



THE

Harbinger of Light.

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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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THE recent revival of Mesmerism, under the name of Hypnotism, has caused the usual magnification of its dangers that follows the introduction of any new thing which is an innovation upon existing systems. Steam, gas, and electricity had their Cassandras, who predicted all sorts of disasters from their use ; but these have been found to be insignificant in comparison with the benefit they have been to humanity. All good things may be inverted by evil minds, and until humanity progresses to a higher plane, this must continue to be the case.

It is well that the real dangers of what is called Hypnotic suggestion should be made known, so that those who come in contact with magnetism in that or any other form, may be on their guard to avoid them ; but their exaggeration has the effect of frightening people and deterring them from having anything to do with the subject, and thereby depriving them of a most potent factor in the alleviation of pain, the cure of disease, and the cultivation of the spiritual faculties. We are, therefore, pleased at this juncture to find M. Charcot (who may be looked upon as the leading representative of modern Hypnotism), writing in The Forum for April an article calculated to restore the confidence of those whose faith in the preponderating beneficence of Mesmerism had been shaken by the alarmists and writers of fiction, who find in the possibilities of the inverted use of mesmeric power material for thrilling stories which meet the popular taste. Dr. Charcot enumerates some of the difficulties in the way of using hypnotic subjects for the perpetration of actual crime, viz., "all subjects are not equally available for such experiments. Some absolutely refuse to obey. They will ask the operator why he wants the crime committed, and give reasons for refusing to commit it. [This resistance to suggestion is what

criminals would have to contend with at the outset. It requires several sances to put the subject into a somnambule state deep enough to warrant that a suggestion to murder, for instance, will be accepted. The training is much more difficult than the uninitiated imagine" Numerous other difficulties are pointed out, and criminal suggestion relegated to the lowest place as regards the commission of crime. The accounts published in the newspapers on this subject (says Dr. Charcot), "when investigated, are always found to be exaggerated and distorted." The real danger to be looked for is in the injurious effects produced upon predisposed subjects by ignorant or inexperienced operators, and consists in the disturbance of the nervous equilibrium. Dr. Charcot's conclusions in this matter are in accord with our own ; though we have not made experiments in criminal suggestion, our experience with sensitives leads us to infer that what we might call "criminal magnetism," (that is charged with the intent to commit crime,) would be repulsive to a moral sensitive, who would naturally resist, and even if compelled by the stronger will of the operator to attempt the commission of the crime, would by revulsion either bungle over it or betray the real criminal. We have met with cases of persons thrown into a clonic state through their magnetic equilibrium being destroyed by unscrupulous performers into whose hands they had thoughtlessly submitted themselves. Caution in this particular is essential ; it is an unwise thing for a person to submit himself to the manipulation of a stranger, to be made the laughing-stock of a crowd for the benefit of the showman ; but people will do foolish things sometimes, and have to pay for their folly.

Passing, however, from the consideration of the inversion or prostitution of magnetism, to its proper use, it is a subject worthy of the most serious consideration, and demanding the attention at least of all Spiritualists, for apart from its value as a healing force, it is the connecting link between the physical and spiritual conditions of life; the key which unlocks the gate, letting the embodied spirit enter for a time into the higher plane above the material world, and view things from a spiritual aspect. It seems also to be in some form or gradation the motive force behind all the phenomena usually called

spiritual; its immediate and practical utility, however, is in the alleviation of human pain and the cure of physical disease. Thousands of people grieve over the sufferings of those near and dear to them, ignorant that they have within themselves the power to relieve them. Dr. Ashburner, an eminent London physician of a past decade, speaking from practical experience, says, "Animal magnetism is a force which can alleviate the most agonising suffering—which can cure painful cancers, and other malignant diseases—which, without endangering life, can render the patient insensible to pain under the surgeon's knife, and in the throes of painful labour,—which can raise up from the deep insensibility of the last stage of typhus fever, a dying patient—and which can do far more than all this, viz., cure by its vital and healing efficacy, the frightful suffering arising from an attack of gout in the peritoneal membrane, for which I was told that fourteen of the most eminent physicians and surgeons had failed to suggest any means of relief. May we not assert then, that through the agency of this force, God has enabled man to wield a power almost divine?" Drs. Esdaile and Elliotson corroborate in detail, by personal experience, all that Dr. Ashburner has claimed for magnetism. All healthy persons carry about with them a supply of this wonderful force, and the sooner such are encouraged to use it the better for humanity. What is wanted is to make known the use of it rather than deter people from experimenting by enlarging upon its dangers—the abuse can be dealt with when it comes.

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

It is gratifying to learn from the June number of *Luz* (Rome), that steps are being taken for the federation of the whole of the Italian circles of Spiritualists, with a view to promote the moral, social, and scientific progress of the human race. There is no country in Europe in which Spiritualism can boast of having been embraced by a greater number of men and women of light and leading, than in that peninsula; and it is certain that their unification must tend to give them increased strength and influence. *Inviemo nostra salutatione cordiale e sincera ai nostri fratelli e alle nostre sorelle in quel bel e nobile paese.*

The *Psychische Studien*, of Leipzig, edited by Alexander Aksakow, of St. Petersburg, continues to render valuable services to the study and elucidation of practical phenomena by the able and scholarly articles which appear in its pages month by month.

We observe in one of our exchanges some notice of a monthly publication, issued in Brussels under the title of the *Revue Mensuelle de Psychologie Speculative et Experimentale*, edited by a committee, the members of which apply themselves to the study of the mysterious sciences. We have not yet seen a copy of this periodical; but the fact that it is being roundly abused by a prominent charlatan in Paris, induces us to conclude that it is a valuable addition to the current literature of Spiritualism.

Le Spiritisme, of Paris, publishes an interesting letter from M. Potonié-Pierre, in which he describes the apparition of his mother's spirit at the moment of her passing away. She was then 83 years of age, and had been confined to her bed for a period of two years, during the last sixteen months of which she had been hovering on the verge of death. "Entering the dying room," he says, "I saw a female issue from my mother's bedroom and move towards the window. 'Eugenie!' I mentally exclaimed; but what was my astonishment, when I saw Eugenie, my wife, behind me, coming in from the garden! I uttered a cry of surprise, and related to her

what I had seen. Then, examining the apartment together, we saw nothing more. My mother had been stout, was feeble on her legs, and walked with a heavy, stooping gait; while the apparition was youthful, upright, and active."

El Liberal, one of the most influential papers in Madrid, publishes an account of some extraordinary phenomena which were produced at a private seance, to which only the press were invited, in that city, by Miss Eve May, a medium from Boston. The manifestations, which were all of a physical character, are described by that journal as having been "truly marvellous."

La Verité, of Buenos Aires, states that Heinrich Heine, the German poet, acknowledges to having written a tragedy, entitled "Radeliffe," without any preconceived plan, and without interruption. "While composing it," adds its author, "I heard near my head something like the rustling of a bird's wings."

Charles Lomon, a dramatist, who wrote the tragedy of "Jean Darcier," which was so much applauded and admired upon the French stage, states that he had for his collaborateur the spirit of his brother who was killed at the battle of Buzenval.

We learn *La Revue Spirite* (Paris), that the Committee of Propaganda is about to invite competition for a prize essay, which shall set forth (1) with the highest ability the facts of Spiritualism, as attested by history: by a multiplicity of contemporary testimonies; by the writings of the most eminent modern savants; and by the possibilities of control, as proved by personal experience; (2) the interpretation of all such phenomena; and (3) the conclusions to be drawn from them. It is not improbable that three essays, one in each of these divisions, will be called for.

El Precursor, of Mazatlan, Mexico, publishes some highly interesting particulars of a young lady, Teresa Urrea by name, who is only fourteen years old, and has within the last eight months developed remarkable powers of clairvoyance, and also the gift of healing by the mere laying on of hands. She has thus cured hundreds of sick persons, some of whom were suffering from maladies which their medical attendants had pronounced to be incurable. Three ladies of Mexico sought an interview with her for the purpose of exposing what they believed to be her charlatany, and of turning her into ridicule. "I perceive" said the youthful medium, "that two of you are respectable persons, leading a regular life, while the third is in possession of property unjustly acquired, and will be unhappy until she shall have changed her mode of living." "Which of us is the wrong-doer?" they simultaneously enquired. "I am not permitted to tell you at this moment," she rejoined, "but you will find out presently; for on returning to Mexico, two of you will hear a clock strike, and the third will hear nothing, and will know by that who is culpable." And so it fell out as they went homeward; and the conscience-stricken girl turned back, and falling on her knees before the medium, entreated her to say what she should do. "Go and sell half of your wrongfully acquired possessions, and give the proceeds to the poor," said Teresa, "and henceforth be just and charitable; and by so doing you will obtain, I promise you, tranquility of soul and peace of conscience, and you will draw down upon yourself the blessing of heaven." This spiritual admonition was delivered with so much power and impressiveness that it produced the desired effect, and the young lady returned home with a firm resolution to follow the advice that was given.

Spiritualism appears to be advancing with the stride of a giant in countries where the Spanish and Portuguese languages are spoken, for besides the periodicals we are in the habit of receiving, we find the following enumerated in our valued contemporary the *Revista Espiritista de la Habana*:—*El Buen Sentido*, Alicante; *Criterio Espiritista*, Madrid; *La Revelacion*, Alicante; *La Caridad*, Santa Cruz; *El Progreso*, Puerto Rico; *Unino Spiritita*, Brazil; *Paz del Alma*, and *Luz Camagueyana*, Puerto Principe; *O Respiador*, Lisbon; *El Pan del Espiritu*, Santiago; and *La Evolucion*, Habana. Considering how many publications have come into existence as light bearers, in different parts of the world during the last twenty years,

we cannot help feeling that in naming our own journal—the *Harbinger of Light*—we were obeying an impression and uttering a prophecy.

We learn from *La Consciencia*, of Buenos Aires, that the famous spiritual orator, Dr. Sanz Benito, is just about to publish an important work, entitled *Estudios Espiritistas*, preceded by an introduction from the pen of the Viscount de Torres Solanot. The work consists of two parts. In the first the author discusses the relations of Spiritualism to Science: Spiritualism as misrepresented by its adversaries, and Spiritualism as the basis of an unique and universal Science. The second part comprehends fifteen chapters, with the following headings:—1. The Ego. 2. The persistency of the Ego. 3. The reality of the spirit. 4. Physical force. 5. Difference between it and organic powers. 6. Essential characteristics and pre-existence of the spirit. 7. Incarnation of the spirit as determined by its anterior life, and why it has no recollection of the latter. 8. The life eternal of the spirit; anterior lives to plenary incarnations and intermediate existence in space; three classes of incarnation on the earth. 9. Indefinite progress. 10. The plurality of worlds in relation to the plurality of existences. 11. Characteristics of the spirit, in itself, altogether apart from incarnation. 12. The life after death; the three states of the spirit—in perturbation, in erraticity, and in freedom. 13. The moral law as the supreme law of creation; good and evil; love as the expression of the moral law. 14. Considerations upon the end and destiny of beings. 15. The Absolute Cause.

Judging from the foregoing synopsis, Dr. Benito's book promises to be one of the most profound and deeply interesting works to be found in the whole literature of Spiritualism.

ABSTRACTS FROM *SPHINX*, WITH REMARKS,
BY
A. MUELLER, M.D.

(Continued from our last.)

Comparative psychology will no doubt be one of the sciences of the future, but our present knowledge of soul-life barely enables us to indicate its scope and to anticipate its probable results.

As the organising principle must necessarily precede the organism it creates, we are justified in assuming that comparative psychology will comprise the whole domain of the organic world. Wherever there is organic life, there is a soul regulating and controlling that life. Consequently not only animals, but even plants must have a soul.

The first efforts on earth of this creating soul-force resulted in the production of organisms, devoid of cell-structure and being neither plants nor animals, but showing rudimentary qualities appertaining to both. From these the so-called Protozoa, the vegetable and animal kingdoms have taken their origin, the soul-force weaving around itself—so to say—ever higher and more perfect raiments, and finally culminating in the production of man, the King of this earth.

In man alone, as far as we know, the soul-life has acquired the intensity that enables it to continue in conscious individual existence after its earthly raiments have been thrown off. But what becomes of the souls of the countless beings below man in the scale of creation after the death of their bodies?

This is a question comparative psychology will have to answer. We know that they cannot be utterly lost and annihilated, for there is no such process as annihilation even thinkable. Force and matter are alike indestructible. What is, cannot be made not to be. Its form may change, but its existence cannot cease, though it may continue in other forms not perceptible to our senses. In this sense we may speak of the immortality of the souls of animals, but we have no data whatever leading us to suppose that even with the most highly developed animals the soul-elements will cohere after death and remain individualised in a spirit body, as we know those of man to do. Whatever the destiny of the animal soul may be, whether it be reabsorbed into the

world-soul immediately after death, or continue for some time in a dreamy semi-consciousness of individual existence, the immortality vouchsafed to man we cannot even imagine it to partake of.

It struck me, therefore, as very singular to find in *Sphinx*, for June, an article by Dr. Julius Troebel, on the Immortality of the Souls of Animals. Dr. Troebel is a distinguished Naturalist and traveller, and it is most refreshing to find him claiming for animals what the great body of German scientists deny to man. The proofs he gives of soul-life in animals, mostly taken from his own observations, are very interesting; but with these proofs, which to Spiritualists are matters of course, the information he gives on the subject is exhausted, for he claims no immortality, except in the general sense above indicated, for the animal soul. "We cannot even imagine," he writes in conclusion, "that with the death of monkeys, dogs, horses, etc., down to the known or unknown Zoophytes, their souls continue an individual existence. The number of these animal souls, exceeding all our powers of calculation, has nothing to do with this impossibility, for where there is room—to speak only of this earth—for the souls of all the human beings that ever lived on it, room might also be found for all its countless animal souls, even if space, time, and numbers were of any import in the world of souls. But for us it is simply unthinkable that the soul of a flea or other parasite should enter on an endless individual existence along with our own human soul.

"But can a soul be annihilated? Is not its presence life, its absence death? Even the animal soul must be immortal, simply because it is a soul."

"There is, however, only one way for us to imagine the immortality of the animal soul. It is reabsorbed into the universal world soul, the universal subject, to which the external world stands in the relation of objective universe, into that all-pervading soul, in the life of which—the sole universal world-life—the individual is but a point of transition. It is, in short, only in a pantheistic sense that the question as to the immortality of the animal soul can be answered."

"But in what relation," he asks, in conclusion, does the human soul stand to this question of individual immortality? To this I have as yet not found an answer."

I have translated these somewhat quaint remarks not so much for the sake of the scanty information they convey on a subject that to every thinking mind must be of deep interest, but more with a view of showing how anti-materialistic views are forcing themselves on the minds of even German savans, and how the soil is gradually being prepared that is to receive the seeds, the glorious truths of Spiritualism. But for the proof palpable of immortality vouchsafed to us we all would have to say with Dr. Troebel: "To this, the question of all questions, we have as yet not found an answer."

It is amusing to observe with what persistency the worthy editor of *Sphinx* parades his Vedantic views on all occasions. He appears to be as firmly convinced of the truth of every article of the Vedantic catechism as the Roman Catholic is of the doctrines of his infallible church. "*Vedanta dixit; Deus dixit*" is apparently his motto. He shows this again most markedly by two footnotes appended to the article under review.

In one of these, killing animals is declared to be equivalent to murder, and eating their flesh an act of cannibalism. In the second footnote he dishes up the old Brahminical doctrine of metempsychosis as an all-sufficient answer to the question discussed by Dr. Troebel. The human soul, according to this doctrine, is developed from that of animals and even plants by an endless series of reincarnations. To quote his own words, "What today is a man was once an animal, and times immemorial ago a plant."

To see this fanciful doctrine, devoid of even a shadow of a proof, stated seriously in a journal like *Sphinx*, must provoke the risible faculties of a stoic. What is it to us that the nations of antiquity adopted it from the Brahmins, and that here and there among the moderns an isolated writer has thought it worthy of serious consideration. Lessing and Schopenhauer are quoted as its advo-

cates, but Lessing merely mentions it in his "Education of the Human Race," by a few fragmentary remarks, vaguely suggestive of what might be the means of soul-growth.

At first sight it appears a plausible explanation of this mysterious process; but it does not stand the test of deeper scrutiny. It presupposes that the Infinite, inexhaustible Source of all life, the great, ever-creating God of the universe, has only a limited amount of this life-giving element, this soul stuff—to use a rather incongruous expression—at his command, and that he has to use the same material over and over again in evoking and sustaining plant and animal life on earth, a life ever flowing out of the inscrutable depth of his being and ever returning to it again.

Science enables us now to trace this life from its first rudimentary beginnings, and out of these tracings has deduced the great law of evolution, pointing onwards and upwards, showing with unmistakable plainness that higher and more perfect forms of life are ever taking the place of lower ones; that, in short, all nature is becoming more and more spiritualised, though the exuberance of life that characterised previous periods in the earth's history has somewhat abated.

Among plants the lower forms once predominating are now stunted and apparently dying out. In animals, size and weight of brain are larger now in proportion to weight of body than formerly, and in man, the king of the animals, this change is particularly conspicuous, and keeps pace with the development of his higher faculties. Though descended from his lower brethren, he stands immeasurably above them, and from age to age widens the gulf that separates him from the animals.

Man's career on earth as man began only when his soul-growth was sufficiently advanced to render him accessible and amenable to spirit influence. To this, and to this only, we can ascribe his possession of those higher faculties that distinguish him from the animals, and could not have been inherited from his animal ancestors, since even in the highest ones we find no indications of them. That waves of spiritual influx are constantly floating in upon us we know, and we may presume that all animate nature is unconsciously participating in this influx, and thus becomes spiritualised.

With this amount of positive knowledge at our hands, it is, to say the least of it, grotesquely absurd to bring forward this reincarnation theory in order to explain phenomena on which science has thrown so much light. The idea of millions of disincarnated soul-entities flying about and pressing in eagerly at every act of procreation in order to become reincarnated and continue their development in animal or human form, belongs to the very childhood of our race, when imagination reigned supreme, and scientific inference and induction were unknown. To rehabilitate it in this 19th century is not unlike dressing an Egyptian mummy with the fashionable habiliments of a Parisian belle.

As a fitting sequel to the above, a little book, by L. Carnio, entitled "The Human Soul: a contribution to the Analysis and Education of Man," may be reviewed here.

It is another one of those promising signs of our time that show an ever increasing tendency of the German mind to solve the problems of life on a non-materialistic basis, and justify scientifically the idea of our conscious individual existence after death. No Spiritualist could take exception to the ideas expressed by the author; in fact, judging from the quotations given in *Sphinx*, one cannot help suspecting that the writer is a Spiritualist, but shuns the yet tabooed name in order to render his ideas more acceptable to his German readers. Reconciliation of religion and science, elevation and purification of all human desires, and with it the removal of all enmity between man and man: these, the author asserts, must be the consequences of a certain knowledge of individual immortality. "How beautiful, how noble," he writes, "will life on earth become under the influence of such knowledge, now only represented by an unconscious natural desire, doubtful of fulfilment. To what height of perfection may not humanity rise, when the conviction becomes general, that our life in this body is merely

the preparation for a metamorphosis, a change out of which the purified soul will enter on a course of endless progressive development. A Phoenix in every human being!

"How will this pillar of faith, this certainty of a future life assuage all bitterness of this life and banish that despondency, that night of the soul, which but too often threatens to engulf us. How much lighter will adversity be borne; how will envy, spite, and all uncharitableness—those gnawing monstrosities disappear from human society. How much more also will those on whom are showered the good things of this world be prompted to charity and love towards their fellow men, and the gradual obliteration of those unfortunate contrasts that result from greed of gain and an over-estimation of worldly possessions.

Thus the battle for existence now dividing humanity into two hostile camps everywhere, would become a peaceful striving of all for the welfare of all—a noble emulation for the attainment of life's highest good."

"That spark of optimism glowing within us all, may we not regard it as a happy omen, an instinctive prophecy, that this bright future of humanity is more than an idle dream?"

Spiritualists will recognise in the author's hypothesis of a physical medium a "soul-fluid," surpassing in subtlety of attenuation all forms of matter known to us, an idea frequently met with in our literature, and of which Mr. Crooke's radiant matter justifies us to assume the objective existence.

A FLORAL MEDIUM.

La Revista de Estudios Psicologicos, of Barcelona, the organ of the Spiritual Federation of Catalonia, in Spain, speaks of a medium recently developed, by Viscount di Torres-Solent, who has obtained the title of the Floral Medium, on account of the remarkable manifestations connected with flowers which have been received through her. Many of these spiritual objects have carried off prizes, it is stated, at a horticultural exhibition held in Buen-Retiro.

RELIGION.

THE object of all religion is to make people better and happier, and prepared for a future existence after the dissolution of the body, by doing their duty in this life honestly, truthfully, justly, and with fortitude; to take away or lessen the fear of death by the assurance that there is no such thing as personal death, but only an escape from the body; and that the after-life is more extended in its powers and perceptions than this; that the degree of happiness or the reverse will be in accordance with our right-doing here, irrespective of any one special form or dogma.

Any religion or life which does this must be more pleasing to the Divine Power or Creator than outward ceremony (so generally practiced without inward effect) and such a life conduces to peace of mind here, as well as happiness hereafter. Let no one be unfriendly with others who conscientiously adopt a different form to their own, or who have different ideas, for all lead to the same aspiration, although the roads may be unlike.

Kindness to each living creature,
Loudest will His praises hymn;
Every act, or thought, or feature,
Is as spoken word to Him.

R. J. CREASY.

THE Monthly Conversazione of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists for August was largely attended, and a more than usually attractive programme provided, including an original paper, "As it is in Heaven," by Mrs. Harris, and a recitation, "The Jester," by Rev. Geo. Walters; violin solos by Miss Pride and Mr. Walton; and duet on violins by the Misses Walton, with piano accompaniment by Mr. Walton; vocal music, recitations, &c., by Mrs. Lane and other ladies and gentlemen. The catering by the Thistle Company was of the usual excellent character. Lively conversation filled the intervals and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

REV. GEORGE WALTERS'

LECTURES AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL, MELBOURNE.

On the first three Sundays of August, the Rev. George Walters occupied the platform, at the invitation of the committee of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists.

Mr. Walters was, for four years, minister of the Melbourne Unitarian Church, and has been stationed in Sydney for a little over two years. Frequently in the course of his ordinary pulpit work he has expressed himself as being very much in sympathy with the Spiritualistic philosophy of the future life.

Upon being introduced by Mr Terry, at the first Sunday evening gathering, he said, that he had seen no reason whatever why he should not accept the invitation that had been sent to him, and when for the sake of harmony he had consulted his church committee in Sydney, they had unanimously and unhesitatingly passed a resolution to the effect that, in their opinion, he (Mr. Walters) was perfectly justified in responding favourably to the invitation.

The subject of first lecture, delivered August 3rd, was "Beyond the Gates:" and in it the speaker reviewed and criticised various theories of the future life, as well as many of the modern (so called scientific) objections to the belief in personal immortality. The idea of heaven and the future life, as propounded by the Spiritualistic philosophy, were then explained. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Walter said:—

I can declare, with absolute truth, that all *fear* of death has vanished from my own mind; and I wish to help others to feel as I feel, and to realise the tranquility and joy of my belief. I can remember that when my mother died, when I was a little boy, it did seem, according to what I had been taught, that she was lost to me completely—that *she herself* was dead; and though we were given vague hopes of meeting again, it seemed as though a miracle would be required to give *new life* to a body that was passing into death. It was only in later years, in very early manhood, when the new and brighter faith was dawning upon my heart, that I felt the consolation of the thought that my dear sister was *not dead*, as the majority of people think of death, but that she had merely passed out of the worn and weary body, and had entered into—heaven, our home!

Somehow, the whole world grew brighter as this thought became clearer.

The very sunshine had more of beauty and delight. The songs of the birds were fresher and more joyous. The twilight became a sacred hour of contemplation and desire; and in many a moment of depression, of doubt and difficulty, I could almost fancy (was it only fancy?) that the thin fingers were gliding into my hand, that the sweet smile was meeting me once more, and that the tender voice was speaking to me once again. These dreams and fancies (even if they are dreams and fancies) are not in vain, if they help us amid the work and the struggle of life, if they banish the dark shadows of grief and pain, bringing us the sunlight of holy trust and of perfect faith.

The second discourse, delivered on Sunday evening, August 10th, was on—"The Devil"—

Tracing the origin, development, and decay of this superstition, the subject was treated as a question of gradual development; men having accepted the belief in a personal devil as an explanation of the mystery of evil; but wider knowledge was dispensing with such a belief.

This lecture, which occupied just about an hour in delivery, was concluded with the following passage:—

I know there are some persons who begin to feel that the old and commonly-received doctrines are not true. They begin to realise that there is a higher faith and a brighter hope than is presented to them by modern orthodox theology. They are not satisfied with the teaching to which they are expected to conform. They yearn for something better, something nobler, something more divine. They feel within themselves that breath of inspiration which cannot be confined to one age, or to

one sect. They are drawn by sentiments of charity and love to regard men of all religions as possibly earnest and sincere.

The new path lies open before them—and yet they do not enter therein. I would not, I dare not presume to say that the truth may be found in one church or another; but this I may and will say, that we are called upon to *think for ourselves*, fairly, boldly, fearlessly; and then having thought out the principles of our faith, we are under most solemn obligation to truth and honesty to walk in that path which seems to us the right one. Let nobody dictate to you the thought that you should think the words that you should utter, the actions that you should perform. Be thyself! Do not shape thy soul into the pattern of some other man! Be thyself! Yes let me close this lecture with a quotation from a lecture by the late Prof. Denton, on "Be Thyself!" He says:

"If thou would'st be a man, bend at the shrine of no mortal; walk in no pathway because others tread it; be thy own leader, thy own sect. When all are so, then will come the true church! When the priest threatens thee with damnation and would load thee with his gyves to secure thy soul's salvation, say—Hands off! sir! I am also a man! Rather let me be lost, being a free man, than be saved to be an eternal slave."

The third lecture of the series was delivered on August 17th, and the subject was—"The Doctrine of Hell; or, an indictment of the terrible and unscriptural dogma of everlasting torment."

The orthodox doctrine was briefly explained and exposed in all its terrible brutality. Then, philosophy and science, and rational religion were shown to be opposed to such a belief.

The heart of humanity protested against it. It undermined all humanity's best ideas of nobility, faithfulness and affection.

Considerable amusement was caused by the following passage:—

A gentleman was passing a baker's shop in Bristol, when he saw a great crowd of people who had seriously damaged the shop, and were uttering loud threats against the baker. The gentleman asked, what is the matter? and was told that the wretch of a baker had thrown a live dog into the oven and burnt it to death! "Dear me!" said the inquirer, "Is that all? what strange people you must be! You believe that God is for ever employed in sending whole hosts of your fellow creatures into the furious fires of hell, to burn for ever and ever and ever, and you think of it with composure. And yet you are mad with fury against this baker for burning one dog, which would be dead in less than a minute!"

Now, friends, the simple fact was that the crowd could *realise* the suffering of the dog. There was the shop; there was the oven; there was the baker (if they could only catch him!) And there were the charred remains of the poor dog.

But people go to church, and hear of millions of their fellow creatures being, at that moment burning in hell; they hear that 999 out of every thousand must go to that same place of torment; and yet they sit quietly in their pews—(those who are not asleep!) and when the service is over they go home to a comfortable dinner and remark—what a powerful sermon it was! But have they realised what the sermon meant? Surely not! It is more charitable to think not. Indeed, if they fully and completely realised it, they must go mad!"

At the conclusion of his lecture, and before resuming his seat, Mr. Walters said:—

Friends, I know not whether you and I will ever meet on earth again; but my thanks are due to the committee of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists for giving me the opportunity to meet once more, literally, hundreds of faces that used, more or less regularly, to meet me on Sunday evening in the Unitarian Church when I was settled in this city. (Applause.)

My heart is filled with gratitude and joy through realising that I have many staunch and faithful friends in Melbourne. If I should be again invited to occupy this platform, and should be able to get another brief respite

from my duties in Sydney, you need not for one moment doubt that the invitation would be accepted.

Of course, by speaking from this platform I shall be identified, to some extent at least, with modern Spiritualism. Well, friends, I have never tried to be extremely diplomatic. I have never sought to rule and regulate my public action by the prejudice, the bigotry, or the stupidity of others. You well remember how the fable of the old man and his donkey teaches the impossibility of pleasing everybody. And George Eliot has told us that we can do no great work if we heed what fools say. We must have the consciousness within us that our plan is right, and that plan we must follow. I am a Unitarian, and am proud of that title. I hope to spend my whole life in the Unitarian Ministry, and to fall, at last, still striving to hold aloft the banner of the Liberal Faith!

But if to believe in immortal life—to believe in the continuance of life beyond the change called death—to believe that heaven is a sphere of spiritual progression—to believe that the true heaven may be round about us here—and to believe that, consciously or unconsciously, we may be visited and influenced by those whom we call “the departed,” I say, if all this must necessarily constitute me a Spiritualist, then it is my pride and my joy to be such. (Applause.)

And if the holding of such views concerning the future life is, indeed, a sin, then I sin in most excellent company. John Page Hopps, one of our most popular Unitarian ministers in England, and one who has been honored by being selected to preach the annual Association sermon in London, has been an avowed Spiritualist, for about 20 years. The poet Longfellow, who is respected and beloved by the whole civilised world, was a Unitarian with very decided Spiritualistic tendencies, while his brother, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, is not only a Unitarian minister, but also an avowed Spiritualist.

Perhaps the Victorian Association of Spiritualists would deem me a very lukewarm and unworthy kind of a disciple, but as I have said, if I am a Spiritualist, I am in good company, even within the Unitarian ranks.

Alas! how common it is to deny fellowship to a man who will not pronounce some miserable little “shibboleth,” or who will not sell himself, body and mind, to some little theological clique. Against this I have always firmly set myself. I must have freedom to think and freedom to speak. Denied this elsewhere in Melbourne, I have found it upon this platform. (Applause.) We who have been meeting here may call ourselves by different names, but we are all devoted seekers of the truth.

As we journey onward, amid the shadows of time, we grasp one another's hand, and we keep our faces turned toward the sunrise glory of Eternity! On three Sunday evenings we have tried to cheer each other with kindly words.

If I have said or done anything to help you to broader thought, to deeper spiritual insight, or to purity of life and charity of action, I only ask you to keep for me a little corner in your hearts, and to believe that I shall often think of you.

And if, amid the serious and solemn problems of our existence, the pain is sometimes dark and uncertain; if the loftiest aspirations of the soul seek to find vent in words, then, let us say:—

God of Nature! Give us light!
We are struggling through the night,
Through the clouds of crimes and creeds
(Lofty words, but guilty deeds);
Honored not, nor understood—
Workers for the common good.
Father! By the public scorn!
By the ties in anguish torn!
By the sad and ceaseless strife!
By the cross we bear through life!
Do us justice; be our view
Right or wrong, ourselves are true—
True to manhood's mission grave,
To the task that Nature gave.
Ours the free and fearless thought!
Ours the honest, earnest doubt!
Not the cringing of the knave,
Nor the impious mockery
Of the prayers that rise to Thee

Through a life of blasphemy,
Though our hearts be wrecked and riven,
Though the clouds enwrap thy heaven,
We are battling for the right!
God of Nature, give us light.

Upon the conclusion of his address, the lecturer was very warmly applauded, and after a few words from the Chairman, Mr. Terry, the service was brought to a close with the singing of a hymn.

All three services were well attended, the spacious hall being crowded in every part; while each evening, some who were not willing to accept standing room were compelled to leave.

The success of the lectures may lead to another visit, at some future time, of Mr. Walters to the platform of the Association.

IDENTITY.

SIR,—May I venture through the medium of your journal to invite the attention of Mrs. Besant to the following incident:—

On Wednesday, April 9th, I attended a séance, at which only five were present, including the medium (Miss Marsh). Soon after our seance opened, the medium, not under control, said that she saw the name of David Isaacs, the owner of which had not passed away many hours. All the sitters failed to recognise the name as belonging to any of their friends or acquaintances. Directly afterwards the medium went under control, and the control said that the name belonged to a man who was between forty and fifty years of age, and who had something to do with teaching children. We were also told to make enquiries. This I intended to do, and as the name was a Jewish one, I visited two Jewish schools and was told that Mr. David Isaacs, head master of Cowper-street schools, passed away on Tuesday, April 8th, 24 hours prior to my receiving the information. The death is also mentioned in the *Jewish World* of April the 11th.

I have also called the attention of Mrs. Besant to this, because it is a case which is quite unexplainable by any hypothesis other than the Spiritualistic one, the sitters being not only ignorant of the death of Mr. Isaacs, but also ignorant of his existence.—*Light*.

C. C.

“EVEN AS A MOTHER COMFORTETH.”

BY JENNY WREN.

(Read at the July *Conversazione* of the V.A.S.)

A LITTLE child gathering wild flowers amid the rustic beauties of Mossman's Bay: only a bootless boy of some eight or nine summers, with hair unkempt, and small clothes tattered and soiled; his sunburnt face scarce sheltered by the torn hat which surmounted his tangled curls; yet the little face reminded one strangely of a pictured cherub, the innocent lips and clear blue eyes that looked up so honestly into one's own in reply to the question, “have you found many flannel flowers about here, my little man?”

“No, not many yet,” he said, “they're rather shy, hide theyerselves in atween the rocks, they does; and they takes a deal of finding.” There had been quite a raid upon the beautiful blossoms; a ball had been given at Government House lately, at which her ladyship had wished her guests to wear flannel flowers, as the simple, beautiful decorations of nature and of art.

Setting a sweet example to her sex, lady Carrington had thus honoured Sydney's native flora with her preference; and beautiful indeed were the breast knots and bouquets that graced the elegant assembly.

But I had hoped to obtain a few of the flowers that sunny Saturday afternoon, in order to cherish them for the morrow, that they might adorn with simple grace the bosom of one I loved; loved so tenderly, so truly, that nothing less than nature's choicest treasures seemed worthy of her acceptance.

My beautiful love; how still, how calm she lay, in her white casket, already strewn with sweet spring blossoms.

The loving heart was still, the dear lips silent, and the white hands folded on her pure breast.

I loved her, ah! so well that life seemed desolate without her dear presence; but the angels loved her more, and had taken my sweet, white lily to bloom in a spiritual garden of love.

I had searched long without success, save for a few stray flowers, all imperfect; just the gleanings after the harvest; when I met my small acquaintance, towards whom I seemed strangely attracted.

"Are you looking for them, too?" I asked, as I noticed his basket laden with various treasures, carelessly arranged with childish grace.

"Yes, I would just like to find a few for Grace's grave," he said, simply; "she used to love 'em so; and maybe she'd know I plucked 'em for her." The little fellow's voice grew tremulous all at once, but he rubbed his coat sleeve across his eyes with a manly effort to suppress the tears, and turned his face away as he resumed his task.

Strange that he, too, should want them for such a purpose; I felt a kind of kinship steal over me towards the little fellow, who was already far ahead of me in his search for an offering of love.

I sat down upon a jutting rock to rest awhile and to indulge in the beauty of the scene that presented itself to my enchanted gaze.

The beautiful harbour, studded here and there with green islets, and surrounded by the most picturesque hills and inlets, lay like a natural panorama at my feet; above, a cloudless, azure sky; around, the vernal beauty of the early spring, clothed the steep rocks with climbing plants and blossoming shrubs,

For a time I had almost forgotten my little acquaintance; when suddenly the air rang with a shrill, sharp scream, and the sound of crashing bushes and falling stones.

Turning quickly from my reverie, I saw a sight I shall never forget, or ever shall I see a flannel flower without a shudder of painful remembrance.

The little fellow had evidently found a cluster of the beautiful blossoms in some cranny of the rock, and reaching out for them, on the very edge of the steep cliff, had lost his foothold, and fallen down the precipice into the gorge below.

In his hand he still clutched the flowers he had so eagerly gathered; but he lay white and still at the bottom of the cliff.

Not a soul was near, the wharf was some distance away, and I saw no nearer place where help could be obtained. Quickly I took off my boots and coat, and prepared to clamber down the face of the cliff. One false step and I must be dashed into the waves below, where the jagged rocks showed their pointed teeth through the green rolling surf.

With difficulty I at last reached him, and bent over his prostrate form. Gently I lifted him in my arms, and a low moan of pain announced the fact that he still lived.

He opened his eyes once, but fainted again directly, and it was not till I reached the nearest hotel, and had summoned a doctor, that I even knew the child still lived; he looked so white and still.

Who was he? I wondered whence this little one came, or whose heart would be wrung with sorrow for his suffering.

Hours passed, the little fellow lay still unconscious; the doctor looked very doubtfully at him as he held the little hand and felt the feeble pulse.

No one seemed to know him; there was no clue to his identity to be found upon him. So what else could be done save give him all possible medical care? As soon as possible he was gently removed to the children's hospital, and all inquiries instituted as to his parentage and abode.

Dear little waif! a young woman came to the hospital stating that she had taken him from the Home, as she had known his mother, and so had wished to befriend him. His absence had not troubled her, knowing that he frequently took the ferry to Mossman's Bay, in order to get wild flowers.

His only sister seemed the tenderest memory of his life, for he always carried his little tribute of love to her simple grave. And now little Chris lay so still, and I knew there was very little hope of his recovery.

I obtained leave to visit him on the morrow, for I loved the pretty boy who seemed so strangely interwoven in my own sorrow.

It seemed to me that a tender ministry was given me for Lillie's sake, and a chord of deepest sympathy vibrated through my being as I touched his tangled curls.

On the morrow then I wended my way to the children's ward and found my little friend lying watching the soft movements of his nurse, his little face looking very patient and white as it lay on the pillow, from which he had not strength to lift his head.

"Chris," I said, "how are you by this time, my little man; are you in much pain?"

"Oh, no," he answered; "you know they come to me and touch me, and that makes the pain better."

"Who, my boy?" I enquired, wondering if his mind wandered, as I noted the sweet ray of almost heavenly light that rested on his calm features.

"Why, don't you know? Mama and Gracie; they are so beautiful, and they come and stand on each side of me when it is dark, and lay their hands on my head, and I know that they love me so." The little voice grew weak and trembled, as the tears gathered in his blue eyes; and I, in the presence of the angels, bowed my head and felt rebuked for my own lack of faith in angel ministry; for now indeed there came to me the realisation of that truth, "a little child shall lead them."

The nurse came up just then, and softly enquired of me what religion the child had been brought up in; for said she, he always talks of the angels, and speaks to his mama and "Gracie," as though he really saw them.

Dear little Chris! What religion? The light of heaven's love gleamed in his eyes; the smile of God lay on his brow, the beauty of angel presence surrounded him continually.

I stayed with him as long as I was allowed, and the last word he whispered to me was, "You are kind to come and see me; I will tell mama when she comes, and ask her to send an angel to bless you."

I felt a great sob rise in my throat, for oh! how I needed this faith, this sweet assurance, that there was an after life. My sorrow had shaken my soul's confidence and almost blinded my vision to further happiness, as my earthly idol had been thus removed, so my spirit could scarcely realise the truth of this beautiful presence.

But the prayer of the suffering child would be as a healing balm; and perhaps there would come to me also a sense of nearness to my loved one that would still this throbbing pain and remove this sense of desolation that oppressed my spirit.

Again and again I visited little Chris, and slowly as one from the brink of the grave he recovered his strength, but never again would he scale the rocky cliffs; never again would his eager feet traverse the garden of nature for sweet wild flowers—for little Chris was a cripple, hopelessly so the doctors said, and must be content to sit in his wheel-chair, and be still.

Yet little Chris remained the same sweet, patient child he ever had been, and spoke continually of the angel mother who comforted him. His face would suddenly light up with a wondrous sweetness as he felt her presence, and his little wasted hand clasped mine in closer pressure as he whispered, "they are here now, can't you hear them, can't you see the beautiful light?"

Everything that wealth could procure was obtained for him, and as soon as possible I had him removed to my own home, where the most able advice was procured for him; but the little fellow grew quite content in his weakness, although at times he suffered terribly, not a murmur escaped his lips.

And I, surely an angel had visited me unaware, for ever round that child a sweet influence waited—unseen, yet ever near—and I realised the beauty of those words, "even as a mother comforteth."

Three years passed, and little Chris became my saviour, for I too received light from the angel world, and learned to commune with the love of my soul.

And then, all unexpectedly, the angels called my little "saviour," and I missed his gentle ministries more than words can tell.

One morning, when the earth was bright with flowers, and I had wheeled him into the garden to enjoy their fragrance, a sudden faintness seized him, and he looked up with that sweet smile of his that always spoke of heaven—"they are here," he said, "and they want me to go with them—Mama, Gracie—look—beautiful." He never spoke again.

Gently we bore him indoors, and tried all restoratives, but the meek spirit winged its flight to the home of love, where he should never again know aught of pain or sorrow, but be "comforted even as a mother comforteth."

We laid the beautiful form to rest,
 In its casket pure and white;
 And gently laid upon his breast
 The flowers he loved in life—
 Sweet flannel flowers, so white and fair,
 We placed them in his hand:
 The angel mother met him there,
 And in the better land.
 Our darling lives, and knows no pain;
 No shadows cross his brow;
 For earth's sweet ministries shall gain
 Him perfect freedom now.
 Again his eager feet shall roam
 The flower-strewn meadows o'er,
 And beauteous angels lead him home
 To love's immortal shore.

THE STRAIGHT PATH.

WHATEVER men may say by way of explanation, life is a profound mystery. We do not mean life only in its physical aspects. The physical basis of life is not less profound a mystery than its spiritual aspect. It is well known to all students of science that life in its physical aspects is a stumbling block in the way of materialistic philosophy. The link that binds consciousness to unconscious matter is missing, and the attempt to explain the phenomena of life purely on material principles has long been declared to be extremely unphilosophical. Where is the explanation then? Materialistic science gropes for it in vain, and its best advocates profess complete ignorance.—"Give me matter only," says Immanuel Kant, "and I cannot explain a caterpillar."

But it is the moral aspects of life with which we are more immediately concerned. The moral destinies of our life are entirely hidden from our eyes. We know we are not the authors of this vital spark within us which we call life. Its origin did not depend upon our will, nor is its immediate continuance dependent on our will. "Life descends into us," to use an expression of Emerson, we know not whence—Both its source and ultimate end are hidden from our eyes.

Then take into consideration the fact, that our individual lives are parts only, small, infinitesimally small parts of a gigantic scheme, which we call the Universe. The threads of our individual existences are so interwoven with the threads of other existences that nothing short of infinite wisdom can read the purposes that underlie that scheme. We puny mortals with our limited understandings read life and all its problems, only as they affect us, *i. e.*, only as far as they are pleasurable or otherwise. Driven by impulse, and acting from instinct we naturally seek that which is pleasing to us, making no distinction between the *pleasurable* and the truly *profitable*. If power were given to every individual man to do and permanently retain whatever is pleasurable to him, privation and suffering, disease and death would be soon banished from the world. Yet One infinitely wise and merciful has ordained them. How can we explain this presence of evil in human destiny, except by saying that what is seeming evil, is only ultimate good,—that what is immediately *painful* is ultimately *profitable* to us. Our limited view does not enable us to form a correct estimate of the many ways in which they affect our destiny. We discern only a few of the many threads that enter into the composition of that destiny.

But what are we to do in our ignorance and blind impotency? How are we to solve the many moral problems that present themselves to our eyes? Are we to stand still and suspend all action because all our steps, however wisely and cautiously taken, are always surrounded by a cloud of ignorance? Because we cannot see all the forces that operate upon our destiny, should our best attitude be one of inaction? A sophist may reason thus; but we are constantly driven forward to action by a ceaseless tide of circumstances. What path are we to follow? Let us see what we daily do with regard to our physical life. What physician is there, however wise or experienced, who can correctly foresee all the conditions of a difficult and dangerous malady? Who can assure us, with the strength of certainty, that the prescribed remedy will surely expel the enemy? Everything about that terrible conflict between life and a fatal malady is involved in doubt. Yet nobody ever seriously proposes inaction as the best course to be followed under the circumstances. Nobody ever says, "when nothing like certainty can be arrived at, it is better to hold our action in suspense than tread upon uncertain ground." Our decision is soon taken. In spite of our non-professional ignorance, and the uncertainty attached to the healing art, we promptly decide to follow the course that seems best to us for *the time being*. The treatment begins by the best man available to us, and according to the *system* most effective *to the best of our belief*. If an objector were to spring up and challenge us to prove by satisfactory evidence that the course adopted by us was the surest one to effect recovery, certainly we would feel ourselves at a loss to meet his demand. How could we give to others the assurance that we did not ourselves possess? All that we could say in reply to his objections would be that this was the best thing that we could do *for the time being*, the rest was in God's hands.

Well, if we can act with such resignation in the momentous questions of life and death, can we not act in a similar manner in other questions of duty? Each of us has to play his or her respective part in human affairs. As long as we live amongst our fellow-creatures, we have our duties and responsibilities. But most of those duties and responsibilities are attended by tangled circumstances, whose far-reaching consequences far transcend the limits of our mortal ken. What prophet or seer is there that can include all those tangled consequences within the range of his knowledge? Yet what philosopher is there who would advise us to suspend all action? The rule is the same here as in the case of disease and its treatment. Man may not discover all the divine purposes but has a conscience within him which bids him do what *for the time being* seems to be right. Let him stick to it at all hazards. It is beside the point to tell him, that what he now perceives to be the right course may ultimately prove to be the wrong one. His present convictions are the light that he is bound to follow. He must act up to what is highest and purest in him. There lies his manhood. That is the only form of fidelity that can entitle him to the companionship of God. He leaves to God the tangled maze of consequences that are beyond his ken. What we can take care of, are our intentions and our immediate actions; as to their distant and ultimate consequences, let God take care of them. Thus the path of a true believer in God, the path of one who always walks in the light of a righteous will is a straight path. After having done what seems to us to be highest and best, we must leave the rest in the hands of God.—*Indian Messenger.*

WE have received No. 4 of "*The Australian Co-operative News*," a monthly journal devoted to the exposition of Industrial Science, published at 87 Queen St., Melbourne. It contains amongst other interesting and appropriate matter a lecture on Socialism by Rev. Dr. Bevan, and an able Plea for Profit-sharing, by John Ross. The writer draws the rational conclusion that the application of this system by employers would tend to unite capital and labor, and by giving the laborers an interest in the success of the business cause them to contribute more thoroughly to its success than they do under present conditions.

MESMER V. CHARCOT.

THE following letter from the Rev. H. R. Haveis, appeared in the "*Daily Graphic*" of May 12th:—

To the Editor of the "*Daily Graphic*."—Sir,—Why can't our scientific men say, "We have blundered about Mesmerism; it's practically true!" Not because they are men of science, but simply because they are human. No doubt it is humiliating, when you have dogmatized in the name of science, to say "I was wrong." But is it not more humiliating to be found out; and is it not more humiliating, after shuffling and wriggling hopelessly in the inexorable meshes of serried facts, to collapse suddenly, and call the hated net a "suitable enclosure," in which, forsooth, you don't mind being caught? Now this, as it seems to me, is precisely what Messrs. Charcot and the French hypnotists and their medical admirers in England are doing. Ever since Mesmer's death at the age of eighty, in 1815, the French and English "Faculty," with some honorable exceptions, have ridiculed and denied the facts as well as the theories of Mesmer, but now, in 1890, a host of scientists suddenly agree, while wiping out as best they may the name of Mesmer, to rob him of all his phenomena, which they quietly appropriate under the name of "hypnotism," suggestion "Therapeutic Magnetism," "Psychopathic Massage," and all the rest of it. Well, "What's in a name?"

I care more for things than names, but I reverence the pioneers of thought who have been cast out, trodden under foot, and crucified by the orthodox of all ages, and I think the least scientists can do for men like Mesmer, Du Potet, Puysegur, or Mayo, and Dr. Elliotson, now they are gone, is to "build their sepulchres."

I shall be accused of invincible ignorance in not distinguishing between hypnotism, which Dr. Wyld tells us is "the submission of the soul of the patient to the will of the operator," and mesmerism, which is "an analogous operation plus the psychical sympathy transferring vital magnetism;" but I accept the distinction without pledging myself to any theory. I am mainly concerned with the facts, and what I want to know is why these cures and abnormal states are trumpeted about as modern discoveries, while the "faculty" still deride or ignore their great predecessors without having themselves a theory which they can agree upon or a single fact which can be called new. The truth is we are just blundering back with toil to work over again the old disused mines of the ancients; the rediscovery of these occult sciences is exactly matched by the slow recovery of sculpture and painting in modern Europe. Here is the history of occult science in a nutshell. 1. Once known. 2. Lost. 3. Rediscovered. 4. Denied. 5. Reaffirmed, and by slow degrees, under new names, victorious. The evidence for all this is exhaustive and abundant. Here it may suffice to notice that Diodorus Siculus mentions how the Egyptian priests, ages before Christ, attributed clairvoyance induced for therapeutic purposes, to Isis. Strabo ascribes the same to Serapis, while Galen mentions a temple near Memphis famous for these hypnotic cures. Pythagoras, who won the confidence of the Egyptian priests, is full of it. Aristophanes in "Plutus" describes in some detail a mesmeric cure, (and first he began to handle the head). Cælius Aurelianus describes manipulations (1569) for disease "conducting the hands from the superior to the inferior parts;" and there was an old Latin proverb—*Ubi dolor ibi digitus*—"Where pain there finger." But time would fail me to tell of Paracelsus (1462) and his "deep secret of magnetism;" of Van Helmont (1644) and his "faith in the power of the hand in disease." Much in the writings of both these men was only made clear to the moderns by the experiments of Mesmer, and in view of modern hypnotists it is clearly with him and his disciples that we have chiefly to do. He claimed, no doubt, to transmit an animal magnetic fluid, which I believe the hypnotists deny.

But the Charcot phenomena are for all that in many ways identical with the mesmeric phenomena, and hypnotism must properly be considered rather as a branch of mesmerism than as something distinct from it. Anyhow,

Mesmer's facts, now generally accepted, were at first stoutly denied.

In 1784 the Paris Royal Academy appointed a commission to examine mesmerism—which, of course, reported unfavorably, upon which Mesmer wrote these prophetic words, addressed to the Academicians, "You say that Mesmer will never hold up his head again. If such is the destiny of the man it is not the destiny of the truth, which is in its nature imperishable, and will shine forth sooner or later in the same or some other country with more brilliancy than ever, and its triumph will annihilate its miserable detractors." Mesmer left Paris in disgust, and retired to Switzerland to die; but the illustrious Dr. Jussieu became a convert. Lavater carried Mesmer's system to Germany, while Puysegur and Deleuze spread it throughout provincial France, forming innumerable "harmonic societies" devoted to the study of therapeutic magnetism and its allied phenomena of thought transference, hypnotism, and clairvoyance.

Some twenty years ago I became acquainted with perhaps the most illustrious disciple of Mesmer, the aged Baron du Potet. Round this man's therapeutic and mesmeric exploits raged, between 1830 and 1846, a bitter controversy throughout France. A murderer had been tracked, convicted, and executed solely on evidence supplied by one of Du Potet's clairvoyantes. The juge de Paix admitted thus much in open court. This was too much for even sceptical Paris, and the Academy determined to sit again and, if possible, crush out the superstition. They sat, but, strange to say, this time they were converted. Itard, Fouquier, Guersent, Bourdois de la Motte, the cream of the French Faculty, pronounced the phenomena of mesmerism to be genuine—cures, trances, clairvoyance, thought transference, even reading from closed books; and from that time an elaborate nomenclature was invented, blotting out as far as possible the detested names of the indefatigable men who had compelled the scientific assent, while enrolling the main facts vouched for by Mesmer, Du Potet, and Puysegur among the undoubted phenomena to be accepted, on whatever theory, by medical science.

Meanwhile England was more stubborn. In 1846 the celebrated Dr. Elliotson, a popular practitioner, with a vast *clientèle*, pronounced the famous Harveian oration, in which he confessed his belief in mesmerism. He was denounced by the doctors with such thorough results that he lost his practice, and died well nigh ruined, if not heart-broken. The Mesmeric Hospital in Marylebone Road had been established by him. Operations were successfully performed under mesmerism, and all the phenomena which have lately occurred at Leeds and elsewhere to the satisfaction of the doctors was produced in Marylebone fifty-six years ago. Thirty-five years ago Professor Lister did the same—but the introduction of chloroform being more speedy and certain as an anæsthetic, killed for a time the mesmeric treatment. The public interest in mesmerism died down, and the Mesmeric Hospital in the Marylebone Road, which had been under a cloud since the suppression of Elliotson was at last closed. Lately we know what has been the fate of Mesmerism. Mesmer is spoken of in the same breath with Count Cagliostro, and mesmerism itself is seldom mentioned at all; but, then, we hear plenty of electrobiology, therapeutic magnetism, hypnotism—just so. Oh, shades of Mesmer, Puysegur, Du Potet, Elliotson—*sic vos non vobis*. Still, I say, *Palman qui meruit ferat*. When I knew Baron du Potet he was on the brink of the grave, and nearly eighty years of age. He was an ardent admirer of Mesmer; he had devoted his whole life to therapeutic magnetism, and he was absolutely dogmatic on the point that a real magnetic aura passed from the mesmerist to the patient. "I will show you this," he said one day, as we both stood by the bedside of a patient in so deep a trance that we ran needles into her hands and arms without exciting the least sign or movement. The old Baron continued: "I will, at a distance of a foot or two, determine slight convulsions in any part of her body by simply moving my hand above the part, without any contact." He began at the shoulder, which soon set up a twitching. Quiet being restored he tried the elbow, then the wrist, then the knee, the convulsions

increasing in intensity according to the time employed. "Are you quite satisfied?" I said, "Quite satisfied," and, continued he, "any patient that I have tested I will undertake to operate upon through a brick wall at a time and place where the patient shall be ignorant of my presence or my purpose." "This," added Du Potet, "was one of the experiences which most puzzled the Academicians at Paris. I repeated the experiment again and again under every test and condition, with almost invariable success, until the most skeptical was forced to give in." I spent in all about a fortnight with this really distinguished and estimable man. When we parted he gave me a medal of Mesmer, which he much prized. "It is," said he, "because you have intuition, mesmeric power, you have studied and understand." I still possess both the medal and an autograph of Mesmer. Few of your readers will probably have seen either; but now, if ever, in my opinion, is the time for the mention of such a memorial, though slight—such a recognition, though scanty: Honour to whom Honour is due," "*Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*"—Yours obediently,

H. R. HAWEIS.

THE CONTINUITY OF LIFE AND THE UNSEEN WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR HENRY KIDDLE.

"How can a man obtain any knowledge of the unseen world?" This is a question asked by Col. Ingersoll in his defence of Agnosticism in the *North American Review*. He does not make this inquiry in order to solicit information, but to assert by a rhetorical figure that no such knowledge is obtainable, for he goes on to make, dogmatically, a series of negative statements, as follow:—

"He certainly cannot obtain it through the medium of the senses. It is not a world that he can visit. No person has come back from the unseen world. No authentic message has been delivered. Through all the centuries, not one whisper has broken the silence that lies beyond the grave. Countless millions have sought for some evidence, have listened in vain for the same word."

Now every one of these statements is contradicted by the experience and testimony of—I will not use Col. Ingersoll's favourite hyperbole, and say "countless millions," but—uncounted millions, who are just as positive as Col. Ingersoll that there is abundant proof by testimony and experience that a knowledge of what is called the unseen or spiritual world—the world, or state of being, into which man passes after what is called death—can be obtained by the senses, even by the physical senses, but especially by that inner sense which, though all may possess it in various degrees, in some persons seems to be a peculiar endowment.

If Col. Ingersoll has thoroughly investigated the great subject of the continuity of life, which also involves what he calls the "unseen world," then he should give some reason for rejecting the vast body of facts which afford the basis of belief, or rather conviction, to so many cultured minds that there is a life beyond material dissolution. If he knows nothing of these facts, then he disproves his own *dictum*, that "ignorance and credulity go hand in hand." Certainly the latter proposition has much better support than the former, as can be shown by copious illustrations.

There is scarcely a fact or truth of which the Agnostic of these days claims that he has a "scientific knowledge" which was not at one time rejected by those who were the accepted exponents of scientific truth. Many, if not most, of the modern discoveries in science were rejected, derided, or disproved by the reigning scientific savants. Why? because they were ignorant of the things which they condemned, and thus showed that ignorance and incredulity go hand in hand.

"Intelligence," Col. Ingersoll says, "is not swayed by prejudice, neither is it driven to extremes by suspicion. It takes into consideration personal motives. It examines the character of the witnesses, makes allowance for the ignorance of the time—for enthusiasm, for fear,—and comes to its conclusion without fear and without passion."

This is undoubtedly true of genuine intelligence; but do not we see much that is assumed—that is spurious and pretentious, that is exceedingly limited and partial, and yet sets itself up as universal? Certainly we see many illustrations of this fact in this age of scientific culture. It does not follow that because a man is a distinguished specialist in a certain department of knowledge, he is necessarily capable of passing judgment upon questions belonging to a branch of industry outside of his speciality. A physical scientist is not *ipso facto* an authority in mental science, in metaphysical questions, or in subjects pertaining to the intellectual and spiritual nature of man.

Every subject requires its own experience, its own methods of research, even its own peculiar talents or endowments. When the Agnostic says, "I don't know; hence, you don't know; no one knows;" does he simply admit that "he has no knowledge?" Does he not, on the contrary, presumptuously lay claim to knowledge which no one can possess—a knowledge of the experience and means of acquisition of all mankind? Does he not absurdly and illogically make his own want of knowledge the standard of human attainment and of the general ability to explore the mysteries of nature!

Were those scientists truly intelligent who rejected Kepler's laws and Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood—who laughed at the alleged existence of aerolites, at the impossibilities of ocean steam navigation, and Morse's telegraph? Did they "consider personal motives?" Did they "examine the character of the witnesses?" Did they "make allowance for the ignorance of the time—that ignorance of which they were themselves the unconscious exponents? Were they "free from prejudice?"—against everything which they had learned? From "fear" of losing caste by an admission of their own ignorance? From the "passion" of pride in their scientific standing and reputation?

Then let us look at Col. Ingersoll's Agnostic allegation. He says:—

"A man can obtain no knowledge of the 'unseen world' through the medium of the senses." But do we not obtain some knowledge of the "world of spirits," which is what he refers to, when we behold, hold converse with in various ways, and actually hear, touch, are touched by the inhabitants of that world, and are confronted with various kinds of physical manifestations accompanied with an intelligence that not only bears witness of itself—that it emanates from the world of spirits—but can logically and rationally be attributed to no other source? At any rate such has been, and is the view of very many patient explorers of this field of research—men of cultured understanding and more than the peers of the eloquent advocate, whose intuitive impressions and inward guesses cannot take precedence of the conclusions of careful, scientific investigations by men thoroughly capable of making such research. The demonstrated truths of spirit existence and manifestation unfortunately need constant vindication from such inexcusable assaults.—*Banner of Light*.

A STRANGE story, which is susceptible of indubitable proof, has come to light here in connection with the fatal railroad accident on the Baltimore and Ohio road the other night, in which five men were killed. When the train left Wheeling, Frank Baker, the fireman, went to the despatcher and begged off for the trip, saying he was sick. Nobody could be secured to take his place, however, and he was obliged to go out. Before leaving Wheeling he bade his wife good-bye, saying he had had a dream that the train would meet with a serious casualty and all the crew would be killed. She laughed at his fears.

When the freight took the siding at Valley Falls, Baker made some excuse to leave his engine, and went a considerable distance away into a field. But a moment later the express train dashed into the freight and the engineer and brakeman, who sat in Baker's place, were killed. Baker himself was struck by a flying beam and badly hurt, but will recover. There is no doubt in the world that his strange premonition saved his life.

THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM.

It has been most justly said by one of the popular speakers for the cause of Spiritualism, that while it demonstrates immortality, and unveils the conditions, occupations and surroundings of the future life, it also reveals human duty in a light new and peculiar to itself. It points out the value of practicality, and announces its teachings to be of no use in themselves unless they are applied to the standards of life by those who accept them. If one's Spiritualism does not make one better in life's every walk, if it fails to render one more wise, more liberal, more generous, more forgiving, then it is, for that one, at least, a something truly useless and without worth.

Spiritualism is something more and better than a creed or a tenet, to be merely assented to intellectually; it is in truth a permeating element, a real presence, a living power which pulses in all the associations of life, uniting earth and heaven, and drawing from the eternal wellspring of all beatitude the gifts best fitted to the needs of the soul. There has been till now an excessive worship of the ancient inspirations, and too little attention has been given to the varied and rich inspirations of the present day. It is not necessary to deny the inspirations of the past, but we do need to supplement them with the inspirations of to-day. We need to be continually fed in order to prolong physical or spiritual existence. Hence continued revelations are furnished from the spirit-world, and each one adapted to the conditions of the age and the receiver. So that if Modern Spiritualism appears to us in a different form from that in which it appeared to the sages of antiquity, it comes in its new dress because that dress is the best fitted for the uses of the present day and ages.

The work which Spiritualism is to do is to demonstrate immortal life for humanity in a manner that will commend itself to all classes of minds. It must present not only appeals to the emotional, but demonstrations to the scientific, side of human nature. Some people are just as deficient in the organs whose exercise make faith possible as blind men are deficient in sight, though furnished by nature with orbs that are nevertheless sightless. It is essential that those deficient organs should be excited to development; for unless an educational process be induced in the spiritual sense, the organs themselves would remain useless, and all the evidence which might be presented to the mind of the individual in favor of faith would be in vain.

The church has labored to affect but a single side of human nature. It appeals to the hope of a future life, to the revelations made by God through the human soul, to the recorded revelations of the past; but it declares that everything must be given and received by and through the spiritual side of the individual; whereas Spiritualism declares that it is not necessary for any to believe in order to be saved; because there are possibilities of study for each individual in this direction, and because knowledge is better than faith merely; it is of the highest importance that all these accessories should be put to service. The intellect is to be brought into active sympathy with the intuitional promptings.

As to the return of spirits to communicate with the denizens of earth, it is not for us mortals a question of dignity so much as one of availability. The excarinated intelligences are fain to employ such means and methods as are at their command. Spiritualism is chiefly useful to us in proportion to the depth and strength of its impressions, or in others according as we feel it. It will be found chiefly useful when we earnestly supplicate truth to make itself manifest. It is when we are searching for truth in such a spirit that we are most certain of finding it. The revealments of the spiritual philosophy and phenomena demonstrate that not only are the words, deeds, and even secret thoughts of mortals known to the angels, but from every individual is projected into the spirit-world a subtle essence for either good or ill which furnishes the material out of which are to be fashioned the habitation, the raiment, and the surroundings of the person from whom that influence proceeds. So that happiness and unhappiness are bought with a price,

which consists of faithful lives or voluntary performed evil deeds. Spiritualism in this way teaches that each man makes for himself his own heaven or his own hell. We can enter into no heaven which is not of our own form and fashioning.—*Banner of Light*.

DR. PEEBLES AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE *Banner of Light*, for May 31st, contains a letter from Dr. J. M. Peebles, giving an account of a visit to the Carlisle Indian School, in Keystone State, U.S.A.

Dr. Peebles was always a friend of the Indians, and was a member of the Indian Peace Commission some twenty years ago, and in company with Sherman, Sheridan and others, visited their territory and took evidence locally for the purpose of gaining a better knowledge of the facts of the case. As a result of the efforts of the philanthropists who have worked on their behalf, the Indians have been more wisely treated, and are adopting the better features of civilisation more rapidly than its vices.

We extract the following description of the school and scholars:—

AMONG THE INDIAN SCHOLARS.

The Carlisle Indian Industrial and Educational School is represented by forty-three different tribes, nearly all of which are pure-blooded Indian boys and girls, and a jollier, happier-appearing set of youngsters, whether in the schoolroom or sporting upon the lawn at recess, it would be difficult to find. The Indian is not, as has been reported, naturally silent and stolid, but on the contrary he is social and confiding, affectionate and thoughtful.

The boys in this Carlisle Indian Institution were perfect pictures of health, and the girls, neatly dressed and rosy-cheeked, were as straight as arrows. And then they were neither harnessed nor toggled up in corsets or bustles or any of those modern, Frenchy, fashionable health-destroying trappings of the times. Looking at these Indian maidens, I thought it not strange that a noted Englishman fell in love with Pocahontas, or that John Randolph was proud of his Indian blood.

There are about seven hundred pupils in attendance, and nearly fifty teachers and assistants, some of whom are graduates from State Normal Schools; and they are what we should naturally expect, intelligent, efficient, and truly conscientious teachers. I know of no school that could show a more praiseworthy and practical corps of instructors. They took pride as I passed through the different schoolrooms in showing the rapid progress of these Indian children. Some of these teachers, by the way, have families, and be it said to their honour, they put their own children right into the classes with the Indian children, thus educating them together. And then again, some of the older and more advanced Indian students teach in the younger classes. The discipline of the school all through the grades seemed to me perfect."

The pupils attend the school half the day and work the other half, the boys being taught farming and mechanics, the girls sewing, bread-making, and general housekeeping duties. Some are artistic, some display considerable talent in mechanics, and some are musical. The teachers and superintendent seem to be admirably fitted for their posts, and are proud of their pupils. It is a matter for congratulation that the Indian question has at all events in this instance been so satisfactorily settled.

In *The Theosophist*, for June, appears a very able article on the Socialist movement (with special reference to Mr. Bellamy's book), by E. Douglas Fawcett.

"JUSTICE" is the name of a new journal published in Auckland New Zealand, and devoted to the promulgation of the principles advocated by Henry George, of which the "Single Tax" on land is the principal feature. Amongst other well written matter, it contains a very able article (copied from the "Nineteenth Century") by the present William Lloyd Garrison; and an excellent satire, entitled "Raising the Wind." The price of the paper is two pence, and the office, in Albert-street North, Auckland

SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

FROM EDMONDS AND DEXTER'S SPIRITUALISM.

"There is no state of existence, Judge, but has its better spirits above it. There is no mind so advanced and enlightened but there is a mind more developed, more progressed, to which the other will look, with deference and respect. If this obtains on earth, how much more should this law exert its full influence among spirits! It is a singular fact, in the progress of all things on earth, that the most inferior plant can, by cultivation, be made to manifest properties entirely distinct from the original, yet retain all the characteristic features of the germ. Now you take a peach, and in its original form it is almost worthless, yet by cultivation you develop the fruit to that degree of perfection that of all the fruits of the earth it is most sought for and admired.

These simple facts are pertinent illustrations of the great law which had its beginning with God, and will end only when the Creator is unable to execute the laws he has established.

Thus all progressed spirits have above them other spirits who have passed through the death of the spheres, and therefore have become so much more ethereal and refined, that those in the sphere below necessarily cannot see them. And though I pretend to a certain degree of advancement, yet there are conditions above my sphere where reside spirits whose bodies I cannot behold only when my mind, like your own, is in such a state that they act upon it, as certain spirits did on yours, by visions and imagery.

Your learned men ascribe the nucleus of all worlds to what they call gaseous bodies, or nuclei. Supposing this to be true, through what processes of growth and development they must have passed to have arrived at that stage or state where they have become fit habitations for men!

All species of the apple, it is said, are derived from the simple crab apple. And what variety, without number, you find in size, shape, colouring, taste, and flavour! Now, this is eminently true with regard to man; and though I cannot say he was derived from one source or one being, yet your knowledge of the various races, species, genera, and orders must satisfy you that in every age of the world some new property has been developed in him, and this in proportion to his situation and connection, until, at the present day, the race of men now moving and controlling the affairs of life have further advanced, and manifest more of the true characteristics of his proper nature, than all classes or nations which have preceded it.

There is a necessity for an advance toward perfection in everything created by God. Of what purpose was it that He created the worlds, and filled them with intelligent beings capable of understanding and learning from every manifestation of his power around them the effects which certain laws he has established have produced? Of what purpose was it that he should have created them if he had intended that they—man or men—should have remained in a state of abeyance? Of what use the mind? Of what use thought? Of what use that the sprig should have been lopped off from the oak itself.

God could just as well have created man without a soul as with an intelligent one; and certainly it appears to me reasonable that in planting within his body a spirit susceptible, comprehensive, and intelligent, he intended that spirit should not be satisfied till it had grasped everything within the scope of its faculties. There is one idea which has often occurred to me since I left the earth, and that is, that if it were not intended that both spirit and matter should progress, God would probably have created man with all the powers and faculties of his nature, ready developed at his creation. For were it denied that the intention of his creation was his steady advancement, the mind, when it had mastered one position, would have still remained the same as before it recognised a new idea. There could not have been any appreciation of anything before it, and instead of knowledge enlarging its range of desire and thought, it would have left it in the same condition as it found it. What think you? On this great principle is based, as before stated, all the law and the spirits.

To Correspondents.

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

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

WHY ARE THEY SILENT?

SIR,—To my thinking there are few phases of mediumship more interesting than that of clairvoyance, and consequently I consider its revelations well calculated to arrest the attention of persons likely to become investigators of the subject of Spiritualism.

From what I can learn, the possessors of this splendid gift are constantly—besides seeing spirits—beholding views of the most instructive character, not only in their homes, but at public meetings and other places where people congregate.

Now the thought has suggested itself to me that were some of those favoured mediums to occasionally jot down a few of their experiences and send them to the *Harbinger* for publication, they might possibly add to the number of our adherents by reaching many a susceptible mind seeking for proof of the life hereafter.

Yours, etc.,

RECLUSE.

THE RECONSTRUCTOR.

THE above is the title of a new paper, which commenced its issue on June 12th, at Summerland, in California, under the editorship of J. S. Loveland, who has been for many years a worker in the spiritual field.

The name of the paper is intended to signify Spiritualism, which the editor in his "Salutatory" shows to be the Reconstructor of Society. The paper contains interesting and well written matter, and among its contributors we notice the name of Dr. Albert Morton, of San Francisco. Summerland appears to be growing rapidly, and amongst the list of those who have built there, there are two from Australia, one being Mr. W. B. Bowley, late of Melbourne.

On July 31st, the *Evening Standard's* Sydney representative wrote as follows:—An interesting incident is reported in connection with the recent arrival of a large mail steamer from England. On the voyage out, after the oppressive heat of the Red Sea had been endured and got through, a young lady, a second saloon passenger, complained of feeling unwell. It was thought that the heat, so fatal to many, was the cause of her sickness, and the usual remedies were applied. She declared, however, they were of no use, and after a time the doctor had to confess to himself that the case baffled him. She appeared to be suffering from a severe mental shock, the cause of which she hinted at, but refused to reveal. Finally, one night, when she appeared to be rapidly sinking, she told the doctor not to be alarmed for her, as she was certain that she would live till the steamer reached Sydney. She said that the night she was taken ill in the Red Sea the heat had nothing to do with the cause. She was lying in her bunk, with the port open, when she heard a voice distinctly enough, which she recognised as that of a dead sister of her's calling her by name. She got up, and she again heard the voice, and she suffered terrible mental anguish. She had a presentiment that she would linger until the boat reached Sydney, and would there die and be buried by the side of her sister. The doctor tried to reason her out of what he called her foolish fancies; but she adhered strenuously to what she called the "revelation" and refused medicine. The boat has now been in Sydney some weeks, and, sure enough, the poor girl lies on the brink of death, her friends expecting every moment to be her last. Highest medical assistance has been sent for, but her decline cannot be traced to any specific disease.

ERRATA.—In *Harbinger* for July—"To my Mother in Spirit-land"—lines 11 and 23, for "ought" and "nought" read *ought* and *naught*.

WHY GOOD RESOLVES SO OFTEN END IN FAILURE.

(PART OF AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.)

- G. That man can *will* to do, and yet *not* do is palpable. Canst account for it?
- D. I can. A man says, "I will do this or that," not taking into consideration that he is not a whole, but only a very small portion of a whole.
- G. I scarcely understand you. Do you mean to tell me that I am not a whole, an entire man?
- D. My friend, you are a man, just as this is a link of a chain. The link itself is perfect, but 'tis only a small part of a whole chain. We are all links one of another; but spirits out of the flesh are links also, helping to complete the chain.
- G. I think I follow you; but the point of comparison is not yet clear to my mind.
- D. I will endeavour then to make it clear, that *you* may will to do a thing, and that another will may upset the doing of it.
- G. Thanks, friend; I am willing to learn, and this is a subject that has perplexed me oft.
- D. To quote from what are called your "sacred writings," one has said, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak;" and it is this weakness that too often upsets good resolutions. I will illustrate. A man came to me, and, said he, "I intend henceforth to shun two things that have been my bane through life—drinking and gambling." I commended him for his good resolve, and bade him "God speed."
- G. Well, I trust that he kept his good resolve.
- D. You shall hear. That very night my rest was disturbed by sounds of boisterous mirth and ribaldry, and the cry of pain. Hastening forth to seek the cause, I found that which did make my heart to bleed. The man who boasted but a few hours before what he would do of good, lay there—a sorry heap—the sport of ruffians, and the class that do delight in evil.
- G. Well, well. I am grieved to think the morning's good resolve should close in night's sad failure. Didst ever learn the cause?
- D. That would I now explain. The man, like many others, loved amusement; and this he thought he'd seek as usual in the usual company; enjoying *this*, rejecting *that*. As well might he have said, "I love not to be wet, yet will I dive through water."
- G. Then would you have him shun his friends, companions, all, and lead a hermit's life?
- D. Nay; to live alone, for man or woman, is not good. As all are links in one common chain, so let us be united.
- G. Then friend, of what dost thou complain? for though not expressed, I heard it in thy voice.
- D. I will say to thee what I did say to him when reason had resumed its sway: "My friend, bethink thee of thy good resolve; fresh courage take where life and honour are at stake. But if thou would'st be strong, and keep that good resolve, shun those who, like thyself, are doing wrong; else they will keep thee down. Thou art all o'er-powered, o'er-weighted by their will. Assert thyself with those who strive for better things, for angels about thee stand—spirits, though not with wings; forms that, like unto thee, have trod the earth; some bright and others dim, according to their deeds. When thou desirest to do well, around thee thou dost draw those who are bright and full of light, who long to help thee on. But when thou lovest evil, and with the evil keep, the darkest spirits come to thee, and urge and drag thee down. No longer able to indulge their vice, they gloat in that of others and enjoy their misery."
- G. Really a veil thou hast removed from mine eyes. Now do I see and understand how often goodwill doth end in failure. Still there is one thing that

doth puzzle me to comprehend. You would have the good to convert the bad; must not the two then intermingle?

- D. As oil with water—meeting, but not blending. There is no assimilation, because there is no affinity.

E. V. S. K.

Castlemaine.

A MODERN DOGBERRY.

Dr. Walter E. Reid, a "spirit postmaster," was recently convicted at Grand Rapids, Mich., and sentenced to imprisonment at hard labour for one year, for the alleged using of the U. S. mails for the purpose of fraud. The fraud consisted in sending answers to sealed letters through the mails. The case was then appealed to a higher court presided over by a Dogberry named Jackson, Referring to his conduct the *Boston Globe* says:—

"Dr. Reid says that he is a clairvoyant and psychometric to an extent that he is able to read a sealed letter without opening it, and to describe the condition and surroundings of the sender. He offered then and there in open court to read any letter the judge might take from his pocket without opening it, and to describe the sender.

"Judge Jackson turned upon him rudely and said, his court was no place for exhibitions of mountebanks and jugglers, whose tricks he would not believe if sworn on a pile of Bibles, and he therefore confirmed the judgment of the trial court.

"We believe there are few judges in these parts who would not accept, on the spot, such a challenge as Dr. Reid's. Such conduct as that of Judge Jackson savours plainly of bigotry and unfairness. The Spiritualists, like all others, have the right to a fair show in court, whatever may happen to be a judge's private opinion of their honesty."

Judge Jackson has shown himself altogether too small and narrow a man for a judge. He ought to be impeached as a fifth proof, double-breasted idiot."

A COINCIDENCE—OR WHAT?

(From "Light," of May 31, 190.)

SIR,—A few weeks ago, whilst I was busily occupied, and not at all thinking of having any spiritual communication quite suddenly I was aware of the presence of my spirit friend, B. I knew he wished to give me a message for his wife, and on taking pencil in hand received the communication and posted it off to Mrs. B., who lives in one of the Midland counties in England, and is herself a writing medium.

By return of post she told me that *at the same time* that I felt the presence of her husband in my home she had been impressed to take pencil, upon which her brother in spirit-land thus wrote:—

"I am permitted to come and tell you that B. has now gone direct to F. J. T. to give her a message for you."

On another occasion a very odd "coincidence" took place. A friend, an old Indian, was a near neighbour, and frequently came in for a little talk over various topics of interest, especially so when he related his singular adventures during a long life in India, where he held a most responsible position under Government.

At Christmas he left this part, taking a house in another suburb. He promised to come to see me "once a month," but in two or three letters he wrote after he left he expressed great disappointment at being hindered, and on account of weak health and the severe weather, being unable to carry out his intention of visiting me.

One afternoon, whilst I was playing on the piano, I felt his presence so strongly that I involuntarily turned round on the music stool, and looking towards the door, said aloud, "Now if I did not know that you were still in the body, I should believe your spirit was here; but as it is, I expect it is your desire to be coming over that brought this impression to me."

Fortunately for me, neither Dr. Forbes Winslow nor Mrs. Annie Besant was present, or the fact of seeing me

turn round suddenly, and gravely address a Nobody (!) would have proved to them that I was a "dangerous lunatic!"

Two days after this happened, I was informed that my old Indian friend had passed away suddenly the week before. I believe it was on the day of his funeral that this odd incident took place.

F. J. THEOBALD.

Blackheath, May 25th, 1890.

GOLDEN CHIMES.

*Written on the occasion of the Golden Wedding of
Thos. Lang, Esq., Hon. Sec. V. A. S.*

FIFTY years of wedded love,
Changing scenes of light and shade;
Angel guests from spheres above,
Ministers of thee have made.

Every gift of love divine,
Every token of His care,
Every influence sublime,
Every answer to the prayer;

Every rugged pathway trod,
Every mountain summit gained,
Leads thee nearer to thy God;
Tells of peace by thee obtained.

Silver lining to the cloud,
Golden rays of light divine,
Comfort sweet to thee afford
Journeying through the mists of time.

Magic staff within thy hand,
Angel guides close by thy side,
Journeying to the better land,
With thy loved and loving bride.

Years may pass so swiftly by,
Friends may smile, or foes may frown;
Thou canst, smiling, look on high,
Where awaits love's golden crown.

Every thought for others' good,
Every effort truth to gain;
All love's teaching understood,
Bringing ease to others' pain.

All these flowers bestrew the way,
Scattered by an angel's hand;
Echoes from the realms of day,
Reach thee from its golden strand.

Sometimes weary, always calm,
Always trusty, always true;
Angels guard thy soul from harm,
Give thee blessed work to do.

Hand in hand for fifty years,
Through the valley and the glade;
Sharing earth-life's joys and tears,
Angels' hands love's feast have laid.

Down the autumn tinted years,
As the shadows longer grow;
Calm and tranquil mid life's fears
Beams the glory-tinted bow.

Hand in hand, and evermore
Ye shall walk in love's dear name,
On the beauteous golden shore,
Where love's tokens ye shall claim.

JENNY WREN.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

ANOTHER Parisian journal of good standing and considerable influence, *Le XIX Siecle*, has begun to discuss Spiritualism in a serious and respectful spirit. It has dedicated a long and brilliant article to the subject of "Occultism, the Hermetic Science, and its Disciples."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Tasmania can boast of a bishop who doesn't always and necessarily talk cant. His Lordship, accompanied by his wife as driver, had been visiting some country parishes, travelling at times, no doubt, over rather rough roads, and thus he concludes his narrative:—"We had driven some 230 miles without accident; let the credit be given to the driver and her horse." Bravo, Dr. Montgomery, that's honest, manly, gallant—giving honor where honor is due, fair alike to lady and beast! But what other ecclesiastic would have failed to lug in some pious ascription of indebtedness to a meddling divinity that keeps an ordinary cleric as the apple of its eye, and has a very special and tender solicitude for "lawn?"

More theological cheese-paring, more watering-down of the strong wine of the "gospel," more whittling away of church dogma! The offender this time is Dr. Perry, presumably the venerable gentleman who for so many years administered the diocese of Victoria. Bishop Perry writes as follows to the *Record*, (London) anent the limitation of Jesus of Nazareth's knowledge while on earth:—"I believe that (1) According to the statement of the Athanasian Creed, our Lord Jesus Christ was perfect God and perfect man; but that when He was upon earth the emptying (Kenosis) (Phil. ii. 7) was complete, both as to His divine glory and as to all the powers of the Godhead; so that Jesus of Nazareth was in no way distinguishable for His understanding (Luke ii. 47) from others in the same village (see Mark vi. 3). But that (2) At His baptism, when he was about thirty years of age, God anointed Him with the Holy Ghost and with power (John i. 33, 34, and Acts x. 38), whereby he became the Messiah, the Christ. Henceforth, although still the man Jesus, he possessed all the attributes of Godhead, Divine power, and Divine knowledge; not (if I may venture to say so) by virtue of His own natural Godhead, but by the indwelling of God the Holy Spirit, under whose guidance and control He always afterwards spoke and acted (see Matt. vi. 1, Mark i. 12, Luke iv. 15; see also Matt. xii. 28, where He intimates that He cast out devils by the Spirit of God). I believe, therefore, that there was no limitation of our Lord's knowledge as the Christ (except that of which we are told in Mark xii. 32, which I understand to refer to Him in that character; see John ii. 24, and xi. 17)."

Apropos of "without sin," a New Zealand correspondent writes to *Reynold's Newspaper* that "an unhappy squabble has occurred between Mr. Henry Varley and Mr. W. Birch of the Baptist Tabernacle. Mr. Birch undertook to refute Mr. Varley's statement that no man could live free of sin, and that Christ alone was perfectly holy. Mr. Birch maintained that a sinless life was possible, and that he had attained it. A scene of sad disorder ensued, and the 'Holiness Convention' ended in a scene very dishonoring to the Church of Christ, and very amusing to the enemies of truth." One would have thought that if anybody possessed personal impeccability 'Enry Varley would be that "pure merino!"

A charge has been brought against "General" Booth that he is unsound on the doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement. The accuser is a Mr. Horatio Hodges, LL.B., lately a member of the Salvation Army. Query, What, in these days, is "sound" doctrine?

Reviewing Schopenhauer's book, "The Wisdom of Life" (English translation by J. B. Saunders), Mrs. Annie Besant finely says, "Schopenhauer misses throughout the true secret of Life's Wisdom—that happiness lies in living for others not for self, and that he who seeks duty, not happiness, shall find the second is in keeping with the first."

From the London press have recently issued four very important theological works which would be a valuable

acquisition to any library, public or private, and with which every reading man, Freethinker or "religionist," would do well to make himself acquainted. They are:—"The Seat of Authority in Religion," by James Martineau, LL.D., D.D., D.C.L., 14s.; "Lux Mundi, A Series of Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation," edited by Charles Gore, M.A., Principal of Pusey House, Oxford, 14s.; "The First Three Gospels: Their Origin and Relations," by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., Professor at Manchester New College, Oxford, 3s. 6d.; and "Christ and Krishna," by John M. Robertson, 2s. (London prices). Of these very noteworthy works, more anon.

X.

INSTITUTIONS V. PRINCIPLE.

The Kansas City Journal has become notable lately by the publication of a series of editorials on Religion and Social questions, displaying philosophical acumen and literary skill. In its issue of July 6th under the heading of "What is the Cause," appears a criticism of an article by the Rev. Carlos Martin, D.D. of New York, on "Churchianity v. Christianity" the gravamen of his argument being that the church has become an institution, whilst christianity is a principle; commenting on this the editor says:—The trouble is that an organized creed, taught by an organized power, be it civil, political, ethical or religious, and enforced as ultimate truth can have no other outcome than to grow into a profession on the one hand and an industry on the other. The law has grown into a means of livelihood, medicine is practiced for a means of subsistence and wealth, and theology has become a vast organization that demands bread and butter. Neither of these in their origin were so. Law was the outgrowth of the principle of human liberty and the rights growing out of it. Medicine had its birth in philanthropy and grew into the ways and means of benevolence. And so of religion, it was the higher, the spiritual as to both and all conditions of life—the way to attain all else by right living. But it like the others passing into the control of organizations that live by teaching it, became a part of the great machinery we call society—the relation in which one lives from the contributions of the others. It is as inevitable as that men eat, drink and seek physical enjoyment, and protection from planetary conditions.

Now the true ideal of human happiness, as the modern age is coming to see it, is just in degree as we get rid of these artificial conditions, and in the measure we return to their recognition and practice as principles. And that can only come as we become free as individuals. In law which has a grasp upon society, on nations as well upon individuals, the trend is in the direction of arbitration, codification and association. In medicine it is seen in sanitary science, in the cleanliness of living, in the employment of electricity, the magnetism of the person, and in what the profession now calls the hypnotic faculty. In both these departments the movement is to break the force of the professional power and to free mankind from the industrial features that have become burdensome and tyrannical in both departments. And so it is in the religious side of man's nature. The tendency is to break away from written creeds, behind which is an organized power that forbids freedom of thought and belief, holding the mind in subjection on the claimed authority that they have the truths, and are charged specially with the keys of the future conditions of life—on the assumption that your conduct must be so-and-so in this world. The modern age wants to go back to the plain truths taught by the good of all the ages—by Jesus as it comes to us in its simple rules of practical life. Or, in other words, it wants our assumed spiritual teachers to live what they preach, just as they tell us to live it, and that then they and we will have converted the world. If every so called spiritual teacher—Christian, Brahmin, Buddhist—all of them would only live themselves, practical, every day lives, as they tell us to live, the millennium would come like a sunburst in a harvest morning—the whole earth ripe in the blessings of humanity."

A SPLENDID EXAMPLE.

THE late Nicholas Sadot, of Roulers, in Belgium, a railway official and a sincere Spiritualist, has bequeathed by his will the sum of £400 for the formation in his native country of a library of Spiritualistic literature, for the purposes of popular instruction. "I impose this condition," writes the testator, "because the doctrines of Spiritualism are so eminently moral and consolatory; and they convey so much comfort in our dying moments to those who have sincerely practised them, that I wish to procure this immense benefit for all the inhabitants of my country."

MELBOURNE SPIRITUALISTIC LYCEUM.

A HARMONIOUS and successful session of the Lyceum under the conductorship of Mr. C. H. Bamford closed yesterday. The nomination for officers for the new session took place on the previous Sunday, when the following were elected:—Conductor, Mrs. T. Harris; Vice-Conductor, Mr. Elliott; Treasurer, Mr. C. H. Bamford; Secretary, Mr. Veness; Musical Conductor, Miss Dwight; Librarian, Mr. Warne; Watchman, Mr. F. Pailthorpe; Guards, Messrs. Fletcher, Nelson, Hickley, and Master Rice; Leaders, Mrs. Rice, Mrs. Burbank, Mrs. Peddington, Miss Williams, Miss Kennedy, Messrs. Noble and Debney. The attendance at the Lyceum has been growing lately, and there is every prospect of a successful summer session.

UNDER the title of "Remarkable Spiritualistic Phenomena," Mr. H. Sidney Müller has published, in London, a narrative of what took place at an interesting seance with Mrs. Cecilia Husk as the medium. There were nine persons present, one of whom was the Baroness von Stein-Nordheim. We mention her name, not on account of her rank, but in connection with what follows. After the spirit of John King had materialised, so as to become distinctly visible and tangible, and had saluted the company with his familiar benediction, eight other spirits followed his example. Among these were the Prince Imperial of France, Colonel Fred. Burnaby, Prince Rodolf of Austria, and the Baroness Maria Vetsera, who committed suicide simultaneously with himself, and Liszt, the great composer and pianist. The latter conversed with the Baroness von Stein-Nordheim, who had formerly been a pupil of his; and, says Mr. Muller, "as I was seated quite close to her I distinctly heard the voice of Liszt, which resembled that of an old man. The conversation was carried on in French. The spirit, in response to the wish of those present, seated himself at the piano forte, and performed one of his stupendous rhapsodies." The writer adds, that the powerful *fatis-simi* and the delicate *pianissimi* passages were executed with that admirable touch for which Liszt was so celebrated in the earth-life.

MUSIC.—The following beautiful, spiritual thoughts are from the pen of the late Cardinal Newman:—"There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen. Yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity, or trick, or art like some game or fashion of the day, without reality and without meaning? Yes, is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No, they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voices of angels, or the Magnificat of saints, or the living laws of Divine governance, or the Divine attributes; something are they beside themselves which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter."

BEYOND THE VEIL.

There is a land beyond the strife,
The turmoil and the jar of life,
Where summer skies and suns prevail,
And roses bloom in every dale—
It is the land beyond the veil.

There is a land whose atmosphere
Is calm and like the crystal clear,
Whose sleeping oceans wake no gale,
Nor storms the voyager assail—
It is the land beyond the veil.

There is a land where pain is not,
And earthly sufferings are forgot,
Where never shall be heard the tale
Of woe, nor sung the song of bale—
It is the land beyond the veil.

There is a land where eyes are bright
As stars upon an autumn night,
Where love is never known to fail,
Or friendship wither, droop, or pale—
It is the land beyond the veil.

There is a land where life shall be
Coeval with eternity,
Whose heights aspiring we shall scale,
To win the welcome greeting—Hail!—
It is the land beyond the veil.

Chicago, U.S.A.

St. GEORGE BEST.

LEAVES OF LOVE.*

The above is the title of a small Volume of Poems by "Jenny Wren" the *non de plume* of Mrs. T. Harris, and dedicated by permission to the youngest daughter of Lady Carrington. The subjects are varied but generally spiritual and elevated in tone; the rhythm is excellent as may be seen in the following verse:—

Leaves, Leaves, beautiful leaves,
Russet and gold, and brown;
Falling in showers o'er the cottage eaves
So gracefully shimmering down;
How fondest memories rise in my heart,
As I watch the golden leaves depart;
Ah me; how oft the tears will start,
As I walk mid the fallen leaves.

Among the personal poems is one to "My Little Queen" commencing thus:—

She is not crowned with diadem or golden chaplet grand,
She has no royal pedigree, no sceptre in her hand.
But she is crowned with a wreath of love,
And rules with sceptre mild,
Oh! she is fair, and fond, and pure—
My precious, darling child.

From a more pretentious one entitled "Azrael, or Within the Gates," we extract the following:—

I slept, and when I wakened from my brief repose,
I looked around with wondering anxious face,
The air was fragrant with the scent of flowers,
Of bright, ethereal beauty, my spirit seemed to trace
The presence of a holier happier life,
That never could be marred by mortal strife.

We will conclude our notice with a verse from a pretty little poem on page 49 describing the transition and spiritual vision of a child, it is entitled "The Ebbing of the Tide,"

"Mother!" said the child again "I see the gleaming fountains,
I hear the rippling waters, and the voices of the blest,
I can see their happy faces yonder on the sunlit mountains,
Soon my pain will all be over and your boy will be at rest,
Mother darling, you will meet me soon upon the other side,
I am going over yonder at the ebbing of the tide."

The Volume is neatly bound in cloth, but in other respects is not so well got up as the quality of its contents deserves.

TALE OF A TRANCE BY A WOMAN WHO
OBEYED THE SPIRITS.

FINDLAY, Ohio, Aug. 16.—A singular result from a vision seen in a trance by Miss Searfoss, of Marion Township, this county, is reported. The young lady had been ill for some time with a mysterious disease, which her physician could not understand or control. Her body became cold and green spots covered it. Last Monday she lost consciousness and lay in a trance for 30 hours.

Upon waking she related to her parents the details of a vision which had appeared to her during the period of coma. In this vision a man showed her a buggy wheel and told her that it was the cause of her illness, as in jumping from a vehicle she had injured herself and the wheel. He then brought a bucket of water and a sheet and three bottles, which he said contained respectively wine, whisky, and alcohol. He wet the sheet in the bucket of water, wrapped her in its folds, and gave her a portion from each of the three bottles. He told her further that if she followed this treatment in three days she would be well. If she did not, then at 7 o'clock on the morning of the next day she would commence getting worse, at 4 o'clock life would begin leaving her, and at 9 o'clock the following morning she would be dead.

This story thoroughly alarmed the parents and the attending physician was sent for. He laughed at the spirit treatment, and advised that it be not attempted, and it was not begun. The next morning, shortly after 7 o'clock, the young lady grew rapidly worse. The green spots reappeared, and death seemed near. In this emergency the remedies prescribed in the vision were applied, and the effect of the treatment was soon apparent. The patient rapidly improved and continued to grow better so fast that on the morning of the fourth day she was able to arise and dress herself and is now completely restored to health. The affair has caused a profound sensation in the community in which Miss Searfoss resides, and there is much speculation as to whether following the spirit message restored her to health and strength.

THE *Carrier Dove* for June contains a verbatim report of a two nights debate on Spiritualism between Moses Hull and S. P. Putnam, at the Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco. Mr. Hull, who opened the debate by an affirmation that the phenomena of Spiritualism demonstrated a future conscious existence of man, brought evidence and logic to support his position. Mr. Putnam, on the other hand, brought little solid argument forward, quibbles and denials forming the basis of his talk. Here is a specimen. Mr. Hull having quoted the distinct testimony of Alfred Russell Wallace as to what he had witnessed, Putnam replies to it as follows: "Now in regard to what Wallace says, you know what I think. I think Wallace was crazy. Wallace never saw anything of the kind. I dispute him. He never saw a spirit hand at all; you can't see a spirit hand; a spirit is invisible, that is seeing an invisible hand. So with seeing spirit faces, &c." There is no making any impression upon a man of this sort who puts his "think" before the testimony of a clear headed scientific man.

"LUNA SPIRITUALISM," is the title of a pamphlet recently published by Mr. C. H. Bamford. It embodies a paper read by him at one of the conversaciones of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, with some additions and emendations. The first portion of it is a satire upon the follies of irrational Spiritualism, the latter portion introduces the reader to Spiritualism of a more rational and elevating character and pictures the good effects that flow from its pursuit. A gentleman interested in the circulation of spiritual literature has, we understand, assisted the publication of this pamphlet, with the view of its more extensive diffusion, and a number are available for gratuitous distribution. Those who can make good use of them may obtain a supply from Mr. Bamford.

*Leaves of Love, by Jenny Wren; C. Jerrens, Clarence Street, Sydney, 1890.

MRS. ADDIE L. BALLOU.

By the last Californian mail we have a letter from Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, from which we learn that the "Nationalist" movement is making good progress there, and likely to influence the forthcoming election. Rev. Mr. Ravlin, who a year or two since bid farewell to his congregation at St. Jose to ally himself with the Spiritualists, is now speaking for the Progressive Spiritualist Society of San Francisco. Being an able speaker and full of apostolic zeal Mr. Ravlin is an acquisition to the cause. Mrs. Ballou is conducting one of the Children's Lyceums which is growing in strength and harmony under her management. She sends kindly greetings to her many Melbourne friends.

MRS. HARRIS' Lecture, on Sunday evening next, on the "Spiritual System of Harmonial Education," will no doubt be an interesting one, as she is to be controlled by one of her guides, "Alcestis," who takes a particular interest in the Lyceum movement. The whole of the proceeds are to be given to the Melbourne Progressive Lyceum.

NEW BOOKS.

- In the Pronaos of the Temple of Wisdom: containing the History of the True and the False Rosicrucians, with an introduction into the mysteries of the Hermetic Philosophy; by Franz Hartmann, M.D. 8s. 6d.
- Dead Man's Diary; written after his Decease, with a preface; by G. T. Bettany, M.A. 3s. 6d.
- Tales from Blackwood: contains Bulwer Lytton's Haunted and the Haunters in complete form. 1s.
- Lectures Delivered before the Sunday Lecture Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne; by Professors Romanes, Moseley, Parkyns, Wilson, and Carpenter, on the Eye; Movement of Plants; Zoology; Animals that make Limestone, &c. 2s.
- New Life, its Genesis, and Culture; a Book for Young Mothers; by H. O'Neill and Edith Barnett: contains Motherhood, Babyhood, Childhood, &c. 2s.
- Religion: a Dialogue, and other Essays; by Arthur Schopenhauer. Selected and Translated by T. Bailey Saunders, M.A.; second edition. 3s.
- The Wisdom of Life, being the first part of Arthur Schopenhauer's "Aphorismen zur Lebensweisheit"; translated, with a preface, by T. Bailey Saunders, M.A. 3s.
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- Whittier, John G., Poetical Works. 2s.
- How to Read Heads: Practical Phrenology made Easy; by Jas. Coates. Illustrated. 1s.
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- On Alcohol; by Dr. B. Richardson. Shewing how destructive it is upon the Human System. 1s.
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- Good Health: a Monthly Journal of Hygiene, conducted by Dr. Kellogg. Subjects—Medicine, Vegetarianism, Dress, Science, Temperance, &c. 6d.
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- Hypnotism; by Albert Moll (Berlin): contains History; General Considerations; Symptoms; Theory; Medical Aspects; Legal Aspects, &c. 3s. 6d.

Our Eyes, and how to Preserve them from Infancy to Old Age; by J. Browning, F.R.A.S. 1s.

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Royal Observatory, Greenwich; Botany, by Robert

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of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in the University

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