

Part 807

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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the Spiritualistic domain, find too much attraction there and by staying draw others after him. If it were the simple and ignorant that were being unduly attracted to the subject, there might be some ground for their solicitude, for it is undoubtedly a duty of the wiser of the community to protect the foolish from danger and imposition; but here we have the anomaly of the wise man being dictated to by the less wise, who are terribly alarmed lest he should be imposed upon. A man, into whose hands are entrusted by the representatives of the people the destinies of a mighty nation cannot be trusted to approach and examine what they have already decided to be a dummy for fear he should mistake it for a man! it is not very complimentary to the Premier; but his case has unfortunately many parallels. When the public have come to conclusions on any particular subject they do not like to have them disturbed.

Unless we are mistaken in Mr. Gladstone's character, he is not the man to be dictated to in a matter of this sort. The exigencies of his position may prevent his pursuing the subject to any great extent, but he has sufficient perceptive power and spiritual intuition to realise the importance of it, as did the late Lord Brougham when he wrote: "But even in the most cloudless skies of skepticism I see a rain cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is Modern Spiritualism."

The "cloud" has considerably enlarged since these words were written, and is visible nearly all over the civilised world, though in places somewhat angular in its contour; still there is a tendency to greater solidarity. The bigots and form-worshippers in the churches see it and are troubled, for they know that the crystal drops that fall from it will wash some of the tinsel off their idols and expose the dross underneath. The bigots outside the churches see it also, but affect to treat it as a mist, yet are they too troubled when now and again some prominent member of their body recognises the nature of the cloud and sees the silver lining to it; whilst, to the enlightened, it is the harbinger of glorious showers of spiritual truth, which shall vivify man's higher nature and draw him mightily upwards towards that brighter realm he is destined to enter when his work on this earth is done.

MR. GLADSTONE, the British Premier, has recently had a séance with Mr. W. Eglinton, the celebrated medium for Psychography, or slate-writing, and having approached the subject in a rational and philosophic manner, exhibiting a scientific spirit, which the so-called scientific men usually dispense with when dealing with Spiritualistic phenomena, has not only expressed himself satisfied with his experiences, but ventured to hint that scientific men acted unscientifically in denying the existence of forces in nature, which they had never attempted to investigate. The secular press is very much exercised over this, and doubtless the religious press will be seriously troubled. The *Weekly Dispatch* indeed questions his right to attend a séance at all, and foresees "a world of mischief," rising up as a result of his depreciation of the action of scientific men. It appears also from the *Daily News* that Mr. Gladstone is being written to by busybodies, and in one instance has allowed his subordinate to pen a brief reply, in which, however, he simply calls attention to the fact that he has "expressed no conclusion on the subject." This is, doubtless, intended as an intimation to busybody and his confreres that it will be time enough to make a noise when he has publicly announced his belief in spiritual manifestations.

It is almost ludicrous to observe the consternation of some of these would-be guardians of public opinion when any notable man approaches with fair intentions the subject of Spiritualism. If they believe its pretensions are unsound, why need they be afraid; they should rather encourage able and talented men to investigate it, for they would be just the men to find out and expose its unsoundness. It would seem as though they are rather afraid there is more in it than they care to admit, and they fear that their clever man may, if allowed to enter

THE *Philosophical Inquirer*, a real Freethought paper published in Madras, has, in its issue of November 9th, an able leader on Spiritualism *versus* Materialism, bearing on ours of October last, anent the question, Has Man a Soul? raised by Mr. Joseph Symes, and answered in the article referred to.

The *Philosophical Inquirer*, though an admirer of Mr. Symes, after presenting that gentleman's position in the argument, says: "The *Harbinger of Light* has chosen to give an almost crushing answer to Mr. Symes, which evidently tends to utterly overthrow Mr. Symes' mere sensational theory, thereby exhibiting to the world at large that such theories are merely the lamentable offsprings of ignorance of the science of Mesmerism. This is followed by some telling extracts from our article, at the conclusion of which the editor asks: "What has Mr. Symes to say to these eighty-nine instances of seeing without eyes?"

Well we know what he has to say, or did say, in a subsequent number of the *Liberator*; it was put in a small compass, but will bear still further condensation, and is comprised in the following few words: Don't believe it; testimony of other people is of no value to me. If you want to convince me, trot out your mediums to exhibit their phenomena before me; tell me the date and number of a cheque I have written and put away; furnish facts (to me), and when you convince me I will propagate your views.

We don't know whether there are any Spiritualists weak enough to comply with Mr. Symes' conditions, and to believe they can convince him, but, for our own part, had we a lucid clairvoyant we should prefer to use our instrument in connection with those who are seeking for evidence rather than with those who do not want to be convinced, and who in all probability would not be benefited were conviction forced upon them.

SERMO AD SERMONES.

BY

C. W. ROHNER, M.D.

A SERMON ON SERMONS! Oh, what I would give to hear a decent sermon, only once in my life! I am now over half a century old, and never heard a sermon yet, but many sermons. Thousands and tens of thousands of sermons are preached weekly in the churches of Christendom, but what effect do they produce on the hearers? None; absolutely none. What is the cause of this? One should think with such a sermon as the Sermon on the Mount before them, our spiritual guides could have no difficulty whatever to preach a sermon whose glowing and heart-stirring words would sink deep into the souls of men. Where is the fault? Is it in the preachers, or in those to whom the sermons are preached? I am inclined to think the fault lies mainly on the side of the preachers, and in the manner in which they preach the "good news." Although the Sermon on the Mount is not exactly a pattern of sacred oratory, in fact it is no sermon at all as to style and composition; but still, it contains so many grand texts for radical and soul-reforming sermons, that one is struck with astonishment and wonder to find that our modern apostles—*lucis a non lucido*—are apparently unable to make a proper selection from them. Our modern preachers see the multitudes right enough eager to listen to them, but the preachers somehow don't care to go up into the same holy mountain—into the mental altitudes and profundities of the ancient preacher of preachers to address them in the manner in which he addressed his Galilean followers.

Has our lot fallen on times in which the nine beatitudes have lost the power of beatifying human souls? I don't think so. For the poor in spirit are still now living in a kingdom of blessedness; the mourners still find comfort in those words of which it was said, that although the world pass away, his words shall not pass away; the truly meek are also still blessed, for they know that the earth is their inheritance, a heaven on earth in spite of the Sodom and Gomorrah surroundings; those hungering and thirsting after righteousness are

still filled with the bread and water of the eternal truths of the divine Carpenter's Son.

Yes, Matthew Arnold has told us plainly that everything in God's world still makes for righteousness. The merciful also still obtain mercy, as of old; the pure in heart still see God; those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake still see the kingdom of heaven before them; the peacemakers, again, are as blessed as ever, and we still call them the children of God; our Brights and Gladstones, putting down war—war in India, war in Egypt, war in Ireland—are worshipped by the people of England as staunch peace-makers at any price; and the war department of the English aristocracy and the House of Lords, whose only safety is in perpetual war, is loudly cursed by hundreds of thousands whose blood is daily spilt in useless struggles for the "Greater Britain" of Sir Charles Dilke and for J. R. Seeley's "Expansion of England;" and, finally, blessed in their hearts are those still whom men revile and persecute, saying all manner of evil against them, for in the pattern-life of their Saviour they gladly recognise their unerring aim and destiny. No, it is not from want of proper texts for sermons for our modern multitudes that we don't get any proper sermons; it is not from want of proper examples of holy men, having led holy lives, that we don't get proper spiritual leaders in our latter days; no, it is because our church has apostatised from the truths of the Christ, the anointed healer of the nations; it is because our church is given over to idolatry; it is because our churches materialise the spiritual instead of spiritualising the material; it is because the Christian pharisees of our days have converted the house of the Father into a den of thieves and robbers, bartering away for money what can only be obtained by a worthy life. Under such circumstances, how can we expect to have preachers able to impress the hungry and thirsty multitudes with their sermons—sermons preached for money—without a sign of spiritual gifts about those who now claim—falsely claim—apostolic succession.

We have certainly more gossellers now than in the days of Jesus and his disciples, but their quality stands in an inverse ratio to their quantity. We have also vastly more churches, but what is the good of so many churches when the true Christians prefer to say their prayers in their own humble closets—fondly remembering the words of their Master when he said that the time would come when God would not be worshipped either in Gerizim or in Jerusalem, but in spirit and in truth! And so it is now—a-days; our priests worship they know not what, whether it be in Rome or Geneva, in Wittenberg or Westminster; in all places of Christian worship they have seemingly lost the truth and the spirit of the truth. Our modern apostles are no longer the salt of the earth; they have lost both savour and flavour, and what is worse than all, they know it not. Their empty churches do not teach them a lesson; their waning flocks are no index to them of the waning faith of their congregations; the hitherto blind have recovered enough sight to see that to be led by the blind can only lead to ruin, and hence the wholesale desertion of the flocks which we notice as an ominous sign of the times. Only by again entering into the spirit of the life of the Galilean Master; only by imitating the unparalleled love and self-sacrifice of the Nazarene, only by showing the people that their kingdom is not of this earth alone, can our modern spiritual guides hope to learn to speak again as no man spake, instead of speaking as everybody speaks, and trying to be all things to all men, lest a copper should be lost in the plate at church collections. What we want is real preachers, real men of flesh, blood, and spirit, not anthropoid apes, imitating orthodox fashions of false and men-made creeds; not false prophets, with a lying spirit in their mouths; Judases betraying their masters in every word they utter about him, making a bad God out of a supposedly good man, and setting up the impossible for imitation to man, asking them to become like God, when the very idea of God has become an enigma and philosophical puzzle.

But, fortunately, better times are coming, a better day has already dawned; a new Saviour of mankind was again born in an obscure corner of the earth, in Hydes-

ville, the modern crib of a new creed, the latest holy cradle and manger of infant Spiritualism, yes, of Christian Spiritualism in the best sense of the term. The grand child is growing apace, it will shortly throw off its baby-shoes, and step forth into the full light of day in its full manhood; not, however, to be crucified again by a bastard generation of apostolic and ordained impostors of successors. The movement of Spiritualism will not again be allowed to fall into the hands of a religious hierarchical ring of unspiritual tyrants; our new Lord will not be allowed to be sold for thirty or any other number of pieces of silver, as it has been by eighteen centuries of clerical Iscariots; the truth-loving people will guard the movement now afoot; cliques of money-grabbers in the name of Jesus will find their occupation gone, *novus nascitur verum ordo, redeunt Saturnia regna*; such at least is our firm hope, based upon solid facts—the facts of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

Tungamah, 7th December, 1884.

ONE, TWO, AND THREE STORY INTELLECTS.

By J. S.

THE following deeply interesting article appeared in the *Argus* a few weeks since. When reading the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" some years since we were particularly struck with that passage upon which the present article is based, and the elaboration of the idea is quite in accordance with the impression made upon us at the time, and with our general feeling in relation to those with whom at one time we would have been disposed to argue, but now as soon as we find they are on a different "story" we save ourselves the fruitless task. First and second story people must be looking up before they can perceive the good things which the third story ones are ready to give them:—

Among the many wise and witty things which have been written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is equally at home in the domain of psychological as in that of physiological science, is one which appears to me to envelope a profound truth, in relation to certain specific and radical differences in the cerebral organisation and mental capacity of the human race. His own observations of civilised mankind have led him to divide them into "one-story intellects, two-story intellects, and three-story intellects, with sky-lights. All fact-collectors, who have no aim beyond their facts," he proceeds, "are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalise, using the labours of the fact-collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealise, imagine, predict—their best illumination comes from above, through the skylights." I think no one can have lived long in the world, have mixed much with all sorts and conditions of people, have read many books, and reflected very earnestly upon what he has seen and learned, without acknowledging the singular felicity and accuracy of this differentiation and definition. The great bulk of mankind, both savage and civilised, will necessarily fall within the first category; and there will be, of course, a considerable disparity in the character, quality, and amount of the mental furniture of the ground-floor intellects, as also in the method of its arrangement. Mr. Gradgrind would come under this denomination, and so would Pope's

"Bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

Many pedants, many compilers of dictionaries, cyclo-pædias, scientific hand-books, technical catalogues, antiquarian treatises, concordances, and so forth, will naturally fall into rank with the one-story men. Their *res-de-chaussee* may cover a great deal of ground, but they never get above it. The two-story intellects, on the other hand, will comprehend an immense number of men belonging to every variety of profession and occupation, and exhibiting a wide range of individual ability and mental activity. It will include philosophers and scientists of the highest eminence, many acute thinkers and admirable logicians, lawyers, surgeons, physicians, men of letters and statesmen, successful merchants, geographical explorers, inventors, naval and military heroes, and the foremost doers of the world's work. But

the three-story intellects are comparatively rare. They are the salt of the earth, and the flower of their race. Theirs is the gift of genius. They "idealise, imagine, predict. Their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight." What the two-story men laboriously struggle to acquire, and never succeed in obtaining, the three-story men arrive at by intuition. They are endowed with spiritual insight and foresight, and are open to spiritual influx. The heaven above them is not shut out by a dense, impenetrable roof; but its light descends upon them, in the happy phraseology of Dr. Holmes, "through the skylight." No one recognised this more fully than Plato and Socrates. "All good poets," said the latter, "epic as well as lyric, compose their beautiful poems, not as works of art, but because they are inspired and possessed." And Milton, speaking of the "divine pastoral drama" of the Song of Solomon, "the high and stately tragedy" of the Apocalypse, and the odes and hymns of Pindar and Callimachus, pronounces them to have been "the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed;" and he, himself, when referring to his great epic, characterised it as "a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows from the pen of some vulgar amoureur, not to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases." The poet, whose "soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," was one of the loftiest of the three-story intellects. So were Dante, Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Spenser, each with the most transparent of skylights to admit the radiance which streamed down upon them from above. Among the early Italian painters were many who sought and acknowledged their illumination from the same source, Fra Angelico da Fiesole being a typical example. This admirable artist, who refused the archbishopric of Florence when it was offered to him by Pope Nicholas V., and passed the dignity on to a poor friar named Antonino, whom he believed to be worthier of it, "never took pencil in hand," according to Vasari, "until he had first offered a prayer;" and when a picture left his easel, as the historian tells us, "he altered nothing, but left all as it was done the first time, believing—as he said—that such was the will of God." And his works reflect the divine serenity, purity, and sweetness of his entirely spiritual mind. Baccio della Porta, who afterwards became famous as Fra Bartolommeo, belonged to the same class of intellects, as also his friend Savonarola; and Michael Angelo Buonarroti, whom Pindemonte has called "the man with four souls." His illumination, like that of Plato and Milton, descended on him through "the skylights." He revered his art, because he discerned the source of its inspiration. "Good painting," said he to Vittoria Colonna, "is in itself noble and religious. Nothing elevates a good man's spirit, and carries it farther on towards devotion, than the difficulty of reaching that state of perfection nearest to God which unites us to Him. Now, good painting is an imitation of His perfection, the shading of His pencil, a music in fine, a melody, and it is only a refined intellect which can appreciate the difficulty of this. This is why good painting is so rare, and why so few men can get near to or produce it." Yet there have been hundreds of artists with two-story intellects who have made themselves a great name in the world, while wanting that *mens divinator* which shines forth from the works of the three Italians I have named.

The founders of the great religions of the East, Gautama, Confucius, Zoroaster, and Mahomet, were necessarily three-story intellects. They could "idealise, imagine, predict," and "their best illumination," as Dr. Holmes says, "came from above." They belonged to that exceptional class of beings in whom humanity was elevated and spiritualised through its endowment with faculties unknown to, and incomprehensible by, the two-story men. The latter may understand "all mysteries and all knowledge," may have ransacked the arcana of the physical sciences, and may have read the outward and visible inscription of the material universe like a

book, but beyond this they are unqualified to proceed, for the very obvious reason that spiritual things can only be "spiritually discerned." The two story men see nothing but the phenomena of nature. They are completely blind to its noumena. Theirs is a case of arrested development. The anatomist who declared that he had dissected scores of human bodies, and had never found a soul in any one of them, spoke the simple truth. He had no upper story to his intellect. It was not his fault but his misfortune. The incompleteness of his mental structure might be a subject for respectful compassion, but not for remonstrance or reproach.

"For who would rush at a benighted man,
And give him two black eyes for being blind!"

If we accept Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's classification of mankind we shall be better able to understand such phenomena as Atheism, Agnosticism, and Materialism, when either of them is found to be associated, as it frequently is, with considerable intellectual power, great attainments, and a broad grasp of human knowledge. The first floor in all such cases may be of magnificent dimensions, stored with a rare wealth of facts, and rich in logical deductions, closely-reasoned conclusions, and wise and valuable generalisations. It may be that of a Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, Spencer, Haeckel, Buchner, Moleschott, or otherwise. But it is only a two-story intellect, after all, although palatial in magnitude, sumptuous in furniture, and exquisite in decorations. And the poor little three-story edifice close by may appear mean and squalid by comparison with it. Yet this is loftier than those, and it possesses the inestimable advantage of a skylight. Bossuet was, in many respects, an intellectual giant as compared with Fenelon, but the Archbishop of Cambrai, deriving his illumination from above, is appalled in celestial light, while the tawdry splendour of his insolent and imperious opponent and persecutor is often an offence to the eye.

Many poets, some naturalists, and a few divines, have been "three-story men." Wordsworth and Goethe were typical examples of the first; Michelet—in his monographs on the Bird, the Insect, the Mountain, and the Sea—of the second; William La V., George Herbert of Bemerton, and the late F. D. Maurice, of the third. The author of the "Excursion" and of the "Ode on immortality," leading a life of seclusion and reflection, and spending a great part of his time in the championship of Nature, seems to have kept his "skylight" constantly open to the illumination which streamed in upon it from above. He drew his inspiration, as he has told us, from "The Wisdom and Spirit of the universe" from that "Soul" which is

"The eternity of thought;
And gives to forms and imagines a breath
And everlasting motion."

He was qualified to perceive that, underlying the fugitive manifestations of the external world, there is an animating principle and enduring essence, and to comprehend the profound truth embodied in the declaration of St. Paul, that "the worlds were framed by the Word of God, so that many things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." Wordsworth and Goethe looked upon nature with both the inner and the outer vision. "Had I not had the world in my soul from the beginning," said the great German, "I must ever have remained blind with my seeing eyes, and all experience and observation would have been dead and unproductive. The light is there, and the colours surround us, but if we bore nothing corresponding in our own eyes the outward apparition would not avail." This spiritual discernment of what may be called the soul of things, belongs exclusively to the three-story intellects; and it appears to be quite unintelligible to the rest. The Vogts, the Dubois-Reymonds, the Virchow, and the Schefflers, who designate life as a particular form of mechanics, man as a material product only, the faculties of the mind as functions of the cerebral substance, and ideas as chemical combinations, do so because they are naturally incapacitated for discerning anything in our constitution but what is material and tangible. Theirs is not a wilful and culpable blindness to the realities of which our physical organs and their operations are but

the fugitive apparitions. The materialist speaks according to his knowledge and his opportunities. If these are limited, and if all his ideas are of the earth earthy, why should we be angry with him? or waste our breath in trying to argue with him? or in attempting to remedy mental defects which are irremediable, and to supply spiritual deficiencies of which he is happily unconscious, while at the same time they occasion him no regret?

Dr. Holmes's "skylight," if a new image, is a fact as old as the hills; and it would not be safe to assume, that from the days in which the Book of Job was written down to the present time, there was never a three-story intellect of conspicuous eminence that did not hold the same opinion as Goethe did when he said to Eckermann that "no productiveness of the highest kind, no remarkable discovery, no great thought which bears fruit and has results, is in the power of anyone. Such things are elevated above all earthly control. Man must consider them as unexpected gifts from above, as pure children of God, which he must receive and venerate with joyful thanks." Of course, this is altogether opposed to the materialistic theory propounded by Moleschott and the rest of the two-story scientists—the theory, namely, which represents thought as the product of phosphorus in combination with cholesterine, albumen, and potassium; but we need not concern ourselves about the harmless delusions of men of this stamp, whatever may be their eminence as investigators of the physical sciences. For they resemble that Abbot of Clairvaux who, while stopping for a time on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, dedicated a portion of every day to pacing up and down

"The pleasant path
That winds beside the mirror of all beauty,
And, when at eve his fellow-pilgrims sate
Discoursing of the lake, asked where it was."

"Eyes have they, and they see not." But if we bear in mind this fundamental distinction between the three classes of intellect into which mankind may be broadly divided, it will help to explain much that is otherwise unintelligible; as, for example, the attitude of Agnosticism towards certain spiritual truths which are self-evident to those whose knowledge of the existence of the Supreme First Cause, and of the nature and immortality of the soul, as well as of the mystery underlying matter, is intuitional or inspirational. It is just as impossible for the agnostic, the atheist, or the materialist to arrive at this sort of knowledge, or to comprehend its derivation and the method of its reception, as for a blind man to understand the description of a rainbow, or for a deaf man to master the principles of harmony. The very phrase which is commonly made use of to designate numerous illustrious thinkers and writers, such as Eckart and Tauler, Nicholas of Basle, Behmen, Molinos, Madame Guyon, and William Law, namely the Mystics, showed how far they were removed from the first and second story men and women around them. When Weigel, for example, affirmed that as divine illumination, "through the skylight," reveals to man the mysteries of his own being, he will discern proportionately the secrets of external nature, and when the worthy pastor of Tschopau likewise taught that all language, art, science, and handicraft exists potentially in man, requiring only to be quickened by the Father of lights, he was probably regarded by the majority of his hearers as speaking in an unknown tongue. Yet he merely anticipated Goethe and Emerson. And when Tauler compared inspiration to "the sun raying forth its natural light into the air, and filling it with sunshine, so that no eye can tell the difference between the sunshine and the air," he was clothing with a more poetical garb the impressive truth which Dr. Holmes has presented so graphically under the homely image of skylights. Carlyle consistently and persistently proclaimed that inspiration is a perennial fact. And in one place he says—"If the debater and demonstrator, whom we may rank as the lowest of true thinkers, knows what he has done, and how he did it, the artist, whom we rank as the highest, knows not. He must speak of inspiration, and in one or the other dialect, call his work the gift of a divinity." He singles out Goethe as one of the divinely ordained ministers of the world; attributes (in the *Life of John Sterling*) all high

intelligence to the "inspiration of the Almighty," asserts that to swerve from it, or disobey it, is the treason of treasons and the unforgivable sin; and, returning to the subject in *Sartor Resartus*, concludes the 7th chapter of the 3rd book with a passage full of rugged eloquence. "Neither say," he writes, "that thou hast no symbol of the Godlike. Is not God's universe a symbol of the Godlike? Is not immensity a temple? Is not man's history, and men's history, a perpetual evangel? Listen, and for organ-music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the morning stars sing together."

The three-story intellects are and have been the primates of their race. They are and have been the living witnesses of the spiritual element in man. They are and have been the salt of the earth, which preserves it from corruption. The light they have received, they have diffused; the gifts they have acquired, they have distributed. History would be a gloomy record without the story of their lives; and the literature of the world would be comparatively worthless if their works were eliminated from it. J. S.

MR. GLADSTONE AT A SEANCE.

FROM "LIGHT," NOV. 8TH.

In last week's "LIGHT" we stated in very general terms that the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had been present at a seance, and we promised to give further particulars in this week's issue. Within a few hours of the publication of our last number, the Metropolitan News Agencies and members of the Press were busily engaged in the endeavour to get at the facts. In this they do not appear to have been very successful, and the brief narratives that have been presented to the public are so imperfect that we need offer no apology for giving at length the result of an interview which one of our own staff has had with the medium, Mr. W. Eglinton, 12, Old Quebec-street, W.

I hear, Mr. Eglinton, that you have had a seance with Mr. Gladstone. May I ask if that is so?

I had the honour yesterday (Wednesday, October 29th). But how did you hear of it?

Never mind. It is already whispered in Fleet-street, and the rumour will soon spread, so that you must expect, within a very few hours, to be harassed by a number of "interviewers" on the part of the newspapers. Are you at liberty to tell me the circumstances?

To some extent I may do so perhaps, not having been asked, as I am in some cases, to make a secret of it. But everything depends on what you wish to know.

Did Mr. Gladstone visit you at your rooms?

No, I met him at the residence of a lady of distinction in Grosvenor Square. Beyond that I am not prepared to go.

You feel that you are not at liberty to mention the name?

I am not. You may, for present purposes, call her Mrs. O. I had been invited to meet Lady X, the Marchioness of Z, and Mr. Gladstone.

To give a seance.

I understood beforehand that I was to attempt to give some exhibition of my powers as a medium for slate-writing.

Experience has shewn that for successful seances it is necessary for the medium, in such cases, to be quite at his ease—free from all mental disturbances. In accepting the invitation did you feel that you could be quite at your ease in the presence of a man of such distinction as Mr. Gladstone.

I confess I did not. My feelings at first were of a decidedly nervous kind on learning that I was to be the only other man present, and naturally the knowledge that I was to meet England's greatest statesman added not a little to this nervousness. But I was soon relieved of all apprehensions in this respect. I arrived a few minutes before Mr. Gladstone, and after he had saluted his hostess I was presented to him, when, with a pleasant smile, he stepped briskly across the room, and shook hands with me saying "I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir." I was

much struck with this mark of affability, because when men meet for the first time in a drawing-room, it is not usual to do more than bow, and that is often done in the most distant manner. And if anything was needed to put me "at my ease" it was the fact that though Mr. Gladstone, at first, conversed for the most part on general topics, doing so in the most agreeable manner, and without the slightest air of conscious superiority—he gave me distinctly to understand that he had no scepticism in regard to the possibility of psychical phenomena. He was already convinced, he said, that there were subtle forces with which "our puny minds" could not deal, and which he could not comprehend; he held the attitude, therefore not of a scoffer, but of a student who had no reason to doubt the genuineness of my pretensions. His recent experience in thought reading were sufficient to show that there were forces in nature which were not generally recognised.

After that you proceeded to give illustrations of your mediumship?

Yes. We took our places round an oval table of the usual description.

How were you seated in relation to each other?

Lady X sat next to me, on my right. On Lady X's right was Mrs. O., then Mr. Gladstone, and then the Marchioness of Z.

What slates were used?

Mrs. O. had provided two common school slates, and I had brought my now historic Brahma-locked double slate with oak frames.

I have heard that that slate was presented to you by His Royal Highness the late Duke of Albany, who had it made expressly for seances which he had with you, and that on the inner surfaces of these locked slates he received written communications which he believed came from a departed relative who was very dear to him. Is that so?

I am not at liberty to say anything about my relations with the Duke of Albany.

And your experiments in Mr. Gladstone's presence were successful?

Quite so. We had communications in reply to questions the replies being written—sometimes very lengthy ones—on the hostess's own slates, both when held under the table and when laid upon the table in full view of all present; and also within the locked slates.

Can you tell me the nature of those communications?

No, I cannot do that, and you must not press me too closely. I can only tell you the most unimportant of them with which the experiments commenced. We began by asking Mr. Gladstone to write a question upon one of the school slates. He did so, and the slate was held by me beneath the table, with the question upon the under side so that I could not see it, the other side being pressed closely against the under side of the table. Presently the writing began—

Did Mr. Gladstone hear the writing?

He did—and his face was a study. His intense look of amazement would have been amusing to those who have had experience of such phenomena, and was intensified when the slate was brought up, and the few words which had been written were declared by him to be a pertinent reply to question. The reply was "In the year 1857," and on the slate being turned over it was found that his question had been—"Which year do you remember to have been more dry than the present one?" After that Mr. Gladstone took the locked slate into a corner of the room, and on the inside of it wrote a question, which of course none of us saw. Then locking the slate and retaining the key, the slate was handed to one of the ladies and myself, and we both held it in the sight of all. While in this position the writing was heard going on upon the closed surfaces, and upon the slate being opened it was found that the question asked was "Is the Pope ill or well?" which had been answered in red pencil by the words, "He is ill in mind, not in body."

It occurs to me that these were rather trivial questions to put, and such as the "intelligences" or "occult forces" at work, were not likely to know very much about?

Perhaps so; but you should bear in mind that I have given you the particulars of the first experiment only, and in all probability Mr. Gladstone's mind was then occupied with the simple question of whether any writing at all

was possible under the circumstances. Of the subsequent experiments I can only say that they were perfectly successful; that some of the communications were written upon Mrs. O.'s own slates when held under the table; that several messages were given, not only between these two slates, but also within the locked slate, in view of all present; and that some of the questions were put in Spanish, French, and Greek, and satisfactorily answered in the same languages.

Are you yourself acquainted with Spanish, French and Greek?

I know very little of French, and nothing at all of either Spanish or Greek.

I have had myself so many sances with you under every conceivable variety of circumstances, that I cannot doubt the genuineness of the slate-writing produced through your mediumship; but of course, a stranger to the phenomena could hardly be expected to be satisfied with his first experience, and therefore it was especially desirable that a gentleman of Mr. Gladstone's distinction and influence should have every opportunity of the closest observation. Do you think he was satisfied.

Yes, I think so. He did not say so, in so many words, but his actions, and all that he said then and subsequently, seemed to point to it. Indeed, I do not see how he could be otherwise than satisfied that—to whatever power the phenomena might be attributable—they were at least of an occult or abnormal character. The written questions were in every case unknown to me; and pertinent answers, as I have told you, were written between slates fully exposed to view upon, or held over, the table of a brilliantly lighted drawing-room—the writing being distinctly heard while in the actual process. Mr. Gladstone had the fullest opportunity of observation, and I have no doubt whatever that his keen penetrating eyes, as he carefully watched all that was passing, assured him that everything was genuine. As one indication I may mention the evident interest he took in the messages themselves, which he could scarcely have done if he had any suspicion whatever of the *bona fides* of the experiments. From first to last he made a careful record of all the questions and all the replies.

You spoke just now of Mr. Gladstone having said something after the sance—was that in reference to what had occurred during the evening.

Not directly. But after the sance, and while the ladies were otherwise engaged, Mr. Gladstone entered into conversation with me on psychical subjects. I remarked upon the absurd attitude of the general public, and of many scientific men, in refusing to investigate what were but simple facts after all, when Mr. Gladstone replied in effect—(for I do not profess to be able to remember his words)—“I have always thought that scientific men run too much in a groove. They do noble work in their own special lines of study and research, but they are too often indisposed to give any attention whatever to matters which seem to conflict with their established modes of thought. Indeed, they not unfrequently attempt to deny that into which they have never inquired, not sufficiently realising the fact that there may possibly be forces in nature of which they know nothing.” As I talked with him on topics of a kindred character I was very pleased to see how his great mind could, even at this late hour of his life, open itself to the fair consideration of any new truth, however much it might run counter to previous experiences. He spoke at length of his own observations many years ago in the domains of clairvoyance and electro-biology, and then inquired whether there were any societies specially devoted to the study of occult phenomena. When I told him of the London Spiritualist Alliance and other societies, and mentioned some of the names of persons connected with them, and of others who had given attention to the subjects, he seemed greatly interested; and when I spoke of the literature of Spiritualism he said that he already knew that the movement was represented by excellent journals, and that many eminent men had written on the question—instancing Varley, Crookes, Wallace, Balfour, and others—one of whom, Mr. Crookes, had acknowledged his obligations to Mr. C. Blackburn, a wealthy gentleman lately resident in Manchester. I asked him whether he would honour me by

accepting a few books upon the subject, to which he very kindly replied that, although he had many works on various matters laid by for reading when the time came for him to be able to do so, he would most cheerfully undertake to read any books I might desire to send him, adding, “And I shall keep them as a memento of this very interesting evening.” I had a long and very pleasant conversation with him, but I think I have told you all that I ought to tell you, and I have certainly said more than I intended to say when I began.

Upon the whole you were gratified by the interview?

Decidedly. I have met princes and princesses, but, kind and condescending as they always were, I have never experienced keener pleasure than in the reflection that I have done something towards helping W. E. Gladstone to a better understanding of the possibility of communion with “friends who have gone before.”

REALITIES OF THE FUTURE LIFE.*

THIS neat little volume consists of selections from a large number of messages given through the hand of a medium, of whom the writer of the prefatory remarks says: “I can testify from intimate personal knowledge, that the medium is truthful, and is neither a Valitudinarian nor a visionary.” And this to the general reader is all-important, because on the reliability of the medium as such depends the value of the evidence given as to the nature of the future life and the common experience of those passing into it which the messages treat upon. Did this book stand alone, we should have to admit that the evidence was insufficient, but as the messages harmonise with thousands received through as many mediums whose reliability has been tested, they may reasonably be accepted by those at least who have received similar testimony.

The first chapter is devoted to descriptions by spirits of their entrance into the new life. One says:

“I will tell you how I entered upon my spirit-life. When I knew anything, I found myself resting in a country of beauty such as it is impossible for me to describe. I felt refreshed after the violent wrench in leaving the earth-body, and I was full of a sense of peace and comfort, which was most pleasing after all I had gone through. After some time I awoke to a more complete feeling of where I was, and I was aware that A. was with me, and gradually I awoke to the reality that I was in the spirit-world, and that my life of happiness had begun.”

Another:

“I passed away from earth unconsciously, and awoke as if I had been asleep a long time. I was astonished to find myself in a beautiful country, and to see many bright beings near me; amongst them I recognised my mother and brother. I could understand their speech, though it is not here as on earth. I heard beautiful music; I felt refreshed; all the weariness and dullness gone.”

And a third prefaces his description with:

“When I awoke in spirit-world, I could not at first understand that I was dead at all.”

This seems to be a very common experience; all seems so real and natural, and so different from the misty conceptions of orthodoxy, that it is hard for the awakening consciousness to realise that it has left the physical world and is what is erroneously called dead.

In the second chapter, dealing with conditions in spirit-life, one writes:

“I have a real body, without the infirmities of the earth-body; it has increasing powers, and never feels tired.”

Another:

“We are clothed with the spirit-body; it is the outward covering of the ransomed spirit; the means of communication, intercourse, and recognition.”

This is the general testimony of all.

The descriptions of homes in the spirit-world are mostly very attractive and in harmony with the tastes and conditions of those inhabiting them. One says:

“Heaven is a real place—much more real than I supposed it to be. I should like my friends on earth to know that we continue like ourselves. I don't feel much changed—except that my body is put off,—but I am the same man that I was on earth, only going on, I hope; yet slowly. I am in my home, the air is soft and beautiful, it seems to me I have a house to live in, but it is not much furnished. I am told that after a time there will be more furniture than I see at present. I have a few flowers and a garden to cultivate.”

* ‘Realities of the Future Life.’ E. Keegan, Paul, & Co., London.

Another, who is evidently more advanced, writes:

"You will imagine a house built of coloured marbles, shining in the clear pure light of the sun, which is all around us, bringing everything into radiance and beauty. Into the house you enter by a portico, which is encircled by beautiful flowering shrubs and creeping plants; then you pass through a lofty hall with large windows, and on the window-sills you would perceive some words written in gold letters, each word containing some special truth; you would see, looking carefully at these words, that they change, and, as each truth or speciality in teaching is absorbed into the inmost spirit, another succeeds. The floor of the hall is of pure white marble intermixed here and there with coloured [? marble], but the chief characteristic [is] white. Then passing along, you turn into a room with a fair open ceiling; there are seats on which to recline for refreshment and real rest; soft and beautiful, inviting repose. In the room you will find books, and various instruments of music are around you. Music we breathe as the air of heaven. In this room many come, for it is a meeting-room for discussion on various interesting subjects, and often when there are preachers and earnest teachers on earth giving forth their thoughts, they are unknowingly helped, and, I may say, inspired by the echoes which they catch; conveyed to them from this and similar halls of meeting."

In the concluding portion, devoted to the teaching of Spiritualism, there is matter which will inherently commend itself to the rational thinker:

"Each receives what is his due, and what he has justly earned. No perfection reached at first, and a crown of glory won; no great change, in fact, except in departure from the earth-body, which I grant, is a weary burden laid down; but the spirit, clothed with the body which it has prepared for itself by the earth-life, is the man as he was on earth, and [? he] goes where he has his right place; where he feels he is at home. There is a judgment,—don't let that be forgotten,—and it is just and right; [it is] not in the far distant future,—which some fondly think, and so the thought becomes unreal,—but when the spirit enters the spirit-land, if it does not begin before during the earth-life. The earth-life, its sins and incidents, was present to me, and I saw very clearly, without any excuses or earth-shadows; very painful this was, [while] the judgment [was] going on, but salutary; and I am thankful, though I had much to be corrected, and the reckoning [might have] seemed hard, but for the love and mercy of my long-suffering God; which I could see and thank Him for."

And another concludes somewhat similar experiences with these words:

"God is better far than ever we thought when on earth; He in His wisdom metes out to us as we have deserved, and I can thank Him with a deeper thankfulness than I knew of on earth. Our Father's love is over all His works. His doings are beyond our poor thinking. Yes, I have found how little I know. I am learning."

How much more in harmony with the idea of a just and loving Father are these teachings than those taught in the churches of a stern and implacable judge, weighing the weak and erring in the balance, and consigning all below the standard to eternal torture.

VACCINATION AS A SOURCE OF SMALL-POX.

THE following letters of Dr. Garth Wilkinson, of London, and Mr. John Carson, of this city, appear to throw considerable light on the origin of Small-pox in these colonies and other places remote from those countries where it has established itself as a standing disease. Dr. Wilkinson's theory is a very feasible one, and worthy of the serious consideration, not only of those who believe in vaccination, but of others who live under the same roof or come into close proximity with newly vaccinated people. It would certainly be wise to keep at a respectful distance from the latter, and where practicable leave the house till the disease is over.

In the course of the last ten years, during which I have given constant attention to the subject of vaccination, several instances have occurred in which vaccination and re-vaccination have been accompanied by eruptions more or less closely resembling the vaccine eruption, appearing on other members of the family, or on other children of the school. Some of these eruptions I have seen myself, and they were clearly vaccinal. Other cases have been related to me by parents whose children were at school during the last great epidemic. I have reason to think such occurrences were common, and that many suffered, especially in large schools. I bring the circumstance forward in the interest of vaccine science, and also in the interest of sanitary precaution. It has been occasionally alluded to in medical journals, but has not awakened the attention it deserves.

It cannot be denied by those who have not seen it.

I have seen it. And it proves that the disease set up by vaccination, contrary to the opinion of Jenner, and the common opinion now, is a contagious and probably an infectious disease. How can it be otherwise? The disease from which it is derived is contagious, although possibly in different degrees. The vaccine pustule represents several diseases, and may affect other persons according to the kind which lies in it. It may give "pure vaccine" disease if the cow is the first source. It may give small-pox if small-pox passed through the cow, and called vaccine, be the origin. That it does spread itself there is no doubt. The very look of "pure vaccine pustules" suggests small-pox and infection. If you saw them on a person's body, and did not know that they are a product of medical skill, you would shun the person, and demand his quarantine. And wisely. They are of the nature and potency of a contagious epidemic, and tend to fill the town with the effluvia of vaccinal small-pox.

If private families do not object to introduce this epidemic, or this cluster of epidemics, into their homes and nurseries, they have a right to free action. But they ought to tell their neighbours what is going on; and to warn their servants. As to schools, the parents of all the children should be informed of what is about to happen, and the vaccinated children should undergo their contagious disease at home, and be sequestered there until their own eruptions, and those to which they give rise, have passed away; say, for safety's sake, for three months from the date of disappearance of the last spots. And the rooms should undergo complete disinfection. Personally, I would not allow any child for whose circumstances I was responsible, to inhabit a house with a vaccine patient or with a small-pox patient.

GARTH WILKINSON.

Letter from JOHN CARSON Esq., J.P.

39 Collins Street East, Melbourne.

August 25th, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—Since I last wrote you, the strange mild form of disease, that for many weeks past puzzled the Medical Men here as to its being chicken-pox or small-pox, has now spread to the adjacent Colonies, and with the above results, as this morning's paper reports five cases in a Hotel in Sydney that were being treated as chicken-pox.

It has occurred to me, as no trace can be found of the introduction of small-pox into any part of Australia or New Zealand, (where it has also appeared,) that a cause may be found in the very general adoption of vaccination for some time past. The Doctors and the Local Governments do all they can to induce young and old to be vaccinated or re-vaccinated; one party in the Medical Profession strongly advocating calf-lymph, the other as strongly condemning it, and saying arm to arm lymph is the only protection; so that as lymph has been imported from several countries, is it not likely that some of it, if not actually small-pox lymph, is closely allied to small-pox?

I shall be glad if you can give me, or better still, get me the opinion of any Doctor whose letter I might try to get published here, if the origin and spread of this mild form of small-pox may be—in their opinion—traceable to vaccination.

I enclose you a notice issued to every house, and that has been printed in the "Argus," which Journal strongly advocates vaccination, and would not publish my letter, or review the pamphlets sent to the Editor.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, JOHN CARSON.

To WILLIAM YOUNG, Esq.,

114 Victoria Street, Westminster, London.

Reply by DR. GARTH WILKINSON.

76 Wimpole Street,

Cavendish Square, W., London.

DEAR SIR,—The case of contaminating a new life by Vaccination is a grievous sin for my Profession to bear, and one the Judgment on which it is now under in many ways; in its own incapacity for viewing the plainest facts aright; and in its untruthfulness when it has to face its deeds of destruction before the Coroner's Juries which at

this time frequently sit in England on the remains of children slain by Vaccination.

The crime is intensified, and amplified to a new scale, when it is not only new Children but new Countries, hitherto free from small-pox, that are invaded by a great Profession practising the mischief.

I have observed for years in my practice that the vaccine disease propagates small-pox, and is therefore a contagious and probably an infectious disease. For the most part the vaccine disease is small-pox. Dr. CHARLES J. B. WILLIAMS, Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, &c., &c., a man of the highest Medical standing, says in his *Memoirs of Life and Work*, London, 1884, "Physicians know that cow-pox is really the same disease as small-pox, but a milder form, and that vaccination prevents the occurrence of small pox . . . by anticipating it, by producing the same disease in a mild and harmless form."

Granting for argument's sake that it produces small-pox in the vaccinated "in a mild and harmless form," this does not show that the vaccinated do not communicate it in a virulent form. It is the case of inoculation over again; the case repeated in evasion of the law.

In exemplification take the following facts, which deserve to be written on tablets of brass, and hung up in the Temple of Æsculapius if we could find any Temple of him.

A medical man's family not a hundred miles from here, happened to be exposed to the passage and repassage of patients to and from the Hampstead Small-pox Hospital. The father had the family re-vaccinated. All but one obstinate servant maid who would not submit to be done; and said she had no fear of the disease. The whole family "took well," and passed through the inflicted disease favourably. After this, the servant maid took small-pox, and had it badly. The medical man, triumphant for the immunity of his own family, wrote to the anti-vaccinators to lay before them the undeniable speaking facts, and complained loudly that the agitation against vaccination and re-vaccination had cost his house weeks of quarantine on account of the servant's illness. He clenched all by saying that he is now more than ever convinced of the beneficence of vaccination, and of its protective might. All his family had been protected and gone scot-free, excepting the wrong headed servant girl.

This is "heads," but the coin has "tails" also. What had really happened? What would have been said to have happened in *admitted Inoculation Days*? This was the sequence of events. The medical man's house was well; nothing the matter with it but fright. Fright, not "letting well alone," through vaccination gave the whole family the small-pox (as inoculation does), except the poor girl who would not be small-poxed *thus*. For weeks she was steeped in the atmosphere of her master's house, made by him into a small-pox hospital, and took the disease severely. Now inoculation was forbidden by Law, precisely because though it often produced mild small-pox in the inoculated, these persons were the vehicles of severe and fatal small-pox to those whom they infected in the general population.

On the other hand if the doctor had let his house alone, there is no probability that anyone in the house would have had any disease whatever. And the doctor would not have been chargeable with the severe sufferings of his servant maid. As it was, every one in the house had the small-pox: the maid furnishing the crucial proof of it.

From the above case you may infer that the vaccinations and re-vaccinations in Australia and New Zealand have borne their usual fruit, and produced there, as they do here, an epidemic of vaccination-small-pox.

One other remark. Small-pox Hospitals are a crowning mistake. Small-pox is one of the least contagious and infectious of diseases; but when patients are in masses it is of course a compound source of infection to neighbourhoods; it radiates from the saturated buildings and dead houses as from a dynamo-organism charged with thousands of cases. Especially also notice that patients are taken to and fro; and sow their seed as they go; and sow panic with it, as they did in the Doctor's house; and

panic is a great field for the seed to grow in. And when the patients go home they communicate it to the fresh people there, who would be less likely to take it if they were living in the house with it all the time. Infectious diseases should be treated at home where they lie, and not be clustered into barracks; every precaution being taken at home of course; and the sound being removed from the poorest houses, and not the sick.

Yours, GARTH WILKINSON.

TO JOHN CARSON, Esq., J.P., MELBOURNE.

"JOTTINGS."

A DUNEDIN correspondent of an up-country New Zealand paper writes:—"Either Anglicanism is in bad hands or it is a failure in Otago. The Anglicans grow meaner than ever. This session of Synod the country members have had to go without their travelling expenses, and there were no funds to print a report of the proceedings. The parishes are all in arrears with their contributions to Synod expenses. The church is without energy—half dead."

Spiritualists who possess the necessary qualifications for gaining the ears of skeptics, and are desirous of using them, will do well to study the series or letters written by the late Dr. S. B. Brittan, to the secular papers in America, and published under the title, *The Battle Ground of the Spiritual Reformation*. The vast number of refutations of antagonistic arguments contained in these letters are logical, forcible, and eloquent. After a careful perusal of them the reader will be adequately equipped to meet the most able opponent.

In the above work Dr. Brittan states that John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," with whom he was closely acquainted, was a Spiritualist.

The following short leader recently appeared in the *Mataura Ensign*, a New Zealand paper, under the heading "Revival of Ghostlore":—"It is not unusual to hear it asserted that science has effectually removed the possibility of educated minds entertaining a belief in ghosts. We are unable, however, to accept the assertion as a whole truth. While willingly according to science the credit of having slain many of what may be called the grosser superstitions, we yet hold that there is at present to be found in the columns of the London press alone ample evidence to support the assumption that ghostlore is not only surviving the attacks of science, but is actually experiencing a revival. That there is an increasing demand for stories of supernatural visitations may, we think, be fairly inferred from the fact that we could easily fill a dozen columns with tales of apparitions and haunted houses which have appeared in London papers, circulating in fashionable circles, during the past few months. The journals referred to extend their liberality not only to the narrators of ghost stories of the more ancient and orthodox kind, but also offer a hand of welcome to the disciples of Spiritualism. This remarkable innovation is perhaps mainly, if not entirely, due to the fact—now an open secret—that Royalty has been for some time past much occupied with the study of occult subjects. If we may judge from a cursory glance at one or two of the stories in the London papers time has brought about a good deal of improvement in the conduct of ghosts. For instance, the ghosts which in our childhood we heard so much of, but now so little, were as a rule offensive in their appearance and bearing, and generally meant mischief, while those of the present are represented as being usually actuated by a desire either to console, mentally improve, or substantially benefit the persons whom they visit. Holding as we do that apparitions, haunted houses, and the mysticisms of Spiritualism will, in all probability be battle-grounds of contention for the next century or so, we feel anything but disposed to join in the controversy raised by the contributors to the London papers."

Don't use stimulants, but nature's brain and nerve food—Hop-Bitters. See.

To Correspondents.

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

SCIENCE OR RELIGION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—After Mr. Morse's lecture last Sunday night a discussion arose as to whether Spiritualism was a religion or a science, and as I have considered this for some years a most vital question I should like to say a few words in your columns.

Mr. Morse treated it purely as a science demonstrated and proved by verifiable experiments, and contended that as such it could not be called a religion. I fully endorse everything he said in his most admirable address, and the opposition which followed was based on three grounds: firstly, that as it was the means of communication between our dearly beloved "dead," it appealed to the higher feelings, and therefore was a religion; secondly, that it upset various tenets of the "orthodox" church, such as the resurrection, &c., and therefore in disproving an old religion replaced it as a new religion; and thirdly, if it were a science, its experiments must be easily proved, and it should be free from the frauds, impostures, and failures that constantly beset it; *ergo*, as it is not free from these failures, &c., and its laws are unknown, therefore it is a religion.

A very little reasoning will show the want of logic in these remarks. In the first place we do not look upon our "dearly beloved" as dead, therefore it would be equally true to say the telephone or telegraph was a religion when it appeals to the same feelings with the message from a beloved one away from us who may be recovering from an illness. Secondly, Geology, Astronomy, Chemistry upset various tenets of the "orthodox" church, therefore they must be new religions, and not sciences; and thirdly, are not its experiments reducible to scientific demonstration, and are not all the sciences full of mistakes, frauds, and failures, therefore they must be religions.

It is true Spiritualism appeals to the higher feelings, but this only makes it a "higher science." I hold it to be the very central cause of the non-acceptance of the facts of Spiritualism, and the revulsion of feeling it produces in the minds of many estimable people, that its disciples will insist on calling it a religion. Any scientific fact, however impossible it may appear, pronounced to the world by a Zollner or a Crookes would be accepted as true, but taint that fact with the name of religion and the church and with it the people are up in arms at once.

The question is "What is Spiritualism?" and the answer is simple, "It is the knowledge of the fact of communion between disembodied spirits and those in the flesh, and the practical carrying out of such knowledge;" or take the following utterance of W. Stainton Moses (M.A. Oxon), President of the London Spiritual Alliance:

"1. That there is a life coincident with, and independent of, the physical life of the body.

"2. That, as a necessary corollary, this life extends beyond the life of the body.

"3. That there is communication between the denizens of that state of existence, and those of the world in which we now live.

A spiritual life, the complement of physical existence uninterrupted by physical death; and a communion between the world of spirit and the world of matter,—this, in a nutshell, is my *fait* as a Spiritualist."

I accept this fully, only in place of the word *faith* (which I have italicised) I should put "knowledge." There is no religion about that. It rests on demonstrated scientific facts, which can under similar conditions be repeated *ad lib*.

But my opponents will say, "What of the teachings of Spiritualism?" Putting aside the one peculiar teaching (which as I have stated is an experimental fact)—"the continued life after death"—what does Spiritualism teach? "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." "Love one another." "Be just and fear not." "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Its demonstrated facts

do away with many old teachings, such as the Resurrection, the Atonement, &c., but its moral teachings have been in existence long before Christianity and its immediate predecessors.

Under what heading then should I inscribe my religion in the census? I feel a difficulty in putting, "Religion Spiritualist" for reasons stated, and I want to put down something that will convey the fact that I am not a modern Christian, though I may strive my best to be Christ-like. I turn from the name Free-thinker as connecting me with Materialists and Atheists, and I am half inclined to adopt "Rationalist" or "Humanitarian," or even as was suggested to me by a friend lately, "Unitarian."

In conclusion, I would point out that all Spiritualists know scientifically that Spiritualism is a demonstrated fact, and only scientific facts equally well proven could shake their present knowledge. These facts (in opposition) we wait in vain for. Our opponents are full of theories, but give us no practical proof of their denial of our statements; while from a religious point of view Modern Spiritualism can claim no originality in its moral teachings, such having been in existence centuries and centuries ago, doubtless originating from a species of Modern Spiritualism, which I am inclined to imagine was the primitive "religion" of Man.

I am, Sir, etc.

Dec. 8th, 1884.

CYRIL HAVILAND.

GOD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

GOD,—That mystic, awful word, so brief and yet so full of meaning; it has a depth which no mortal mind has yet fathomed, though many have tried, but tried in vain.

The Jewish Psalmist has fully expressed the sentiment of those who believe in the existence of the Great Father: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in hell behold thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me; if I say surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me: yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."—Ps. 139, 7 to 12.

God is an abbreviation of the old musical Saxon word "good," and at once conveys to the mind the idea of Parent, Father, mother, the bestower of all life's blessings, the fountain of wisdom, the source of all man's real pleasure. To those who recognise the idea of Spirit apart from and superior to matter, no other idea is possible. The indestructibility of matter, accompanied by its blind companion force, will not account for the present condition of things, nor in the opinion of the writer would these two alone, although combined, produce a state of things that would make it possible to approach them. There could be no unity of action, even supposing matter and force capable of acting together (which we do not admit), because without intelligence to guide, there could be no certainty of action in any given direction. But give us matter and force, and with it intelligence, to mould and control, then Nature, as she has been in the past (so different to what she is now), and as she will be manifest in the future very different to what she now is,—in all her endless possibilities in other spheres and planets, are quite demonstrable. And although not altogether free from mysteries and difficulties, because that from the limited range of our vision and experience we only see in part and know in part, yet when the additional truth of man's immortality dawns upon the mind, and is grasped as an undeniable fact, the seeming obstacles to the existence of a Supreme Governor and Controller melt away like snow before the sunshine, and as we look on this life and on that, we can say God works all things together for good. The sunshine and clouds, the storm and calm, the sorrow and joy, all have their places in life, and each one teaches a wholesome lesson that may be profitably laid to heart—a lesson which will

make us self-reliant and manly, because we shall realise that in all this we are working out our soul's salvation, but not with fear and trembling.

After all there is some truth in the statement that we are a part of God, sparks from the great body of intelligence and power and wisdom, which becomes more and more apparent as the life is spiritualised, that is, gets away from the desires of the flesh and finds its joy in mental and spiritual development.

But I have not described God, nor can I do better than quote from the *Lyceum Guide* :—

"God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee;
The mighty tide of being flows
Thro' varied channels, Lord, from thee;
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from creation's radiant towers
Its glories flame in stars and suns.

God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee;
The mighty tide of being flows
Thro' all thy creatures back to thee.
Thou round and round the circle runs,
A mighty sea without a shore;
While men and angels, stars and suns
Unite to praise thee evermore."

W. J. MIERS.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—Would you kindly give publicity to the following as an illustration of the Christian charity prevalent in our district. A few days ago, being on the way to the local cemetery to pay a tribute of love to the memory of my deceased husband, I was met by a man, or at least a being having that form, whose reputation until recently has not been the most enviable, but who now claims to be one of the blood-washed through. He began to question me as to what I thought of a certain evangelist who had been visiting Yackandandah. Upon giving him to understand that his fossilised doctrines had failed to soften my heart, he replied, "possibly I was wrore taken with the teachings of certain Free-thought advocates!" He also questioned me in reference to my belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and other matters concerning my spiritual welfare. In answer to which I took the trouble to show him that my position as a Spiritualist was much safer and far more desirable than his as a professing Christian, besides quoting certain passages of Scripture calculated to cast discredit on the Divine origin of the book he claimed as his infallible guide, and which he professed to know so much about, but he had to admit the ignorance of these quotations, and did not know they were to be found in the Bible.

We then parted. This archangel in embryo, on his way home, called at one of the business places in town, and before some persons present remarked: "I have just met with the devil." Upon being asked what he was like, he replied: "In the shape of old Mrs. Takle."

Subsequently, at a prayer-meeting, this individual publicly prayed for the salvation of the woman he had met who did not believe in the Lord Jesus.

Now, sir, I take this as an insult, especially coming from one who at a confessional meeting stated he had not two friends in the church, at the same time remarking: "but I'll fox 'em" whatever that meant. Picture to yourself the scene: the fox praying for the devil. Surely this friendless orphan would be better employed regulating his conduct so as to enlist the friendship of his brethren than praying for one who numbers friends by dozens amongst all sections of the community. Notwithstanding his being dipped in the fountain and born again, it may be my position as a representative of his satanic majesty renders my chances of salvation less remote than if I had been a member of the favoured tribe.

Yours respectfully,

ANN TAKLE.

Yackandandah, 16th December, 1884.

ONE OF THE MANY ADVANTAGES OF A KNOWLEDGE OF SPIRIT COMMUNION:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

SIR,—As public attention has been drawn to my family, during the week that is now closing, through the disappearance of the yacht "Iolanthe," in which two of my sons—William aged 18, and Hugh 20—and a faithful employée named Murray, started for a cruise on the night of the 13th, or early morning of the 14th inst., perhaps the following particulars may be of interest to your readers.

In consequence of their not returning as they intended on the evening of the 14th inst., I came to the conclusion that through adverse winds they might not be back till the following morning, and as they did not put in an appearance by that time, I went to the home of the fisherman who looked after the yacht for them when at its moorings at Fisherman's Bend. From him I learned that they had called at his house in his absence, where they had changed their clothes, leaving those they took off as well as the boots of my son William, and Murray.

Not returning on the 15th, we naturally became very anxious about them, and on the following morning early I called on Mr. G. Spriggs, the Medical Clairvoyant (who had on a former occasion diagnosed my wife when suffering from nervous debility, when she derived great benefit from his treatment), requesting him to pay her another visit, as she was not so well again.

I made no reference whatever to the cause thereof as I wished to leave his mind completely clear, so that I might get a true clairvoyant tracing, if possible, in regard to the missing ones, and in the following report I have italicised my interpolations to render them more distinct from the clairvoyant's utterances.

A little before 8 a.m. Mr. Spriggs called over. Taking my wife's hand as he went into the trance state, the first words he said were, "Have you been down at the sea? To which she answered, "I have not." He then continued, "There seems to be a great depression of spirits in connection with the sea. At night when all is quiet you have great sorrow and trouble, and it seems as if you give way to tears." (*Which was quite true, as my wife on their not returning when expected was impressed that something serious had befallen them*) Continuing his diagnosis, the clairvoyant said, "The mind causes the nerves to be affected through a melancholy state, and the whole organs are sympathetically acted upon through the great nervous depression. Go to the country for change of air, but not near the sea." He then prescribed a dietary scale, saying, "there was no need of medicine, all that was required was change of scene, and he again remarked, "All seems connected with the sea."

For the first time, I now made a slight reference to what was uppermost on our minds by asking, "Can you perceive any serious loss at sea?" To which the clairvoyant, still in the trance-state, replied, "I cannot see that they are in the spirit-world, but if you will give me something by which I can trace them, I shall endeavour to find out."

Fetching the pocket-books of my two sons, and placing them in the clairvoyant's hand, he commenced, "They seem to be in a small boat in a bend of a river, they have a big sail and a small one," (*which was quite correct*). "They go down what looks like a wide river, and have a little trouble with what seems to be the sea—(evidently referring to *Hobson's Bay*)" "there appears like a tower and a pier close by on their right" (*this I take to refer to Williamstown lighthouse and pier*), "the sea seems to broaden out as they go, then I see the land on their left hand, and there seems to be clouds arising as if a storm were coming on; they seem to bear off to another pier," (*they were seen passing Brighton Pier on the morning of the 14th*) "after a time they endeavour to return, but have the wind against them, and after sailing about for some time they land, they seem to have a little difficulty with the boat as they near the shore." (*This I account for by their not having taken their anchor with them, it having fouled in a snag in the Yarra some days previously.*) "After making the boat fast they go up a little embank-

ment, and seem to be wet through. It looks as if it were dark, and at a little distance there appears to be a big hill or cliffs. I do not see any houses about. They get under the trees, where they think of their friends at home, and are troubled about it; one of them seems to be writing something on paper with a pencil, then they walk about, and seem to be considering what they should do." (*I conjecture that they were hesitating whether they would leave the boat there on the night of the 14th, and make their way home by land, but that the fact of Murray and Willie having left their boats behind determined them otherwise.*) "I think you will have news of them to-day." (*The only tidings we received of them that day were that they were seen passing Brighton on the 15th as already stated.*)

On my asking where they were now, I was answered, "They seem to be somewhere towards Mornington, but I cannot define the locality exactly, the medium never having been where they are. I cannot trace further at this sitting."

On resuming next morning, the clairvoyant thus continued—"They appear to have taken a rest for a time after landing from the boat, they had been looking about the bank: after a time they get into the boat again, and go out to sea" (*a boat answering the description of the "Iolanthe" was seen on the morning of the 15th at 8 o'clock from Frankston, off Rickard's Point, steering in the direction of Schnapper Point—this I learnt by telegram.*) "After they are out some time I observe on their left-hand side a number of rocks; it looks gloomy and threatening. There is a heavy cloud at their back, the sea seems to rise, and they make for land again, but it is difficult for them to see the pier they want to reach, the wind is changing about, the sails flap, and one of them tears. One, who is not so tall as the others, is sitting at the end of the boat, and he calls to the others to do something with the sail in front." (*This answers the description of Murray, who was not so tall as either of my sons, and who would be at the helm and attending to the main sheet while my sons looked after the job: to my knowledge Mr. Spriggs never saw Murray or knew anything about him in connection with the boat or otherwise.*) "They seem to be in a difficulty about the ropes not working properly"—(*There was a pause here, and the inference left on my mind was that the catastrophe occurred at this period, which has subsequently been corroborated in communications received from my sons.*)—"This appears to have taken place about a mile and a half from land in deep water. There are a number of rocks in the neighbourhood which cause the water to be more broken, and there appears to be an undercurrent as if it were a channel where they are. There is a sandbank on the other side. This occurred on the morning of the 15th inst."

Up to the time of my writing this out, I have received no earthly tidings of the fate of the boat, its occupants, or anything belonging to them, notwithstanding that the Hon. the Commissioner of Trade and Customs has kindly had the coasts of the Bay searched by the Government steamer "Dispatch," and the Chief Secretary ordered that the shore from Brighton to Sorrento should be patrolled by the police to see if any traces of them could be discovered.

On the 17th we sat in circle to see if we could hear anything of the missing ones from our spirit-friends. The medium was controlled by one of his guides, who said that one who had recently left earth-life wished to speak to us so he would withdraw for a short time. He was then controlled with difficulty by Willie, the younger of my two sons, who seemed to be much distressed, sobbing most bitterly. The first words he uttered were, "Oh! forgive me, Mama, it was all my fault." It was he who had bought the yacht in conjunction with Murray, who was about 30 years of age. His brother Hugh only went out with them to keep them company. Willie was still too weak to say much, but stated he was happy, and did not suffer much in passing away, that we were not to mourn for them as they were safe in a brighter world, and if we would sit again on the following evening they would endeavour to tell us how it occurred. We all accordingly sat on the evening of the 18th, when both of my

sons spoke through the medium. The elder one, Hugh, exhibited all the signs of one being resuscitated after having been drowned. It was quite painful to witness the contortions of the medium's face, and the heavy breathing before Hugh was able to speak through him. We have had two sittings since, and I will give an abridgment of what they said. I may parenthetically remark that Murray spoke a few words through the medium one evening. He said, "Oh, Mr. Browne, tell my mother I have been. Can you forgive me, Mrs. Browne?" To which an affirmative answer was given. He continued, "I hope you will excuse me for intruding to-night. Thank you for letting me come." My son Willie then remarked, "Murray's mind is greatly relieved by this short interview, and by the forgiveness so freely granted." My wife had entreated the three of them not to go out in the yacht on the night of the 13th, but they were so anxious to try her sailing qualities, after having painted and put her in trim since they purchased her, that they did not care whether it was stormy or not, and started accordingly. Both my sons corroborate the clairvoyants' descriptions of their cruise only they say it was nearer the Cheltenham than the Mornington side of the bay, as they were tacking against the wind, between Rickard's point and Schnapper point, that the "Iolanthe" upset, filled, and went down. They landed on the night of the 14th as the clairvoyant stated and on my inquiring about the paper one of them was described as having written,—it was explained that they at one time contemplated leaving the boat there until the wind became favorable, but they changed their minds, partly because Murray, who was considered a good yachtsman, did not like to return without bringing the boat with him, and because he and my son Willie had no boots to walk home in. The paper was evidently written to inform anyone who saw the boat there, that the owners were going to return for it and not to disturb it. Willie's words are "Hughie wished us to walk home but when he saw Murray and I got into the boat he followed and tore up the paper. I felt no danger until the boat upset and I found myself in the water. I tried to swim but the waves broke over me causing me soon to lose all consciousness. The last words Mama said as we left home came to my mind as soon as I was in the sea, which prevented me feeling any bodily pain. I seemed to fall asleep and I dreamt that I was with Mama and you all. I must have slept for more than a day. When I woke up I found Archie, Ada," (his brother and sister who passed on about five and twelve years ago) "grandpapa, and grandmama," (my father and mother) "around me. They would not let me come to communicate with you before I did, as they said I was too weak to speak satisfactorily so as to make you understand that it was me who was addressing you. Until I got strength I could not leave my spirit home. Hugh was anxious to come the first evening that I spoke through the medium, but grandpapa persuaded him not until he got stronger in order that he might control more positively. After a time a number of spirit-friends came to welcome us to the spirit-world. They asked me to keep my mind at rest for a time until I gained strength. I saw, as I expected, a great change in Archie, although I did not know him at first. Ada has grown quite a big girl, she is constantly kissing me."

In reply to my inquiries, Willie said "It was about 9 o'clock on Monday morning (the 15th) nearer the Cheltenham than the Mornington side of the bay that the "Iolanthe" foundered. It was in trying to put her about that she upset, the jib halyards fouled and she missed stays. I succumbed first, then Hughie, and Murray last. The change called death is like going to sleep, just a tingle on the brain as if from the effects of a slight blow. You thought, Mama, that we suffered a great deal of pain in passing away. We did not." Addressing his brother who was present he said "Colin, how will you manage about the books?" (Willie acted as bookkeeper in my office, of which fact the medium was ignorant.) I replied, "Don't trouble yourself about that we will arrange it all right." He then said "Mama, if you could see how happy we are and the beautiful home we are in, you would not weep—except it were for joy. I feel so light in my spiritual body and have no pain. If it were not to come back to

be with you and Papa, the spirit-world is so beautiful that I would not exchange this life for earth life even if it were in my power to do so. There is a very strong magnetic chain between you and me, Mama. I am more anxious about you than all the others. Go out in the mornings with Emily and both of you rest in the afternoons. Don't bring any stranger to the circle as that would bring back the memory of what has happened. We want to look to the future and not to the past. We have to thank Papa for having kept the spiritual doors open for us so that we can return and speak to those we love. Grandpapa says "tell him ever to keep the lamp of spiritual truth burning." I wish there were more developed mediums than there are, poor spirits without number are waiting anxiously to communicate with their friends on earth when the opportunity is afforded them. I have been to Ada's school where they have classes for all the different studies. The children are taken into the garden and the various plants are explained to them, they are also taught how to travel. The spiritual body is as light as air and is no impediment to our movements. By merely fixing my mind on a certain place I find myself there almost instantaneously. Archie is going to accompany me until I get stronger and know how to travel. Dr. Robinson desires me to say that all friends here send their kindest sympathy to Mama, and he says she must bear up and not fret now that we are able to come back and talk to her. Mama, do not let it trouble you any more, we are happy. I must say good night to you all. Tell John how happy we are and remember us kindly to him and to all friends on earth."

My son Hugh says: "Oh! I can come back. This is a glorious truth. If I could not come back I do not know what I would do. When they told me that I could do so I jumped with joy. No one who has not experienced it, can realize the delight it is to return and speak to those we have left on earth. We are not parted Mama, we are closer than ever. Willie and I will be constantly with you. I feel quite well and am so happy. It gives me such pleasure to come and speak to you all. I shall be still happier when I see you well again Mama we will then be able to come stronger through the medium. Don't mind about our bodies, Mama, we are done with them. They are greatly decomposed from being so long in the water. Our bodies fade but our spirits grow brighter. I feel a little cold when I return through the medium, and grandpapa says I shall feel this for a little time but it will wear off ere long." On my asking him to relate what occurred after he left home on the 13th with his brother and Murray, he replied—"Willie has told you all about it. When we landed on the night of the 14th, I wanted Murray and Willie to leave the boat till another time, and to walk home, but as they would not do so, and got into the boat, I followed them, as I could not leave Willie—no, I could not—" (*He here gave way to tears, and changed the line of conversation, adding*)—"When the boat upset we were all pitched into the water. Willie made for the yacht again as she was filling, and went down with her. Murray swam for the shore, but I waited for Willie—I could not leave him. When he came up again to the surface I called to him, but he did not seem to hear me. I looked around to see if there was a sail in sight, but there was none to help us. Your parting words came to me then, Mama. I felt no pain in drowning. Mental anguish seems to kill pain. It was an awful sight, but it is over now, and we are happy, so don't fret, Mama, we shall be frequently with you all Oh! Mama, if you could but see our spirit home you would be so pleased. Don't cry dear Mama, when you do so it makes us feel unhappy. I need not tell you, Papa, what a beautiful place the spirit world is, for you know it. I am thankful we can speak together. What must it be with those, who do not know this glorious truth? If I could not come back I should be miserable. I am coming again to morrow night. I have had such a load taken off my mind to-night. I wanted to come the first evening Willie spoke, but I did not like to do so in case it would make you cry, Mama. I hope I did not hurt the medium the first time I tried to speak through him. Many thanks to Emily for coming to comfort Mama. Grandpapa will not allow many

friends to come and see us until we get stronger. Rest he says is necessary for the spiritual body for sometime after entering the spirit world. What strange things some of our friends say to us when they come to see us." On my inquiring what he wished we to do with his greyhounds and his various little things he replied: "When we get stronger, and Mama is better we will be able to come and tell you what we want you to do with them. Tell Mary and Sarah that we are both happy. Dear Papa thank all our friends for the kind sympathy they feel towards us. Tell them we are in the better world having passed away suddenly without any pain, our only suffering being the thoughts of Mama and all at home. Tell them we shall never forget their friendship, and ask them always to remember that there is a life beyond that of earth. We realise it and can say positively that we can come back and hold communion with our friends. Ask them to encourage mediumship, so that the spirit-world may not be such a blank as it is to most people, but a living reality, as Mama and Papa know. Tell them that death does not annihilate our love, but rather increases our affections for those left behind. Tell them to read that beautiful poem that you often used to quote.—("I still live," by Lizzie Doten.)" Ask them to think over the statements which it contains, and to judge for themselves." Turning to his mother he remarked, "Am I not getting on well, Mama? Referring to what he had been dictating. "Ah, but you are being assisted by your grandfather, are you not?" I asked; which he at once admitted was the case. He continued, "We do like Mr. Spriggs; tell him to be careful of himself, for he does not know how valuable his mediumship is to those in spirit-life, as well as to those with you. Remember us most kindly to him. Willie wants to come now, so good night."

The following is an address from my sons, Hugh and Willie, by the latter, assisted by my father, to their friends on earth:—

"Dear friends,—We thank you all for the kind sympathy shown by you to Mama and Papa, and the kind feelings you have expressed for us. We have passed to the spirit-world rather suddenly, but we both can say it was not a painful death. It was like going to sleep, only we woke up surrounded by the glorious beauties of the spirit-world.

"We send our greetings to you all, and only ask one thing, and that is that you will search into this great truth which we now realise. We cannot express the joy and pleasure that it affords us to come back and speak to our parents.

"Live, dear friends, so that you may not be afraid to pass away; then there is nothing to fear in 'Death,' for God and His holy angels are good.

"From your loving friends in spirit-life,
HUGH MACKENZIE BROWNE & WM. MACDONALD BROWNE."

The principal portion of the foregoing spirit communications were received on the 18th inst, and no tidings of the yacht, its occupants, or anything connected with it have come to hand up to this date, the 20th December, 1884.

I shall conclude with the following lines:—

"Oh! blessed new gospel which scatters its calm,
To hearts which are sobbing Death's low minor psalm;
And bless'd is the chorus which breaks on our ears
So hopeful—so grand—from the bright angel spheres."

Yours, etc.,

East Melbourne,
20th Dec., 1884. HUGH JUNIOR BROWNE

WE are in receipt of copies of *The General Reader*, a thirty-six page magazine, published fortnightly, at Hyderabad, India. Amongst other subjects of interest to the thoughtful, it contains articles on Psychometry, Heredity in Phenology, Socialism, Freemasonry, and a reprint of an article on the Spirit-world, from a recent issue of this paper. The other matter is of more general interest, and all more or less instructive. It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that the magazine may be subscribed for at the office of this paper.

Robust and blooming health in Hop Bitters, and a family can afford to be without them. Read.

SCIENCE AND THE PHENOMENA TERMED SPIRITUAL.

AN address on the above subject was given at a recent meeting of the London Spiritual Alliance by Major-General Drayson, the main tendency of which is to point out and make apparent the unscientific position of the scientific opponents of Spiritualism. Major-General Drayson, in addition to his military experiences, has devoted a considerable time to scientific pursuits, and is (we believe) the author of a book on the expansion of the earth's surface. He has, therefore, a somewhat better footing than a layman for criticising the pseudo-scientists, who, because they have a reputation in certain branches of science which they have investigated, talk as positively and dogmatically about others which they have not investigated, professing to know more about them than those who have. The lecturer points out that the true scientific method is to first examine by the aid of our senses the facts which occur under certain conditions, and then invent some theory which will best and most simply explain all these facts. We thus first study effects, and then submit a cause as an explanation. Now as a matter of fact it is well known by all persons who have given any serious attention to Modern Spiritualism that the recognised scientific men who have ignored or denied its phenomena have in no instance complied with scientific conditions—they have either examined it or one phase of it very superficially, and in many instances have condemned it on *a priori* grounds. The public generally shut their eyes to this fact, or they could not fail to see it. Major Drayson was a pupil of Faraday's, and admired his great skill as a chemical experimentalist, but he says (after describing a series of experiments conducted by him in his own house), "I was forced to conclude that as regards the phenomena of table-moving he had committed the elementary error of theorising from an imperfect examination of facts," and really occupied the same position as the geologist who framed a theory of the geology of the whole earth from the facts that he had examined five miles round Edinburgh.

He further says in answer to a very common interrogation of the uninformed, "Why don't you get scientific men to examine your facts? By all means, but the question must be examined on scientific principles, and the men examining must be really scientific men. We must not have every principle of science and logic ignored immediately an investigation of the phenomena is commenced. We cannot admit that mere theory is to take the place of facts, or that a theory is to be put forward before the facts have been fully examined." These querists as a rule know nothing of what has really been done in this field by such renowned scientists as Professors Hare, Zollner, and Mr. Crookes, the latter of whom is specially alluded to by Major Drayson, who further shows that it is just a matter of proved facts against baseless theories, and in the course of his address disproves these theories by facts in his own experience. One of these, as bearing upon a theory very common among many who have accepted the phenomenal facts, and especially amongst a section of the Theosophists, to the effect that no communication was ever given that was not previously known to someone at the seance has the following interesting refutation:—

"Many years ago I received one morning a telegram, announcing to me the death of a great friend of mine, a clergyman in the North of England. On the same day I called on a lady friend who claimed to have the gift of seeing spirits, and speaking with them. When I called on this lady my mind was full of the thought of my clerical friend's death. After some conversation with the lady, I inquired if she saw near me any spirit which had lately left this world. She replied that there was one which had only lately done so. My clerical friend was my idea. The lady then said that this spirit appeared in a military uniform, that he told her he had died a violent death, and she then told me his Christian and surname, and in addition a familiar name by which I, as also other of his brother officers, used to address him. On asking for further details as to his death, I was told that his head had been cut off and his body

thrown into a canal, and that it was in the East, but not in India. It was three years since I had seen this officer, and the last I had heard of him was that he was in India.

"On inquiring, on my return from this visit, I was told at Woolwich that the officer in question was in India, but was likely to go to China. Some weeks after this, the news arrived that this officer had been taken prisoner by the Chinese. A large ransom was offered for him, but he was never found.

"Many years after this I met in India the brother of this officer, and I inquired if anything had ever been ascertained relative to the death of his brother in China. He told me that his father had been to China, and had obtained evidence that a Tartar chief, enraged at the loss of some of his friends, had ordered the head of his prisoner to be cut off on the banks of a canal, and that his body was thrown into the canal.

"This is one among some dozen instances of a similar kind which have come under my personal experience, and I want to know whether the Mary Jane theory will explain the facts. I also should like to know which among the known laws will explain it. This and other similar facts exist, and any theory which does not include and explain them is worthless. It is the old error of theorising on incomplete data."

It is from the large number of persons interested in the promulgation of these unsound theories, and the assistance given them by the press, that they are enabled to hold a footing. Were their refutation encouraged as much as their promulgation they would rapidly yield to the facts which can be brought against them. Spiritualists are engaged in an uphill work, but their footing is secure, and they are always pressing on and holding their ground in defiance of all opposition. Small parties of them may be brought to a standstill by obstacles thrown in their way, but the main body still goes marching on, and will continue to do so long after the present obstructionists are forgotten.

BRISBANE NOTES.

BRISBANE, in moral elevation and mental expansion, is a long way behind the times. That the geni of avarice and sordidness holds his sway here is evident to the most casual observer, and can be seen in every department of industrial and social life. Selfishness, sensualism, and toadyism are prominent characteristics of the capital of Queensland. To be a Spiritualist or Free-thinker, and to be poor at the same time, is to be smitten with leprosy, and at the approach of such the modern pharisee takes up his immaculate robes and stands aside in fear of the foul contagion. The whole city stinks of gold-mining shares, sixteen perch allotments, and state plunderers. In the face of all this gross materialism the church is impotent, nay, looks with wistful eyes on the increase of wealth, and is blind to the fact that in ratio with this increase so does poverty and crime increase. The poor are not its members; it is not they who swell her coffers, or chant her praises. The poor are generally relegated to the city missionary—the jailor and the workhouse undertaker. It carries to suffering humanity a vicarious salvation in one hand, and eternal damnation in the other. Their physical necessities are administered to in the most ostentatious and humiliating charity. The poor we have always with us in some stage or other, and although in Brisbane the contrast between flaunting finery and pinching poverty is not so sharply defined, yet the time is not so far distant when it will be so, unless the people take the lesson to be learned from older countries, and instead of delaying and then commencing reform when the mischief is done, they act at once on the principle that prevention is better than cure, by so reorganising themselves so as to mould the laws of the colony on the highest principles of equity. One of the best and most swift of all aids to bring about that desirable consummation is to learn to think for oneself, or in the words of the most sincere and philosophical of all living radicals, Joseph Cowen: "Having won personal, they (the people) should strive for intellectual enfranchisement. Let them do their thinking for them-

selves, and not be led in swaithes and strings by the adroitness of advisers. It is easier for all of us to take our opinions ready-made and attractively served up, than to work them out for ourselves from scattered facts and varied experiences. But such dependence debauches the mind, weakens its productiveness, and prevents freshness of conception. The people should aim at a masculine boldness of thought that will regard nothing sacred but truth, and a vigour of pursuit that will shrink from no inquiry. They need not quarrel because they do not agree, but with the brave sincerity that ought to stamp the intercourse of free men, each should respect the light the other has, and wait for further development."

There are indications that the propaganda of Spiritualism and FreeThought will no longer be as dead as the proverbial door-nail.

Mr. Burton delivered his last lecture in the Albert Hall, on the 30th November, at which date the agreement terminated. The FreeThought Association have, however, obtained a three-years' lease of the Lyceum Room, at the top of Eagle-street (opposite the Bus Stand). The Hall, though not near so large as the Albert Hall, will seat about 200 people, and will be available for any other purpose the Society chooses.

Mr. Burton still continues to impress his audience as favourably as before, and there is every probability that his services will be retained for some time yet. In his lecture on "FreeThought: what it is and what it is not" he defined it to be something more broad and elevated than the dogmatic negation within the binding of the Freethinkers' tabulated Text Book. Mr. Burton's definition was warmly received by men who are anything but Spiritualists, and his views of FreeThought acknowledged to be superior to those which they had been accustomed to hear. His lecture in answer to a tract distributed at the lecture hall door, entitled "Nuts for Secularists to Crack," was as interesting as it was able. His lecture on "Nuts for Christians to Crack," was exhaustive and profound. The nuts were too hard for the creed-decayed teeth of Christians to crack.

There is an earnest and spontaneous talk among a few Spiritualists of resuscitating the Brisbane Psychological Association. Already there are two or three promising circles developing in our midst, and it is fully expected, in the course of a few months at most, to have one or two mediums sufficiently developed to place some phase of the phenomena before investigators. The resuscitation of the Psychological Association need not in any way weaken the FreeThought Association. In fact, the composition of the membership of this latter Association is ample proof that it would not; the two Associations could, under one roof, work on independent lines, yet running alongside each other. None can reasonably deny that there are definite and tangible reasons for investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism, and Freethinkers of all classes of men ought to be among the first to encourage such investigation, and aim at a vigour of pursuit that will shrink from no enquiry. In all likelihood I may have something definite to record in connection with the above next month. At all events, of this I feel certain, the time is ripe and opportune, and it only wants the earnest co-operation of those concerned to place the old Society on a sounder and a more permanent basis.

In the propagation of truth we must sink minor and personal differences, working heartily for it alone, and success is certain to crown the efforts of the brave band of men and women who dare to lift its banner and shout to a confused and scrambling world—"Excelsior!"

RECENT No's of the *Medium and Daybreak* contain interesting matter, including an account of the life of the late Joseph Livesey, the Temperance pioneer (with portrait, and fac-simile of original "pledge" by himself and six others in his own handwriting;) continuation of the now familiar "Spirit-Controls," by "A.T.T.P.," some instructive matter in the way of answers to questions submitted to various trance-speaking mediums and their controls, as to their mediumship and experiences in the trance state; fresh phenomena and tests; and items of news as to the progress of the movement in a large number of provincial centres in Great Britain.

TRANSITION OF MRS. T. R. WALTON.

THE Wellington papers contain lengthy and interesting accounts of the funeral service at the grave of Mrs. Walton, wife of Mr. T. R. Walton, secretary of the Palmerston Spiritualistic Association. We had intended to reproduce the full report from the *Manawatu Times*, but as pressure of space prevents, we substitute the following extract from a private letter of Mr. Walton's, which is an illustration of the comfort and solace derivable from spirit communion:—"She was a noble-minded woman, an earnest and true Spiritualist. She died in the bloom of womanhood, aged only 33 years. She passed over to the other side on Friday, the 14th inst., after a short illness of three weeks, from bronchitis. The gathering was the largest ever seen in the district, and the service was listened to with marked attention and weeping. The event, though my loss, will prove the greatest gain and triumph for Spiritualism. My darling wife held firm to the noble work, and was a most zealous worker with the few who investigate here. Her wishes were faithfully carried out—no ordained service, no crape, no pall, some lovely wreaths of roses decorated her coffin, causing many a comment from the onlookers. What a happy thought, my dear sir, that solace and comfort, pure and strengthening, is alone to be found in Spiritualism. I have already received consolation and tests from my dear one. At our last sitting she held control for about two hours, with great power. A strong and powerful influence has now been established, and our spirit-guide informs us that she will now be instrumental in helping the cause with greater power and success than ever. She is always near me; at the grave she bore me up; when sorrow overtakes me, she is in a moment with me. What a blessed thought."

The following is the inscription on the tomb:—

LUCY WALTON,
The beloved Wife of Thos. Robt. Walton,
Of Palmerston North,
Manawatu.

Passed over to the other side on Friday, the 14th
November, 1884, after a short illness.
Aged 33 years.

"She is not dead to us."

MANY persons—Spiritualists sometimes as well as others—are puzzled to know how it is that spirits don't describe their surroundings in plain language, without resorting, as they so often do, to allegory. Such people seem to be under the impression that the spirit world bears almost as close a resemblance to earth life as one country does to another, and consequently that the spirits ought to experience as little difficulty in describing their position as a person going abroad from England does when writing to his friends at home. The difficulty of understanding the necessity for allegorical descriptions will, however, be removed by bearing in mind that the resemblance between the lives of the spirits—with, perhaps, the exception of those who are earth bound—and ours is not by any means so close as that existing between the people of different countries, and that there are, no doubt, a great number of conditions surrounding the spirits which have no counterpart here with us; a fact which necessarily leaves us without language in which they could be described to us. It is held by most, if not all, astronomers that there is no water in the moon. We will imagine then, for illustration sake, an inhabitant of the moon visiting the earth. Well now, how could he possibly, when communicating with his friends, give them anything approaching a clear idea of water? It will be obvious that his only course would be to resort to allegory. O.R.

"LIGHT," for Nov. 8th, has six illustrations, five of them being of Mr. Eglinton's seance room and table, from which we find, first, that Mr. Eglinton wears a tight fitting suit; and second, that the table has large plain flaps, and no cover; and third, that it is placed before a large mirror, so that every move of the medium can be seen by the sitters.

ARTISTIC MEDIUMSHIP.

UNDER the heading of "A real artistic marvel, a lady who makes exquisite drawings by impulse," the *New York World* of August 31st, give an account of an interview with Mrs. Jane Imley, a remarkable drawing medium of that city. The reporter is evidently anxious not to endorse spiritualism any more than he can help, and dismisses the theories of Mr. Imley senr. and Mrs. Imley with:—"However, little consideration may be given to what the Father may believe or the medium may say," and after some preliminary details which we omit as unnecessary, commences as follows:—

The reporter found Mrs. Imley to be a very pleasant-looking lady with very gray hair, mature in appearance, but bright-eyed and vivacious. She is not educated, writes a very bad hand and would never impress one as having an artistic temperament. There is an honest, frank way about her that is good proof of her truthfulness and sincerity. She is rather stout, dresses plainly, and might be taken for the wife of a country farmer.

She had brought along with her a dozen square sheets of paper, on each of which there were from two to six distinct specimens of decorative drawing in altogether new designs.

The striking feature of Mrs. Imley's drawings was the originality of the designs and the freedom and gracefulness of the lines. Any artist or practical designer could see at once that Mrs. Imley used no models. There are no models of what she executes. Originals of her figures can not be found in either the vegetable or animal kingdoms, nor anywhere else in the great storehouses of nature. Some of them are suggestive of shells, others of flowers, others of leaves, mosses and sea-weed of complicated growth; but in the whole collection there was not a copy of any of these. In fact, she says she never studied a model in her life, and that when she attempts to draw from anything actually before her she utterly fails, or at most does her work as crudely as any one else wholly untutored in the art.

At the request of the gentlemen present the other day she readily consented to make some drawings in their presence. A piece of bristol board was fastened down on a regular artist's drawing board and Mrs. Imley grasped a little short lead pencil and drew the following figure without study or hesitation. The motion of her hand was wonderfully quick and regular, but when it was at rest it shook with a sort of muscular convulsiveness that was quite apparent. In quick successions she drew a half dozen figures, none of which were alike and all having the same gracefulness and completeness observable in the two of which reproductions are here given. The fact having become apparent enough that the lady could draw with a skill altogether unequalled by old and well-practised artists, *The World* reporter asked her how she herself accounted for her strange power.

"It came to me as you have heard," said she, "about two years ago. I had a strong desire to draw, though I had never studied drawing. It was on my mind all the time. I had no particular motive for making figures, but I was all the time feeling like I could do something beautiful in that way. I began by making curves and circles. It gave me a great deal of pleasure and I wanted to be at it all the time. After a while I began to make figures like those you see here. I had never before been able to make even a straight line on paper—in fact, I was not used to writing or making lines with a pencil. Now I can't keep from it, but want to be making something all the time. It is a great pleasure to me and I enjoy it just as much as I do eating my dinner."

"Where do you get your ideas of what you are to draw from?"

"I don't have any. I never had any in my life. I don't know what I am going to make till it is finished. I know what I am doing when I am drawing, but I am under an influence."

"Is the influence always the same?"

"No, it is not; sometimes it is much stronger than at others. I have felt it to be so powerful that it would hurt my arm at the elbow—the arm, you know, that I use, and I always have a pricking sensation on the inside of my hand and a binding feeling about the wrist."

"How do you account for your strange power?" finally asked the reporter, determined to get her own theory of the case.

"Well, I have an impression that an old Greek artist is working through me. This impression is very vivid in my mind. I know that people laugh at such a thought, but you wanted me to be honest with you and I am. Some of my friends over at Newark are afraid of me and won't come near me when I am drawing, because they think I am 'possessed,' as they say, but I am just the same as I always was, only I feel this uncontrollable desire to use my pencil. Of course one's feelings are no guide, but I feel that I am reproducing work that was done by a Greek artist long, long ago, and that it is through me his work is to be saved. I think I will have still greater power given me."

Whatever one may think of Mrs. Imley, there is no denying that she is an interesting study. Her power is no stranger than that of Blind Tom, but that makes it none the less difficult to explain. She unquestionably works under impulse; there is a certain involuntariness about it that is quite evident to those who have observed her.

ALLEGED FRAUDS IN OCCULTISM.

HITHERTO our Occultist friends have been exempt from one of the difficulties we Spiritualists have to encounter in the matter of real or alleged fraudulent manifestations; their phenomena have been discredited by many, but few who knew anything about the subject, and the leaders of the movement, have had the temerity to put forward a fraud theory to account for them. Recently, however, a certain Madam Coulomb, who with her husband had been befriended by Madame Blavatsky, and were allowed to occupy rooms at the head-quarters, have during Madame B.'s absence in Europe associated themselves with her enemies, and professed to disclose mechanical means (in the room where some of the most remarkable phenomena occur) by which such phenomena were produced. The evidence, however, as far as has come under our notice, seems of a very inconclusive nature, and points rather to a plot got up by interested parties to bring the Theosophical Society and its leaders into disrepute. For our own part, knowing the possibility of such phenomena, we do not question its occurrence when attested by reputable witnesses such as we believe the leading officers of the Theosophical Society to be. Our only difference is as to the nature of the invisible force-directing intelligence producing it. A searching enquiry is being made into the charge, which will no doubt elicit the truth.

THE facts of Spiritualism are so incontrovertible, and so well established in the minds of all who have honestly and patiently investigated them, that they carry their own motive power, and, despite ridicule and obloquy, are forcing themselves upon the notice and favorable consideration of all thinking, candid-minded persons. Spiritualists, therefore, are very tolerant towards all who differ from them, knowing, as they do, that in the fulness of time Spiritualism, both in its phenomenal phases, and its divine teachings and philosophy, will cover the whole earth as a mighty river, uniting mankind into a common brotherhood, and drawing them nearer in their aspirations and lives to the Universal Parent, and that immortal life to which all look forward, and of which the dawn of Spiritualism has brought with it so rich a foretaste.—Denovan's "Evidences of Spiritualism," page 2.

THE *Age* of the 27th ult. reprints in a slightly condensed form the account of Mr. Gladstone's seance as given in *Light*, and reproduced verbatim in our columns, and on the 29th gives a lengthy and reasonable leader on the subject, wherein it admits the particular competency of Mr. Gladstone to examine and judge of the reality of the phenomena, and incidentally alludes to the weight of evidence in support of such, the question in dispute being the "spiritual" hypothesis. Well, this is all we ask for, fair estimation of our evidences in regard to facts. No theory outside the spiritual one has yet been found to cover them.

STRAY ECHOES.

A CONTRIBUTOR in a late number of the *Medium*, complaining of the persistency with which the press ignores the subject of Spiritualism, says:—"Editors of Metropolitan journals—not excluding those of 'The Thunderer'—aye, and of provincial ones as well, may continue their 'conspiracy of silence,' and ignore the 'startling facts,' to wit, the psychographic experiences recently performed in St. James' Hall, London,—on which occasion Lord Wolsley requested the Psychographers to write, between two slates, on the top of which his own and other hands were placed, the name 'Gordon,' in letters of red, which was no sooner said than done, but however much Lord Wolsley and General Gordon may be scoffed at as mystics, even the home press is obliged to acknowledge that they are England's 'only generals.'"

MRS. S. C. COOKE.

THE above gifted lady, whose mediunistic powers were alluded to in our last issue, has been giving very satisfactory private sances in Sydney during the past month, and will in all probability reach Melbourne some time during the current one. Mrs. Cooke's particular phase of mediumship is "seeing," "hearing," and describing spirits of the so-called dead to their relatives and friends still in the body. We have letters from Mrs. E. L. Watson and the veteran Spiritualist William Emmett Coleman, speaking in the highest terms of Mrs. Cooke both as a lady and a medium. Mrs. Cooke's fee for a private sitting is ten shillings, and a list has been opened at the office of this paper of those desiring to secure sittings with her. These will be accommodated in the order in which their names appear on the list.

DEATH OF MISS WOOD.

Miss Woon, the well-known medium for Materialisation, died at Adelaide on the 11th of last month. In a letter of Mr. Reimers', which appeared in December issue, it was mentioned that she was suffering from neuralgia, indicating a debilitated state of the blood, but no idea was then entertained of anything serious, but in the early part of the month, typhoid fever set in, and the patient had to be removed to the special ward of a hospital, and isolated from her friends. The fever rapidly assumed a malignant form, and in a few days the physical body becoming untenable was abandoned by the spirit, which we doubt not has found a more appropriate tenement on the "other side." Miss Wood attained considerable fame at Newcastle some ten years since, where in conjunction with Miss Fairlamb she gave materialising sances, under strict test conditions, to the satisfaction of Mr. T. P. Barkas and other experienced investigators.

Mr. Defries, of Sydney, whilst on a visit to England some twelve months since, induced Miss Wood to accompany him to Sydney to give a series of sances to a number of investigators there; these sances were very carefully conducted under the supervision of Mr. H. Gale and Mr. Buckland, and gave satisfaction to quite a number of earnest inquirers.

Mr. Reimers, of Adelaide, has been most anxious for Miss Woods to visit that city, and at length succeeded in making an arrangement for her to do so. Only a few sittings had been held, giving promise of good results, when the illness which has removed her from this field of action overtook her. Our personal acquaintance with Miss Wood was of the briefest, but friends in Sydney who knew her intimately speak highly of her sincerity and other good qualities. One of the most striking events in connection with the Sydney sances was the materialisation of the late Mr. C. Cavenagh (of the General Post-office, Sydney), who was distinctly recognised by several of his personal friends.

WE OBSERVE from reports in the Auckland papers, that Mr. G. Milner Stephen was doing public healing in that city last November, and meeting with considerable success, several of the patients testifying to cure or relief.

MR. REIMERS' CIRCLE.

AN Adelaide tailor and member of the Y.M.C.A., who publicly admits his "hatred" of Spiritualism, has been practically illustrating this feeling, and the doctrine of Paul at the same time, by a systematic imposition entered into and worked out for the purpose of bringing the hated thing into disrepute. Readers of Mr. Reimer's letters in this journal would not have much difficulty in seeing that he is an enthusiast, and as such liable to be imposed upon by those in whom he placed his faith. Taking advantage of our friend's weakness in this direction, Mr. Evans obtained two confederates, and arranged a plot to deceive him. By professing a lively interest in Spiritualism, and posing as "earnest investigators," they obtained introduction to his circle, and by surreptitiously breaking the conditions produced bogus phenomena. When asked if they had unlinked hands, they assured Mr. Reimers they had not done so, and he, believing them to be honest, was deceived. At some of the sittings the ringleader absented himself from the circle, and obtaining access to the upper flat, secreted himself between the rafters over a ventilator, where he could hear the questions asked, and responded by raps on the ventilator. Having carried this on to their heart's content, Mr. Evans announced a lecture with the appropriate title of "Between the Rafters." It was given in the hall of the Y.M.C.A., and the details of the conspiracy were received with applause by a large section of the audience. At its conclusion, however, a few conscientious men expressed their disapproval of the action of Mr. Evans and his confederates, pointing out the dishonesty and the cruelty of the deception they had practised, a position which we are pleased to observe was endorsed by the *S.A. Register*, which animadverted very strongly on the conduct of Mr. Evans and his party.

At the *Conversazione* given by Mr. C. Johnston about two months since, Mr. Cattran, the caterer, presented him with a bride-cake, to be utilised at Mr. Johnston's discretion for any of the objects he was interested in. Mr. J. suggested that it be "art-unioned" for the benefit of the library of V. A. S., which has not been added to of late. The art union realised the sum of five pounds, with which the following books have been added to the library, viz.:—*Chronicles of Spirit-Photography—Higher Aspects of Spiritualism—Scientific Basis of Spiritualism—Nineteenth Century Miracles—Pioneers of Spiritual Reformation—Psychological Review*, 3 vols.—*Spirit Teaching—Our Planet—Clear Light from Spirit-World—Esoteric Buddhism—Philosophy of Spirit—Babbitt's Religion—Battle Ground of Spiritual Reformation—Religion of Spiritualism*.

Nor being one of those whose prejudices lead them to the erroneous conclusion that Catholicism is wholly bad, I make no apology for quoting the following generous testimony, borne by the *London Evening Standard* to the work of the Sisters of Mercy at Toulon and Marseilles:—"These admirable women, the Sisters of Mercy, who have been driven from the wards of Paris hospitals, and who are continually attacked and insulted by the Atheistical Press, are to be met with, now that an epidemic is raging, beside the sick bed of cholera patients in Toulon and Marseilles hospitals, braving danger and forgetting injuries in their desire to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow creatures. Three or four of them have already succumbed to the disease, but others take their places, and if they in turn are carried off others will replace them. It is quite certain in the event of cholera visiting Paris that the Sisters would be applied to, and equally so that they would resume their former duties at the bed of sickness and death." A paper of a later date states that no less than twelve of the Sisters, who were attending the hospitals, have died of the cholera. It is difficult to conceive the dwarfed condition of the mind which feels no admiration for such women, simply because they are Catholics; yet that there are such minds is a melancholy truth.

Nov. 4th, 1884.

C. R.

JOTTINGS FROM THE NORTHEAST.

Mr. EDG. L. ROPER's lecture, as recorded in the *Harbinger*, has been the means of rousing the orthodox of Yackandandah to a sense of the danger the churches are in by the growing infidelity of the age; and in fact the great increase of doubting Thomases has brought out a number of sermons from the pulpits of the district, all bearing on the Skepticism and Materialism of the people. Very fair notices of the lecture appeared in both the *Beechworth papers*. I did hear, although I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the report, that a gentleman who is correspondent for a local paper was waited upon by a minister immediately after one of Mr. Roper's lectures, and was asked as a great favour "not to give any report of the lecture to the paper he represented, as he thought it would be the means of doing a great deal of harm." I may state the request was not complied with, and the reporter still lives.

A number of ladies went to hear a Salvation preacher in one of the townships of this district. One of the ladies being tinged with salvation, in fact she belonged to that saving race, a few days after she made the remark to the others, "That she had heard a gentleman of her acquaintance often say that no one of any intelligence ever attend Salvation meetings." "And now," she continued, "I am under that impression myself, for looking round the church the other night, the only really sensible people I saw there were just ourselves!" As none of the ladies are very brilliant in the intellectual department, I leave you to guess what the rest of the congregation were like.

Mr. Roper having received an invitation from some gentlemen at Stanley to lecture at that place, he did so on the 29th of that month. As Stanley is the hot-bed of a small religious sect, who call themselves "The Army of the Lord," it was fully expected that our friend would receive a warm welcome in the shape of a sharp examination in the question line, but strange as it may sound, and bitter as he inveighed against the religion and theology of those "Men of the Lord," there was not one to take him to task for so doing. In fact, our friend came out of the conflict (if such an affair could be termed a conflict), with flying colours.

No one in the North Eastern District is known better than "pious Willie," the bookseller of Blanktown, who has for years past taken an active part in the dissemination of literature of the tract order. "Willie" has an assistant called "Jock." Willie took upon himself to try and bring a well-known Spiritualist to task one day who had called in to purchase some of his wares, when the following conversation took place:—

"Willie.—Weel, ma freend; do ye still hold sittings for sperit trash."

Spiritualist.—"Yes, very often."

W.—"De ye na think ye spend a deal o' time vara foolish by sic trash."

S.—"Well! No, I do not."

W.—"Ah! ma freend. Ye had far better, aye far better read and study the work o' God, it will make ye better."

S.—"Has it made you better?"

W.—"Yes! far, far, far better."

S.—"More moral in your mode of life?"

M.—"Yes! it has made me better in all things."

During this conversation the Spiritualist happened to pick up a book lying on the counter, the title being "The Secret History of the Court of London." Opening it he saw a passage that was in no way of a moral character. Making a mental note of the number of the page, he replaced the book, and continued:—

"S.—'You say the study of the Bible has been the means of making you better.'"

W.—"Yes."

S.—"And it also makes us better in our moral nature."

W.—"Na doubt of it."

S.—"Has it made you any more pure in your thoughts, or given you a higher idea of morality?"

W.—"Oh! yes."

S.—"That being so why do you have such a book (pointing to the volume in question), as that for sale on your counter?"

W.—"With a caught-in-the-act sort of look," "Weel, I've told Jock mony a time to put that book away."

S.—"Good day. I hope next time we have any conversation on such topics you'll not lay yourself open to be vanquished so easily"—exit Spiritualist.

JUST RECEIVED.

The Divine Pymander, of Hermes Trismegistus, translated from the Arabic by Dr. Everard, with Introduction and Preliminary Essay by Hargrave Jennings (author of the *Rosicrucians*). Parchment, Library edition (published by subscription); a few copies only available. 2s.

Genesis: The Miracles and the Predictions according to Spiritism; by Allan Kardec. 7/6

Strange Visitors (Reprinted): Papers on Philosophy, Science, Religion, Art, Satire, &c.; by the Spirits of Thackeray, Bronte, Byron, Humboldt, &c. 7/6

Twelve Months in an English Prison; by Susan W. Fletcher. 7/6

Inspirational Lectures and Impromptu Poems; delivered by W. J. Colville, with Personal Sketch. 4/

Books and Lectures; by the same:—"Bertha," 4/; Kingdom of God, 6d.; "Relations of Spiritualism to Secularism and Christianity," 2d.; "Spirit Spheres," 2d.; "Lost Continent Atlantis," 2d.

Clear Light from the Spirit-world; by Kate Irving. 6/3

Egypt; by W. Oxley. 8/

Florie's Tree (Story for Children). 4d.

The Soul World; by P. B. Randolph. 10/

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OLD AND RARE BOOKS.

W. H. TERRY begs to call attention to the following Valuable Books, which he offers at very moderate prices:

The History of Philosophy (in 8 parts); by Thomas Stanley, bound in one large 8vo. volume of 800 pages, containing a history and translations from all the old Philosophers—Greek, Ionic, Platonic, Socratic, Stoic, &c., with Translations from their writings, illustrated with about 80 steel-plate Engravings. London, 1656. In excellent preservation. Price, 30/

The Celtic Druids; or an attempt to show that the Druids were the Priests of Oriental Colonies who emigrated from India, and were the introducers of the first Cadmean system of letters, and the builders of Stonehenge, of Carnac, and of other cyclopean works in Asia and Europe; by Godfrey Higgins. Large 4to volume, beautifully illustrated. £4.

Researches in Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemical Attraction in their Relations to Vital Force; by Karl Baron von Reichenbach, Ph. W.J.; translated and edited at the express desire of the author, with preface, notes, and appendix by Wm. Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. 20/

Facts in Mesmerism, with Reasons for a Dispassionate Enquiry into it; by Rev. Chauncey Townshend, A.M. 12/

Spiritualism; by Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter. Scarce and valuable work, 2 vols., 500 pages each. Full of communications of an elevated and profound character, with account of the Judge's experiences. 40/

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VALUABLE TRUTHS.

"If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, for

Hop Bitters will cure you.

"If you are simply ailing; if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why,

Hop Bitters will Revive you.

"If you are a Minister, and have over-taxed yourself with your pastoral duties; or a Mother worn out with care and work,

Hop Bitters will Restore you.

"If you are a man of business, or labourer weakened by the strain of your every-day duties, or a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work,

Hop Bitters will Strengthen you.

"If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

Hop Bitters will Relieve you.

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