

619 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."

No. 180.

MELBOURNE, FEBRUARY 1st, 1885.

PRICE 6d.

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It is now some twenty months since, in concluding a second article on Animal Magnetism, we intimated our intention of continuing the subject in a future issue. We have deferred doing so somewhat longer than was at the time intended, through other more imperative, though not more important, matters having engaged our attention.

In the articles referred to* we laid down a theory, founded upon our experience and observation, that the base of the healing power was a fluid given off by the nervous system, the potency of which was increased by the action of the will of either embodied or disembodied human intelligences. We also gave illustrations of experiments tending to prove that the magnetic aura was a discrete fluid or substance capable of being detached from the operator and transmitted to another body, leaving an inference that when that other body was a human organisation, the transmitted fluid or substance was assimilated by it. That inference we now endorse; practiced mesmerists know that the weak and sickly not only absorb the magnetism voluntarily projected by the operator, but in many instances where precautions are not taken to prevent it, continue to draw the vitality from them by their inherent craving for magnetic sustenance. By this means inexperienced magnetisers are often unconsciously depleted of vitality, and come to erroneous conclusions as to the cause of their weakness. This however is an evil incident only to a superficial knowledge of the subject, which a moderate amount of study and a little practical experience will serve to obviate.

What we wish to impress upon our readers is that in every family of five or six persons there is some one at

least possessing the power, and capable with a little study of helping the others more or less efficiently whenever pain or sickness intrudes into the household; and that this power can be used beneficially without any detriment to the operator. Nearly twenty years ago, Dr. John Ashburner, an eminent London physician, said of magnetism that it was a force which could alleviate the most agonising suffering, cure painful cancers, and other malignant disorders, render the patient insensible under the surgeon's knife and in the throes of painful labour, and which can raise up from the deep insensibility of the last stage of typhus fever a dying patient. And he spoke from experience, for his own life had been saved by it after his case had been given up as hopeless by some of the most skilful of his medical confreres.

What we have said should awaken the interest of our readers; but this is not enough, we want something practical as an outcome. Our statements are capable of verification, and we purpose putting those who are really interested on the road to prove the truth of them. This we think can be best done by indicating some of the simplest experiments by which the magnetic power or soul-force can be demonstrated. Headaches are a very common trouble; few families are entirely exempt from them; there is no need to get one up for the occasion; if you cannot find an aching head at home, you will not have far to go to find one, and having done so, the proprietor of it will rarely have any objection to part with the ache to anyone bidding for it. Having secured your subject, get him to sit quietly in an ordinary chair, and standing at his right side place the right hand on his forehead, and the left over the base of the brain, just above the neck; remain in this position from three to five minutes, according to the severity of the case, then standing behind him, gently stroke with both hands from the forehead over the top of the head to the small of the back, separating the hands to the right and left, and bringing them up in a semicircle to the forehead again, and willing the pain away. If the patient is not fully relieved, repeat the operation, and you will rarely fail (if in good health yourself) to relieve or cure. In the same way any local pain of an acute nature may be removed by steady downward stroking of the affected part. If

* April and May, 1883.

the operator's hand is hot, moisten with cold water. Success in either of these experiments will give a stimulus to further investigation. Good books on Mesmerism and Psychopathy are readily accessible, and many of them very reasonable in price. Study well before attempting anything of importance, for there are dangers to the ignorant dabbler who would plunge into its depths without sounding them.

THE TRUE RELIGION OF THE NAZARENE.

By C. W. ROHNER, M.D.

Nothing is more surprising to me than the tendency, especially on the part of leading Spiritualists, to connect the religion of Jesus of Nazara with the dogmas of the sacerdotal castes of ancient Egypt. To my mind nothing can be more absurd than the attempt to convert, or rather pervert, the pure spirit of Jesus as we see him shining in his words and deeds of incomprehensible love to God and man alike, into a student and imitator of a dried up and mummified creed originally engendered by a selfish, greedy, and exclusively aristocratic and conservative priesthood in the valley of the Nile. If Jesus, as we see him represented in his words, was anything politically or religiously, he was a liberal, a democrat, or radical, a revolutionary, and iconoclast, and breaker of images made by human hands. His kingdom was not of this earth, neither of Egypt, nor of Greece, nor of Rome, and when he said in answer to a political test-question, put to him by a wily and bigoted set of his own countrymen, who hated him worse than they hated the wielders of the power of Rome—"Give to God what is God's, and to Caesar what is Caesar's," he only acted upon the wise principle enunciated by himself and inculcated into the minds of his followers "to be wise like the serpents, and innocent like the doves." When he gave this answer his mission was not yet finished, and in order not to spoil his own work and cut down the tree before the fruit was ripened on it for the use of all future ages, he had to be careful not to come into too early a collision with the powers that were.

How is it, may I ask, that men of such universal learning and such diverse views as Strauss, Renan, and Keim, do not tell us that Jesus was a myth—his religion derived from Egypt, or that the true Jesus lived a hundred years previous to the Jesus who is said to have uttered the grand truths contained in the Mountain Sermon? Is it that David Strauss was ignorant of the religious worship of the ancient Egyptians? Is it that Ernest Renan knew nothing of the Egyptian Isis and Osiris, and of Horus? Is it that the great scholar Keim, the latest, as he is the fairest, of the biographers of Jesus, was so totally devoid of all knowledge of the theology of Egypt, of the Zodiac, and of the whole natural history basis of the religion of Egypt? These three men's minds were, without a doubt, stored with all the knowledge possessed by our Gerald Masseys, our H. J. Brownes, and of their great prototype, J. S. Stuart Glennie. And if Strauss, Renan, and Keim were acquainted with all the most recondite sources of Egyptian learning on this subject of the origin of Christianity, why did they not avail themselves thereof, and mention it in their world-renowned works, on the life of Jesus? Evidently they knew the value of the spider-webs of speculations based upon mistaken studies of astrology handed down to us from the latter end of the eighteenth century, and now dished up again as novelties by sciolists of the latter end of the nineteenth century.

Any one who has read with any care the four Gospels can perceive a double current of data in them, one referring to an apotheosised Jesus, a man-God, or a God made by man theological, and the other relating to the genuine Jesus, whose teachings bear close resemblance to the teachings of the best rabbis and sages of antiquity. That this is the case, that two such contradictory currents run through the Gospel narrative is further made plain by the early discouragement and positive prohibition of the reading of the Bible by the parent Church of

all Christendom, Catholicism, which in its wily and worldly wisdom could see plainly that the habitual reading and pondering of the Bible by the people would lead to what democratic Protestantism had afterwards led under the guidance of Luther, a diminution and final overthrow of priestcraft and the universal Spiritual empire of Rome. The sagacious conservatism of our Christian sacerdotal castes sniffed the air of human liberty, and the aspirations of the long down-trodden masses of men in the inspired sayings of our religious and political Redeemer, Jesus of Nazara, and therefore religious conservatism put its foot on the early printed Bibles of Wickliff, Tyndale, and Huss, burnt them and their Bibles wherever they could lay hands on them, because they desired to keep the reins of spiritual and also temporal power in their own hands in spite of their Master's saying that his kingdom was not of this world. Furnished with the authentic words of Jesus on this subject of worldly power, what could a selfish priesthood expect but odious comparisons between the words and deeds of the founder of their religion and the works done by themselves in direct contradiction to his injunctions.

Yes, the true religion of Jesus was too sublime and too exalted to be practised by the successors of a rotten and fallen Roman empire, and ecclesiastical history tells us plainly how the spiritual power of Rome was built up, not on the teachings of Jesus, but on the pagan dogmas of ancient Hellas, Rome, India, and Egypt! But these latter dogmatic developments of Christianity need not necessarily affect the purity and grandeur of the fountain from which the grand truths of the religion of Jesus sprang; but above all these latter perversions of his creed by a Church sold to state-craft and kingcraft cannot and must not be taken to be the outcome of the pure words and life of the great Nazarene, and we may safely predict that future ages, after having got rid of the Caesars, the Williams and the Alexanders, wielding autocratic powers over the souls and bodies of men, will be better able to appreciate and value in their proper light the fertile seeds sown by Jesus more than eighteen centuries ago; and when that time has come, men will perceive why the good seed was so much infected by rust and smut; they will then see that an enemy of the most fiendish description has travelled over the purely sown fields trodden by the sower Jesus, and cast bad seed and the germs of weeds amongst what promised to be a clean harvest.

That good old time is now coming back, and when we shall have realised its advent, the prophesied second advent of Christ, we shall have arrived at the long looked-for millennium, which can be brought about without any stars falling from the firmament, without the glorious light of the sun being darkened, and without a downpour of sulphur and brimstone upon the devoted heads of an expectant crowd of misguided believers, not of Jesus, but his would-be theological successors. That this happy time is shortly going to be inaugurated is indicated by various signs of the times, but above all by the much hated ascendancy of democracy amongst the most enlightened nations of the world. To all these holy expectations of the long-suffering human race, we utter our most heartfelt Amen! A government of the people, by the people, and for the people; I mean of, by, and for an enlightened people—a people who has in the meantime learnt to dispense with both temporal and spiritual rulers of a hereditary kind, who only rule for their own benefit and in their own exclusive caste interests. *Hoc erit consummatum.*

Tungamah, 1st January, 1885.

A little while ago a home paper wrote: "The Duke of Connaught is under criticism at present for witnessing an elephant fight while in India. The exhibition was more brutal than a Spanish bull-fight. The Rajah of Bhanthipoor, whose guest for the time the Duke was, made the beasts drunk so that they might fight more like men. Here is a wise specimen of the refinement of taste which we are told is a prominent attribute of those in high places.

C. R.

SOME ASPECTS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN
MELBOURNE.

The Melbourne Review for Jan. 1st contains an ably written article from the pen of the Rev. Geo. Walters, on "Some Aspects of Religious Thought in Melbourne," from which we extract the following:—

If, to the question—"Have we any knowledge of a life beyond the grave?"—the secularist answers, with decision, "No;" there is another member of the community, the Spiritualist, who answers, with equal emphasis, "Yes." The influence of modern spiritualism, upon thought generally, has probably been greater than most persons, who have considered the question at all, imagine. It has modified the ideas of the future world, even in the minds of those who most bitterly oppose it. A number of old, foolish fancies have taken their departure, while new and more rational ideas have come in their place. The dread and horror which were formerly associated with death are banished from many souls, like a fearful nightmare, which only lingers in the memory of waking hours. The words of Longfellow—"There is no death; what seems so is transition," come upon the heart with force of comfort and of joy. The valley of the shadow is only as the night from which we waken into a new and better day.

It is not necessary to be a Spiritualist to recognise the element of truth and beauty that exists in it. The violent opposition with which it has sometimes been met by orthodox Christians is a remarkable phenomenon. Here are a number of people professing to be most particularly religious, strictly orthodox, and so on; they have built, or they maintain, churches and cathedrals, in which they worship God and assert their belief in a life beyond the grave. They allow that they have no actual certainty of that future existence, beyond the hope based on the resurrection and ascension of their Lord and Saviour. And yet, when certain other people say there is positive testimony and clear demonstration, these latter are abused by the former, and declared to be something very dreadful. It is very curious and somewhat amusing. Probably the Spiritualists are most earnestly denounced because their revelations of another world do not include the orthodox hell; it is not enough that, in the future sphere, every sin brings its own natural and legitimate punishment; the flames and torments are lacking, and the religion that pretends to be the religion of Christ cannot relinquish those necessary features, appropriate enough for the murderous zeal of crusaders and inquisitors, not altogether out of place in the systems of bickering and quarrelling ecclesiastics, but features totally out of harmony with the spirit of Christ, or a rational and human religion.

It seems as though the Spiritualist was almost the only person who had a full, free, and joyous belief in the doctrine of immortality. Looking down the years of this earthly life, no horrible vision rises in the distance to cloud his hopes or to dismay his heart. A dark veil, truly, separates this life from the next, but ever and anon the glorious light of immortality shines through, and makes brilliant the darkest pathways of the world. This is represented very beautifully in Sir Noel Paton's picture, "Death the Gate of Life." The warrior, clad in armour, has passed on his noble way, and having reached the dark valley is met by the Angel of Death. As we see him he has fallen upon his knees, the armour drops from him, and the dark angel touches him with the left hand; but, with the right hand the veil is just being drawn aside, and the light pouring forth transforms the dark angel into one of celestial loveliness, while, through the opening, we catch a glimpse of sweet summer flowers which have blossomed under the smile of God. If a certain horrible picture of the Judgment Day is a fair representation of the creed of orthodoxy, and if this charming picture by Noel Paton is a fair representation of the creed of Spiritualism, what rational human being would not choose the latter? It is not necessary to adopt all the peculiarities of Spiritualists in order to accept and cherish such a brilliant and enchanting idea of heaven. Instead of supposing that our departed

friends and relatives have gone upon a long journey to a distant abode, we may also believe, and feel, that they are near us still. And that they can, by the force of their loving hearts, still help and comfort us is quite within the bounds of possibility, even in the creed of a non-spiritualist. And before the adherents of orthodox speak slightly of the so-called spiritualistic phenomena, they would do well to consider that not one miracle, not one of the wonders upon which they base their faith, can boast more than a small fraction of the evidence, direct and personal, that is given for these phenomena of the present day. There is no use denouncing or ridiculing any belief until it has been fairly tested and honourably judged. Even though Spiritualism should be proved to be a delusion and a sham, it has given us brighter and better ideas of heaven and has helped to soften some of the harder features of the popular creed."

Mr. Walters is a liberal Unitarian, and since he has filled the pulpit at the Eastern Hill Church, his discourses, though exempt from sensationalism, have attracted audiences which have taxed the capacity of the building to accommodate.

THE LYCEUM LEADER.

A THIRD Edition of the above excellent work, revised and corrected, has just been published. It is printed on fine toned paper and excellently finished. We reprint the following brief preface to it, and wish to call the particular attention of our readers to the last paragraph of it, as we believe the more general circulation of the "Leader" will be of benefit to the cause of Spiritualism:—"The immediate stimulus to the publication of the last edition of this work was the establishment of the Sydney Lyceum, which is now a flourishing institution. That edition has now been exhausted, principally through the channel of the Lyceums in Victoria and Sydney, though not a few have been purchased for home use in various parts of Australia, and to this may be attributed an extension of a knowledge of the Lyceum system, which has led to the formation of similar institutions in New Zealand and Queensland, and necessitated the publication of the present edition to meet the requirements of these and the growing ones of our local institution.

I realise, as on the last occasion, that although the Lyceum Leader is as it stands an excellent book, it might be improved upon by taking from and adding to, but as the former would throw it out of harmony with the large number (of previous editions) now in circulation, and render them practically useless for Lyceum purposes, I have been content to correct errors, and publish a supplementary part which can be purchased separately, and added to the former editions if desired. This supplement contains lithograph illustrations of the calisthenics and banners, with instructions for the conduct of a Lyceum, which in the absence of the "Lyceum Guide" (now quite unobtainable), will be found of great service in new Lyceums.

It is a common thing for many well-meaning Christians to stigmatise Spiritualism as irreligious and class it with atheism. A perusal of these pages will be sufficient to disabuse their minds of this mistake, and give them a truer conception of the moral teachings which are the outcome of our knowledge of man's nature and destiny. With this view I shall be happy to co-operate with anyone desirous of circulating the "Leader" amongst their Christian friends."

At a public meeting, lately held in Dublin, a Protestant clergyman, speaking of the Catholic portion of the community, said: "The tendency of the people to follow any one calling himself a patriot was most detrimental to their best interests and spiritual interests as well." (The italics are mine. The rev. gentleman is evidently in accord with the vast multitudes who hold it to be most wise to attend to the interests of this world first, and leave those of the spirit life to be looked after when one gets there. It is, however, a new feature to find a clergyman having the hardihood, when addressing a public meeting, to classify spiritual interests as being only of secondary importance.

CHRISTIAN REIMERS' RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

EVERYONE acquainted with the latest doings in the camp of Spiritualism will remember the so-called exposure of Bastian, in Vienna, during the early part of last year. To the exposure of this exposure the indefatigable and enthusiastic Reimers devotes a pamphlet in German of some 40 pages, in which, in scathing terms, are shown up the *lacunae* in the logic and inductive ratiocination of the Archduke John of Austria agent a *séance* with the celebrated medium, Bastian, and in a dialogue between Schulze and Müller, he criticizes, or rather reviews, in a popular and very humorous form, the same subject. I doubt very much that the matter dished up in these pages will prove very palatable to the noble scion of the ancient house of Hapsburg; but as John has entered the arena of critical literature, he must put up with the consequences of his rash act, illustrating the proverb that sometimes "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Less satisfactory to my mind was the abstract of a lecture on another *soi-disant* exposure of a Spiritualistic *séance*, lately held in Adelaide, under the presidency of Mr. Reimers. No matter how vile and mean the attack of the spy, Evans, and his confreres of the Young Men's Christian Association, was on Reimers, even fair-minded and well-informed people on the subject of Spiritualism, will regret the result of the *séance*, as likely to do harm to our cherished cause. Spiritualists can never be too careful of such pitfalls and traps laid to them by disingenuous outsiders and Philistines. *Odj profanum vulgus et arceo.*

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS SOLVED BY SPIRITS.

MAJOR-GENERAL DRAYSON'S lecture on "Science and the Phenomena termed Spiritual," an abstract of which appeared in our last, elicited a question from Mr. St. George Stock as to whether the lecturer could produce an instance of "an instant solution given by a spirit, or what professes to be such of some scientific problem which has puzzled the learned men in Europe during a hundred years," and in reply Major Drayson gives him more than he asks, viz.—two, the particulars of which appear in the following letter published in *Light* for Nov 29th, 1884.

Sir,—Referring to Mr. St. George Stock's inquiry whether "I can produce an instance of an instant solution given by a spirit, or what professes to be such, of some scientific problem which has puzzled the learned men of Europe during a hundred years," I beg to forward the following account of my personal experience:—

In the year 1781, Sir William Herschel discovered the planet Uranus and the satellites which attend that planet. Those satellites, he remarked, moved in a manner contrary to the analogy of the other satellites in the solar system, as they moved from east to west instead of from west to east. Sir J. F. Herschel, in "Outlines of Astronomy," states: "The orbits of these satellites offer quite unexpected and unexampled peculiarities, contrary to the unbroken analogy of the whole planetary system, whether of primaries or secondaries. The planes of their orbits are nearly perpendicular to the ecliptic, being inclined no less than 78° 58' to that plane, and in these orbits their motions are *retrograde*, that is to say, their positions, when projected on the ecliptic, instead of advancing from west to east round the centre of their primary, as is the case with every other planet and satellite, move in the opposite direction."

When M. La Place, the French mathematician, invented the theory that the sun and all the planets had been formed from nebulous matter shrivelling up, the movements of these satellites were to him a puzzle.

Admiral Smyth, in the "Celestial Cycle," states, to the surprise of all astronomers, the motion of these satellites is *retrograde*, or contrary to the order of movement of all bodies yet noticed.

In the "Gallery of Nature" it is remarked that the satellites of Uranus revolve around him from east to west. Singular anomalies,—exceptions to the general laws of the system!

In every book on astronomy, published before 1860, the same statements were made relative to the satellites of Uranus moving from east to west.

I had no explanation to offer to this peculiarity; it was as much a mystery to me as to those writers whose words I have quoted.

During the year 1858, a young lady, a medium, was staying at my house, and every evening manifestations used to take place. One evening this lady told me that she saw near me a spirit, who told her he had been an astronomer on earth.

I asked if he knew more now than he did when on earth.

She replied, "Much more."

Thinking I would ask a question which would test at least the knowledge of this supposed spirit, I said, "Can he tell me why the satellites of Uranus move from east to west, instead of from west to east?"

The reply was at once given, and was as follows:—

"The satellites of Uranus do not move from east to west round Uranus; they move from west to east round that planet, just as the moon moves from west to east round the earth. The mistake arose because the *south* pole of Uranus was turned towards the earth when first discovered, and just as the sun, when seen from the southern hemisphere, appears to run its daily course from right to left, and not from left to right, so the satellites of Uranus moved from left to right, but that was not from east to west." After another question from me the following message was added: "As long as the south pole of Uranus was turned towards the earth, the satellites appeared to an observer on earth to move from left to right, and were erroneously said to move from east to west, and this condition would prevail about forty-two years. When the north pole of Uranus is turned towards the earth, then the satellites will move from right to left, or, as it would be termed from west to east."

I then inquired how it was that the error had not been discovered forty-two years after Sir W. Herschel had first seen the planet.

The reply was, "Because men, as a rule, merely copy what previous authorities have written, and do not think independently, they being blinded by the influence of authorities."

With this information to guide me, I worked out the problem geometrically and found the explanation was sound, and the solution most simple. I therefore, in 1859, drew out a paper on this subject, which was printed at the Royal Artillery Institution.

Since that time I published in 1862, in a small astronomical work, termed "Common Sights in the Heavens," the same explanation of this supposed mystery, but the baneful influence of "authority" is so strong that it is only now that writers on astronomy are beginning to state that the mystery about the satellites of Uranus is *probably* due to the position of the axis of that planet.

Early in the year 1859 I had again the opportunity of communicating through the same medium with what professed to be the same spirit, and I asked if I could be informed of any other fact in astronomy not hitherto known. At that time I had in my possession a telescope with a four-inch object glass and five-foot focal distance. I was informed that the planet Mars had two satellites which no man had yet seen, and that under favourable conditions I might discover them. I took the first opportunity of searching for these, but failed to find them. I told three or four of my friends, who had with me investigated so-called spiritual phenomena, of this information, and we agreed to keep quiet about it, as we had no proof of its accuracy, and we should merely be ridiculed if we stated that of which there was no proof. When in India, I mentioned this information to Mr. Sinnenet, but at what date I cannot remember. Eighteen years after I had been told that these satellites existed they were discovered, viz., in 1877, by an astronomer at Washington.

These are two among other facts which caused me to make in my lecture the remark on which Mr. Stock has asked his first question.

A. W. DRAYSON.

To Correspondents.

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

THE EXPOSURE IN ADELAIDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HARBINGER OF LIGHT."

SIR,—The after-effects of the grand exposure of Spiritualism, although resulting in a wholesale indignation and condemnation of the "gang of conspirators," under the leadership of a fanatical tailor, conjurer, and Sunday teacher of the Y. M. C. A., assume such conflicting aspects, that I am only able at present to point at the renewed spirit of enquiry on part of the few intelligent observers as a very hopeful sign of an ultimate success, which perhaps could not have been achieved without this interference of dirty fingers with my work. As yet I would not undertake to determine the percentage of fraud finding its intrusion by foul means in my circle of thorough honest friends and gentlemen, but suffice it that pledges of honour, received in good faith, got the better of my lack of confidence in young Christians, old Christian as I am. I prefer to argue and act on the premise that all was fraud, where one or more of this "gang" managed by lies and false pretences to sneak into our room, for when sooty fingers touch my dinner, I like to throw it overboard, dish and all.

When I shall have succeeded fully, as I nearly have done already, to show that this cowardly plot cannot retard the advance of Spiritualism, save with such weak intellects which are better out of it anyhow; it will be time enough for a sifting of the grain and chaff in the middle, if it would be worth while in the abundance of genuine proofs all around, and in my case with the few séances with Miss Wood. The sad loss by her cruel (to us) death begins now to tell on my mind, for in her wonderful mediumship rested the whole and only plan of my work here, apart from my unbounded affection for this unassuming, truthful lady, and martyr, I may add, for a divine cause, for as such she viewed the aim of her mission, regardless of the doubts clouding our minds in the present oscillation between the doctrines of the kernels and the shells.

Experience shows that spiritual influence, reared and established by the purest elements in a circle up to tremendous results or anticipations thereof, can be temporarily destroyed by a single scoundrel and his invisible confederates. Nay, the twaddling trickery-hunter, smelling everywhere fraud by dint of his superior acuteness which ignores liberally all testimonies of the past, can by the "aura" he carries (or which carries him), overthrow completely the most prominent chances. I believe in anti-mediumistic organisms, who by sincere desire for truth, but unconscious conceit of better judgment, find access to a circle to upset, or cause an invitation for malicious agencies by the avenues opened in the wilderness of mysterious influences. There exists a kind of pretended "passivity" beguiling other sitters into confidence, which is more disastrous and dangerous than the roughest boast of rank skepticism.

I believe I discovered (most likely along with others), a most momentous mistake set afloat with the presumed necessity of "believing" in order to expect results. Put for "believing" the word "desire," and this well to be distinguished from "curiosity," and we are nearer to the mark.

I wrote, some years ago, that a would-be novice in Spiritualism should, before joining a circle sit alone with his own thoughts on the subject, and sound the work he is about to the bottom of his heart, and so make himself welcomed by the spirits before the sympathy of the other sitters gladdens his heart. This is the sort of belief which is prepared by the trust in other investigators superior to his own intellect, or where such is not willingly accorded, to experiences. People of a certain modesty, the result of higher reasoning, will be mostly favoured with success in spiritual manifestation. Modesty on the lips goes for nothing. Promiscuous séances, where a new sensation only calls people together, carry plenty of danger with them. I would indeed deserve the

severest censure from my fellow-spiritualists in present mishap, could I say otherwise than that I hope to be able to be thus duped to the end of my life, for if I must suspect in every new acquaintance under shelter of Christian principles a scoundrel, villain, and liar, I would rather turn one myself on the spot. But to all friends of our great cause I may hopefully proclaim that I have been permitted to do so much good by unpolluted results that I feel encouraged under high spirits (at least humor) to achieve something by this absurd but eventual conspiracy.

C. REIMERS.

THE LATE DROWNING OF THE TWO SONS OF MR. HUGH JUNIOR BROWNE.

"God's ways, though just, are oft obscure,
Beyond our comprehension;
Be but convinced the end is right,
And wise the high intention.
Then calmly wait the happier hour,
Thy trust in God confiding."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—The most striking and painfully interesting subject of thought and conversation amongst Melbourne Spiritualists lately, has been the death of the two sons of the gentleman above mentioned. As he has always proved himself one of the chief apostles of our faith, I trust some notice or reflections on the sad event will not be considered inopportune, though it will be likely to accompany your full account of the disaster.

I shall be careful not to write one word that could add a pang to the full measure of family affliction, but cannot help feeling that the motto to my letter will, and should, pourtray the feelings of the nearest relations of the dead, so-called.

When I first heard of this mournful episode, I reflected upon the late loss of a brother, at about the same interesting age of early or opening manhood, and thinking of the feelings of the parents (with whom I am slightly acquainted), those lines of Dr. Young were suggested to my mind, who wrote when suffering from a similar three-fold affliction:—

"Isolate archer! would not once suffice!
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,
And thrice ere thrice you morn had fill'd her bourn."

These must (just now) be some of the feelings of the afflicted parents; but I have an object, Mr. Editor, in addressing you beyond the few words of consolation contained in the verse first quoted. I refer to "Special Providence," and the truly theistic sentiment which that verse breathes. I took it from a copy of verses written by one of our oldest citizens, when in his youth, and kindly presented to me the other day, viz., Dr. Illia. I could not help making an application of that verse to the tragic death of the two young gentlemen, in all the pride of youth and joyousness.

I shall come more directly to the object, aim, and point of my letter, if I go on to say that I thought I could see through the obscurity of the dealings of Providence (spoken of by the poet), in thus snatching away these two young Spiritualists, and members of a Spiritualistic family.

That is to say, I thought it might be the design of the world of spirits that they should both return to us through their spiritual communications, thereby adding to the demonstrations of the truth of intercommunion between a world of spirits and a world of mortals.

This idea was engendered in my mind from instances of the kind which I had heard from the lips of the mother of the deceased with regard to the third brother, who died only a short time before.

It very naturally struck me that if one brother could and did make immediate communications concerning his death and burial, the brothers following him to the world of spirits under more painfully interesting circumstances, would be likely to do the same, and perhaps continuously so, for a long time to come. In such a case, a window would be at once opened to us through which we might see at "Wisdom in the high intention" spoken of by Dr.

Illia, and probable designs of special Providence, or world of spiritual causes, governing events of earthly life.

In review of the whole of the incidents upon which I have written, I am led to reflect with Dr. Johnson (and feel that mourners may gather consolation from the sentiment), where he writes: "Nothing can afford rational tranquility but the conviction that nothing is, in reality, governed by chance, but that the universe is under the perpetual superintendence of Him who created it, by whom what APPEARS CASUAL is directed for ends ultimately kind and merciful.

I am, sir, yours obediently,

ROBERT CALDECOTT.

Raglan-street, Port Melbourne.
24th December, 1884.

IS SPIRITUALISM A SCIENCE OR A RELIGION?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—I take a deep interest in the above question. I would like to make a few observations on Mr. Cyril Haviland's treatment of, and conclusions on it, which appeared in your last issue.

Mr. Haviland, on this, as on many other subjects, is well-meaning, but too hasty in coming to his conclusions. Because Spiritualism is based on science, it cannot be a religion, is the erroneous inference at which he arrives. It would have been well if he had clearly defined, in the first place, the meaning he attaches to the two terms science and religion, and then had conclusively demonstrated that Spiritualism is completely included within the meaning of the word science, therefore cannot be admitted inside the boundary lines of the word religion. Instead of doing this he deals with the question in another way, and in doing so startles all your readers by informing them that "Geology, astronomy, chemistry, upset various tenets of the orthodox church," and that these sciences are "full of mistakes, frauds, and failures." How the tenets of any church can be "upset" by sciences full of mistakes, frauds, and failures, I cannot conceive. For general enlightenment, would Mr. Haviland kindly name six frauds in connection with geology?

Let us now come to the real question before us. The word science means the observation and systematisation of facts; religion, a belief in God and a future life. That which has been, or can be experienced, is science. That which transcends experience, or is believed, is religion. In so far as Spiritualism has accumulated facts it is a science, but in so far as it has changed men's views of God and a future life it is a religion. Mr. Haviland freely admits that: "Its demonstrated facts do away with many old teachings, such as the Resurrection, the Atonement, &c." In this admission he unconsciously surrenders the whole position.

To satisfactorily demonstrate that Spiritualism is a religion based on science let us view it from another standpoint. George Chaine, the late convert to Spiritualism in America, was a Secularistic lecturer for eight years. During that time he had no conception of God or belief in a future life, therefore no religion. He was, fortunately, introduced to the phenomena and teachings of Spiritualism, and became convinced of their truth. This led him from the dark annihilation of Atheism to the grand and exalting doctrine of an eternal progressive life—a life wherein his fondest hopes, his loftiest ideals, his noblest aspirations shall be more than realised. Is not this a religion to him? For many years I was a Materialist, and did not believe in any form of religion. The phenomena of Spiritualism demonstrated to me the immortality of man, and its teachings enlarged and refined my conceptions of God. As I now believe in the continued existence of man after the change called death, and in a Supreme Being "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," am I not fairly and logically justified in saying I have a religion, and that that religion is Spiritualism?

The more I experience of its phenomena, the more I learn of its teachings, and the more I am impressed with the grandeur and importance of all forms of religion.

While it is the province of science to meet the claims of the intellect, it is the function of religion to satisfy the profoundest yearnings of the heart.

Yours, &c.,

Redmyre Road, Burwood,
Sydney, Jan. 9th, 1885.

MISS WOOD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—You will oblige by inserting the following letter, which has been refused insertion by the editor of the *Liberator*, in his paper of that name. It is strangely ungenerous on the part of a man with his pretensions to liberality to so rankly abuse and vilify those he assumes to be in error, because of his confessed ignorance of their position, and then to close the avenues against retort. *Liberator* forsooth, I suggest he reconsiders the title.

Should he have anything to say in reply, I shall expect it only through these columns.

HENRY BURTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIBERATOR.

SIR,—I deem it but just to the late Miss Wood to correct some slight errors you have circulated about her in your issue of Dec. 21st. I do not suppose for a moment that they are wilful perversions of the truth, but I do say they are assumptions unwarranted by facts. From your palpable lack of knowledge on the subject of Spiritualism, and with an obvious desire to disparage it, you attack the character of a lady whose integrity, to the knowledge of all those who have held her acquaintanceship—and who may better judge—is and has been trustworthy and honourable. You also insult the intelligence of a large and enlightened body of Freethinkers, who, I presume—if it be presumption to say so—are equally honest, sane, and mentally capable as yourself.

I feel sorry you descend to this small abuse; it may tickle the ear of the ignorant, or provoke the laugh of the foolish, but it will make the judicious grieve, and become offensive to the truthseeker.

Many here, in Brisbane, who have a strong sympathy for your propaganda against the fettered thought of Churchism cannot but grieve that you so far forgot your *Free thought* as to heap so much uncalled for ridicule upon a subject you confessedly know nothing about, and desire to know nothing about, and which in the opinion of many able thinkers contains the elements of an unfettered, philosophical and conclusive religious idea. Do, sir, I beseech you, take higher ground; strike at that you know to be error, and in your own words to "Discipulus" allow me to advise: "Do not write or speak upon subjects you do not understand." You may, I grant, be the loser of much mouth-honour, but you will add to the compliment of the gentleman.

Regarding Miss Wood—and I speak from a personal knowledge of her, extending over the last sixteen years, and from an intimate acquaintanceship with her and her mediumship from its first development; I have sat with her at *hundreds* of sances; I have tested her and seen her tested in ways that none of your clever conjurers would sanction to be tested, and at the same time perform their boasted exposure tricks.

Miss Wood, as your paragraph would intimate, never did, nor never pretended, to foretell events, nor did she possess, or pretend to possess, healing gifts, although she might have had those gifts, and not be able to apply them to herself; surely there have been many capable physicians who have healed others and failed to heal themselves. As to the clairvoyance of the spirits, we have yet to learn that gifts with them are more universal than with us; and as to Miss Wood being a miracle-worker, it is new to me and all other Spiritualists. In her presence extraordinary phenomena would take place, herself being the passive agent.

It is not true that Miss Wood had sundry apparatus wherewith the spirits were manufactured, or worked, or manipulated; at least, if it were so, you are the only person acquainted with the fact.

As to the Blackburn exposure, the public press gave one side of the case, as it ever does in these matters, and as you are doing now, I would again remind you, in

your own advice to "Discipulus," "Always remember a thing has two sides." The Blackburn case had. The affair was thrashed out in the Spiritualistic press, and Miss Wood, since then, has had ample apologies from those who abused her on that occasion. But the public press would not heed or concern itself about that other side. It never does, nor do we expect it to do so. Our philosophy has taught us not to require too much from human nature. It was charitable to allow a certain percentage for interest and prejudice. As to the recent exposure in Scotland, you are again in error. Nothing of that nature ever occurred with her then, either your imagination has informed wrong, or the news-monger, who knows the gullibility of poor human nature, manufactures, at times, what has never been enacted. How very strange it is that you hard headed sceptics who will not believe in anything but what you can see, feel, and prove for yourselves, are ever ready to swallow an idle tale or flimsy report that may argue on the side of your prejudice.

I fear sir that the credulity of your incredulity, surpasses much of the credulity you batter at. Fie! Fie! sir; give up this tilting at a man of straw you have set up to fight, and expend your energies upon that which may be of use to society. Believe me you are beating the air, you will never be able to injure Spiritualism, a truth is ever a truth whether you believe in it or not.

HENRY BURTON.

MRS. COOKE'S MEDIUMSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—Knowing the aim and object of your valuable paper is to spread the truths of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and the proofs of this fact are ever open to your kind consideration, I should like to give my experiences at a private sitting with Mrs. Cooke, a medium at present in our city. She (Mrs. Cooke) described an old lady and gentleman near me. On my asking who they were, she told me their relationship to me (great-grandmother and father), also their names. I was unable to tell if the description was correct, as they had both died before my birth, but on giving my father the names and description, he said they were thoroughly correct in every detail. She then described a young lady friend who died in a consumption some years ago, who was enabled to hold a long conversation with me, recalling events which had entirely left my memory; this was very pleasing to me, and a most wonderful test as to identity. . . . She described a number of my friends and relations, among which were my mother, sister, and a young lady friend who she described accurately, also the house she lived in, and a number of articles of furniture in their drawing-room. I omitted to state she also described the house my great-grandmother and father lived in, in London, and their position in society at the time, which was perfectly correct.

She gave also additional tests as to her wonderful clairvoyance, by describing the action of my brain and spine, which have been seriously injured (unknown to her), and describing my inability to use my brain, on account of the inaction of the blood-vessels; she also told me the locality of the pains in the spine, and their cause. In fact, nothing in my life seemed beyond the power of her wonderful magnetic, clairvoyant vision to pierce; and I can say, with all sincerity, she is a wonderful medium; also, by her clear and honest countenance, I should say a thoroughly truthful lady in all her walks of life, which will account for her great powers. Trusting these few facts will help some poor doubter to see the possibility, nay the actual fact, of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and apologising for the length of my epistle,

I am, yours truly,

THOMAS W. BULL,

Packington-street, Kew.

[Several persons who have had sittings with Mrs. Cooke have given us similar testimony of her clairvoyant powers, and the following extract from a letter recently

received by her from one who had sorrowed without hope indicates the benefit of spiritual communion.—Ed. H. of L.] :—

"I cannot express the gratitude I feel for the messages received through you yesterday; it was just the positive proof I so longed for. I understood at once several allusions which puzzled my young friend, about the 'Chair' and 'William,' etc. . . . I shall never be so unhappy again."

MATERIALISTS AND SPIRITUALISM.

We recently commented upon some editorial utterances on the subject of Spiritualism appearing in the *Free-thought Review*, which, as we pointed out, indicated a complete misapprehension of the true Spiritualistic position. We explained that the existence of a super-sensuous personal agency was a clear and necessary deduction from the observed fact that intelligence is manifested at circles which is not that of the medium or any of the sitters.

In replying to our remarks the *Review* says: "The logical gap in the argument is the assertion that the intelligence manifested is not due to the mind of the medium, or of any one of the persons forming the circle. How does the Spiritualist know this?" The question with which this sentence concludes proves what we said as to the little real knowledge of the subject possessed by the writer. If, as he says, he has carefully read several books on Spiritualism, and "dipped" into a great many others, besides personally investigating "to some extent," it is a little remarkable how he can have contrived to miss the essential point, and overlook the recorded instances (also occurring within the personal experience of almost every Spiritualist), where matters have been communicated, not merely unknown to the medium (for that is an every day occurrence), but to any person visibly present, though afterwards verified. Does he admit this? If yes, does he then believe that the matters so communicated—names, figures, circumstances—were floating about within the confines of the séance room unattached to any mind whatever? What is his theory? We shall be glad to hear it, and embrace it, if it covers known facts, and satisfies the demands of reason, better that our own. He further says: "The one circumstance common to all instances of so-called Spiritualistic phenomena, is the existence of human minds, and it cannot be shown that these minds, or rather, minds and bodies, are incapable of producing unconsciously and invisibly what they are admittedly capable of producing consciously and visibly." This is none too clear, but we are not ready to admit that a mind can produce, either consciously or otherwise, something that is nowhere within its precincts.

Further, if we are not mistaken, there is put forward in this last argument, as a possible explanation of the phenomena; something exceedingly like a transcorporeal action of mind—a remarkable concession for Materialists to make, though they are rapidly being dragged to that point.

In the course of our previous remarks, we used the familiar illustration of the telegraph wire, the reception of messages at one end proving the intelligent operator at the other. In commenting upon this, the *Review* says: "The analogy sought to be established between Spiritualistic manifestations and telegraphic communications overlooks the fact that in the latter case we have ample experimental knowledge as to the conditions existing at both ends of the line, while in the former our experience is limited to one end, and the rest is a guess, resting on no scientific deductions whatever, but largely influenced by sentiment." Well, let us suppose that in the case, too, of the telegraph wire, our knowledge of the conditions was limited to the receiving end. The messages would still lead our reason to infer the existence of an intelligent operator at the other end, and we should be right. Now make the application to the case of spirit-communications of the kind we have referred to. We repeat that our deduction is scientific, that it is no guess, and that our facts have exerted their force in the con-

vincing even of Materialists, who for years had divested themselves of "sentiment."

A good deal is said about the "five canons of experimental inquiry," and the "methods of agreement and differences," but such profundities are out of place with those who will look the plain facts in the face, which is all that is needed. If there is nothing in Spiritualism, it is strange that it exerts so powerful a disturbing influence upon the materialistic camp, as to cause a divided opinion even there. The editor of the *Review* admits certain "residual physiologic and psychological phenomena that cannot at present be explained." Mr. Symes, of the *Liberator*, settles the question in a more summary fashion; with him, "fraud covers pretty well everything;" D. M. Bennett late of the *Truthseeker*, knew of nothing in his philosophy inconsistent with the possibility that spirits might exist as organised forms of highly developed and subtilised matter; Robert Ingersoll gives no dogmatic denial of the possibility of spirit-existence; while George Chaine is now a Spiritualist.

MRS. S. C. COOKE.

THE above gifted lady arrived in Melbourne from Sydney on Sunday, Jan. 4th, and on the evening of the 8th, about fifty ladies and gentlemen (mostly members of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists), met at the Exchange, Collins-street, to greet and welcome her. The proceedings were of an informal nature, and after a general hand-shaking and the passage of kindly words of welcome, Mrs. Cooke, in compliance with a generally expressed desire, gave a brief sketch of her mediumistic career, from which it appears that her faculty of seeing and conversing with spirits, developed spontaneously in her girlhood, though she did not recognise herself as a medium at the time. At the age of twenty-one she married Dr. A. M. Clarke, a young dental surgeon, of San Francisco, who, though a devoted husband, was at first opposed to the exercise of her mediumistic gifts. Being attacked with lung disease he, by the advice of his doctors, went in the year 1868 to Mexico, and was soon followed by his wife. Here he established a good practice, and became actively interested in his wife's Spiritualistic work, which she carried on most successfully amongst the Spanish population, receiving the countenance and support of the Governor of Guadalajara, who protected her during her three years' stay in his district. In this city she, in January, 1869, held the first three circles, which were attended by the *Rite* of the Liberal Government, who were at the time investigating Spiritualism. The paper, *L'Illustration Espiritiste*, was the outcome of these circles, and a full account of them as specially reported appears in the earlier numbers of that journal. Frequent reports of Mrs. Cooke's work in Mexico appear in subsequent numbers of that journal during the whole period of her sojourn there. The circles referred to were of a semi-private nature, and the whole of Mrs. Cooke's work in that country was of a missionary character.

On the death of her husband, which occurred in 1870, Mrs. Cooke returned to San Francisco, and for some years publicly exercised her mediumship. Prior to her return from Mexico, her spirit-guide appeared to her and indicated the work she had to do, promising that she should have a home and all that was necessary for her comfort in life whilst engaged in the service of the angel-world. This and other promises given to her by her guides were fulfilled, and she is now in possession of a comfortable home in San Francisco. Since her marriage with Mr. Cooke, home duties had engrossed most of her time, but she had for the past three years been in the habit of giving her services every Sunday afternoon to the 1st Spiritual Union, which she helped to form there in 1874, since which time she has been an active worker in helping to sustain Mrs. E. L. Watson's platform, and is now a member of her executive committee.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Cooke's address, the company partook of refreshments in the shape of choice fruits, provided by Mr. Lang, and the meeting assumed

the form of a conversazione, interspersed with songs by Miss Samuel, Mrs. Lane, and others, making the evening a most enjoyable one.

Mrs. Cooke's object in coming to the colonies was to visit two aunts, who have resided in New Zealand for many years past, but her reputation as a medium having preceded her there, the numerous investigators appealed to her for assistance, and most of her time was taken up with missionary work, in which she was particularly successful. She did some good work amongst the Maories there, and was presented with a handsome green stone by the Chief, as a token of his gratitude for her services. At Sydney, she was urged by friends to place her sittings on a business footing, and both there and here has devoted a portion of the day to private sittings, at which some excellent tests of spirit presence and identity have been given. In response to a strongly expressed desire on the part of her New Zealand friends, it is Mrs. Cooke's intention to pay them a second visit on her way home, and as her stay here will be brief, those who wish to avail themselves of her mediumship will need to do so early.

COMING ANNIVERSARY OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE 31st March next will be the 37th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and the Committee of the Victorian Association have decided to hold a Festival in one of the large Halls of Melbourne, to commemorate the event, to extend over three nights. It is intended to collect from all sources objects of interest, such as specimens of test slate-writing, automatic writing, and drawing, paintings through mediums, spirit photographs, wax castes, and such similar items, as friends may be willing to lend. Any who can do so will much oblige by forwarding their names and a list of their exhibits to the secretary of the Association, at this office, as soon as possible. A special committee will receive and be responsible for the safe return of such valuable articles as may be lent. A letter has been forwarded to London, asking for the loan of any similar objects they can send to us, and no doubt we shall receive a good collection from our friends there.

Beside the Exhibition, it is proposed to have a promenade concert on the first night; an Exhibition Session of the Lyceum on the second night, and to finish with a ball on the third night. It is therefore hoped that friends far and near, who may have the cause at heart, will bear it in mind and help it forward by such means as lies in their power.

It is also intended as a means of distributing some of the better works on the subject of Spiritualism, etc., and also as a means of adding to the funds of the Association, to hold a Book Distribution of five hundred tickets at half-a-crown each. The books will comprise, "Isis Unveiled," "Spirit Teachings," "Nineteenth Century Miracles," "Clear Light from the Spirit World" and similar high-class works, and every holder of a ticket will receive a copy of each of the following pamphlets: "Is Spiritualism True? a Lecture by William Denton through Mrs. Watson's Mediumship," and "The Golden Rule of Spiritualism," by Hudson Tuttle.

The prizes will be drawn at the Exhibition Festival. Now it remains for friends into whose hands this paper may fall, to do their share, either by talking about it, or more materially assisting the proposed scheme.

DR. I. L. YORK, a well-known lecturer on Social and Progressive subjects, has arrived at Auckland from San Francisco, and delivered his first lecture at the Opera House there, on the 18th ult., his subject being "The Science of Life, or how to be happy." The Auckland *Evening Star* of the 19th, says he had a large audience and speaks highly of his ability as a lecturer, a private letter received from a reliable correspondent fully endorses the eulogistic comments of the *Star*. We are given to understand that Dr. York is *en route* to Melbourne, and that he may be expected to lecture here at no distant day.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE SPHERE OF LIGHT.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Was it a dream or reality? Did Sleep approach so near its sister, Death, as to allow the veil to be turned aside? It began in peaceful slumber, and I felt the scenes of earth melt out of consciousness, while a strange exhilaration, peaceful and delightful, came over me. There were changing flashes of color rivaling the rainbow, coming and going in receding circles, and then a misty brightness, out of which slowly came, as though the cloudiness were material in the hands of an artist, a form which I recognized as our mother. A score or more of years had passed since the fateful hour when we gathered around her couch, too distressed to weep, and awed by the presence of the silent messenger. Wasted by painful sickness, she was at last free from pain, and a smile of joy came over her pale face when she knew it was soon to be over. We thought her dead, for her eyes closed and her breath ceased, when she repeated with a voice sweet as music:

Bright spirits await to welcome me home,
To that blissful region where you, too, may come,
Weep not, for our parting is only to sight,
Our spirits may still the more closely unite.
Perform well each day the task which to you
Is allotted, and murmur not if you must do
What now seemeth hardship, for soon you will prove
'Tis labor of kindness, an action of love.

Then her eyes closed again, and her features fashioned into a glad smile. There was now no mistaking the signs, and we went to our appointed tasks, feeling that it would be sacrilege to weep in the presence of such a triumph over death. We felt that we had been permitted to catch a glimpse of an unseen reality. As travelers in mountain regions are delighted after the valley is wrapped in twilight by the crest of some tall mountain catching the rays of the sun and reflecting its glory, so to us it seemed that the departing spirit had caught a glimpse of the light of its new life, and reflected a smile on the face of the body it was leaving.

How beautiful she was with the graces of youth and the complete and perfected charms of maturity. No wrinkles on her brow, no marks of care anxiety or pain; she was ideal in excellence.

What has happened to you mother? How are you the same and not the same?

THE RESPONSE:

I have returned to my youth, and have brought my experience with me. I scarcely realize that the years have passed. Twenty-five, do you say? It to me seems not as many days; and yet let me recount. There has been a flood of events, and my recollection of the last time you saw me has grown dim. We count not time by years, but by accomplishments; by what we do and gain in thought. I am pained by the memory of the old time. You say it was twenty-five years or more ago! As I come again in contact with earth, my last sickness and suffering are recalled. How weary and worn I became! How I longed for the end! The love you all bore me and my love for you was the only cord which bound me to life, and as I approached the end I forgot even that. How much I suffered that day I cannot tell, but at last I was at peace. The terrible struggle between flesh and spirit was done, and the latter rested. I thought, I will sleep, and yet it was not sleep. It was a repose of all living functions, and yet my mind was intensely active. For a time I heard all that was said by those who were in the room, but soon I became so absorbed in the thoughts which rushed on my mind that I lost consciousness of everything else. Oh! it was such a delicious sense of comfort and of rest! I was so very weary; I had been so tortured by pain that to be free was indescribable happiness. I had heard them say I was dying, and I expected the dread moment with foreboding. It surely must soon come, yet I thought I had not reached it. The darkness began to lighten, and I thought the morn was breaking. An intense thrill of delight filled my being and the light grew stronger. I continued to rest and a new strength came to me. I am getting well again, I thought, and, perhaps, when the morning comes I shall

surprise my friends and children by at once arising from my couch. The light streamed in with a soft and a refreshing warmth. There were no walls to prevent its passage. I was floating in a cloud of light, borne gently and softly as a weary child on its mother's breast. Then out of the light, as though it had formed itself into shape and substance, I saw three friends, long since dead, and my own blessed mother. To meet them did not appear strange to me, yet I know they were not of earth. When they came around me, taking my hands in theirs, and caressing my forehead, I was surprised at their beauty and sweetness of expression. They read my thoughts, and answered:

"Yes, truly we are of the dead; and you will find that dying means to live."

"I thought I was dying; they told me so," I said, laughing at the absurdity. "But I have become well, never so well since a child. It is a joy to breathe, and feel the fresh life come coursing through my veins. But why do you smile," I asked. They replied: "Do you not know that your new life means death? How much have you to learn, our sister."

"Yes, I have everything to learn, and my life has been full of cares."

"They have been for others," they replied. "And such are treasures in heaven. For us to learn is not labor. If we bring ourselves into the proper condition of receptivity, knowledge flows into our minds. There is no effort, no wearisome study. We may know all that the highest intelligence knows if we are in the condition."

"I must bring myself at once into that condition," I replied, "for there is need."

"Be not in haste, our sister," said they gently; "there is time, and you must have repose. The pain you have endured reflects on your spirit, and you have not yet recovered."

"I infer from your words that I have met the change I so feared," I said again, smiling at the absurdity of the idea. "When did I pass the limits of earth life, and why do I lose sight of my friends?"

"You need have no more dread," replied my darling mother. "You do not see them because we are far away from them. It would not be well for you to remain and witness their sorrow. We have taken you away, that you may first recover and grow strong."

As I felt the swift motion, which I had not before observed, for it had been to me the gentle rock of sustaining arms, I asked: "Am I to be taken away so far I cannot return?"

"Fear not, child," she replied in her old way; "fear not, for whatever we justly demand is granted to us. The craving of the heart is not left unanswered. Presently it will be all made plain to you."

We are drawn onward as by the tide of a great river, and I saw countless others coming and going, as though on swift errands. Then we paused on an eminence, overlooking a sea of amethyst on our right, and a vast plain on our left. The sky was softest purple, and the light fell with indescribable mellowness over all—there was happiness in the air, and those we greeted were radiant. No words can describe what I saw, or my rapidly changing emotions. There is nothing on earth with which to compare the landscape. The softest earthly colors are opaque in comparison, and the clearest sky a murky cloud. Overcome I wept for joy, and my companions wept with me.

"Oh!" exclaimed one, "how sweet to know that this is the reality; no more doubts, nor forebodings; no more fears, nor distress; a life that of itself is the highest pleasure, and yields us heaven."

I started at the word, for it recalled a tide of beliefs: "Heaven! When are we to go there? Where is it and what must we do to go there?"

"Be not impatient, dear sister; we are in heaven already. Where happiness is, there is heaven. Heaven is activity. It is the deed of kindness, the pure loving thought."

"What is its first principle?" I queried, "for I am weak and undeserving."

"Doing for others is the full measure of its law. This is the angel code from which every trace of selfishness has been weeded out. To do for others brings gain. The

pure and noble angels bending from their spheres of light, labor for others in self-forgetfulness. When man so far forgets his selfishness as to sacrifice himself for others, he exalts himself in angel life. To work for self is no better nor worse than the brute world, from worm to elephant, and is devoid of immortal gain."

How delighted I was at these words. The dross of the world was rapidly disappearing. The sphere of my earthly labor, which to me seemed so narrow, widened. I had been sympathetic with those who suffered, and to those weaker than myself I had given a helping hand. Little things of no account at the time, so humble and narrow had been my life, yet now they had new meaning.

My companions smiled as they read my thoughts, and one responded: "Dear Sister, your weakness was your strength. It will be no effort for you to do as you have always done. They who can be unselfish under the coarse influences of earthly life, how grand must be their career under the purer conditions which here prevail.

As we conversed there came one from another group, tall, beautiful and radiant with light, and with him his companion more exquisitely beautiful than himself. They invited us, and we went to their abode. "How beautiful you are," I exclaimed involuntarily to her.

"I am glad," she replied, "for to be truly beautiful means that the thoughts are right and true, for they mould the features and through them gain expression; but it requires time, a great length of time."

"How long have you been here?" I ventured to ask.

"Many hundred years. I scarcely know how long."

"And you grow not old here?"

"We grow not old. The spirit knows not age. It is not limited by duration. It is an eternal now, concentrating the past and awaiting the future."

I had not seen myself since the change. I put my hand to my face; it was smooth and un wrinkled. A happy ripple of laughter came from my companions. He who had come for us said: "Dear Sister, you left those with your body. The pure spirit has not the wrinkles of care or of age."

I looked at him as he spoke and my attention was called to his robe, I had not thought of this subject before. I had been so eagerly watching the faces of my companions, I had not thought of their garments, or of my own. What a change! What was this raiment? I cannot describe it. It was a drapery as of a cloud, and its color depended on the spiritual condition of the wearer. I was glad that mine was azure, for that was the color of my companions, and thus I knew I was like them. What was it? A cloud or woven light? It fell around me soft and warm, and with a luxurious coolness contrasting with the burning of the fever I had recently escaped. How different from the roughness of the old garments was this fleecy robe, glinting and reflecting the light.

As we conversed there came a spirit who, paused in front of us, dark and sullen. His raiment was sombre and grim, like his thoughts. "Can you tell me where heaven is?" he grumbled. "I paid a preacher to gain it for me, and now having lost all else, I want that."

"Poor brother," replied the elder, "you search for what you can never find outside of yourself."

"You are a deceiver!" he muttered as he fled away.

The elder brother gazed after him sadly, and turning said: "On earth he was a miser, and who can count the years before his regeneration? He sought wealth, trusting to others his religious and moral culture. The recording angel has written against his name not one charity, not one unselfish deed. He now must wander in self-torment, seeking and finding not."

"Was he of consequence on earth?" I asked, for he was proud and haughty in his degradation.

"Thousands trembled at his beck, for he had made them dependents and slaves. He had vast riches, houses and lands, mortgages and title deeds. He was wise in getting wealth; but here mortgages and deeds are unknown, and he becomes the least in the kingdom; morally idiotic, mentally dwarfed, and a pitiable object of our compassion."

"How long before he will gain the light?"

"Ah! who but God can tell!" sighed my instructor. "Who can tell! Centuries may go by. He must first

learn to ask; first learn humility and his mistakes. Then some kind angels will attempt his education. They will lead him out of his mental selfishness, and he will begin as a child in the old life. His task will be difficult because he cannot enter the sphere of receptivity as we are able to do, and thus absorb knowledge from others. His nature must first change, and complete regeneration be accomplished."

The coming of this pitiable one brought a wave of sadness over us, but it passed, and the sun was more gladsome after breaking from the clouds. I had rested in delightful sleep; I do not know how often, and the old life was like a dream. It was not possible I had been sick, for I was so strong, so gladsome in my strength, and activity was a delight. My mind broadened. Contact with my companions gave me enlarged ideas. To think was to learn; to wish was to know. I was able to look beyond the effect to the cause. I could read the law in the result. Every day brought grander views, and my mental horizon expanded. Even in this larger growth I found rest. The faculties, dwarfed and starved in the old time, called for activity. The weariness of the body I was leaving behind me. How lovingly my companions would surround me with conditions of repose. How they gave me magnetic life, and drew to me those who would reveal the knowledge it was my desire to learn!

Then suddenly one evening I felt an earthward impulse. What power drew me thitherward!

"Is our sister disturbed?" asked my gentle companion.

"Oh! so disturbed! I have been selfish in my new joy, and how could I have been so forgetful; so unnatural! My husband and babe; my son and daughter weeping, and I have not thought of them!"

I wept, and my companion folded her arm around me and gently said: "You have been under our control, and are not responsible. To have been subject to the grief of those you left, would have been painful and useless. You are now able to bear a full knowledge, and withdrawing our influence, you feel that of your family and friends. I will go with you and you will find what I tell you is true, and will bless us for our thoughtfulness."

We are poised, as it were, over a promontory beyond which the earth hung in space, as the full moon in a summer sky. Beyond were the stars. I was agast at the journey, and fearful to the abyss which seemed deep as infinitude. While I trembled it was passed. I was in my old home. A great flood of human memories came over me. How I loved the dear familiar walls, the chairs, the glowing fire and more than all the family group. My husband sitting with head bowed in his hand, my daughter performing the tasks that had been mine; my little boy and girl at play; the babe asleep. There were tears in my eyes as I turned to my companion for strength to bear: "Did I not leave my body? Was there not a funeral? Why is it so quiet if I have truly passed the ordeal?"

"Listen," replied my companion, supporting me. "Listen. It was October when you passed away. The bright foliage of the trees, then burning in scarlet and gold, has been blown away by the blasts of winter and the snow covers the earth with its icy shroud. All you think of has been done. It is finished. Were you to go to the churchyard you would find a mound by the side of relatives gone before."

It was so unreal and absurd I was bewildered, and laughed at my misunderstanding; to weep the next moment when I saw my family. I went to my husband and placed my hand on his head and called him by name.

I called with all my strength to learn that my lips gave no sound audible to his ear, and that my touch was imperceptible. Then I turned to my daughter, and threw my arms despairingly around her. She was singing a song we sang together, and continued unheeding my embrace. Oh! how keen the grief when I found I was not known in my own old home. I who had come from such a distance, my heart beating with love found no response! My daughter finished her song, and her eyes filled with tears. I read her thoughts for they were of me. "Mother! Mother!" she was saying, and I responded. It was the call I had heard beyond the bars

of heaven! I could not bear it, and my companion said as she again placed her arm around me:

"Come, my sister, you can do no good here. There is your child sleeping in its crib. It is cared for as by yourself. Kiss it and we will go. Be assured whenever you are wanted here you will feel the desire."

I kissed my child. "Let me stay," I pleaded; "I want to sit in my old place, in that vacant chair. Then I will go."

"As you will, and I will endeavor to impress your daughter with some ray of sunshine."

She bent over my daughter, and by means I did not understand, her mind responded to the spirit's thoughts: "Your mother is with you, and retains the same affection for you she had in earth-life." With the influx of that thought a smile lit up her face and turning to the organ she sang, "Annie Laurie," a song we had often sung together. How thankful I was that one ray of sunlight gladdened her heart, and the memory of me was yet dear. I was grateful to the kind spirit who had assisted me, and then she said we must go, for the trial was too great for my strength.

"You must calm yourself," said my companion, "for this sorrow is without the least benefit. Believe it is for the best, and though the hour is dark, it will bring a perfect day."

"I cannot prevent myself thinking of my children and my husband. My love for them is stronger than ever, and I could not have been persuaded to have left them for a day. Can I not, oh! good angel, remain with them. The fairest scene of your home is desolate compared to the earth!"

With tenderest compassion, she said:

"You are now in the earth-sphere and take on its conditions. You are seeing through earthly eyes, and affected by earthly ways. When we once leave this scene you will be no longer distressed. Willingly would I leave you. I have no right to force you away. I influence you as I think for your highest good. Here you are unrecognized, and are constantly troubled because you cannot make yourself known, and by a reflection of the sorrow of your family. Whenever you can be of use to them you will receive the knowledge and can return. Now we had better go."

She placed her arm around me, and whether the earth sank away from us, or we flew from the earth, I was unable to tell. I have since learned how to traverse space by the force of will, but then I was ignorant of the method, and depended on others. Now, when I desire to visit a place, or be with certain friends, the desire creates an attraction, which in spirit is the equivalent of magnetic attraction in the physical world.

When we again reached our spirit home our companions gathered around us, and I was soothed by the kind words of my mother. I felt condemned for my loss of interest in the earth-life which had so recently absorbed my mind, but it became like a dim dream, and ceased to trouble me. What if I should forget it entirely? I was appalled at the idea and cried out at the pang it gave.

"Do not fear, you will not forget, but after a time your affections will strengthen. Our sister has much to learn, and needlessly distresses herself."

The years passed and I became accustomed to my new life, when a message came for me. The palpitating waves repeated, "Mother! mother! mother!" It was my youngest daughter, who had grown almost to womanhood. I knew by her cry that she was in mortal pain, and yielding to the attractions I was soon with her. She was motionless on a couch, surrounded by her relatives, and her cousin held her cold hand. "It is all over," they said in tears.

"Can it be?" I eagerly asked. "Oh! can it be that the time has already come when I am to have one of my children with me? To have one of them who will know me, and converse with me? Oh! heavenly Father, I thank thee for this answer to my incessant prayer."

Then I looked closely and saw that the great transition was approaching. I could not assist; I could only stand by her side and receive her. She seemed asleep, which I fully understood from my own experience. Slowly the

spirit left the insensible body, and as I saw my spirit-daughter recovering her senses, I drew near and whispered, "Claribel." She opened wide her blue eyes, and I knew she saw me. I threw my arms around her and wept with gladness. "Darling Claribel, do you not know me, your mother?"

"Dearest mamma," she said, with her old smile, "know you? Why, you are younger, but the same. Where have you been so long? We thought you dead?"

"Do you not know?" I asked apprehensively.

"Know! what mean you?"

"Yes, I am what they call dead, and were you not likewise, you could not see me?"

"I dead?" she replied with a laugh which recalled her childhood, throwing her arms gracefully over her head.

"Look you, mamma, how far from it I am. I have been wretchedly sick, and in such fiery pain, but it is over, and I am perfectly well."

We drew to one side and she then turning saw the friends, weeping, and her body on the couch.

"Why do they weep?" she asked, "and who is that on the couch? I am confused, for it is like another self."

"They are weeping for your loss, and that form on the couch is yours."

"Am I to return to it? What am I to do, dear mother?"

"No, you will need it no more. Your life is now with me and the angels."

"What mean you mother, by saying you and I are dead?"

"That we are, my child. That is, what people call dead."

"I do not understand," she replied musingly. Then, going to her cousin's side, who was still holding her physical hand, she said: "Cousin Frank, what are you weeping for? Do you not see how well I am?"

He did not hear her words, and she spoke again, playfully patting his face. Then she saw that she was no longer able to be heard or felt, and threw herself in my arms, weeping violently. I soothed her as best I could, upbraiding myself with foolishly teaching her the ways of our life before she was able to receive. "My child," I said, "how glad I am to have you again with me. They will all come to us sooner or later. Now we will go to my home, for it is not well for you to remain. After a time you will be instructed in these mysteries."

I attempted to go, but found that although I could, depart alone, I could not bear Claribel with me. I had not perfected myself sufficiently in the method, and her attraction was toward that spot alone. I prayed for the coming of a companion, and soon there came one to my aid. On either side we threw our arms around her, and then our wills bore her onward with us.

When we reached our home, and the loving companions came with welcome to Claribel, and she saw the beauty and perfection everywhere, and felt how happy her coming had made me, tears trembled in her eyes as she said: "It is wonderful, mother, and I ought not to regret, but you know earth life was sweet to me, and I had plans for the future."

"Yes, my child," I replied. "The days were too short, and your friends were devoted, and your plans are thwarted, yet you must know that all is well." Her towering air-castles had vanished, but soon she found far greater sources of happiness in the group of children she instructed.

I said I would not visit earth unless called, for the pain was greater than the pleasure. Even when called, I refused. "My husband," they said, "was about to wed again."

"It is well," I replied; "his is the rough, earth life, hard to walk alone. If he so desires, I ought to be willing."

Yet I was not willing or I should have gone. It would have seemed strange, indeed, to have visited my old home, and found another in my place. It would have emphasized my death to me. Thinking the matter over I said:

"No! I will not go. Let them be happy. I will not enter their sphere."

When years after the message came that he was soon to join me, I hastened to his side. When I reached him he had already nearly passed through the transition, and had regained his spiritual perceptions so that when I came he at once knew me, and opened wide his arms to receive me. The years were blotted out. We were again to each other all we had ever been. By intuition he knew that he had met the change, and the first words he said to me were:

"I am so glad the weary watch is over. I knew heaven was not so large I could not find you, but I did not expect so soon to meet you. It was like you to come and I ought to have expected it."

"I heard your call," I replied, "and heaven is not so wide that I could not come. Now we must go, and I will take you to the most beautiful place you ever saw in dreams. You must not remain to witness the proceedings further."

He smiled at my words:—"Why you talk as if there was something terrible about death. It has been the most pleasant passage in my life. I have suffered a great deal in its approach, but when it came it brought only joy. When I saw you, I was so pleased, my clay-lips uttered my thoughts, the last words they ever gave. Now it is done, I must stay till it is over. I want to see how the relations and friends act, and hear what they say. You know it will be strange to hear one's own funeral sermon."

As he would not go, I remained with him, and entering again into the earth sphere, suffered from the contact. My husband was greatly interested in the ceremonies, and when they were over, he said:

"I am glad the old aching body has at last gone to its final rest. The children were grieved, and ought to know how they misunderstand. Perhaps I can tell them sometime. Hearts do not break with grief, else mine would have broken. Come, now, my new-found wife, I will go where you wish."

I need not repeat the story of the journey, or describe the meeting with our Claribel. Her father was of the happy disposition that at once assimilated its surroundings and became one with its companions.

"I have worked and struggled along," he said, "having little time to think, and I am as ignorant as a savage. I desire at once to commence gaining knowledge. How am I to proceed?"

We all laughed at his eagerness, and one said:

"There is time enough; you must first rest and recover strength."

"Rest! I was never stronger, and I am anxious for exertion. I feel mentally starved and crave thought food."

"You will find no difficult task. To desire is to have, and you will soon become in sympathy with the thought atmosphere of our home."

Then one of our number, who was a poet, superior to us all, said he had had a singular and painful experience, and we demanded to hear it.

THE POET'S STORY.

I had been enthroned, and as I came up the pathway leading to this eminence, I met a boisterous throng of people. Strange faces they had, and yet they were familiar. I looked closely, and imagine my surprise when I found they belonged to me. They were the thoughts I had expressed in my earth-life. Some were dark, repulsive and inexpressibly ugly, while others were exquisitely beautiful. What a horde they were, and though some were pleasing, the greater proportion caused my cheeks to blush with shame.

"Father! father!" they cried, rushing toward me!

"Away," I cried, "I own you not."

"Then we shall follow you. We belong to you, and wherever you go we shall go. We will not desert you."

"If this be so," I cried in despair, "then I am burdened beyond endurance and immortality becomes a curse. If I must drag this throng of tormentors, reminding me continually of early follies, then extinction were preferable."

What shall I do with this miscreant crowd, deformed and rude? I cannot take them home to my companions. If these are embodiments of my earthly thoughts, how

they would scorn me. If this is to be my retinue, then I must seek a new home where I am unknown. I must cast aside the pleasures of this company. My punishment is terrible. I threw myself down in a paroxysm of grief and remorse. An angel came by, and pausing said:

"Would you escape from your thralldom?"

"Escape!" I cried. "Can I escape?"

"Do you not see that the most repulsive of these spectres are fashioned of the thoughts which are of yourself, recording your former vanity, pride, uncharity, selfishness and forgetfulness of others? See you that lovely being representing a deed of self-sacrifice?"

"Oh! that they were all like her!" I cried.

"Then listen. You must act in such a manner that the good will eclipse these shadows, and they will disappear."

Saying that he vanished, and I, reflecting, said that I would at once free myself from the dreadful following. Opportunely there came a spirit moaning past me. Her brother on earth was contemplating a horrible crime. He had determined to take the life of his mother in order to become possessed of her estate. The sister had vainly attempted to give warning or to influence him, and in despair she had left them to their fate. I said to her:

"Come. I will go with you, and perhaps we can together prevent the crime."

She fervently expressed her gratitude as she conducted me to her mother's house. It was midnight when we arrived, as I saw in the dim lamplight by the tall clock, and the mother was sleeping.

"We can only watch," said my companion, "and if he should come, we can do nothing to save her." "Did you not know that sometimes sleep unlocks the avenues of the spirit, and we can approach much nearer than in waking hours? When we thus come, people say they have dreamed."

I bent over the mother; her white locks fell from beneath her cap over the pillow, and there was somewhat in the expression of her lips and cheeks reminding me of my own. I tested her sensitiveness, and found that her mind responded. Then I willed these words:

"Edward intends to kill you with a knife. He will come into your room, and you must awake and charge him with the crime, and say to him that his sister came from heaven to tell you!"

She started as if by a blow, and with a horrified expression, she sprang upright.

"Who is here?" she cried. "Who spoke to me? I have had a fearful dream, so vivid I thought it reality." She sank again on the pillow, and there were soft foot-steps at the door, which slowly swung open, and the brother entered. The mother waited only a moment when she arose and addressed him in the words of her dream. It came so suddenly that he admitted his intentions, and plead for forgiveness. He had been made the victim of bad men, and if he could escape from them he might be saved. By nature he was not so bad, but he was weak.

Leaving them to each other, I started again for our home, my heart full of gladness, for I had followed the advice of the angel, and expected to thereby escape my followers. Judge my surprise, when on looking back I saw a new form, more ugly than any of the others, the result of this act from which I had expected so much. As I gazed in despair, the angel came again, and with a smile said to me:

"It was a selfish act?"

"Selfish?" I asked.

"Aye; you had not thought of the woman or the salvation of the son, or the happiness of the daughter at heart. You had only your own pleasure and gain. You would thereby relieve yourself of a burden. The world is ruined by such benevolence. You will have a long and weary load if you travel in that direction."

"I am a fool," I said, overwhelmed by my imbecility and want of spiritual understanding. "What can I do?" I implore.

"If I directed you there would be no merit. You must determine for yourself."

As he spoke he vanished, and I sat down, resting like a weary pilgrim, overburdened. Then I saw a spirit

coming rapidly toward me, and on approach she hurriedly said:

"I am told you can influence mortals. My son is captain of a steamer, and having lost his course, is sailing directly on a rocky coast. Come and save not only him but the hundreds of slumbering passengers."

Without a moment's delay I followed her, and came to the steamer. The grey of morning was flushing the sky, and the crests of heavily rolling seas gleamed in the cold light. Everything was quiet on deck, for the passengers were asleep, and nothing was heard but the steady pulsations of the engine. I looked beyond the bow, and saw the shore some miles away. It was a high promontory of black rocks, against which the surf was violently beating, and the ship was headed directly on the point where it was most violent. Whatever was done, must be done quickly. We went into the cabin where the captain sat with his head resting on his hands, between sleeping and waking. Could I impress him with his danger? I made the attempt and failed. I repeated several times with no better success. I became anxious, as the danger increased, for every pulsation of the engine brought the ship nearer to her doom. The sleeping passengers, strong men, helpless women and children, how soon would they be called to face certain destruction! What agony the now quiet decks would witness! What waiting and hoping against hope there would be in hundreds of desolate homes! The contemplation unnerved me, and I was unfitted to exercise my skill in impressing thoughts on mortal nerves. I was recalled by the voice of the mother.

"Can you not save my son?"

I confess that when the picture of agony I have sketched came to my mind, in my wish to prevent the catastrophe, all selfish considerations were forgotten, and I would unhesitatingly have given my existence for the salvation of the ship, were it possible to have done so.

"I can do nothing unless I have aid," I replied, and with my whole strength I invoked our elder brother. As a thought he came. He understands the methods of impressing thought so perfectly that, as you know, he rarely fails. He placed his hand on the Captain's head, and the thought he gave was:

"Ship ahoy; breaker's ahead!"

The Captain sprang to his feet, and rubbing his eyes in a bewildered manner, rushed on deck.

"Who hailed us?" he demanded of the drowsy watch.

"No one, sir, all is quiet."

"We were hailed," he said firmly, and gaining the bridge he sought to penetrate the darkness. He listened and his face paled, for distinctly came the boom of the surf.

Swift were the commands, and the ship in a sharp curve doubled on her course, the rocky ledge so near that a few revolutions more and there would have been no escape.

A great many of the passengers came on deck, aroused by the unusual motion of the ship and the shouting of orders, and when they understood the peril they had so narrowly escaped, they embraced each other and cried for joy.

As I again sought our home, forgetful of everything but the benefit I had conferred by my journey, I glanced behind me, and saw a shining light, and afar off, in dim outline, the group of beings I so strongly desired to escape. Unconsciously I had performed an act that had placed a light between me and them. Rejoice with me, dear friends, I am enabled to be unselfish.

Then the elder said: "Our brother adds to his other good qualities, that of humility."

The angel light became more complete and perfect as year by year the loved ones came up from the shadows of earth, until our family circle was almost restored. After a time its old members will take their new places, and when my earth-friends are all here, there will be little attraction for me in the old life.

This life is yet new and strange, and cannot be described to mortal comprehension. Language itself must be spiritualised and words given new meaning.

I have mingled tears of pity with those who have been

bereft, at the same time knowing that their loss was the gain of the departed ones.

Activity is our happiness, and thinking and doing are gateways to heaven. Earth-life is a joy only when the end is known. Here its infinite possibilities are realised. Not in a year, or a century, but in the fulness of time. Weep, for it is human, when your loved ones pass the shadowy portals, remembering, however, that the spiritual sun on the other side would by comparison make your brightest day on earth a rayless night.

COL. OLCOTT'S RETURN TO MADRAS.

The *Indian Mirror* of Nov. 26th, contains a lengthy report of Colonel Olcott's reception at Madras on the occasion of his return from Europe, from which it appears he received quite an ovation. An address of welcome and congratulation on his work signed by over three hundred students of Madras Colleges, was presented to him, to which he made an appropriate reply intimating that India was his home in which he intended to live, work, and die. His reply was received with enthusiasm, and later in the day he was urged to deliver a lecture on the following day. He accepted the invitation, and in spite of the short notice, the Hall was found inadequate to contain the number who flocked to hear him. His address consisted principally of a *resumé* of his work in Europe, and in the latter portion he referred to the charges brought against Madame Blavatsky by the Coulombs and others during her absence, in relation to which he said:—

"The accounts of the Society showed that during the past few years, since their coming to India, they had spent over thirty thousand rupees on the cause to which they had pledged their lives. He challenged any one present, whether Christian or Hindu, to show a single case where Madame Blavatsky had corrupted public morals. Was it, or was it not a fact that all her work had been of a most elevating and ennobling nature? They must remember that it was she who had infused into him that spirit and love for the Hindus and for the Aryan Philosophy, which was manifested in his present work. She it was that had helped him to carry the Theosophical Society to the successful point to which it had reached, at the present moment. The eyes of the West were turned to the East for light; and this result was due to her inspiration. He himself was a lawyer, and, therefore, his instincts as a lawyer would not permit him to express an opinion regarding the present case before he had gone carefully through all the papers. But he had in his possession documents in the handwriting and bearing the signatures of those who had leagued themselves in an unholy alliance with Madame Blavatsky's enemies. These documents, when brought to light in proper time, would tell a different tale from the one recently put forth before the public. The lecturer then referred to the Aryan League of Honor about which he had spoken in his last anniversary address, and prophesied that the students would carry out the idea. The hope of the future lies in the younger generation, and they must begin work without losing time."

The "*Indian Mirror*," commenting upon the lecture says, "The lecturer concluded amidst loud applause. Every allusion to Madame Blavatsky was most vociferously cheered, and there was tremendous enthusiasm in her favor. The Chairman brought the meeting to a close by a few compliments to the speaker for his eloquence and ability. One of the students proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer on behalf of all the students. Then three cheers were proposed for Madame Blavatsky, and the most enthusiastic and loud cheering continued for several minutes, the names of Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott and the word "success" being all that was audible. It was an occasion never to be forgotten by those present, a fitting crown to the long series of Colonel Olcott's oratorical triumphs in the same hall. The fact that he has a marvellous hold upon the Hindu heart was again proved in a most conclusive manner."

Remember that a little Hop Bitters saves big Doctor's bills, and cures when all else fails. Read.

HAS MAN A SOUL?

From the Philosophic Inquirer.

IN ONE of our recent issues we drew attention to a discussion that has been recently conducted in Melbourne, between the Editor of the *Harbinger of Light* and Mr. Symes, editor of the *Liberator*, on the above subject. In the course of controversy a side issue has turned up, whether man can see without the eye, hear without the ear, smell without the nose, and so forth. This question has been very triumphantly raised by Mr. Symes. The editor of the *Harbinger* has well met him by inviting attention to the phenomena of clairvoyance, and those which are very commonly met with among mesmerized subjects. In view to establish the thesis that it is possible for man, under certain conditions of the physique, to see without the organ of sight, the spiritualist editor has brought forward in an article remarkable alike for its temperate tone, as for its soundness, a mass of evidence, all of respectable men, of mature understanding and scientific attainments, who have investigated the matter of clairvoyance and given their testimony to the possibility and actuality of the phenomena they had witnessed. To this article of the spiritualist editor, the freethinking, but more sceptical Mr. Symes replies in the following wise, (we must observe that we entirely deprecate the tone which some so-called freethinkers and sceptics, assume towards the well established truths of mesmerism, in dealing with which they pretend to an infallibility and adogmatism which they would not tolerate in a theologian.) The passage alluded to is this. Mr. Symes referring to the article in the *Harbinger*, observes: "a grand array of witnesses for spiritualism adorns the page, and quotations are given from their testimony. Now, be it distinctly understood that we have not the shadow of a doubt that there are many sincere, many honest, many intellectual, and a few really scientific people connected with spiritualism and yet we are not the least moved thereby. Their testimony to spirit existence is to us at least, not worth a rush. We are really beyond the reach of such testimony, for reasons we could easily give. The writer boasts again of people seeing without their eyes. Such boasting seems to us reckless and empty. We have offered £20 to any one who can see without an eye or can tell the pages between which a bank note is laid in a book. The offer remains good till Christmas. Until that has been claimed, we regard spiritualism, clairvoyance &c., as frauds. Only let spiritualists furnish facts, and we will propagate their views, as soon as they have convinced us. What more can rational men demand of us?" We really admire the spirit of Mr. Symes evinced in the above challenge, but we also really cannot help looking down upon him for his having ventured an opinion, on a subject in which he has not laboured to know the truth himself. We are not inclined to accept the challenge in regard to spiritualism but we can confidently assure Mr. Symes, that if he undertake to take a voyage to India, we are prepared to show him one or two instances of living clairvoyants. He thinks that his slender offer of £20 would draw people from remote lands, in spite of much personal inconvenience and discomforts; but he ought to have heard of the experiment made by Mr. Gladstone on Mr. Cumberland before a large gathering of intellectual men, or, of the successful researches that are being made into the science of mesmerism by the society for Psychical Research, London, by eminent men of science, who for aught we know may be men of much finer calibre of mind than Mr. Symes. He may well afford to laugh at the folly of these men and think that their testimony is not worth even a rush. But he should have been aware that persons of materialistic tendency of mind, nay, men who have declared themselves atheists have testified to the truth of clairvoyance, and other kindred phenomena. H. G. Atkinson, no mean authority in the materialistic world, one who has devoted his life-time to the study of mesmerism, has recorded his opinion in unmistakable terms in his remarkable *Letters to Miss Martineau on the Nature of Man's Nature and Development*; we would therefore kindly ask Mr. Symes, who considers clair-

voyance as a feat of fraud, to go through the book, and inform himself of the testimony which a veteran atheist and materialist of Great Britain, Mr. H. G. Atkinson himself, has given of mesmerism and its attendant phenomena. From the haphazard fashion in which that gentleman talks of subjects in which he does not seem to have well informed himself we are tempted to say that Mr. Symes has yet to study that branch of Science which treats of mesmerism upon which more than a hundred volumes have been written by persons mostly of the medical profession. We once stood on the same platform as that which Mr. Symes now occupies and once held very similar, if not the same, views, as his, but we never went so far as to declare that clairvoyance and other kindred phenomena are frauds, and that the testimony of persons of greater powers of mind than ours, in regard to this subject is not 'worth even a rush.' True wisdom consists in one trying to learn from others and not in challenging others to show him for a small pittance whether what they know is true, for him to learn that it is true. Mr. Bradlaugh, who is the leader of British atheists has never so far as we are aware of, ventured such a libellous remark as the above, on the interesting subject of mesmerism. His report on the investigation of spiritualism and kindred phenomena by a Select Committee of which himself, Prof. Tyndall, Mr. Atkinson were also members, held in the London Dialectical Society, will we are sure, teach wisdom to Mr. Symes, if he has not learnt it already from Prof. Tyndall's Belfast Address, in which he has humbly and candidly said that "matter is at bottom mystical and transcendental."

The best way for Mr. Symes to learn the truth of Mesmerism, and its marvels, is to study the Literature on that subject previous to dogmatizing on it, to court the friendship of such men as will help him in his endeavours to know, and take all the troubles attendant on the investigation of such phenomena, just as Mrs. Elmina, a freethinker is doing in the United States, at the present day. Instead of doing such things as these he has the hardness to hazard an opinion on the subject, which may do much harm to the cause of the truth, if it does not do much good, before being satisfied by actual personal investigation into the matter, then to offer a bold challenge, offering a certain small amount of money to those who can show him any proofs of clairvoyant perception, and finally to sit on his easy chair glorying in the fact of his challenge not being taken up by a person on earth, such things, if they do not prove any other thing shows clearly that the person pretending to learn the truth, is simply making a jest of the whole affair. Truth must be approached and investigated with a reverent attitude of mind and not with a predisposition to scoff at and make fun of it to those who are as blind to truth as those who do not wish to see the light.

P. R.

THE *Banner of Light*, of Nov. 22nd, commenting upon our leader of October last, speaks in kindly and eulogistic terms of the ability with which the *Harbinger* is conducted, and the great amount of good it has done the cause of Spiritualism during the past fifteen years.

"How to become Healthy" is the title of a pamphlet recently published by Mr. J. Jenkins, of Dunedin. The introduction to it contains a number of important questions on the nature of Man and the laws of Hygiene, followed by health maxims, and many useful recipes of value in every-day life. The chapter on health, which follows, treats on dress, food, water, exercise, sleep, air, light, and electricity, as curatives in disease; all these leading up to the most important, viz., magnetism, of which the writer is a professor. He enlarges upon the benefits derivable from the judicious application of this power, and gives in an appendix some testimonials of remarkable cures effected by himself.

We notice that a Spiritualistic Book Depot has been started in Popham's Broadway, Madras, by Kailasam Brothers. This looks as though the subject is attracting some attention among the Hindoos.

GREYTOWN, NEW ZEALAND.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from the Wairapa says that the Spiritualistic movement is still progressing there, though the long winter evenings being past, the settlers have not so much time to spend indoors. There is plenty to do these long days out doors in the country districts, and after his toil the laborer is glad to go to rest in order to be up with the sun the following day. Still fresh mediums are being developed. Our correspondent states that Greytown possesses, in addition to numerous writing mediums, three clairvoyants, one clairaudient, and two or three rapping mediums. Considering that these have been developed in 18 months in a country township where Spiritualism two years ago was practically unknown, it shows great progress.

When the manifestations which took place in the Nation's family were noised abroad, that gentleman was beset with enquiries on every hand. Having thoroughly tested the phenomena himself, and being convinced that it was produced by the spirits, he said so frankly. Then there was ridicule and even bitterness. Mr. Nation challenged all who doubted to examine for themselves, and this brought many face to face with the subject against their inclinations. The physical power manifested through one of the daughters of 13 years of age was surprising. Strong men were thrown down while the girl only held one of her hands upon the table. No two men could keep the table steady, and that article of furniture came to grief several times. Another young lady also possessed similar power. Then there was the writing. While the visitor would be watching this the girls would sometimes be controlled to write down "Let the visitor try." A pencil would be put into the hand of the visitor, and he would be told to hold it just touching the paper. In many cases the sceptic was convinced through his own hand. Of course these individuals would try at home, and then they would show their friends. Thus the movement spread. Our correspondent relates that one evening he was present when Mr. Nation was trying to prove to a friend the phenomenon of spirit writing. He asked if a certain spirit was present whom this friend had formerly known. Presently the girl's hand was stretched out, and the hand of Mr. Nation was grasped and shaken as if by an old friend. "That's Sutcliffe, the late master of the Native School," said Mr. N., "You knew him, so ask any questions you like, and he will convince you." The visitor smiled, and commenced a string of test questions. Every reply written was to his satisfaction, and he expressed it as well as his surprise. He afterwards came another evening bringing an unbeliever with him. Since then one of these gentlemen has become chairman of the Greytown Psychological Society, and the wife of the other is clairvoyant, and sits twice a week with the Nation family for investigation. "I cite these instances," says our correspondent, "to shew the way in which the movement spread in Greytown." "I can't make it out," said a storekeeper one day; "There's a great many people in this place who run down the Nations for believing in spirits, and yet they go to their house, and the very next day they are preaching that Spiritualism is true. I don't understand it." This very storekeeper is now a writing medium. About a fortnight ago two or three families spent the day at the nursery of Mr. Barratt, about three miles out of Greytown. This gentleman, with his family, is among the pioneer Spiritualists of this district. After spending some time in his gardens the party sat down to tea beneath the trees. One lady present was entranced, and several old friends spoke through her. Then a circle was formed, and in a few minutes first one of the young ladies and then another was entranced for the first time, and it is believed that the gifts of both will be of great value. The company call it their first "camp-meeting."

The clergy and a materialist lecturer have been cudgelling the Spiritualists of Greytown. The latter declare that the table became charged with the sitter's magnetism, and the answers accorded with the mind of the sitter. In the same lecture he stated that he had sat at a table, and that table told him any amount of

lies. A wicked Spiritualist wrote to the *New Zealand Times*, and asked "Ivo," the lecturer, whether it was his magnetism that charged that lying table, and advising him to burn it. The hit was a good one, and enjoyed by friends and foes alike.

A recent resident in the Wairapa, Miss Quick, is practising in Wellington city as a medical clairvoyant with much success.

The visit of Mrs. L. Cooke to Greytown appears to have been enjoyed by the Spiritualists there, and our correspondent sends her a greeting from a number of them, and experiences a hope that the year 1885 may see rapid advancement in the higher phases of Spiritualism all over the world.

GO AND TELL IT TO THE BEES.

(To my Father who passed away quietly watching his bees, in his 75th year.)

Have you heard the olden legend
By the Eastern people told?
Of the strange, sweet superstition,
That when death's dark pinions fold
Newly round some cherished loved one,
That the dearest friend to these
To the busy hive must hasten,
And must tell it to the bees!

Is it true some spirit lingers
Twixt their busy lives and ours?
And that half their sweets they gather
From the breaths of human flowers.
Did some other winged thing tell them,
When the bees o'er drifts of snow,
To her window came to perish—
When she died who loved them so?

How distinctly I remember
All those dear unmothered years
Of the lakeside and the cottage
Where I wept my childish tears;
How from early budding spring-time
Till the autumn seared the trees,
Every twilight found my father
Busy with his swarms of bees.

For they loved him and caressed him
With their gauzy, restless wings,
Dusty, with the yellow pollen,
Girt about with golden rings;
Year by year they thus enriched him
With the sweets from flow'ring trees,
And with each white thread that crown'd him
Dearer grew to him the bees.

Oh, I know how they will miss him
All the summer afternoons,
When the languid perfume lingers
O'er the lily-spread lagoons;
And the angel that received him
Must have told among the trees,
When the dear old man grown weary,
Fell asleep among the bees.

Busy bees! cease not your humming,
Burdened with your summer sweets;
Hallowed thoughts round you are cluster'd
Where the past and future meets;
When shall come the dark-wing'd angel,
And my weary spirit free,
Will some loving friend or kindred
Tell it to my father's bees?

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

THE *Philosophic Inquirer*, of December 7th, has a leading article on Spiritualism in Great Britain, ably reviewing the situation and showing the status it and its concomitants have attained in the public estimation.

Dyspepsia, biliousness, nervousness and miserableness all cured with Hop Bitters. See.

WHAT IS IT?

(FROM THE "Maitland Mail.")

SIR.—Some time ago a lady, well known in this city, handed me a letter carefully sealed up, inside of which, she stated, there were the initials of some persons deceased. This letter was given to me for the purpose of an experiment—to see whether a young lady I knew could read these initials without opening the envelope. A few days elapsed, and at a social gathering of some twenty people I read out, not only the initials, but the three names which belonged to the deceased person; the letter being opened then for purposes of verification. I may state that neither myself nor the young lady had any knowledge of the name of the deceased, either before or after the envelope was handed to me, or were we acquainted with him, and that the lady who read the initials did not come in contact with the one who gave me the envelope at any time between my receiving the letter and the opening of it. The explanation of "mind reading" therefore does not explain the occurrence.

Again, only a few days ago I had an unopened letter in my possession—the contents of which no one knew—yet this letter was read, with only two trifling mistakes in twelve lines, without opening the envelope, the young lady before mentioned simply placing it on her head, and giving the entire letter *verbatim*, which I copied down, and compared with the letter immediately after the experiment had been concluded. The orthodox say its the devil! Will some of your learned readers kindly enlighten an

ENQUIRER.

Sydney, Nov. 4, 1884.

[The writer of the above letter is a gentleman for whose integrity we can vouch, and the supposition of intentional fraud may therefore be excluded from any explanation of the affair.—EDITOR *M. Mail*.]

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

In another column appears a notice of the marriage of Miss Martha Hancock, who as Mrs. Greenham is now conductor of the Richmond Lyceum. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's parents at Metung, near the entrance to the Gipps Land Lakes, and all was sunshine and happiness. None saw the cloud that was approaching or dreamt of the impending tragedy. Within a fortnight of the wedding, Mrs. Hancock and her youngest daughter, Ruth, a beautiful girl of nineteen, were bathing, close to their house, when Ruth suddenly getting out of her depth, screamed and sank. The agonised mother hastened to her rescue only to share the same fate; both were drowned. Mrs. Hancock and her family have been for many years Spiritualists, and the survivors are comforted in the knowledge that all is well with them; both mother and daughter were much esteemed by all who knew them, and their sudden departure will cause a gap not easily filled. Mrs. Hancock's body was recovered immediately after the accident, but Ruth's was not found till the fourth day, yet we are told that there was no sign of decomposition or discolouration, and garlanded with the floral tributes of her former companions, her form looked beautiful in death.

The Liverpool *Daily Post* writes: "Much excitement has been created at Hanley through the mysterious breaking of a number of plate-glass windows of the leading tradesmen in town. The mischief, which was commenced on Thursday night, was continued on Saturday morning, the windows of seven or eight shops having been broken. Large stones are projected from different quarters in daylight as well as dark. The police are patrolling the streets in numbers, but up to the present have been unable to solve the mystery." The police in different parts of the world have many times been called upon to solve similar mysteries, but somehow or other have never been successful. Perhaps when they advance to the position Dr. Wendell Holmes' three-storey men they will throw some light upon what it is that causes these disorderly stones to be jumping up and breaking people's windows.

PROFESSOR BUCHANAN

WAS considered unusually eloquent at Berkeley Hall last Sunday evening, before an audience of distinguished intelligence, who lingered as if they wished to hear more. He illustrated in a striking manner the advanced enlightenment of to-day in contrast with the darkness of the past. The following passage from his address will give some idea of its character:

"While I go back with reverential honor to the noble maxims of Jesus, Buddha and Confucius, and oppose the blind iconoclasm of those who would trample on all ancient things, it is not the men in Palestine, India or China to whom I bow, for they were cramped and limited by the ignorance of the age, and now we can see their errors plainly. It is to the Jesus, Buddha and Confucius of *to-day* that I give my reverence and love—to the spirits who have been elevated by many centuries of growth in wisdom and in love, whose influence inspires us to emulate their glorious progress, and who stand with us to-day and help to emancipate us from the thralldom of the past as they warred against the thralldom of the past when on earth. If we would imitate them we must be as independent of the church as they were.

I have never uttered a word of censure against the traditions of the priest-made church, against bowing to the ignorance of the past, and against the false philosophy of the colleges, in which I have not had the sustaining sympathy of the ancient leaders of mankind, who are still, though unseen, our leaders to-day, yet not entirely unseen, for spiritual vision has detected their presence even on our rostrum.

The sunlight of the modern world is a divine illumination, and the opponents of this illumination act like the old barbarians who rebelled against Moses, who murdered Jesus and who persecuted Confucius and Buddha.

There is no genuine, deep, world-saving reform which is not opposed by the leading powers of the day, and that opposition is a *testimony to its worth*. The small audience, the humble and unpopular disciples, and the ostracised teacher, are the signs that ever mark the coming of a great truth, as the cradle and swaddling clothes mark the birth of a great man.

The divine illumination is the struggle of the *Divine Spirit in humanity*. It moves in the humanity of the upper heavens, inspiring the effort to reach, to instruct and to elevate the inhabitants of earth and other planets, and this is realized in mediumship.

It moves in the humanity on earth by the outreaching of the interior divine intelligence to explore all realms of heavenly and earthly wisdom, and this outreaching power is called *PSYCHOMETRY*. Psychometry and Mediumship constitute the illumination of the nineteenth century, the brilliancy of which justifies me in saying that the long night of ignorance has passed and *day has dawned*. All wisdom is now within our reach, and our inheritance from the past has lost its value. We can throw it aside as Columbus dismissed the Ptolemaic geography, and Copernicus dismissed the old astronomy.

But while I stand with them to-day I stand firmly against the power of the earthly past, and have stood all my life against that blind power which surrounds us everywhere and suffocates mental liberty.

When we look back dimly through about five thousand years that are not entirely lost in oblivion, we observe the struggling twilight of approaching day, and in that twilight the great reformers and leaders shine like stars; but as the day dawns the stars fade into dimness and we no longer need their light. Then do all the world's religious leaders and philosophic teachers in the barbarian ages past, with their earthly errors, fade out of sight on earth, in the blaze of modern illumination:

Their bodies mingled with the dust,
Their souls ascended with the just;
Their ignorance and falsehood end;
Their wisdom and their love ascend;
And as a hundred thousand years,
With all their splendours, woes and tears,
Have into dark oblivion passed,
So fade the fifty centuries past;
The *starlit* ages pass away,
And man lives in a *sunlit* day!"

—Banner of Light.

THOSE fellow-citizens who rise up in the morning and do little else all day but devote their energies to money-making, and to "what they shall eat and drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed," cannot understand Spiritualism, and think it would be time lost to investigate it; but the time will come for them, as well as for us all, when they shall be stripped of all they possess, and just as they have sown so shall they reap. God is not mocked. That spiritual life which we have not led here to prepare us for the company of the noble and the good in our Father's house of many mansions, will have to be begun there. This law, the spirits tell us, is unalterable, and is as inexorably applied to the king who has worn a crown as to the meanest of his subjects. With God there is no respect of persons. If we live here for our own selfishness alone, shutting out from us those noble duties incumbent upon us of ministering to the wants of our fellow-creatures; if we live but to gratify the lusts of the eye and the pride of life, and neglect the weightier matters of the law—justice and mercy—we shall inevitably reap the whirlwind of our own sowing.

Let us all strive, then, to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things will be added unto us."

There is reason for hope and congratulation that people of all nations and creeds, as the result of increased intercommunication with each other and the more general spread of education, are beginning to see that such teachings are full of wisdom, and that the more nearly they are followed up, the greater the mutual confidence, esteem, and happiness between all classes in their several relationships with each other, will prevail.

Thus we see in many cases differences between employers and employes amicably settled by the employer setting an example of concession, and showing by his actions in shortening the hours of labour, and providing for the safety and comfort of those under him, that he feels an interest in their welfare, and regards them not as mere beasts of burden by whom he hastens to get rich, but his brethren in the flesh, fully entitled to a fair share of the bounties of God with himself. Only let the philosophy of Spiritualism prevail in your hearts, and these wisely adjusted relationships will increase; and thus, strikes, civil broils, and all other uncharitableness must cease. This matters not by what religious name we are known, unless we do unto others as we would be done by. (Denovan's Evidences, pages 32 and 33.)

THE marvel of the moment in Paris is, according to the *Illustrated London News*, a pretty young lady, moving in good society, who from the following brief description of her powers must be an unusually reliable clairvoyant:—"All secrets are apparently open to her; she reads the past like a book, and foretells the future with marvellous exactitude; and yet her only guides are the pins which she scatters on the floor. She is, perhaps, most fortunate with perfect strangers. She professes complete ignorance as to the origin of her strange powers, or the mental process involved in their development."

In a letter just received from Capt. Armit, he says:—"It may interest you to hear that since my return from New Guinea, last October, I have met Mr. Huntstein, a collector of birds, who went as far as the ridge of Berigabadi, where I buried the body of Mr. Denton. The natives had kept their promises to me most sacredly, the grave having been left undisturbed."

SINCE "Sunshine and Shadow" was in type, we have received fuller details of the sad event there referred to, but have not room to publish the account in *extenso*. It appears that Mr. Arthur officiated at the grave, reading appropriate pieces from the Lyceum Leader, the friends singing "Meet us angels at the gate." At a seance held subsequently, Miss Carrie Arthur a promising young medium was controlled by the Spirit of "Ruth," who cheered the mourners by telling them of her happiness.

THE EDGE OF THE NEW AGE.

WE have received from Mr. Christian Reimers a 28-page pamphlet, entitled "The Edge of the New Age," being a lecture delivered by him at the Albert Hall, Adelaide, on Jan. 5th. It commences with some brief reflections on past spiritual phenomena and public incredulity in reference thereto, followed with some lengthy interesting sketches of Mr. R.'s experiences, and concludes with a review of the recent bogus manifestations got up by members of the Y.M.C.A., in Adelaide; in connection with which he says: "I never felt a sincere, honest grief and self-accusation in my disaster, and now I begin to realise that it was the anticipation of a grand result which could not have been achieved without this exposure of modern Christianity, at least at the Y.M.C.A., which holy institution might better be termed the Young Men's Gospel Club. The real annoyance to me is the censure of certain Spiritualists who always show an open mouth and closed pocket, and grumble at the cause or its pioneers when things don't turn to their selfish, narrow designs."

The account of Mr. Gladstone's seance with Mr. Eglinton is added as an appendix. The pamphlet is clearly written, abounding in keen satire, but without coarseness or vulgarity.

MISS DALE OWEN, the daughter of Robert Dale Owen, has been lecturing in Scotland, where, in spite of her heterodox views, she was very cordially received. Her lectures were principally on Spiritualism and kindred subjects, but occasionally on incidents in the life of her grandfather, Robert Owen, including his co-operative experiment at New Harmony. Miss Owen seems to have devoted herself lately to the lecture field, for which she appears to have a natural capacity. It is not improbable that at some not distant date she will pay a visit to this colony.

In a letter recently received from Mr. E. Shaw, of Charters Towers, speaking of a young girl who is developing mediumistic powers, he says: "I had a very pleasant seance with her, last evening. We had a variety of phenomena, such as direct rapping and tilting. Several times the table lifted bodily from the floor to the height of two feet; while our medium remained in her normal state, she saw the spirit of her sister standing in the room, and described her, the spirit corroborating what she said by some astounding raps."

JUST as we were going to press, Mrs. Cooke received advices which necessitated her leaving for New Zealand earlier than expected. She would leave by the Wairarapa at midnight on the 31st, but if home advices permit, she may visit Victoria again prior to her return to San Francisco.

MARRIAGE.

ON Christmas Day last, at the residence of the Bride's parents, Mr. J. C. GREENHAM, of Richmond, to Martha, fifth daughter of Mr. Wm. Hancock, of Metung, Gipps Land Lakes, and formerly of Brighton.

RICHMOND PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

ON the 28th December, an Election of Officers took place in the above Lyceum. The following ladies and gentlemen were elected:

CONDUCTRESS—Mrs. Greenham.
TREASURER—Mr. Naylor | SECRETARY—Mr. Walton.
LIBRARIAN—Miss E. Ling.
WATCHMAN—Mr. W. Williams.
GUARDS—Messrs. Walton, Clemesha, Campbell and Ling.
ORGANIST, Mrs. Walton | GUARDIAN, Mrs. Chipperfield.
LEADERS—Mrs. McLaughlin, Miss Williams,
Mr. Clemesha, Mr. Lovell, Mrs. Whaley, Mr. Greenham.
AUDITORS—Messrs. Chipperfield and Greenham.

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Water Cure, Duletics, Vegetarian Cookery, Gymnastics,
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Ella e Malata.

Jer fu Mandata.

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Records, Be Thyself, Is Spiritualism True? Christianity
no Finality, Common Sense Thoughts on the Bible,
Man's True Saviours, The Deluge, Sermon from Shake-
speare's Text, God Proposed for our Constitution,
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Send for Catalogue.—W. H. TERRY.

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If you are sick, HOP BITTERS will
surely aid Nature in making you well
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being by the use of

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suffering from any other of the numerous
diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is
your own fault if you remain ill, for

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plaints.

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