



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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propounders, and might be accepted by those whose personal experience with unseen intelligences is limited; it is, however, a very difficult thing for one who has had frequent intercourse extending over many years with an intelligence which not only exhibited superior knowledge to himself but different traits of character and insisted that it was a distinct intelligence, was in reality only another part of himself, either unconscious that it was such or wilfully deceiving him in the matter. This in fact is what "M.A." (Oxon.) is or was expected to believe in regard to the series of teachings received through his hand, many of which bear the signature of an intelligence calling himself "Imperator." This he was unable to do, reason compelling him to accept facts in his own lengthened experience to theories propounded by those whose experience had been less. In like manner we were compelled to reject it six years since when offered by the Occultists to account for teachings, instructions, and advice given to us for a lengthened period by an intelligence in the spiritual world who persisted in his distinct identity, communicating not only directly to us but through several other media (often unexpectedly), who had been seen and described by at least four good clairvoyants, whose descriptions of his *personnel* harmonised, and had often given us reliable advice on subjects beyond our ken. In the face of an immense amount of evidence in this direction the unsupported theory alluded to is superfluous, and unless put forward tentatively, misleading. Mr. Sinnet is a careful and temperate writer; his letters and writings generally are remarkably free from dogmatism, but others of the same school present it with more authority though unsupported by evidence. It seems to be their effort to minimise spiritual intercourse, to shut up all channels to a knowledge of spiritual things but the one they have control of and have labelled "The only correct way." We do not want to obstruct their road or to interfere with those who have an inclination to travel it, but we mean to do our best to keep some other roads which we believe to be at least as good and decidedly more practicable open to the public, and throw as much light on the track as lies in our power.

Five and twenty years of practical investigation and experience have convinced us beyond all "peradventure,"

In the earlier stages of Spiritualism the great difficulty to contend with was the skepticism of the public as to the reality of the phenomena, and it was assumed that as soon as this could be demonstrated and its connection with invisible intelligence shown, the world would be convinced of spirit intercourse. Proofs have since rapidly accumulated, and by degrees both churchmen and scientists have been forced to a conviction of the reality of the phenomena; but the former attribute them to the devil, and the latter suggest telepathy, dual consciousness, and various other theories; whilst a third and larger class of Occultists present theories of Pisacha's, astral shells, and finally the "higher self," in opposition to the Spiritualistic hypothesis. This latter theory, though not new, was first publicly suggested in the controversy between the editor of this journal and the conductors of the *Theosophist*, published in the *Theosophist* about six years since under the heading of "Fragments of Occult Truth," and has recently been brought more prominently to the front by Mr. F. Sinnet, Dr. Hübbe Schlieden, and "M.A." (Oxon). The theory as very clearly put by Mr. Sinnet is, that the personality (the human body and intelligence connected with it), does not contain the soul, but that that (representing the individuality), overshadows and measurably controls the personality in all matters pertaining to its moral and spiritual progress; whilst the "spirit" in like manner overshadows the soul, attracting it upward to the great central spirit. The soul or higher self takes the place allotted by Spiritualists to a guardian spirit; and it is suggested by the believers in this theory that what is innocently supposed by Spiritualists to be a guardian or teacher from the other world, is only their "higher self." There is nothing particularly repulsive in the theory, which is doubtless very satisfactory to its

that disembodied spirits can and do communicate with those still in the body, and impart edifying things. If that is supplemented by the "Higher self," or any other "higher" form of intelligence, all the better. We feel it to be our duty to make known the spiritual gospel in its simplest form to as many as possible, and whilst climbing up the mountain of truth we are willing to try any path that seems more practicable than the one we are on, or to accept any staff which may be proffered to us provided it be strong enough to lean upon. Theories are like reeds, and unless they have aggregated a strong coating of facts to give them stamina they break down at the first pressure leaving you worse off than you were without them.

THE GOD IDEA IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND:

AN ADDRESS BY M. ADOLPHE FRANK,
(OF THE INSTITUTE),

Translated from the French for the "Harbinger of Light,"

BY C. W. ROHNER, M.D.

(Continued.)

SUCH, gentlemen, is the latest code of morality given to the light of day by Atheism—by scientific Atheism—or at least that Atheism which manifests the greatest amount of pride and pretension, and to which are willingly accorded the greatest claims to science. I shall make no appeal to Democracy to subscribe to this, for Democracy is not exactly made for it. I am not afraid of being accused of injustice for affirming that the spirit or system has never invented anything more odious. Fortunately this manner of viewing things is not only revolting to the sense of truth, but also to the sense of well-being.

My task would be too great to enumerate all the objections which rise up against Atheism, but there is one objection which I cannot forbear stating *en passant*, because this objection is based upon a fact and not upon ratiocination; it rises from the depths of history, and does not emanate from mere logic.

Mr. Herbert Spencer forgets that the poor and the weak have contributed to a very great extent to the progress of mankind. The Gospel teaches us that the Son of Man had not where to lay his head; the Apostles as well as the doctors of the ancient law (Rabbis) made their living by manual labour, each having some sort of calling or profession; St. Paul was a tent-maker; Homer (I am not particular about chronological order), was blind, and begged for his bread; Socrates went about barefoot, and had only two coats; if Mark Aurel were an emperor, Epictetus was a slave; Tasso died in an hospital, as did also later on Gilbert and Manfilâtre; Milton was blind like the singer of the Iliad; our own Corneille had his boots mended at a cheap cobbler's shop; Vanvenargues and Pascal were invalids; Sanderson blind, Beethoven deaf, Voltaire busied himself with physic and with physicians all his lifetime, which is perhaps the worst of all diseases. Ah, Mr. Herbert Spencer, I can see plainly your larder is well stocked and your health is robust! [Not so of late, at least, if newspaper reports speak true.—C. W. R.]

Another difficulty which seems to escape the eye of this tender-hearted philosopher is this, that the poor, those who are called the disinherited of the earth, be it by their own fault or by the severity of their lot, will not permit that they are thus left and abandoned to their misery; they are not willing to submit to destruction by being stripped naked or starved by their superiors so-called. They will rise against the rich, against those in the enjoyment of the goods of this world, against the *bourgeois*, as their class is named in one word; and as they are the most numerous and have the least to lose in the coming battle, victory is assured to them sooner or later.

This beautiful invention of the indefinite perfecting of human society by heredity and sexual selection leads therefore to the destruction of society through civil war, through the cessation of competition and of labour, through invidiousness and barbarism. The political creed of Atheism, its sociology, to use their own odious language, is, therefore, as bad as its ethics.

But why should I go so much out of my way to prove that I am authorised to address this last reproach to the speculations of the Atheistical school? The indirect proof is useless, and we may frankly and directly say that Atheism has often provoked the dissolution of social order.

Who amongst you, without having read the works of Proudhon, does not at least remember from hearsay his most renowned maxims and doctrines? Proudhon, as he teaches us himself in his "Confessions," was not only agreeable to be considered an Atheist, he also vindicated the name of "Antitheiste," in other words, that of an enemy of God. It was he who in his "Economical Contradictions" has written these words: "God means the evil." But he was not satisfied with being the enemy of God and of property, he was also the enemy of governments, of all governments without the slightest distinction of form or title. His whole political and social system resumes itself in the word *anarchy*. It is true he divided this word into two parts, but his followers did not take long to introduce it in its united form and modern signification.

I do not know whether all Atheists are anarchists; but what I am sure of is that all anarchists are Atheists. In the eyes of logic they are right. As society never has been without a God, and will doubtless never be seen without one, to suppress all religion and all religious philosophy is to put an end to society itself, which cannot exist without some kind of government. Anarchy thus interpreted comes to the same thing as the Russian's nihilism.

Here then have we the final result, the supreme evolution which Atheism promises to mankind in the moral and political order of things. After this it is permitted to us to take it by its word when it tells us that it is the last word of science? The answer cannot be doubtful; but it is not sufficient to merely suppose it, but it is necessary that facts should impose it on us as an unattackable truth.

Without wishing this free discussion to assume the severe appearance of a lecture at the Sorbonne or at the College of France, I shall not pause to enquire into the state of science in ancient times. I cannot, however, forbear quoting those beautiful words which should present themselves more frequently to the memory of our modern *sovans*: "When a man had proclaimed that there is an intelligence which is the cause of order and regularity manifested throughout the world both in animated and inanimate nature, that man produced the effect of alone having reason and of being in a manner alone sober after the many exhibitions of extravagant mental intoxication in all his predecessors."—*Arist. Metaphysics*, II., 3.)

This is an allusion to the ancient philosopher Anaxagoras, the first who had plainly and firmly grasped the thought of the existence of an intelligent cause in the universe. But who speaks thus? Is it a theologian imbued with a traditional creed, or some school-metaphysician who has never opened his eyes to view the phenomena of the physical world? No, gentlemen, it is the creator and founder of the experimental method himself, the father of natural history, of comparative anatomy, of physiology, as well as of logic, the personification of science in the whole world during a period of more than two thousand years—ARISTOTLE.

The same Aristotle, speaking in his own name, demonstrates to us by facts and not by arguments, that the organs and their proper functions of all animated beings tend in a given direction and point to one sole end; that this end consists in the welfare of beings who desire to attain it and who seek it without knowing it, and that, finally, the Supreme Being, the perfect well-being is nothing else but God, from whom depends the earth and

all nature. God knows Himself, He is the perfection of all that is good; He is the Thought of Thought.

This name, a thousand times blessed of Greece, in itself more glorious and more durable than the name of him who formed all the kingdoms and empires by conquest, and ruled them by despotism, did they even number several hundred millions of subjects, brings before my spirit still another memory which does not appear to me to be unworthy of communication: Of all the philosophical systems built up by the Greek genius, the only one which, in astronomy, has approached the truth and recognised the rotation of the earth round a central focus more than 2000 years before Copernicus, is the idealistic and religious system of Pythagoras. This philosopher and his school, whilst teaching the existence of one God, and of a morality certainly purer than that of our modern Positivism, have at the same time enriched the mathematical sciences with their discoveries, and have laid the rational foundation of the musical art. But let us make haste to arrive at modern science, and quote forthwith the greatest names of the great century.

How, then, were Descartes, Pascal, Leibnitz, and Newton strangers to science? Did they not know as much of mathematics, physics, astronomy, mechanics, algebra, as all the members of a certain municipal council united who made the name of God disappear from all the books intended as text books of our public schools? Descartes was the inventor of Algebra as applied to geometry, and of the true theory of light, and of a host of other theories which in our days have gained renown, not excepting the theory of whirlwinds and of the subtle matter the existence of which is now admitted by science under the name of ether. Pascal, a mathematician of a high order of genius, has demonstrated the weight of the air, and has recognised the law of progress. Newton has not only regenerated astronomy by the principle and the laws of universal attraction, but he has also, simultaneously with Leibnitz, invented the infinitesimal calculus. Leibnitz, like Aristotle, was conversant with all branches of human knowledge, and has left the mark of his original genius on every one of them. And, nevertheless, all these illustrious men, with the exception of Newton, who was more of a mystic than a philosopher, have done for the sciences is almost like nothing in comparison with what they have done for spiritual philosophy, for eternal metaphysics, for the recognition of God and the human soul.

One of the sublimest absurdities supported by the patriarch of Positivism, Auguste Comte, who maintains equally sublime ones on the subject of conscience, is that one which alleges that science rises its structure aloft only on the ruins of metaphysics; that science itself takes the place of theology or religion. Religion, philosophy, science, the poet's art itself, are eternal forms, indestructible necessities of human nature. Woe to the ruling powers who have the presumption to suppress religion, no matter what its name or constitution! Such an undertaking is tantamount to an act of abdication.

Passing from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century, we find most undoubtedly a different spirit. As I have already observed before, Atheism is not a rare occurrence during that era; but science at this time does not come up to the level of the science of the preceding century. Atheism itself has not then as wide an extension as has been attributed to it, and we find amongst its leading opponents powerful and eloquent men. Voltaire, who was unable to conceive of a watch without a watchmaker, frequently affirms the existence of a God. Jean-Jacques Rousseau demonstrates it on the burning pages of his "Confession of Faith," made by the Savoyard vicar, Montesquien, in a work as imperishable as human reason, in his "Spirit of the Laws" has written this passage: "Those who have said that all the effects which we have seen in the world have been produced by a blind fatality, have entered a great absurdity; for what can possibly be more absurd than the assumption of a blind fatality producing intelligent beings!" It is very difficult, I think, to find an answer to this masterly argument; and we get no further ahead by substituting, as some of our modern physiologists do, "the metabolic force of cells" for fatality.

At the end of the eighteenth century, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we have before us two figures which have remained familiar to our memory as the two personifications of physiological Atheism, viz., those of Cabanis and of Broussais. The former saw in thought "a secretion of the brain;" the latter, the author of a work on "Irritation and Madness," seemed to acquire the two states which he described in his book whenever he spoke of the soul, of God, of Spiritualism, of M. Cousin, and of all those whom he thought to wipe out under the designation of "Kanto-Platonics."

Well, neither the one nor the other remained faithful to their doctrines. Towards the end of his life Cabanis addressed to M. Fauriel that remarkable letter on First Causes, in which he gives a *dementi* to his conclusions in his memoirs to the Institute on the "Rapports between the Physical and Moral World." Broussais wrote in a big book, little known and read to-day, the following sentence, which I shall quote textually: "Atheism could not find room in a well-balanced brain which seriously meditates on nature."

What shall I say now about contemporary science, and that which has preceded it by a few years? Were Cuvier, who was justly called "the Great Couvier," and sometimes "the Modern Aristotle;" Alexander Bronquart, his companion in palaeontological researches; Agassiz, who continued their labours, and closely following them; Flourens; Leverrier; Cauchy, the wonderful mathematician; the physical astronomer, Biot; backward spirits, enemies of progress, strangers to the sciences or ratiocination or experience? And notwithstanding all, in language more or less independent of tradition and appropriate to each of them, have acknowledged the existence of a Supreme Author of things; all of them have glorified God.

I should be committing a crime, yes a crime, were I to pass in silence the name of Claude Bernard, for in what do after all terminate when properly analysed, his marvellous researches, his experimental researches, I beg you to remember, on the functions of our diverse organs? They terminate in acknowledging for the formation of the whole living being what he justly calls "a creative idea." An idea, or plan, presupposes an intelligence, and a creation presupposes a creator. Here we find ourselves in the very centre of Spiritualism and natural theology. Platon and perhaps also St. Augustin, would have applauded this conclusion. The distinguished chemist, J. B. Dumas, will in your eyes not appear out of place by the side of Claude Bernard.

I had promised to myself not to put any now living man upon this glorious list of genius, but there is one name which if I did not pronounce it myself, would burst from every lip spontaneously: it is the name of Pasteur. (1.) Pasteur is more than a *savant*; he is the living personification of science, and not only of science, but also of benevolence—a word which the Abbé Saint-Pierre seems to have specially coined for him. Pasteur, drawing the light which enlightens him in the sublimest and most recondite heights accessible to the thought of man, shows in a new light the two infinitudes of which Pascal speaks.

You see it, gentlemen, that Atheism, on account of its inevitable premises, is in direct opposition to the illusions on which it rocks itself on the promises which it makes to us. Instead of placing society upon its definitive basis, it labours at its dissolution, and can only come to its resting place in nihilism. Instead of being the last word of science, it provokes the repudiation of all the most illustrious *savants* of all times, and represents to us the decapitation of science itself. It may, however, be possible to derive some advantage from this sorry state of things. Through its very excesses it may possibly contribute to the resuscitation of a philosophical Spiritualism and of a belief in religion. It may possibly push the young talents, which are by no means deficient in these latter days in our country, towards a more consoling object than Pessimism is, to a nobler end than the so-called realistic pictures of the sensual passions. By its intolerant and domineering attitude which it assumes and too often practices when it possesses the power to do so, Atheism may also relieve and cure us of

intolerance. It may thus become the medium through which a *rapprochement* of respectable as well as salutary opinions may be brought about which, alas, have been too long divided.

I cannot see that, without sacrificing one's liberty, anything hinders philosophy to show itself respectful towards religion. No more can I see that without abandoning one single dogma, there is anything preventing the various churches to live fraternally one by the side of the other, one rivalling with the other in charity and abstaining from every kind of aggression which is not directed against the common enemy. If I have succeeded in making you favourably disposed towards these ideas, neither you nor I shall have any cause for regretting the hour we have passed together."

Phillip Island, Dec. 5th, 1887.

(1.) I cannot for the life of me see where this fulsome *éloge* of Franck on M. Pasteur comes in, and equally unable am I to understand how what is nowadays called *Pasteurism*, alias inoculation for *rabies canina*, is really the blessing which our eloquent lecturer represents it to be. For, after all, what does this so highly extolled discovery of M. Pasteur amount to! Is not Pasteurism only a more modern spelling for worn-out Jennerism! Is it really necessary to soar to such inaccessible altitudes of human thought in order to discern that by the infusion of carefully filtered and graduated filth into the pure blood, we render that blood purer, or protect it against virulent attacks of an epidemic and of a disease the very germs of which it so plainly sows broadcast? The discovery of M. Pasteur, instead of having descended from a high plane of human thought, has more likely risen from a low level, perhaps a witch's cauldron, to the surface of present human society so deeply immersed in materialistic speculations. *Sapi-enti sat!*

PREJUDICE VERSUS INTELLIGENCE.

The following editorial, published in the *Banner of Light*, a few months since, though written in respect to Spiritualism in America, is equally applicable to Australia, and well worthy of the attention of "weak-kneed" Spiritualists. We would recommend our firm-footed friends to call the attention of any such they know to it, it may possibly give a few of them more backbone and a better footing:—

A recent discourse delivered through the organism of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, in Chicago, on the above-named subject, as it is applicable to the popular conception of Spiritualism, abounds in pertinent and penetrating thoughts, which at this time—when learned societies, staid divines, and the enterprising secular press seem to unite their forces in a concentrated if not previously rehearsed sneer at the New Dispensation—deserve to be given the widest possible dissemination. To be prejudiced against what one does not know is a sure indication of narrow mental vision. There are no deeper prejudices than those grounded in people who think little, read little, and have little communion with mankind. Those who are educated in the schools of the present thought in the world have no excuse for being ignorant of what Spiritualism is, of what it teaches, of its phenomena or the record of them, or of anything pertaining to its existence in the world of fact and of thought.

Yet it is fashionable, and it is the common tendency of people whom one meets to pretend to be wholly ignorant of what Spiritualism may be. They have heard and read all about it, yet they are really quite ignorant on the subject, they will say. Why are they so ignorant, in the face of the thousands of books that have been published to enlighten them, of the hundreds of periodicals they may read, of the thousands of human beings all about them who accept, not only as a belief but as a knowledge, the communion with spirits, and the presence of the thought in the literature of the time? They are not ignorant; they are merely prejudiced. These people recognise the prejudice in the popular mind which they cater to. A very little conversation with them will demonstrate the insincerity of their denial. They will at length admit that they are familiar with something of the sort; that they once witnessed such or such a manifestation in the house of a friend; that in fact they have a medium in their own family, but it is not to be spoken of; and this is the outcome of their boasted ignorance of Spiritualism.

It almost always ends in that way. There are very few households in which something is not known of the subject. All believe it, or at least know something about it. People will at first profess ignorance, or the kind of prejudice that is so common in the secular papers respecting it; but if you insist on talking about it, and talk so carefully as not to betray your own belief in it, they will gradually fall in with your conversation and own up to a personal knowledge of facts that are beyond any which you have witnessed yourself. This is the conventional hypocrisy, and it is practised everywhere. It comes of the fear of acknowledging a new form of truth before it has been endorsed by public opinion.

Ever and anon some minister ventures out of the beaten track to talk of Spiritualism. He wants to feel the pulse of his congregation on the subject. He wants to assure those who are not Spiritualists that he is perfectly sound and free from all taint; while at the same time he is sure to find out afterwards that a large number in his own congregation and in the congregations of other ministers are Spiritualists. And in this double-faced way he helps to keep alive the popular prejudice against it, so far as it exists. Why is it so? Why should ministers of the Gospel, of all classes of men in the world, insist on denying the truth of spirit communion, when all the Bible contains of value is supported by the messages of spirits and angels, and when, too, if you once take away ministering spirits and angels, you take away the whole basis of their religion?

Prejudice governs to a very great extent in this country—much greater than is generally suspected. Every child that is born among us is taught first of all things to be ambitious. Many, if not most, become dependent on their daily labour for their daily bread. Many intelligent artisans may believe in Spiritualism who still are uncertain how it would affect them with their employer if it should be known. It may all be true enough that employers do not claim to control the consciences of those who work for them, yet it is no uncommon thing for it to have influence with them as to what church their employes attend or belong to. They often control the latter politically—why should they not religiously? If a man is ambitious in business he does not like to be thought at all interested in anything that is new and unusual, or to be regarded as at all erratic or eccentric. Spiritualists have been so considered, and even thought mildly insane, and it might affect his business standing to be set down as a Spiritualist. Even business partners have discovered after being together five years that each was a Spiritualist. Yet we Americans do not cease to boast that ours is the freest country under the sun—freest both for thought and for conduct. It is nothing of the kind, and a very little close observation will demonstrate it.

When one has had the courage to declare himself a Spiritualist outright he has first become an object of pity, then of condemnation—unless the last period chanced to come first—and finally the period of relenting has followed. Those who come into daily contact with him are at last willing to allow that he is a Spiritualist, but—they add—he seems to be extremely level-headed; whereas but for this prevalent prejudice whose abject subjects they are, they would say instead that he is a Spiritualist and level-headed besides.

The secret of this prejudice against Spiritualism is to be found in the fear felt by everybody that the avowal of his belief in it might injure his prospects, endanger his position, damage him socially or obstruct the pathway of his ambition. And if he should suffer himself for this belief, he knows that his family would suffer likewise. So tyrannical is prejudice, in a country too where people protest that no form of tyranny shall be tolerated.

Now, the religious thought of Spiritualism has just as good a right to be openly and freely discussed as that of Methodism, Presbyterianism, Universalism, Episcopalianism, or any other scheme. Spiritualism to-day has to bear the opprobrium of being young. All the religious denominations look down upon it frowningly, as an innovation, declaring that it has no right to be in existence. And the public press is constant in its supply of misinformation respecting Spiritualism. It represents all re-

ligious denominations fairly, but it continually misrepresents Spiritualism. It speaks of the different churches from their own standpoints, and takes pains to be informed what each particular creed is. No new system of thought, no new philosophy is put forward, but what the secular press is willing to listen to a statement of it from those professing it; but it is otherwise when it comes to Spiritualism. If a member of that press hears an inspirational discourse, straightway he goes off to garble and sneer at it, instead of reporting it faithfully, if indeed it be reported at all. This is supposed to be catering to public opinion which the press is intent on creating.

It is because the churches cry out against Spiritualism that no information will be given as to what Spiritualism really is. As none of the people thus kept in ignorance dare read a spiritual paper, there really seems to be no way of melting away this prevalent prejudice except in the stern crucible of experience.

With these constant assaults from pulpit and press, and with misrepresentations from those who should know better, it is indeed amazing that Spiritualism finds its way as rapidly as it does. But that is only because it is not dependent on human propagandism, but upon spiritual ministrations that come to the household and to the individual. And that is why even many who accept the ministrations are unwilling to run the gauntlet of all this popular prejudice until they see it melting away.

But a new generation is coming forward to protect the places of the small handful that in the beginning avowed themselves Spiritualists; and this coming generation is not only not so bitter and fixed in its opinions and prejudice, but is prone to investigate, especially where investigation is forbidden. Hence young minds are becoming interested, whose province it to brush aside the prejudice of their elders where the latter are misinformed, and to accept the light of spiritual truth that dissipates the darkness of life.

Spiritualism comes especially to the household. Its special ministration is to those whose friends have passed on. There is no family that has its vacant chair, its place of tears, its shrine and altar, but would be made beautiful by the light of this knowledge. Yet when it is thus assailed by the clergy and by professed men of science, there are thousands of people who are afraid to avow that they receive messages from their spirit friends though these constitute the sole comfort in their solitary lives.

But behind this wall of prejudice that rises before the man who avows himself a Spiritualist there is the cry of the world, hungry for spiritual knowledge. Can we not be patient, and consider this barrier, or cloud, that exists for the time for Spiritualism but an *ignis fatuus*, when under the light of spiritual truth those who were hopeless of a future life have knowledge, and those who had only a faith in immortality have become strengthened into certainty? Can we not meet this prevailing prejudice against Spiritualism without flinching or wavering, and say that if others do not see the light, still that does not hinder us from enjoying it? We are to remember that Spiritualism lights more lives than we know of; that the comparatively few who assemble in its accepted places of worship do not by any means represent the whole number; that many others wend their way to more popular places of worship because of the prejudice of father, mother, sisters, brothers, husband; that many who would gladly assemble with us are prevented by the prejudice of friends, by the fear of the trouble which would ensue in the household if they openly declared their interest in Spiritualism.

Many are hungering for the food to be had in spiritual ministrations who are deterred by this same impalpable influence, although they gratefully hear occasional words about Spiritualism from the pulpit that are borrowed from spirit sources or received directly from inspiration. For the modern preacher cannot help being inspired at times, even though he does not believe in inspiration; there is a power that will come to him; he will speak words of truth, even if he denies them immediately after, as some ministers have done.

If congregations assemble Sunday after Sunday to listen to sermons, it is the liberality of the modern

ministers that chiefly makes modern sermons acceptable. The preacher who turns away from dogma to daily life, from creed to a broader interpretation of Christ in the love of humanity, who teaches the love instead of the hatred of God, who preaches what is most advanced in truth, is the one who finds the most willing listeners.

If people are content to live on chaff and husks, and stones, and that which is bare, barren, and devoid of inspiration; or if under some other name this larger life shall have infused itself into their lives, and percolated through the thick mists and darkness of theology into the church; if it shall have penetrated the circles of science under some name that is occult, mystical, or secular; if it shall have entered literature under the guise of an essay, or poem, or romance; shall have reached art and inspired the picture which suggests all that Spiritualism conveys—the ministry and guardianship of the departed; if it shall have thus infused itself into popular acceptance without people knowing it—then there surely will come a time when the clouds will roll away, the mists dissipate, and the wall of prejudice dissolve.

Meanwhile let us as Spiritualists see to it that others note the possession of this great truth in our lives, and open their eyes to see us meet sorrow smilingly, adversity strongly, and daily duty with courage and patience.

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

THREE numbers of *La Revue Spirite*—18, 19, 20, are before me. Number 18 contains a beautiful thought of Victor Hugo on the nature of a future life, extracted from the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, June, 1885. He says:—"The butterfly is the metamorphosed larva. The butterfly is so truly the changed larva, that each part of the body of the creeping animal is found again by means of a proper analysis and comparison of the two in the winged animal; but the change is so complete that we fancy we see a perfectly new creature. Thus also in our *post mortem* existence, we shall not be pure spirits, for that is a word devoid of meaning and sense both to reason and imagination.

"What is the life without the organs of life? What is a personality without a form to define and fix it? But we shall probably have another body, radiant, divine, and, so to say, spiritual, the metamorphosis of our terrestrial body." How clearly the intuition of Victor Hugo grasped the fact now being scientifically established by various savans, in various countries all over the world, that, as St. Paul has it, there is a physical or earthly body, and a spiritual or celestial body!

From No. 20 of the same journal we cull a few philosophical remarks on what Spiritualism is, its aim and object, as stated in a beautiful article contributed to the journal *l'Independent*, by M. P. Rastouil, of Buenos Ayres, with whom the readers of *H. L.* have so frequently been familiarised: "We maintain simply" says our author, "the immortality of the soul, the existence of a Supreme Being, and the uninterrupted progress of humanity, of man, who is unable to perfect himself in one life, to acquire intelligence, and to raise himself from the brutal state of his primitive existence. The worlds above our heads are inhabited just the same as our world is. Many of those who have lived on this globe have already left it and gone to a higher world, which furnishes new conditions to work out a new life; thus going on until they have acquired all the necessary conditions which fit them to rise up to worlds on which life is happy as compared to the life here on earth. Intellect is not sufficient; the spirit must dematerialise itself, and this operation which assists our spirit to rise is carried on by the practice of morality. Morality demands the observation of the laws of nature, and every one knows that morality consists in the practice of that which is good, nothing more. If terrestrial humanity were to obey the laws of morality, man could not be unhappy; misery, war, sufferings without number, could not then come near man, and the earth would be like one of those happy worlds to which we go. In those worlds evil exists not, because the spirits inhabiting them have freed themselves by dint of intellectual and moral work of that ignorance and mate-

riality which is still so prevalent on earth. Spiritualism means progress and nothing else. Spiritualism observes no cultus, worships no saint; it simply follows the teachings of the great Master: love God above all, and your neighbour as yourself. If we are afraid to do that which would render us happy, human reason is brought to a standstill."

The November number, 21, of *La Revue Spirite* has just reached me in time to briefly allude to two articles of high interest on the Origin and Curative Effects of Hypnotism, by M. Delbœuf and Victor Mennier. In the former a case is related in which a young girl who had been shot in the back by her lover, and who had fallen into a very low condition in consequence of the inability of the doctors to extract the bullet from the deep festering wound. Her appetite had failed completely, but by the aid of mental suggestion during her sleep, produced hypnotically, she was made to eat chicken, etc., until at last she began to pick up a little by degrees, and in about a fortnight from her admission to *La Salpêtrière*, where this experiment was made, the wound healed and became cicatrized in proportion as her physical condition improved, and shortly afterwards the poor girl was sufficiently restored to her pristine health that she returned to her service in a family at Liège, where she was still living at the time the article was written.

In the second article a case is mentioned which occurred in the practice of Dr. Bernheim, of Nancy, who has distinguished himself in the department of Medical Hypnotism almost as much as Dr. Charcot. An undisciplined, ill-tempered, and lazy boy is brought to Dr. Bernheim by his mother to have him cured of his vices, which having assumed the most mischievous forms, the son became perfectly intolerable to his parents. Dr. Bernheim had no trouble in putting him to sleep, and in the course of two or three sèances he succeeded to imbue the refractory lad with a taste for study, and imparted to him the manners and conduct of a well-regulated child. After eight months of experience the boy remained improved, and the mother says that her formerly so unmanageable son is now a regular angel.

Cases like these which I know are not very rare even in colonial society here in Victoria, should attract the attention of the medical profession, and I am sure many parents would be inclined to call the doctors angels who thus succeeded to save their "larrikins" of sons from the triangle and the tortures of the cat-o'-nine-tails. I am sorry that I cannot devote a little more space to a review of the many other interesting contributions contained in this journal, but I must not omit to mention the death of Dr. Wahn, so well known by his learned works in spiritualistic circles, in France as well as abroad, which took place at Nice, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. If I say with the ancient Roman, *sit illi terra levis*, I mean, may his spirit rise to higher and happier worlds than ours.

La Lumière, of October, brings a beautiful critique by young Mansel Darcy, on Lévy-Bruhl's learned work: "The Irreligion of the Future." The author is perfectly correct in his statement that the majority of those who now-a-days detach themselves from religion do in reality respect religion, but they sever their connection with it not because they are devoid of the religious sentiment, but because the existing religions do no longer satisfy their sense of the divine.

A change, however, is on the point of taking place, and Darcy is right when he says that the 19th century is getting very old, and that the immortal date of the centenary of 1789 is close at hand. Our fathers have made a political and social revolution; let now their sons make a soul revolution. We have the ideas of a new era in the souls coming from a past time. This inharmony existing in our spirits and souls is the cause of all our failures, of all our impediments and obstacles in the road of progress. Let us bring about this failing harmony, so that the 20th century may see at its early dawning a new generation of men, no longer pale, ardent, nervous, and suffocated by doubt, but on the contrary, sound, strong, and with a heart swelled by generous hopes and full of liberal and loving thoughts."

These beautiful words are addressed by M. Darcy to the young men of our times, and he asks for their cordial co-operation to realise them to their full extent.

From an article headed "The Spiritual Commerce," it appears that Lucie Grange shares my private opinion of Madame Blavatsky, the editor of *Le Lotus*, in which publication cold water was attempted to be thrown by her on the doings of the Spiritualists, whose cause Lucie Grange defends in the following ardent strains of her eloquent soul: "You speak of the abuse of experimental Spiritualism; by so doing you show how little you have followed or comprehended this progressive movement of the times; you have not comprehended the thought of God in a simple creative synthesis; you have not felt His love, so plainly manifested, and this unique impulse, an impulse which elevates the simplest of believers, and puts to the blush the proudest *savant*. You have not been able to see by the aid of the light of your subterranean torch the flaming sun of our heaven. Notwithstanding your irritated chagrin and your insults, a new Spiritualism, by no means occult, will rise above the horizon at the very moment when you will fall back into your pristine obscurity and darkness. God has *democratized* the phenomena of Spiritualism, and He will know how to bring them to that point of radiant liberty and truth which will enable all mankind to profit by them. You Theosophists believe yourselves commissioned to destroy and cross our labours; we, on the other hand, have the mission to spread the influence of genuine Spiritualism, and open a road to the invisible amongst men."

Madame Blavatsky's missionary career does not seem to prosper any more in Paris than it did in Indian Adyar, and her lack of success, both in Paris and Adyar, accounts perhaps for the peculiar editorial notice which appeared in the November number of *The Theosophist*, signed H. S. Olcott, and according to which Olcott assumes now the legal responsibility of that organ, the excuse for so doing being made to consist somehow or other in special editorial duties undertaken by Madame in connection with members of the London Lodge T. S., said to involve the public use of her name and perhaps also her transfer to London. A change of air is occasionally very beneficial for a certain class of invalids with a tempestuous autocratic temper.

Les Sciences Mystérieuses, of 10th October, verify the proverb that we have sometimes to leave our home to hear news about ourselves. This otherwise trusty journal says of *The Harbinger of Light* that "this excellent organ of Australian Spiritualism is going to change hands, and that its direction is handed over to Mr. C. H. Bamford, the nephew of its present editor, who published it for the last seventeen years with remarkable ability. No one doubts that the present editor will be careful to preserve the efficiency of the paper, and keep it up to its past level." This is not the case, however, for my brother, W. H. Terry, still continues its editor, as already stated before, and the only change that has really taken place is that the book department has been entrusted into the hands of Mr. Bamford, the work being too much for one man to carry it on successfully and efficiently.

Speaking of the dantesque work of Signor Gino Fanciullacci, of Florence, *Il Pellegrinaggio nei Cieli* (a pilgrimage through the heavens), the editor of *Les Sciences Mystérieuses* states that it is impossible for him to explain the remarkable fact of the production of this book with the aid of the theory of the astral body of the medium, combined with that of the elementals; but I can explain it very easily with the help of the spiritualist's theory. I believe that theosophical sciences could assist materially in the erection of the scientific structure of Spiritualism, especially with respect to the study of the properties of the perispit; but theosophy will never succeed in demolishing the solid basis and synthesis of the doctrines of spiritism. In this respect, then, Lucie Grange, the *Revue Spirite*, and the able editor of *Les Sciences Mystérieuses*, are of the same opinion, and so are nearly all the rest of spiritists and spiritualists in Europe and America, so that it appears that the theosophists are fighting against heavy odds.

Under the caption of "Priestly Government," *Le Messager* furnishes a telling letter from the pen of Victor Hugo, and from it we extract the following striking passages:—"To brutalise an art. The priests of the various religions call this art the liberty of instruction or education. They do it without any bad intention. Having submitted themselves to the mutilation of their intelligence, they want to make eunuchs of others, and this they call liberal education. Education means government; education means ruling. The education of the clergy means government by the clergy. This sort of government has long ago received its final sentence. This sort of government has put Papal Rome in the place of Roman Rome; Borgia has choked Cato. Priestly education puts its talons on the man, and its soft catspaw on the child. Its summit is despotism; its basis is ignorance. Rome has many arms. Modern Rome is the ancient hundred-headed hydra. This monster of fable-land had disappeared until it reappeared again in the middle ages in the papacy. This papacy called itself at first Gregory VI., when it turned kings into slaves. Afterwards it called itself Pius V., when it made the people prisoners. The French Revolution made the papacy drop its prey; the sharp sword of the Republic has severed the knots which held the human souls tied. But the feelers of this monster have budded out again; the hundred heads of the monster of Rome have come to the surface of the ocean once more; its powerful tentacles have seized on the keel of the vessel of progress, and this seizure is terrible, and apt to make civilisation founder. At this hour Rome holds Belgium." There is no date attached to this letter, but the last sentence points plainly to the time when the government in Belgium was nearly falling into the hands of the priests only a few short years ago. The marrowy, epigrammatic style of V. Hugo reminds me strongly of the fist of Tom Carlyle; it is also a weapon of iconoclasm.

Under the heading of "Little Prodigies," the first November number of *Le Messager* answers the question of M. F. Sarcey—How comes it that virtuosos on the piano are born!—in the following succinct manner: "The reason why is very simple, because the facts of Spiritism go to prove that the virtuoso on the piano was a virtuoso of this instrument before his birth. This comprises the whole mystery. But to most the idea of the pre-existence of souls, which alone answers all the whys of the grave thinkers, and which should unite all intelligences, exposes, on the contrary, its partisans to the poisoned shafts of would-be witty writers. So far is routine, that other Bastille, from being demolished yet!"

Le Journal du Magnetism, of October (No. 15) relates a peculiar series of medical experiments made by Dr. Luys, of the Academy of Medicine. He enclosed various drugs, such as alcohol, opium, strychnine, atropine, ipecacuanha, &c., into glass tubes, and presented them to the heads of hypnotised subjects—thus producing intoxication, sleep, convulsions, dilatation of the pupils, emesis, &c., in accordance with the drugs used at the time. These experiments created a great sensation in medical circles in Paris, and a commission of five members of the Academy was appointed to repeat them, and verify the reliability thereof. Three years before Dr. Luys' experiments, Professor Durville had discovered the same facts in connection with his remarkable researches on polarity, but besides the polar force he found also present a medicamentous force attached to drugs. He states the case as follows:—"Let us take two drugs of the same polarity, but endowed with opposite medicamentous properties—for instance, muriate of morphia and caffeine. These two substances are positive. With both these drugs we can put the subject to sleep if we apply them to the forehead, or place them in the right hand, but the subjects are roused from their sleep if the drugs are applied to the nape of the neck or put into the left hand. By removing the drug from the subject as soon as the effects of either sleep or waking begin to manifest themselves, no medicamentous action is observed. Thus, placing the caffeine into the right hand, the subject falls asleep; if we remove this drug and put morphia into the left hand, the subject wakes up. It is the magnetic force which makes itself felt in the production of these

effects, for they are opposed to one another. But when the subject wakes up through the morphia, if that drug is left a little longer in the left hand the medicamentous force begins to act, producing exactly the same symptoms which the drug would show if it had been absorbed. All these various effects are produced in sensitive subjects during the waking state, and can be communicated from one to another by contact, and may also be transmitted to a distance by a conducting wire. Hence it is quite feasible that one day we may be able to transmit any remedy—a purgative, a sedative, an emetic, or an antidote, &c.—from one place to another, as we now send by the aid of the telephones sound waves from place to place.

Space not allowing me to allude any further to other most valuable articles, such as Leininger's "Quabalah," in the September and October numbers of *Sphinx*, I shall now proceed to a brief notice of the doings of our Spanish and Portuguese fellow-spiritualists in Europe and America. I cannot, however, omit to direct the attention of our readers to the severe strictures passed on the production of the spirit-photographs of Mr. Eglinton by Dr. Hermann J. Klein, of Cologne, which strictures are, to a certain extent, endorsed in a brief notice by the editor of *Sphinx* in the October number of that journal. Those curious to know something more of this unpleasant affair may find it in an article signed "V.," in *Light* of October 22nd, under the heading of "The Aksakow-Eglinton Spirit-Photograph," considered as frauds.

Three numbers of *Constancia*, of Buenos Ayres, are before us. The able discourse on "Progress Considered under the Triple Aspect of Materialism, Spiritualism, and Spiritism" which is printed in the September number, 138, is from the pen of the editor of *Constancia*, and was delivered on 28th August, in the Society's Hall. It deals principally with the positive philosophy of Materialism and Comtism, and traces its most fatal, and one-sided error to the view it takes of the intelligent principle manifested in the world which it obstinately identifies and designates as a mere effect of the material principle. Under Spiritualism is understood the Christian church, which, in the course of ages, has degenerated from the sublime doctrines of its Master until it finally ceased to satisfy the craving of humanity for genuine religious sentiment. Spiritism at last came, in God's own good time, to take up the lost thread of eternal progress by the aid of which mankind is now escaping from the labyrinth of philosophical and theological systems based more on words and empty speculations than on reliable facts and positive data pointing to the immortality and eternal progress of the human spirit.

We have received the first and second numbers of *La Perseverancia*, a fortnightly review, published in Mendoza under the responsible editorship of Hector de Villars. We wish the publication every success, as it is evidently intended to enlighten the public mind on many moot subjects which have not yet been thoroughly settled.

From an incisive article in the second number, October 1st, headed "The Altar and the Throne," we quote with approbation the following passage: "Had Lucifer taken possession of the see of St. Peter, and had he begun to speculate on the teachings of Christ, we are fully persuaded that he would have adopted the system of the Popes of Rome. Christ preached the equality of man, the Popes have established hierarchies, and have always placed themselves by the side of the oppressors; Christ preached charity, and the church that usurped the name of Christ, made the most cruel and cowardly war upon all those who refused to pay it tribute." But we do not wish to continue in this strain any longer, and we only say, if that which to day is practised as religion by the Roman Catholic church is the religion of Christ, let us without delay have something else in its place, were it demonism itself, which could not possibly be worse.

La Fraternidad, which until lately appeared in a similar garb as *Constancia*, appears now as a weekly journal, three numbers of which are now lying on our table. Spiritism must be progressing at a far greater rate in South America than it does in the colder regions of Europe, for scarcely a month elapses without witnessing

either a new publication or an enlargement of an old one. We welcome with a cordial fraternal greeting the appearance of the journal in its present improved condition, and are sorry that the rigid exigencies of space do not permit us to review its valuable contents at greater length.

So, also, are we compelled to pass, *sub silentio*, numbers 84-90 of *Luz del Alma*, but promise to return to them in our next issue.

For the first time we were sent four numbers of *Reformador*, a Portuguese journal, which appears every fortnight in Rio de Janeiro, Xavier Pinheiro being its editor. The periodical has four pages, and styles itself a "Periodico Evolutionista," a title which might mislead some readers to believe that Huxley or Herbert Spencer had anything to do with the paper, which is not the case, as it is an unmistakable Spiritualistic journal.

And now we have reached the end of our monthly task—a brief survey of the last three numbers, 70-72, of *La Vérité*. Besides three able leading articles from the versatile pen of P. Rastouil on "Egotism," "Mediumship," and "Religious Fanaticism and Education," *La Vérité* of August 20 contains an interesting novelette, the contents of which are guaranteed as positive facts, under the caption of "A Russian Marriage." A certain noble lady of St. Petersburg, Olga by name, immensely lovely, beautiful, and rich, having heard that it was possible to see in her mirror the portrait of her intended if she looked into it on Christmas Eve, placed herself accordingly before the looking-glass on the dressing-table, when, to her astonishment, she saw in the mirror the door of her room open, and a naval officer in uniform, Batianine by name, enter, and, according to usage, deposit his sword in a corner of the room, after which she fell into a swoon. Sometime after her father came into the room, and heard from his still faint and terrified daughter that Batianine had been visiting her shortly before his entrance, and had left his sword in the room, which was really found there, although at the time B. was on a cruise in the Pacific, and had been two years away from St. Petersburg. The presence of his sword was a year afterwards explained by B. himself, who, at the identical time, had dreamed that he had paid a visit to Olga and left his sword behind him. The phenomenon comes under the head of *apports*, and is of frequent occurrence. Batianine and Olga became man and wife shortly after, thus verifying the advice to look for the *bien-aimé* into the mirror on Christmas Eve.

C. W. ROHNER.

Philip Island, Dec. 19, 1887.

FURTHER SITTINGS WITH MRS. KELLIE.

REPORTED BY F. E. S. HEWISON, SYDNEY.

1887, WEDNESDAY EVENING, 23RD NOV. (3rd Sitting).

The circle was opened at the appointed hour, 8 p.m., with singing. After the lapse of a few minutes our medium was controlled by an Indian spirit giving the name of "Sunbeam." He was described clairvoyantly by the medium, who stated that he was to be the guide of a gentleman sitting. A little girl present was also described. Mrs. Kellie then entered the cabinet, when, as promised by our friends communicating, magnificent lights were produced. These were seen by all. The guides stated they could not materialise this evening, but would be able to do so very shortly. They spoke eulogistically of the high powers of our medium, 'at the same time counselling us at the outset not to prolong our sitting to her injury.

An interesting communication was hereupon received from a spirit who had passed away many years since in England. He described himself as being in earth-life a barrister, by name Dee. He spoke feelingly of the affliction of blindness from which he suffered for more than 25 years prior to passing to higher life. Instrumental music introduced this evening greatly aided the power.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 30TH NOV. (4th Sitting).

This was an exceedingly satisfactory sitting. The first to control the medium was an Indian spirit, the guide of

one of our number. A regular control then took possession of the medium and announced the presence of a little spirit girl, holding in her hands a bunch of lilies, and giving her name as "Lillie White." She was described as being perfectly happy, and was constantly beside her parents. The control briefly referred to the circumstances under which she passed away, stating it was not necessary to give full details as we were already cognisant thereof. This communication was especially interesting, referring as it did to the daughter of one who has the respect and the esteem of every Spiritualist—Mr. Robert White, of Burwood. "Sunbeam" again communicated, followed by the spirit of one who described his passage away, having many years since been murdered in New England (N.S.W.) for his gold watch. The form was seen both by the medium (Mrs. Kellie) and also by a gentleman present, the former described the appearance of a hole in his head, indicating the mode by which his earth-life had been terminated.

Mrs. Kellie then entered the cabinet (still controlled), when extraordinary results were obtained. In a very few minutes her hands were found to be tightly fastened behind her in a marvellous manner. Our chairman, Mr. Barber, then asked the controls whether the handkerchief could be undone by them and thrown on the table several feet away. This was done in less than one second to the astonishment of several. At a later stage, she again entered the cabinet, when her hands were tied in front of her (the knots outside her hands thus precluding the possibility of fraud). Mr. Barber put his former question again. This time it was not responded to, but after the lapse of a minute or two, on the signal being given, it was found that her hands were loosed and the handkerchief entwined in and out of her hair forming a beautiful head wreath, and bound at the back. All this took place under subdued light, which greatly aided the power, and all the sitters were sitting hands joined several feet away.

"Anna Kennedy" was next controlled, giving particulars as to the address of her relatives, etc. (Miller-street, Pyrmont), proved by the writer to be correct. She desired a message conveyed, and spoke condemnatory of the priesthood and teachings of the Roman Catholic communion in which she lived here. We also witnessed very fine spirit lights this evening.

SUNDAY EVENING, 4TH DEC. (Extra-ordinary Sitting.)

A special sitting with Mrs. Kellie took place this evening. Most of the regular sitters were present. We were counselled to lessen the number of sitters by two, the message being received by the alphabet which spelled out: "There are two who may leave." A control recited several of the Ten Commandments (of the orthodox faith), commenting thereon and comparing the actions of many churchgoers with the enjoinders thereof.

This evening also we witnessed very brilliant spirit lights, which traversed the cabinet horizontally and perpendicularly.

We also heard voices as of some one in the cabinet, while all were sitting hands joined, and the medium seated at the end of the table furthest therefrom.

WEDNESDAY, 7TH DEC. (5th Regular Sitting).

Thirteen of us were present this evening, three being unavoidably absent. "Sunbeam" communicated; also another Indian spirit who previously visited us. Under control of an Italian spirit, Mrs. Kellie sang in touching tones. On her entering the cabinet, brilliant lights were again seen, also when she emerged therefrom, to prove to one of our number that the same were genuine.

The medium described several spirits who were present, giving the initials of some. The circle are anticipating the development of Materialisation shortly, and Mr. Hewison promises reports of any new development.

MRS. MARION TODD, one of the leaders of the Union Labour party, is a successful lawyer, in Allison, Mich. Her first case was for a railroad conductor, against a rich corporation, and she won it. Mrs. Todd's many friends in this city will be pleased to learn of her success.—*The Carrier Dove*.

THE SEYBERT COMMISSION.

The *Banner of Light* for October 22nd, contains a leading article on the Seybert and other commissions that have undertaken from time to time to investigate(?) Spiritualism. The following excerpts from the article (with which we entirely agree) will indicate the tenor of it:—

"We do not need any of these commissions to decide upon our facts—every Spiritualist knows they are true, and if the outside world wishes information or assistance Spiritualists are ever ready to afford it. But let the enquirers do as we have had to do: each of us having had to investigate for ourselves, and so prove it by personal observation.

* * * * *

Let Spiritualists carefully investigate their phenomena, accurately gauge their reality, carefully eliminating all records of uncertainties, and accepting only that which demonstrates itself; then they will be their own vindicators, be accepted, as they truly are, as the only experts in the matter. Let us stand firm upon our common ground of fact. The presumption of "commissions" and "committees," to investigate us is an assumption that we are not competent witnesses, therefore it is an impertinence to be rebuked. The results of faithful and honest observation and record, combined with honorable dealings between us all, and the aid of intelligent spirit-workers, will yet be sufficient to assure the vain and weak among us that Spiritualism can vindicate itself."

The same journal for November 8th contains the following letter to the Commission from Dr. Richmond, who, having been in accord with them, has recently been forced from his position by some experience in psychography or slate-writing at Lake Cassadaga Camp Meeting. It was originally published in the *Meadville Daily Tribune*.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Gentlemen of the Seybert Commission:—

My excuse for addressing you this open letter will be found in the communication itself. I read with pleasure your report, and as it corresponded in every respect with my preconceived opinions on the subject of Spiritualism, I enjoyed very much the undercurrent of sarcasm that runs through its well-worded pages, and yet I am afraid that

"Though it may make the unskilful laugh it cannot but make the judicious grieve."

I fear me, gentlemen, that your wit has much impaired the candor of your report. I do not for one moment doubt either your honesty or your ability in the investigation, yet in the light of my own experience and the evidence of scores of good intelligent men and women who saw much more than I did, I cannot but believe that your mission is not yet ended, and that your duty to the dead as well as the living is not yet fully performed.

Henry Seybert left a generous legacy to a most worthy institution and to mankind; and most faithfully should the conditions of his bequest be executed. I sincerely believe, gentlemen, that you desire to perform your duty in the sacred trust imposed upon you, and that you will faithfully continue to investigate until either a great truth is proclaimed to the world, or a great fraud exposed and held up to the deserved contempt and execration of mankind.

As I am to appear as a witness before you, it renders it necessary for me to give you some information of myself. I do this unwillingly, yet as I am a stranger to all of you it seems proper that you should know something of my antecedents, that you may better determine the weight of my evidence. In brief, then, I was educated a surgeon and physician; for a number of years I lectured on chemistry and physiology—read law, and have practiced my profession nearly forty years. In 1853, while I was Assistant Director of the Machinery Department in the New York Crystal Palace, I became intimately acquainted with Herr Anderson, the great magician. I

assisted him with my knowledge of chemistry, electricity, and magnetism in preparing some of his feats of magic, and in return I became an *amateur* pupil of his, and learned all his secrets in the *occult* science of magic. Many times I have been appointed on committees to expose the so-called spiritual manifestations of itinerant mediums. In every instance in which I have been thus employed I have believed that all of the pretended spiritual manifestations I have witnessed were frauds. These facts made me a disbeliever in what is called "Modern Spiritualism," and when I visited Cassadaga Lake I presumed that all I would see would be a repetition of old frauds clothed in a new dress.

An intimate friend of mine who is one of the ablest members of our bar visited Cassadaga Lake in August last; on his return he showed me a slate communication purporting to be addressed to me from one now dead, who in life was very dear to me. My friend related the manner in which he received it. I knew him to be truthful and intelligent, and what he said induced me to visit the Lake. I knew him to be a good lawyer, but unskilled in the feats of legerdemain, and I thought he had been deceived. To detect this deception I made my pilgrimage to this noted Mecca of Spiritualism, and I came away more astonished than was my friend. In brief, my experience was as follows:—

On the beautiful grounds of "Lily Dale" I found a concourse of intelligent, thoughtful men and women who seemed to be seeking for the truth only. They were earnest and sincere. The spirit of speculation had not as yet entered their camp-ground, except it may have been in the forms of numerous mediums whose notices I observed on many of the cottages as I passed along. I saw and heard many things that to my untutored wisdom seemed the very acme of absurd credulity. The evening after my arrival, while seated on the porch of the hotel, I listened with astonishment to the conversation of numbers of ladies and gentlemen as

"Each told the unco's they had seen and heard."

I wondered that credulity could go so far: I had read your report, gentlemen, and I knew how all the frauds were perpetrated. It is true your testimony was only human, but it was reinforced by my own experience, and I smiled at the other human testimony I there heard. It did not occur to me that it was just possible that even your wisdom and mine might be at fault, and that we had not seen all that was to be seen on the unknown boundaries of a future world, if such boundaries actually exist. The next day I visited a slate-writing medium.

The room I entered from the street was well lighted, the windows and doors being open. The medium entered; I recognised a gentleman to whom I had been introduced the afternoon before at the hotel, and who, of course, had had an opportunity of learning of me and mine, had he so desired, in view of my probable visit to him. Without taking time to describe all the details of the "séance," I will briefly say that at his direction I wrote six interrogatories on separate pieces of paper, folded and rolled them up into a small compass, and laid them on the table before me—a rude, pine centre table, with a single board top—no framework about it, no mortises or slots in which to hold the slates, as you describe in your report. I had purchased two slates at a store on the grounds. I marked them and cleaned them myself, and keeping them in my hands, awaited coming events with an incredulity increased from reading your exhaustive report. The medium entered the room, seated himself opposite me at the other side of the table; a number of slate pencils lay on the table, from one of which he broke a piece about the size of a No. 4 shot. I opened the slates, he laid the fragment of pencil on the bottom slate, I covered it with the other, and with my hands grasped the ends of the slates, holding them together. From the pellets of paper on which I had written the interrogatories I selected one, holding it in my right hand. I myself did not know which of the questions I held, and as they had remained as I placed them on the table, closely watched by me all the time, I do not see how it is possible that the medium could have

known the question written on the one in my hand. All looked so very silly and absurd that I felt ashamed of my own folly, and was only comforted with the thought of how soon I would detect the fraud as you had done, when the *denouement* came. It came in a few moments, but not as I expected. I held the slates above the table, in open daylight, firmly grasping their ends. The medium reached forth his hand, and placed the ends of his fingers under the slate frames, with his thumb above it. I closely watched the *flexors* and *extensors* of his hand. There was no movement. Soon I heard the pencil move between the slates, and distinctly I heard it write. I lowered my head, and raised the slates close to my face; I traced the movement of the pencil from my left to right, but from the medium's right to left. The pencil wrote with about the velocity of an ordinary writer. Soon the pencil ceased to move; the medium removed his fingers; I opened the slates, and saw a communication on the lower one that nearly covered its surface. I read it, opened the paper in my hand, and the communication was an intelligent answer to that interrogatory; the writing *not unlike* the familiar hand of the one to whom I had addressed the question, and whose name was signed to the communication. On my return home I compared it with the communication given me by my friend, the attorney spoken of, which had been written over a week before. The two were apparently in the same handwriting, and purported to be from the same person.

Gentlemen, I was surprised. My boasted skill in legerdemain availed me naught. I had been deceived. My own experience, aided by your report, had told me this could not be done. With yet more care I placed the clean slate below the other, dropped the fragment of pencil in the centre, covered it with the other slate, took another paper pellet from the table, grasped the slates with determination, the medium being at least five feet from me, and when thus prepared, with my watchfulness increased to a point of almost painful intensity, I told him to proceed. Again he took the frames of the slates between his thumb and fingers, and instantly I again heard the pencil write. This time the communication was much shorter than the former one. I opened the slates and saw in a woman's handwriting a communication with a signature appended. I opened the pellet in my hand, and the interrogatory therein contained was to the one whose name was written on the slate. Gentlemen of the Commission, how was it done? I do not know; but this I do know—it was not the feat of a magician! There is no professor of the occult science of magic living, no one ever did live, that could, by virtue of his art alone, cause an inanimate fragment of stone to write an intelligent sentence under the circumstances I have narrated. The unlearned might believe that electricity or magnetism was the motive power, and that this was in some mysterious manner evolved from the medium, or from some device concealed either in the room or on his person. But you, gentlemen, know better; you know that a piece of slate-pencil is not and cannot be affected by magnetism, and besides, if this was possible, as the writing appeared on the inside surface of the slate, and as the medium sat opposite me, he must have written from his right to his left, and to him not only backwards, but *wrong end up*.

Now, gentlemen, you do not believe that this is possible. You think I was deceived; that the slates were changed in my very sight, in open broad daylight; that my grasp was unloosened from them without my knowing it; that other slates with the "*long communication previously prepared*" were substituted, and that I, in the full possession of my senses, did not know it. Gentlemen, you are mistaken! My credulity might permit me to believe in ghosts—which it never did—but not that. We must find some other explanation. Perhaps we had better fall back on that myth of *Reichenbach, odic force*.

The next day I visited two other mediums. With the first I obtained no results. He said he was not well, and after sitting at the table with my slates for half an hour the pencil refused to write. As the fee of the medium always depended on his obtaining a communica-

tion, it occurred to me that—as legerdemain always works, as it does not depend upon the nervous condition of the performer, but on surroundings always under his control—the medium sustained an unnecessary loss. I do not understand why he did not perform and secure his fee. Gentlemen, is it possible that the result is not always under the control of the medium; if so, then it cannot be magic, but must depend upon some unknown natural law.

I had purchased two new slates and put a private mark on their frames. With them I visited a third medium. When I arrived at his cottage he was engaged in his room up stairs with two other sitters. While standing in front of and near to his cottage I had a conversation with several gentlemen in relation to your report; possibly the medium might have heard what I said, but probably he did not. I said nothing unkind of you, gentlemen, but stated that "the slate-writing" as you described it was not as I saw it; that I intended to write you my experience, and ask you to investigate further. I went into the cottage, and on the stairs met a gentleman and his wife who had just been engaged with the medium in a séance. They had received a communication written in German, and signed with the name of the father of one of them, who died in Germany twenty years before. They told me that they had held the slates as I have described in my own case. One of the slates was written full, and in German, and I am informed by those who are well acquainted with the medium that he can neither read, write, nor speak that language.

I entered the room. The medium was seated at a common, cheap, pine-top table. If he was in that room while I was talking with the gentlemen in front of the cottage he could not have heard what I had said about your Commission. I took a seat near the table, holding my slates in my hands. I was determined this time I would not be deceived, and as you have informed the public in your report how these communications are written, I knew what to expect. I did not have a mirror, as one of your number had when he saw the medium "write on the slate under the table," but determined that my slates should not for a moment leave my hand, and they did not. I took four pieces of paper, and wrote the names of four persons who were dead. I folded the papers, and held them in my left hand. The medium did not see the names—he could not have done so. The medium bit off a small piece of slate pencil, and I placed it on my lower slate, which I knew was clean at the time, and covered it with the other; next I tied my handkerchief around the slates. Up to this time the medium had not touched them; he was on the opposite side of the table. Then I grasped the slates firmly, holding them against my person. This was in broad daylight; the windows and door of the room were open. I then took one of the slips of paper from my left hand, and held it in my right. I did not know the name on the paper I thus held, and the medium could not have known it. He then moved close to the table, reached across it, and placed the ends only of his fingers beneath the slate frame, and his thumb on top. In an instant the slates began to pull away from me, as if the medium was trying to get them into his possession. Warned by your experience, gentlemen, I held on to the slates with all my might, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I retained possession of them. They were violently jerked from right to left, then toward the medium. All the while I watched his thumb and fingers. They seemed to be holding the slate frames but loosely. I do not know but that the medium could pull more with his thumb and fingers than I could with both hands, but I don't believe it, yet the slates were very nearly wrenched from my hands. I asked the medium what this meant. He replied, "Another influence is present, and is trying to take the slates away from the influence of the one whose name you hold in your right hand. He says he is a stranger to you, but he must and will communicate with you." I replied, "Let him come! I do not care whose ghost it is, only so that it makes the pencil between these slates write an intelligent sentence. A column of the multiplication table will answer my purpose just as

well as a communication from a spirit. Let the pencil write!" In a moment the slates quieted down, and became motionless, and instantly I heard the pencil commence to write; it was but a moment, and all was still. I moved back out of reach of the medium, opened the slates, and there, written in a distinct, business-like hand, was the following communication, which I have had photographed:—

"SIR,—Do all you can to combat the error into which my Commissioners have fallen. They were (this word is indistinct), and unfaithful.—H. SEYBERT"

Gentlemen, I do not by any means endorse the sentiment of this communication. I do not believe that you were either "untruthful" or "unfaithful" in your report, but I know you are mistaken in your explanation of the "slate writing communications."

I have never seen any of Mr. Seybert's handwriting. I do not know that the communication resembles it in the least, neither do I care. What I wish to know is—what power moved the pencil? what intelligence directed it? Those familiar with "slate communications" say that often they come in the exact handwriting of the person whose name is signed to them, yet not always so; that the medium is but, as it were, a "type writer," moved by spirit fingers, yet affected by other surrounding influences, such as peculiar physical and mental idiosyncracies and temperaments. It is said that many such communications have been received from those who died in infancy and of course could have had no characteristic handwriting. I know nothing of all this, and can only form an opinion from human evidence—alas! so often fallacious.

That I was astonished at what I saw when I parted the slates is but a faint expression of my emotions. How had I been deceived? I could not believe it possible. It certainly was not in the manner you describe, and you must look further for the cause than you have in your investigation.

I then placed the clean slate below the other, laid the pencil thereon, covered it with the other slate and again grasped them in my hands. I did not tie my handkerchief around them this time, but held them firmly. I know the slate was clean when I placed the pencil on it. I took every possible precaution. I know the slates were mine, with my private mark on them. I know they were in my grasp all the time. Again I heard the pencil move and heard it write a few words and stop. I opened the slates, found written thereon these words: "*'Tis true, God bless you,*" and signed with the name written on the paper in my right hand, and I did not know myself the name I had taken from my left hand until after the communication was made.

Now, gentlemen, I have written you a plain, truthful statement of my experience at Cassadaga Lake. I know I saw what I have stated and that I have related it as I saw it, but I do not know how it was done. There is no magician living that can do what I saw done, with the aid of art alone. My experience was but that of one among hundreds still more wonderful, which were related to me by honest, intelligent men and women whose testimony would be conclusive in a cause being tried in any court in our country.

On page 8 of your report you say "the long messages are prepared by the medium before the séance. The short ones, answers to questions asked during the séance, are written under the table, with what skill practice can confer. The slate, with its message already written, must in some way be substituted for one which the sitter knows to be clean. The short answers must be written under trying circumstances, out of sight, *under the table*, with all the motions of the arm or hand concealed."

Gentlemen, you are mistaken. It is not done the way you describe. The slates are not changed; they are not placed under the table; they do not for a moment leave the sight or hand of the sitter; and to all appearance an inanimate fragment of stone performs an intelligent act without the aid of human hands. How is it done? An expectant public awaits your answer.

It is just possible after all that these crude and unsatisfactory manifestations may be faint "footprints on the boundaries of a future world." Is there anything in

the philosophy of life or the mysteries of death that denies the possibility of spiritual visitations to this earth? I know that in a history deemed sacred by the Christian world, we have the narration of a number of wonderful events which, if true, afford evidence—strong "as proof of holy writ"—that such visitations did occur: the episode in the life of Saul, when he conversed with the spirit of his old friend Samuel; the angel that rolled back the stone from "the tomb;" "the young man clothed in long white garments" that Mary Magdalen and Mary the mother of James saw sitting on the right side of the sepulchre; the angel that came to the prison of Peter, broke off his fetters, opened the prison doors, and swung back the iron gates; the one that visited Paul and Silas while in prison, the one that talked with Zacharias and with Mary; the voice at the baptism of Christ; the heavenly host singing over the plains of Judea, and the scene at the Mount of Transfiguration, as well as the voice that cried: "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" Although these events occurred long centuries ago, yet in him who sits on high there is no change; what he has once permitted may again come to pass. If human testimony from the bedside of dying Christians is to be believed, even to-day how often have the pains of death been assuaged by the welcome voices of those that have gone before, while the fluttering of angels' wings has been heard by ears growing dull in death. Why may it not be that in the progress of intellectual development man is approaching nearer and yet nearer to the presence of his Creator, until he may at last hear the whispering voices of the living dead? Surely our revered religion would have nothing to fear from this evidence. It would be auxiliary to the Christian belief, confirm many a wavering faith, and smooth many a pillow of death. I tell you, gentlemen, there is no comfort in doubts of the future. The life that has no Christian faith in it is cold and cheerless indeed. But all men do not have this faith. That which is evidence to one mind fails to convince another; how priceless, then, beyond all the wealth of earth, would be that evidence which would demonstrate to doubting minds the fact that the loved ones by whose graves they stand "are not dead, but sleeping."

Now understand me, gentlemen, I do not say that the manifestations I saw came from the spirit-world—if there is such a world—but I do say that I do not believe that they were feats of legerdemain.

On page 68 of your report you speak of "a very remarkable slate-writing experiment which a Mr. Kellar has performed," etc. I do not know what Mr. Kellar can do but I do know what he cannot do, by virtue of his skill as a conjurer; *i. e.*, he cannot make a fragment of stone placed between two slates which I hold in my hands write an intelligent sentence. So far I defy him or any other magician. He cannot perform the experiment I witnessed. If he thinks he can I would be pleased to become the victim of his deception. Let him try! I have seen nothing in my short and imperfect investigation that demonstrates a spirit-life—I sincerely wish I had—but I have seen that done which cannot be explained by any known law of nature, and in this I am not alone. Scientists, the latchet of whose shoes you and I are unworthy to loose, have seen the like and been unable to explain it, and you, gentlemen, will have to look further than you can with a "pocket mirror" ere you solve the problem.

Is there such a power as "*odid foren?*" or is it, like the Scandinavian god of Northern mythology, *Odin*, from which it is supposed the term is derived, a myth, a baseless fabric of a dream that exists only in the imagination of men.

I do not question the fact that you have discovered frauds, as you narrate, yet no science has ever been investigated, no theory of religion developed, but in their path truth and error have walked side by side, yet the footprints of error never yet obliterated the pathway of truth. Of course there are hundreds of false or spurious manifestations of spirit-life not alone in so-called Spiritualism, but even the religion of the Christian world has for hundreds of years been tainted with these frauds and deceptions. The minister of our revered religion would have a hopeless task to perform, who, in his advocacy of the truth of the miracles of the Saviour,

was compelled to combat and explain the hundreds of false "miracles" that were performed by the priesthood of past centuries. Dr. Isaac Taylor says that: "From the period of the Nicene Council and onward, miracles of the most astounding kind were alleged to be wrought from day to day"—and to reason that the falsehood of these pretended miracles tainted with fraud those performed by the Saviour is a *non sequitur*—so plain that he is little skilled in logic and has less common sense who does not see it.

Gentlemen of the Seybert Commission: Of course I may have been deceived. I certainly did not have a pocket mirror in my investigations, and perhaps therein lies my weakness; yet as I held the slates myself; as they were not out of my grasp for a moment, and certainly not under the table or out of my sight, or in the hands of the medium, I did not see that a looking glass is an important factor in the solution of the mystery.

Your report, gentlemen, touches a belief dear to thousands. The belief is spreading rapidly. It is not based upon faith alone, but on what its votaries believe to be positive demonstration. Henry Seybert was a firm believer in its truth, and with a generosity that puts to shame much of the bigotry of the world he made a generous bequest to enable you to thoroughly test its truth. Although he was an ardent believer in Spiritualism, yet he left a large sum of money to cause an investigation which might destroy the very foundations of his cherished belief. He did not leave the thousands of dollars (I do not know how many) to propagate his creed, as many wealthy devotees of the various Christian churches have done, but with the desire only that his fellow-men might know the truth of "all systems of moral religion or philosophy which assumed to represent the truth, and particularly of Modern Spiritualism." No more generous, unselfish act was ever done by philanthropic Christians. No pet creed was to be propagated, no favorite theory to be established, no falsehood to be shielded, but truth, that emanation from the throne of Eternal Justice, was what he desired you to seek. Gentlemen, have you completed your task? have you found it? Remember your investigations will affect the happiness of many. Your wit and sarcasm, while it is covert, is all the more cruel. It is pointed at the religious belief of those who need not bend the knee to you in honesty of purpose, conscientiousness of action, or intelligence of opinions; those who would not willingly deceive themselves in so important a matter as "the evidence of a future life"; to them the ground on which you stand is holy ground; on it are gathered all those they loved in life and mourned in death, and a decent respect for the feelings as well as the opinions of your fellow-men should silence your wit, smother your sarcasm, and prompt you to perform your duty as becomes thoughtful, earnest Christian men.

Gentlemen, will you please turn to page 125, 126, and 127 of your able report? Read them. Do you think they accord with either the dignity or responsibility of your position?

It may be that the believers in spiritual manifestations may be in error—and I confess that *I fear they are*—yet until you can explain all the phenomena that attend their séances on the theory of fraud, you are not entitled to a verdict. The frauds you have discovered only go so far as they are concerned. Remember that the daughter of Jairus was raised from the dead, notwithstanding the spurious "miracles" that were performed during the middle ages.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me make a suggestion to you: If the so-called independent slate-writing is the work of a conjurer, as you report, cannot you find within the broad confines of this earth some professor of magic who can make, through the agency of his art, an inanimate piece of stone write an intelligent sentence on a slate? It is a simple thing to do if legerdemain can do it. Then hire him to explain to the world how it is done—surely your means are ample—you would be but obeying the wishes of the generous dead who gave the money for that purpose, should you so expend a small portion of the bequest. Let the professor of magic do what the mediums of Cassadaga Lake did in the presence of scores

of intelligent men and women, and science will know something not now known to her votaries—or a great fraud will be exposed to the gaze of an amused and credulous public.

Respectfully yours,

A. B. RICHMOND.

A SUPPOSED NEW FORCE.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society, Professor Crookes gave a description of the experiments of M. J. Thore, which are attributed by him to a new force inherent in the human organism. The fundamental experiments are performed in a specially constructed apparatus, which consists of a glass box with moveable windows, and containing suspended in it, by means of a very fine cocoon silk fibre, a small cylinder of ivory, glass, or metal. By means of a ball and socket arrangement, a second cylinder, called the pillar, can be brought close to the first, and placed in different positions with regard to it. The cylinder is first brought to rest, and the observer sits down in front of the apparatus, with his face some eight inches from the suspended cylinder. The pillar is then brought near to the suspended cylinder, when on opening the glass window, it commences to rotate. This rotation is in the opposite direction to the hands of a clock when the pillar is to the right of the suspended cylinder.

It has also more recently been shown by M. Thore that the action is more marked when the observer's hand is touching the support of the pillar, and that if the right hand be used the movement is in the direction of the hands of a watch, but the opposite effect is noticed with the left hand. Professor Crookes is, however, of opinion that the phenomena observed can be accounted for as the result of radiation, although he admits that at present this theory is not able to explain all the experiments which M. Thore has brought forward. That radiation can produce many such effects has been shown by the experiments devised by Professor Crookes when investigating these phenomena. A flask of boiling water, or a candle, or some other source of heat, causes the suspended cylinder to revolve in the same way as does the human face. And a bottle of hot water produces rotation when the observer is at a long distance from the apparatus, when the movements can be examined by means of a telescope.

Radiation may give rise to the observed phenomena either by producing a current of warm air, causing an indraught of cold air from all sides to strike against the suspended cylinder, and so determine its rotation, or an increase in the surface temperature of the two cylinders may produce a greater molecular pressure between them, and thus give rise to motion in the freely suspended one in a similar way to the movements produced in a radiometer. Professor Crookes suggests that experiments performed with the apparatus in tubes under diminished pressure might possibly decide which of these two hypotheses is the more probable.—*Industries.*

[The force alluded to in the above was discovered by Mr. Rutter over thirty years since, and its action demonstrated by an instrument he invented called the magnetoscope. The instrument was perfected by Dr. Leger, who discovered that the normal action of the force was affected by organic matter and medicinal substances; further, that the force emanating from various portions of the brain of a second person could be measured by the rotation of the pendulum. Mr. N. P. Starr, an American, invented a simple instrument, called a mediastroscope, consisting of an angular fold of thin paper balanced on a needle-point, which rotated to the right or left when either the left or right hand was placed in proximity to it. Mr. Ackermann, of Launceston, has also experimented in the same direction, and published the results of some of his experiments twenty years ago in the local papers.—*Ed. H. of Lt.*]

OUR bodies belong to earth, but our souls to heaven; and while our physical part is fixed amid the grossness and materiality of earth, our souls may blossom in the pure sunlight of heaven.

POTTED POISON.

Know you not

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?

No class of people suffers more under the weight of the Moloch of vaccination—vaccination only in name, criminal inoculation in reality—than does the so-called class of working men in this and all countries under the sun. As the working class is the principal bearer of the burden of taxation, so also is the hard-working multitude also the principal paymaster of fines for non-obedience to the iniquitous vaccination laws, and unless the working man puts his own shoulder to the wheel, and peremptorily demands to be liberated from this incubus of medical tyranny—a tyranny supported by the State itself—he may be sure to go on suffering indefinitely.

If a few enlightened anti-vaccinationists, whose children were made to suffer from the consequences of this vile rite, were to club together in the metropolis, and engage a clever and honest lawyer (if such an one can be found anywhere), and give all the cases of prosecution for non-vaccination into his hands for defence, I have no doubt that it would soon be discovered that the working man's wheelbarrow could as easily be wheeled through this rotten Act of Parliament as a carriage and pair are said to be quite easily driven through any other similar Act.

The force of conviction—of conscientious conviction—of the masses brought to bear upon the ignorant and callous rulers would, I have no doubt, be at least as powerful a lever in shifting the centre of gravity of this death-dealing, colossus of a medical lie, as the golden calf sitting gravely in a carriage.

If, as I said, an earnest lawyer were engaged by the united people, of sufferers from vaccination, if it were made worth his while to devote his attention to the study of this Act he would soon be able to pick such holes into it that prosecutions would become very rare if not altogether impossible. Thus, for instance, the Act demands that the operation of vaccination must be performed with genuine cowpox, and not with this vile "Potted Poison" called calf lymph, which is manufactured wholesale by Tom, Dick, and Harry. Now, what is easier than to object, in the absence of any recognised standard of cowpox, or vaccine virus, against the operation being performed by actual smallpox virus taken from smallpox patients directly and given to calves, and again taken from the calves under the slightly altered name—a lie!—of calf lymph?

It really takes a calf to believe this magic process of converting smallpox into cowpox; taking a sovereign out of my right hand trouser's pocket and putting it into the left one ditto, does not change the nature of the coin; no more is smallpox virus, run through the filter of a living calf, turned into cowpox or genuine Jennerian vaccine.

Those who believe in this conversion of our "Potted Poison" now used, or allowed to be used, by our Government into mild vaccine, must have spent little or no thought on this all-important subject of State-aided blood poisoning; and fathers of families as well as family doctors who honestly look after the health of their clients, must shortly turn their attention to this unpleasantly vexing question on account of the annually increasing spread of other zymotic diseases, such as typhoid fever, scarlatina, diphtheria, etc., all daughters of our "Potted Poison," legitimate daughters of smallpox—full-blooded relations of variolation, as every one who cares to reflect can find out for himself by going back in the history of Victoria only some 17 or 18 years, when cases of diphtheria were absolutely unknown, scarlatina extremely scarce, measles (if any) of the mildest description, typhoid fever existing only in sporadic cases; whereas, now, after 18 years of tyrannical and thorough vaccination, all these decimating and death-dealing undertakers' assistants of diseases are as numerous as blackberries. But strange to say, no one seems to know where these Egyptian plagues come from.

Well, my dear people, I will tell you plainly, these truly Egyptian plagues come from the equally truly

Egyptian darkness which reigns in the silent chambers of the minds of your rulers and your doctors, the latter of whom have somehow or other managed to obtain the aid of the ruling classes to stir up the boiling pot of poison for them to the detriment of the people. Let us hope that God will shortly raise up some modern Moses for us who will kindly show the people a clear road out of this dark land of Egyptian darkness and plagues into a desert—provided there is health in it with plenty of quails and locusts, and heavenly manna, and pure water from a rock. Amen.

C. W. ROHNER.

Health Officer for Philip Island Shire.

Philip Island, 12th December, 1887.

To Correspondents.

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

ETERNAL HELL (?)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—In conformity to circumstances I was for some years a student of Swedenborg's writings. Since arriving in Melbourne, accident (?) has made me to a slight extent a student of Spiritualistic literature. Please let me present in a synopsis form what may fairly be advanced from Swedenborg's writings *in re* the above subject, and then present what I have gathered from Spiritualistic literature in respect to the same subject. According to Swedenborg the human individual originates on this earth, and this earth life is for the purpose of giving the individual a choice of eternal bliss or eternal misery. The choice is made in this wise: some eternal truth is brought sufficiently near the individual that it ought to be accepted, if it is not accepted eternal misery for the individual is the result, if it be accepted eternal bliss is the consequence; children who have not reached an age of discretion go to eternal bliss. No individual is so uneducated or uncultivated between the age of discretion and the time at which they quit time for eternity, as not to be able to make a choice between some eternal truth and rejecting it. Acceptance means eternal Heaven, rejection means eternal Hell.

The Spiritualistic idea is that the individual after throwing off the material body advances in development, and that the speed of that advance is determined by the kind of actions, mental and physical, performed in the material body.

The objection to this idea is that it furnishes no reason for the individual to have lived in the material form. Swedenborg's Heaven and Hell may be expressed in the words Progression and Retrogression, and the existence where change is possible is necessary to the individual in order that a choice may be made either for Progression or Retrogression, but on leaving the existence where change is possible the individual must abide by his choice in eternity. If the Spiritualistic idea is to be held then the only outcome of this existence is that it affords an opportunity for the individual to be loaded with disadvantages for progression in eternity. And there can be no reason in this but simply an unqualified objection. Will some brother or sister please write and try to elucidate this subject. It is not justice in the individual or to other individuals, to sit down quietly with the assumption that there is no eternal Hell for the individual simply because Andrew Jackson Davis *said so*, or because such a message may have been sent to thousands of "circles," any more than it is justice to sit down in the assumption that there is an eternal Hell for the individual simply because Swedenborg *said* there was. An eternity of retrogression is, to say the least of it, just as thinkable as an eternity of progress.

DIAMOND.

[Our correspondent's idea of the utility of human existence appears to us a very narrow one, whilst that of Hell and its functions is correspondingly broad. According to his interpretation of Swedenborg, the world is a stream, the natural drift of which is towards eternal Hell?

There are little outlets along the banks which lead to eternal Heaven. Opposite these, baits are thrown out in the shape of eternal truth, and those human fishes who make for and appropriate them are drawn into the heavenly channels, whilst those who pass them by drift on to Hell and endure eternal punishment for their folly or lack of perception. To anyone having a rational conception of "God," whether anthropomorphic or impersonal, the erroneousness of this idea would be manifest. Love and Justice are the central principles associated in our minds with the God idea, and were we to reduce these principles to a simply human manifestation, we could not possibly conceive of a just and benevolent man throwing fishes into a stream which terminated in a boiling cauldron, and letting all those who refused the bait thrown in their way drift into the hot water. A man who would do this would be regarded by Society at large as little better than a brute, whilst one who would slowly torture them by graduated heat would be abhorred for his brutality, and yet men, led by the irrational ideas of old-time theologians, conceive of a God capable of such brutality. We attach no importance to the dictum of either Swedenborg or A. J. Davis; the former's undoubted seership was marred by his theological bias, the latter is less dogmatic and appeals more directly to the reason. It is to reason and intuition we defer, and these both reject the idea of a God who is not up to the standard of an average human being. We would advise our correspondent to read "Spirit Teachings," by M. A. Oxon, and, if he can get access to it, "Spiritualism," by Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter; these and a few others of the same class of works will, we think, make manifest to him that earth-life has other and larger uses than that of a sorting shoot or shunting station for human souls, that it is in fact a school wherein we learn lessons and gain experiences which form the basis of our development in the next sphere of existence.—ED.]

COMMUNICATION GIVEN IN TRANCE AT A MELBOURNE FAMILY CIRCLE.

OUR spirit friend G. T. controlling:—"Good evening my dear friends; I can assure you that I have felt quite neglected during my absence from you for the past few weeks. Some of your dear ones I see have been with you to-night with words of love and enlightenment. I would like to give you a glimpse of our spirit-home, and of the dear ones that surround us. We have all there that we can wish for in reason, we have all the pleasures that are most beneficial to us at our command; you would hardly believe, in fact it would be beyond your comprehension if I were to tell you all the wonders that we are amongst. We live here in a sense far truer than you do, we are more real, we live, you only exist. Our surrounding is full of overflowing of nobleness, love, and all those beautiful qualities rarely seen in human beings. We, through going through the furnace that the conscience lights, are purified, all dross has been annihilated and swept away by kind, loving, and high-souled thought. We can look to our God with reverence, we can appreciate him in the fullest sense; we can distinguish his wisdom and power, and can acknowledge His glorious being. He is the foundation of all life; He is the giver of all our future, and we look to Him for all knowledge, therein lies our peace and our delight. When I look at my spirit-home and its surroundings I cannot but feel that I am not worthy. All my wishes are gratified, my dear ones are living with me. Each family and its attendant relations are all joined there in perfect harmony; they have a home fitted for their reception, a home not of earth but of heaven, a home wherein are those things that go to make up true happiness. It is strange that once being human we do not feel the loss of those things we esteem so priceless when upon the earth; no, we can throw them aside without a sigh and find gold and silver of greater value in the love and priceless joys that surround us, and do not imagine we are like sprites or fairies; our lives are practical, useful ones, each spirit has his or her pleasures and duties and all duties where we are, are fraught with pleasure. One of my greatest times of

happiness is when I meet some poor spirit entering on to the other shore, what joy it is to allay and alleviate the sufferings of uncertainty! what exquisite happiness it is to pour into their souls the truth there is to tell. Since I have passed away this has been my work, and there is nothing sweeter than to teach those who are ignorant of spiritual knowledge, and to watch their progress as step by step they try and tread the path of development. You would be astonished if you sometimes could overlook a meeting with a disbeliever. By love we try and persuade him to look at things in a sensible light, but they turn away and say "They have lived in the Saviour and have died for him, and now they long to go and sit at his right hand." They would not believe otherwise, the darkness upon the mind is so dense that we cannot penetrate it readily, the mind has been moulded from infancy in that shape and by a few words cannot be torn asunder; they have then to go into the sphere allotted for their reception, and in time they see that they have been led wrongly by others, that there is something to live for; they see the mistake they have fallen into and are then too ready to throw to one side without remorse those teachings that have warped their better judgement. Great men and noble have been bigoted, and those very men as spirits are eager to spread the knowledge they have gained to their less fortunate brethren; when the mind is opened to the glorious truth of spirit-life it is ever ready to communicate unto those in darkness the truth that it has found so perceivable. The denseness that overtakes those that are brought up in ignorance is such that they know not where to grope for the door ajar, they know not what foot to move first to gain the pathway of understanding; they feel as lost, that there is nothing to hope for such as they; they do not realize that the God above is the Father of all, that he alone and not man is the mainspring of His knowledge. If they would but look to him and ask for strength and power, and in all sincerity and honesty ask to be guided aright, the light would come to them. If a man wishes to be what he ought to be and knows he ought to be, he will have those angels above him who have been sent to help and guide him. I am not addicted to giving sermons, but I feel that sometimes it is needed, and when it is I feel forced to give you my ideas. I only tell you what I know, as I have gone through all the bitterness of conscience that I would have no wish to enter again, having once passed through I can the better teach those below me, and instruct them, and feel the more power over them. It is some time since I have controlled my medium in trance and under such conditions I never care to say too much, so I will bid you all good night."

A DISTINGUISHED EPISCOPAL PULPIT ORATOR ON SPIRITUALISM.

REV. R. HEBER NEWTON is one of the more distinguished of those who are at present giving the subject a profound consideration. He attends the séances of a prominent New York medium, and is investigating the phenomena with the zeal and intelligence of a man who is deeply interested and sincerely desirous of knowing the exact truth.

From a late sermon of his I derive the belief that the result of his study thus far is to convince him that what he has seen proceeds from influences worthy of our highest concern. I discover it in the confession of his faith, that man (in his moral state) is rising, by slow but sure stages, closer to the confines of an unseen world; that his perceptions will be in time so refined and spiritualised that a completely new and wonderful realm will burst upon his vision; that the imperfect echoes which he now catches will become clear and intelligible accents; that the forces whose action he does not understand will enter the field of his comprehension; that many of the now invisible elements of the glowing life of the universe will be as familiar to him as the play of the lightning or the colours of the autumnal landscape, and that all these things shall be his by the virtue of the operation of a law of evolution, whose principles lay enveloped like a seed germ in the original cosmic fire mist.—*Eastern Star.*

TESTS.

FROM M. A. (OXON'S) "NOTES BY THE WAY."

SOME curious instances of messages spelt out through the alphabet are given in the early numbers of the *Spiritual Telegraph*. An alphabet was formed by writing the letters on a card thus: AZBYCXDWEVFGT HSI RJQKPLMN. A critic had suggested that with such a mixture of letters no intelligible message would be given. The mixed alphabet was written on the back of a card on which was the regular alphabet. First the mixed alphabet was tried, and the message was given, "That is all fudge," referring obviously to the objection of the critic. Then the communicating spirit requested that the card might be turned over to the regular alphabet. This was done, and a question was asked as to the best means of convincing such objectors. The following singular combination of letters was given by the regular alphabet, the pointer as it traversed the card selecting them in the following order: TTRPEM AETTTNHOEOMTWNIELTHIS. Naturally nothing could be made of this, until they were told by the spirit to "take every other letter, and the second of every other must be read upwards (i.e., backwards)." Following this method the sense is clear, "Treat them with silent contempt." It is not easy to imagine that any one whose hand was following the alphabet on a card could have constructed such a puzzle.

Another instance. The editor and his friend, Mr. John Scott, of Belfast, and Captain Casement, of Dublin, had gone to Scotland to introduce the subject of Spiritualism. They were at Glasgow, and a sitting was being held before the public meeting in the evening. A gentleman who had been present at a previous public meeting came in by chance, and asked that a message should be got for him, if possible, but that the pointer should begin with Z and travel back to A. Without a moment's hesitation came HGRUBNIDEFOELPOEP EHTOTSSECCUSDOOG. This read backwards is plain enough, and was a sharp answer to the test question. It must be confessed that many of the messages given, purporting to come (as usual) from great names, are desperate nonsense. It must be confessed, too, that this cramped method of test, however satisfactory it may be to that class of mind which is perpetually seeking to tie spirits up, as it were, and to ask for what has been easily done under simple conditions to be done again under conditions of difficulty, soon becomes intolerably wearisome. It serves its purpose, and that is all. It is excellent demonstration of the action of some agency external to the circle.

A WONDERFUL PREDICTION BY THE GUIDES OF MRS. J. J. WHITNEY REALISED.

In February last a gentleman, a perfect stranger to Mrs. Whitney, came to that lady for a sitting, during which the spirit of a man presented himself claiming to be his brother, and giving the name in full of "A. J. Stevens," saying he desired to send a message to their sister Agnes warning her to settle up her worldly affairs as she was soon to pass into the spirit world. The sister being in good health at the time, the gentleman did not think it possible. This was on Monday morning, February 24th. The lady died very suddenly on Saturday of the same week. In April last, in Oddfellows' Hall, at one of Mrs. Whitney's sances, before 1500 people, the spirit Agnes, mentioned above, came and announced herself, calling three times before any one responded, saying, "Sister Belle, I have left a will." The sister, who was present, said there was no will, but Agnes insisted that there was one made in 1879 and could be found in Edinburgh, Scotland. To ascertain the truth, the sister actually went to Edinburgh and discovered the identical will which has been sent here for record and was recently admitted to probate and published in the San Francisco papers. The will conveyed property in this city worth nearly 100,000 dols. This answers the question, What good has Spiritualism done?

PARAMOUNT DUTIES ENFORCED BY INSTRUCTIVE VISIONS.

BY THOS. HARDING.

WE extract the following from an article under the above heading, published in the *Religio Philosophical Journal* of Nov. 5th:—

Some years ago I was away on business and sojourning in a distant city, away from home and family. I had few acquaintances there, and I felt much depressed, as my earthly affairs were perplexing. I did not know how matters would turn out, and I had for a long time previously been uneasy, sometimes very unhappy and often perfectly wretched in mind, for I could see no way out of my embarrassments. In vain I again and again inquired to what end I was born; for what purpose is my life devoid of those enjoyments so common to other people; and how shall I make my glad exit from these scenes of earthly trouble. Again and again I asked myself, "What have I done to deserve all this chastening? Why am I not permitted to die and be at rest? Life and its purposes were inexplicable to me, for I seemed but a cumberer of the earth, utterly useless and unprofitable both to God and man, a creature entangled in a strong web from my very birth.

One night I could not sleep; my thoughts wandered back over my past life, and I tried to peer into the future, as I asked myself many questions which I could not answer. In the midst of the pale moonlight I felt as though my locality had changed; I now find myself in a vast ocean, the billows roll and toss around me, and sometimes I sink deep into the brine, even up to my shoulders, and again I rise like a cork and almost stand on the waters. Now a mountain wave rolling on threatens to engulf me, and anon I am fretted with the innumerable little billows which dash upon me and strike their spray against my cheeks like grains of shot, and I am wafted hither and thither at the mercy of that restless ocean. The turbulence of the sea is not subject to me, but I subject to it. Instead of conquering, I must yield submission, and be content to gather wisdom from experience.

Now I look around for some point of land on which to rest, but there is none, not a rock even or a foot of soil on which to set my foot. Now I perceive a dark coloured door far off in front, that is to be my door of exit. The waves wash up to the threshold of it but go no further. The door seems an ugly thing to look at, yet it has a strange interest for me; I look all round for a boat to ferry me across without further delay, but there is no boat to be seen, yet wave after wave washes me nearer toward that door.

I awoke from this strange scene, and as was usual the interpretation flashed upon me. That sea was the ocean of life; that door was death; all the rest was plain.

SECOND VISION.

Pretty soon my inner sense was again made susceptible and another scene opens before me; but this time I was on the dry land. I seem to have just passed through the door; there is a pathway before me on a level with the sea outside, but quite dry; it leads to a vast mountain, steep and high. I look up and on the mountain's summit I behold a building, beautiful beyond all comparison; it is clear as crystal; it seems as though the immense structure had been hewn from a solid diamond. A soft mellow light is shed upon all things, and its source is the palace or temple on the mountain top. That light seems to silently draw all things toward its source.

As I look around me on the mountain I see it literally covered with travellers, all journeying up the hill sides. I also perceive that there are innumerable round stones or boulders scattered all over the mountain, and what surprises me is that every traveller carries a boulder which greatly impedes his progress. Some carry them against their breasts and supported by their hands; some carry them on their shoulders, and some even on their heads; but one way or another every man and every woman carry a boulder.

As I observe particulars, I perceive that some of the journeyers carry heavier boulders than others, and some-

times one would lay down one boulder and take up another, and the one taken up often is heavier than the one laid down. Sometimes, too, I observe that it is not so much the weight or size of the boulder which makes them troublesome to bear, but rather the awkwardness of their shapes, some having sharp edges, which make them painful to handle. I also notice that now and again a traveller would sit on his boulder and fall asleep.

As I looked abroad upon the scene I began to feel sad, for in some strange way I fancied that these boulders had reference to the prejudices of people (growing out of their self-love.) For them they were blinded to their own best interests, through them they frequently did injustice to themselves and others, and by them the intellect was clouded and the moral perceptions partially paralyzed. It also occurred to me that the mountain, or the laws governing its territory, was not to blame if people carried great round stones on their journey.

I felt so distressed in consequence of these considerations that I sat down and bowed my head in sorrow for the follies of mankind. So I heard a movement as though some one was approaching, and raising my eyes I perceived a lady in white raiment standing near me. Her deportment was majestic, the atmosphere surrounding her was luminous, but it shone by no borrowed light, and in her hand she held a scroll of parchment with which she emphasised her utterance, some-what as an unconscious gesture strikes a spoken thought home to the hearer.

"A teacher in authority," I thought in my own mind. I arose to my feet and uncovered my head in the presence of the angel.

"Why do you mourn?" she inquired.

"Ah, Madame," I said, "why don't they throw away their boulders?"

"Perhaps it is not easy to throw them away," she replied.

"If they will but let them go," I said, "they will roll down the mountain and then how much more easily they could ascend."

"Do you find it easy to ascend?" she asked me.

"Far from it," I replied. "I have so many things to distress me; my ascent is very difficult."

"Why don't you throw them away?" she inquired.

"Most gladly would I do so if I could," I replied; "but others are involved with me and I cannot."

"Perhaps your distresses are mainly caused by the boulder you carry," she said. I stood in amazement at this remark.

"Madame," said I, "I am not carrying a boulder."

"You can readily see another's boulder," she replied, "but cannot perceive your own, for you are carrying quite a heavy one," and she observed me sternly. I looked at her in utter astonishment, and pondered in my own mind whether there could be any lunatics in heaven. She evidently observed my thought though unexpressed, and she seemed to smile.

"Pray what is that on your back?" she said. I felt offended that so absurd a question should be addressed to me.

"Madame," said I, "there is nothing on my back."

She reached forward the scroll in her right hand and touched my forehead. Instantly I felt as though borne toward the earth under a heavy load, and my spirit sank as I realized the melancholy truth; a large round stone was imbedded between my shoulders.

Sturgis, Mich, Oct. 15, 1887.

UNEXPECTED LIGHT.—We extract the following from the *Carrier Dove*; where it was first written or reported or when given utterance to by the late Archbishop we do not know:—"We do not deny the phenomenon that there is a continual communion between the dead and living. Others of the clergy, too numerous to mention, assert the same. I thought at one time that unless a power mightier than that which led Paul to repentance while on his way to Damascus to persecute the Christians came to enlighten me, I should die a sceptic; but the light came in an unexpected way, which is more than faith to me, because they are God-given facts."—*Monseignor Capel.*

SPIRITUALISM AS AN IDEAL OF LIFE.

IV.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

"The wisest sage the antique wisdom knew,
Gazing into blue space the long and silent hours,
Would commune with h's genius; as the dew
Recruits the river, so the unseen powers
Of Nature feed with thoughts spiritual the soul;
Belief alone links knowledge to the whole."

LORD LYTTON.

IN my previous papers I have shown that the ideals of life presented by orthodox Christianity and Materialism do not satisfy the intellectual and spiritual wants of the present age. The first cannot withstand the attacks of keen, logical criticism, nor harmonise with the general every-day experience of mankind. The second can never satisfy the highest aspirations and the deepest yearnings of our nature. It is only a protest or a rebound against the tyranny of the church and not a living, lasting and consoling faith. What the present age requires is liberty and light, knowledge and faith. And any system that can agreeably include and suitably blend these requirements should confer comfort, confidence, and eternal peace upon all those who accept it as their ideal of life.

It is my intention to try to show that Spiritualism is such a system. That while the clouds of doubt and unbelief covered the religious sky, and the grand doctrine of immortality seemed likely to be superseded by that of everlasting night, Spiritualism shone out as the "one fair star on heaven's unbounded field." It is the "star" that can light and guide us on our way to our eternal destiny.

The clearest and most satisfying definition of Spiritualism with which I am acquainted is a belief or knowledge that spirits can, and under favourable conditions do, communicate with people of this world. The people who can most readily and enjoyably communicate with spirits are those who are not burdened by nature with strong physical or animal propensities; but those who inherit high devotional and spiritual qualities, and have cultivated a pure, noble, and intellectual life.

That "like draws like," is as true of the spiritual as of the material world. If a medium can be found who uses tobacco, takes intoxicating drinks, and indulges in sensual debaucheries, he is certainly a dangerous person and should be avoided by all excepting those who desire to reform him. Spirit communication and influence, even to the most experienced of us, is a wonderful and mysterious power. If we could only look behind the scenes of mortal life, might we not discover that many men who have committed dreadful crimes were but mere instruments in the hands of unseen intelligences? And that many who have been the greatest benefactors to mankind have been urged on by other and nobler beings than exist in this life. I am thoroughly convinced that the most heroic deeds of the patriots and the martyrs of the world; the grandest discoveries and inventions which have been made known; the serenest joys and the tenderest emotions which have been felt; the sublimest poetry and the divinest music which have been composed, were influenced by the inspiration of these celestial beings.

One of the great advantages conferred upon believers in Spiritualism is, they know to a greater extent than others the unseen forces and beings by whom they are surrounded, and can accordingly invite or repel the influence of these forces and beings. They can fully realise and appreciate the saying of Jesus: "In my Father's house are many mansions." To all those who have made Spiritualism their ideal of life, the universe is the vast house of God, each chamber of which contains beings of various degrees of sympathy, intelligence, and goodness. And the only barriers separating us from them are our ignorance, unbelief, and want of spiritual insight. The great and the good, the wise and the just of all ages, have been able to communicate with spirits. That grand old man of Greece, Socrates, the greatest critic, reformer, and martyr of antiquity, often became so absorbed in his communings with his guardian angel

that he was oblivious to all outward impressions and existence. While on the battlefield he has been known to go out of the camp and stand like a statue, with folded arms and downcast head the whole of a cold wet night. He was in deep, earnest communion with his unseen friend. This spirit friend of his had a most powerful influence on his course of life, and most likely was with him when he drank the fatal cup by which he was transferred from a prison on earth to unlimited freedom in heaven. The great writers, thinkers, and rulers of antiquity were greatly influenced and guided by the knowledge they received from friendly spirits. The courts of Egypt, India, and Persia had their wise men or interpreters of dreams, who were, undoubtedly, the best mediums that could be obtained. Julian, the emperor of Rome (called the Apostate) was informed, before he went out to subdue the Persians, by his guardian angel, that he would not return, and the exact manner of his death was described to him. He had such implicit confidence in what he was told that he set his house in order, and went away cheerfully, well prepared to meet his fate. The great Italian poet Dante wrote his "Vita Nuova" and "Divina Commedia" under the inspiration of his beloved Beatrice. She departed this life before they had had an opportunity of enjoying each other's company or sharing each other's love on earth, but in his writings he speaks of her death as being the birth of "a new life" in himself. In his lonely wandering over Italy, during his exile, the angel Beatrice was his constant companion and support. When his political hopes were frustrated by the untimely death of Henry VIII., the pious king of Lombardy, his dear Beatrice turned his attention from the human to the divine, from the things of time to the concerns of eternity. He joined her to part no more in the year 1321, having been separate from her about 31 years, as she died in 1290.

Many more instances of loving companionship between men and angels could be given, but they would make this paper too long. Who can estimate the blessings conferred upon the people of this world by those who have passed beyond the veil? How many poor prisoners in the dark dungeons of Europe have been cheered by them? How many lone wanderers in the backwoods of America, or in the solitudes of Australia, have been comforted by them? How many bereaved and broken-hearted parents in all parts of the world have been solaced and consoled by them? No one can tell. Those who have thoroughly realised the refining and ennobling influence of loving communion with the departed ones, and who have made Spiritualism their ideal of life, will appreciate the following lines:—

"We know the good are with us, night and day;
They feel all we intend, or do, or say;
Watching and guiding, helping where they love;
They whisper words of comfort from above."

The Boulevard,
Sydney,
Dec. 15th, 1887.

ROBERT WHITE,

MISS JESSIE ALLAN FOWLER.

Miss Jessie A. Fowler, daughter of L. N. Fowler, the celebrated Professor of Phrenology and publisher of phrenological works, arrived in Melbourne by the Ormuz a few weeks since, and has established herself at 35 Collins Street. Since her arrival here she has given two public lectures at the Athenæum Hall, the last one (on the 29th ult.) entitled "Debate on the Brain," was made particularly entertaining from the impersonation of each of the organs, which in the imaginary debate exhibited its characteristics and relation to its neighbour. Miss Fowler is natural and easy in manner, and careful in enunciation, but her voice is not sufficiently powerful to be heard in the large Athenæum Hall, except by those in proximity to the platform. Some phrenological delineations were given after the lecture, which were declared satisfactory by all the subjects, one case being particularly striking. A lecture for ladies on "Physical Culture" was announced for January 5th, in the upper room of the Athenæum.

GOING TO AUSTRALIA—W. J. COLVILLE'S LAST PUBLIC CLASS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

As the time is now drawing near when W. J. Colville will set sail for the antipodes, and as a very large number of friends, whose business confines them during the week, are particularly anxious to study Theosophy in its relation both to the culture of man's spiritual faculties and the healing of the sick, with the aid of the instruction given through his mediumship, arrangements have been made for a public class to meet in Irving Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p.m. The terms for the entire course of twelve lessons, followed by answers to questions, will be only \$2.50. Tickets must be procured without delay of W. J. Colville or Dr. Albert Morton. The course commences on Sunday, November 27th. On Sunday next, November 20th, a preliminary lecture on "The Purpose of Theosophy, and What is Spiritual Healing?" will be given at 2:30 p.m. Admission, twenty-five cents. Those holding course tickets, admission free. This is positively the last and only class W. J. Colville will hold in San Francisco, though a strictly private class for the study and development of Psychometry is being arranged, at 5 dol. each, for a limited number of students, who have already taken the normal course in Spiritual Science or Theosophy.—*Golden Gate*, November 19.

[From the above we glean that Mr. Colville may be expected shortly in this part of the world. It is, however, the only intimation that has reached us.—Ed.]

WITH the assistance of Mr. Gillies the religious (?) people—save the mark!—have succeeded in intimidating the Commissioners of Railways, and stopping the trains that were to have run on Xmas day to and from the distant provinces. This, it appears, was partly due to the apathy or want of organisation of those who would have used the trains, and who have had to suffer for their inaction. Pressure of Church and State was brought to bear on the Commissioners, and no counteracting support afforded them by the public; it is not to be wondered at, under these circumstances, that they yielded to the pressure. The Presbytery and their supporters, however, were so full of the railways that they either forgot the waterway or doubted the susceptibility of steamboat proprietors to their pressure; hence many thousands of people got as far on the road to hell as Queenscliff and Sorrento. None of the sinners who encouraged and took part in this fearful desecration of the Sabbath have (as far as we know) shown the slightest penitence for their sin, but we must admit that those of them who have come under our notice did not exhibit any serious signs of demoralisation. When these symptoms manifest themselves we will raise our protest against Sunday steamboat excursions.

HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY.

We human beings who live on this earth are gifted with minds that show and prove to us great things. To some of us is given far more than others. The question is—Are we responsible for our shortcomings in this life of so short a duration? Are we to blame if we are born under poor or good circumstances, that we of ourselves had no control over? As an earthly father, if I neglect my family or my business, who is to blame but myself? I was responsible, but I left undone that which I ought to have done. Will this same rule apply to our Heavenly Father? Is God, the father of all men, responsible? We were not born of our own wills, but by the will of God; it is he that hath made us, not we ourselves. Then, how can we be just? How can we be good when we are born wrong? Our religious teachings of to-day leave us in cruel uncertainty as to our future state. Man is a creature, born under circumstances that none but God can control. The circumstances that surround us have all to do with our lives on this earth.

Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the forest green.

It was circumstances placed the flowers away in the lone forests to waste. So it is with our lives. Circumstances

cause many a good man and woman to live away in the lonely places of this world, uncared for and unknown. Those who think of this life, and the future life we expect to live after this, must see that all things are ruled in a way that passeth our understandings. We are free agents to a certain extent, but God holds our lives in His hands. It is truly said that man proposes, but God disposes. We think too much of our material bodies. We forget that man is man from the spirit, and not from the poor material body that is only of the earth earthy. We—that is, our spirits—brought nothing into the world, neither can we take anything away with us. When death comes it frees the spirit from the prison of earth; the body goes back to the earth from whence it sprang; the spirit goes to God, who is responsible for its future care. So those who are true Spiritualists see before them a grand light to guide them with pleasure to life's end. The religious prejudices which have kept good-thinking men apart let us hope are fast passing away. Then will men have more confidence in our Spirit Father. What is now wanted is a more charitable spirit one to another, an effort to assist, not hinder, those who are looking for light. Human life is not a mistake. All things that God has done are perfect. The world is progressing; men are getting knowledge. Then why not now, in this life, try and work on a practical plan placed plainly before us by the Divine Architect.

JOHN H. GRAHAM.

Churchill, Waikato River, N.Z.

THE SPIRITUAL SCIENTISTS.

In an article entitled "Is it Spiritualism?" (referring to Christian spiritual science), which appears in the *Mental Science Magazine* for November last, Prof. A. J. Swarts answers the question most decidedly in the negative; he says:—"We deny the existence or visitation of spirits, and assert immortality on much higher or scientific grounds. We say the vain belief that one is controlled by a spirit to tip tables, to hear voices and to see spirits "materialize" to represent the departed, is doubtless an honest belief, but it is void of truth.

Our science holds that all such claims are delusions; that they are mere beliefs and nonsense when compared with the higher understanding of Christian Science touching immortality. Spiritualists claim that spirits control them to heal disease with human magnetism, while we claim that God, as universal cause of Spirit, does the curing in our science. Spiritualists believe as much in "matter" as do the rest of the community, and they strongly oppose us in our system and science."

Dr. Swarts says he was an investigator of Spiritualism till he was instructed by Mrs. Eddy, some two years ago, in the new system, and then he turned from it. It is perhaps as well for Spiritualism that he did, for it is heavily weighted with theorists and cranks who impede its progress far more than downright oppositionists. Men with well balanced brains, capable of grasping and harmonising the spiritual and physical sides of things, are the sort to help forward Spiritualism by attracting both the religious and scientific to their standard.

NEW BOOKS.

- Lotus and Jewel: Containing "In an Indian Temple," "A Casket of Gems," "A Queen's Revenge," and other Poems; by Edwin Arnold 8/6
 Microscope Student's Handbook: An Illustrated Practical Guide. 2/6
 A. B. C. Guide to Health: A Book for Every Household; by W. Gordon Stables, CM., M.D. 1/6
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