



THE Harbinger of Light.

A
MONTHLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO

ZOISTIC SCIENCE, FREETHOUGHT, SPIRITUALISM,
AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

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

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WE commend to the serious attention of our readers an article by the Rev. N. F. Ravlin, of San Francisco, which appears in another part of this paper, as containing the key-note to Spiritualistic progress, viz., the development of higher morality and mediumistic capacity in the individual. This cannot be done by travelling over and over again the same ground whereon we gained our primary facts—the evidences which opened our eyes to the reality of spirit-intercourse. The acquisition of these facts was an epoch in our lives, revealing to our view a hitherto hidden field wherein were many hills awaiting our ascent to higher planes of thought and action. The field, however, was on our own level, the plane of facts, and these facts of no value in themselves if their significance was not realised and utilised. Although their significance was so great that few could fail to recognise it to some extent, there are unfortunately many who have not utilised them as stepping-stones to the mountains of spiritual progress we have referred to, but have been content to wander about the field of facts till familiarity with them destroyed their significance and made them worthless as motors to progress.

Mr. Ravlin's article is in entire accord with what we have often sought to impress upon our readers, that facts and phenomena are merely the *form* of Spiritualism, the philosophy which is Spiritualism *per se* being evolved from them, as a rule, through the reasoning faculties.

Some persons when brought in contact with the philosophy of Spiritualism grasp it intuitionally, but the majority, by reason of their educational bias, need some impressive physical or mental phenomena adapted to their idiosyncrasy to satisfy them of the central fact of spirit-intercourse. When they have this, all further

seeking after phenomena is illegitimate, save to accumulate facts and evidences for the conviction of other seekers in the field of Spiritualism, and unless pursued for this or scientific purposes, is positively demoralising. Physical mediums if kept constantly working on the same plane for any length of time, deteriorate physically and mentally, and though they may be the means of opening the gates to many an earnest seeker, it is at the sacrifice of their life-essence and often of their moral tone; even the family circle, if overdone, loses its sanctity and elevating influence. The intelligent and aspiring circle, if harmonious, carries its medium with it step by step from the physical to the mental planes, and thence to the higher spiritual ones, where guided and taught by philosophical minds in the higher life, their progress is only limited by their growth-capacity: the teacher's knowledge extending far beyond the receptive powers of the taught, has to be modified to meet their comprehension; for, if the thought or idea communicated is on a plane above that upon which the mind of the circle rests, it becomes valueless, because the circle fail to see the truth which is in it, and so set it aside as worthless. Though all physical mediums can be developed to the mental plane, it is only the finer organizations amongst them that are fitting instruments for spirits belonging to the "wisdom" spheres. A great musician may for lack of a better instrument use a common piano or violin on an occasion, and delight the bulk of his hearers with the result; but what was harmony to them would be comparative discord to him or to any in the audience whose musical perceptions were sufficiently cultivated to be sensible of the deteriorating influence of the instrument; and, in like manner, a cultivated and elevated spirit will not use an inferior medium except *in extremis*, or where the need to communicate is pressing, and no better instrument offers. It is not the cleanliness and soundness of the instrument that is the only qualification; had a musician the choice between a clean, sound, homely piano, of very ordinary type, and a dirty, dilapidated instrument, of finer texture and for the time being in fair tune, on one of which he was necessitated to play, there is no doubt he would choose the latter; and in the same way

advanced spirits will occasionally use soiled instruments, which the public would think unfit, and no matter the quality of the communication, would refuse to recognise the source of its inspiration.

The clean, sound, homely medium, however, is the most widely useful to the majority of mankind. He is capable of giving evidence of spirit identity, and instruction adequate to the needs of the many, whilst the high-strung instrument played upon by a master-hand, expressing themes above the ordinary plane of thought and idea, can only be appreciated by a few.

Under any circumstances, Mr. Ravlin's plea for the cultivation of mediums is a good one. No matter the grade of the instrument, if it is attuned to its highest capacity, more harmonious, pleasing and impressive sounds will be expressed through it by which its educative capacity will be largely augmented. Too little study is given to the subject of mediumship: the laws of it are but imperfectly known by the most advanced students, but there can be no reasonable doubt that physical and mental harmony and the cultivation and refinement of the individual are conducive to the best results.

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

THE first words of the fiat of creation were very properly the words, "Let there be light,"—*fiat lux!* No one but God could pronounce such an omnipotent manifesto or decree; and John, aye, even *Hagios Johannes*, the saintly John, the pet of my Master, he who understood the *Ecce Homo*, the God-Man, paraphrasing the words of Genesis, also said, "In Him (the Word, *verbum*, *logos*, the Supreme and Universal Intelligence, God, the only Master of all logic), was life, and the life was the light of men"—*to phos ton anthropon*.

But ever since the light was created, the light shone in darkness, and the darkness (*Skotia*), which was and still is in man, comprehended it not. To let this light and life shine out again, and to disperse the darkness Cimmerian now regnant in the modern shows of Christian churches, mostly full of rush-lights, or Roman-candles, *ignes fatui*, Wills o' the Wisp, Jack-in-the-lantern, etc., Lucie Grange, with whom our readers are already slightly acquainted, has started in France a light of her own—*La Lumière*—of which St. Jesse Shepard, one of the brightest lights of America himself, although even his light shineth there to a very great extent in darkness also, wrote in the *Golden Gate* in such glowing terms, especially of the editor, Lucie Grange herself, that I cannot withstand the temptation of re-translating for the benefit of our readers a portion of that valuable document from No. 92 of *La Lumière* into which the English article was both translated and transferred.

Here it is:—

Amongst the numerous journals appearing in Paris none has made so favourable an impression upon me as *La Lumière*, under the direction of that noble-hearted woman, Madame Lucie Grange. In this brilliant publication are found both the safest and best methods of investigation, and the results thereof, obtained by our most advanced thinkers.

The name of "Lucie Grange" is known to-day in the remotest corner of the earth where Spiritualism has penetrated, and she is admired not only on account of her great talent as a writer, but also on account of her exceptional character and marked individuality. I look upon her as one of those standard bearers chosen to make their appearance always at the right moment, under special circumstances, in order to occupy a distinguished and unique position.

Before the advent of Madame Grange there was in France at the head of Spiritualism an exclusive clique,

or coterie, possessed of one idea only and following one line of conduct. To speak in Paris of American theories and principles, scarcely a few years ago, was considered a crime of high treason amongst the disciples of the old school; but the editor of *La Lumière*, armed with her eloquent pen, her sound judgment, her large ideas of progress, opened a new sphere for the thought and investigations of the French Spiritualists, giving them at the same time greater liberty both of word and action.

The eminent politician and journalist, Emile de Girardin, was not mistaken when he said that Lucie Grange possessed in the highest degree the art of representing and writing of things from their true points of view; and I myself, in reading her articles, have very often made the reflection that they were worthy of being signed by Sarcey, V. Hugo, Balzac, and men of that order.

It is very interesting to follow the progress of a journal like that of *La Lumière*, which has so hard a battle to fight against spiritualistic hypocrisy and personal ambition, for really until very recently the experiences acquired in America, and the names even of the best known American mediums, were almost entirely ignored in Paris; and if a change has been effected in this respect in the ranks of Spiritualists, it is principally due to a few writers, amongst whom Madame Grange is certainly the most meritorious and successful. The liberty of conscience, the free expression of the most advanced sentiments, the critical exhibition of the opinions and follies of our so-called leaders—this is what stamps with the seal of true talent, of practical knowledge, and of superior intellect all her writings.

Besides her important philosophical teachings, *La Lumière* contains also the news of the day, and the correspondences from foreign parts bring diverse facts of great interest.

I can only compare it to the *Messenger de Liège* of Belgium, a paper whose columns are always full of excellent literature and of the latest news.

I have followed with the greatest pleasure in *La Lumière* the always judicious and serrated critique directed against the "Spiritual Alliance of London." In my opinion this critique belongs to the best work done by Lucie Grange for a long time, for in it the authoress shows clearly that to accept the programme of this Corporation is tantamount to the election of a spiritualistic pope, with the power to rule and to promulgate laws in our midst, and with the right and privilege of putting into circulation patent letters of recommendation in favour of a few authorised Spiritualists and mediums furnished with passports enabling them to travel from country to country to preach the gospel of "The London Spiritual Alliance."

These ancient formulas may suit old England, where everybody bows to everybody else, and where routine rules and dominates all interests and situations; but in France and America men of intelligence have freed themselves from prejudices to a far greater extent than is the case in the Eastern hemisphere, and consequently they have acquired a proper individuality of their own, which renders such a dependence of thought and action null and illusory, and which will never be accepted by the men of progress and spirit of our own times.

Highly interesting and instructive as this *éloge* by Jesse Shepard is, I trust I have supplied a sufficiently large portion of it to give our readers a taste of its quality; and I may add that I fully endorse all that the distinguished medium says about Lucie Grange; but I do not altogether agree with him when he says of France that American theories of Spiritualism and American mediums were scarcely taken notice of in Paris a few years ago, and that it was considered as a kind of *crime de lèse majesté* to introduce English or American views of Spiritualism.

Now, I ask any candid reader whether it is a fact or not, that both England and America, with a few honourable exceptions, have unanimously condemned, and condemn still, often in most unmeasured terms, that most scientific, that most lucid, that most intuitively correct theory of Reincarnation, advocated by the whole of European thinkers and Spiritualists, a theory based upon solid facts, handed down to us by all antiquity and by

the best and most enlightened intellects of modern times even outside the ranks of professed Spiritualism or Spiritism?

Were it for nothing else than this opposition of England and America to French spiritualistic theories in general, and to the Reincarnation theory in particular, France would have ample scope to retort this charge of Jesse Shepard about our country. For aught I know Jesse Shepard may be a reincarnationist himself, as I am, but his countrymen are not, and I know of no journal in America, not even our dearly beloved *Religio Philosophical Journal*, which at this present moment has courage and backbone enough to stand up in defence of the theory of Reincarnation; and the theories of Andrew Jackson Davies are still the guiding lights of American Spiritualism, and this at a time and in a country when and where it is well known that the Poughkeepsie seer did not see everything correctly, and especially missed to see a few things connected with his own personal visionary wanderings, which it did not require a seer or clairvoyant from heaven to perceive the erroneousness of.

There is a principle of Christian altruism in common practice amongst all classes of human society which I never was a great admirer of, though often a great martyr to, that principle is called, "scratch my back, and I scratch yours."

Whilst reading an article in No. 90 of *La Lumière*, headed by "Individuality in Mediumship," an article specially devoted to Jesse Shepard and his independent mediumship, which is found, and naturally so, to be perfectly compatible with a high order of culture and independence of spirit, I was forcibly reminded of the above "scratch-back" principle, and I shall tell our readers the reason why.

Towards the end of this otherwise most excellent article, O. F. Fowler, professor of Phrenology, is introduced in a somewhat unaccountable manner. Fowler interviewed St. Jesse, and examined his cranium phrenologically, and found out, of course *post factum*, that Shepard's bump of spirituality, combined with ideality were of Brobdingnagian proportions and dimensions, and that the organs of causality and comparison were on Shepard's skull out of all comparison with those of any other skull hitherto examined by the Yankee professor of skull-groping. Causality, I fear, must be also a big bump on Fowler's cranium, for he evidently had good cause for cracking up the skull of Jesse as he had to crack up that of our beautiful Prince of Wales of moral memory.

Our own celebrated professor of metropolitan Phrenology, Frazer, is almost equally distinguished in the same scientific walk as Fowler, most likely because his name begins also with an "F," and the final "r" helps to roll golden opinions into his pockets as it did into those of our wealthy Fowler—his wealth being derived from the poverty of brain or the impoverished pockets of subjects suffering from cerebral atrophy or hydrocephalus. Great is the Diana of the Ephesians! and great also is Fowler and his disciple Frazer, but greater than all is Humbug and its vast army of victims and dupes.

My skull was also once groped by a most distinguished phrenologist, now suicided and in spirit-land, and he told me confidentially in public that I was a hypocrite, a church-goer, a most dangerous man, and last but not least, that I hardly could write my own name for stupidity. I swallowed the bitter pill given to me in public and, I suppose, *pro bono publico*; and although it is nearly half a generation since it was administered to me, it has, strange to relate—*mirabile dictu*—not done operating yet.

But to proceed with our Foreign Exchanges: I come next to the excellent fortnightly journal, *Le Messager*, which never fails to interest me, as it is mostly always full of fresh and vigorous writing and fertilising germs of thought.

Dr. Wahu teaches us particularly in a review of Pierre Leroux' remarkable work, "The Origin and Future of the Human Race," that it is about time for us to turn our attention from the map of Palestine to those of China, India, Egypt, and Chaldea, if we desire to study the origin and history of religion, because, according to the

best modern authorities on archaeology and ethnology, the history of these nations takes us respectively back 19,337, 17,932, and 13,901 years before the commencement of the Christian era.

We are also told by the same author that all these ancient nations were believers in anterior existences, alias reincarnation, and that the Jews knew nothing of the immortality of the soul prior to the Babylonian Captivity, which *en passant* is a good hint to those who are curious enough to fix the dates of the writing of the different pamphlets and books of what we are pleased to call the Old Testament, which is thousands of years younger than the laws of the legislator of the Indians, Manu.

And as we are now on the subject of reincarnation, unfortunately so unpalatable to the British-American organs of gustation, I cannot withstand the temptation of transferring to this page a most beautiful passage from Lessing's Essay on "The Education of the Human Race," in which that acute and critical spirit says, "that the human race is a collective being, animated by a special life of its own, with God for its educator or evolver." Further, "that the immortality of the human souls is indissolubly connected with the evolution and development of our species; that we who are now living are not only the sons and the posterity of those who have lived before us, but, at the bottom and in reality, we are these very generations themselves, and that thus, and only thus, shall we live for ever—shall be immortal."

One greater than Lessing—Plato—has said the same thing, only in different phraseology, when he asserted, "that the present life of nature, and all included in nature, is utterly inexplicable without the assumption of an anterior life, not of other beings, but of the same beings which have been reproduced under constantly new and renewed forms, in such a manner, that they will appear to be new beings, although they have already lived before and have always been living."

Those of our readers who wish to render themselves familiar with this beautiful theory of Reincarnation in a most easy and pleasant fashion, are invited to read, or study, if they like, Rider Haggard's late novel, "She."

In the *Revue Spirite* of 1st July is a most interesting article—continued from the previous month—on "The Reality of the Divine Personality," by Charles Fauvetty, an author already before alluded to in our *H. L.* as one of the most progressive thinkers in the ranks of French Spiritists. It is an answer to Tremeschini on the same subject—Fauvetty taking the positive, Tremeschini the negative side of the question. Of course Ch. Fauvetty does not advocate the belief in a Personal God, in accordance with the vulgar views of modern orthodox Christians, but rather in accordance with the definition given by Pope, who looked upon nature as the garment or God, the soul of the universe.

To elucidate this I shall quote only one pregnant passage: "And how," asks the author, "could I feel myself in relation with the Divine Soul if it were not extended as my soul in my body is, throughout the whole immensity of the universe and its organism, and if the sighs of my loving heart and the shocks given to me by suffering and pain, or if my joys and triumphs did not possess the power to make the other molecules of my soul vibrate and communicate those vibrations to the world-soul (God) with which it is intimately united? This is not all. It is necessary for this soul to possess a sensible ego, as I possess a conscious ego—which loves goodness and justice, an ego infinitely powerful and absolutely perfect, to enable me to draw from it by mere sentiment and thought all that is required by me for my improvement, all that I need to be lifted up again after my fall, all that is needed by me in the shape of consolation in my misery, and finally, all that is requisite to save myself from all evil, vice, and death."

Who cannot understand the essence of such a Divine Personality?

And now one more quotation from the July number of the *Revue Spirite*, and I have done with the journal for our present issue. In a short article on "Spiritism and Democracy," its anonymous author (it says *Dictée*, in brackets) gives expression to the following sentiments, which I fully endorse and have personally entertained

for a long time back. Speaking of the present rivalry between Spiritism, and Theosophy, our *incognito advocatus spiritus spiritismi* proceeds in these touching strains—"The question arises to day to ascertain whether Spiritism or Theosophy must undertake the direction of the movement of regeneration and renovation which is now going on in the world under our very eyes." My answer to this question is as plain as it is simple, for Theosophy, as far as it has hitherto gone, has made no progress beyond and no addition to the facts of a scientific Spiritism or Spiritualism, but, on the contrary, it has done all in its power to retard our progress by the introduction of a vast amount of confused, undigested and indigestible female speculation and esoteric metaphysics, *v à* the tutelary deity whose oracular seat stood once in Adyar, but who is now worshipped in the capital of *La Grand Nation*, which is supposed to be the universal head quarters of all sorts of fashions, both in millinery and Theosophy.

Giving the *pas* to our author again, he proceeds as follows: "Can it be said that Theosophy initiates its adepts more completely into the secrets (the open secrets) of truth than is done by spiritism? I do not think so, and what is more, I do not believe that the pretensions of the Theosophists can justly claim to be better prepared and furnished with safer keys to enter the portals of the temple of spiritual knowledge."

This opinion is also shared by me, and I am moreover of opinion that Indian Theosophy is already played out and found out now; the curtain has already fallen over a farce, alas, too long kept up; and as to the introduction of either exoteric or esoteric Buddhism amongst the Aryas of the West, the thing is simply absurd. If the reformed religion of Buddha was unable to prevent the Hindoos from falling time after time from the despotism of one conqueror into that of another, that religion must be as effete as our own Christian religion is in our present days, when everybody asks everybody else: "Are we still Christians?" But what is the use of bothering ourselves seriously with such a nine days' or nine years' wonder? for if left alone it will die of its own inner inanition; and I, for one, say—*Requiescat in pace!*—R. I. P.!

In the August number of *Les Sciences Mystérieuses*, M. Damiani brings a beautiful and most striking illustration of spirit-identity, in which it was proved beyond all doubt that we are the same conscious egos after death as we are before death, or in our present material bodies.

At one of Mrs. Marshall's séances, in London, early in the spiritualistic movement, M. Damiani was met by a spirit-sister who called herself Marietta, but Damiani knowing nothing of a sister of this name, had his difficulty removed by a letter which he received from his mother from Palermo, in which it was stated that on 2nd October, 1821, she had been delivered, in Messina, of a daughter who was so small and feeble that the midwife, taking advantage of the usual prerogatives on such occasions, baptised the child Maria; after which the child died in about six hours. To me, the strangest part of this narrative is the fact that the spirit turned Maria into Marietta, as if its intention had been to symbolise the *petitesse* of its material envelope. But the strangest of all things to me is the difficulty under which almost all Spiritualists, even of an advanced type, seem to labour, viz., the difficulty of believing in spirit-identity; whereas to me the matter is an intuitive truth, without which Spiritualism would become an impossibility, nay, even a contradiction in terms.

Number 140 of *De-Rots*, with its beautiful motto, "Without Love no Salvation," contains, under the heading of "Thoughts on Magnetism, by Father Lacordaire, a very bold—for a Catholic priest—statement, to the effect, that in his opinion the miracles wrought by Jesus were produced by the employment of occult and magnetic forces not yet recognised by science, but apparently well known to the Catholic clergy of a higher order. If such is really the case, why did not the Catholics start Spiritualism, who had saints and mediums enough in their ranks to open the eyes of at least a moderately clear-headed Papa who styles himself so absurdly and so

outrageously falsely, the Vicar of Christ, God on earth, and what not?

Three numbers of *Constancia* are before me, and from number 133 I cull an interesting case, taken from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of what was considered by the learned physicians who attended the child, as a case of St. Vitus' dance. A child of tender years, Westveer by name, had one day a fit which lasted about fifteen minutes, and which was designated a fit of chorea by the doctors. Shortly after, this same child had a similar fit of chorea, but on this occasion it was *chorea major*, for whilst the fit—if fit is a fit name for it—lasted, all the tables and chairs in the room danced as St. Vitus surely never danced in all his life. The doctors of course stuck to their diagnosis of *chorea major*, and there they may stick yet for aught any one better informed on the subject may care.

Of *La Fraternidad*, of *Luz del Alma*, of *La Nueva Alianza*, of *La Vérité*, of the *O Reformador*, and of *La Cabana*, space does not permit me to take notice on this occasion, especially as I deem it desirable to draw the attention of our readers to an important movement in France against the dangerous spread of Atheism.

The best argument in favour of the existence of God is, I think, to be found in the words of the fool who said in his heart "there is no God." No wise man certainly will repeat these words, far less endorse them; and still there are classes of people springing up in Germany, England, France, and even Australia, where such men as Büchner, Le Febvre, Bradlaugh, and our own fanatic *quondam* parson—Syme—the editor of the *Liberator*, preach rank Atheism from the house-tops: thus not only demoralising but degrading the masses to the level of the brute creation, forgetting that man has been endowed with an *os sublime*, a face turned upward, and not like the lower animal creation, to cast their eyes to the earth, above which they cannot rise.

Against this tendency in France a powerful league has been formed, under the name of 'The National League against Atheism.'

Last month a pamphlet was sent to us entitled, *L'idée de Dieu dans l'histoire de l'humanité*, by M. Adolphe Franck, a member of the Institute of France.

I shall speak of this able discourse at greater length in our next issue, and only stop to mention here that some of the most distinguished philosophers and literateurs of France are members of this League, and determined to enter upon a crusade, not to conquer the sepulchre of the only-begotten Son of God, but the sepulchre into which rank Atheism is at present going to thrust God and the God idea which pervades all history, all religions, nay, the whole universe.

It is to be hoped that a similar League will shortly be formed in Victoria, where our godless would-be "Liberator," and Tom Walker of no God (!) notoriety, make frantic efforts to seduce our Australian youths from the sublimest thought of which man is capable—the thought of God—the God-idea.

Phillip Island, Oct 10th, 1887.

REV. SAMUEL WATSON.

WE HAVE a friendly letter from the Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, and find he is still devoting his time and energies to the advancement of Spiritualism. He had just returned from the Camp Meeting of the Southern Association of Spiritualists (of which he is president) at Look Out Mountain. The Meeting had had a successful run for a month, and was not yet over. The Association had engaged Mr. Colby, an excellent speaker and medium, to travel through the Southern States, giving lectures and tests, and organising branch associations.

A LETTER recently received from Orange, N.S.W., advises us that Spiritualism is spreading rapidly in that district, and that a Spiritualistic Association is in the course of formation, a secretary having been elected, and a preliminary committee formed to draw up a constitution.

A SPIRIT'S NARRATIVE OF HIS EARTH-LIFE
AND TRANSITION.

The following was written through the hand of a lady medium residing in Northern Queensland :—

WHAT I am about to relate is a true story, names of places and persons excepted. It happened some years back, and at the earnest wish of my friends I will endeavour to describe everything so as to help those who are trying to investigate the beautiful truths of Spiritualism.

In the year eighteen hundred and fifty four, tired of office life, I made up my mind to return to the bush. I fancied I could get a good situation as I had been brought up on my father's station until the age of twenty-one; so I wrote a note to a Mr. Rowe, a friend of mine, asking him to try and get me a place somewhere. He replied immediately, saying that if I could be ready in a week's time I could get the billet of manager on a small station named Glenayre. I started away at once, and arrived, after two weeks' travelling, at my destination.

As I am not writing this for descriptions of places, etc., I will pass over what my new home was like, except to say that it exceeded my expectations. My neighbours were few and far between, so I was delighted when, after I had been there six months, to find that Weneama, a station ten miles distant, hitherto occupied by only a manager (who never visited anywhere), and a great number of blacks, was sold; and that the new manager, a Mr. Lord, was soon to arrive with his family. I was very busy for a few weeks after this, and the Lords had been at their new home some time before I was able to call on them. When I did, however, I was delighted with my reception, they were all so kind and friendly.

The family consisted of four children, the eldest boy twenty-one, the next twenty, then came the two girls, Ella (Miss Lord), a tall, slight girl, rather nice looking, of about eighteen, and Ruby, the youngest. I did not see her till late in the evening. We were just returning from an inspection of the garden, when one of the boys said, "Oh! here's Ruby; I suppose her headache has gone;" and looking up I saw a girl about fifteen approaching us, tall for her age, and very slight, with tremendous dark eyes, her black hair cropped close like a boy's, with a wonderfully fair complexion. Too white she was; and I thought to myself, what an uncanny looking girl. The next minute I was introduced to her, and as she lifted her dark eyes for a moment I noticed a strange far away expression in them. The next minute her brothers were teasing and playing with her, and as she romped about she looked so childlike and full of fun that I laughed at myself for fancying her different from other girls.

After this I spent a great deal of my time at Weneama, and before twelve months were over, was engaged to Ella Lord. I was a partner by this time in the station I was managing, and we were busy building and getting the place to look a little more civilised before I brought my bride to it. It was about two months before we were to be married, when one cold, stormy day I determined, not having been to Weneama for some days, to go over. When I arrived, not seeing anyone near, I put my horse in the stable, and knowing my way about, walked into the sitting room. Ellen and Ruby were seated by the fire, and evidently by the way they were talking, arguing about some book. As soon as Ruby caught sight of me she got up and with a slight nod passed quickly out of the room with a book in her hand. After greeting Ella I asked her what was wrong. She told me that some school friend of Ruby's had sent her a book on Spiritualism, and said what with that and a letter full of the same subject, Ruby seems quite infatuated about it. "I don't like to tell father and mother," she added, "for they would be so vexed." I said, "Oh! don't worry; Ruby is only a child; she will soon tire of reading a dry book." And then we started talking about our marriage, and I quite forgot about Ruby.

In the afternoon, when I started home, the boys and girls with their governess (Miss Broome) came part of the

way with me; but I soon insisted upon their turning back as a storm was coming up, and I cantered home alone. I had hardly got in when down came the rain; it kept on steadily for about an hour, and I was wondering if they had escaped it, when I heard a horse galloping, and Bertie Lord rushed into the room: "For God's sake, Carlton, come quick; Ella has been thrown from her horse, and I'm afraid seriously hurt." I wasted no time on useless questions until we were fairly on the way. Then Bertie told me how going home she had been teasing Ruby and Miss Broome about their being such timid horsewomen; then cantered on in front of them, looking back and talking as she went. Just then a tremendous peal of thunder made her horse rear, and she was thrown. The horse maddened by fright made a sudden spring over her, and had caught her in the chest with its two hind feet. "We took her home," she said, "and I came for you, while Will went for the doctor." By this time we had reached the house. Ruby met us, and taking my hand led me into her sister's room.

I cannot recollect the next two hours; I think I was mad; all I remember was some one leading me away, and then Ruby came to me. I can see her so plainly now; she came gliding in and putting her hands on my shoulders said, "Arthur, you must not fret so; Ella is perfectly happy in her new home; I can see her plainly when I go into her room. She is standing by her body with a dazed look in her eyes; but she will understand soon, for I see a lovely woman standing beside her, ready to guide and take her away."

My God! was Ruby going mad too! I turned to look at her; she was perfectly quiet; no signs of tears, only her eyes looked with a strange far-away expression into space. Was this what that book meant? Madness! God help us all! had we not enough trouble already? Just then Bertie said, "Mother has fainted again," and ran to her assistance.

Of the next two days I can hardly bear to think. Ruby was in constant attendance on Mrs. Lord, so I hardly saw her; on the third day, however, she came to me and said, "You must listen to what I have to say. I have told mother and father, but they think I am mad. Ella is not dead; she has passed away to another world. I can see her near you now, looking so sad because you are all fretting. Hush! I can hear also; she is saying, 'Arthur, I am not dead; I am beside you, touching you.' Why won't you believe me? Ruby added, and then fell in a dead faint at my feet. I called her father and told him, and we agreed that we had better not let her speak about it any more, and try to make her forget. So when she came to and started again, she was forbidden to say anything on the subject.

As soon as I got home I wrote to my partner to send a new manager as I had determined to leave the place. Shortly afterwards I received a telegram saying that a Mr. Crofton would be up in a few weeks, so I resolved to work hard and try and forget my trouble a little, and have everything in order before I left.

Coming home late one evening I saw a tall, dark man standing on the verandah, whom I guessed must be Mr. Crofton. He came up at once and introduced himself, and I saw he was a gentleman, and also from the little conversation I had with him before tea, that he was very clever, well read on most subjects, for he chatted away the whole time as though not to let me be worried by talking; and entertaining him after tea, we came out on the verandah. Again I tried to talk, but my thoughts were far away. Crofton also appeared restless, and at length, after walking about for a while, came and sat beside me, saying, "Do you object to me talking a little? I have something to say; promise me, though, you will not be angry and that you will not put me down as a lunatic."

I promised, and he commenced first giving me a sketch of his life, how he had once been on a station, but having had a fortune left him he was travelling about and happened to be in Sydney at the time that I wrote for a manager. But first (he said) I must tell you I am a Spiritualist, also a writing medium. While in Sydney I was told by my spirit-guides what had happened up here, also that I was to come up. I asked "how

could I?" They said go up as manager. I did not care about coming, and asked why another, better medium was not chosen. "Because," they said, "other mediums have to earn their living; you are only going about enjoying yourself." So, Mr. Carlton (he added) here I am; and I want to persuade you that your friend, Miss Ruby is quite right; she can see and converse with her sister. She has strong clairvoyant powers, also clair-audient, but the latter not so strongly developed."

"I firmly believe you," I replied, "but will you come and see the Lords, and try and convince them?" "Certainly," he answered. So the next day we rode over. It was lunch time when we arrived, and Ruby came to the door. I went to perform the necessary introduction, but to my surprise, as soon as I said "Crofton," Ruby threw up her hands with a faint cry. "Are you the Mr. Crofton my sister said was coming?" she asked. "I am," he answered. Without another word she led us into the dining-room. "Mother, father," she exclaimed, "you all thought me mad, but now I can prove I am not. Some weeks ago I was sitting wondering how I could possibly make you believe me, when suddenly I saw Ella standing at my side, looking, oh! so happy. Unconsciously, I held my arms out to her. 'Oh! Ella, help me,' I exclaimed. She only smiled and moved her hands about in a strange way, and following the direction of her eyes, I saw on the wall written in large gold letters—'Sister, I will. Despair not, dearest, in two weeks' time a Mr. Crofton will come to your assistance; until then, farewell!' and she was gone. So I have patiently waited. Do you believe now? Oh, Mr. Crofton, try to convince them that every word I have uttered is the truth, and that I am not insane."

Crofton moved quickly to her side: "Mr. and Mrs. Lord," he said, "your daughter is right. She can see her sister, and by disbelieving her you are making it much harder for your dear one in the other world. It was through hearing of her distress from my own controls I came up here."

And then he told them all that he had spoken to me about. I saw that they were rapidly becoming convinced, so I stole out of the room, beckoning Ruby to follow. I at once started to beg her pardon for disbelieving her; but was startled by noticing in her eyes that same expression that had once frightened me so.

"There is Ella," she said softly, "she is standing close to you; her lips are moving, but I cannot hear what she is saying; there is writing coming," she exclaimed. Look, Arthur, cannot you see? She says, 'God be with you, my darling, and keep you from fretting for one who is happier here than she could ever have been on earth, even were her life spent with you.' She also says, 'Arthur, you must not weep for me; I am but removed to a better and a purer life; we will meet some day here and I will have a home for you.'"

A cold wind seemed to pass over my face, and for the first time in my life I fainted.

Mr. Lord made us stay a few days, and every evening we used to gather together to converse with our dear one and other friends whom we never thought to have met again. At Ella's desire I determined to still live at Glenayre, where I could often come and communicate with her.

Crofton stayed with me two or three months, and he and Ruby were constantly together investigating. Two years after, Mr. Lord determined to sell his station, and he soon found a purchaser, whom I was not surprised to hear was Crofton. He only took it on condition, however, that, as he said, Ruby was left to help manage.

My dearest wish was granted the day I saw them married. To be near them and at the same time to be able through their power to converse with Ella, was too much happiness indeed I thought. But there was greater in store for me.

A few years after, through catching a severe cold and being unable at the time to attend to it, fever set in, and I only managed to get back to Meneama in a dying state. Both Ruby and Crofton tended me as though I were their brother; but my time was come and I was glad. The last few hours on earth were the happiest I had spent since my darling had left me. I was in no pain,

quite conscious to Ruby and Crofton's presence, still I could feel that Ella was near me; and just a few moments before I passed away, I could see her as plainly as Ruby could.

I have heard several describing their passing away since then, some being painless, others just the reverse; but with myself, I seemed to slowly glide into a state of insensibility, and when I came to I seemed to be drawn upwards by some unseen power, until I found myself in a place too beautiful for words to describe; flowers everywhere perfect in their loveliness, and the air was filled with their perfume, and of music: not music such as you hear on earth, but as if there were a wonderful organ playing in the distance, and we hearing but the echoes of it resounding everywhere.

I again seemed to fall asleep; when I awoke Ella was standing by my side; holding out her hand she drew me along until I recognised the room at Weneama, where I had passed away. There was my earthly body, and Ruby standing by the bedside. She was weeping softly; not as one mourning over a dead friend, but rather as one who laments a separation. I went close to her for a time, and she seemed to see me, for she looked up and smiled; and Ella and I both went down and kissed her farewell.

Farewell! my readers also. I would that I could describe to you my lovely home better; but by practising any mediumistic powers you may have, you can always see and hear more; so that in time you can almost picture in your own mind what to expect.

My medium—thanks for your patience. Do as you will with this.

A. M.

To Correspondents.

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

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

MR. EDWARD SNELL.

"There is something in this more than natural if philosophy could find it out."—*Shakespeare.*

DEAR SIR,—The circumstance of your inserting my article of "A Thirty Years' Investigation of Spiritualism," in the July number of the *Harbinger*, wherein Mr. Edward Snell was spoken of as a convert from Materialism; and apropos of that gentlemen and the now appended sonnets written by Mr. Cartwright, in London, and who was then mentioned, shews to my mind that a spiritual affinity was existing between us although 10,000 miles distant.

On the 27th August, I received *per post* the sonnets, consequently the writer could not have received the *Harbinger* which I sent him at the end of that month. Mr. Snell was well known in Geelong and Melbourne about thirty years since as the designer and constructor of the Geelong and Melbourne Railway, which circumstance was brought about by an apparent accident. Mr. Snell was on his way to England after making his "pile" at the diggings, and calling at an establishment to be "tonsorilly" treated, whilst under the operation an exclamation of surprise came from the operator on seeing a carved head to a walking stick which Mr. Snell had with him, saying it was an exact resemblance of the Deacon of his chapel. He asked permission to show it to some friends—neighbouring tradesmen—who soon afterwards thronged the shop; and from the gossip that ensued it was discovered that Mr. Snell was an engineer, had been at Swindon with Brunel, and was then just embarking for "England, Home, and Beauty." The party advised Mr. Snell to stay here and construct a railway to Geelong. His reply was "you find the money, I will find the brains." A bargain was then struck that Mr. S. should draw the plans and specifications, get them passed through the Legislature, for which he should receive payment; but if he failed to do so he would be content to have the labour for his pains.

The sequel proved the engineer's ability by his accomplishing the task, and afterwards carrying out the undertaking of construction on his own estimates.

After the opening of this line another railway was offered him to construct, but he gave the answer that he had now made two "piles," and he intended to put on English waters one of the finest steam-yachts that ever floated.

There is one more incident in connection with this locality I may relate as bearing on the philosophy of Spiritualism. Some few months after the conversion from Materialism of Mr. Snell, at an evening séance, the table was suddenly and violently agitated, and in answer to the enquiry of whose spirit was present, the reply was "a former partner of Mr. Snell's." "Is it possible that — can have the assurance to come here after having so wronged me almost to beggary and ruin! Off with you!" I put the question what object the spirit had in coming. The answer was "to obtain Mr. Snell's pardon for the many crimes of forgery and robbery towards him." We all appealed for the spirit to receive the pardon he craved, but it had no effect. At our next sitting the same spirit again came, and Mr. S. was again stern and unrelenting notwithstanding his implorings. The company one and all begged the boon to be granted, as the spirit could not make any progress from his sphere until that pardon had been obtained. "Well, then — I forgive ye," said Mr. Snell; whereupon the action of the table was so demonstrative for joy, that we had to rise from our seats.

I should not have gone so far into particulars, but possibly there are many parties yet alive who remember Mr. Edward Snell, of Geelong, where he built a villa and married; and after the completion and opening of the railway there, at length settled down at Culver Park, on the banks of the Tamar, England. His talented family of seven sons (all called after the names of English kings), are artists, electricians, engineers, etc., and one daughter, who is also gifted, and resides with her estimable mother.

THE CONVERSION OF EDWARD SNELL.

Down in the West where Tamar's royal stream
Runs lovingly beside the signs of war,
And mighty steam-hulls lie in peaceful store,
And many a clanking chain and creaking beam
Proclaims where Mars and Vulcan rule supreme,

A grassy hill looks down upon the shore,
Shadow'd by goodly beech and sycamore,
In whose soft shades Endymion might dream,
There is a lonely home, and through its lights
The glowing tones of many a summer's day
Have left their mellow stains and golden plights
Of sunny love, too deep to fade away:
So memory and these combine to tell
How art and nature favour'd Edward Snell.

To Edward Snell belong'd a force of thought
But few possess, and fewer can maintain;
And so he stood a pillar on a plain
In contrast strong against dogmatic thought;
And when to meet his arguments they brought
Their worn out fantasies, he told how gain
And pride had made a market of the fane
Where Christ was sold and Paradise was bought,
And how his mind refused with scorn to be
As others thought themselves, with pious pride,
A light-house made to ornament the sea.
He in his honesty could not abide
With shams, and so he sought to stand
On what he deem'd the safer base, dry land.

Blest with an independence, he was free
To utter as he thought of pulpit things,
And their illogical meanderings;
To think no holy ordered man to be
Too sacred for his wit and scrutiny;
And so among his village wanderings
His satire wore no polite coverings;
But stung at once the polish'd dignity
As he would sting the meanest of the flock—
It might be too pronounced—he wore no guise
And stoop'd not for a smile to mock
Or veil the searching twinkle of his eyes.

'Twas thus he mov'd, but with a feeling heart,
In works of charity maintain'd his part.

An ancient borough is a likely place
To find old gables, crockets, and corbels,
A Norman tower, and a peal of bells,
A time-worn tailor in the beadle's place,
And here and there a clock with rusty face,
And many a lichen'd monument that tells
What stately trees Death's axe for ever fells,
Regardless of their magnitude or grace;
But in Saltash one growth defiant stood,
And Death before it dropped his useless axe:
Wide as a forest spreads in amplitude,
'Twas never known in growing to relax,
And 'neath its shade sat many a coterie
Of tea-inspired scandal-mongery.

Forth from that shade where covert scandal lies,
Shrinking to hide her own ill-order'd frame,
Comes shaft and barb of sly and cruel aim;
But all in vain the poison'd shower flies;
For honest hearts, like stars that gild the skies,
Are too high set for dogma to defame:
So can the truthful doubter higher rise,
And so did Edward Snell around him throw
His cheerful life where light was ever found,
While fretful slander, gnawing down below
Like starving horses, bit at all around;
Yet he had best of words and gentle speech,
And never tired some useful truths to teach.

Saltash reclined. A corporation doze,
A not uncommon circumstance, lay deep,
And years had mark'd the period of the sleep.
To lecture criminals no Mayor rose,
And the Town-Sergeant's mace lay in repose;
The Borough Clerk had no records to keep,
And deeper still the slumber seem'd to creep
O'er peccadilloes, poaching, theft, and blows,
When all at once, like buzzing hornets came
A noise that woke each burgess from his dream;
Quicker than spread incendiary flame
It flew around from summit to the stream;
The parsons rush'd from creed to catechism
To lay the rising ghost of Spiritualism.

Foremost among detractors, Edward Snell
Evolved the ridicule he held so strong,
And, like an engine, pour'd his scorn along,
Careless on whom his fierce invectives fell,
And the young truth rang loudly like a bell,
And everywhere became a common song,
And then deep themes of talk for every tongue.
Parsonic warnings fail'd the truth to quell,
But still he louder rais'd his sceptic-scorn,
Unmindful of the love which hover'd near,
Waiting his conquer'd spirit to adorn
With ornaments of Godly truth and fear,
Waiting to hear him shout the hopeful cry,
For God, for Truth, and Immortality!

The sun went down, and solitude and night
With silent footsteps crept round Culver Park,
And Tamar's moonless waves roll'd sad and dark,
Save where a vessel hung its warning light,
Or distant town-lamp sparkled clear and bright;
Up on the sky the trees stood gaunt and stark,
Silence was undisturbed by wail or bark,
Or the shrill chirrup of the curlew's flight.
In the still autumn hush sat Edward Snell,
And round his board a group of happy boys:
And they were acting parts they knew so well
In science, art—the younger with their toys—
When pleased with his own thoughts he loudly cried,
"We'll see, my boys! what ghosts with us abide."

"Now," said the freethought thinker, "bring a bowl!
That foreign bowl of wood, and stand it here!
Here on this table from all fingers clear!
And we will see if there exists a soul
That lives apart from physical control,
Winging unseen in this our atmosphere,

Where microscopes are powerless to peer,
Defying air pump force, through smallest hole,
And place inside that bowl a leaden weight."

'Twas done, and Culver house expectant stood.
"Now," cried Freethought, "we've got you straight!
If you're a spirit, lift that bowl of wood,
And if you do, we're yours both tooth and nail,
And no one 'gainst that service shall prevail."

Behold a wonder! Not among the stars
That sparkle brighter on the darker night,
And fiery meteors flashing short-lived light;
Nor yet when ocean roars o'er rocky bars,
And raging sea-gods drive their stormy cars;
'Tis not where ice-clad mountains ever bright
Reflect the glowing beams of morning light;
Nor yet in caves of everlasting spars,
But on the Atheist's table shut away
From High Church ornament, or Baptist pool,
A meeting-house where Independents pray:
Abjuring gravitation, slow and cool,
The bowl ascending floated clear and light,
And Edward Snell stood marvelling at the sight.

Then stood they all enchained in wonderment
When thus the father from the silence broke,
And to his children like a prophet spoke:
"This is an evidence intelligent,
And who can such convincing force prevent?
Here's greater truth than parson can provoke,
Or theologic mummery invoke.
To earth such book before was never sent.
What may ensue we cannot now foresee
From such a stepping-stone to future light.
'Tis not the only message meant for me
In telegrams of spiritual flight.
Now I believe, firm in undoubting mood,
That Jesus Christ upon the water stood"

The work was done, and without blame or show:
No deacon, priest, or preacher praised the Lord,
No finished fingers struck gregorian chore,
No censor flung its vapours to and fro,
No agony hung o'er the tapers' glow:
'Twas all achieved upon a household board
Where sacrificial cup was never pour'd;
Where never curse had sentenced souls to woe.
Thus came the news with ceremony new,
The dispensation of a common bowl.
Meanness of means stood preaching on the view,
And mediæval art had lost its soul.
Next day a mental earthquake with its crash
Alarmed the ancient borough of Saltash.

July 12th, 1887.

SMALLPOX SCARE IN TASMANIA.

No sooner do a few isolated cases of sporadic variola make their appearance in some place or other when we see the ravens of death, *id est*, the sanitary authorities *pro tem*, of Victoria, or of doctor-ridden England, spreading their dark wings and croaking all over the panic-stricken countries in their usual Cassandra strains of coming death and disaster in consequence of the sad neglect into which the worship of God Jenner was lately allowed to lapse.

Everything and everybody in connection with the Central Board of Health—not Hygieia by any means—is galvanised into new life and activity for a few days, or during the ordinary period of the nine days' wonder, to trace the origin of the new outbreak of the dire epidemic. Hawkers from India, and merchants in silk-pockethandkerchiefs, are searched; members of the police force are detached to watch every vessel that approaches our coast, and life at the quarantine station gets all of a sudden livelier again, if not happier. I really believe that our sapient Central Board of Health—had it been in existence in those early days—would have sent messengers to the land of Nod if our first parents had chanced to suffer from smallpox, to enquire whether any hawkers from Nod had sold Adam and Eve

their fig-leaf aprons, and perhaps thus introduced smallpox amongst their relations in Paradise.

So little do these official guardians of public health know of the nature and origin of this zymotic disease, that they seem actually to be ignorant of the fact that it is established by the most reliable statistical tables that in years when smallpox rages most, the mortality from zymotic diseases is considerably less than when there is no smallpox at all about.

Smallpox instead of being a fell messenger of death, is, on the contrary, a wholesome scavenger and destroyer of disease germs, and as such rather a blessing than a curse. But the people both in England and Victoria seem to be so easily intimidated by the constituted guardians of public health, that no sooner one of these men of brief authority raises his stentorian voice in the name of smallpox and vaccination when, lo and behold, the terror-stricken mob falls on its marrow-bones and embraces the knees of that now tottering divinity—Ned Jenner, of £30,000 fame and notoriety. Such an abject attitude on the part of the people presupposes a craven state of mind not very refreshing to contemplate. I was consequently very glad to read in our latest papers that the state of mind of the passengers of the Mararoa and Flinders, now in quarantine in Victorian waters, is past description, and must be left to imagination to deal with it properly and according to merit.

These good people, endowed with more common sense, if not knowledge, about the real state of affairs than are the members of the Central Board of Health and their pliable myrmidons, the health-officers and would-be vaccinators of the detained passengers, can scarcely be blamed for looking upon the present attitude of the Victorian Government towards free citizens as little less than fiendish. This amusing intermezzo now playing between smallpox and compulsory vaccination will finally force the people to take the whole sad business out of the hands of an ignorant Government, instructed perhaps by a still more ignorant Board of Health, and then they will learn the wholesome lesson that it is not a good thing to let even a paternal Government do everything for its children in its own antediluvian or patriarchal way.

These vaccination laws were, in the first instance, smuggled in the dead of the night into the Statute book of England, and thence transferred into the Statute book of Victoria, and it serves the people right if they suffer for their own *laches* and carelessness for allowing interested parties to burden them with laws not of their own making. What else can they expect but to suffer for their culpable ignorance and indolence, forgetting that there is a day of reckoning coming for all those who commit the only sins in God's universe—the sins of violating the laws of health, of nature, and of nature's God! But never mind, for God only knows how to make good come out of what now appears to us evil.

C. W. ROHNER.

Phillip Island, Oct. 10th, 1887.

VEGETARIANISM.

WE are glad to be able to congratulate the Vegetarian Society of Australia on their making so much progress. They have for some time now carried out most interesting public meetings once a month. The last one consisted entirely of a relation of their experience of vegetarian diet, by several friends of the cause, members as well as outsiders. On the Queen's Birthday they had an elegant and satisfactory dinner, followed by short addresses; and now we see from an advertisement, that they are to hold a Vegetarian Tea Party, on the Prince of Wales' Birthday, in the Thistle Company's Hall; to be followed by music and addresses.

"LIGHT," of Sept. 17th, contains a letter from Mr. S. C. Hall, giving details of a remarkable cure of blindness performed by Mr. Geo. Milner Stephen. Mr. Hall's testimony is direct as to the fact, he having known the patient for a considerable time, and tested the case, proving that she can both read and write.

THE LAWS OF SPIRIT-MEMORY.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Reprinted from the "Banner of Light."

Many readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT are acquainted with a lady who occupies a high position in public esteem as a trance lecturer and test medium. Her control is an Indian girl, who, losing her mother whilst but an infant, was adopted and brought up by a Scotch family.

Wallah—for that is the name by which we will speak of her—had hardly reached womanhood when she passed to spirit-life, one hundred years ago. Her medium is a lady of refinement and a lover of animals—especially of one favorite cat, long the pet of her family. Of course the affection is mutual; and puss prefers a nap on the lap of his mistress to a siesta on the sofa or hearth-rug.

So far as we know to day, cats are not Spiritualists; and though history endows dogs and birds with occasional clairvoyance, I do not remember any account of a cat startled by a ghost. So when her mistress is sitting under control, the cat will sometimes jump into the accustomed lap. But the medium's lip will tremble and turn white; unless either the control leaves, or the cat is removed, hysteria will result. This simple fact the subject of a passing joke, seems to me to carry with it one of the most important lessons of spirit-return; hence I propose to make it my text for the present article.

The first question that occurs to us all is as to the reason the cat should be obnoxious to the spirit? Our Indian friend tells us that whilst she shrank from cats during her earth-life, she never could tell why until she met her mother in the spirit-world. Then she learned that her mother, a few days before Wallah was born, was attacked by a wild-cat, which sprang upon her from the limb of a tree, and wounded her severely before her cries brought assistance. The terror had left its trace upon the mental life of that unborn child, although her physical form carried no birth-mark as a history of the shock. But the effect was limited to the mortal sphere, since our Indian friend says she has no repugnance to cats when she is not controlling her medium; and it is herein we begin to note the truth that lies back of this very interesting psychical and physiological fact.

Here is a spirit who, as a spirit, has left her earth experiences one hundred years behind. Just as the event of infancy, or childhood, grows dim and indistinct to mortal mind, so must the remembrance of her nervousness in earth-life have passed from Spirit Wallah. Yet she has only once again to enter the earth-sphere to prove that memory is eternal, but limited to the plane of its birth.

As that nervous terror at sight of a cat belong to earth-life, so the spirit with whom it is a silent reality wakes it from sleep whenever the old conditions are repeated. Nay, it never is asleep under the conditions of its birth. Man can never extinguish his past; he can only leave it behind, waiting to claim him if he but pass by on the old road.

Another feature of the lesson is the fact that the mental birth-marks of one human being not merely can be but must be reflected on another if psychic harmony be once established; although, in certain conditions, no sympathy may exist between the two minds. Here is the medium, fond of cats to an extent that is almost a weakness; yet we have a control to whom cats are an aversion, using that organism as a medium for expressing thought and giving test before public audiences. This weakness of the spirit is, however, an obstacle to overcome every time.

But the thought from which we must build is that this dislike to cats was a mental effect upon the Indian girl as a direct inheritance from her mother. We must remember that every sensation the mortal experiences is by vibrations. I recognize even the grasp of your hand by its cold or warmth, by its flabby insincerity or its whole-souled manliness; all expressed by vibrations as much as the sound of your voice falling on my ear, or the dimple in your cheek fluttering its fond charm through my optic nerve away down into my heart.

The shock must have been terrific to the mother when the wild-cat bore her to the ground and attacked her with

tooth and claw. We may never know how the daughter escaped the physical impress of that terror; but in a moment it was written on her internal life, to be expressed so often has that life manifest within certain vibrations of matter. So a mental shock works in a mental sphere; but thought is only a vibration of matter, so rapid that man physical cannot count it by any of his five senses. Edison discovered that it was only a question of rapidity of vibration to send his electric spark leaping from the moving train through sixty feet of air wall to a metal wire.

We have almost forgotten the lesson of that wondrous phonograph. You remember that if you utter your thought near to that moving cylinder it will give you back the words whenever you repeat the vibrations. It was a piece of tinfoil that caught the vibration of your spoken word in the phonograph; but it is a cat that becomes the recorder of the mother's fright whenever it is applied to a machine that can repeat the original vibrations.

We know those vibrations belong to the mental side of mortal life. They could have no possible expression from the yet more rapid movement of the spirit brain. The mental terror of that mother was left behind as she advanced in spirit-life. We can understand that if the mother had lived on earth for a score of years after that cruel attack, the sight of a cat might have recalled the old memory and much of the old sensation; because the old vibrations would have been repeated. And the daughter, who had not even known of her mother's suffering, was a phonographic machine through which the application of a cat could produce a repetition of the old effect.

It is as if your friend living at Stanley's Pool, in Africa, had talked into the phonographic ear of the coming battle of to-morrow, with its danger of defeat. He falls, slain by a native's spear. The slip of tinfoil sent to you in America can be placed in your phonograph, and his mental agitation will be repeated as often as you offer the conditions.

The next step demands a deeper thought; but we must attempt or remain ignorant of our own surroundings. There can be no repetition of the old sensation unless there be an instrument that can repeat the old vibrations. But our Indian maiden is now living a spirit-life where such vibrations are impossible. So the mother's agony remains fortunately a memory confined to vibrations that do not touch spirit-daughter's happiness. A whole century goes by, and at last the maiden feels a desire to work for mortals that shall bless them and bring progress to her own soul. She finds a mortal a willing subject to her psychological power, and through that organism brings to us the lesson of a higher life.

But the Indian girl cannot do this work without entering the sphere where the old vibrations are ever a possibility. It is true they can only be repeated by memory; but what is memory, save the repetition of a twice told tale? The presence of a cat gives vibration to the past, that once again makes a living reality. So the spirit-worker must keep away from earthly cat, or the nervous horror will return with its old force.

This has been another step which now brings us to the instrument used by the spirit and entranced into complete unconsciousness. We must remember it is not Wallah the spirit who suffers; but Wallah who for the time is mortal, and will have to die out of mortal life into her higher existence when she resigns control. The mortal body is always an instrument for reflecting a spirit's experience, whether of its proper owner, or borrowed for an hour by somebody else. But the mortal body is a phonograph capable of expressing old experiences of spirit-sensation; although, unless it is modeled very closely after the original, it gives a more or less imperfect repetition of the old thought.

But in this case we have a medium passionately fond of cats, with a spirit control to whom cats are a horror. This certainly demands explanation, and I think the truth may be discovered without much difficulty. The spirit would have to come in contact with the thought of 'cat' in the mortal brain it was using, or there could be no recall of the old dislike. But suppose the medium hated cats, cats would keep away from her, and she would avoid cats. There would be neither word nor thought of cats if

she could avoid it. So the spirit coming to use a brain entertaining a great dislike of cats would be a little exposed to a repetition of the old vibration. But it happens that Wallah's medium thinks a cat, talks cat, and is always most happy when a cat is around. Thus we have the cat scale of vibrations all ready to reflect themselves on the spirit.

Were the spirit for the time entirely merged into mortal life, she would express the medium's love of cats. But the spirit comes to earth to be spirit, and to express her own individuality so far as conditions may permit through that mortal brain. But as a matter of fact this medium's brain vibrates so readily to thought of a cat that when the favorite tabby actually appears, the spirit's past of mortal memory finds a brain all ready to express any motion of which a cat forms the essence.

So this incident is a beautiful illustration of the power exercised upon a mortal brain by a spirit control; and also of the equally direct effect produced upon the spirit who enters the earth-sphere.

Several other very important lessons flow from this experience of spirit. We learn from this spirit weakness that there is external expression of the law that "like conditions must produce like results." Wallah left mortal conditions a century ago, and has gained experiences of a higher life. She now returns to earth and discovers that the old conditions give once again an echo of that wild-cat's spring from the overhanging limb, with the alarm and terror of the fearful shock; provided there is anything in the mortal that can act as a phonograph to repeat the old vibrations.

This suggests what may be a startling truth as to spirit control. Suppose Wallah to have climbed to the utmost spirit height possible for return to earth. She has of course been leaving experiences at every step that were imperfect in her light of to-day. She cannot return to earth as an advanced spirit any more than you can reduce steam into ice by direct process. You must pass steam through vibrations we call water before it could express form in ice. And the advanced spirit must pass through all the marked stages of his own career with all their imperfections whenever he would visit earth-life.

It is all very well for us to express admiration for the unselfish spirit who is willing to endure this discomfort a brief hour, and I do feel gratitude for all such angel aid, but I cannot help looking at it from the standpoint of the mortal, and watching its effect upon the poor medium. If we have so far been dealing with acknowledged truths we must not flinch from the consequence of our own research, or simply turn away from it as an unpleasant subject. In the light of science no subject is unpleasant or uninteresting if it contain a lesson of eternal truth.

If an advanced spirit be beautiful and pure, and sublimely unselfish, it means that he has become able to express his intelligence through matter in a very different rate of vibration—matter moving so rapidly as to be beyond mortal observation or comprehension. There was an hour when he was unadvanced spirit; when he expressed his life through mortal form, and had a spirit experience more or less in harmony with that form. To day if he comes into contact with matter at the old rate of vibration he is none the less a spirit, who has now gained very different experiences. There is a conflict. The spirit cannot come to the level of the old matter. The old vibrations are incapable of expressing that present spirit-life but to take them on at all he must *think* them. And in thinking them he exposes himself to a special repetition of anything in close harmony between his old experience and the medium's ruling tastes and desires.

Notice what this means. Here is a spirit who lived on earth when life was on a grosser level than to-day. We call him "ancient"; many a medium flutters proudly at the idea that an "ancient" controls her. But he cannot control a medium who is a phonograph for his old emotions without danger of their breaking out again. And if, from his higher standpoint of wisdom, he can see an ultimate great blessing as result, he may be obliged to leave us to point the finger of scorn at a poor medium who may actually exhibiting a *debased manhood as the result of control by an advanced spirit*.

We may measurably satisfy ourselves of the truth of this assertion. When we see unfortunate sensitives exhibiting the animal, and only the animal, propensities of human life, we may be assured that such influence cannot emanate from an intelligence that has progressed by self effort. But if amidst much that we feel grieved to witness we listen to lessons of truth and wisdom, we shall always find that every effort of ours to lift the medium into higher conditions will have warm aid from controls who belong to a higher life. So it remains as a direct conclusion from the facts before us that many an imperfection in the life of mortal-mediums may be actually the reflection of the earth-life of a control who is now an advanced spirit.

We can go yet a step further. A bright spirit returning to earth perhaps passed away in infancy, and has no mortal memories to recall. Yet if, like this Indian maid, some near ancestor has had experiences of suffering or passion, then he may bring hereditary tendencies that must exhibit themselves if brought into the sphere where suitable vibrations are in continuous existence.

We meet here a thought that is strangely novel yet I sense it as truth. Remember that the medium's extreme love of cats prepares the way for an exhibition by the control of a marked aversion for cats. Therefore, the law would remain the same if the positions were reversed. If the medium has a positive dislike for cats, *hourly expressed*, her brain would give easy access to a control who, like the old Egyptian, esteemed cats as an object for worship. If this be so a fanatic on any subject provides conditions for extremes. The bigoted teetotaler whose thought is 'liquor,' morning, noon and night, may be a medium subject to control. And when under influence by a spirit from an advanced sphere, our teetotal medium might exhibit painful intemperance, provided the control had had personal experiences, or hereditary tendencies leading to drunkenness.

So extreme mental occupation on any subject means brain vibrations that may express that same to its widest limit. And this law must produce a marked effect on Modern Spiritualism. In the first place it will keep many a wise spirit from coming into danger or certainty of repeating his earth experience, or at least of waking it to temporary life. And many a bright spirit may refrain from active control of any mortal, lest he thus bring suffering on an innocent medium.

It is startling to think of developed spirits being thus compelled to exemplify a law of nature, yet I believe they sometimes work from a standpoint similar to our own, which occasionally interferes with individual rights that society, as a whole, may be a gainer. Bigotry and narrowness are expressions of mental movement, as actual as are gross sensual passions, and they must be equally outgrown by every progressive spirit. Yet under this law a liberal spirit might find himself obliged to express very illiberal sentiments when such mortal condition was uppermost. And as a natural consequence, there must be a fierce struggle of the spirit to overcome these conditions. The battle would sway to and fro; or, in other words, the medium would exhibit inconsistencies of conduct to which we, in the pride of ignorance, often point with scorn.

So many a poor medium we have called "obsessed" may all the time have been exhibiting the earth-experience of a spirit who has long advanced to a spirit-forgetfulness of his troubled past. Just as soon as he would return to earth the inexorable law is his master. Of course if he can find a medium who does not reflect that painful past, then the old terror may slumber. But the conditions of either a sitter or a circle might recall it to active life. So every control with an active earth history must always run a risk of its repetition through his medium. And under this law how natural becomes the hesitation with which many a spirit will speak of his earth-life when we in our wisdom demand details as a proof of his identity. If the medium's brain supply conditions for such history, it may be woe to that medium, or if the spirit remains silent, and we indignantly proclaim fraud, then the woe may rest upon us.

We may also discern this law must work through all stages of spirit growth. Hence myriads of spirits always shrink from contact with spheres below them.

And I think that we have here another law showing itself.

The reason the spirit has none of the remorse and mortification or bitter regrets and sorrows of his own past is because he lives now in a sphere whose vibrations do not reflect them. But he can think himself into the old sphere and at once take on his own past. So spirit-happiness must somewhat depend on this power to live above the old memory. But what true bravery and unselfishness is manifested when an advanced spirit deliberately encounters all his own past by entering spheres where it can find expression! And the higher a spirit has climbed, the more of these past infections must he encounter every time before he reaches earth. Nature's memory is eternal. Just open the page. Every word and act stand recorded. So it is true bravery to turn back, page after page, only that you may do good. No wonder so few in spirit-life return to earth. They have too much to dread.

This shows us why Indians and children are so easily induced to labor for mortals. It is because they have no pages of earth-life to cause them sorrow every time they return. Proud Christendom has little to offer but sinners whose eternal memories can never be silenced by the blood of Jesus.

There is another side to the question. The process of spirit-advance is just as clear as the process of spirit-return. Every spirit can progress by thought and self-effort, and by so much live above and beyond the hideous memories of the past. There is no other way. We as mortals are spirits with every spirit privilege and every spirit's compulsory obedience to eternal law.

Suppose our medium could subdue her love for cats, extinguish her thought of cats, and climb up into a glorious love of children. She would thereby most likely extinguish the annoying experience of her present spirit control. But the law would be the same, for she might then be wounded in the sphere that carried childhood as an all-important thought. Some spirit, with horrid memories of a tortured infancy, might find them born again when controlling that mortal brain. This is law, and we cannot escape it. It were foolish to fight eternal law but suppose we turn this law to our advantage.

Let us reach right out into a higher life, so that we think spirit thoughts of love and unselfishness that belong to spheres above. The bright and beautiful seeks expression just as much as the dark and unlovely. So we may thereby prepare mirrors in which spirits who would come to earth can look and find reflected their own higher natures. We can cultivate vibrations of thought that will express spheres below. We send our own spirit experiences down to our children by the laws of heredity. Now and then one may prove a grand medium, through whom bright spirits will find but little reflection of the evil and sorrow of their own lives. Such spirits can then bring to our visions the exquisite and lovely, so dear to their own souls.

If bright spirits should find that earth can be visited without any reflection of their own past, they will come and go at every hour. But we must remember it is our part to drive away bigotry, ignorance and passion, and by raising our manhood to a higher level, offer them glad welcome into our inner lives.

To do this we must cultivate our own highest and most spiritual faculties, as well as repress all that we know drags us to a lower level. Presently we shall begin to reap the reward by learning lessons of life from everything around us, including even the cat so much loved by our medium sister, and used by the writer as a text for this sermon to his brothers and sisters the wide world over.

Mrs. ADA FOYE is in Chicago giving lectures and seances, and meeting with great success. The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of September says: "Mrs. Foye's lecture was followed by tests of the most extraordinary and convincing character. During the hour she only announced one name that some one in the audience did not respond to. The hall was crowded and the greatest interest manifested."

THE LATE DR. ASHBURNER ON ANIMAL MAGNETISM & SPIRITUALISM.

THE following letter to Mr. J. J. Holyoake, extracted from Dr. Ashburner's valuable work on the Philosophy of Animal Magnetism, Spiritualism, Rheumatism, &c., embodies the evidences which convinced him of the reality of spiritual intercourse. As the volume alluded to has been long out of print, and is not accessible to the general public, it will be new to most of our readers:—

"My dear Mr. Holyoake,—Allow me to make a few observations on your article concerning "Those Rapping Spirits."

A logician should liberate himself from all forms of prejudice, and should possess the flexibility of mind that can adapt itself to all new developments of truth. You appear to me very susceptible of erroneous influences, from your desire to prejudge the question before you, on canons of dignity established in some school which few in these days of railroads and electric telegraphs would recognise. You give your opinion that "the rapping itself is an undignified mode of communication," forgetting that is analogous to modes of communication established between the spirits of potentates, philosophers, and all high dignitaries who have occasion to use the telegraphs in various parts of the world. If you could pursue your train of reasoning fairly, you might in time establish the position that all reading and writing were most undignified, since they form modes of communication between *souls*, or *souls*, or *minds*, or *intelligencies*, by means of the letters of the alphabet. If we can for an instant allow that it is in the power of absent and departed minds to communicate with us, I do not perceive how the fact can be interfered with by establishing a want of dignity in the means used by those minds; but suppose that the means are through the agency of alphabetical symbols, how can you possibly argue on the question of dignity? Nay, is it not a poor prejudice to assume a want of dignity to such a process at the moment you are impugning the character of Mr. Hetherington for the want of that dignified politeness due from gentleman to gentleman, in attributing to him the possibility of an act which would be discreditable to even some of those rowdy cads of the press who have been exercising their ingenuity in really *frivolous raps* at a subject far beyond their depth? I grieve to find your much nicer and wiser mind engaged in a train of thought biassed by such inferior influences.

"These spirit manifestations are not to be cast aside by what any man may think of their dignity, if truth be at their foundation. In whatever form the ingenuity of vituperation may be couched, abuse will not avail for their destruction. I may be allowed to remark, that no man pretending to philosophy shall be able to define the limits of dignity or respectability, in the phenomena of nature. If facts be presented to us, we must take them as they come, and be content to examine them, and with a gentle and philosophically humble frame of mind establish for them their due importance in the place they must occupy in our stock of knowledge. Certainly the editor of "The Reasoner" ought not to reject them without thoroughly good and sufficient reason.

"It may be that your prejudices are too strong to allow you to receive the facts that should lead to the possibility of the existence of spiritual beings. I do not contend for immaterial essences, for my limited capacities allow me to conceive of the most highly refined essence to be only a form of material being. If I could categorize a thousand degrees of a thousand kinds of the essences of electric and magnetic fluids, I might denominate some of them as *soul*, or *mind*, or *spirit*, or *intelligence*.

"In the present state of our knowledge, we cannot definitely trace the exact nature of thoughts or ideas; but we know enough to be aware that there is a strong probability that an idea is a compound of light in some form with a subtle agent emanating from the brain—that crystalline and magnetic organ of ours which sheds in each act of thinking a specific fluid that unites with light and thus becomes capable of being seen, as it issues

from the brain, by persons in a highly sensitive or clairvoyant state.

"It may be that you do not like to believe it possible that the Baron von Reichenbach tried at Castle Reichenberg, near Vienna, many experiments in the dark with magnets, and that he ascertained the fact of light emanating from their poles—visible to some individuals, but not to all—visible to many not previously capable of seeing the light, but rendered capable by remaining in the dark chamber during several hours. I can assure you that I have seen that magnetic light. Different sleep-walkers have seen analogous light from the surface of the human body—more abundant, clear, and intense from some parts than from others. And the Baron von Reichenbach has experimented upon numerous persons in his very dark chamber who—not in a state of somnambulism—have been able to see light emanating from all parts of the body, interior as well as exterior, and has thus established the fact of clairvoyant introvision, by a new process of experimenting upon living organisms in the depths of darkness.

"If you will take the trouble to read a long note on animal light, at page 438 of my edition of 'Reichenbach's Researches,' you will find numerous facts to lead to the conclusion that light emanates from those animal spheroidal structures, which render our bodies a congeries of crystalline molecules; and if inorganic crystalline spheroids emit odic or magnetoid light, we perceive why crystalline animal arrangements should in like manner be sources of light.

"The Baron von Reichenbach has, by numerous experiments, shown that *vegetable* organisms, placed in his dark chamber, emitted *odic light*, perceptible clearly not only to the delighted Endlicher, the renowned professor of botany, but to several other persons, establishing the great fact that all organic forms of crystals emit light as one of their constituent properties. You have probably looked over Haüy's plates in his books on crystallography and have observed that, which has been copied in woodcuts in so many systems of chemistry, that all geometrical forms of crystals are made up of innumerable tiny globules or spheres, each of which is an elementary crystal, and the aggregation of these, according to electric laws, produces the geometrical crystal, with all its magnetoid properties; and it is easily conceived why, if you break a crystal or a magnet into a thousand pieces, each piece is found to retain all its crystalline or magnetic properties. The philosophical Mr. Rutter, of Brighton, reflecting more deeply than some of his neighbours, constructed a magnetoscope, which for extreme delicacy is unsurpassed, and it enabled him to demonstrate these facts with the clearness and ingenuity that characterises his fine mind. That plaything, consisting of a piece of silk thread, to the end of which is attached a small piece of sealing-wax, like a fuchsia bud, or a lucky sixpence, or a gold ring, by which people try the old vulgar experiment of striking the hour of the day against the sides in the interior of a glass tumbler (will you call it an *undignified pendulum*?), offered to Mr. Rutter a series of ideas, which carried out only as a philosophic and originating brain could carry them out, enabled him to trace laws reaching to the depths of physics, and to far clearer relations of mathematics to the philosophy of mind, than we have hitherto possessed; for in the hands of Dr. Leger, Mr. Rutter's instrument has given us a basis *where*, on the statistics of phrenology, shall rest our unerring calculations on the forces directing our thoughts and actions.

"I need not now enumerate the many more facts to be found in Mr. Rutter's or Dr. Leger's unpretending works, for which we are indebted to the new magnetoscope, but may remark that we now know of all vegetables and animals being possessed of magnetoid properties; that, in truth, each of these, and the component parts of each, are separate magnets. So an orange, an apple, a carrot, a walking-stick cut from a hedge, a human being, a limb of that human being, the bones of his arm, the bones of his fingers, all are magnets, having the polarities and mean points quite analogous to bar magnets and to crystals.

"Mr. Rutter's magnetoscope has established far more

than all this, for he has by its aid been able to trace the existence of magnetic curves around so numerous a list of bodies constituting magnetic or magnetoid spheres around each of them, that it is difficult to define the limit to which the law extends, obliging all the atoms of matter to range themselves under magnetic control, producing everywhere spheres or spheroids that have their axial and equatorial polarities, and obeying for ever the perpetual impulse to change. However infinite may be these evolutions, prompted by the law of change, every sphere, as well as every spheroidal atom, is productive of new evolutions of light.

"I do not know whether you will be so stern a philosopher as to reject all the exquisitely beautiful evidence offered by Mr. Rutter's magnetoscope, or conclude that such a man as the great Berzelius had become fatuous because he accepted the fact adduced to him by the Baron von Reichenbach—for this had been done by men pretending to be philosophers—but it will matter little, since truths will find their way. Eighty or ninety years of prejudiced opposition have not sufficed to crush mesmerism. It is a truth in mesmerism that many sensitives wide awake, and clairvoyants in magnetic sleep, have seen rays of light, made up of globules of a greyish or of a cerulean blue colour, emanating from the eyes of individuals who have been exerting thought or will.

"I will not tire you by taking you over a wide field of natural history to tell you that luminous animals exist, and offer phenomena beautifully analogizing with the facts relating to the light emanating from the thinking man, from the excited ape or monkey, from the furious tiger at his prey, from the dog and cat which are our companions. If I brought you to the conclusion that *ideas* are shapes of light which emanate from our magnetic brain, you would be apt to say that the inferences are strained, for your *habits* of thinking require a closer catenation, and the forming of the chain by more numerous links.

"I am clear that *ideas* are not only shapes of light, but that each particle of those atoms constituting those shapes is subject to a magnetic law of attraction and repulsion; and to a magnetic law of curves combining to form spheres, with polarities obeying the directions of those which belong to this huge globe, the earth we inhabit, and to the tiny globules of ether that formed the subject of Sir Isaac Newton's calculations. If we acknowledge the tendencies of magnetic laws, and if we admit the facts that have been published by many experimenters in Mesmerism, from De Puységur, Tardy de Montravel, down to our own times, by the Baron von Reichenbach, by Mr. Rutter and Dr. Leger, we cannot escape from the inferences on the essence of *ideas* and their relations to magnetism. If we know that mental enlightenment is dependent upon the amount of *ideas* fabricated by our magnetic or cerebral machinery, is it so difficult to arrive at the assumption or hypothesis that the mainspring of that machinery is a magnetic intelligence or consciousness connected with and stimulating our organism to the various actions it performs? a highly refined essence of magnetic fluid evolved in the electrical act of conception, developed with our unfolding processes of life, and released at death from its gross connection to realms of light, and "*blessed and brilliant home*."

"You will tell me this is poetry, not logic, and that you will not allow me to tie such hypotheses together with my miscellaneous bundles of knowledge. You will deny that I can prove the fact of an intelligent existence separated from our corporeal frame, and dwelling in one of the seven spheres said to surround the globe we inhabit.

"Will you allow me the fact of the electric telegraph on this earth, and of the necessity of intelligences in existences at each end of that instrument? Some of you logicians are so severe that you hold the doctrine of the argument being precisely the same in relation to those not present and to those not in existence. If so with you I need proceed no further; but if I can satisfactorily establish the fact that communications have reached me by telegraphic signals, which could come from no other source, than unseen *intelligences*, I am not bound to adduce you more evidence respecting the wires or chan-

nels of communication between those intelligences and myself, than the facts which are known and accepted by the students of Mesmerism as the acknowledged phenomena of the will. See the fifth and some other volumes of the *Zoist*, and my notes to Reichenbach's 'Researches,' and you will perceive that there exists many facts on this subject.

"If it can be shown that unseen intelligences somewhere exist, and are in a position in which their magnetic powers can act at a distance, knowing the modes in which the magnetic forces of our minds act here, we can be at no loss to accord to them the faculty of making signals upon the wood of our tables, upon the glass of our windows, or upon the walls of our apartments. How do the wires of the electric telegraph convey the messages? Does not each molecule of wire receiving the electric impulse so arrange itself in relation to its neighbour as to allow the fluid to traverse the length of the wire in an astonishingly short time? Is not each spherule or globule of the metal so shoved into its proper relation with its neighbour spherule that a general consent may exist between the particles of metal so as to allow of the easy transmission of that particle fluid usually called *force*, from one extremity to the other?

"Do you know the fact, that if by the wire which has conveyed a message from London to Paris, you wish to convey the fluid back again, there is an unwillingness in the spherules to obey the same impulse as readily as they did before? Why? Because you have to disturb the comfortable, axial, and equatorial relations that they had previously agreed to under the first influence. They are creatures of habit; and if you habituate them by repeated electric currents to one mode of opposition, and they become too lazy to like to assume any other, the wire that by one course of exercise likes to be straight, will, by repeated changes of currents, or *snubbings*, become curved, cockled, and brittle. What is a train of thought, composed of currents of globules of highly refined matter, but a magnetically arranged wire? What is the human will but an arrangement of globules that have been seen by highly sensitive persons and clairvoyants to issue from certain organs of the brain, and traversing its anterior parts and passing through the eyes, to impinge on a person or thing to which the individual exercising the will has directed it? Who likes to have his will thwarted or to be snubbed? Can we not explain now how the influence of habit is operative on the faculty of thought? To accuse unseen intelligences of want of dignity when they communicate with us by magnetic telegraph, is not proving the presence of that flexibility of mind which I know you possess.

"The phenomena of thought-reading are so familiar to those who have studied Mesmerism, that I shall not urge upon you the obvious explanation that is at hand, if the question be asked as to how the unseen intelligences read our thoughts and converse with us mentally? I may find it difficult to satisfy you on these facts as on the *undignified* nature of the celestial telegraph. Some persons turn from all Mesmerism with unmixed disgust, and speak of its resulting from Satanic agency; and it is not impossible but that you may feel so bothered with the thought of its marvels, as to consign it into the heart of your next edition of Father Pinamonti's Hell. Only remember, that the accounts which have hitherto reached us of life in the Spheres is diametrically opposed to the descriptions of the Holy Father, and in no respect more so than in the delicious odours inhaled by the virtuous spirit.

(To be continued.)

The *Journal of Man*, for September, contains an admirable criticism of the "Concord Symposium and their greatest Contribution to Philosophy," by Professor Buchanan.

The *Carrier Dove* (San Francisco), in its weekly form keeps up its old standard of quality. Each number contains 16 pages of excellent matter and a good full-page illustration.

THE HIGHER PHASES OF MEDIUMSHIP.

By N. F. RAVLIN.

THE near future will witness wonderful manifestations of spirit power through mediumistic channels, but many of the phases will differ widely from the old regime of physical tests.

Those were the alphabet of Spiritualism, but the coming phases will construct the idiom and develop the language of occult science. We recognise, of course, the importance of first principles and elementary commencements, but it will not do to stop here. Sitting still and wondering at the marvellous manifestations of physical phenomena will never construct the spiritual house in which we are to live in the spirit world. The development of the latent spiritual forces that lie concealed in the nature of man is of vaster moment than the gratifying of idle curiosity in for ever witnessing physical "tests" that effect no change in the moral character or life of the individual.

He who dwells only within the realm of his five senses, and to whom the sixth sense has never been opened, knows absolutely nothing of the realisms experienced within the arcana of the esoteric world, nor can he appreciate the type of evidence that not only carries conviction to the mind, and lays the jasper foundation upon which rests the knowledge of a future life, but rears its walls, paves its streets with gold, and hangs its gates of pearl, as well. There can be no testimony concerning the immortal destiny of man, affording stronger or more unimpeachable evidence than a knowledge of the "Soul of things" found in the higher development of his spiritual nature.

Physical manifestations lie at the threshold of the boundless realm of spirit, and not until one passes that confine on his journey toward that which lies within, can he have any adequate conception of the lofty grandeur of the soul's possibilities, or the infinite heights to which it may ascend in its contemplations of the absolute and the Eternal.

He has left the nursery of physical research and the science of the occult forces has given him the key that unlocks and brings to view the effulgent glories of the esoteric, waking him to the consciousness that the soul's capacities are vaster than the material universe itself.

The spiritual germ lies deeply hidden in the dual constitution of man, and like all other seeds it expands outward. The law of growth is from the internal to the external, from the concealed motives of the heart to the outward actions of the life, from the centre toward the circumference, and not *vice versa*.

The first phases of mediumship being physical, appealed to the organs of sense in the external man.

Physical phenomena are to Spiritualism what the ceremonial law of Moses, with its diverse carnal ordinances was to Judaism, or the externals of the church to Christianity. Neither have any power inherent in themselves to develop spirituality. It is only as they appeal through the external to the inner consciousness of the soul that they are of any use. It is a fearful mistake to suppose that any type of religion, or philosophy, or phenomena are of any special use or value, when they fail to educate man's spiritual nature. The real man is a spirit, and if his spiritual nature is neglected he suffers an irreparable loss. No more egregious blunder was ever committed than for people claiming to be Spiritualists to scorn everything spiritual, and ignore every means calculated to develop the divine qualities of the soul.

As the spiritual nature in man is unfolded, he begins to recognise himself in his true relations to the other world, until finally the shadowy form of materiality vanishes altogether and with it all that appertained to mere external phenomena.

Hence the phases of mediumship must change as man progresses in spirituality, and in the normal unfoldment of his moral nature. He who is not beyond the necessity of "tests" given through physical phenomena, and who has no aspirations above and beyond what his eyes can see, his ears hear, or his hands can handle, is a spiritualised fossil, and knows nothing of spiritual growth.

By growth we progress out of those conditions, and

we reach the realms of scientific knowledge and spiritual enlightenment. Higher gifts of mediumship are required to minister to us the much-needed spiritual nourishment which our changed conditions demand. The higher gifts of mediumship will necessitate a more cultured and spiritual class of mediums. There is as much depending upon the material out of which a musical instrument is constructed, as upon the scientific manner of its construction, and both are governed by the use it is to serve.

It is impossible to produce the melodious sounds of the violin or harp upon the base drum; and it is equally impossible to serve the purpose of the drum with the violin or harp. Each in its place serves an important use, and the nature of that use governs the selection of the material and the construction of the instrument. The higher the use, and the more intricate the mechanism, the finer must be the quality of the material used in its construction. So in the selection of sensitive organisms by the spirit-world, not only will those be chosen whom they can use, but such as have attained a higher degree of mental and spiritual culture themselves.

A message may be transmitted through the medium of a rusty iron wire, but a golden one is better.

Mediums for the higher phases of spiritual phenomena must themselves receive both intellectual and spiritual culture, be conversant with letters, and have an extensive acquaintance with men and things generally. The better educated they are, and the higher the type of their spiritual unfoldment, the more readily can spirits from the more exalted spheres communicate through their organism, and the more convincing will be the manifestations of spiritual power, and the more readily will one be able to recognise the style of the spirit communicating. For instance, should Lord Bacon or Wm. Shakespeare, or any other exalted character wish to communicate with the material world, they would choose an instrument which they could use in such a manner as not only to enable the people of earth to recognise their familiar style of thought, but they would see to it that the literary merits of the communication did not fall below their earthly standard. If it is urged that they must establish connection with the earth-plane, and of necessity must use such instruments as are available for the purpose, then so much more imperative the need of a higher, better educated, more intelligent and spiritual class of mediums. We say this not to blame or censure the true, honest, physical mediums, for their work, as we have said before, lies at the very foundation of occult science, and is the only school, so far, in which a skeptical world or an unbelieving church can come to the knowledge of immortality. We do not underrate this phase of phenomena, and in speaking of the higher gifts of mediumship we speak of them in the sense we speak of the higher branches of learning, and the more advanced grades of education. The instructor who teaches a primary school is just as necessary and is doing a work equally as important as one who instructs in the higher branches of learning; but it would be folly to expect the primary teacher to do the work of the ripe scholar. So merely physical test mediums cannot be expected to do the work of instructing, guiding, and spiritualising those who have long since graduated from the primary school of occult science, who no longer need to be convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, but who have great need to be educated in spiritual things, and fitted for the higher spheres of the spirit-world.

To do this work mediums are being constantly developed by the occult powers, and hence a more spiritual type of Spiritualism is being made manifest. It is working in the churches like leaven, and soon the whole lump of theology will be permeated with the leaven of liberal thought and spiritual philosophy.

It is needless to undertake to specify what new gifts of mediumship the future will bring to light. We cannot limit the powers of the unseen world, nor estimate the extent of the resources at their command. Unquestionably the musical phase of mediumship will play an important part in the grand spiritual work of the coming years; and although there may be coupled with it physical manifestations, yet they will be incidental,

and not simply for tests to skeptical investigators. The world-renowned musical medium, Jesse Shepard, a literary as well as musical genius, demonstrates what the spirit-world can do in this regard; and what they have already done through him, evidences what they are able to accomplish through others in the coming years. It is a well known fact that many independent spirit voices are heard in his séances, and not unfrequently do they sing, when every mortal in the circle is silent.

Music is an important factor in every church service, and in every spiritual séance; and the time is near at hand when in them all independent spirit voices will be heard mingling in the songs of mortals, and a multitude of the heavenly host will make themselves openly manifest to the religious assemblies of earth. The long painful silence of supposed death will be broken at last, and every doubt that man lives again, crowned with the wealth of everlasting years, will be effectually dispelled from the human mind for ever.

San Diego, July 1, 1887.

SPIRITUALISM AS AN IDEAL OF LIFE.

II.

SOME of the main claims of Christianity are—it is old, it has been well tested, and it has supported and consoled millions of souls in difficulty, sorrow, and death. This is a fact which no fair-minded student of history can deny. Often the poor, weary labourers of England, who had lost all hope (or who never had any hope of external joys in this life) have looked to and found in the Christian Church a source of internal happiness, which, most likely, in their physical and mental condition, nothing else could give. It has often restrained the tyrannical power of kings and nobles, and stood as the champion of the liberties of the common people. It has given some consolation to many a bereaved lover, wife, or mother. To many a dying soldier on the battle field it has given the hope of again meeting his friends and relations where there shall be no terrible wars or strife of any kind. In its conception and representation of Christ, the Christian Church has given an ideal of a perfect man in whom all the excellencies and virtues of human nature were blended. And to this ideal it has pointed and invited all mankind to come. The force, the wealth, and the thought which it has expended in its endeavours to get the world to accept this ideal, are beyond all calculation. To-day, after a trial of 1800 years, there is far less real belief in Christ as the saviour of mankind than there was 500 years ago. There must be a sufficient cause of this, and I will try to find and name it.

To do this it is necessary to briefly analyse the Christian system. 1. It teaches that all mankind are totally depraved by nature. 2. That Christ is the Redeemer of all mankind. 3. To complete his redemption each human being must believe in the atonement, and act up to the teachings of Christ. 4. All who do not will suffer eternal punishment. This, I think, is a fair statement of the fundamental Christian teachings. The first of these teachings experience has proved is not true. It is just as incorrect to affirm that all mankind are totally depraved as it is to state that all mankind are immaculate. Individually and collectively man is a combination of physical, mental, moral, and spiritual qualities and deficiencies, which have been acquired by favorable or injurious conditions, acting upon and within him during many thousands of ages in the past. The first doctrine of Christianity being incorrect, the others, which rest upon it, cannot be true.

The second doctrine will not bear the light of reason, nor the test of experience. If it were a fact that Christ's death had redeemed the human race from vicious passion, wilful wrong, and inherited disposition to sin, on condition that they would only believe, Europe would have had recorded a different and a better history for the last 1800 years. During those long, dark, dreary years of Christian history, the fields of Palestine, the cities of Europe, and the green hills and the lovely vales of dear old England would not have been drenched with human blood, and made terrible by the groans of the wounded and dying, all in the sacred name of religion. If the

salvation or the present and eternal happiness of mankind only depended upon belief in Christ, it would have been accomplished without difficulty, as during the Christian period belief or faith was the easiest and simplest thing in the world. But the truth is, the more real belief there was in the Christian ideal of life, the less material and spiritual happiness existed among men. There was outward poverty in this world for the many, and inward dread of the future world by all. It was only when doubt and inquiry entered the minds of men that material comforts and spiritual serenity could possibly exist. And in proportion to the increase of the former so was the increase of the latter. Contrast the material plenty and spiritual freedom of the present with the condition of men in this respect one hundred or one thousand years ago, then this truth will be self-evident.

It is not then to belief in Christ as a redeemer of the world that men must look for their salvation, but to those eternal and universal laws of progress, made clear by the doctrine of evolution, which demonstrates that the human race, like all forms of life on the earth, began in a low and a most imperfect state, and has through long, long ages gradually acquired its present condition. In his struggles against external foes and internal impulses, man has had to act in conformity with and depend upon physical laws for his development. But in his future advancement, psychical laws will play a more important part as his growth will be of a mental and spiritual nature.

The doctrine of evolution is fully in accord with the Spiritualistic ideal of life, and it supplies a surer basis of man's hopes of the future and of the permanency of true religion than Christianity can give, as the following quotation from the small but valuable work by John Fiske, entitled "Man's Destiny, Viewed in the Light of his Origin:"—As with the Copernican astronomy, so with the Darwinian biology, we rise to a higher view of the workings of God and of the nature of man than was ever attainable before. So far from degrading humanity, the Darwin theory shows us distinctly for the first time how the creation and perfecting of man is the goal toward which Nature's work has all the while been tending. It enlarges tenfold the significance of human life, places it upon even a loftier eminence than poets and prophets have imagined, and makes it seem more than ever the chief object of that creative activity which is manifested in the spiritual universe (p. 25). Similar passages might be quoted from the works of Charles Darwin, William Denton, and other eminent advocates of the doctrine of evolution, which direct men to look to the future instead of to the past, to themselves and the conditions and laws surrounding them, instead of to a personal saviour, who died 1860 years ago, or to an organised church whose interests are not always identical with the cause of human advancement.

Oct. 10th.

ROBERT WHITE.

The Boulevard,
Burwood, Sydney.

DR. PEEBLES ON ENGLISH SPIRITUALISM.

WE extract the following interesting items from a London letter of Dr. Peebles which appears in the *Banner of Light* for August 13th last:—

LONDON SPIRITUALISTIC ALLIANCE.

Cordially invited by the Council, I attended, June 30th, the Alliance *Conversations*. At the appointed time W. Stainton Moses (M.A. Oxon.), the President, took the chair, and introduced C. E. Cassal, Esq., who read an able and most masterly address upon "Death." It was listened to with deep and profound attention. By request of the President and Council, I moved a vote of thanks, accompanied with such criticisms and offhand remarks as I saw fit to make. There were between two and three hundred present, and I never met a more genial, social, and at the same time cultured assemblage of people. The order was perfect, the music excellent, the refreshments inviting, and the cordial handshaking universal. All felt fraternal and happy. The evening's theme was "Spiritual Manifestations, Spiritualism in

its Religious Aspects, and the never-ending Jubilees that are to be in that Better, Brighter Land of Immortality." Not a jarring word of discord was breathed or thought during the evening. Elder F. W. Evans, from America, and strangers from the continent, were at once made to feel perfectly at home. The aura, the very atmosphere of the hall, was indicative of cleanliness, refinement, good taste, and a real soul-felt spirituality. This London Spiritualist Alliance is certainly a centre of power, a power that radiates over the kingdom, and the adjoining continent. And further, during the whole evening there was manifest not a particle of that strained stiffness, that assumed superiority and pompous littleness, so characteristic of uncultured, uneducated, jealous, pessimistic grumblers.

* * * *

SEANCE WITH EGLINTON.

As per agreement, I was at Mr. Eglinton's residence, Nottingham Place, promptly at eleven o'clock. Mr. Eglinton had just returned from St. Petersburg, where he had given séances to the Czar and Czarina, Grand Dukes and Duchesses, princes, barons, counts, ambassadors, and university professors.

Think of it! University professors, Czar, princes, scholars, Gladstone, and notables near the throne, whose names I am not at liberty to mention, attending Mr. Eglinton's séances, and yet there's a class of materialistic scientists and sectarian zealots, who pronounce the whole matter fraud and fable? Are not such individuals mental monstrosities? The facts of conscious intercourse between this and the invisible world are well established. What will the harvest be? is a matter for the future to decide.

But to the séance: it was in broad daylight; I wrote my questions in a way that rendered it impossible for Mr. Eglinton to have seen them had he desired to. Putting a bit of pencil upon the slate, and holding it nearly under the table by his thumb and first two fingers, his other hand in mine, the slate was nearly filled with straightforward answers to my questions in an almost incredible space of time. And while they were being answered the table was floating in the air, nearly a foot from the floor.

The following communication was received while both slates, carefully cleaned, were lying upon the top of the table, a bit of a pencil between them, and our joined hands over them; the table, in the meantime, rising and swinging in the air:

DEAR EARTH-BROTHER—From the realms of the infinite we stretch forth our hands, and grasp yours with the warmth created by respect. Nobly you have fought the great battle for truth's sake. Your books will live to yield their spiritual fruit long after your body has perished; and now in the declining years of your life do we come to you with a fervent greeting, full of appreciation for what you have done for the cause of humanity. Sorrows and trials may have been yours, may be yours still, but you will have the recollection of having served your God and your fellow-men faithfully, all of which will make your way smoother and prepare you for the life immortal. It is before such men as you that bigotry and false theology have had to give way, and the higher and more perfect way shown to the people of earth. Lovingly, therefore, do we group around you, tendering you our thanks, and imploring the blessings of the Father upon your future career, and his care of you when your labours shall be o'er.

ERNEST.

The questions I asked I design to use at another time, with their answers. Mr. Eglinton leaves England soon for Australia. I can assure Mr. Terry of the *Harbinger of Light*, and others, that he is both a genuine medium and a trustworthy man.

In another column we publish a prospectus and formula of the Melbourne Lyceum, recently issued by its present conductor. The Lyceum is an institution which, above all others, demands the support of Spiritualists and religious reformers, and those who live too far off to attend its sessions can aid it pecuniarily, either by contributions to its general funds, or towards the Building Fund, which at present grows but slowly.

ASTRONOMY AND ITS BEARING ON THE POPULAR FAITH.*

In this brochure Mr. Browne introduces an argument against popular theology and the Christian scheme of redemption, which if not new is certainly rarely used. The Old Testament cosmogony and the New Testament teachings are evidently based upon the assumption of this world being the centre of the universe and the particular object of God's solicitude; the sun and stars are all subsidiary to it, their only use being to give warmth and light for the comfort of its inhabitants and the development of the various forms of life upon its surface.

From this aspect the descent of God's Son upon it for the moral and spiritual salvation of its inhabitants who were—with the exception of the angels—presumed to be the whole family of the Creator, would not appear unreasonable. Astronomical science has long since shown the fallacy of this idea, and its development is continually reducing the relative importance of the world in the universe, until by comparison with the vast systems of suns and planets it is little more than a sand grain on the seashore.

It is in this light that Mr. Browne exhibits the absurdity of the Christian scheme of Redemption. First proving by the decree of the ecclesiastical judges who tried Copernicus that the mother religion of Christianity affirmed that the world was the centre of the universe, he gives the evidences of the fallacy of this affirmation, and by the introduction of diagrams of the sun and planets of the solar system, brings the immense disparity not alone between the earth and the sun but between our world and its sister worlds—Uranus, Neptune, Saturn, and Jupiter—clearly to the perception of the reader.

In considering the bearing of these facts upon the popular faith, Mr. Browne says that whilst necessarily iconoclastic, he never pulls down without building up, and only pulls down those portions of the structure that are manifestly unsound, respecting all that commends itself to his reason as good and sound. Quoting from the Bible the distinct statements that God made the sun, moon, and stars in one day to illumine the earth, he points out the impossibility of the writer being inspired, for were he so he could not possibly have made so gross a mistake.

Jesus, too, is reported to have said that the stars would fall from heaven before that generation passed away. If he did say so, he, too, must have been ignorant of astronomy. To assume that this small planet is the only inhabited world, Mr. Browne says is most irrational, and considering the enormous size of many of the other planets even of our own solar system, the belief that God incarnated Himself in the body of a Jewish infant, dwelt on this planet for thirty years, was then crucified between two thieves in order to reconcile a very small portion of the earth's inhabitants to Himself, was utterly absurd and childish.

Mr. Browne concludes his well written pamphlet with an appeal for the acceptance of a rational and elevating religion which will uplift humanity.

DOES THE WORLD GROW BETTER?

Does the world grow any better? 'Tis the question of the day.

It is not within the province of the scientist to say Whether man is soaring upward, like the eagle in its flight,

Or is posting downwards headlong to the doom of endless night.

And the answer of the moralist to this momentous question

Often hinges on the character of his or her digestion.

If the liver's out of order everything looks pessimistic.

And the world is dark alike to orthodox and atheistic.

Gloomy croaker! Thou who pratest of the universal tendency

To evil, are you doing aught to help the good's ascendancy?

* 'Astronomy and its Bearing on the Popular Faith; or, What is Truth?' By Hugh Junor Browne. Melbourne, 1887.

Unctuous and rosy churchman, peaceful as you slumber
In your cushioned pew this morning, do you make one of
the number?

Who are daily growing better? If you do the world is
growing

Better just to that extent, and that's at least one way of
showing

Human progress. If you work your individual salvation
You have helped along a little in the saving of the
Nation.

—*Mental Science Magazine.*

VACCINE LYMPH—£1,000 REWARD.

THE GROCERS' COMPANY have offered a prize of £1,000 for the discovery of "a method by which the Vaccine Contagium may be cultivated apart from the animal body, in some medium, or media, not otherwise zymotic—the method to be such that the contagium may by means of it be multiplied to an indefinite extent in successive generations, and that the product, after any number of such generations, shall prove itself of identical potency with standard Vaccine Lymph."

In my opinion the question is not an open one, the problem having already been solved by the discovery and practical application of an artificial vaccine lymph, independent of the animal body, uniform and unchangeable in its composition, capable of indefinite multiplication, identical in potency with standard vaccine lymph, and attested by experience to be as efficacious in preventing smallpox as any of the vaccine lymphs hitherto in use.

The artificial vaccine lymph to which I refer, and which I contend fulfills all the conditions laid down by the Grocers' Company, is prepared by dissolving Tartarized Antimony or Tartar Emetic in glycerine, glycerine and water, or other suitable medium.

In 1841, Dr. Lichstein published the fact, that persons inoculated with lymph taken from the pustules produced by Tartarized Antimony, were as effectually protected from smallpox as though they had been vaccinated with cowpox, even during an epidemic of smallpox, and although placed in contact with patients affected with that disease.

At a public meeting held at Westbourne Hall, Bayswater, in 1875, Dr. Gutteridge stated that he had known fictitious vaccine lymph prepared with Tartar Emetic and glycerine to be largely used.

Dr. Joseph Hamernik of Prague, in his "Essay on certain Medical Principles," English translation, London, 1882, writes as follows:—

"Some years ago the theory was brought forward by the celebrated Hufeland, that Vaccination from Tartar Emetic pustules was a perfect substitute for Vaccination with cowpox, and had the same beneficent effect. With this I fully agree; and I remark further that if Tartar Emetic pustulation is produced in cows and calves, and vaccine matter is taken from them, such Vaccination is also perfectly harmless."

In the Journal of the American Medical Association, February, 1886, appears the following testimony to the value of Tartar Emetic Vaccination:—"Dr. Proegler found himself on board an emigrant ship on which a fatal case of smallpox occurred. A panic ensued amongst the passengers, seven hundred in number. There was no virus on board, and recollecting having read about the identity of Tartar Emetic pustules and those of smallpox I resolved to try a few inoculations with Tartar Emetic. I inoculated myself first, and having been re-vaccinated at the age of fourteen, I could find no difference between the two. From myself I inoculated some babies, and saw that the course was nearly identical with true Vaccination, and that the pustules produced could not be distinguished from real Vaccination pustules. I inoculated all the passengers, and am convinced that by combined care and cleanliness, and the re-vaccination (or the morale of it) I succeeded in staying the ravages of the disease."

WILLIAM YOUNG.

London, September 6th, 1887.

SPIRITUALISM IN SYDNEY.

THE services of the N. S. W. Association of Spiritualists continue to be well attended. Last Sunday morning a Flower Service was held; Mr. Crowley, conductor-elect for the current month presiding. There was a still larger congregation at the evening service, when Mr. Munro, vice-president of the Association, occupied the chair. The proceedings began with a musical selection by Mrs. and Miss Perryman, which were highly appreciated. This was followed by a reading from Lizzie Doten, given by Mr. Munro. An impromptu sitting with Mrs. Keeley was then arranged, Mr. Wm. Barber, of 173 Elizabeth-street, being chairman of the circle. After a little harmony, loud raps, distinctly audible to all, were obtained in full light, intelligent communications to friends present received, and clairvoyant descriptions given.

Mrs. Keeley is certainly a medium of high-class powers. The Association is, I think, indebted to Mr. Barber for the successful development of that lady in so short a time as twelve months. A sub-committee was appointed recently to test Mrs. Keeley's powers, and they have a very satisfactory report to hand in to the Association. They recommend that Mrs. Keeley be taken up as a public test-medium at an early date.

At the service of the Association, held on Sunday, 2nd inst., Mrs. Mason gave Medical Diagnoses of an eminently satisfactory nature; also clairvoyant descriptions. Mrs. Hubbard has also given great satisfaction as a clairvoyant.

We are getting on nicely now that we have placed our Association on a purely Spiritualistic basis. We; however, sadly need a suitable room at a reasonable rent.

F. E. S.

47 Stanley-street, 12th October, 1887.

THE ANTI-VACCINATION BATTLE IN ENGLAND.

FROM a private letter, which accompanied Mr. Wm. Young's communication on artificial Vaccine Lymph, we extract the following:—"The agitation against the vile tyranny of Compulsory Vaccination was never in a stronger position than now. Already the acts are a dead letter, and no longer enforced in many large centres of population, with the very gratifying result that in those towns smallpox is non-existent, and infant mortality from inoculable diseases is vastly diminished. In other districts repeated prosecutions, once the rule, are now the exception, and instead of inflicting the maximum penalty of £1 upon Anti-Vaccinationists, many magistrates now, in deference to an enlightened public opinion, inflict fines of 2s. 6d., 1s., and even as low as sixpence.

Our efforts are now being directed to secure the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the whole question, as we feel confident that if we can obtain a hearing before an impartial tribunal, the facts which we are prepared to bring forward will prove Vaccination to be a delusion, a sham, and a crime. We have hauled up our flag, bearing the motto—*Perseverando vinces*, and we mean to fight the battle to the end."

[It is satisfactory to find such solid progress being made, with such energetic workers as Mr. Young and his confederates there is little doubt of their ultimate success. —Ed. H. of L.]

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Eskdale, in the Snowy Ranges, says: "I can assure you that the *Harbinger of Light* is a great luxury up here." He informs us that there are a few Spiritualists scattered about the mountains, but too far apart to associate in séances; and says also, "I am glad to acknowledge that Spiritualism came to me as a great blessing and enlightenment; it has widened my horizon considerably, and made it much brighter as well, and as I am drawing close towards sixty years of age, I believe I was ripe for its reception in place of the comfortless orthodox teaching." Our correspondent is a type of many whose declining years have been cheered by the light of Spiritualism.

THE LYCEUM PICNIC.

THE Fourteenth Annual Picnic of the Melbourne Progressive Lyceum, and the Sixth of the Richmond Lyceum, will be held at the Survey Paddock, on Wednesday, November 9th. The former will assemble on the Hawthorne Platform, Prince's Bridge Station, at 9.15 a.m. and on arrival at Picnic Station will be joined by the Richmond Lyceum, and march, headed by their band, to the camping ground. A short session will be held with calisthenics and marching. An excellent programme of sports has been prepared and a good band engaged. Dinner and tea are provided for all *bona fide* members of the Lyceum; friends of the members can obtain light refreshments—tea, sandwiches, etc.—by purchasing tickets, at 1/ each, prior to the day; but it is understood that Lyceum members take precedence of ticket-holders, the groups being served first. Contributions towards the expense of the Picnic will be received by Mr. C. H. Bamford, Mr. W. H. Terry, and Mr. Veness.

THE MELBOURNE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM

Holds its Meetings every Sunday Morning at Eleven o'clock, in the Horticultural Hall, Victoria Street, Melbourne.

The Lyceum has now been established for a period of fifteen years as a school for the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious faculties of the young. Recognising the inherent individuality and distinctive Spiritual identity of every human being, its aim is to induct the young into a knowledge of the principles of the Philosophy of Immortality, as demonstrated by Spiritualism, and give some conception of the Great Spirit of the Universe in the proper study of Nature as presented by scientific research both in the material and spiritual worlds.

Free from creed or dogma, with a persistent effort to make this life practical and good, it will be found to be in sympathy with all lovers of advanced thought and earnest seekers after truth.

Although giving every attention to the development of the intellectual and spiritual faculties, it is fully alive to the importance of Physical Education, which is accomplished by a series of judiciously arranged Calisthenics, and supplemented with graceful marching—the artistic sensibilities being appealed to by variegated Standards and Banners.

During each Session, an Address is delivered from the platform by an adult member upon subjects of general utility and religious enlightenment.

The whole Session, including Readings and Responses from the master minds of all ages and lands, Addresses, Group Lessons, etc., extends over one hour and a half, during which time there are four changes in the programme.

A Library of one thousand volumes, and a museum of Natural History, and other curios, containing fully five hundred Specimens, and intended as subjects of Practical Object Lessons, are open to all members.

Conditions of Membership are:—Children: Punctual attendance and orderly attention during the business of each session. Adults: A quarterly Subscription of the minimum of half-a-crown.

On the last Sunday in each month is held (at 3 p.m.) an Exhibition Session, when Recitations, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Calisthenics, and Marching, comprise the programme. There will be no Morning Meeting upon that day.

"The Lyceum Leader," being the Text Book of the Lyceum, can be procured from the Conductor or Secretary, or at the Office during the week (cloth extra, 3/6).

Visitors and friends are cordially invited, and liberal-minded Parents are earnestly requested to send their children, who may be introduced by any Member of the Institution or on application to either the Conductor or Secretary.

CHARLES H. BAMFORD, Conductor.

J. VENESS, Secretary.

Office—87 Little Collins Street East.

VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

At the last committee meeting of the above Association it was determined to hold a select Social, in the latter part of November. An excellent programme is being prepared by the President (Mr. Henshaw), who will personally superintend the musical arrangements.

Tickets (1/ each) may be obtained at Mr. Terry's, Russell-street, or of members of the committee. Members are requested to get their tickets early—endeavour to dispose of them to friends, and if successful, replace them.

HER SHARE.

ALL persons of whatever degree come sooner or later to look upon work—usefulness to others—as the only solace for mental and spiritual woe. Those born to hardship and toil often look upon work as a punishment and curse, and yet they would be far more miserable without it. If deprived of it they would soon find that it is only the stern necessity of continual toil, able or unable, that makes it hard or unlovable.

Those so called fortunate beings who revel in riches still seek something for their hands and minds to do, though it may be of no practical value save as it keeps them from actual stagnation. Necessity and sorrow are of equal force in urging one to usefulness. The latter has at last driven ex-Empress Eugenie to apply to the city government of Naples for permission to enter the hospital as a nurse, and care for the soldiers wounded at Massowah. Grief for her son has nearly consumed her, and yet she lives.

It is to be hoped her request may be granted, for in it lies the sweetest balm that can come to a blighted and broken life. In it will be forgotten the brilliant promises of her younger days, and those bitter events that have for so many, many years shrouded her existence in darkness and grief. In the tender ministrations to the suffering the good-hearted Eugenie will forget her son, or come to see that she has only had a portion of what is in store for all beings cast upon the shores of Time.

MR. Theobald's "Spirit-Workers in the Home Circle" is *fairly* reviewed in last Saturday's *Argus*. This is something astonishing, and an evident sign of the times. Public opinion compels a change of front, and the *Argus*, seeing the tendency of it, is possibly making a preliminary move so as to get round gently, as a right about movement would be too conspicuous.

THE offices of liberality consisteth in giving with judgement.

WAS love ever out of place? What has one to look for, here or beyond, but love, human, or divine?

It is by those who have suffered, not by those who have inflicted suffering, that the world has been advanced.

ASTRONOMY,

AND ITS BEARING ON THE POPULAR FAITH,

OR,

WHAT IS TRUTH?

BY

HUGH JUNOR BROWNE.

Price 1s.—Charles Bamford, 87 Little Collins-street East; or George Robertson & Co., Melbourne,

Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane.

where the following Works, by the same Author, can also be obtained:—"The Holy Truth"—"Rational Christianity"—"The Religion of the Future"—"The Conflict Between Authority and Reason"—"The Higher Branch of Science"—"Delusion & Reality"—"The Question Settled"—"Atheism Philosophically Refuted"—"Comfort for the Bereaved," &c.

VEGETARIAN SOCIETY, AUSTALIA.

On the Evening of November 9, (Prince of Wales Birthday) there will be a Tea and Public Meeting in the Thistle Company's Hall, at 6.30 p.m. Tickets 1/6 each.

Friends who do not find it convenient to be present at tea, will be made welcome free of charge, at 8 o'clock, up stairs, where there will be Addresses and Music.

HOUSEKEEPER—respectable: Suitable Woman, fifty-seven, with Daughter, thirteen. Moderate Wages.

Mrs. Downs, Westbourne, Carlisle-street, St. Kilda.

NEW BOOKS.

Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky; edited by A. P. Sinnett. With steel engraving. 12/6

Mysteries of Magic: a Digest of the Writings of Eliphas Levi; by A. E. Waite. 12/6

Paracelsus: Life and Substance of his Teachings—concerning Anthropology, Magic and Sorcery, Theosophy, &c., &c. 12/6

Broken Vow: a Story of Here and Hereafter; by W. G. Knox Little. Cloth, 3/

Right Side of Nature; by Mrs. Crowe. New edition. Cloth, 2/

Kabbala Denudata: containing, Book of Concealed Mystery, The Greater Holy Assembly, The Lesser Holy Assembly; by McGregor Mathers. 12/6.

Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls; by Wm. Blackie. 3/.

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