic or angelic. The first, a mixture of all our passions and vices, of our cupidities and appetites, represent only the evil. Let us make no mistake, man is able in this bad order to agitate, to trouble, to capture, to ravish, to bewitch, to produce impotence or sterility both in men and animals. This constitutes a portion of what is called bestial magic. From this department of magic were born the werewolves, the poisoners of animals, the knot-tiers, the fortunetellers, the tormentors who prick images with needles, etc., etc.

Clairvoyance presents herself in these cases only as a bubble which escapes from the vase; its agency is the charm of the fascinating reptile, the poison of the toad which inflates and swells its body, the foul magnet which attracts the souls and leads them to the witches' sabbath; it is the he-goat with its lascivious fury; it is, in short

the black and infected sink or cloaca, in which dwells the devil.

Now the ignorant world will cry, "impossible," "lies," and people will say that I am the prey of vain terrors. Let, however, everyone examine himself; let him search into the deeds of his own life; has he not discovered in himself the heaven of all this, a tendency to yield to internal excitations, to unjust wrath, to vindictive lusts, and revengeful desires? Has he not seen in his dreams a few of these frightful tableaux? Nature holds them in her power; in ourselves, or in our own power, is the spirit of evil, and if we listen to him, he grants us the fatal gift which we demand of him. This spirit of evil speaks to the child as well as to the old man, to the wise and virtuous woman as well as to the harlot of the street and the woman of the gutter; in fine, this evil spirit is it which spoke to those saints of whose terrible temptations we read; the same evil spirit whispers into the ears of princes, and counsels vengeance. Could he only do the evil, he would do it; but he cannot do it by himself, he wants our aid, he wants mediums. If all this is so, there is no room left for doubt that in our own selves are found the proper elements for the mysterious development and production of these fatal virtualities and powers.

The true and pure magicians listened to none of these low instincts; they had cleared out of their souls this base alloy formed by the hand of nature; the gold was separated from the copper and arsenic, and pure flames of light had taken the place of the vacuum left by the evil agents when put to flight.

THE TRIUNE NATURE OF MAN.

The following communication was received from a spirit purporting to be that of Bichat, the French anatomist:—

Simultaneously with the growth in man of his physical powers should be that of his mental faculties; for each human being is a trinity. His composite nature embraces three distinct organisations. For, besides that which is visible and material, there are two others which are invisible, and, so to speak, immaterial; that is to say, they do not belong to the world of matter as it is commonly understood. Yet that which works in and through the agency of the body is as much an organism as the body itself. The mind, the centre of intellectual faculties, which have their seat in the brain, and make their operations felt in it and throughout the whole of the nervous system, which is but an extension of it, is as much an organism as the physical frame. So is the soul or spirit; and the inspired words of Paul—"there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," envelope a profound and eternal truth for those who have eyes to see and an understanding to comprehend it. Man being thus triune, his development should proceed *puri passim*, in each of the three constituents of his nature. To force one at the expense of the others is an injury to those which are thus neglected. The body, being the house which is inhabited by the mind and spirit, has the first claim upon his care and education. To preserve it in cleanliness, health and activity; to keep it free from disease (and disease is simply the result of disorder), is imperative upon him. It is a beautiful instrument, a marvellous habitation; and no one should remain in ignorance of its structure and uses; no one should be left unacquainted with those laws, by obedience to which, the physical frame can be maintained in health; and perfect health means happiness. When every organ fulfils its specific functions with ease and regularity; when all are provided with their appropriate aliment and enjoyment, there results from it that sense of pleasure and satisfaction which is at once the sign and the evidence of harmony and salubrity. Men would reverence and love their bodies as the handiwork of the Most High if they once became conversant with the beauty and complexity of such marvellous structures, and would feel it to be both shameful and sinful to omit any act which could conduce to their preservation and well-being, or to commit any act which could injure or impair them. In nothing was the mental and spiritual darkness of the middle ages more apparent than in the mortifications and

macérations to which many well-meaning but mistaken religionists used to subject their bodies under the impression that the flesh, in its most literal acceptance, was the natural enemy of the spirit. It would be as reasonable to assume that every habitation must be the adversary of the person who occupied it. It is only when the desires of the body are not kept in due subordination to the mind and spirit which inform and should govern it, that the flesh can be described as warring against the divine particle of which it is the living temple. Both are the work of God; each has its allotted place in the human economy; each has its prescribed duties to perform, and the lower should be kept in subjection to the higher. That which is temporal and perishable—although even the atomic constituents of the body, do not perish, they merely seem to disappear and are transformed—should be under the dominion of that which is durable and eternal. And if, as too often happens, the animal is permitted to obtain the ascendancy over the intellectual and spiritual, thus placing the servant above the master, the horse above its rider, it is because of the wide prevalence of ignorance; because men do not understand their true composition and constitution; and because even the best systems of education make no provision, or at the best a very inadequate provision, for the equable, harmonious, and simultaneous education and development of the physical, mental, and intellectual faculties which exist in all men.

In the case of the mental, these should be elicited and called into vigorous exercise; for in proportion as the mind expands, the brain strengthens, and the intellectual horizon of each observer extends and enlarges; and these faculties are so various—far more so than human beings, as a general rule, have any idea of. They are capable of covering a virtually boundless domain of thought and activity. The latent powers of the mind are incalculable; and it is only a small portion of them that is ever educed even in the case of those whom the world has agreed to venerate as magnificent examples of the power of human genius. They have cultivated philosophy, or poetry, or music, or painting, or architecture, or sculpture, or "creative" literature, with perhaps splendid results; but they have nevertheless left wide regions of the brain, the mind's instrument, perfectly fallow. They were, as a general rule, one-sided men. And even those who have been called many-sided—the Shakespeares, the Michael Angelos, the Leonarios da Vincis, the Goethes, the admirable Crichtons, were very, very far from being universal geniuses. To have been so indeed—to have cultivated all the faculties of their mind up to the high degree of perfection to which they brought some—would have necessitated many life-times. But do not imagine that those unused or undeveloped faculties remain for ever latent. No; they must and will find their development elsewhere, in the course of what you would call ages, but for which we have no name, because time is unknown in eternity.

As to the spiritual faculties, these also should receive a culture and development in harmonious accordance with the culture and development of the mental and the physical. For these belonging to the inner and the higher life, are not only divine in their origin, but should tend ever towards Him from whom they emanate, in whom they live and move and have their being, and by whom they are animated and inspired. Adoration, reverence, trust, hope, love, and sympathy—behold the qualities of the soul or spirit;—adoration of the Most High as the Source of all goodness, all wisdom, all affection, as the Author of this stupendously magnificent, this inconceivably great, this indescribably beautiful universe. Reverence for His work in ourselves and others, and in the glorious creation of which we form a part; unflinching trust in His wisdom and love; hope in Him as our sustainer, guide, counsellor, friend, benefactor, and Father; love for mankind as the brethren to whom we are bound by the ties of blood and as the children of the Infinite Spirit; and sympathy with the suffering and distressed with all forms of physical pain and mental anguish, with despondency and despair, with privation and misery.

The cultivation and development of these feelings and

faculties, form the methods of our spiritual education; and if this were to proceed simultaneously with such a physical and mental education as has been previously indicated, the result would be the formation of a relatively perfect human being, whereas by the neglect of one or other, and too often of all of these, there is, as the result, something that is mal-formed or deformed—something that falls as immeasurably below the ideal and possible man, as the monkey is below a Plato or a Marcus Aurelius. O that mankind would lay these things to heart; that they could see themselves as we see them; that they could know the possibilities that lie latent within them; that they could understand that in each human being is enfolded the germ of an angel; and that in the beneficent purposes of a God of infinite power and love, each such being is reserved for a high and glorious destiny if he will only listen to the still small voice within him; will order his life in accordance with the Divine and therefore perfect law, and will walk in His ways, do His will, and obey His statutes.

PERILS OF VACCINATION.

For some time past the *Evening Herald* has been investigating the nature, causes, and general treatment of smallpox, eliciting the opinions of medical men and others on the virtues of vaccination as a prophylactic. Of course the opinions of the medical fraternity are generally favorable to the orthodox idea, though many of such, including Dr. Beaney, admit that other diseases may be and are often transmitted by the lymph. Two most painful instances of this fact are given in the *Herald* of the 5th and 14th ult., of healthy children born of healthy parents being infected with scrofula and loathsome skin disease (which entirely baffled the skill of the medical fraternity) by vaccination. The details of the sufferings of these poor children as furnished by their parents are heart-rending. One of them, now 14 years of age, is still suffering. The other, when the best medical skill had failed, was treated by a Chinaman, who, in the course of six months entirely eradicated the disease. These are glaring examples of the evils of vaccination. There are hundreds, aye thousands of cases that never see the light, in most of which the symptoms have not manifested themselves closely enough after vaccination to be traced to it by the unsuspecting parents. It is time the public of Australia looked into the vast mass of evidence in this direction, which is being accumulated by the London Society for the abolition of compulsory vaccination. We have a number of their tracts and pamphlets, which may be had gratis on application at our office.

Since the above was written we have read in a London paper a letter from Mr. Wm. Tebb, who is at present staying at Algiers, giving a circumstantial account of the infection of syphilis in a very malignant form of 58 young Zoave recruits who were vaccinated with the same lymph. The account is verified by an eminent resident physician, who is Editor of the *Medical Journal*, by the Consul-general of Algiers, and the Editor in chief of the *Algiers Journal*.

We are pleased to observe that some members of the nobility are taking an active part in the Sunday freedom movement in England. The *Argus* of July 19th contains a report of the ninth annual meeting of the Sunday Society, at which the Duke of Westminster, the newly elected President of the Society, made a very good speech in advocacy of its objects. Lord Bramwell also made a witty and telling speech, pointing out the inconsistencies of the Sabbatarians; and motions were passed supporting petitions to Parliament and applications to governing bodies for the opening of various public institutions on Sunday.

ONE of the best letters on Theosophy in relation to Spiritualism we have yet met with appears in *Light* for May 24th; it is written by Mrs. S. A. De Morgan, (widow of Professor De Morgan), and contains a lucid comparison of the mental phenomena of both sides, with their deficiencies to supply what each measurably possesses, viz., exact truth.

SPIRITS OR SHELLS.

UNDER the above heading the *Harbinger of Light* of May 1, 1884, brings an article which is evidently one of the first big guns fired off in the unavoidable coming conflict between Occultism and Spiritualism after the preliminary skirmishes have ended. Unlike the sweet-scented (f) effusions of some of our "esteemed contemporaries," whose language is neither useful nor ornamental, the said article in the *Harbinger of Light* is written in good style and is a fair exposition of the Spiritualistic doctrines, of which the writer of this answer has been an enthusiastic adherent and defender for fifteen years, until by the force of facts, logic, and reasoning he was forced to give up the paradise of his Spiritualistic dreams and enter the less grotesque but more sublime realm of the real. It was a hard struggle for him to give up the cherished and apparently well-proved belief in an intercourse with the "departed ones," and it appears cruel to rob other Spiritualists of their sweet delusions; but as Spiritualism has written on its banner: "The truth against the world," let us see whether our friends really prefer the truth to fancy, or whether they will by their acts confirm the old adage, that:

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

The writer of "Spirits or Shells" seems to have come to the conclusion that the best way to find out whether those pretended spirits were really spirits or only shells, would be to ask those "spirits" themselves, and to see what they had to say in their own defence. He accordingly asks his "spirit-friend," Peter, to tell him whether he (Peter) is a spirit or a shell, and Peter speaking in the direct voice, through the mediumship of Mr. George Spriggs, insists on his being a spirit, and declines to be a shell.

Suppose we should stand before a looking-glass and say to the image in the mirror: "If you will make motions we will believe that you are a living person." As we speak, our lips move and the lips of the image in the mirror move. We are astonished and pull our nose to see whether we are awake, and the phantom in the mirror pulls his nose; we make an involuntary movement, and so does the image; and nevertheless that image is no living reality. Peter tells us of things of which the medium, Mr. Spriggs, apparently knows nothing; but all these things are just exactly what Mr. Spriggs in a *somnambule* or *trance* condition would have told us; they were exactly the ideas of the higher consciousness of Mr. Spriggs, and if Peter had given us his explanation through the mediumship of a person with *different* opinions than those of Mr. Spriggs, which however is not possible, because Peter is Mr. Spriggs and Mr. Spriggs is Peter, then the explanation would have been widely different and perhaps contrary to that given through Mr. Spriggs.*

But how, it is said, can Peter be Mr. Spriggs if his expressed opinions evidently differ from those of Mr. Spriggs; and he speaks of things of which Mr. Spriggs knows nothing? We answer, how is it possible that a person in the somnambule state speaks so much more wisely, and knows so much more when he is in that condition than when he is in his normal state? Why does a so-called "obsessed" person act so foolishly and use vulgar expressions, which the person in his normal condition would be horrified to hear? Occultism gives the following explanation:—

Man has a three-fold consciousness: 1. A lower consciousness, which we might call *animal consciousness*, whose seat is in the fourth principle, called the animal soul, or in the lower part of the fifth; 2. a *human consciousness*, whose centre is in the fifth principle, called the human soul; and 3. a *spiritual consciousness*, residing in the sixth principle or the spiritual soul. These

* If Peter also communicates through Mr. Williams, in London it would prove to me simply that Mr. Williams is in mental rapport with Mr. Spriggs. The distance between the two places would not prevent the possibility of this being so. This seems to me much more reasonable than to call Mr. Peter "Pisacha," a name to which he will undoubtedly object.

three consciousnesses are in our normal and waking condition mixed up with each other, and according as to whether one or the other predominates, so is the man's character either that of a man, a brute, or a god; but in abnormal conditions, such as the somnambule condition, or in cases of epilepsy or insanity, either the higher, or in the latter case the lower, consciousness, will become pre-eminently prominent or act independently, and exhibit either the exalted condition of trance or the degraded condition of so-called obsession; and the phenomena of either the one or the other are more or less characteristic in proportion as they are more or less pure and unmixed with the middle consciousness that connects the two extremes.

The fact of a double consciousness is known to all students of psychology. Goethe says in his "Faust":—

"Two souls, alas, are dwelling in my breast
Each from the other tries to separate;
One clings to earth, with passions and desires,
And fond embrace; the other breaks her bonds,
And rising upward spurns the dust of earth."

The phenomena of this double consciousness are as familiar to the Spiritualist as the treble consciousness is to the Occultist, and the mistake of the Spiritualists consists in not applying their knowledge to a rational explanation of their phenomena, and to ascribe to "departed spirits" what can easily be explained by the action of their own minds.

The writer believes that Peter is neither a spirit nor a shell, but simply the "double" of Mr. George Spriggs in his higher consciousness, with a slight admixture of recollections resulting from impressions received during his waking condition, and also more or less reflecting the opinions of those with whom he is in rapport. Those who wish any further explanation of such phenomena we would advise to read "Posthumous Humanity," by Adolphe D'Assier, an extensive review of which is just now appearing in the *Theosophist*.

The Spiritualistic phenomena are however not always so easily explained. The "Shell," by which we mean the lower or animal nature of man, has (as said above) an indistinct consciousness of its own, and survives for some time after death. These shells or "elementaries" may be galvanised into a temporary semblance of life by the medium or the circle; or they may be used by elementals (the semi-intelligent forces of nature, and of the existence of which the writer has abundant evidence) for the production of phenomena; or the phenomena may be actually performed by spirits; that is by the disembodied souls of suicides, executed criminals, or persons who have suffered a violent and premature death, and in which a separation of the higher consciousness from the lower one has not yet taken place; but that which the Occultist calls the spirit, that is the divine and immortal principle in man, does not and cannot return to earth—to tip tables and play pranks, rap and throw stones, and by his ghostly apparition scare his wife and children into fits; neither can it take cognizance of what is going on on earth, as by doing so it would only be made miserable, and could not enjoy the state of blissful rest which it is entitled to enjoy after the struggle of life is over, and which it needs to gather strength before it again takes up the burden of life in its next incarnation.

The danger which at present threatens Spiritualism is the adoption of a creed. We do by no means desire to rob the Spiritualists of their belief, or impose our doctrines upon them; but we do desire them to investigate thoroughly, to examine everything, and select that which is best.

In answer to the article "Theosophy v. Spiritualism," in the same number of the *Harbinger of Light*, I would state that whether Madame Blavatsky is to be considered a medium or not, will depend entirely on the definition which we give to the word medium. If we mean a medium for spooks, I say no; if we mean a medium for the adepts, I say yes. However that may be, it is certain that the occurrence of occult phenomena, such as the receiving of occult letters, the appearance of the adepts in their astral forms, etc., has been going on

without any unusual interruption, although Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott are at present in Europe.

Yours very respectfully,

DR. F. HARTMANN.

Adyar, Madras, June 1, 1884.

[Our Theosophical friends put forward various theories as to the origin of the phenomena with which Spiritualists are familiar, sometimes attributing them to "pisachas," (i.e., accursed devils,) "shells," or elementaries; again, to elementals, or sub-human spirits; again to the real spirits of persons who have suffered violent deaths; and, again, to the "double," or "higher consciousness" of the medium. Finding that, according to the testimony of those who may be said to know somewhat intimately the spirit "Peter" who attends Mr. Spriggs' sances, from having constantly met him there for years past, that the characteristics manifested by him were quite inconsistent with what may be presumed to be those of a "pisacha," and, moreover, that the medium himself does not exhibit any indications of the moral degeneration which Theosophists contend is the certain outcome of a prolonged association with such questionable gentry—as might well be, did they really exist—or with the scarcely less desirable "shells," or "higher consciousness" theory, in his endeavor to meet the facts, arguments, and statements set forth in our May issue, and, in fact, to view Peter, not as a "shell," but rather as a *kernel*. In adopting this view, however, our correspondent entertains one serious misconception, which vitiates his conclusion, and from which misconception we should have thought his fifteen years' experience would have saved him. He clearly imagines that, while Peter is manifesting through the "direct voice," the medium Mr. Spriggs is in something like a somnambule or trance condition, and that thereby his "double" is set free to personate Peter. This is an error. During these sittings for the direct voice, which are a distinct series from those for materialization, and of which a large number have been held, the medium's consciousness is never for an instant obscured. On the contrary, he is fully conscious, and in a "waking condition" the whole time, and frequently himself enters into conversation with Peter, or with other spirit-friends who may be speaking, and constantly expresses mirth, surprise, or interest, as the case may be, at what they are saying, and the two are, to the sitters present, manifestly distinct and independent personalities. The same is true of other mediums, such as Mrs. Hollis-Billing, when sitting for the phase of the direct voice. Will our correspondent explain how the medium's "higher consciousness" can at one and the same time be controlling and expressing itself through his ordinary conscious state, and yet expressing itself outside of him in an audible voice as quite a distinct person? The idea seems a little too far-fetched, and thus, once again, facts known to Spiritualists are at variance with Theosophical theories. Besides, if Peter be the double of the medium, who or what is the Indian Skiwaikie, who takes as leading a part as Peter in these sances, and yet exhibits totally different characteristics, the two sometimes even differing in their view of matters under consideration at the time? We think our correspondent has neither established his theory, nor thrown any special light on the subject. The existence of higher and lower principles blended together in the human being, and the temporary abnormal ascendancy of one or other of these principles over the rest, producing the entranced ecstatic on the one hand, and the epileptic or lunatic on the other, may be true, and if so, it is important that it should be known, but even then it does not appear to have any close relation to the facts we are just now urging, but pertains to a different branch of inquiry. With reference to the occultist definition of the word "spirit" as "the divine and immortal principle in man," they are entitled to adopt what definition they choose. The Spiritualists' definition of the word, in general and convenient use, includes both the essential spiritual principle and the spiritual body through which it receives impressions and acts after the dissolution of the physical. Surely the "immortal principle" does not float about

bodyless and formless in space. A mere battle of word and definitions is to be deprecated. As to the idea of the spirit not taking cognisance of what is going on upon earth, as by so doing it would only be made miserable, and could not enjoy its state of blissful rest, this argument bears a strange resemblance to a favorite orthodox Christian one; possibly the truest happiness of the departed may be found in assisting in some way, if only by sympathy, those left behind, serenity of mind being preserved by a vivid consciousness that, whatever the sufferings of their loved ones still on earth may be, such sufferings are destined to be succeeded by an ultimate state of peace and happiness in which they shall only seem like the recollection of an uneasy dream.

We have no desire to cherish fancy or delusion a moment longer than they are clearly shown to be such; our aim is truth; in consequence of which, while we are willing to believe that Theosophy is capable of bringing more prominently before the notice of mankind some valuable truths relating to the spiritual nature of man, and kindred matters, we cannot afford on that account to ignore other classes of facts, preferring to take them all into consideration, and frame our conclusions accordingly.—Ed. H. of L.]

UNREVEALED POWERS.

THE following letter has been handed to us by a friend to whom it was addressed; as he is an able controversialist and clear thinker, we venture to print it in anticipation of his reply which we expect to publish in our next:—

DEAR FRIEND,—By telegram I heard from G— some time ago, that you were in town, but received the message too late to meet you. He paid me a visit this evening and informed me that one of your daughters had left the body, but which he could not state.

These events will take place, but what the causes in this case I cannot divine. Persons very often think that these are unfathomable. But when a young woman dies a general (so called) death, I am always compelled to think that neither her pre-natal gifts have endowed her with the different powers that enabled her to withstand the influences of conditions and circumstances which impinged upon her balance. This balance of the physical, intellectual, and interior must not have been established. It is real health. I meet so many during the year, but have never found one yet who presented this balance. And in speaking with parents on this subject, they either know nothing about it or are indifferent to it. The father or mother who can state the immediate requirements from day to day of their child or children, I have yet to meet. They nourish and clothe them, send them to school, give them a trade, or profession, and, if possible, leave them a small or large legacy. Almost all think that by doing this they have done their whole duty towards their child, are unconscious that this is the very least they would have done had their interior powers of perception been developed to an adequate degree. When they can move without a physical body, and the time arrives that they sense distinctly that what they have omitted to do, and follow up the consequences, they will feel themselves stricken with a poverty which is altogether unequalled on this globe. And how then to grow rich in this respect? Is it possible that this richness roots in poverty? Impossible! But think again parent! and see, whether you cannot think it out. No; it lies too deep for thoughts, which are external things. It can be seen only. The interior power with which we can see this, and which excludes thinking, has now to be gained. In feeling for it, it is found to be the offspring of quite a number of similar interior powers. But these parents have also parents, and a great many more than the former; another generation of these is traced, until at last the earth is reached again, where their roots are found to be nourished by the spiritual elements of the affections. It is then perceived, that the affections are the nursery of the interior powers of perceptions, attractions, controls, harmonies, aspirations, inspirations, expressions, impressions, reachings,

growths, justice, the beautiful, receiving, etc. I wish that all were imbued with this! A change might come over many! A softness might beautify their expression that would assist to attract the affections of others, which cannot be received, unless this halo of love around ourselves flows to them. And the reception of theirs means growth of our own. The greatest that we can bestow on earth are the beautiful, life-returning flowers of the infinite number of our affections.

This ground floor the disembodied mind has to prepare, with an accuracy and extensiveness of which the embodied mind has no conception. It has to come again in direct contact with the physical, which means often a state of pain. Yes, many will wish to have been born of the poorest parents; earned their daily bread with the hardest labour, cultivated the affections to gain them, given away their millions of dollars to become as poor as Diogenes; they will wring their hands, and cry out: *Central interior, give me this innermost interior love of thy interior!*

A few have come to this stage of prayer; they have experienced the growth of some of these powers, and they can point out the immediate necessities from step to step of both the parents and their child; they find the greatest pleasure in their exercise, and astonishing as it may appear, their services are solicited rarely, and seldom estimated correctly. As yet the existence of such results is so little known that when speaking about them they appear like unknown quantities in mathematics. They belong to the *Science of the Interior Powers* with which man must become acquainted by degrees. The scientist of this sphere uses no tube, no yard, no scale. The instrument is the spiritual body; the scientist the *Powers* that compose the *Ego*.

Parents and others who are favourably born and situated may be able to gain the conditions in and circumstances under which they could become blessed with one or more of these powers. In case you should desire to hear more about their growth, etc., I will feel pleased to show the little of it that can be perceived through the external windows of the intellect.

With kindest wishes I remain

Your old, affectionate friend,

FIDEA.

PSEUDO-SCIENCE;

TRANSLATED FROM "LICHT MEHR LICHT,"
BY DR. A. MUELLER.

We pointed out elsewhere, when proving the ever-increasing number of suicides, what share in the development of this deplorable state of things has to be ascribed to materialistic doctrines. It is, we said, the teaching of Atheism and Skepticism that, creeping into the minds of men, sows despondency and weakens character and conscience.

In support of this our statement we cited the conclusions Mons. Jules Soury arrives at in his recent work, "Philosophie Naturelle." Many other materialistic authors have expressed themselves exactly to the same effect. The famous writer who contends that the faculties of the soul are only a secretion of the brain, as the urine is that of the kidneys—Carl Vogt (Physiological Letters)—has likewise said:—"The laws of nature are unbending forces; they know neither morality nor benevolence."

The grandmaster of German Materialism—Buchner—proclaims:—"Man is but a product of matter. He is not the being the moralists describe; he possesses not one intellectual faculty as a privilege of his own."

The French vociferously applaud these worthy declarations.

Taine—to cite only one of them—says: "All human actions are but productions of brain substance. Vice and virtue are mere products, as are the vitriol and the sugar."

It might be contended that the authors cited are little known by the masses; that the people have neither the leisure to read their works, nor the means to buy them; that consequently the influence of these doctrines on

public morality is not as great as one might be led to think at the first glance.

We reply, that the theories of Atheism are not confined within publications of a scientific character. Out of the domain of philosophic speculations they have been brought down to the level of the simplest intelligences; they have been familiarised with the least cultivated minds, and now manifest themselves everywhere in the form of confessions of faith, speeches, lectures, newspaper articles, and special brochures without number; all of them fruits of that nauseating literature which dedicates itself with rare gusto to the description of all that in modern society is most debased and repulsive.

The responsibility for these evils falls beyond the least doubt on those (so-called *savans*) who by their bearing and doctrines have given to men so pernicious and deplorable an example. These *savans*, who have nothing but mere negation to put in the place of a worn-out faith, cannot find satire and sarcasm enough to throw on any rational definition of human destiny. Of metaphysics they are afraid as of the plague. In their crusade against it they have succeeded to cause discredit to be given to all true philosophic study; to cause every ideal to be discarded that would be calculated to elevate the minds of men by placing before them a noble aim and object for their activity. Hence we witness this overflowing of mere sensuality, hence the strange fact that man labours incessantly, concentrates all his energies to sweeten his material existence, for the continuance of which beyond the day he has no guarantee whatsoever, whilst he looks with disdain on everything that could prepare him for that spiritual existence for that life beyond the grave which he may have to begin on the next day, and which in no case he will be able to escape.

What, moreover, shows an utter want of honesty and sincerity on the part of these representatives of Materialism and Positivism is their denying daily the very methods of inquiry they have themselves imposed, by declaring "*a priori*" as impossible every experimental proof of the soul's existence beyond the grave and its intercourse with this world. Those, then, are the men that speak in the name of science. Dogmatising unconsciously, they have come to substitute for the clerical a scientific intolerance—a declaration of infallibility—which is no less intolerable.

We must also, with all the energy we are capable of, protest against those tendencies that insult reason and defame science by soiling them with immorality.

Most certainly science commands our admiration; it has been humanity's guide through the course of centuries, and has thrown many a beam of light into the darkness that surrounds us. Every-day science initiates us into fresh mysteries of nature. But in the face of the new perspectives of the unexplored mines that are continually being opened to our view, science should be the first to impress upon us that the sum total of human knowledge is as yet but very small; that what we know is as nothing compared to what is yet unknown to us. These considerations and the feeling of our littleness in the surrounding infinitude are well calculated to impose upon us a modest reserve. We cannot help a feeling of extreme pity on contemplating certain *savans* draping themselves in pride, condemning from their pigmy height all psychological studies, and thus shutting up one half of the domain of thought.

But do not let us commit on science the injustice of rendering it responsible for these narrow views of Atheistic schools, though the latter dare to speak in its name. True science stands higher; it is the knowledge of all that is; it is the truth and the light. Imperfect knowledge, exclusive theories, are only a very limited side of it—its pale evanescent shadow.

Unfortunately we have in our time only special sciences, dealing with special departments of nature. Science, *par excellence*—a universal science—does not exist yet.

Every science has its special functions. It brings to the human mind a certain amount of light on the subject it deals with. But these various sciences must become united, chained together by a philosophic synthesis to form a general view of existence, to furnish a fundamental principle, a basis for social reformation.

Now the positive method has been fruitful in results to the physical sciences; it has enriched chemistry, mechanics, zoology, etc., with a considerable contingent of facts and observations; but all that pertains to man, morally and intellectually, has been completely left out or misunderstood, as a necessary result the building called "science" is wanting in order, unity, and harmony. No synthesis unites and illuminates the scattered structures. Hence this incompetency for all that relates to the moral world, the organisation of society.

The mechanical theory does not suffice to explain everything; conscience, reason, and even life itself it cannot fathom. Impotent to analyse these forces, Materialism could not satisfy the wants that spring from them—justice, progress, liberty! Hence we have lived to see this general moral relaxation, this imbecility of character, and deadening of general conscience. The human world is in a ferment; the floods of corruption are rising; the evil is great. But behind the evil we perceive the panacea.

Whence will it come! Certainly not from the dogmatic religions; the faiths of the past will never again fructify the human mind. What we need in the present hour is a philosophic view of existence, founded on the study of nature as well as of conscience, on the observation of facts, and the invariable principles of reason, that defines the object of human existence and regulates our forward march: a view of existence out of which arises a noble ideal, moral regeneration, and the certainty of a future life.

This view exists; it is Spiritism or experimental Spiritualism. In classifying the special sciences, solidifying their scattered forces and infusing into them the moral breath; it is Spiritualism alone that can supply the missing links in the chain that will unite them into one harmonious whole. Thanks to Spiritualism, a mighty revolution is preparing in the very heart of humanity. Vain have so far been all attempts to regenerate nations by modifying their institutions and their laws; vain even the attempts to ameliorate the conditions of labour and of material existence. To regenerate society it is necessary to begin with the individual, to speak to the heart, thence to chase away the wild passions, hatred and envy, and to put in their place a sense, a love for the good and the beautiful. The new faith can do all this. It will facilitate and further both political and social reforms, when once with its life giving warmth it has melted whatever there is of the ice of egotism in the hearts of men, when it has proclaimed to all men those admirable laws which throughout a series of existences unite them all in the bonds of a close solidarity.

Yes, there and there only is the truth! But this truth is as yet the property of but a small number of thinkers. The task that falls to them, therefore, appears so much greater and more difficult. In their hands they hold the welfare of nations. May they prepare themselves for their mission by the most indefatigable labour and study. Little they should care about the weakness of their resources and means of action. The love for the good and the beautiful must suffice; with that all obstacles are overcome. The frightful effects all around them of demoralisation; the pitiful sight of the despondency and corruption now overwhelming the souls, must sufficiently tell them how necessary it is, without delay, to propagate the new knowledge with the beaming hopes and the inexpressible consolations resulting from it.

LEON DENIS.

THE *Wairarapa Standard* of July 9th, contains a report of a Sermon on Spiritualism, by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, who whilst trying to put the brake on the too rapid movement of Spiritualism there by raising Biblical objections against, and semi-scientific theories to account for it, admits the phenomena and gives his congregation permission to investigate it, *provided they do not do so on Sunday*. Mr. Nation, of Greytown (referred to in our last), had been asked and consented to reply to the rev. gentleman, but the report of his lecture is not yet to hand.

THE SECULAR SONG BOOK.

We are in receipt of the "Secular Song Book" with Rules and Catechism of the Secular Sunday School. The Song Book is principally made up of selections from various poets, several taken from the "Lyceum Leader," with every allusion to God, spirit, heaven, soul, or angel knocked out, and something that will rhyme to the context put in to fill up. With regard to the original poetry (!) the author appears to have been inspired by "Cole's" poet, or to have copied that illustrious individual's style. No. 1, which appears to be the key-note of the rest commences:

Some say there is another world,
Where rest all those we miss;
We do not know of such a place,
We only know of this.

And concludes with—

Some say—but what is that to us?
Their sayings we'll not miss;
We'll cease to think of other worlds,
And only think of this.

Poor Longfellow's mutilated "Psalm of Life" has to take a back place in the face of such a composition. The Catechism is unique as such—for one would not unnaturally presume that Freethinkers were above dogmatic teaching, or at least *ought to be*—the leading ideas of it are of the usual materialistic stamp, such as Q: What is a boy (or girl)? Ans.: An animal. . . . In answer to a question *re* God, the child is made to say, "I do not know what God is. If I am told everything was made, I want to know who made God, and who made God's maker, and so on!" Again, in answer to the question, "What is religion?" the child is taught the following definition: "Religion is a belief in things which we cannot see nor hear, nor find in any way;" and further, that religion makes men hate every one who has a different one, and try to injure them; and finally comes a clincher in the question, "Where shall I find morality?" Ans.: "In the teaching of Secularism"!!! which we are informed gets its morality from the experience of all the wisest men who have lived in the world. We are not prepared to dispute this, no doubt all the morality there is in the system was got from that source, but were these wise men Secularists? or were they like the poets whose mangled and mutilated verses still form the brightest parts of the book, men who realised the finite spirit of man and the infinite spirit of God behind all natural developments.

Mrs. Sarah Parker, a lady of some experience in public speaking and teaching, has issued from her office, 36 Russell St., "A Plea for Paying Intellectual Employment for Women." In it she briefly summarises what women have done and are doing in intellectual and technical work in England, and the growing facilities afforded them there in these directions. She purposes to take the initiative here in opening a road for her own sex to those fields of labour, as follows:—

"Commencing with a modest Debating Class and Shorthand instruction, my ambitious project lies behind, and I earnestly appeal to the heads of families, and all philanthropists to aid educated women to some other market for their talents which will pay better than the Matrimonial. Training is absolutely necessary for women who intend to work; and if they devote as much time to that as the Matrimonial, the results will be an increased morality in the community, for such women need not marry for other motives than the only one, which renders marriage sacred—Love."

This is a good movement if well carried out, and we hope Mrs. Parker's appeal to the stronger sex to aid and encourage her efforts will not be without effect. Many talented women lack the confidence to take the first step; they only want a kindly hand to lead them out, and once in the arena they will fight their own battles. We do not advocate this course for all women, far from it. Most of the gentler sex shine brightest in the domestic sphere, but where a woman has talents that fit her for a wider sphere of action every facility should be given her to develop and utilise them for the good of herself and humanity.

THE *Age* and *Daily Telegraph* have recently been quoting from the *Pall Mall Gazette* the oracular utterances of Stuart Cumberland, who, on the strength of having given some illustrations, in a more extended and pretentious form, of what has long been known in parlours as the "willing game," (where a person who has left the room while an object is being concealed or thought of by the rest, has to discover the object, without any clue other than what may arise from his contact with the hands of one or more of the persons who know the object fixed on,) has professed to explain all about the phenomena of "thought-reading," and has succeeded by his somewhat bombastic presumption in attracting the attention of a few prominent men to the subject, who would not deign to take into serious consideration the labours of more earnest men and profounder thinkers and experimenters in the same direction. He explains it by what he calls "muscle-reading," his theory being that the delicate movements of the muscles of the hand which he holds in his while he proceeds on his search afford reliable indications, which practice enables one to correctly interpret, of the whereabouts and proximity of the object sought. The phrase "muscle-reading" sounds quite scientific, and the theory finds favour, because it does not conflict with the fashionable materialism of the day. Mr. Labouchere, Editor of *Truth*, in commenting upon the subject, takes occasion to affirm that "thought-reading" without physical contact is an impossibility. There must be a large number of people whose experiences in Mesmerism and Clairvoyance prove the contrary to this ipse dixit, and the labours of the London Psychical Research Society have already established that not only figures, and thoughts, but also simple pencilled outlines can be discovered and reproduced without this contact, and even while one party is in another room, so that the Editor of *Truth* simply plays the learned dunce.

THE *Argus* also refers to the achievements of Mr. Cumberland and of his rival in the same field, Mr. Irving Bishop, devoting a leading article thereto, commenting in a jocular vein upon the pin-hunting expeditions of these gentlemen, accompanied sometimes by reverend clergymen who are persuaded to demean themselves strangely in the public streets. The *Argus* writer takes occasion to drag in the name of the medium Foster, and weakly tries to persuade his readers that the remarkable tests from time to time given by the latter were identical with a simple and trivial trick practised by conjurers of appearing to read the names written on slips of paper, which they do by changing, by sleight of hand, the slip they have just taken up for one which they have already opened and looked at. Between this, however, and the results witnessed through Foster's mediumship when at his best, there exists not the most superficial resemblance. The *Argus* abstains from reference to Mrs. Ada Foye, who on public platforms in Melbourne, under the eyes of large audiences, in the full blaze of gaslight, and without stirring from her seat, and touching no more than with the tip of the finger the slips of paper as they lay tightly rolled up in a large heap before the eyes of the audience who could observe every movement, correctly gave the names thereon, and furthermore answered correctly questions, propounded by persons who were utter strangers to her, relative to the age, and the date, place, and cause of death of their deceased friends.

THE Richmond Progressive Lyceum is making good progress. The following is the list of officers elected for the new season, which commenced last month:—Conductor—Mr. Greenham; Vice-Conductor—Mr. Clemesha; Secretary—Mr. Walton, Assistant do. Mr. Manners; Treasurer—Mr. Naylor; Librarian—Mr. Ling; Organist—Miss Hancock; Musical Conductor—Mr. Greenham. Leaders—Messrs. Chipperfield, Clemesha, Greenham, Devine, and Bull; Mrs. Campbell and Miss Hancock. Guardians—Messrs. W. Clemesha, F. Clemesha, E. Fielding, W. Williams. Watchman—Mr. J. Stuart. Messrs. Hood and Greenham were elected Auditors.

SUPPLEMENT TO The Barbingen of Light.

AUGUST 1, 1884.

THE GOLDEN RULE OF SPIRITUALISM: LOVE AND LIGHT AGAINST SELFISHNESS AND NIGHT.

*Dedicated to my friends under the Southern Cross,
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.*

Six hundred years before Christ, Thales, the Greek sage, is recorded as saying: "Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing." Five centuries before, Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, said to his disciples: "Do to another what ye would he should do unto you. Thou needest this law alone; it is the foundation and principle of all the rest."

The Golden Rule: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets;" was not first spoken by Jesus, but was seen by others and expressed even among widely different races of men. I accept the inspiration of these sages so far ahead of their times that even yet we fail to catch the full meaning of their words. The shepherds tending their flocks by night, on Syrian plains, may not have literally seen the flash of a great light, yet the light of these great souls come and still illumines the world, and their voices chanting the refrain of the purified floats across the ages. The sweet melody of their words speaks of one Divine brotherhood with these great souls of love—Earth's saviours! they stand like Pharo's light on the headlands overlooking the stream of human progress. I am thankful for one and all, and my breast swells with gratitude for all they have done and dared. Sages, heroes, martyrs, men of deeds, and men of thought; their radiance blends from the horizon of the past, like the countless orbs of the milky way.

Their strength was in their self-sacrifice. I recall their teachings and their lives, to find they devoted themselves for the good of others. They crushed instinct beneath the iron heel of the spirit, and opened wide rifts through the clouds of selfishness, revealing the possibilities of human nature.

The followers of Jesus have been content with the Golden Rule, forgetting that he fashioned his own life after a higher ideal.

The teachings of his life as recorded exemplify a nobler and higher motive. It is because of this grander life that he has become the ideal of the hopes and aspirations of a great civilisation, and the light from the ignominious Cross increasing over the wide expanse of eighteen hundred years, beacons the nations toward the highest conduct of life.

The secret of his power lies in the depths of his love, expressed by the ashen lips of mortal agency: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Not the grandeur of his moral precepts; not the profundity of his intellect; not the brilliancy of his eloquence, but in the self-absorption in the love he bore for others, lay the talisman of his power. I care not if the existence of Jesus be denied or proved to be a myth, there yet remains the eternal fact of this ideal which is new and distinct for every soul, and in the full measure of its dreams of perfection. He is the ideal of all men; what they ought to become, and what they are capable of becoming. In an age of iron, when the law said: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood, he said: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that spitefully use you and persecute you." "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he trespass against thee seven times in a day and turn again to thee saying I repent, thou shalt forgive him."

THE DOCTRINE TAUGHT BY THE DISCIPLES.

When he sent forth his disciples to preach the gospel he held out no earthly reward, only loss. Position, honours, home, friends, all men hold dear, were not to be

theirs; but, on the contrary, scorn, contumely, hunger, thirst, poverty, stripes, and death. The Church at Jerusalem was not supported by the sale of pews to the money changers, nor did the young men's Christian Association at Corinth call Peter or Paul at a salary of two thousand a year to minister unto them. Paul was not sent to Rome by a Mission Society. In the application of the Master's principles he swerved not from their most refined significance. Charity, which is another name for love, "suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not, is not puffed up, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

The recorded life of Jesus transcended the Golden Rule, that would have us do good that good may return to us, and thus is rooted in selfishness. We recognise the fact that if we do wrong to others, they will return wrong to us. As we desire others to be just to us, we will be just to them. We should not do right because it is for us to do, but because of our own gain. We must not do that which would be unpleasant to have returned. We must not take our neighbour's goods, because we do not wish him to take ours; we must not lie or bear false witness, because we should be injured if others bore the same on us. Lavishly as the Rule has been praised, ideal and Utopian as it has been deemed, it is the outgrowth of selfishness, and has the flavour of earthliness, which Jesus discarded by word and deed. He is represented as saying: "But love ye your enemies and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the highest; for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil. . . . Judge not and ye shall not be judged; condemn not and ye shall not be condemned; forgive and ye shall be forgiven; give and it shall be given unto you."

Is this a practicable morality? Practicability is not a measure of absolute truth, and these high truths came down from a higher sphere of light. No one will dispute their practicability in a purer and less selfish condition of life. How is this better state to be gained, unless these principles on which it rests are brought to the point? There is, however, no truth which is impracticable. The adoration of mankind of those who have devoted their lives for the good of others, proves that truth, however Utopian, can become a part of practical life—practical life as typified in the life and character of Jesus idealised as a sacrifice for the sins of mankind. He lives in the mind as its highest, purest aspiration. He is the perfect, unselfish One to whom it bows in reverence, because such embodied love and self sacrifice is Divine. The silver tongue of oratory need never be silent in words of praise; the poet may idealise; the painter at no loss for a subject, for this quality allies Jesus to the Celestial.

It allies not only Him, but all like Him. Six hundred years before His time, Lautze, a Chinese, uttered the same doctrine: "The sage does not lay up treasures. The more he does for others, the more he has of his own. The more he giveth to others, the more he is increased." Eternal words of wisdom, for the more the sage teaches, the more perfectly does he understand his own doctrines.

BUDDHA.

To another people Buddha said: "A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love. The more evil comes from him the more good shall go from me: the fragrance of these actions always redounding to me; the harm of the slanderer's words returning to him." "Turn aside evil with that which is better," wrote the Arabian seer in Al Koran.

The Bhagavad-Gita, the most wonderful portion of the Mahabharata, the perfect blossom of Hindu intellect, inflexibly holds aloft the stern mandate of duty, the triumph of the pure spirit over the animal and selfish

nature. The mission of Christna was to teach self-sacrifice, and it is well we have such examples, even if the gods punish them. Rather should we say, such examples are so essentially Divine, we Deify the actors. Bhreegoo, a celebrated saint, tested the divinity of Christna by a kick, knowing that if he resented, he was a pretender. Christna examined the foot of the saint, saying, "This breast of mine is extremely hard, you must have hurt yourself." Then the saint wept, knowing indeed he had found his master.

IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

Not alone with the deified sages, but penetrating the stratum of lower animal life where we recognise with pleasure its dim beginnings. The mother bird exposes herself to the storm to protect her callow young, or feigns wounds and diverts danger to herself while her brood escape; and the tiny sparrow wins our respect, braving the hungry hawk. The fidelity of the dog is sung in verse and told in story; the geologist dealing in prehistoric sepulchral caves, exhumes the coarse skeleton of an early man, and by his side the skeleton of the dog which kept him company. Affection, unselfish, fossilized in stone, telling us that even in that remote age, on the very threshold of man's advent, the fidelity of animals was appreciated. The dog watched by his master's grave, or as a spirit passed to the happy hunting grounds of the blessed, there to pursue the deer or engage the mighty bear, at bidding of his master and friend!

THE FOUNDATION OF HEROISM.

Self-sacrifice is the aroma of every day life; its ideal self relieving its rough realities. It is the foundation of true heroism and hero worship. It is a quality common to mankind, and prominent in proportion to spiritual culture. The names of the devoted the historian has recorded with grateful pen, and the poet sang in glowing measure. Paulus Æmilius refusing to desert his fallen soldiers; Regulus advising his countrymen, and returning to Carthage to meet the tortures prepared for him; the Howards, the Nightingales, seeking the suffering in prison, the wounded and plague-stricken on the field of battle, an endless host, who cast aside personal ease and comfort that they might administer to others; these humanity reveres and loves.

The story of Leonidas and his Spartan band, at Thermopole, will never grow old; not simply because they fought the Persian host, but for the motives which caused them to stand a rampart of flesh, and thus show by example to their countrymen the path of duty. It is a kaleidoscope, with variations, repeating the same story of the saviours, sages, martyrs, and the God-men who have by their lives and deeds given mankind the ideal of a true life.

Prometheus chained on Caucasus, suffering that the people may enjoy the light of the gods, or their knowledge. To die for others! How the deed overshadows all deficiencies and exalts human nature. Mankind are loyal to their martyrs and suffer not their names to pass into obscurity. In the hour of great national calamity, when a gulf opens which must be closed or the people perish, a noble deliverer comes to the call and fills the breach with his life. Rome assaulted finds an Horatius to defend the causeway to her imperial gates.

The great truths of the world have been heralded by men, clear-seeing, far-sighted, in the van of the race. Often have they died for the truth, loving their fellow men so much better than themselves they were willing to give their lives that they might be led to higher planes of thought.

LUTHER.

They, like Luther, could not rest under the burden of the great truths which struggled for expression. Emperor, king, and pope were overruled, and the poor monk commissioned by his inspiration was greater than them all. When examined before the edict of Worms, his faithful friends saw before him the tortures and death of Huss; will he go? "I will go," he said, "if there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the house-tops." Alone he braved the temporal and spiritual rulers of the world. Said one in admiration of his heroism, touching him on the shoulder as he passed in the anteroom: "Little monk, little monk, thou hast work before thee that I and many a man whose trade is

war, never faced the like of." In the enthusiasm of battle, the glory and heat of combat, before onlooking armies and nations, men rush on death. Luther stood almost alone, the representative of a cause already accursed by the pope, amidst an assembly the majority of whom considered the stake his just punishment. Defeat, infamy, torture, and ignoble death, the curse of the Church, the hatred of posterity, were before him; yet, exalted by the truth he had proclaimed, he answered the demand to recant: "Popes have erred, councils have erred. Prove to me out of scriptures I am wrong, and I submit. Till then my conscience binds me. Here I stand. I can do no more. God help me. Amen."

But at the close of that stormy day; the conflict over, and he was alone, he flung up his hands and cried: "I am through! If I had a thousand heads they should be struck off one by one before I would retract."

The fate of civilisation turned on his brave answer, in giving which he sacrificed everything men hold dear, and laid his life on the altar of truth. That act has endeared him to the generations of four hundred years. The names of many superior in scholarship and culture, who attached to his cause, yet stood temporising, explaining, and compromising, are recorded, but for them is no attachment, and their simple names alone remain. There can be no compromise with error except by falsehood and ignominious loss of manliness. His was the courage and devotion to principle of Polycarp, bishop of Africa, when brought before the Roman tribunal, and commanded to recant his belief, and sacrifice to the gods of Rome. Although he knew that the Amphitheatre thronged with a mob gathered from the confines of the empire, and the hungry lions awaited him, he answered—"Burn my body to ashes and scatter them to the winds; throw me to the wild beast; I never will renounce the truth."

IN THE HUMBLE WALKS OF LIFE.

We need not search the pages of history for examples of self-sacrifice. They are seen in the every day life of most lowly persons, for say as you will, it is love for others and not of self that rules human actions at their best.

To bring the comforts of home, the warm hearth, the generous table, the means of enjoyment for wife and children, the sailor braves the seas, the miner delves beneath the earth, the citizen plies his task. The mariner goes out from the haven of home to a succession of battles. Oh, the suspense of the moment when he watches the approaching storm! Around him is perfect repose; not a breath of air, and the ocean at rest. The great sails are bound to the spars, and made ready for the encounter. The low moan of the whirlwind comes over the tremulous sea. Then the sun is blotted out. It is night, with crash of thunder, and shriek of winds, and roar of waves. Darkness above; darkness below; darkness around, through which comes the shriek and roar of wind and wave. The giant elements on the one hand, on the other, heroes; keen of sense, quick of resolve, and indomitable courage.

Sometimes these men, strangely silent men, who have become so through the solitude of the night watches on the lonely reaches of ocean, are called on for a desperate courage, even to the death. On the vast solitudes, with sail nor land in sight, a cry goes up appalling as the word of doom—a dreadful cry, at which the blood stands still, and the breath ceases on the parted lips. Then the humblest seaman often places himself in the rank of earth's noblest ones.

When the "Ocean Queen" was burned, John Maynard was at the wheel, and steered for the not far distant shore. Three hundred passengers gathered on the deck, their lives depending on his remaining at his post. Could he, would he remain? The throbbing engine laboured on, and held the ship to her course. The flames pierced the deck and wrapped him in lurid smoke. "Steady, John!" the captain spoke, and out of the flames a voice calmly responded, "Steady it is."

"One minute longer John, can you remain?"

"Aye, with God's help I can."

One minute and the keel, harsh grating, drove high on the shelving sands, and on the beach three hundred saved called for the hero who had rescued them from death. Wrapped by the flames as by a mantle, his attitude expressing the last great resolution which held the ship to her course, his hands burned to the wheel, scorched and

blackened as the crumbling pilot-house about him, they saw John Maynard; saw him only for a moment, as with a smile of victory he sank out of sight for ever.

A tale comes from the far off Orkney Isles, washed by a sea restless with storms. A young girl watched her father's coming up from that terrible sea the long night, to go down in the cold grey morning to find him in the wrack of the tide with the broken tiller in his rigid hands. That was fifty years ago, and ever since, her life has been consecrated to the toilers of the sea. As a light could not be kept on the reef, she placed one in her window, and all these weary years she spun each day to buy the candle she nightly burned to guide the fishermen into the little harbour. Not a night of all those fifty years did its flame fail those who in the darkness battled with the storm. Such are the promptings of unselfish love in its ministrations for the good of others and forgetfulness of self. A candle gives a feeble light, yet it may guide as well as the far penetrating beams of Eddystone.

She grew old, but refined and beatified by her divine office, and adored by the northern people as one far more of heaven than of earth.

Genius is but another name for self-consecration.

Pestalozzi, who exemplified in his devoted life his teachings, said of the wonders he wrought, "All this was done by love, which possesses divine power if we are only true to the right and not afraid to carry the Cross." Here lies the subtle charm of genius, removing it above the mask of common life and setting it as a star in the heavens. The child expressed this profound principle when to prove she had met a change of heart she said: "I feel all the time like giving my best things to my sister."

PERVERSION BY SELFISHNESS.

Wise and pure men saw redemption only through the power of love, and on this basis founded their systems, but always their followers misinterpreted them, and sought to extend their doctrines by force. The cunning of the brute triumphed, and soon the gentle power of persuasion gave way to that of animal might. It is said that in the islands of the far off Southern seas, when the chrysalis of a splendid butterfly is almost ready to expand its magnificent wings, a fungus fastens on it, and by filling the whole body with its roots, changes it to wood. The resemblance is perfect, but the indurated shell contains no living butterfly that will float on the soft air like a wind-blown leaf, and gather the nectar of the flowers.

In a similar manner the fungus of ignorant selfishness fastened on the doctrines taught by Christ, and converted them into a semblance and a shadow. The history of the Church became the record of atrocious crimes against man in the name of God. Hatred, scorn, envy, the serpent brood: insidious, creeping, slimy with poison, hissing the venom of falsehood and slanders, became the leaders of the cause. They twined around the Tree of Life, and hissed amidst its blooming spray. They blighted the good and fair, and banished joy from the heart. I have no desire to present the terrible panorama of religious history; the struggle of civilisation against the power of hydra-headed superstition, bigotry, and intolerance; we can only exclaim, poor humanity, how dreadful has been thy martyrdom at the hands of self-appointed agents of God!

The law of Love has been held in obedience to the law of Force, and after almost nineteen hundred years the result is around us: penitentiaries, workhouses, jails, saloons, and places for which there is no name—poverty, crime, monopoly, and waste. The vast and complex machinery of government by force, a system of coercion, without a shade of mercy, and in attempting justice even, shamefully unjust. A great criminal class rapidly increasing, scorned, despised, and ready to retaliate for injustice done to them. The failure of so-called religion to reform and purify, has opened the way for science, and in the latest development of Evolution, races have a system of morals based on Materialism, hard and unfeeling as granite.

IT IS THE ETHICS OF ABSOLUTE SELFISHNESS.

Whatever morality there is in Materialism is expressed in the doctrine of Evolution in its ultimate conclusions. When it enters the realm of mind, of motive, and attempts to account for the origin of the moral and emotional faculties, it introduces a cold, hard, and impassive

view of man's relations to his fellow man, founded on absolute selfishness and ending in self-gratification. Those who are conversant with its teachings on this subject, conscious of the drift of argument, shrink from the inevitable conclusions to which it invariably leads. The acceptance of such views has not an elevating tendency, as they apologise for crime, if it can be shown that the crime is in the interests of advancement. And as success is the criterion and strength, the umpire, these terms are synonymous. When pain ceases to be repulsive, the fine sense of justice is lost. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest in the fierce struggle for existence in its application to the world of living beings, is as heartless as the course of revolving worlds, and as remorseless in its destruction of the weaker. It prepares the way for the study of morality after the same fashion, and when it enters that province it eliminates feeling, sentiment, and love, and substitutes crystallised selfishness.

Many shrink from the conclusions to which this theory logically leads, though there are those who bravely follow. If progress entails of necessity the destruction of inferior forms, and the same forces in history determine the supremacy of nations and races; the strong triumphing over and crushing the weak; if this is the creative plan, why mourn we over the inevitable? Why seek to shield the weak against the strong? Why exercise charity toward the oppressed and unfortunate? All these unselfish feelings are sentimental nonsense, unworthy an Evolutionist, who should calmly fold his hands in regard not only of brute ascendancy but of intellectual, moral, and spiritual growth. By treating these as resultants of animal observation, they are ruled out as factors in the problem; whereas they are fundamental quantities in this vast equation.

The day has gone by when the drivellings of a mind distorted by self-emasculation like Rousseau can gain a following in his praise of the superiority of the savage state. The trained senses of the savage, or his physical strength, are not superior to those of civilised man, who enjoys a greater length of life, and the oft-repeated assertion that increase is in inverse ratio to intelligence is a most palpable misstatement. The ignorant are controlled by instinctive desire, and rear numerous children without forethought or care; while the wise control their desires, and rear children only when wanted, and as they have the ability to properly care for them; but the highest intelligence yet attained has not furnished the least evidence of diminished prolificacy. In fact the most recent views of the proper means of securing the most perfect health and longevity is by a rounding out by culture of all the faculties in harmony. Mental activity is not opposed to, but on the contrary, provocative of, health. The statistics of those engaged in purely mental pursuits, and the average number of their children conclusively shows that their longevity is greater, and that there is no appreciable loss of increase. Yet these examples by no means represent the best results possible to achieve by a proper culture of the physical and intellectual powers in harmony.

Hence it is not necessary to rely on the brutal qualities of selfish brawn and muscle to continue the race, and when knowledge and spiritual perception lead in the struggle for existence the winner is not the strongest brute, but the noblest, purest spirit. The humanities are more potent than the brutalities. Love in its high qualities of doing for others; of charity, philanthropy, and self-devotion, destroys the doctrine of selfishness expressed in "progress by antagonism," so far as man is concerned, the agony of weaker races expiring under the pressure of the stronger; the starvation of the incapable; the suffering of the unfortunate, with the complacency the vivisectionist looks on the spasms of the animal tortured by his knife. He assures himself that these are inevitable results. To pity is weakness; to sympathise, foolishness; charity belongs to childhood. He worships the strong, the triumphant. Public charities, argue the Evolutionists, are mistakes, and attempts to elevate inferior races follies quite as great as for a philanthropist to attempt to preserve Saurids or Saurians of the early geological ages after higher forms had taken their places. What use of sustaining the incapable when the capable can take care of themselves and are of sufficient number? The failures, best perish, the sooner the better, and why prolong their existence by charity? Alms are a premium on inferiority.

Here let us pause. Somehow where man has become possessed of ideas of right, and sentiments of love, the Evolutionists claim these are the product of experience, and come from selfish consideration of what is for the individual's good. I do not care to analyze this perception and sentiment; that they are ours is sufficient. I admit that in the struggle for the possession of wealth in its various forms, the old brutal plan of the strong, cunning, crafty, and treacherous against the weak, the unsuspecting, is carried to its full extent. But I do not admit that this is just or in accordance with the highest motives of humanity. It is more repulsive than the onslaught of tigers or lions on defenceless antelopes, because in human beings something more is expected. From ancient times to the present, with ever increasing strength, aversion has been felt and manifested toward the selfish and aggressive, and the worshipped saints of the world have been those who opposed selfishness with the whole strength of their lives.

NEW ELEMENTS INTRODUCED INTO THE PROBLEM.

There are new elements introduced with humanity. It is no longer a question, and this has given value and lies at the foundation of the teachings of the various *Sacred Books of the World*, regardless of their age or the race which receives them. It is the seal of their inspiration; the evidence of their divinity. Wherever they introduce selfishness, it is the dross of the animal side mingling with the pure stream which flows through.

The essence of pure religion is self-sacrifice; devotion to the welfare of others, and in some of its many forms has been manifested from earliest times among all races of mankind.

IS IT PRACTICAL?

The true and faithful are unsuspecting and believe in the intrinsic goodness of their fellow men; rascals distrust and have no confidence in human nature. The theology which has been taught is the nightmare of religion and the despair of man. Its fruitage in the present is the doctrine of the right of might in the struggle for existence, and the scheming greed and insatiate selfishness in the marts of trade. The divinity of man is made a jest, and his immortality provokes a sneer. "One world at a time;" the philosophy of well-fed science! To get money is the object of life, by means fair or foul, and revel in the pleasures money brings. The poor and the weak go down in wretchedness, that gain may triumph in its pride.

To one who comprehends the position of man as an immortal being, how contemptible are the pursuits of those who are praised in public places. The ways of the scheming politician, the business man, the striving, seething mass of aggressive selfishness, is worthy only of brutes, and is a disgrace to immortal beings. For these we have only pity. They may become criminal, for criminality is distinguished from "business," in many cases, only by a narrow film of law. Shall we hate the wrong doer, or the wrong? To hate the former is to do the thing we would avoid. The spiritual cannot hate or despise. It has pity for the erring, and a better, higher way by which the wrong may be made right. Hatred of wrong and scorn for the wrongdoer has been the venomous reptile twined from root to fruitage in all religions. It has made thinking a sin, erected scaffolds and gibbets, and applied the torch to the faggot pile. In the name of love it has tortured and lacerated, and not content has made in imagination a hell of torture unending in the future, and where the infinite anger and hate of an infinite God is wreaked on helpless humanity.

CHRISTIANITY.

The concrete embodiment in the churches of to-day, stands powerless in the flood seething around it. What has it to say in regard to the vital questions of the hour?—the emancipation of labour, the freedom from monopoly, the defence of poverty against avarice? Nothing. Yet in the beginning it set out with the grand affirmation of the brotherhood of man. That brotherhood is based on the essential likeness of all human beings, and the possibility of its realisation rests on the growth and perfectability of human nature.

THE IDEAL ANGEL.

When we picture in imagination angelic beings, they are arrayed in spotless purity, and no shadow of selfishness is upheld in their actions. They are absorbed in

doing for others, and thereby gain the greatest happiness. That we are able to entertain such ideals proves that we are ourselves capable of actualising them. We can become all that we aspire to become, for the ideal is a dim prophecy of what is possible for us.

Man as an immortal being, with infinite ages for progress before him, occupies the most exalted position conceivable, and as the next life is in continuity with this, the ways of angels are not and should not be foreign to him. The rule of the conduct of his life should be to do that singly which has relations to his future life as well as the present.

The angel-life should begin on earth. Man is a spirit, flesh clad, and stands in the very courts of heaven if he so desires. Circumstances and cares may impose their burdens, yet it is through such struggles, strength of will and nobility of purpose are acquired.

You have seen a plant whose lot was cast in a desert spot, growing amongst stones in a scanty soil. It strove to perfect itself in the fulness of its nature, and bear its beautiful chaplet of flowers, and mature its fruit. But the rains ran away and left its roots parched and the air refused its dew. A scraggy stalk, with ill-shaped leaves, and a few pale blossoms, are all of it, yet the fruit matured under these unfavourable conditions its fruit is perfect. The plant has been true to the laws of its growth, and made the most of the surroundings.

Thus through the cares of mortal life the spirit should be perfected as its privilege.

But these cares may become all-absorbing, and dwarf the spiritual growth. We are in the midst of an age which, while boasting of its intelligence, would have us believe that the highest intelligence is that which gathers money. It is an age of trade, not only of commodities, but of souls. To accumulate money; to surpass in display; what are lands and fine equipages, luxurious clothes and gaudy dress, to the perfection of the spirit! The childish folly of this greed and pride are pitiable to contemplate. To man with immortality, a destiny, outstretching the stars, these freaks and trappings are unworthy of a moment's thought. The ignorant may set up as examples, and praise with shouts the gory-handed chief, the grasping monopolist, the glory of this life; what are these to him who knows that they will vanish with the day like the mirage of the desert, the foams of the waves, and looks beyond for its inheritance!

The spirit stands on the eminence of life, and sees before it an infinite vista of joys in acquisitions unending. Terrible and sublime position! which brings magnanimity of thought and purity and fervour of purpose. Why should we hate those who injure us? The injury is only of the hour, and to-morrow will be no more than a mark on the sands effaced by the waves. Why angry, when those who call it forth are so far beneath they cannot understand us? Why envy, when we have only to reach and the qualities envied are ours?

Every soul inherits the possibilities of infinite acquirement, and some time we shall deserve this inherent quality, and find those now degraded, perfect and beautiful beyond our present conception.

As the angels are perfect, and their realm is harmony, so ought we to labour to make the present life as only a lower stage. Earth-life is too brief to waste in any pursuit which has no benefit to the immortal state. Every selfish act is waste, for the deeds of love alone are treasures carried to the higher life.

At an inquest held upon the body of a collier who was killed by the fall of a rock in a Staffordshire mine, his wife deposed that the night before the accident her husband awoke, complaining that he had a ton of rock upon his head; and so sure was he of some ill befalling him that it was only by dint of much coaxing that she persuaded him to go to work. Before leaving the house, he bent down to her child, saying, "Let me have my last kiss." To make the story still stranger, it came out in evidence that the news of the poor fellow's death had hardly reached his home, when a cousin much attached to him looked in to inquire for him, impelled to do so by seeing or thinking he saw the dead man standing before him in the roadway.—*All the Year Round.*

THEOSOPHY AND RE-INCARNATION.

By H. J. BROWNE.

A Lecture delivered at the Temperance Hall, Melbourne, on Tuesday Evening, 10th June, 1884.

(Continued from our last issue.)

It has been wisely remarked: "The speech of truth is simple," and like its twin sister, beauty, truth is most adorned when least adorned. I maintain that one simple fact is worth all the plausible theories, beliefs, or negations of the world since man came into existence.

I may here observe that some of the doctrines of Theosophy, according to Mr. Sinnett, do not agree with those of Ancient Buddhism. For instance, the former inculcates seven-fold principles, and the latter only five. Which is correct, the new theory or the old?

The doctrines of Re-incarnation and of the Resurrection of the physical body of man are both, I admit, very ancient, but antiquity can no more cause that which is false to be true, than it can cause that which is true to be false. These doctrines both rest on mere faith, and have been well termed "twin relics of barbarism." Of the two superstitions, were I bound to accept either, I should rather choose the popular faith with all its absurdities than, to my mind, the still greater absurdity of repeated incarnations. The latter vague theory, which has not one demonstrable fact to rest upon, may have a charm for speculative thinkers fond of abstruse metaphysics and extravagant romance, who are too indolent to investigate for themselves, but it can never find a place in the minds of those who prefer simple truth to elegant fiction, and who desire knowledge based on actual demonstration and the stern logic of facts.

As has been truly written, "No theories, however plausible they may appear, are proof against demonstrable facts to the contrary," and the results of my investigations lead me to the conclusion that it is as impossible for a spirit once severed from his or her physical body to re-incarnate itself in that of an infant, as it would be for an adult to get into the clothes he wore when a baby, or for a fowl to re-enter the shell in which as a chick it was hatched.

The re-incarnationist's chief argument, viz., that the great mental differences which we witness in the various grades of people around us is unmistakable evidence that some have passed through a greater number of embodiments than others, may appear to a casual observer very plausible, but it won't stand when passed through the crucible of reason or the test of investigation. If the outward appearance of the man indicates his true character, or indwelling Ego, as those who have made a study of Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Physiology have over and over again demonstrated, and if the adage is true that "the face is the index of the mind," I might quite as reasonably affirm that all who are devoid of beauty, or who are small of stature, are in a lower stage of advancement than their more fortunate neighbours, and, consequently, must have passed through a less number of incarnations than the latter.

I fear if this test were applied to the most advanced Buddhist adept, he would probably fall far short of the standard of perfection, notwithstanding that Theosophists view them as "almost Divine in wisdom, power, and holiness." I say this with all due deference to those who place implicit faith in the wisdom and absolute knowledge of these revered Mahatmas, or Himalayan Brothers.

As no two leaves in a forest, when examined through a microscope, are found to be exactly similar, so no two men are alike either mentally or physically, for Nature never uses the same mould a second time; and this diversity of character and appearance in man is happily not confined to the physical plane of existence. If such were the case, and there was no diversity in spirit-life, instead of being superior it would be far inferior to this life, for it would be most monotonous—one dead level plain of thought and action—a continuous sameness without any relief.

It appears to my mind that pre-natal conditions, congenital inheritance, and diversity of subsequent circum-

stances and surroundings are amply sufficient to account for all the varieties of mental grades which we witness among those around us; and through history and geological research we learn that similar differences have existed from the earliest ages. Genius, I may observe, is not a creative but a receptive faculty. It arises simply from the organisation of the individual so gifted, being more sensitive to spirit influence or inspiration than the generality of mankind. Socrates, Jesus, Mozart, and many other highly gifted men of the race have acknowledged the aid of an intelligence outside themselves. The poet in invoking the muses is an illustration of spirit influence or inspiration.

It is a fact well known to horse-breeders that frequently foals exhibit traits of character totally different to those of their sire or dam, but which can be traced back to some of their progenitors—they "breed back" as it is termed; and it is the same in the case of children. As has been truly remarked, "mental and physical characteristics, lying latent for many generations, reappear enhanced or intensified in the offspring; it may be by the introduction of a stimulating force—these forces making in all what is called the sum of the conditions of life. These are facts which daily present themselves both in the human and animal kingdoms. Not that the atoms which compose the organisation of the offspring existed previously in the bodies of ancestors, for force ever repeats itself. Physical forces beget physical forces, and mental forces their like. There is an inheritance of the mind, even as of the body." It is also found that the mental development of a people corresponds with the prevalence and quality of education in their midst, and does not rest on their antiquity, as the re-incarnation theory would lead us to expect, for some of the oldest nations—the Chinese, for example—instead of being further advanced than ourselves (whose ancestors were mere savages a few hundred years back) are in many respects the most weak-minded and childish of people.

Again, the fact that some persons on visiting places which they have never been to before, seem to recognise everything as quite familiar to them, has been adduced as evidence that they must have been there during a former incarnation. This, however, is an erroneous idea, for invariably everything appears to them in exactly the same condition as when previously witnessed, which would not be the case if a length of time had elapsed since their former visit. A much simpler and more probable explanation of this appears to me to be that those who have experienced this are, unconsciously, what is termed "travelling clairvoyants," and that owing to their intention to visit the particular place referred to, their spirit, or double as it is sometimes designated, has visited it when they were asleep previous to their going there. In corroboration of this view I may mention a case I read of in a newspaper a few years ago. It was that of a shepherd who had been ordered to take some sheep to a station in a distant part of the country to which he had never been before. On retiring to rest the night previous to starting, he told his wife that he had omitted to ask for directions as to the road he should take, but when he awoke in the morning he said to her, "I have been at the station in my sleep, and know the right track to take. I also saw the overseer's hut, and noticed a large pair of horse-pistols hung up on the wall." After he had delivered the sheep as directed, the overseer asked him into his hut, and the first thing that attracted his attention was the very brace of pistols hanging up as he had described them to his wife on the morning of the day he started.

Then, in regard to particular incidents connected with some historical event appearing to some people quite familiar to them: this is held as indicative of their having, in a former incarnation, been present when these occurred. The following, however, seems to me to be a more reasonable explanation of this. It is said that strong imagination is equal to reality, and, as in the case of those dreams which leave such a vivid recollection behind them that we find it difficult to disabuse our minds of the idea that what we dreamt was not real, so where we have read of, or looked with intense interest on a picture representing some event which made a deep

impression on our minds at the time, our memories in after years are apt to recall so vividly the incidents or scenes connected therewith as to cause us to imagine that we have been eye-witnesses thereof. And further, it is a common saying that those who are in the habit of repeating falsehoods over and over again, come in time to believe them to be true.

The fact that we do not possess the experiences of any former incarnation is, I maintain, *prima facie* evidence that we have not been previously embodied as conscious individualities; and it is an admitted fact that all infants are equally helpless at birth, which would not be the case if the doctrine of re-incarnation were true, for everything in nature, without exception, has its uses. It is only by experience that wisdom is gained. I am aware, however, that believers in this Theosophical theory assert that the benefit of embodiment of the spirit is not felt on the physical plane of existence, and is only recognised in the world of spirits after many repeated incarnations, by which time the spirit has become so purified that it cannot return to the grosser earth sphere, consequently it is impossible for all except Mahatmas or adepts to have the truth of these statements demonstrated to them, others who accept these statements must do so merely on the authority of these men.

As, however, the arguments put forward to substantiate these assertions do not appear reasonable to me, or to harmonise with common sense, and as the experiences of hundreds of those in spirit-life with whom during the last ten years I have held frequent communion, and whom I have found truthful in other matters, do not bear out such assertions, I reject the doctrine of re-incarnation as being a delusion, and shall continue to do so until its truth is demonstrated to me, or at least until valid reasons are submitted which will appear to me sufficient to establish the probability of its truth. The increase of the world's population is in itself, I hold, a complete refutation of the doctrine of re-incarnation.

To the assertion that if the re-incarnation doctrine is not true, then Divine justice is faulty in its operation, because the mental faculties of all men are not equal, and because Nature appears to be more liberal with her gifts to some than to others, I rejoinder: this style of argument may seem good reasoning to those who believe that the allotted span of three score years and ten closes man's existence, but it is otherwise with those who, through repeated demonstrations, know the truth of the continuity of life, and who consequently measure all things, not by a few solar years, but by the metewand of eternity. I have invariably found that those in spirit-life, as well as those in this life, who believe in re-incarnation, when closely questioned on the subject, are careful not to give definite replies, and endeavour to evade pertinent enquiries in regard to their knowledge of the subject, though frequently both of them are profuse with their conjectures respecting it. C. G. Oyston, a champion for the doctrine of Re-incarnation, makes the following candid admission: "In all my conversations with spirits on Re-incarnation, I have not yet ascertained who and what I was in a previous physical existence." And this is similar to my experience and that of thousands of others who have attempted to probe the truth of this theory, which is but a bantling of speculative philosophy, totally devoid of proof, and irreconcilable with many ascertained facts.

According to the Theosophists, it could only have been Samuel's astral body that the woman of Endor saw; the animal souls of Moses and Elias that were seen on the Mount; a perispiritual shell that Mary saw at the grave; an eidolon who removed the chains off Peter's limbs, and a lying spook whom John saw on the Island of Patmos, and who rebuked him for falling down to worship his spookship, saying, "see thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant and of thy brethren the prophets; . . . worship God." And for "try the spirits," etc., we must read: try the shells; believe not every elementary, beware of seducing spooks, for I would not have you ignorant, brethren, of perispiritual things, etc.

One of the leading facts demonstrated through Spiritualism is the continuity of man's individuality; and this fact having been proved to my satisfaction over and over

again, I cannot accept as true a doctrine in which the very opposite is inculcated, viz. that in a former incarnation I was probably somebody else, say Tom Jones; now I am Hugh Brown; and next time I may be Jack Robinson. Were this absurd doctrine true, then the beautiful truth made known through spirit-communion that love and friendship are undying would consequently be erroneous, and the future life would be robbed of one of its greatest charms, viz., the reunion and recognition of the lost and loved.

Theosophists would have us believe that the ministry of angels and spirit-communion are mere delusions; that those friends with whom for years we have held sweet communion, and from whom we have received messages fraught with love and spiritual information, are mere perispiritual shells, astral forms, or sidereal spooks imbued with jivatma or partial intelligence.

If my spirit-friends, with many of whom I have been in intimate communion for the last ten years, are shells, they must (as a materialised spirit whom I have seen and conversed with several times, remarked) "have an oyster within," for they not only manifest the peculiarities of character and the same idiosyncracies which marked their individuality when they were on the mundane plane of existence, but many of them exhibit an increase of knowledge in spiritual things; and those who have passed on when young have grown in stature corresponding to what they would have done had they remained in their physical bodies on earth. I may mention that I "lost the run" of my father for thirty years, and concluded, as he was a thoroughly orthodox Presbyterian minister when he left this life, that he was engaged in unceasingly singing anthems in the orthodox heavenly aviary, supposed to be situated somewhere above the sky; but the first opportunity I gave him of manifesting his presence to me after this long interval, he did so through a medium I had never seen before, and who could only have been five years of age at the time my father passed on. After bringing to my recollection incidents which occurred in my boyhood when he was in this life, he proved to me that he was cognizant of even my thoughts as well as my actions since he left the mundane stage of life. Is this—which is only one example out of hundreds I could relate—consistent with the Theosophist's shell theory, I ask! 'Tis we in the evanescent fleshly body who are the shells or shadows passing on to join the innumerable crowd gone before to the land of the living—to the land of the great departed—for as was said of old: "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal." I know that my father liveth, and as he liveth so shall I live also, not however as a shell or a spook, but as an intelligent, responsible, and living being, destined for happiness through spiritual progression.

Re-incarnation, happily for all, is only a dogma, resting on mere assertion, and is opposed to demonstrable facts, else we might well exclaim: "It would be better had we never been born" if we have to return to mundane existence to be spoonfed again by some old toothless nurse, and to go through the pains of physical death over and over again. While the philosophy of the Theosophist, like exoteric Christianity, rests, as I have said, on childish faith, supported by alleged marvellous feats, the spiritual philosophy appeals to reason, and is founded on demonstration patent to the senses of all who have taken the trouble to earnestly and carefully investigate the subject. To me the spiritual philosophy seems so much more rational, simple, and beautiful, consequently more probable than the philosophy of the Theosophist, that I am surprised that any who really know the facts of Spiritualism can be found to entertain the other. I should like to ask such people how they can reconcile their theory with the growth in the spirit-world of spirits in stature, knowledge, and happiness! Do they believe that "the human spirit is composed of a number of elements, projections of the astral body or 3rd principle," and that this perispiritual shell grows, possesses intellect, and can reason, love, and progress in wisdom! If they do, and the doctrine of salvation by faith is true, they merit for their credulity an extra size gold crown and an exalted seat in the orthodox heaven.

The most extraordinary part of the whole affair is that after all the Theosophist's arguments to prove that only the shell of the individual can be seen by, or communicate with, those still in the body, they acknowledge that some of the Buddhist adepts have re-appeared to their disciples since their death. I should like to have this point cleared up by some intelligent F.T.S. I am not, bear in mind, calling in question the right of others to accept the Theosophic doctrines, which I admit exhibit a certain amount of ingenuity on the part of their devisers to account for the variety of mental developments which we witness, but am simply stating some of the reasons that cause me to reject these doctrines, being one of those who require demonstration, or at least valid reasons before accepting an hypothesis which appears to them unreasonable and to rest merely on assertion. As has been truly stated, "No practical or abstract method of reasoning can prove pre-existence," and the same remark applies equally to re-embodiment; demonstration alone can do this, and even the most ardent Theosophists allow that this is unattainable by ordinary people. The fanciful theory that man passes through a cycle of planetary incarnations, I have not alluded to, as I consider it would be as reasonable to attempt to refute the truth of "Gulliver's Travels," or the story of "The Man in the Moon," as to disprove such an absurd hypothesis as this. That each planet is surrounded by its own spiritual spheres, as stated by spirits, who ought to know, and by clairvoyants, is much more probable.

In the Buddhist catechism, written by Colonel Olcott, and approved of and recommended by H. Sumandala, the high priest of Galle, it is written: "Our Lord Buddha has said that we must not believe in a thing said, nor in traditions, because they have been handed down from antiquity; . . . nor on the mere authority of our teachers or masters. But we are to believe when the writing, doctrine, or saying is corroborated by our own reason and consciousness. I quite agree with Colonel Olcott and "our Lord Buddha" in this, therefore I reject Theosophy, which inculcates belief in an existence without a soul, and which would have us believe in the theory or doctrine of repeated incarnations, which is more repugnant to me than that of the Atheist and Materialist, viz. the annihilation of man's individuality at physical death. I prefer, however, the truth to both of these doctrines, i.e., the truth founded on demonstrable facts which are not only "stranger than fiction," but immeasurably superior thereto, and more worthy of our acceptance.

Through the investigation of spiritual science, or, as it is commonly called, Spiritualism, I have learnt that as in the physical world nothing is added by creation—all new developments being simply transformation or change from one form to another—so in the realm of spirit, no new souls are created, all is development. Each individual soul has always been and continues to be an infinitesimal part of the Great Whole to which nothing can be added, nothing taken away from.

Physical existence is merely the stage of life in which conscious individuality is developed, and the various spiritual spheres are wisely adapted for the further unfoldment thereof. In the spirit-world, when once the desire to advance arises in the individual, owing to the conditions being more favourable, progress is easier than it is in this life under the most advantageous circumstances. And as there is plenty of room in the infinite future for every fault to be atoned for and every wrong to be redressed, the necessity of our being re-incarnated and becoming infants again, as Theosophists hold, does not consequently exist.

Physical life is not only for the purpose of developing individual consciousness, but also for elaborating the spiritual organism, which is the casket of the Divine spark or soul within. The outward husk or fleshly body is but the necessary scaffolding of the spiritual organism while man remains on this mundane stage of existence. When once the magnetic link that connects the spiritual with the animal body of man is severed, the latter dissolves into the various elements of which it was composed, having served its purpose in the great economy of Nature. To the emancipated spirit, matter is no longer a clog or obstruction, man's spirit therefore can

never again be holden of gross matter, as Theosophists erroneously believe.

"How easily may soul and body part.
But to unite them mocks the power of art:
When the swift arrow once has taken wing
Who can recall it to the quivering string?"

The spiritual organism is the real man. It is not immaterial, as is generally supposed, but consists of matter in a sublimated and more enduring form, and is deathless because it is vivified by an infinitesimal atom of the great Over-soul, or imbued with a spark of the Divine mind, consequently in every one there is the germ of the future angel, which may lie latent, but which nothing can annihilate. The spiritual organism is a substantial entity which is tangible to spirit-senses and perceptions. It retains, on entering spirit-life, the impress of all the thoughts and actions of the individual during his mundane existence; therefore, the consequences of our earthly acts follow us by an immutable and inexorable law, the operation of which no faith or belief, in fact nothing can set aside.

As the Bishop of Carlisle writes: "In vision we have a demonstrable transition from the physical to the spiritual. First, we have the reflection of the object on the retina; the optic nerve conveys this to the physical brain of greyish matter, but without the corresponding spiritual brain within, the knowledge conveyed would be as useless as a telegraph message forwarded when the receiving clerk was not present."

The only re-incarnation that can take place is when a spirit desires and possesses the necessary conditions to temporarily rehabilitate itself in a physical garb formed of particles derived from what is termed a materialising medium, the fraudulent imitations of which we so frequently read of in the newspapers as having been detected, while the genuine manifestations are seldom or ever reported in the public press. Progress being, as I have stated, easier in spirit-life than during the mundane stage of existence, owing to the many adverse influences by which when on earth we are surrounded, re-incarnation, except of the very temporary kind I have referred to for the purpose of demonstrating man's continuity of existence, is not only unnecessary for the attainment of happiness, but would, under the most favourable circumstances, be retrogressive, for the return to a lower from a higher state must be retrogressive. It is, consequently, opposed to the natural and inexorable law of progress, or in other words, that of effect following cause, for "only progression is existence." The simple fact that advancement is not only possible, but that it actually takes place in spirit-life, having been over and over again demonstrated to me as it has been to thousands of others also who have investigated the subject, is, I hold, a further complete refutation of the Theosophist's theory of re-incarnation or re-embodiment, and therefore I maintain that when once we pass through the change called death,

No more a fleshly shell
Man's spirit can enthrall!
Though ev'ry earthly thought
His mem'ry may recall.

From sphere to sphere of light
Th' aspiring spirit soars,
And to the Source of Life
His gratitude outpours.

Then, never be misled
By doctrines void of proof,
But rather rest on facts,
From all else hold aloof.

And, let us live when here
A life of truth and love,
That earthward we may look
With pleasure from above.

ERRATA.—In the first portion of this, which appeared in the July issue, for "I have seen a materialised spirit stand away from the medium who was always visible," read who was *also* visible; and for "It would be quite as reasonable to deny that the elements of which man's physical body is composed have not been derived from mother earth," read have been derived from mother earth: for "with all his Theosophic learning," read Theosophic *learning*.

THE SPIRIT WORLD.

(Continued from last issue.)

THE spirit-world is a world of love. On this spirits in their communications to me lay great stress. They are most persistent in insisting upon this. It is also a world of light from above, advisedly in relation to the spirit-world. Clairvoyantly I have seen light streaming down upon that spirit-world, illumining the whole of its beautiful landscape scenery; but the source of that wondrous light is to me invisible. Its rays seem invariably to shine from right to left. It is a world, furthermore, of progression without end! This must be understood of the more exalted spheres or consociations of the spirit-land. There is room there in that vast immensity for many more sexillions of the human race who shall yet be born on this and the other planets, besides those without number who are already there. We may perhaps form some idea of the immensity of the spirit universe when I state that ONE of the parks or pleasure-grounds in the second sphere, where the advanced ones meet for recreation, is roughly calculated to be 56 billions of miles long and broad! So then you cannot possibly form any idea of "infinity" in your human thought. Contemplate if you can the vast spectacle of the spirit-universe; raise your thoughts, if you will, to the highest altitude of immensity, and then say what see you? Do you behold infinity? Nay! you behold only an infinitesimal portion of that infinity which with all your powers of contemplation, of imagination, you cannot conceive. The spirit-world is eternal, and infinite as eternal; and this magnificent world is the destined inheritance of humanity. In it there is progression without end for all of you thoughtless, careless, sons of men! And this spirit-land is constantly and without any intermission whatever, growing and increasing in size.

For daily, hourly, aye each minute that passes away, emanations from earth and all the planets and suns in the physical universe, numbering about half a million of worlds in space, are constantly ascending upward to add to the extent, size, bulk, and substance of the spirit-world, the "summer-land" of the hereafter! This earth alone gives off eight hundred millions of tons of invisible emanations every year. Where do these finer particles of matter go? What amount of emanations of refined invisible matter go forth into space from the other planets and from all the other orbs amounting in number to nearly 500,000! Your enquiry as to the how of the formation of the summer-land is answered, I think, by the vast quantity of evaporation of refined particles of etherialised attenuated matter into space—to form worlds and world systems wherein we shall one day have our own etherialised existence as spirits disincarnated. In the ever refining and radiating processes of Nature the more etherial portions of all matter are being constantly thrown off into space. All the elements of our earthly soil send their emanations upwards beyond the atmosphere, where the immense play of chemical forces constantly in action have separated and combined vast masses of these refined particles, and thus spirit-worlds have been formed and are in process of formation. In these worlds the clairvoyant eye discerns landscapes, flowers, trees, and lakes! How came they there? I say, on perfectly natural principles. They have there a more exquisite soil made up of the emanations of the earthly soil. So with the emanations from the waters. There are visible to the clairvoyant eye beautiful streams, lakes, and rivers in that spirit-world; trees, foliage, and flowers too, all formed strictly in accordance with natural laws, of which people in general are perfectly ignorant, and this summer-land is thus built up upon the known facts and laws of things. I have ventured to write thus briefly respecting this summer-land, this celestial universe, after which so many human hearts have aspired, but of which so few have any right conception. I have written that which I know, and of that which I have seen. Many in the ages of the past have had glimpses of this Land of Beauty. I too have had glimpses of it also. There life is disincarnated and free, here the worlds are radiant; there man and woman too

are raised up to a life of refined existence, passing onward and upward from sphere to sphere. But not one half of its blessedness has yet been unfolded! It cannot be uttered! How then at death we are "new-born" and raised up to this world supernal I think I have fully declared before. That we are not going to be 'shells' I know; that shell theory I regard as a monstrous figment of minds discordant in the past and present day. I take my stand on this that I as a man am a unity and no trinity at all. My spirit is that unity. To preserve my individuality here I have an earthly form, a body inhabited by that spirit unity. I know nothing of that puerile distinction between the spirit and the soul. To me they are one and the same thing. God is spirit. Man is a spirit, with a body here adapted to his earthly existence, and with a body yonder adapted to his spirit-life hereafter. That spirit-body may undergo transmutations. I reason that it must do so in accordance with the law of eternal progression, but of their nature I am ignorant save only so far as this that in strict accordance with that natural law of progress the spirit-body must, I think, undergo still more refining etherialising processes. Whether we shall be re-incarnated in other physical worlds of the Universe is a matter on which, though I have formed an opinion of my own, I need not here express it. But whatever state or condition of life and existence may await me hereafter, I feel satisfied that my ego-ship, my individuality, my unity, will be for ever unimpaired. For me, as I reject the doctrine of the Trinity as regards the Supreme, so do I reject it in toto as regards man. In my own conception of the Supreme I regard Him as high as He has been pleased to reveal Himself to me. I know that He is *One* spirit universal and indivisible, and that man is *One* also, each individual and that he is a spirit complete in himself each one. As a Unitarian, I protest strongly against the dogma of the Trinity, whether applied to God or to man. Both are unities, complete each in themselves and need no division whatever, for neither are compounds in any shape or form. Both are unities, the less proceeding from the greater. I would strip that dogma of the Trinity from both, for it obscures the simple majesty of both. It has a paganish aspect—in both cases from heathenism it came and from the darkness of the past ages. To that darkness let it return. It can have nothing to do with the enlightenment of the nineteenth century of our own day. It is utterly needless also, and nonsensical too, making both God and man absurdly grotesque and ridiculous beings. The popular notions respecting both God and man and their inter-relations to each other, require considerable simplification on all sides, just as astronomy had 3000 years ago to be simplified by Copernicus and Kepler, so does Theology require the same simplification. God then is simply spirit universal—man is "a spirit" individualised, but both are unities, none the less. Not the least particle of a Trinity about either the one or the other. Spiritualism will never be understood until this basic principle is thoroughly comprehended by the people that God the Supreme is spirit universal, but still a unity, *One*, and that man is each one "a spirit," an individuality—each in his own Ego-ship *One* also. I must now conclude. I have done all I can to elucidate the truth respecting Spiritualism without bias one way or the other. It was the truth I wanted, and the truth I have found so far as I am concerned. I wish that others may seek to know the truth, and by that truth become free from the galling chains of the ignorance of past ages. The Supreme has spoken the word and man shall henceforth be free of the tyranny of his own ecclesiastical organisms which he alone has set up to govern and enslave him. More fool he! Hence his profound ignorance of the things of spirit, because he will not learn them and because these ecclesiastical organisms fail to discern them aright! How excessively human to be sure!

UNITARIAN MINISTER.

Brisbane, April 3rd, 1884.

All your own fault if you remain sick or out of health, when you can get Hop Bitters. Read.

To Correspondents.

Communications intended for this Journal should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only.

H. J. BROWNE V. JESUS CHRIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

ALTHOUGH the arguments adduced by Mr. Browne in his reply to my letter are not convincing to me, I am at least satisfied with his conclusion, that we are at one about the fact that Jesus was a historical personage. It is often the case that logical conclusions are reached from wrong premises by some kind of instinct or intuition of the truth, which sometimes plays tricks to human logic. I can also assure friend Browne that I read his lecture on "Christianity" at least twice, with pencil in hand, and that I am not given to fighting either wind-mills or windbags, but, on the contrary, am rather fond of meeting solid armies of flesh and bone as preferable even to meeting the spirit of Jesus Christ in heaven, or the summerland, continuing his work of reforming the Jews or the Christians, which latter seem to require it a great deal more than his own stiff-necked nationality.

As to esoteric Christianity, I have my own opinions about it, differing materially from those enunciated by friend Browne; but as we are shortly going to have Mr. Massey here, expounding similar views based on a profound and prolonged study of the same subject, I shall reserve those opinions of mine until I have learned better at the feet of Gamaliel.

Yours fraternally,

C. W. ROHNER, M.D.

Tungamah, 13th July, 1884.

SIGNS ARE VOUCHSAFED TO BELIEVERS,
NOW, AS OF OLD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—It is some months past now, since I addressed you on the subject of the growing appearance in the secular press of the evidences of our communion with the spirits of the dead.

I was pleased to find a little bit the other day, not only in the secular press, but in the Royal family (which makes it better) and you will find it contributed by Mr. W. H. Myers, on the 624th page of last May number of the *Fortnightly Review*. He writes:—"The last time I saw Prince Leopold (being two days before he died), he would talk to me about death, and said he would like a military funeral."

Finally I asked, why do you talk in this morose manner? As he was about to answer, he was called away and said: "I will tell you later." I never saw him to speak to again, but he finished his answer to me to a lady, and said:—"Two nights now, Princess Alice has appeared to me in my dreams, and says that she is quite happy, and that she wants me to come and join her; that is what makes me so very thoughtful."

I take this to be a sign of his approaching removal to the world of spirits, in which, as a member of a Spiritualistic family, he had been, from his earliest youth, an implicit believer, thus illustrating the truth of the observation that, "Signs are vouchsafed to the believing, now as of old."

I conclude that the episode furnishes an instance, not only of a communication from the spirit of his sister Alice, but of her exercise of the gift of prescience. Many spiritual communications have demonstrated that this gift can be, and has been exercised from the days of the woman of Endor to the present day.

Now for one word more about signs being vouchsafed to the believing. I presume, Mr. Editor, that you will not question the fact of signs of the proximity and intercourse of a world of spirits being more frequently manifested within than without the ranks of the believers in such things.

Whether the Queen and her family have been believers in such things, I will ask you to express an opinion, in a line or two of footnote.

I believe that the Royal family have, like General Gordon, been brought up to the belief in direct impressions from outside ourselves, and from a higher source; and concerning General Gordon, M.A. (Oxon), writing in *Light*, says:—"General Gordon compels respect by the very simplicity of his faith in a Supreme controlling Intelligence which he implicitly trusts."

In this life he believes that all is pre-ordained by a higher power, who is Infinite Wisdom. He believes that there is communication between the Supreme Power and His creatures, and strongly affirms it. Signs are vouchsafed to the believing now as of old. General Gordon has been known to toss up a penny with perfect confidence that the result would be overruled for his direction. He trusts most, however, to direct impressions, and, when he gets his guidance, he follows it implicitly."

I take this notice from the *Sydney Liberal* of the 28th June, 1884.

I am sure General Gordon (upon reading the passage in the *Contemporary Review* I have quoted) would, in accordance with his belief in "direct impressions," believe that the Prince had received a direct impression from the spirit of his sister.

The instruction I draw from what I report to you, Mr. Editor, is this, viz.—That such communications from the world of spirits as the Prince received from his spirit-sister, or as Mr. A. J. Smart received from his spirit mother, as reported in this month's *Harbinger*, are more satisfactory evidences of a "Future Life" than the debates between a Canon Potter (or any other Canon) and any of the Agnostic Secularists, who declare we can know nothing, and that impressions or writings from the spirits of the dead say nothing in evidence of a world of spirits in communication with a world of mortals.

I am, Sir,

Your obedt. servt.,

ROBERT CALDECOTT.

Raglan Street, Port Melbourne,
July 19th, 1884.

[Her Majesty's belief in Spiritualism has frequently been alluded to in journals unconnected with the subject, and her friendship for the late Mr. John Brown was attributed to his having been a medium through whom she received communications from the late Prince consort.—Ed. *H. of Lt.*]

THE *Daily Telegraph*, which is fond of discounting upon the superstition of the Spiritualist, and regards with pious horror the idolatrous fetishism of the Mahomedan devotee making his annual pilgrimage to the sacred city of Mecca, or of the Buddhist journeying to Benares, is yet inconsistent enough to quote with approval the fact that a citizen of Dunolly having, with great trouble, brought back from Palestine a supply of water dipped from the sacred (but otherwise rather insignificant) River Jordan, the same was used, no doubt with a deal of solemnity, for the purposes of baptism, and further makes the statement that every year a thousand pilgrims "from earth's remotest bounds," assemble on the banks of the river for the like purpose.

THE Melbourne Progressive Lyceum has resolved to remove from the Horticultural Hall, in Victoria Street, to a large hall in Lonsdale Street, opposite the gates of the hospital. We trust that this move will conduce to the prosperity of the Lyceum. The new hall is nearer to the centre of the city, and is very large and commodious. The opening address is to be delivered on Sunday, 3rd August, by the same gentleman who opened the Lyceum at Lowe's Rooms, in 1878, by a never-to-be-forgotten oration. Sunday, 24th August, is the day appointed for the nomination of office-bearers for the ensuing session.

Parents do not use vile drugs or nostrums in your families, but use pure Hob Bitters. See and read.

THE POETS OF LIBERTY AND LABOR.

GERALD MASSEY.

Abridged from the "Radical Review."

GERALD MASSEY is a genius, twisted, gnarled, and stunted by hunger and cold, and that premature toil which never should be laid upon a child. Although his crippled wings have kept him near the ground, his notes are true, and drawn from nature's own dear heart. What songs he might have sung had he been permitted to soar like England's bonny skylark up to the gates of heaven! He sings in a minor key, for his hymns are plaintive and sad. They have struggled into life out of poverty. That they are sometimes angry and bitter is not to be wondered at. As he said of himself at a late day, "Those verses do not adequately express what I think and feel now; yet they express what I thought and felt then, and what thousands besides me have thought and felt, and what thousands still think and feel." He was only a boy when he wrote "The Three Voices," and without any education how was he to put a nice polish on his work, especially in the everlasting moaning and droning of the wheels of that infernal mill. The people who despise this passionate rally may think it very inartistic and crude, but to the men who, like Massey, are grinding their lives away in shops and mills and factories, it has all the inspiration of poetry, and it is poetry. Here is the second of "The Three Voices."

Another voice comes from the millions that bend,
 Tearfully, tearfully, tearfully!
 From hearts which the scourges of slavery rend,
 Fearfully, fearfully, fearfully!
 From many a worn noble spirit that breaks,
 In the world's solemn shadows adown in Life's valleys,
 From mise, forge and loom, trumpet-tongued it awakes,
 On the soil where in Liberty rallies:
 Work, work, work!
 Yoke-fellows listen:
 Till earnest eyes glisten:
 'Tis the voice of the Present. It bids us, my brothers,
 Be Freemen; and then for the freedom of others,
 Work, work, work!
 For the many a holocaust long to the few
 O work while ye may!
 O work while 'tis day!
 And cling to each other united and true,
 Work, work, work.

There is a personal bond of sympathy between Massey and me arising partly from acquaintanceship, and partly from other accidents. Once when I was about 19 years old I went from London down into Lancashire. I had a job of work at a place called Prescott, a short distance out from Liverpool. I had to make the trip on foot, for I couldn't afford the luxury of riding. I walked forty miles the first day, and rested that night at a little town called Tring, in Hertfordshire. I was on the road before daylight next morning, for I wanted to make another forty miles before night. It was a chill drizzly morning in November, and just as I started I met a lot of shivering, hungry children going to their work at the silk factory. Among those poor blights was Gerald Massey. At least I have always pictured him amongst them. He was born in Tring, and worked as a child in that silk factory; and I shall always think that he was among those children that I met that morning. That was Massey's childhood, if it be not sacrilege to call such misery by that beautiful name. "I had no childhood," he writes. "Having had to earn my own dear bread, by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood, from eight years old, I never knew what childhood meant. Ever since I can remember I have had the aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow." In hopeless mill-slavery he sung:

Still all the day the iron wheels go onward,
 Grinding life down from its mark;
 And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
 Spin on blindly in the dark.

When Massey was writing his beautiful poem "Lady Laura," the memory of his infant sufferings in the silk mill wrung from his soul a cry of anguish so like a curse that we tremble at the sound of it with a sort of guilty fear lest it may fall upon us. We wonder whether we have done anything to deserve it, and whether we are partners in that or any kindred wrong:

Pleasant rings the chime that calls to the Bridal Hall or Kirk;
 But the devil might gloatingly pull for the peal that wakes the
 child to work.
 Come, little children, the mill-bell rings, and drowsily they run,
 Little old men and women and human worms who have span
 The life of infancy into silk; and fed, child, mother and wife,
 The factory's smoke of torment with the fuel of human life.
 O wend white faces, and weary bones, and whether they hurry or
 crawl,
 You know them by the factory-stamp, they wear it one and all.

A few bursts of lyric melody that trill among the domestic affections like the canary birds music at home; some martial and patriotic poems ringing like the bugle-call at Balaclava; some amorous wooing of freedom all aflame with desire for the exaltation of labor; some bursts of joy and sorrow mingling in the spring-time of his life, as April days are sometimes made of little bits of sunshine and much rain; and then his poetic strength gave way. His intense genius was exhausted in the first ecstasy of freedom, like some ambitious tree that spends its life-time vigor in one exuberant fruitage, and is barren evermore. For twenty years Massey has done nothing great in poetry. He has written books indeed, but his harp is dumb, and it is too late now to awaken its chords again.

Is it kind in our mother nature to make such high-strung souls as that of Gerald Massey? To be sure they enjoy the brightness of life more keenly than the rest of us, but they suffer more intensely in the cold and darkness of it. In his pain Massey sought sympathy in the spirit-world, and found it; at least he told me so. I believe that Spiritualism is unreal, a trick which some of our faculties play upon the others, an unfair advantage which the imagination takes of our desire for communion with something better than ourselves. But how can I speak for him? He has told me of happy meetings with his dead wife, not in dreams, but in wakeful day, and when she has counselled with him face to face. He has told me of the happiness that comes to him in his sad moments when he hears the bright voice of his dead child calling him "Papa," and feels the palpable weight of her as she climbs upon his knee. I can readily believe him, for the soul that could suffer so keenly at her loss might have power to bring her back. In all the poetry springing out of domestic bereavement there is nothing that I know of so like a flood of tears as "The Ballad of Babe Christabel." Here is a bit of it picked at random, but it is all of equal beauty:

With her white hands clasped she sleepeth; heart is hushed and lips
 are cold;
 Death shrouds up her heaven of beauty, and a weary way I go,
 Like the sheep without a shepherd on the wintry Norland wold,
 With the face of day shut out by blinding snow.

And in the kindred poem, "The Mother's Idol Broken," the same grief-strains break out of his heart, and flow in a deep current that purifies human life, if it does not spiritualize it. There are whole pages of this poem, and all the verses of it are diamonds of equal brilliancy. He doesn't see Death taking his child away, but only some spirits calling for it.

Our Rose was but in blossom;
 Our life was but in Spring;
 When down the solemn midnight
 We heard the spirits sing:
 "Another bud of infancy,
 With holy dewa imperied,"
 And in their hands they bore our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

This is a curl of our poor Splendid's hair!
 A sunny burst of rare and ripe young gold—
 A ring of sinless gold that weds two worlds!
 Our one thing left with her dear life in it.

The domestic poems of Massey brighten every home, and glorify wives and mothers. Some of them in home-grandeur almost rival those of Robert Burns. Here is a bit of one that might aspire to the society of "John Anderson my Jo," which is claiming a good deal:

Her dainty hand nestled in mine, rich and white,
 And timid as trembling dove;
 And it twinkled about me, a jewel of light
 As she garnished our feast of love;
 'Twas the queenliest hand in all lady-land,
 And she was a poor man's wife!
 O! little ye'd think how that wee, white hand
 Could dare in the battle of life.

There is no humor in Massey, at least, none that I have ever found. His poems are all passion, burning, vehement passion, crowded with gorgeous imagery, so crowded indeed as often to obstruct their sweet melodious flow. He is a fervent Englishman. His political anger was never turned against the Mother-land. It smote only the oppressors who had ravished the sceptre out of her hand and made it an instrument of wrong. In the gloomy days of the Crimean war, his heart beat high for England, and his verses thrilled with the old heroic fire. How this bit makes the pulses throb:

I had a gallant brother, loved at home, and dear to me—
I have a mourning mother, winsome wife, and children three—
He lies with Balaklava's dead. But let the old land call,
We would give our living remnant, we would follow one and all!

I had a brother in the "Light Brigade," in the Crimean war, and maybe that's another tie between Gerald Massey and me. I join in his song to England.

The old nursing mother's not hoary yet,
There is sap in her Saxon tree;
Lo! she lifteth a bosom of glory yet,
Through her mists, to the Sun and the Sea.
Fair as the Queen of Love, fresh from the foam,
Or a star in a dark cloud yet;
Ye may blazon her shame—ye may leap at her name—
But there's life in the Old Land set.

In the democracy of Gerald Massey, the "higher classes" are the people who work for a living, the "lower classes" are the idlers who live on the sweat of others. The old chivalry is abolished, and the Chivalry of Labor takes its place. Knighthood can only be won in the field of usefulness and toil. Here is a song worthy to be the anthem of the Knights of Labor all over the world.

Uprouse ye now, brave brother band,
With honest heart and working hand.
We are but few, toil-tied and true,
Yet hearts beat high to dare and do.
And who would not a champion be
In labor's lordlier chivalry?

O! there are hearts that ache to see
The day-dawn of our victory.
Eyes full of heart-break with us plead,
And watchers weep and martyr's bleed.
O! who would not a champion be
In labor's lordlier chivalry?
Work, brothers mine; work hand and brain;
We'll win the Golden Age again.
And Love's Millenniumal morn shall rise
In happy hearts and blessed eyes,
Hurrah! hurrah! true knights are we
In labor's lordlier chivalry.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

"REMEMBER that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day." These words by the Jewish Law-giver, and put in force, by our modern teachers, are often a subject of discussion as to the form and degree in which they should be carried out. The ministers of various religious denominations teach as a God-given command: "Keep holy the Sabbath Day, in it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant and thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates?" Yet we often see many of these teachers going to their several places of worship in their carriages drawn by their cattle, and driven by their own servant. If they are told of this they plead expediency, thus giving a lie to their own teaching; as though He who gave the command did not know, or did not foresee the necessity for such travelling. Either the command is not of God, or they are bound to obey it. But what effect has this teaching and acting on the minds of the people? Why they either doubt the divine origin of the Sabbath or the sanctity of the teacher; they may look upon the institution of the Sabbath as a means simply for the benefit of the priesthood, to enable them to profit by its observance. As a certain writer has written: "Large buildings are erected and expected to be filled for the purpose of feeding the vanity, and filling the pockets of the priesthood."

The setting apart every seventh day as a time for relaxation from toil is a blessed and a wise provision, but reason tells us it should be one of degree; is the toiler, perhaps, in some loathsome works, before a blazing

furnace, or cooped up in a crowded workshop or factory for six days in the week, to be called upon to devote the same time and attention on the seventh as the wealthy, whose time is all his own, who can devote any or every day of the seven to his amusement or pleasure, who can go where and when he pleases?

The words of the First Psalm are:

"How blest is he who never consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinner's ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.
But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night."

These are beautiful words, and if taken for our instruction, I would ask, where can the toiler spend his Sabbath away from bad company and the cup that deadens, better than by an excursion by rail or boat? If free from the seat of the profane, where better can he spend his Sabbath than in the museum or public library? If to study the perfect law of God, where will he find it written if not in the book of nature? Then let the toiler on the seventh day have the opportunity of going abroad and viewing the glorious sun and flowing river, the lovely landscape and the sterile rock, the green meadow and the yellow heath; let him have his one day in seven to visit the museum, the picture gallery, or the public library, while the wealthy has the opportunity every day; one hour in the morning and one in the evening for true worship, for it is reasonable to suppose that our heavenly Father commands our devotion every day alike. As the sun shines on the just and on the unjust, so does it shine on each day of the seven.

"It is truly vexatious, eighteen hundred years after Paul's career, to have to fight Paul's battles against those who profess themselves not only his grateful children, but his unreasoning disciples. It is indeed superfluous here to prove what is on the face of the New Testament, that Sundays are not Sabbaths, that Sabbaths are no part of Gentile Christianity, and that Sundays have in the Scripture nothing to do with abstinence from worldly business. The Puritan School of England and Scotland shuts its eyes to the plainest facts, because it believes it to be useful to hold that Sunday is Sabbath, and Sabbath binding upon us. In vain we point to Paul's contemptuous disavowal of Sabbaths, and to his declaration that he who disregards sacred days is justified, so that he only disregards them to the Lord. In vain it may be proved from the Christian history that until Constantine, Sunday was a working day with Christians. In vain will it be shown that all the great Reformers held the ancient and Catholic doctrine that the observance of Sunday is a mere ordinance of the Church, not a command of God; and that until the English and Scotch Sabbatarians (late in the 16th century) invented the Puritanical doctrine on the subject, it was unknown to the Christian Church."—"Newman On the Soul," p. 121.

Our every act should be a devotion to Him—the giver of all good—every day; what was the foundation, or what the essence of the teaching of the lowly Jesus? It was it not complete unselfishness? Should we not follow His example, and although we do not possess wealth and property alike yet we have an equal claim on the powers of those in high places to give to every one the opportunity of serving his Maker according to his own views. Did the lowly Nazarene, when He healed the sick, and His disciples plucked the ears of corn on the Sabbath Day, deny the Jew the observance of the sanctity of his Sabbath?—No! Then let each one observe the Sabbath as seemeth to him best, either by rest, recreation, or devotion. Devotion to be pure cannot be constrained. Some may wish to spend the whole day in public worship, while others would prefer following the advice of "Pollock," when he says:—

"Let the snowy mountain
The rippling streamlet, and the moss-crowned rock,
The murmuring brook, and the shady dell,
The starry heavens, and the moonlit gleam
Be thy companions! These deceive not!
While they purify, enapture, and elevate thee!"

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SPIRITUALISTIC LITERATURE FOR THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Our friend the late Mr. James Shaw was in the habit of sending at intervals a parcel of Spiritualistic literature to the Melbourne Public Library, and as he would no doubt have continued to do so had he remained in the body, we have devoted Ten pounds of the money left in our trust to the purchase of the following books, which will form a substantial addition to the list of excellent works already there. For the information of our readers who may contemplate using these books, they will find all the Spiritualistic literature in the "Non-Christian Religions" section under the heading of "Spiritualism."

American Spiritual Magazine, vols. II. and III.; Proceedings of First, Second, and Third Conventions of British Spiritualists; Clock struck Three; Chronicles of Spirit-Photography; Ethics of Spiritualism (Tuttle); Evenings at Home in Spiritual Séance; Higher Aspects of Spiritualism; Hints for Evidences of Spiritualism, Is Materialisation True, and other Lectures (Mrs. Tappan); Edmond's Letters on Spiritualism; Man and his Relations (Brittan); Psycho-Physiological Sciences; Psychic Facts; Religion of Spiritualism (Watson); Babbitt's Religion; Scientific Basis of Spiritualism; Spirit-Identity; Spiritualism, by Alexander; Theosophy and the Higher Life (Wylde); Spirits before our Eyes; On the Soul, by Peary Chand Mittra; Spiritual Tracts (Judge Edmonds); Zollner's Transcendental Physics; Where

are the Dead! (Binney); Battle Ground of Spiritual Reformation; Brittan's Review of Rev. Chas. Beecher's Report on Spiritualism; Biographical Sketches of Prominent Spiritualists; Contrast—Evangelicism and Spiritualism (Hull); Discourses through Mediumship of Mrs. Tappan; Essay on Spiritual Evolution; Experiences in Spiritualism (Mrs. Catherine Berry); Human Immortality proved by Facts (Report of Debate between Chas. Bradlaugh and James Burns); Immortality, its People, Punishments, and Pursuits (Morris); The Inner Life and Spirit Mysteries Explained (A. J. Davis); Immortality, our Homes and Employments Hereafter (Dr. Peebles); The Life, a Series of Spiritual Communications; Modern Spiritual Manifestations (reprint of What's O'clock); Psychological Review, vols. III., IV., and V.; Spirit Teachings; Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation.

In addition to the above there are now on the shelves of the Public Library about one hundred volumes, in which the facts, philosophy, and claims of Spiritualism are in various ways presented to the enquiring public mind.

CLEAR LIGHT FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.*

It is only occasionally that leading European and American publishers undertake the publication of purely Spiritualistic literature, but in some instances where the literary merit of the work is backed up by the social position of the writer, they venture to risk the opprobrium of their orthodox patrons and possible perspective loss arising from their prejudices. Be that as it may, whatever the motives of the publishers, those interested in the spread of spiritual truth will feel thankful to Messrs. Carleton and Co. for their part in the presentation of this book to the world, for from that source it is likely to find many channels of distribution not reached by Spiritualistic publishing firms.

The book is a simple relation of experiences of an intelligent and religiously disposed mind out of the darkness and uncertainty of current theology into the light and knowledge of Spiritualism. She is evidently a lady of some literary experience, travelled, cultured, and moving in the higher walks of life. Having satisfied herself by a careful perusal of the Old and New Testaments that the continued existence of the soul in a spiritual body after death, and its return to communicate with mortals, as evidenced in the spiritual manifestations there recorded, were the very foundation of Christian faith and worship; and having fortified this by an examination of the Greek classics, Egyptology, and the ancient religions of the east, which reveal a general belief in gods or spiritual beings, her researches ended in establishing an unwavering conviction that so far as the record went, Spiritualism was the foundation of all religious beliefs. She, therefore, wisely determined to test the truth of the alleged manifestations of modern times with the object of substituting knowledge for faith. In this investigation she was particularly fortunate, meeting with such a series of tests, appealing with so much force and cogency to the senses and intellect as to compel conviction. In the relation of her varied experiences, the writer exhibits a rare faculty of condensation, presenting in a chapter of two or three pages all the essential incidents of a remarkable séance without heaviness or undue terseness; indeed the volume is as interesting as the most thrilling work of fiction, though its simplicity and earnestness are exceptional. For this reason it is an excellent book for general circulation, as it cannot fail to interest even those who are strangers to the subject, many of whom would not have the patience to peruse other equally valuable but differently written works.

In her "Parting Words" the writer says, referring to the religion of faith and its influence to meet the requirements of the soul: "No, No! I early trod that road; it gave me no certainty; and it left me miserable, for I did not *surely* know where I was going. Faith did not satisfy me; I wanted knowledge."

* "Clear Light from the Spirit World," by Kate Irving. New York: Carleton and Co. 1884. London: Sampson, Low, Son, and Co.

That knowledge I found, and it has been a source of so much comfort to me that I would not part with it for all the wealth of the earth. I did not write this poor little book for Spiritualists alone; they know all the lessons I attempt to teach; but I wished to win some others to the CLEAR LIGHT which beams on us, only from the SPIRIT WORLD."

TO FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

The present issue of the *Harbinger* completes our fourteenth year of publication. Our paper has a considerable circulation extending over a wide area, but from many causes which it is unnecessary here to detail brings us no pecuniary recompense for our labour. We are content that it should be so, provided that the principles it advocates and the knowledge of man's future that it gives are disseminated to the advantage of humanity, but the increase of circulation, especially in distant places, depends upon the use our subscribers and friends make of their copies. If they bring it under the notice of their acquaintances, there are few but what could get at least one subscriber, and many who could get more. We shall be happy to send specimen copies and subscription forms to any friend who can utilise them. Subscribers are respectfully requested to send in their subscriptions promptly. Those receiving their papers in a coloured wrapper will know that they owe for the past as well as the coming volume.

THE members of the Scots Church Literary Association are becoming famous for the courage with which they introduce for discussion subjects generally tabooed among the "unco' guid." Not long since two evenings were devoted to Spiritualism, and more recently one to "Animal Magnetism," introduced by a lady, who wrote a nice little essay on the subject, admitting so far as she went (for she only just touched the margin of a wide field) that it was both a reality, and—especially from a curative point of view, a benefit. Other speakers followed, all more or less in its favour, and the proceedings terminated with a practical demonstration of at least one branch of it by a magnetiser present (by permission of the chairman) who "biologised" a young man, and rendered his arm stiff. It seems quite a sign of the times when demonstration of a class of phenomena which are yet deemed by some worthy Christian people to savor of the eerie or diabolical are witnessed within the precincts of a sacred edifice.

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