

# 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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In April last we gave a review of the second report on Mesmerism of the (London) Society for Psychical Research, with copious extracts, tending to prove the transmission without contact of a fluidic force from the operator to the subject. From the third report, recently to hand, it appears that the committee are still working on the same lines, the particular phase being the transference of motor or inhibitory impulses. The experiments were carried out at the house of Professor Barrett, in Dublin, the operator, Mr. C. A. Smith (the same as in the last series), but the subject on this occasion (a youth named Fearnley), was an entire stranger to him and ignorant of the nature of the experiment about to be tried.

Having put the subject into the magnetic state, the operator and Professor Barrett placed themselves in such a position as to be out of the range of his normal vision, the latter holding in his hand a card, on which was written the words, "Yes" and "No." It was arranged that the Professor should say in a uniform tone of voice, "Now will you open your hand?" and at the same time pointing to one of the words, Mr. Smith was to will, in accordance with the word pointed to. Twenty trials were made, and in seventeen of them the hand was opened or not opened according to the action of the operator's will. The experiment which followed was still more interesting. Professor Barrett says:—

"The word 'Yes' was written on one, and the word 'No' on the other, of two precisely similar pieces of card. One or other of these cards was handed to Mr. Smith at my arbitrary pleasure, care, of course, being taken that the 'subject' had no opportunity of seeing the card, even had he been awake. When 'Yes' was handed, Mr. Smith was silently to will the 'subject' to answer aloud in response to the question asked by me, 'Do you hear me?'

When 'No' was handed Mr. Smith was to will that no response should be made in reply to the same question. The object of this series of experiments was to note the effect of increasing the distance between the willer and the willed, the agent and the percipient. In the first instance Mr. Smith was placed three feet from the 'subject,' who remained throughout apparently asleep in an arm-chair in one corner of my study.

"At three feet apart, 25 trials were successively made and in every case the 'subject' responded or did not respond in exact accordance with the silent will of Mr. Smith, as directed by me.

"At 6 feet apart six similar trials were made without a single failure.

"At 12 feet apart six more trials were made without a single failure.

"At 17 feet apart six more trials were made without a single failure.

"In this last case Mr. Smith had to be placed outside the study door, which was then closed with the exception of a narrow chink just wide enough to admit of passing a card in or out, whilst I remained in the study observing the 'subject.' To avoid any possible indication from the tone in which I asked the question, in all cases except the first dozen experiments, I shuffled the cards face downwards, and then handed the unknown 'Yes' or 'No' to Mr. Smith, who looked at the card and willed accordingly. I noted down the result, and then, and not till then, looked at the card.

"A final experiment was made when Mr. Smith was taken across the hall and placed in the dining-room, at the distance of about 30 feet from the 'subject,' two doors, both quite closed intervening. Under these conditions, three trials were made with success, the 'Yes' response being, however, very faint and hardly audible to me, who returned to the study to ask the usual question after handing the card to the distant operator. At this point, the 'subject' fell into a deep sleep, and made no further replies to the questions addressed to him.

"Omitting these final experiments, the total number of successive trials at different distances was 43. If the result had been due to accident, there would have been an even chance of failures and of successes, whereas in fact there was not a single failure in the entire series."

Subsequently twelve trials were made in an absolutely dark room, Professor Barrett's intention being conveyed to the operator by pressure of the hand; the whole of these were successful. In reference to these experiments the Professor says that the proof of the existence of a peculiar rapport between operator and subject was simply overwhelming. He further mentions that he several times exerted his will in opposition to that of the operator, but in every case unsuccessfully, that of the operator

invariably triumphing. The next experiment related to the transference of pains and tastes—the subject in this instance being a young cabinet-maker named Conway.

Conway sat with his eyes closed in a tolerably deep sleep; Mr. Smith and Professor Barrett stood behind him, the former preserving absolute silence; the latter says:

"I from time to time asked Conway whether he felt anything but of course gave no guiding hint or indication of whether he was right or wrong.

"I pinched Mr. Smith's right upper arm. Conway at once showed signs of pain, rubbed his right hand, then passed his left hand up to his right shoulder, and finally localised the exact spot.

"I silently changed to Mr. Smith's left arm. In a very few seconds Conway's right hand flew to the corresponding place on his own left arm, and he rubbed it, uttering strong complaints.

"I nipped the lobe of Mr. Smith's right ear. Conway first rubbed the right side of his neck close to his ear; he then complained of his right leg, and used threats. I then gave a severe nip to his own right ear; and he made no sign of any sort. He then rubbed close to the left ear, and finally localised the spot on that ear exactly corresponding to the place touched on Mr. Smith's right ear.

"I now pinched the right side of Mr. Smith's right thigh. Conway, without receiving any hint that he was expected to feel anything, immediately began to rub the corresponding part of his left leg."

These experiments clearly establish a sympathetic connection between operator and subject, but not entire community of sensation, as it will be observed that the subject was insensible to pain through his physical organisation, and it does not appear that the pain—that under ordinary circumstances would have been felt by him when his ear was severely pinched by the Professor—was transmitted to the operator. From this we may not unreasonably infer a continuous flow of force from the operator, or polarity, of which he is the positive, and the subject the negative, poles.

The experiments in transference of taste, though generally successful, were not perfectly so. This might be due to the subject's want of power to express clearly his sensations, but more we are inclined to think from the psychometric influences of the different substances tasted upon each other, as the first things tasted by the operator were pretty accurately described by the two sensitives.

These experiments, interesting as they are, do not disclose any new fact in Mesmerism to the initiated; this the committee appear to be aware of by appending to their report extracts from several well-known writers on Mesmerism who have preceded them in similar experiments, but their value lies in the verification of these previous experiments and the bringing of the facts more prominently before the public—facts that have an important bearing upon phenomena as yet unrecognised by the masses, but destined ere long to revolutionise medical science by placing in the hands of the laity a power to heal both mental and physical disease, at present claimed but very imperfectly exercised, by the medical faculty.

We have recently received a parcel of Mr. Watson's "Religion of Spiritualism," and have also in stock copies of his "Clock Struck One," and "Clock Struck Three." They are all excellent works and moderate in price.

#### GERALD MASSEY AT BALLARAT.

MR. MASSEY gave three lectures at the Mechanics' Institute, Ballarat, a few weeks since. The first two being literary ones, went off smoothly, the third "The Devil of Darkness" involving Man Friday's question "Why does not God kill the Devil?" and impinging upon popular faith in that important factor in the orthodox system of religion, was destined for a different fate. The circumstances were as follows:—The Mayor of Ballarat West having taken the chair at the former lecture, it was thought appropriate to ask the "Eastern" Mayor to fill it on this occasion. This gentleman (Mr. Thomas Walker) is more orthodox than his Sydney namesake, and this being known, intimation was sent to him on the day of the lecture of the nature of it that he might have the opportunity to withdraw. He, however, held to his agreement, and on his taking the chair in the evening, Mr. Massey prefaced his lecture by stating that in taking the chair Mr. Walker was not responsible for any opinions he (the lecturer) might give utterance to. The lecture proceeded without interruption from the audience, but to the astonishment of many the chairman rose in the midst of it, characterised it as "twaddle" and invited all "good Christians" to follow him from the room. The *Courier* says about a dozen did so, but we are informed by one who counted them that the exact number was seven. Only seven "good Christians" in the crowd, and a suspicion that some of these may have been moved by fear of incurring His Worship's displeasure. Mr. Massey continued his discourse and was awarded a hearty vote of thanks at the close of it. The local press was pretty unanimous in its condemnation of the chairman's conduct, but on the following evening at a farewell meeting to Mrs. Hampson, the evangelist, the Rev. J. W. Inglis referred to the matter in very strong language, eulogising Mr. Walker's action and reflecting upon the committee of the Mechanics' Institute for allowing the Hall to be used for such ungodly purposes. This inflammatory speech seems to have been too much for the patience of reasonable people, and quite a stream of correspondence has flown into the columns of the *Star* and *Courier*, the current being a decidedly adverse one to both Mr. Walker and his Rev. backer. The whole matter has been very well summed up by "Tom Touchstone," a regular contributor to the *Courier*, who on the 15th ult. fills nearly two columns with a very impartial review of the affair which he concludes as follows:—

"I notice that numbers of persons are anxious that Mr. Massey should re-deliver this lecture, and if he did, I think he would have a much better audience. I firmly believe that if this lecture was to be heard, or, better still, published and carefully read, numbers who now, only hearing of it from people who did hear it, or did not hear it all, would form a very different impression of it, though like myself they might be still unwilling to endorse every opinion or theory expressed in it. But they certainly would not accuse Mr. Massey of being one of those fools who say in their heart, 'There is no God!' Certainly it would be found that Mr. Massey denies the divinity of Christ, but as Archbishop Whately says, 'The term 'Christian' will include many who hold what appears to us very false notions of Christianity—as, for instance, Unitarians. We are not justified in denying that title to a Unitarian on the ground that he denies what we hold as an essential doctrine of Christianity.' I think Archbishop Whately would shake hands with Mr. Massey as a Christian outside the Anglican Church, and what Whately would do so may I do."

From a recent letter of Mr. Reimers we find that spontaneous manifestations have broken out at his residence in Adelaide. Loud raps are heard in various parts of the room, startling visitors and causing some alarm; these are followed by gentler and more euphonious sounds. We shall be pleased to hear of further developments of the phenomena.

The greatest appetizer, stomach, blood, and liver regulator on earth—Hop Bitters. Look for and read.

## NEW ZEALAND.

GREYTOWN.—The spiritualistic movement in this township does not decrease in interest, and the number of persons who have become interested in the phenomena has led to a desire to have a society for investigation purposes. There is a great want of literature upon the subject, and when the society gets fairly to work this want will be supplied. A correspondent of the *New Zealand Times* writes as follows in that paper of the 12th August—

"I was present at a trance sitting at Greytown the other evening, and all present appeared to enjoy the exercises. While singing the medium was entranced, and during the evening no less than twenty unseen intelligences communicated—some on spirit life, others on the duties and responsibilities of this life, while others greeted their friends and relatives with many expressions of joy and love. Some of the addresses were very good and it was evident that the medium had nothing whatever to do with what was said. The entrancement lasted for two hours and three-quarters, and when the controls awoke her she appeared in no way fatigued. There is another gifted medium in Greytown by the name of McLennan; she is a young married woman, and her powers resemble those of Mrs. Ada Foye, who some time ago visited Australia. In the trance state Mrs. McLennan speaks with enough power to be heard in a large hall, and several persons have had the pleasure of listening to her during the last three weeks in her own dwelling. Her most remarkable development is, she can see the spirit forms distinctly like Mrs. Foye, and describe their appearance. A party of investigators is meeting twice a week for materialisation. A room is set apart for the purpose, and a cabinet used. The movement does not decrease in interest. As fresh mediums develop the number of inquirers increase. I have just heard of an old settler who cannot write, and strange to say, he has developed as a writing medium. Several persons have visited the Nation Family from all parts of the Wairarapa. While sitting with the family the visitors are supplied with writing material and told to hold the hand over the paper. This plan has resulted in the development of numbers and they have been convinced by proof given through their own hands.

### "M.A. (OXON.)" ON PSYCHOGRAPHY AND "PRECIPITATION."

In a highly interesting article in *Light*, July 12th, 1884, on the above subject, "M.A. (Oxon.," discusses in a most philosophical manner the *modus operandi* of what is commonly called spirit-writing. In connection with that subject I desire to bring under the notice of that celebrated expounder of spiritual phenomena the view of the lately deceased Eliphas Lévi, expressed by him in one of his works on "Haute Magic." I don't know now, as I have not his works at hand, whether it is in his "*Dogme et Rituel de la haute Magic*," or in his "*Clef des Grand Mystères*," or finally, in his "*La Science des Esprits*," that he asserts that spirit-writing is produced through the aid of the blood of the medium, which by an occult process of spirit chemistry is "precipitated" on the paper. He further goes on to say, if my memory serves me right, that a clairvoyant medium would be able also to see that the digits of the medium are elongated to a considerable extent beyond the natural extent of the terminal joints, and are thus enabled to handle pens or pencils to write with, although the ordinary observer can see nothing else than the pen or pencil as if directed by invisible hands.

This struck me at the time I was reading the statement as at least an original interpretation of the occult phenomena of both psychography and the movement of heavy bodies by invisible levers; and I often thought that it would be worth while to make scientific experiments on the subject in the direction indicated by that renowned—and at least by Madame Blavatsky highly esteemed—philosopher of Occultism. It would also perhaps be conducive to a solution of the question, nega-

tively or positively, if the psychographic writing, especially the red and the blue, were submitted both to chemical and microscopical examination, with a view of finding out whether the substance used in writing is of organic or inorganic origin, and if there are traces of blood-corpuscles discoverable, as might be the case, if Eliphas Lévi's view of the blood of the medium being the vehicle is correct. If it is a fact, which could easily be established by the use of a reliable clairvoyant watching the process of spirit-writing done by another medium, that the fingers of the writing-medium become inviscidally elongated during writing, the explanation of the slate-writing would become considerably facilitated, as it would be quite easy to comprehend how perispiritual digits could lay hold of a small fragment of pencil and write on the inner sides of a double slate. The production of the phenomena called *stigmata*, and the appearance of blood-red characters on the bare arms of Charles Fortes, as I have seen them with my own eyes some eleven years ago, in Melbourne, might also come in as auxiliary hints towards a final elucidation of the whole subject here under discussion.

Not having the opportunity of experimenting personally on the above important subject, I humbly beg to submit these merely theoretical views to the consideration of "M.A. (Oxon.," and should like very much to hear his opinion in some forthcoming "Notes by the Way," which notes form so interesting a portion of each issue of *Light*. In conclusion I am sorry not to be able to point directly to the volume and page where I read these occult hints of Eliphas Lévi, but I have no doubt that any student of his works can readily find them; and I have somehow a shrewd notion that Madame Blavatsky, above all students of the occult, knows all about the matter here under discussion, as I take her to be one of the greatest admirers of Eliphas Lévi, although Lytton Bulwer could make nothing of the Parisian magician and mystic.

C. W. ROHNER, M.D.

Tungamah, October 2nd, 1884.

### FREETHOUGHT & SPIRITUALISM IN BRISBANE.

FREETHOUGHT and Spiritualism, so far as an organised propaganda is concerned, is as dead as the proverbial door-nail. Although lacking organisation, both phases of thought have their numerous adherents, who if united in action would be instrumental in widening the otherwise narrow sphere of thought in this city. I can give substantial reasons for the unorganised condition of Spiritualism, here especially, but I cannot do the same for freethought as a propaganda movement which has before it an illimitable field of operation waiting, nay, inviting immediate action. It is probably as well to explain here that Freethought in Brisbane is not the same as that espoused by that class of thinkers more correctly named atheists and secularists. It is a freethought more in conformity with the liberal and legitimate meaning of the word than any I have mentioned or known of. With one or two exceptions the members of the Brisbane Freethought Association are men of a broad and receptive mind, who are ever willing to give due consideration to facts from whatever source, without fear of what effect they may have on their former opinions. The Spiritualists are among the members of the above Association, and seem to work harmoniously with their co-workers of the opposite belief. The seeds sown here by the late Professor Denton, Miss Ada Campbell and others, wants assisting and watching or they will never develop and bear the fruit which those who sowed them expected. The gentleman who is lecturing for the Association is Mr. Henry Burton, who arrived here from England some few months ago, with excellent credentials as a lecturer of no mean capacity. He was induced to give a lecture for the Association shortly after his arrival, the impression then made fully confirmed the high opinion his English friends had expressed in a testimonial presented to him before leaving. The Association saw they had got a man capable of championing their cause and consequently engaged

him to deliver a lecture every Sunday evening in the Albert Hall. Since his engagement he has delivered lectures on a great variety of subjects, embracing a wide range of thought. The lecture on "Free Will and Necessity" was acknowledged to be the ablest and most profound ever delivered in Brisbane. His criticisms of Church Christianity were pungent, piercing and pointed; especially so in his discourse on the Nazirite whose worshippers must have felt keenly on seeing the veil of myth and mystery torn from their idol. Mr. Burton's proper sphere is on the Spiritualistic platform. Of his work in that direction in the North of England, Mrs. Hardinge Britten speaks as follows in her work on *Nineteenth Century Miracles*:—"One of the most eloquent, sincere, and popular lecturers is Mr. Henry Burton, a good and true man whose life and preaching are both well calculated to demonstrate the exalting influence of spirit-teaching." It is to be deeply regretted that the Spiritualists here and there, who sympathise with them do not take the opportunity of giving Mr. Burton a larger and more permanent field of operation, and secure the services of an able and devoted servant of the cause. Mr. Burton is fortunate in having several very staunch friends, who have shown by their generous and practical sympathy their high appreciation of his abilities. This sympathy has no doubt assisted very materially in his success in having sown broad cast the seeds of truth during the few months he has been lecturing. Could his operations not be extended? The Church maintains the propaganda of its doctrines with great pertinacity and zeal. Will those who know its folly and rottenness be less pertinacious and zealous in the propaganda of truths that widen the human understanding, and sympathies, and free humanity from the thralldom of doctrines which criss, cabins, and confines the mind? What will the answer be—a passing consideration or a rush into the breach?

#### JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

[We received the following short sketch of the life of John Critchley Prince from our friend "T. L." early last month, and by a singular coincidence the first number of the *Sydney Liberal* which reached us after, contained the first of a series of letters on the same subject by Mr. Robert White. As in all probability the larger number of our readers do not see the *Liberal*, we venture to present "T. L.'s" interesting sketch of "The Poet of Nature," whose early career resembles in many respects that of the "Poet of the People" now amongst us.]

In November, 1882, a lecture was delivered in Melbourne, by our good friend William Denton, on "The Science of Religion." All who were present were fascinated by his recital during the lecture of a poem by John Critchley Prince, which began thus:

"My religion is love: 'tis the noblest, the purest;  
My temple the universe, wisest and surest:  
I worship my God through his works that are fair;  
And the joy of my heart is perpetual prayer."

The beautiful lecture was reported *verbatim* in the *Harbinger of Light* of 1st December, 1882; and this fine poem was given in full. Every one was now anxious to ascertain who was the unknown poet: was he an American; was he an Englishman? did he write anything else? where was he born? where did he live? when did he die? had he a wife, or sister, or brother, uncle or aunt, or father or mother? But no one could reply; even the lecturer himself knew little; all he could say was that he was an Englishman. Months elapsed before any information was obtained, and indeed it is only a few weeks ago that I received from my esteemed friend Mr. E. Jephcott, who resides in the Upper Murray district, a copy of the *Christian Teacher* for April, 1842. In that magazine there is a review of a volume of poems, "Hours with the Muses," which he had published, and also a sketch of his life up to that date. I am very sure that many of those who heard the above poem will be glad to receive the following information, and will sympathise with the poor poet, possessed of such a noble soul.

He was born at Wigan in Lancashire in 1808. His father made reeds for the weavers, and supported a family of several children by this precarious business. The poor boy received a scanty education at a Sunday School, and he became passionately fond of reading any stray books he could procure. At the age of nine he was put to his father's trade, and obliged to work 14 to 16 hours a day. Still he would steal from his bed when the rest of the family were asleep, to read, in the dim light of the fire, such romances as those of Monk Lewis, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Defoe. His father, who was a severe man, endeavoured by all means to check his son's mental activity; and the whole family lived in great poverty and discomfort. The poor fellow fell in love with a gentle and amiable girl while he was very young, and the two were married before he was nineteen. His family of three dear little children had to be fed, and at last finding it difficult to procure the necessities of life, he went to seek for work in France and Germany. Alas! alas! he was worse off than before; during his absence his wife and children had to take refuge in the work-house, and he himself was reduced to abject poverty.

"At length worn out, I left my cheerless home,  
Though rashly, in another land to roam,  
Where I became the poorest of the poor,  
For I was forced (Oh! soul-degrading task!)  
With low and supplicating voice to ask  
The morsel of bitter bread from door to door.

From house to house—from crowded town to town  
A wretched outcast wandering up and down,  
From every little comfort kept aloof,  
Without a shelter, naked and unfed,  
The cold and stony ground my only bed,  
The dark inclement sky my only roof."

His poetic spirit supported him throughout, and enabled him keenly to enjoy the beauties of his journey, and explore with ardent curiosity everything worthy of attention. He writes:—

"My mind drank beauty, as the sandy plain  
Absorbs the freshness of the summer rain,  
That falls so sweetly on its burning face;  
At every forward step some strange delight  
Wakened my slumbering heart, and charmed my sight  
With some new feature of surpassing grace."

After his return to England, Prince removed his family from the workhouse, but the sufferings they afterwards endured were dreadful; they had the utmost difficulty to obtain work of any kind, and were often on the brink of absolute starvation. The volume referred to above was published with the view of raising funds to relieve their dire distress. He was a man of very retiring disposition. He seemed to pass through these agonising troubles rather as an observing wayfarer than as participating therein. His ill success in the world was fairly attributable to want of confidence in himself.

John Critchley Prince had deep and earnest sympathetic feeling for his fellow workmen—for those who might well be called his fellow sufferers, but he indulged in no envious feelings towards those above him in social rank or riches. He had no Utopian dreams of universal wealth and freedom from hardships.

What was his after career is not known to us. We fear that his circumstances would not improve until he reached the haven of rest in his Heavenly Father's kingdom.

We shall give just one more specimen of our poet's work before we conclude:—

#### "WHO ARE THE WISE?"

They who have governed with a self-control  
Each wild and baneful passion of the soul:  
Curbed the strong impulse of all fierce desires,  
But kept alive affection's purer fires;  
They who have passed the labyrinth of life  
Without one hour of weakness or of strife,  
Prepared each change of fortune to endure,  
Humble though rich, and dignified though poor;  
Skilled in the latent movements of the heart,  
Learned in that lore which nature can impart:  
Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud  
Which sees the 'silver lining' of the cloud,  
Looking for good in all beneath the skies,—  
These are the truly wise!

#### WHO ARE THE BLEST?

They who have kept their sympathies awake,  
And scattered good for more than custom's sake,



Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,  
Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed :  
Whose looks have power to make dissension cease,  
Whose smiles are pleasant and whose words are peace.  
They who have lived as harmless as the dove,  
Teachers of truth, and ministers of love ;  
Love for all moral power, all mental grace,  
Love for the humblest of the human race,—  
Love for the tranquil joy which virtue brings—  
Love for the Giver of all goodly things :  
True followers of that soul-exalting plan  
Which Christ laid down to bless and govern man ;

They who can calmly linger at the last,  
Survey the future and recall the past,  
And with that hope that triumphs over pain,  
Feel well assured they have not lived in vain,  
Then wait in peace their hour of final rest :—  
These are the only Blest !"

T.L.

[Since the fore-going was written four interesting and well-written articles have appeared in the *Sydney Liberal*, giving more details of the life and works of John Critchley Prince. His poems, in two volumes, were published by Dr. Lithgow in 1880 in Manchester, also a Biography of the poet in one volume.

Mr. White concludes his article thus :—"During his latter days he suffered severely from poverty and disease, and he became almost blind, but he endured all without repining, and calmly waited on the great deliverer, death, to relieve him from his sufferings. A few days before it came he went out, supported by his wife and daughter, to have his final ramble, and his last look at the hills and vales he had loved so well, and had so often celebrated in undying song. It was a fine spring morning, the birds making the air ring with their melody, the trees were adorned with their new leaves of living green, the clouds chasing each other along the sky, the glorious sun sending down his heat and light and vitalising power, and all Nature appearing in her brightest aspect to give the tottering, dying bard, who had so sweetly sung her praises, and so reverently worshipped at her shrine, a loving farewell. On the 5th of May, 1866, in the fifty eighth year of his age, in his residence at Hyde, poor John Critchley Prince passed away from earth, poverty, and care, to that high life for which his gentle spirit was so well fitted."—T.L.]

### To Correspondents.

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

#### MR. PETER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—In your remarks on my letter, headed "Spirits or Shells," in your issue of August 1st, 1884, you very properly say that I have not exactly explained who "Peter," the "spirit-guide" of Mr. Spriggs, is. Neither did I propose to give such an explanation, as I have not had the honor of forming the acquaintance of "Peter ;" neither did I know anything about his peculiarities until I saw your remarks. My letter was therefore not so much for the purpose of establishing Peter's personal character as to assist to examine what these "familiar spirits" may be. The explanations of spiritualistic phenomena are almost as varied as the phenomena themselves, and no explanation should be undertaken unless we are fully acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. Thanks to your information I now know a little more of "Peter," and I am now fully persuaded to believe that he is neither Mr. Spriggs' "double," nor is he a "shell" or "pisacha" (elementary spirit). My previous explanation, therefore, although applying to a large class of "spiritual" phenomena, does not apply to this "Peter." However, I think I can class him without endowing him with the attributes of a departed human spirit, and I shall thereby avoid the necessity of explaining "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," a phenomenon which needs no explanation, because as far as I know it has never occurred and is an impossibility.

If the heading of my article had been "Mr. Peter," instead of "Spirits or Shells," I should have been more careful in expressing my belief about him, but I intended to deal only with the general aspect of "spirits" and "shells," and treated Mr. Peter as an ordinary "materialised spirit" such as I have frequently seen and conversed with, and I humbly beg Peter's pardon.

But who is "Mr. Peter ?" I suppose he belongs to the same family as another "Peter" with whom I am personally acquainted, and to whom I am under obligations for the interest which he takes in my affairs. Sometimes I hear his audible voice in the air, while I am in full consciousness, and sometimes I see him, and his form changes so as to indicate coming events. Sometimes I see him in a beautiful form, and a day or two after that something agreeable happens. Sometimes he or it appears in the shape of an ugly old hag sitting growling in a corner, and I may then prepare myself to hear something disagreeable. If it is going to be very disagreeable, the old hag will appear close before me, looking at me with an expression of fury, showing the snags in her mouth, and taking a position as if she were going to fly at me and to scratch my face with her nails. Sometimes "Peter" (as I will call it) appears in the form of a circus-clown, and something ludicrous is sure to happen the next day. I have also seen "Peter" in animal forms, and I never object to his coming ; but he does not come when I want him, he only comes when he pleases, and always when he is not expected.

But I know a young Hindu in Madras, who has a "Peter" that comes whenever he wants him, and also when he is not wanted. He talks and argues and makes his conditions under which he will serve : he appears in a good-looking female form ; and he (or she) also fetches him such things as he wants. He brings him fruit and vegetables in or out of season, and if Mr. N—— wants anything from a shop or from the market, all he has to do is to touch the article with his finger, and by the time he gets home the thing is already there. I have had myself plants brought to me in a similar manner. Mr. N—— complains that his "Peter" exhausts his vitality, and he wants to get rid of him, but "Peter" will not go.

In the district of Mysore is a small town called Shringeri, and in that town is a public library, which is in the sole and entire charge of an invisible "Peter." You can go there and select any book you want and take it home with you ; but it will be well for you to leave your verbal or written promise to bring it back on such or such a day, and then not to forget to bring it, else "Peter" will remind you of your promise in a very disagreeable manner, and if you still persist in not fulfilling it, you had better order a tombstone in time. If any one doubts what I say, he may go there and convince himself of what everybody in that town knows to be true.

These "Peters" are known all over India : the Adepts use them as their servants, and make them obey orders, while the "Peters" in "spiritual" circles make the medium do as they please. They were well-known to Sir Bulwer Lytton, and he speaks of them in his "Zanoni" in the following terms :

"The boundless Impalpable which divides earth from the moon and stars is filled with its correspondent and appropriate life. . . . The microscope shows you the features on the leaf ; no mechanical tube is yet invented to discover the nobler and more gifted things that hover in illimitable air. Yet between these last and man there is a mysterious affinity."

Again he says further on :

"Some (are) of surpassing wisdom, some of horrible malignity ; some hostile as fiends to men, others gentle as messengers between heaven and earth. He who would establish intercourse with these varying beings, resembles the traveller who would penetrate into unknown lands," etc.

Many of the Hindus sacrifice to those "Peters," and it is for them that the Chinese burn their Joss-sticks, and whom they try to drive away or to propitiate. Some call them "gods," the spiritualists call them "spirits," the clergy call them "devils," if they are outside the

church, but those inside the church they call "angels;" the Hindus call them "devattas," and the occultists call them "elementals." Some of them are said to be good, and others bad or mischievous, some stupid, and others very intelligent, and as far as I have yet found out, it depends on what kind of an elemental you fall in with, whether there will be any moral degradation or not, and whether the result will be good or bad. In the majority of cases the result seems to be bad, and the unfortunate Chas. Foster seems to be an example. The adepts seem to be very unwilling to give any detailed information in regard to the elementals, on account of the danger which is connected with the knowledge how to employ mischievous elementals, and there lies the difficulty in explaining the matter. Hoping that the *Harbinger of Light* will be able to throw more light on the matter,

I am, Yours respectfully,

Adyar, Madras, R. HARTMANN, M.D.  
Sept. 8th, 1884.

[Our correspondent has devoted his second communication almost entirely to the narration of several very "strange stories," and some quotations from Edward Bulwer's celebrated fiction, "Zanoni." We would not be understood as implying that we reject these stories, simply because they are strange; on the contrary, we desire to give to our correspondent's testimony, more especially where his own experiences are concerned, all the weight which it may deserve, in favor of the particular class of phenomena described. What we submit is, that his present explanations are no nearer the mark than his former. We gather from his remarks that he has now abandoned his previous ground, the "double-of-the-medium," or "higher-consciousness" theory, and elects to regard Peter as what he calls an "elemental." Nothing, however, that we have stated of Peter warrants our correspondent in classifying him as such. We know of no resemblances, but a good many dissimilarities, and all we can do is to point these out. Our correspondent has pleased himself by applying the name "Peter" as a generic term, in such a way as to include thereunder the "elementals" whose existence he asserts, (and which we have not yet denied), and the spirit-friend whose utterances we recorded in our May No., as well as all other workers like him; but simply to call two classes of spiritual entities that are essentially distinct by the same name, makes them no more identical in essence than they were before. He may "suppose" that they all belong to "the same family," but we think something beside supposition is wanted. We fully agree with him when he says that no explanation of Spiritualistic phenomena should be undertaken, unless one is acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. We have been familiar with Peter, manifesting constantly, both by means of the direct voice, and in the materialised form, for several years. During that time he has never exhibited the least tendency to kaleidoscopic transformations of the character described by our correspondent, but has persistently presented the same human characteristics, the same personality, the same definite and steady purposes, and seems likely to do so to the end of the chapter. He comes when he is expected, that is, when the proper time for the circle has arrived. We have no reason to believe that he seeks to make the medium do as he pleases, any more than the latter seeks to make Peter do as he pleases. They appear to co-operate rationally together, on equal and mutually considerate terms, for a common object, and one of an important and lofty character. If our correspondent desires more details, we refer him to the columns of the *Harbinger* for 1881 and 1882, and the Summary that appeared in July of the latter year, where he will find recorded a great many of what we may call the "Acts of Peter," as well as of other spirit-friends working with him for the same ends.

What we say of this particular case of mediumship is true of many others. Our correspondent appeals to us to throw some light on the matter. All we can say is, that he seems to be confounding two different things, each of which may be true in its proper place, and not necessarily exclusive of the other. We do not feel called upon to

deny the existence of spiritual entities other than the human spirits with which we have come in contact. Some Spiritualists have partially admitted this, and in "M. A. (Oxon's)" work "Spirit Identity" there is an instructive section devoted to "Sub-human Spirits." But if Spiritualists may err in attributing all phenomena to the agency of disembodied human spirits, Theosophists may err no less in practically excluding the latter element.

With reference to Dr. Hartmann's own experiences, we have known of others who had approaching unpleasantness pre-indicated by appropriate appearances. Premonitory mental impressions of forthcoming events "casting their shadows before," may sometimes spontaneously take symbolic forms in accordance with little understood laws, but we are not sure how far these may be purely subjective, and non-existent apart from the sphere of the person. Or they might be projections into the person's sphere by higher intelligences, with a definite purpose. Cases, again, in which voices and forms are heard and seen, not by one alone, but by many—materialised, in fact, so as to affect the ordinary atmosphere, and reflect physical light, are of a different order. It may even be that his own experiences, and those of his Hindu friend (assuming the latter to be as stated) may spring from two separate and distinct psychological bases, and he may be wrong in placing them on a par. Nothing is more needful than to avoid confounding together kinds of phenomena which may be essentially different.

While the statements made by our correspondent are deeply interesting, we can only repeat what we have already said, that, granting their truth, we cannot afford on that account to ignore other classes of facts, preferring to take all into consideration, and frame our conclusions accordingly.]

#### CAPRICIOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—In recalling to memory the very grotesque display of spirit-power I am about to describe, I feel a vivid reproduction of the strange change of my views then experienced, which views tended to a total negation of that Spiritualism which merges from the trivial to the sublime—from the mere departure from Materialism to the elevating inspirations of pure faith. This temporary re-establishment of doubt, or at least uncertainty, will guard me from one-sided enthusiasm, which loves to step over and ignore important incidents of a disharmonious character in the pardonable intoxication of a new-born hope.

The two principal "psychics" of my spirit-band were "Bertie" and "Mike," the latter of whom confessed to have been a native of Cork, in Ireland. As Bertie was according to her explanation the agent for the higher manifestations, so Mike assisted an evident design of work by physical wonders. But "John King" and "Katie," and others, surprised us occasionally, still I courted only these two spirits, and interesting to me is now the clear recollection that in promiscuous and rough circles elsewhere Bertie scarcely ever offered tests of her presence, whilst Mike seemed up for a lark in "out of home" sances.

When Alfred Firman, the son of my medium, and Dr. Monck joined my circle, the extraordinary results baffled description. Once I joined hands with these two over a table in the dark, and in an instant the heavy sofa isolated from our seats, stood across the table, with Firman entranced on it. Our hands never separated, not even when striking a match, and as I grasped naturally one hand of each, the test was complete. After, without breaking the circle, I blew out the candle, when instantly the sofa was replaced.

As a pleasant set off to these athletic and rough, and rather too agitating disturbances of acquired notions about the limits of spirit-power, I mention a flower-shower of a delicious nature when once my medium sat (in Richmond) near me at the piano to listen to the favourite tune of my guide—exceptionally pleased, as I believed I played well on that occasion. I rose and closed the piano and went to the adjoining room, but

my medium followed me with, "Oh give us another tune." I opened the piano; roses fell to my feet, and the whole keyboard was thickly covered with fresh roses, the lid causing some to be dislodged and drop. At breakfast or dinner, on several occasions, a sweet flower would drop right down before me from mid-air, similar to Madame Blavatsky's experiences. This may be a little mixture of 'adeptship' in some way, and if all is so to be explained, it might have been the last rose of summer-land! Now to the

#### FREAKS OF ELEMENTARIES. (7)

I returned one evening from London to Richmond, and found Mr. Eglinton at the Station at Richmond, waiting for me and Alfred Firman, at some distance, for we were on bad terms. We three went to my house, and a few hundred yards off there suddenly dropped white somethings, like big snowflakes, at our feet, and Eglinton climbed through a hedge to pick some of them. It was dark, but at the next lamp I discovered that they were letter envelopes, with comical drawings which I bought two years ago in a Spiritualists' bazaar, and had never touched since, as they were in a packing-case which I never emptied, and as I positively knew, close to the bottom with other papers!

Seating ourselves at my table, without lighting up, as Mr. Eglinton would not miss the train, John King soon managed a reconciliation, and I shook hands with Alfred. Now we went for a glass of beer to a near public-house, where I stood close to the wall at the bar. Suddenly a big corkscrew was in my overcoat in the pocket near the wall; then Eglinton pulled an empty bottle from his, and so diverse tricks were played under much laughing. To give a new turn to the fun, for the benefit of the outsiders of our little group, I went to the side of the bar and began to imitate wood sawing, under shouts of laughter and applause of all, including Firman and Eglinton, who never witnessed nor knew of my trick of imitation, but all of a sudden all noise stopped, and the whole lot gazed on the floor behind me. When I turned round, a heap of clean, new sawdust, about three inches high, now riveted my attention too. As an old hand in scrutinising after the first shock of bewilderment, I took a candle and examined the thing, and found the floor quite clean all round it. Not a trace of a spilt particle, nor anywhere tokens to offer a clue, for my inquiry whether a carpenter had a job in the house? was answered in the negative. I joined as soon as I could the resumed mirth, and with the daughter, a girl of about fifteen years, at my arm, we trotted to the station. She wore an ulster and I had my overcoat on. The moon shone brightly. Suddenly I felt a "click" in my pocket, and a pair of fire tongs surprised my searching hand in the pocket of my right side; at the left was the girl, never quitting my arm, the two mediums walked yards before me. Now the tongs clicked in her left pocket, and so kept wandering from one to the other, baffling my smart dodges to catch a *modus operandi*; then a candlestick from my room dropped on the road; I placed it in my deep pocket, but after a while it was gone. Arriving at the station, I was a target of sundry remarks, for I could not conceal the fire tongs effectively. Returning home I found my candlestick at its place in the bedroom, with tiny little flowers strewn round it!

I give of course only part of the incidents of this queer experience.

Next morning my medium and Alfred went with me to London, and we were alone in the wagon, save the spirits or elementaries, for raps came freely, until both laughed, finding my whole back and neck covered with sawdust! I watched closely the mediums, not out of suspicion, but to catch a stray move of something, keeping the whole scene, as it were, in my range of vision, when with a loud smash something flew straight from the roof to my feet, and I picked a French book—a devil's story, from the "Floë," which book I had likewise for years stowed away in that box!

Trying to the best of my ability to follow my brother-investigator, Mr. Oxley's theory to interpret every manifestation as some hints and lessons, I confess I couldn't make head or tail of it, save as to the sawdust business, as a token of my frequent allusions to Dr. Carpenter's

theories, which I compared with the sawdust found in dolls.

I witnessed the like manifestations, far more powerful and striking, in Manchester, in a club, where a spirit-larking was indulged in with extraordinary private mediums, among them the celebrated billiard-champion, Cook, at a midnight hour, with some members rather the worse for drink. Astonishment wrestled with terror in these gigantic outbursts of psychic currents, but I was in part mentally prepared for something widely different from quiet, devolved home-circles. Hence the strange effect on my mind when these weird facts, on my own ground, tried by way of contrast, a kind of temptation or test of my acquired philosophy, which then was just drawn a little by M.A.'s (Oxon) arguments, away from the invitations of Theosophy, I found hidden impulses or dispositions for all the perplexing changes in the character of the everliving phenomena clearly traceable in the bent of mind of my mediums, who could talk and behave like angels one day and be the very devils at another time, often however in the twinkling of an eye. Still the direct letters and trance addresses of the head of the band, Bertie, lifted me always gently over the apprehension of being the dupe of elementaries. I should like to know whether the spread of the theosophical doctrine maintains the real force of personation since the first phase of the *fresh import*.

We may say that in all things there is an outer husk on which surrounding influences impress their mark—the inner substance and the kernel (or spirit) of its development.

I once went into the country to reason out the claims of Theosophy and my illusive point of view in Spiritualism, if such it would prove, and returning home, a dense long streak of clouds over London arrested my attention; after I discovered that it was formed by the smoke issuing from the thousands of chimneys. It looked exactly like a layer of rain-clouds. So I thought the millions of earth-bound spirits form a strata of their own, separated from the region of higher spirits, or real clouds. To return to my simile, the fleecy clouds, at the highest, are again another division; and the illusions of Spiritualists and Theosophists alike may find an explanation in the overwhelming preponderance of the smoke-region.

M.A. (Oxon.), with his argument-proof established cases of spirit-identity, could not possibly surrender by letting off his "operators on the other end of the line" as simple elementaries, nor the legion of spontaneous apparitions with beneficial purposes, and as messengers of pure love, be given over by thousands of truly religious people as idle visitations and mockeries. I still maintain that the fact of adeptship is compatible with spirit-life and action proper. The practical, further use beyond the experimental demonstration, lies as yet beyond my humble comprehension, but the universal encouragement of utilising mediumship, wherever it comes to notice in a rational manner, and condemning restrictions of an arbitrary nature on professional mediums altogether, seems to me the desideratum in the present "muddle of smoke," which sets people a coughing and cursing. Speculations are very fine, and follow the call—"be fruitful and multiply," but accumulation of further facts to probably square with neglected old ones, is my motto.

Yours truly,  
G. REIMERS.

#### SPIRITUALISM IN ROCKHAMPTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—There has been a great controversy in Rockhampton on the subject of Spiritualism, between myself and an able anonymous opponent signing himself "Critic," followed by letters from another correspondent in my favour, calling himself "No Critic." This last called public attention to the facts of Mr. Eglinton's mediumship in Psychography of late. Critic sent in reply a long letter to this, to which No Critic briefly rejoined, stating that all Critic's arguments might be compressed into four short words—"I do not know," therefore "do not be-

lieve," "Neither do I," continued No Critic, in ——— Critic." Of the part which I took I will not speak here, but only to say that Spiritualism was warmly and earnestly advocated, and the people were asked earnestly to investigate it for themselves. I said, *inter alia*, "You won't investigate; you begin to argue. Bother the arguments; investigate first and argue afterwards, then you will know what you are arguing about."

Since the close of the controversy I have been told that circles have been formed some time ago, but alas, only for fun, tomfoolery, and buffoonery! A lady remarked to me—"They want plenty of fun," meaning that they do not investigate in downright serious earnestness as I did four years ago, and still do. That is not the way to investigate so serious a subject, and no good can come from tomfoolery. That I know. I am also told that what prevents the people from investigating in serious earnestness is their cowardly fear! But of what? What are they afraid of? Is it that they would be forced to the disagreeable conviction that Spiritualism is true every bit, and that their supposed dearly beloved orthodox delusions have not a leg to stand on? Do they fear emerging from their soul-darkness into the bright morning of a more glorious light given to men by the Supreme, in this nineteenth century! Ah, fear is indeed upon the people of Rockhampton; the fear that their false Christianity, and their equally false Materialism, are being shattered to atoms by the constant assaults of the angel messengers of the Supreme upon their venerable citadel of blind faith, alias credulity. A late correspondent stated that ridicule was the best weapon wherewith to meet Spiritualism—the only weapon in fact. In reply I stated that it was a weapon which two could play with, and I proceeded to use it too, when the Editor interfered and refused to publish anything more. Not quite fair, but I suppose there were wire-pullers behind the scenes who saw that the champion of Spiritualism was getting the best of it. I then fired a volley after the retreating foe, and the battle was over. If the result be to make people think about it a little more than they do I shall consider my object accomplished. But fear and cowardice are the two powers opposed to the reception of *truth*! So I find it just now all over Queensland. I speak of that which I know; I testify to that which I have seen and heard, and which still alone I often see and hear, as to these spiritual realities; but no one cares about them here, even to ask me "are these things indeed so?"

Now let me say one word in reference to Spiritualism as I find it in Queensland, both in Brisbane and Rockhampton. I find it, I am sorry to say, full of *tomfoolery*. Against this I most strongly protest. It is not the right way to investigate Spiritualism to form a circle simply for "plenty of fun." No wonder that Spiritualism stinks in the nostrils of Skeptics, Scorners, Materialists, Free-thinkers, Christians, and all others, when Spiritualists begin to investigate and carry it on in such a fashion as this! Surely angels and spirits weep bitterly over the folly of man, blasting their best efforts for our advancement.

Four or five years ago I was a scorner and ridiculed Spiritualism to the top of my bent; but when I began to investigate it alone, I resolved to do so earnestly, without bias one way or the other. I was met at once in a corresponding spirit of earnestness by the invisible intelligences; and thanks to them my path of onward and upward progression has been much easier than I deserved, for my foolish conduct in ridiculing and scorning Spiritualism for years when I knew nothing about it. When I began I threw aside all bias, either for or against it. I had this attitude: I neither believed nor disbelieved; I held my judgment in suspense—the true scientific way to get at the truth. Three nights passed away. On the third night I got evidence; to my utter astonishment repeated next morning. I got evidence of a power or force at work upon my person, invisibly directed by an unseen intelligence. What was that intelligence was the question I thenceforward had to

solve. For four long years I have waited, watched, and worked towards the solution of this interesting problem—aye, doubly interesting to me. Bit by bit it unfolded to me who it really was. I was agast at the monstrous information, and incredulously felt inclined to reject it, because it was opposed to the conclusions of all men—Spiritualists, Christians, and all others. It came again twelve months after. Still I doubted; I wanted corroborative evidence. Concurrent testimony! Well, I got that at last; then came angels again, and implored me to doubt no longer, furnishing me with the case of a spirit who doubted all his earth-life whether Spiritualism was true and complained to me that he was still in darkness and doubt in spirit-life. I saw the perilous precipice on which I was standing, and my doubts from that moment ended; and now, dear Mr. Editor, I can joyfully affirm and bring evidence to prove the truth of my affirmation that Spiritualism is of and from the Supreme alone. Yes, its Author is Divine! Gratefully I say this now defiantly before all the world of skeptical fools, whosoever they be, that Spiritualism which you scorn, mock, and ridicule is of and from God alone. I know well I shall encounter a storm of abuse from all men, even from Spiritualists, mayhap, when I say that the invisible Intelligence which answered my questions on a certain remarkable night in 1881, and visited me again invisibly in 1882, was Divine: One, and only One, Spirit Universal! I shall never, never forget those two nights, or the third occasion, in Brisbane, when all my doubts were ended for ever.

Those who say this is impossible had better pause. "The Secret of the Sages" has been revealed to me indeed, in a way which I little expected. O, then, purify your Spiritualism of its wretched tomfoolery, for, brethren, you know not what you do in tolerating it as you are doing. With my eyes blinded as I write, with the tears falling from them, I entreat you to pause in your mocking and tomfoolery, for I assure you our Father will not allow you much longer to mock Him in this fashion. Ah, blessed indeed are your eyes for they see, and your ears for they hear, for verily I say unto you many prophets and wise men have desired to look into the things which you and I have seen and have not seen them, and to hear the things which we have heard and have not heard them. How long will scornors delight in their scornings, and fools hate knowledge? The One Supreme Being whom I love and serve is the sole Operating Director and Author of Spiritualism. Let all men, then, take heed to their ways that they offend Him not.

What He gives men in His love—a glorious glad tidings of great joy to all people—they reject with scorn, ridicule, and contempt.

I fear human folly will bring its own stern retribution. As for me I prize these revelations of the 19th century. They are true; I hold them fast, and will never forsake them. I must say the people of Rockhampton treat me very unkindly, as the people of Brisbane did also, but in a less degree than these. I shall have to go elsewhere, and know not whither. And why all this ill-treatment pray? I am told from *fear*!—yes, cowardly, contemptible fear! Of what? you will ask. Of my peculiar healing power, given to me in a peculiar way, to be and to do good to the sick and suffering. They reject it, and never come near me. I cannot do the things I would for them, and wish I was in spirit-land, where I should meet with more love than I have ever had on earth. However, I grin and bear it for the truth's sake. Has not the saying come true of this people now—"Behold ye despisers and wonder, and hide yourselves, for I work a work in your days, a work which ye will not believe though one declare it unto you?" I think that is about it.

UNITARIAN MINISTER.

Rockhampton, Oct. 1st, 1884.



## EX ETERNO.

I LOOKED upon the vast expanse of Heaven,  
And, looking thus, I noted here and there  
A cloud come sailing, clad in silver-white,  
With all the purity of the virgin snow  
That knew not of the tarnishment of earth.  
Far, far beyond those fleecy plumes of mist,  
I knew that worlds rolled, all unknown, unseen,  
Save to the God who gave them birth and place,  
And to those spirits, freed of mortal flesh,  
Whose home was in the spheres. Yet deeper still  
Beyond man's search, deeper than Ocean sands,—  
And yet beyond the finite mind to span,—  
The vast, immeasurable fields of space  
Are without bounds, and seem to us to be  
A blue celestial arch o'er this small world  
Whereon we live.

Again, I stood and watched  
The starry orbs of night;—each one a world  
Revolving in its own prescribed space  
Nor trenching on another planet's track;  
And to my mind there came a wondrous awe,  
That He—who is the Ruler and the King  
Of all this Universe of worlds untold,—  
Should know their risings in the distant East,  
And mark their settings in the radiant West,—  
That He, who made them all and set their course,  
Should watch o'er us and all the souls that live,  
That not a hair could fall but the All-wise  
Knew of the cause before it happened so.

Can we, then, mortals, finite in our thoughts,  
Question the Hand that wrought these wondrous things?  
Or can we say, "There is no God at all!"  
All Nature answers "No!" The rocks and stones,  
The dales and hills answer in echo, "No!"  
The surges roll and but repeat the same,  
"God made us all and we are of His love."

And as I looked, I said within myself,  
There is no spaceless void. The silvery stars  
That glitter in the fathomless beyond  
Are peopled worlds, and on the farthest edge  
Lie just as many more as far again;  
There is no boundary to Heaven's bright blue—  
And over all this wondrous Universe  
There rules a Being, loving, wise and pure,  
Than whom none else excels and equals none—  
A Being, who, in His infinitude,  
Has made all else from Chaos, that vast space  
Where atoms have existence but no form,  
That womb for all that will be, is or was.  
And so, methought, the Wise One set the rule  
That in the cycles of Eternity  
Himself, without beginning, without end,  
Should permeate the spacious Universe,  
Whose worlds should progress in Creation's scale  
From low to high, and no two worlds alike.  
So may the Sun o'er this our system rule,  
And still but form the link that opens the gate  
To a fresh system of ten thousand worlds.

Walk on the shores whence break old Ocean's waves,  
And take one handful of the glistening sand,  
Then mark the many grains that lie therein  
To represent one system to our sense,  
And count each grain a world, itself entire,  
And yet a part of one great noble work.  
Then picture all the shores that bound our land  
As systems, such as that we hold engrossed,  
And then we may in weak and fading tints  
Paint mental pictures of the Universe.

• • • • •  
In worlds forgotten, many eons past,  
Back in the buried limitless beyond,  
Where space reigned all triumphant, there was I,  
A breath of life, a being without shape,  
An emanation from the uncreate.  
There in a world, the lowest of the low,  
A parasitic shape from Chaos born;  
There at the base of all Creation's scale  
My soul took on a more material form;  
And in the course it never had begun  
It lived and breathed, at first a parasite  
Upon the still more solid form of such  
As had progressed beyond to nobler lives.  
Perchance a second of Earth's time had passed,  
That seemed an age upon that baser world,—  
For as the worlds progress in that grand plan,  
So time doth seem of moment more or less;  
And such a space that we upon this earth  
Denote one day of four and twenty hours,  
May equal in a lower world than this,  
An almost boundless space of time, unknown,  
Whilst on beyond and upward in the scale  
Another world to which we are as low,  
Our lengthy year may but denote their day.  
So in that world, the lowest world that is,  
My soul, it seemed its parasitic life

Endured an age, and yet 'twas but a breath—  
Less than a second of our earthly time—  
Then casting off the dress, it soared once more  
A free unconscious thing in Spirit-land.

And yet a space in time, and then again,  
It was embodied in that self-same world—  
One step above the lowest of the low,—  
Again, it lived in body tangible,  
But nobler, higher, e'en though but a step;  
For as the moth is but the grub progressed,  
So it had gained advancement for itself.  
Again it lived a life, while other forms  
Were nourished on its dress, as it had been.  
And thus, my soul has been, through endless time,  
Returning to that spirit-land of space;  
Thence taking shape again has so advanced,  
Until through countless ages, eons past,  
Through worlds unseen and forms all unconceived,  
It has worked onward to the form of man.

This world of ours, the Earth, which we have reached,  
Is so far upward in creation's scale,  
That there are countless worlds in grade below;  
Just as the steps of Jacob's ladder seemed,  
So are the worlds but stepping stones to good,  
And here on Earth, the vilest fish that swims—  
The basest bird that cleaves the air of heaven—  
The lowest form of this world's insect life—  
All, all, have soul, in its first earthly shapes  
As when it flitted from the highest form  
Of that last world that is next low to this,  
And took its earliest existence here.  
And so, methought, my soul has striven on  
Through all the forms of life that are below,  
Returning to each world that grows part  
It borrowed for its temporary home.

Thus then it seemed to me that reason dawned  
Like a bright morning, majestically slow,  
Illumining the depths of consciousness,  
And bringing to the soul that nobler sense  
Which on this earth is most complete in man.  
For, look you backward at Creation's scale,  
Mark how the worm has sense enough to turn  
To the moist places in the mossy banks;  
Note how the squirrel seeks its lofty home.  
Though it has travelled far in search of food:  
See how the bird that cleaves the air for miles  
Returns to shelter in its self-made nest;  
And how the nobler instincts of the dog  
Teach him to love, and if need be protect  
The house that gives him home; and thus we see  
The evolution of that nobler part,  
The soul of all Creation—till in man  
It gains the highest that this Earth can give;  
Though man himself hath grades, from Afric's shore  
Where dwell the Hottentots—lowest of the race—  
Who scratch for roots and burrow in the ground,  
And seem to be the link of rearing power  
That forms the chain from out the ages past,  
To this our present state of perfectness.  
And after this, comes what?

For He hath said,  
He, the Life Essence permeating all—  
The never-ending and the ne'er-begun—  
The inner consciousness of all that is—  
He, of Himself hath said, "This is the law,  
Progression shall be ever, without end,  
For Knowledge hath no limit, Time no bound."

So, may we ask, what cometh after this?  
After the soul has left the highest form  
That Earth can give, and once again returned  
To Spirit-land, what then? Whence goeth it?

There the freed soul may stay a lengthy time,  
And see its deeds, in many of its lives,  
Laid out before it, like a landscape bold  
Stretches away from some high mountain peak.  
There may it see each failing or success,  
And strive in spirit to make right the wrong;  
And there, before it takes a nobler form,  
It must work off the deeds that marred its course  
And purify itself for higher worlds.

For herein lies a difference of state,  
That in the lowest forms of earthly life  
It was not held accountable for more,  
Than it had power to reason, right or wrong.  
And so, methought, that when the spirit freed  
From earthly cares and loves, no more is bound  
To visit this fair world, it aims beyond  
At something higher, purer, better still—  
A world, where may be, all the lusts of flesh  
Are quite unknown; and thence again, it starts  
First in the lowest form that star-world gives—  
Which yet is higher than our highest here—  
And working on, advancing as it works,  
By slow degrees it purifies itself.  
For better forms in still far better worlds.  
And so through countless years it journeys on,  
An emanation from the Uncreate,  
Until in time it gains that pinnacle,

Holiest of the Holies, where it rests  
In happiness, contentment, love and peace,  
And face to face with the great God of all;  
In His continual presence evermore  
To live, to be, and have its being still.

This then is Life. Not here, a year or two,  
Or there, a hundred thousand longer years,  
But from all time to time without an end,  
Without beginning, aiming ever on;  
On, on it goes through all Eternity

CYRIL HAVILAND.

### SPIRITUALISM V. DOGMA, OR LIBERTY V. BONDAGE.

A LECTURE having the above heading as its subject-matter was delivered in the Assembly Rooms, Yackandandah, by Mr. W. L. Roper, on the evening of the 17th ult., the Chairman being A. Mueller, Esq., M.D., who made some very pertinent remarks, having for their basis that he hoped the audience (numbering about one hundred and fifty) would be quiet, and not interrupt the lecturer while speaking, but that if they had any questions to put he had no doubt the lecturer would be happy to answer them to the best of his ability after the lecture.

Mr. Roper on rising prefaced his address with an account of his own experience along the pathway from the Christian pulpit to the Spiritualistic platform. His reason for doing so was—being in his native town amongst those who had known him from childhood, many of whom have expressed surprise at the change which had taken place in his religious opinions—he wished them to know some of the reasons for that change, and also to understand the position he now occupied in regard to Christianity. He did not wish to hurt their feelings or do violence to anyone's religious opinions; but, having arrived at certain conclusions, these conclusions being drawn from the facts of nature, he felt bound to give expression to his own honest convictions.

At the age of 18 he first entered the field as a local preacher in connection with the Wesleyan Church, but before he was long thus engaged doubts respecting certain doctrines of the Church arose in his mind. The idea of a personal God dwelling away in some remote part of the universe, and governing the works of creation by means of a miraculous providence, he could not grasp. The six days' creation was another difficulty, also the rib story. He failed to see the justice of damning nine-tenths of humanity because 6,000 years ago a man and woman eat a few apples. He had mentioned those doubts to older Christians, and they told him it was incident to his youth and inexperience—it was only the great enemy of mankind trying to shake his faith. They had passed through the same ordeal; it was the common lot of all, but more experience and knowledge would enable him to see those things in a different light. This would renew his faith for a time, but in the midst of some sermon some of the old enemies, friends he called them now, would return and set him doubting again. And then, as if to add to his joy, would come that comforting promise, "Whoso doubteth is damned." After spending nearly three years as a local preacher in Yackandandah and other places, he went to Melbourne, and it was while there, through reading a book on "Advanced Thought," he had his eyes opened to the absurdity of the doctrines he had been teaching and he at once severed his connection with the church. He felt that his mind for 20 years had been the receptacle for other men's opinions. And now he said there is not a single doctrine as taught in any of the Christian Churches on which he could lay his finger and say, *I know* this to be a truth. After remaining for some time in an unsettled state of mind, this fact forced conviction on him—"God reigns and governs the universe by law," and from this simple truth he derived much consolation. The lecturer in the highest terms spoke of Professor Wm. Denton, listening to whose grand utterances confirmed his belief that the path he intended to tread in the future outside the domain of the churches would be better, and confirm his conviction

of the all-prevailing love of the Creator and Governor of the universe. He had to some extent investigated the subject of Spiritualism, and by what he had seen and heard, he believed the grand truth that the immortality of the soul can be demonstrated, and in listening to Wm. Denton the truths he enunciated came with marvellous force on his mind, and confirmed his belief in Spiritualism, and its superiority over the old faith. Having had experience on both sides he felt justified in demanding for all men freedom from Mental Slavery.

The lecturer then referred to the rapid strides which had been made of late years in Art, Science, Literature, Commerce, and matters of everyday life, which resulted from man having brought to bear on these his powers of reasoning, observation, and reflection; but in matters of religion he had been contented to take upon hearsay the teachings of the dead past, but a few brave men had the courage to call their souls their own, to ask the why and wherefore of the faith in which they had been brought up, but for which they had been branded infidels, and atheists, and the world had been warned against reading their books or listening to their teachings. The lecturer then compared their teachings with those of Modern Christianity, showing the inferiority of the latter.

He then spoke of the Christianity as taught by the great exemplar Jesus of Nazareth. It had performed a great work, and would perform a still greater when stripped of the errors added to it by a designing priesthood. He honoured and respected Christ as a man of God, and thought that Spiritualists above all others had the best claim to Him as their Elder Brother. He further stated that Spiritualism embodied the most soul-elevating truths ever revealed to man, it struck a death-blow at Materialism, demonstrated the soul's immortality, brought comfort to the bereaved, robbed death of its terrors, the grave of its victory, and when it became more fully known and appreciated would reduce crime, misery, and vice, and make the world infinitely better.

Mr. Russell asked the lecturer if he believed Jesus Christ was the Son of God?

Mr. Roper, in reply, said he "did not believe that Christ was any more the Son of God than any other man."

Mr. Meurant said that he had been told that Spiritualism was all darkness.

Mr. Roper wished to know who gave him that information.

Mr. Meurant in reply said Mr. Donnes.

Now as Mr. Donnes happened to be a Wesleyan clergyman who had died some few months before in Yackandandah, Mr. Roper merely ejaculated "Ah!" being under the impression that no other reply would meet the case.

Mr. Charles Kelly (Stanley) proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer for the very able address he had given.

Mr. G. S. Chappell had great pleasure in seconding it.

The Chairman on putting the vote to the meeting, it was carried with acclamation.

A vote of thanks proposed by the lecturer to the Chairman for so ably fulfilling his duties concluded the proceedings.

THE (Adelaide) *Evening Journal* has recently reported the celebrated Ghost Story published many years since by Charles Dickens under the title of "Mr. Heaphy's Narrative." In a subsequent issue Mr. C. Reimers contributes some interesting comments on the narrative, informing us that Mr. Heaphy, the artist, became a member of the British National Association of Spiritualists, and lent the "Ghost's" portrait for a time to that Association for exhibition. The *Religio Philosophical Journal Company* revived the interest in this matter by publishing recently a large edition in pamphlet form with the correspondence of Charles Dickens with Mr. Heaphy. Copies of it are to be obtained at the office of this paper.

For close confinement, want of air, sedentary habits, and brain and nerve tire, trust in Hop Bitters. Read

## LYCEUM FUNERAL.

On Saturday, the 4th October, the children and members attending the Richmond Lyceum were called upon to follow the mortal remains of Mr. Walton's (the Secretary) little son to the place of interment, the Melbourne Cemetery. The children and adults mustered in good force at Mr. Walton's, Cubit-street, Richmond, where they were arrayed with white sashes and supplied with sprigs of evergreen. All being ready, the whole company sang "Meet us angels at the gate," and then a start was made for the cemetery, where on arriving the coffin was removed from the hearse and borne to the grave by four little girls—Misses E. and A. Chipperfield, F. Devine, and R. Campbell—followed by the children in procession, bearing each a bunch of flowers and evergreens, the adults bringing up the rear. Arrived at the ground, the party being ranged up on each side of the grave sang "Where the roses ne'er shall wither," and then read "Life and Death," from Silver Chain, in the Lyceum Leader. The Conductor, Mr. C. G. Greenham, then delivered the following address:—

Dear friends,—We have assembled to-day to witness and take part in the closing scene of a short and transient existence. Our little brother whose mortal remains we here consign to their last resting-place, has passed on in the bud of his existence, even before that bud has had time to expand has the destroyer of flesh overtaken him, and he is broken off; and though we all must feel deeply and sincerely the severance of a loved one from our midst, though the heart may be sad when we reflect that the little pattering feet and prattling tongue we loved so well, are silent for ever, and nature's tears will flow, yet what joy to feel and know that though invisible to human vision, how narrow is the space between those who have passed on and those left behind, a space so narrow that it requires not a span to bridge it. With what calm resignation, aye, with what joyful anticipation do true Spiritualists look forward to that time when they, too, shall be called to pass on to the other life, when they reflect how much they shall gain thereby. Freed from the pains and toils of an earthly life, unencumbered by an earthly body, the spirit free to come and go at will, and to move silently and unseen to and fro among us, its clear, untrammelled vision penetrating into the vast interstellar space, searching out the grand secrets there, or looking into the inmost recesses of our hearts, seeking some sadness or sorrow there, and striving by the bright radiance of its presence to drive it out and fill the aching heart with that peace and joy a spirit alone can feel. With such reflections as these who would not look forward peacefully, aye joyfully, to the time when they must also part from their human home to share the joys and splendour of the spirit life. To these dear parents whose hearts have been rent and torn by the sufferings of their loved offspring, and who have at last been called upon to render up the young spirit to its Father's care, I would say be of good cheer; your darling has not left you, only gone a little way ahead on the road, to shine back upon you as a bright beacon to illumine the dark spots of your life path. Safe from an earthly life of pain, evil, temptation, and sorrow; gone to the bright spirit-world in all his childhood's innocence, he is free there to develop straight onward and upward, without having to retrace his steps as millions must do before they can become as pure and bright as he. Let these thoughts be your solace, and let your comfort come from the reflection that when ye, too, shall pass on ye will meet your treasure in all the bright glory of his spirit, without one stain where-with to reproach his earthly life. To all our dear friends, and especially the younger ones, I would say, let this scene be engraved upon your memories; let it serve to remind you that you, too, must some day pass on, and take your place in the other life; and let me impress upon you the great need of placing watch and ward over your daily lives; to avoid those things which done in the flesh may point at you the finger of reproach in the life to come; avoid and shun acts and thoughts that tend to lower your spiritual natures, and seek those paths only that will ennoble your souls, purify your spirits, and fit them for their future glory, so that when you are called

upon to quit this house of clay, you will be able to take up the thread of life on the other side at the point where you left it here, and keep straight on in your development without having to begin anew the work of purification in the other land; for think of the regret that must follow when there arrived, and you find you have so much ground to go over again that might so easily have been properly cultivated here. Try, therefore, to carry out our great Mother's plan, and whilst here strive unceasingly to elevate and purify your spirits, and fit them for their abodes in the realms of heavenly bliss.

At the conclusion of the address, which made a deep impression, the party sang, "Let us gather up the sunbeams," and each advanced and threw their flowers and evergreens into the grave, and retired. There were several orthodox friends present, and the service impressed them very deeply, from its simplicity and naturalness, and being divested of that depressive ponderance of religious ceremonies.

C. G. GREENHAM, CONDUCTOR.

## ORTHODOXY AND SPIRITUALISM.

*Inspirational Poem delivered at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, California, July 13th, 1884, by ELIZABETH L. WATSON re-touched for Harbinger of Light.*

WITH backward glance I scan the page  
Of old Earth's bloodstained history,  
And swift as light my spirit—sight  
Doth penetrate life's mystery.

I feel the pulse of by-gone years  
Through all my being throbbing,  
And hear them sigh, as they creep by,  
Like frightened children sobbing.

Fear piles the lash for evermore,  
By priestly hands upheld,  
While thoughts of pain and War's red rain,  
Shut out Love's light all golden.

And moss-grown errors block the way  
That leads to truth and glory,  
While priests rebuke with cast and curse,  
That strange creation story.

Of "all things out of nothing" made,  
When God with chaos grapples;  
And "Adam's fall," when one and all  
Were damned through eating apples!

And then the grand "Salvation plan,"  
Of doing good by proxy,  
Saved by mere faith from fiery death,  
And Hell of Orthodoxy.

But hark! I hear, from far and near,  
A sweet, wild song-wave swelling!  
O'er crypt and tomb, in bud and bloom,  
Life springs from Death's dark dwelling.

And Superstition's spectres grim  
Dissolve in Truth's white splendour,  
While from the heart fear doth depart,  
And hopes are born most tender.

The boundless realm of Nature glows  
With conscious thought and feeling;  
Youth's sunshiny rifts through doubt's cloud-drift  
Life's "Over Soul" revealing.

And lo! we see all worlds are one,  
In bonds of pure attraction,  
And sun and stars are not and hars  
In songs of benediction!

And every link in life's great chain  
With blessed purpose gleaming,  
And every breath of life and death,  
With Love's own future teeming.

We see that every change out-wrought,  
In Matter, Form and spirit,  
Ever unrolls to deathless souls  
Some joy of purer merit.

And germs of goodness, stunted here  
By sin and superstition,  
Shall each have time to spring and climb  
And reach complete fruition.

Thus Spirit-forces burst the dam  
Across Truth's mighty river—  
Set free the mind of all mankind,  
And God's love triumphs ever.

The brightening wings of thought expand,  
For night beyond Death's portals,  
And face to face, for glad embrace,  
Stand mortals with immortals.

MR. JOSEPH SYMES, editor of the *Liberator*, in acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Browne's pamphlet, "The Higher Branch of Science, or Materialism Refuted by Facts," asserts that "Spiritualism has not yet produced its first fact." Is it conceivable that any man professing to have a considerable acquaintance with the current literature of the day, should make such a sweeping statement, with the works of Crookes, Wallace, Zollner, Varley, Barrett, and Epes Sargent, and the clear testimony of a multitude of intelligent men and women, within easy reach, and yet at the same time complacently belabor bishops, parsons, and orthodox laymen for their blindness? In our last issue we gave a number of facts. They were on authorities as eminent and reliable as those on physiology and brain function which Mr. Symes quotes in his lectures and debates, and expects his audiences to accept—whose results, moreover, he is content to take without their being demonstrated in his presence. The only reply Mr. Symes makes to these witnesses is that "their testimony as to spirit-existence is, to us at least, not worth a rush. We are really beyond the reach of such testimony." We fear this is too true, and will be until knowledge has perforce widened the bounds of his philosophy. Like the Italian astronomer, who was beyond the reach of Galileo's testimony as to the satellites of Jupiter, and wrote, "I will never grant him his four moons," so Mr. Symes will not grant us our facts. Why, then, does he not shew where these "honest, intellectual, scientific" people (as he is good enough to admit some connected with Spiritualism are), were mistaken, or else propound some theory better and more explanatory than the one we advocate? Is it possible that he has no resource but to deny, like many of the theologians for whose intelligence he expresses such contempt?

The editor of the *Freethought Review*, the New Zealand organ of the Materialistic philosophy, has, like Mr. Symes, and most others of the same school, some very hazy notions of Spiritualism, which they should correct by a little careful reading before venturing to become critics. In commenting upon the utterances of the Rev. Mr. Des Chesnais thereabout, and the replies of Mr. Chantry Harris, in the *New Zealand Times*, he says, "Because certain physiological and psychological phenomena cannot at present be explained, Spiritualists attribute them to spirits, thus explaining facts of which they know little by fictions of which they know less." This is a favourite argument, and some proceed to illustrate it by comparing the Spiritualist to the savage, who, in ignorance of the causes to which men of science ascribe the phenomena of thunder and lightning, imagines an angry god behind the storm. But this is an utter misstatement of the Spiritualistic position. It is not true that the Spiritualist easily and indiscriminately adopts the theory of "spirits," simply because he is puzzled by certain phenomena. The fact is that Spiritualists find an intelligence, a mind, manifesting itself in a hundred different ways at their circles, which is not the mind or intelligence of either the medium or of any one of the persons forming the circle. This extraneous element of mind implies an extraneous personality, which, though not (except in certain phases) perceptible through the physical avenues of sense, the reason is compelled notwithstanding to admit as being present, just as necessarily as we are obliged to accept the existence of a living operator at the other end of the telegraph wire, though we see only the intelligence-directed movements of the needle on the dial. This extraneous personality we commonly call a spirit, but what it is called is of no great importance so long as it is clearly there. Its existence is a perfectly logical and rational deduction from observed facts, and necessary to satisfy the demands of the reason. This position is vastly different from that conceived of by the editor of the *Review*. We invite him, or Mr. Symes, or any one else to attack it. He further says that "the scientific spirit is not yet sufficiently diffused to make the researches of untrained amateurs of much value in the investigation of phenomena in which they have an intense personal interest." In our paragraph about Mr. Symes' oracular utterances, we have given the names of certain gentlemen who, after careful

investigation, came to conclusions favourable to Spiritualism, and we challenge the editor of the *Review* to prove that "the scientific spirit, which aims at exact truth, and draws a sharp distinction between a fact and an inference," was not "sufficiently diffused" amongst these men, at the least, or that they, or the majority of Spiritualists, began their inquiries with anything like an "intense personal interest" in the phenomena in the sense that he means; on the contrary, many had an intense personal prejudice against them, and were convinced in spite of this.

We think it needful to seriously caution those who are commencing the investigation of Spiritualism against sitting too frequently, or for too long at a time. When those who have been skeptical begin to perceive that there is some truth connected with the subject, they are apt to go to the other extreme, and—especially in the case of those whose social position is such as to afford them a good deal of leisure—to sit every day, and several times a day. This is an error. The forces utilised in the development of mediumship, and the production of phenomena, are amongst the most vital in the system, and require, therefore, to be carefully husbanded rather than prodigally expended, if disastrous consequences to brain and body, and injury to the mediumship, would be avoided. It is few who can endure the mental strain of continuous attention to a subject so engrossing as Spiritualism without suffering an undesirable reaction of some kind, for which of course Spiritualism *per se* gets the blame, instead of the wrong method of investigation, and what would have been a benefit becomes the reverse. Two or at most three, sittings a week, of an hour or an hour and a half each, would be ample for the purpose of mediumistic development, give the system time to recoup before the next sitting, and avoid the liability pointed out. We should be glad if our friends, in recommending others to sit for investigation, would bring this point prominently before them.

A WRITER in *The World* cites a number of striking instances of dreams fulfilled. Thus, in ancient times, as he tells us, "Galen declared that he owed most of his knowledge to communications received in dreams; Hernas wrote his 'Shepherd,' as he tells us, to the dictation of a voice heard in sleep; the calamities which were to befall Cressus, King of Lydia, were predicted to him in a dream of the night; Calphurnia, on the eve of Julius Caesar's assassination, dreamt she held his murdered corpse in her arms; Sophocles twice dreamt that a certain Greek had stolen a golden goblet from the Temple of Hercules, and the thief subsequently confessed his guilt; and Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, was admonished in her sleep that her son would be converted from the licentious life he was living."

OF modern instances of a similar kind, the same writer cites the following:—"Frederick, the Elector of Saxony, had a dream, in which was shown to him the audacious act of Luther at Wittenburg, which was performed on the following day. Three days before the assassination of Henry the Third of France, that event was prefigured to him in his sleep. The life of Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was preserved by a dream which the Governor of Dover Castle had, who arrested the physician in order to prevent him from going on board the packet for Calais, which was lost with all the passengers on board a few hours later, while crossing the channel. There are at least half-a-dozen well-authenticated cases of murders having been discovered by dreams, and there are many persons now living who remember the celebrated instance of the Red Barn crime in Suffolk." The summing up of the matter is this:—"According to Homer, dreams are from Jove, and while it is perfectly certain that there are hundreds and thousands which are of no importance whatever, and proceed from a distempered stomach, or an abnormal condition of the brain, there are some thoughts, as Eliphaz, the Temanite, said, 'from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men,' which are entitled to serious attention; although how they originate is an impenetrable mystery."



# WAS IT THE DEAD!

"MATERIALIZING" IN A PRIVATE HOUSE.

From the *New York Tribune*:—

"I am aware that the subject matter of this communication is one quite generally tabooed by the newspapers; but as the 'Friends' say, 'the spirit moves me to bear testimony,' and I hope you will print it. I have been spending the past three months in company with my daughter at the summer home of Dr. George H. Perine of No. 74 West Fifth-st., on the top of one of the mountain ridges near summit, N. J. Hither came last month, for a week's sojourn, two ladies, a Mrs. W. somewhat known, it seems, in certain circles as a 'spiritual medium,' and her friend, an intelligent lady, member of one of the most honored New-York families, who is well known by her nom de plume, 'Kate Irving.' The former of these was slightly known to the Doctor and his wife, but I had never before met either of them. This accidental opportunity of studying the characteristics of a spiritual medium in home life, being the first I ever had, was embraced by me at every opportunity—and these opportunities in a small family of only ten people were frequent. In conversation I found Mrs. W. to be a refined, dignified and ingenious lady, not specially anxious to make converts to Spiritualism, yet quick to intelligently repel attacks on the honesty and good faith of the so-called 'spiritual manifestations.' She is unable to explain the origin or cause of the mysterious power that dwells in her, nor can she control its manifestations in the slightest degree; these come and go at their own will like the action of independent sentient existences. All she can do to aid is to place herself in such conditions (which she terms harmonious) as are found favorable to the influences. I also learned that it is only since about ten years that this mediumship has developed in her. She was at its first appearance a member of Dr. Tyng's Church—the widow of a physician. Her age is now—well, perhaps she would not thank me for saying, even if I knew. I may say she is yet on the youthful side of middle age.

After somewhat of the restraint incident to our being strangers had worn off by daily intercourse an intimation was made of our desire to see some of these manifestations in the privacy of our own home, feeling as we canvassed the subject apart from her and her friend that there could be no possible chance of deception by any cunningly devised machinery. She cheerfully consented to make a trial, premising that we must not feel disappointed if there was no satisfactory result, as the conditions were new and untried. The only paraphernalia she required was the putting up of a pair of thick dark curtains in the doorway of a small room opening off from the parlor; and the windows of the small room were thoroughly darkened to serve as a dark cabinet, out of which and through the curtains the spirit forms were expected to come, while she remained inside. This we arranged during the day to suit her, and in the evening at 8 o'clock we—eight in all—took our seats in the parlor and Mrs. W. went behind the curtains. Her friend, being familiar with the proceedings, remained in the parlor with us, acting as a directress of the seance. We had been told in previous conversations that to obtain the best results the utmost harmony among the audience was necessary; that the presence of even one person with strong mental resolve to regard the medium and every strange occurrence shown as fraudulent would, in a strange place particularly, often have influence enough to prevent the appearance of the fuller forms of materialization. To induce this harmony in the small audience some soft music was played on the piano; and almost immediately a ghostly form arrayed in white separated the curtain and stood in the doorway. This was followed in quick succession by others, none remaining long or making any sign except sometimes a nod of the head or the raising of the hands. The directress remarked that sufficient power was not developed, and to aid this the light was turned down low. In about half an hour the forms coming were able to step outside the doorway and greet us, and the light was turned up again so that they could be seen. There were perhaps a dozen in all, the most being recognized by speech or otherwise, by some of the audience as friends

whom they once knew in life. Among these forms was one plainly recognized by our host and hostess as the spirit form of their only daughter who died last May, leaving a young babe then in the house in the care of its grandmother. She came out to the centre of the parlor calling for "Papa" and "Mamma." They both went forward to meet her, when she took them by the hand and kissed them, saying: "How glad I am to come and speak to you—where is my baby I—bring him in the room next time so I can see him." One of the forms resembled in its lineaments and general size my aged mother who died last year in her eighty-sixth year. She stood in the curtain opening and called to me; as I went forward she raised her arms in an attitude of devotional ecstasy, exclaiming in a voice that at least sounded like her: "Oh! thank God! thank God!" and immediately vanished from my sight: the directress remarking "She had not strength to stay longer." A brown-faced and active little spirit form was among those who came. She fairly bounded through the curtains out to the parlor, dancing up and down, then went to the Doctor, took him by the hands and with him repeated the dance. Then she came forward to me and with a graceful courtesy spoke some words in Italian, which the directress said was the ordinary evening greeting of that people. She was said to be a familiar appearance at Mrs. W.'s seances and is known as Henrietta, the little Italian. In all she was fully three minutes in our presence in the parlor.

The next night—the last of Mrs. W.'s stay—she repeated the seance, and being assured by the fair success of the previous evening that the conditions were favorable, a larger assemblage was risked so that the parlor was quite filled with members of the family and interested neighbours. Much of the exhibition was a repetition of the previous evening, but a very remarkable feature was the reappearance of our host's daughter. She came out and kissed her mother, taking the baby from her arms, hugging it to her breast and carrying it through the curtain opening entirely from our sight; there she remained fully a minute, then bringing the babe out again and depositing it in the grandmother's arms, she said to her: "Take care of him for me." After this she passed around the circle greeting different members, saying when she came to the nurse of her babe, "Be good to my child." She then held a long conversation with her father in reference to her present happy spirit life. She was out altogether fully five minutes. A spirit form representing itself as that of a deceased daughter of mine came to the curtain opening calling to me "father." As I went forward she came out to me saying, "I am so happy to be able to speak to you," she then called her sister by name—"Minnie," who rose and came forward to speak to her, but the form retired behind the curtain, seeming to have not power to remain. I am sure the medium did not know I had a daughter deceased.

Now I have given simply the facts. What these forms were or how they are produced I do not undertake to decide. They professed through the medium's control to be the forms that disembodied spirits of people once living take in some mysterious way from the mediums by which to become visible and to speak to mortals. I cannot gainsay it. There was enough similarity in the countenances of some of the ghostly forms to the medium's face to make it probable they were in some way connected with her corporeal body; and quite enough to excite an observer who did not look closely into the matter for believing that such forms might when their size conformed to that of the medium be really the medium herself. But taking into consideration the fact that Mrs. W. is a woman of magnificent physique, comely and plump, weighing nearly or quite 200 pounds, and noticeable for her commanding proportions whether she sits, stands or walks, it is utterly impossible for the most incredulous to believe she would be condensed into an apparent child of ten or twelve years, less than four feet in height, and weighing if in life not over 100 pounds, as was the form representing the little Italian girl. No one indeed of all the forms appearing could from their size had they been real mortals have weighed more than three-fourths the medium's weight and most of them not so much, if I except two forms of men that were rather above her in

height, but who had no resemblance to her in feature nor any in form or outline of their figures.

From these experiences I am forced to say I must believe that such materialization can be honestly produced, without any trick or fraud, otherwise all evidence derived from my senses of sight, hearing and feeling under the most favorable circumstances and in repeated tests must be discredited. And I do not see how any honest, sincere investigator could have come to any other conclusion. . . . There is something more of life than scientists find in corporeal things,—that really "there is no death, what seems so is transition." And so that man need no longer make that sad inquiry about the future condition of his loved ones, having undoubted proof by communion with them that if a man die he does live again.

SAMUEL H. TERRY.

New-York, Sept. 12, 1884.

## FROM MATERIALISM TO SPIRITUALISM;

### ANOTHER VALUABLE ACCESSION TO OUR RANKS.

GEORGE CHAINKY, of Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A., Lecturer and Editor, who has for several years occupied the platform of the Paine Memorial Hall, advocating with considerable force and eloquence before crowded audiences the philosophies of Materialism, Atheism, Agnosticism, and Secularism, is a man of a different stamp from many of his class. While preaching what he sincerely believes to be the highest form of truth, he has not permitted himself to become so blinded by his philosophy as to be utterly impervious to facts, and in his latest lecture, delivered before the Cassadaga Lake Free Association of Spiritualists, he frankly repudiates his Materialism, and avows his conviction, based on positive experiences, of the reality and spiritual origin of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and his acquiescence in the views and consolatory anticipations of the Spiritualists. As a lecturer he has not been so widely known as some other public exponents, owing to his having localised his work within a narrower area, but from the first he was popular, and delivered about one hundred and twenty lectures, all of which were published. This last lecture, entitled "My Religious Experiences," which appears in the *Banner of Light*, of Sept. 6th, we shall publish in full in our next, as it is a most interesting narrative of mental progress and spiritual development, not unaccompanied, however, by struggles and trials of a painful character. For the present we have only space to indicate its general tenor by the aid of a few extracts.

"The last time I lectured on this subject," he says, "I thought I should never do so again. It seems to be presenting myself to your attention as the subject of a personal interest which I by no means feel. Still, having already given it to the world at that stage of my life when I had no certain faith nor hope nor knowledge that life continues beyond the grave under fairer and better conditions than here, I find myself compelled, by what I have learned and felt here, on this beautiful camp-ground, to recall it for revision. The time has come for another chapter, and this time I have no idea it will be the last. I am like one who has written a letter to a friend, and signed it, 'Yours till death,' and then re-opens it and signs it, 'Yours always and forever.'"

He then describes his bringing up under Methodist influence, how he "got religion," and became a minister of that church in his eighteenth year, "with no purpose in life but to save as many as possible from hell." Numerous influences combined to open his eyes to a far nobler interpretation of life, and at length the principal doctrines of Methodism became to his mind false, to his conscience immoral, to his heart utterly repulsive. Then commenced a struggle, and he points out in touching language how his reason called on him to go out, his heart to stay in. But a time came when he could no longer respect himself and stay, and so he came out, and he had never regretted it. He felt as one just delivered from a charnel house. The first breath of liberty was as refreshing as the breath of morning on the fever'd cheek.

The whole world seemed beautiful. In this new attitude of new-born freedom he entered the Unitarian ministry, with the understanding that what was wanted was a man who would simply give his honest thought about life and duty, untrammelled by any creed. At that time he believed in God, as the tender Father and Mother of us all, in the Bible as containing divine truth mixed with human error, in the immortal life, in Christianity as the highest moral standard, in Jesus as the most perfect man. But the spirit of growth urged him on. Examining the claim that all progress and civilisation has been due to Christianity, he reached quite the opposite conclusion, and gave up all right to the Christian name. He lost faith in the Christian doctrine of immortality, based upon the story of the physical resurrection of Jesus, so soon as he understood how absurd and contradictory the story was. He knew not whether death was night or day. Better annihilation than to wait in hell, or sit with folded hands eternally singing psalms in the orthodox heaven. The theory of Christianity was that there is above us an ever-watchful loving parent, and he clung to this despairingly as long as he could. But he saw a world where wrong triumphed over right, vice over virtue, nations writhing in the agonies of famine, pestilence, war, earthquake, ignorance, poverty, filth and crime, and he lost all faith in love that is mighty to save and does not. It was at first an awful moment when the universe seemed to be in the merciless grasp alone of blind, pitiless, inexorable law and force; the very foundation of things seemed to dissolve beneath him; for a time all was chaos. But new visions of truth began to dawn. For theology he took science; for gods and goddesses men and women worthy of admiration; for a Bible the truth and beauty of all literature; for inspiration—art, nature, and music. Heaven seemed to disappear, but the earth grew more beautiful. His convictions again compelled separation from a church, but he still felt he had a gospel to preach, so went to Boston, and started an independent lectureship with great success. But again he began to lose heart and faith in his work. Though rewarded by words of cheer and comfort from those whom he had inspired with noble thoughts and lofty ambitions, he began at length to feel that his lectures were simply received by the majority as an emotional and intellectual entertainment. When he would construct the new temple of a loftier humanity, he received less approbation than when he wielded the hammer of the iconoclast, or hurled mocking sarcasms at the old theology. Many meetings had no higher purpose than the love of intellectual gladiatorship. All good impressions of an earnest lecture would be thoughtlessly dissipated in a free fight—not with clubs, knives, and bullets, but with the knock-down arguments of logic, the sharp edge of sarcasm, death-dealing words of malice. We think many of our readers will recognise how true a picture of much that pertains to Secularism this is. He made up his mind to abandon the attempt, and try his fortunes on the stage; he believed in the future of the theatre, and felt that the grand inspirations of Shakespeare offered a pulpit from which to teach and elevate the world.

When he came by a seeming accident to the Cassadaga camp, he had no more expected to become a Spiritualist than to jump over the moon. He knew that most of them were free and liberal, but he thought them a little deficient in the upper chamber. He gladly confessed, however, that the beam was in his own eye. He could no longer doubt the truth of spirit-communion. "When I know that scores of new slates, untouched before, are written on without the intervention of any human hand, in broad daylight, in the handwriting of the person signing; when I sit in a dark circle under absolute test conditions, and witness wonder after wonder that no sleight of hand could produce, hear voices in the air telling us who they are that are fully recognised; feel the palm of a little child laid in mine, in a room in which all are adults; when a soft white hand, lighter than down, caresses me lovingly on the forehead as I lie wide awake in bed, I am simply compelled to believe, and I am now only anxious to make what I have received contribute to my own elevation of soul and the world's

uplifting. I have found a new gospel, justifying the brightest dreams."

For the elaboration of these eloquent utterances, and of the new sensations, new views of life and duty, naturally following in the track of new convictions, we must refer our readers to the lecture itself, and may appropriately conclude with some recent words of the iconoclastic Robert Ingersoll,—"We do not know, we cannot say, whether death is a wall or a door; the beginning or the end of day; the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding for ever of wings; the rise or the set of a sun."

#### SPIRITUALIST CONVERSAZIONE.

A CONVERSAZIONE (briefly referred to in our last) was given on the evening of the 29th Sept., at the Lyceum Hall, Lonsdale Street, to the members and friends of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, by Mr. Charles Johnston, the President of the Association, at which between 300 and 400 persons were present. Music during the evening was provided by the choir of the V.A.S., under Mr. Bowley's leadership, solo pieces being rendered by Miss Samuel, Miss Clay, Signora Hug, Mr. Clay, Mr. Henshaw, and others. Ample refreshments were provided, and the President, and Mrs. Johnston, did their utmost to enable those present to pass the evening pleasantly. A few addresses were given from the platform, Mr. Johnston prefacing the proceedings by a few words of hearty welcome. Mr. Terry read messages of greeting from Mrs. Ada Foye and Mrs. Watson, and made reference to one or two mediums on the way to this part of the world, also to the suggestion of a world-confederation of Spiritualists made by Mr. Stainton-Moses and others connected with the London Alliance. Mr. E. C. Haviland in due course made some remarks. He asked the question, why there should be so much antagonism to Spiritualism, in answering which, after reading various definitions of the terms Religion and Science, he urged that Spiritualism properly came under the latter designation, and considered that it had not made the way it should have done, because it had been put forward as a religion. He regarded Melbourne as the metropolis of Spiritualism, but regretted to have found so few names on the books of the Association, in comparison with the large number known to be in the country, and concluded with a strong appeal to his hearers to become members and support the Association in its work.

Mr. Gerald Massey, who was received with applause, responded cordially to the words of welcome that had been spoken. He was, he said, one of those "cranks" called Spiritualists. He was not an abnormal medium, as one of the papers had made him say, but his first wife was mediumistic, and through her he had received many proofs. He spoke of his state of health when he left England, after the completion of his book, as very low, but he was glad to say he now found himself, after his travels, very much better. He thought that Spiritualists did not, as a rule, learn sufficiently from nature. They believed in the *natural*; only that in that expression they properly included the domain of the spiritual. But some Spiritualists, the moment they found that certain extraordinary phenomena were true, at once thought that it proved all the miracles recorded in the Bible to be true likewise. These, however, were simply myths, and had to be interpreted by the light of mythology. Spiritualists ought to be educated in the doctrine of Evolution. The Denton Museum, which he was glad to see there, was a step in the right direction, and he was also glad to find that the young had an opportunity of being freed from the damnable doctrines which had cursed their forefathers. Everywhere he went, he had found the Spiritualists in a chaotic state, with many divergences of opinion, and he had come to the conclusion that the object of Spiritualism was essentially to make people independent in mind, and that they were not meant to think alike, and that these divergences of opinion really formed a species of protective bristling chevaux de frise around their facts. He approved, however, of any attempt at confederation; for though they could not meet to agree to think alike, they

could meet to agree to do something, to carry out some plan of action. He was not exactly a representative sent out by English Spiritualists, but in some sort he did represent them, and therefore, in conclusion, in their name he tendered to his hearers a cordial greeting.

#### FACTS FOR VACCINATORS.

From the *Daily Chronicle* we extract the following:—"Four men are in Leicester Goal undergoing terms of imprisonment for refusing to have their children vaccinated. The Vaccination Officer has reported that he cannot carry out the law, there being about twelve hundred (1,200) persons waiting to be summoned, and over two-thirds of the children born are unvaccinated. The Vaccination Acts are a dead letter, and there has not been a single case of small-pox in twelve months."

The English Anti-Vaccinationists have issued a telling handbill, headed with the above quotation, and addressed to the "Fathers and Mothers of England," and appealing to them in these terms:—"How long will ye bear it! Here is a town where there are no small-pox cases, and yet four of your fellow-men are ruthlessly torn away from their homes and families, and confined as criminals in a prison for refusing to have their children poisoned and legally murdered. The power is to a considerable extent in your own hands. Use it then:—1. By voting only for those men who will pledge themselves to protect the liberties and lives of the people, and repeal the law of compulsory Vaccination. 2. By refusing to employ any medical man who may be in favor of such a law. 3. By refusing to have your own children vaccinated."

Basle, a canton of Switzerland, is another instance of a locality where, although vaccination has for a length of time been repudiated, there is a similar immunity from small-pox.

From the last Report of the London Anti-Vaccination Society we learn that there has been a good deal of activity during the past year. 31,500 copies of their organ the *Inquirer*, have been issued, and freely circulated amongst editors, journalists, and publicists. Numerous petitions have been presented praying for a total repeal of the Acts. Personal investigations have been carried on into cases of vaccine disasters and inquest cases, also of alleged deaths from Vaccination, in which no inquests have been held, the alleged deaths of unvaccinated children, and the like. Public meetings and discussions have been held, in the principal districts of London, large quantities of literature distributed by house to house visitation, open air meetings instituted, and several thousand signatures of the electors of Chelsea obtained to a protest against Sir Charles Dilke, the member for that Borough, having lent his influence in the House to the upholding of compulsory vaccination. Large numbers of handbills have been distributed amongst those attending the various vaccine stations, and recruits joining the Army. Parcels of assorted literature have been sent to all important centres in England, America and the colonies. Anti-vaccinationists are urged to give the most strenuous opposition to all candidates for Parliamentary, Parochial, or Municipal honours who are in favor of Compulsory Vaccination. "The most efficient work, however," says the Report, "is performed by those parents who refuse to have their children vaccinated, and suffer fine and imprisonment rather than betray their sacred trust."

We are in receipt of No. 1 of "The Young Secularist," a monthly journal got up by the Secularists for the edification of their juveniles. It is a decided improvement on the Secular Song Book recently referred to, and contains a number of items of interest to young folks, and in its definition of Secularism, whilst indulging in satire at the foolish people who believe in a soul, and charging them all round with intolerance, it lays down a moral basis for Secularism which, if accepted and fulfilled, would render the Secularists a most estimable people. It is published in magazine form, and has for a frontispiece a very good portrait of Thomas Paine.

## A TALE OF ETERNITY.

HAVING arranged with Mr. Gerald Massey for the publication of the above thrilling Poem, which is at present entirely out of print and unobtainable, we beg to notify our readers that the first portion of it will be given in next number, and will be continued through succeeding issues till completed.

## THOUGHT READING.

DEAR SIR,—As the question of "Thought Reading" is receiving so much attention at present, both here and at home, I thought your readers might like to be informed of some of my experiences in that direction recently. A few weeks since I was surprised to receive an invitation from a gentleman residing in one of our suburbs, who is thoroughly orthodox, to spend an evening with his family and witness some astonishing exhibitions of "Thought Reading." I gladly accepted. On the evening fixed, my wife and I put in an appearance. After the usual *te te*, piano music, and admiration of some beautiful specimens of oil painting, the work of one of the young ladies of the family, it was proposed to try "Thought Reading," or as they termed it, "Mind Reading." Accordingly the young lady who has the gift strongest left the room. The doors being closed, my wife and I were invited to say what we would *wish* her to do on her return to the room, and decided to *wish* that she should shake hands with myself and wife, afterwards kneel down at my wife's knees.

She was then called back into the room; blindfolded, her brother stood behind her, putting both hands on her shoulders, and *willed* accordingly; and immediately, without hesitation, she walked up, shook hands, and knelt down at my wife's knees. She again left the room and we *willed* that she should take off her father's spectacles and place them on me, then remove and place them on her brother's nose; which she did precisely as he desired. Again leaving the room, we *willed* that she should select a certain piece of music, go to the piano, play it, then turn round and kneel down before each of us, in succession; all of which she did perfectly.

On a subsequent occasion, at my own house, precisely similar events occurred with the same young lady and one of my family, by simply "will" power. I may remark that her eyes were bandaged, and strict silence observed, except on one occasion I spoke, and the power seemed broken. I found some other members of the family had the same receptive powers.

I will draw no conclusion, but leave these facts with your readers.

E. G.

## THE NEW ZEALAND PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A MEETING of persons interested in the investigation of Psychological subjects was held in Cook-street Hall, at Auckland, N.Z., on Sunday afternoon, 5th October last, for the purpose of forming the above-named Society, and notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather the Hall was fairly well filled, and some forty odd persons enrolled themselves as members. We are glad to learn from the remarks made by the President that these subjects are commanding such attention in Auckland; that there is so much earnest research into the hidden mysteries and psychic powers latent in man, and above all that such a strong spirit of unanimity prevails in the endeavour on the part of the members of the newly-formed N.Z. Psychological Society to benefit humanity mentally, morally, and physically.

In connection with this Society a Lyceum has been formed, and to judge from the attendance at the first meeting, it promises to be a decided success, the children evincing marked pleasure both in the mode of instruc-

tion and in the light calisthenic exercises, and were most enthusiastic in the marching.

The evening lectures have been well attended since the opening of the Society, and are receiving strong support despite the opposition of the orthodoxes, who brand all who investigate Psychological subjects—Spiritualism especially—as children of the evil one, and of the Materialists, who think Spiritualism a hallucination.

We are pleased to notice that despite the powerful opposition which has been brought to bear by both these parties, the people of Auckland have made such a decided stand, and have resolved to take the lead in this matter by calling themselves the "New Zealand Psychological Society." We wish them every success, and look forward to the no distant date when they will be able to extend the charter of the Society to affiliated branches all over the colony of N.Z. J. S.

## VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

A MEETING of the above Association was held at the Lyceum Hall, Lonsdale-street, on Sunday evening, Oct. 5th, to consider the proposition made by the President of the London Spiritual Alliance for a World Confederation of Spiritualists. Mr. W. H. Terry was called to the chair, and gave a brief outline of the scheme and its advantages. The letter and address of the President of the London Spiritual Alliance (as printed in October *Harbinger*), having been widely circulated, obviated any necessity for elaboration, and the general tone of the speakers was evidently favourable to the movement. A resolution proposed by Mr. H. Brotherton, and seconded by Mr. E. C. Haviland, that "This Association join the proposed Confederation," was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

The Sunday evening lectures of the Association have been maintained and fairly attended. On the 12th inst., Mr. Charles Bamford gave his first essay from the Association platform entitled "Westward and Sunward, or the Birth of Heaven." It was very favourably received, and the lecturer complimented by several of the ordinary speakers both as to the substance of the lecture and the manner of its delivery. It transpired that Mr. Bamford had been a member of various Spiritualistic Lyceums from early childhood, and to this was attributed the development of his mental capacities and ability to publicly express his thoughts.

## LETTER FROM SAMUEL WATSON.

WE recently received a fraternal letter from our old friend and correspondent, Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tennessee, author of the "Religion of Spiritualism," etc. Though considerably advanced in years, brother Watson appears to be as energetic as ever in the Spiritualistic work. He writes, "I have just returned from a camp-meeting held on 'Look-out Mountain, near Chattanooga, Tenn. Though not a large attendance (it being the first Spiritual camp-meeting held in the Southern States), yet it was a very interesting meeting. The speakers were mostly ladies, and I never have heard finer lectures than they delivered. We organised, last October, the Southern Association of Spiritualists; also a Stock Company, and purchased a lot of ground, containing fifteen acres. It has a large hotel, with several fine cottages, a hall 100 feet long, a store, barn, and stable, etc. It is one of the finest sites for a camp-meeting I have ever seen, where these meetings are held. Our Association divided the Southern States off into districts, appointing a minister, or lecturer, to each of them to travel and organise Associations wherever they can do so. Our convention elected ten persons to be ordained as ministers under a charter. We have guaranteed to us all the rights and privileges the churches have in our land. I consecrated them last Sunday, on the camp-ground. It was an interesting time. We hope under our present plan to do more than ever has been done in the South for the advancement of our glorious cause."



The Melbourne public will shortly be blest with the presence of two separate professional "exposers" of Spiritualism. One indeed is already in our midst, engaged nightly in the holy work of fighting error and pocketing dollars. The other is coming, and has sent forward a preliminary advertisement in the *Age*, referring in very depreciatory terms to "any so-called entertainment that may precede us," and exposing the paltriness of his predecessor's trickery as compared with his own. This is unkind to a fellow-worker and brother craftsman. The "Doctor" is exceedingly rough upon the "Professor." As they have chosen to fall out, probably the best thing to do is to leave them alone to bemaun each other to their hearts' content. Perhaps it is only their way of exciting a sensation. An excellent corrective of their misrepresentations would be the distribution of a few thousand leaflets amongst their audience, enlightening the latter as to the differences between the genuine phenomena and this detestable burlesque which conjurors palm off upon the public.

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