

Harbinger of Light.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

ZOISTIC SCIENCE, FREETHOUGHT, SPIRITUALISM
AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

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

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CONTENTS :

<i>The effect of sound upon the form of particles</i>	4281-2
<i>Our Foreign Exchanges</i>	4282
<i>As it is in Heaven</i>	4282-3
<i>Abstracts from Sphinx</i>	4284-5
<i>God: Who is He? Where is He?</i>	4285-7
<i>Local Evidences</i>	4287
<i>Spiritualist Corresponding Society</i>	4288
<i>Part of an Unpublished Play</i>	4288
<i>Relation of Spiritualism to Christianity (Dr. Peebles)</i>	4289-91
<i>Fate, or What</i> ⁴²⁹² <i>Musings</i>	4292
<i>Story of the Two Wedding Rings</i>	4293
<i>Spirit Teachings</i>	4294
<i>Coincidences and Comments</i>	4296
<i>The Labour Question</i>	4296
<i>Sydney Society for Psychic Culture</i>	4297

THE *Theosophist*, for September, contains a highly interesting article by Colonel Olcott on the connection between sound and form. It is based upon experiments made by a Welsh lady vocalist, Mrs. Watts Hughes, a lengthy report of which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Feb. 6th, accompanied with illustrations, copies of which Col. Olcott has succeeded in procuring from the editor of that journal. It appears that the lady referred to having read of some previous experiments by one “Chladni,” of sand placed upon glass being made to assume definite forms by vibrations, was experimenting with her voice upon sand sprinkled on a plate of glass to see what effect the vibrations would have on it, when she was astonished to observe on one occasion the sand form itself into a geometrical figure. She continued her experiments, and slowly discovered that by singing certain notes into the eidophone, over the mouth of which the disc was placed, she could sing sand, lycopodium, etc., into certain definite figures. “Every single note (she says) produces a figure, in which the vibrations of the voice are recorded by clear and regular lines; according to the pitch, intensity, and the duration of the note, however, the form of the voice-figure differs.”

The forms in some instances have a correspondence to forms in the vegetable kingdom, the daisy and the pansy having been produced by certain combinations of sound. Mrs. Hughes gave the *Pall Mall* interviewer an illustration of her method, which he describes as follows:— “Mrs. Hughes sat down in front of the eidophone, on which a small quantity of fine powder had been scattered. A deep, full note was sung into the tube, and immediately a miniature storm raged on the disc; tiny clouds of dust arose, rolling and whirling about as when a hurricane swept over a dusty high-road. Slowly the

chaos was reduced to order, and when the last vibration ceased, an accurate, clear geometrical figure lay before us, formed of the yellow powder on the dark disc.” A variation of the note changed this to another figure; successive notes bring about changes like those of a kaleidoscope, but controllable by the operator, who has learned how to produce definite forms as the result of definite sounds. The action of the vibrations is not limited to solid matter, coloured fluids being sometimes used, which drying perpetuate the form.

The lady is evidently impressed with the spiritual significance of her discovery. Walking in her garden, she says, after singing a number of “daisy” forms into shape, “The petals had become so familiar, I had the feeling as if I had only to sing under the stalk of one which was yet to bud, and it would open like the flowers produced by the voice.”

We were somewhat prepared for the reception of these wonderful results by illustrations given in Hudson Tuttle’s *Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science*, published last year, where, in the section relating to Thought Transference (p. 115), he gives instructions for a simple experiment in the same direction, and states that a slow air played on a flute will produce similar results, each successive note altering the form of arrangement of particles.

How deeply significant are these apparently simple experiments; they imply a creative power in the audible expression of harmony or discord in the human voice, or a musical instrument attuned by human lips or hands. What controls the force which directs the particles and shapes them into form, but the spiritual energy? Is there not necessarily an invisible counterpart of the visible result? By the aid of clairvoyance or psychometry the *modus operandi* may be observed and tabulated when experiments become more common. Spirits assert that “thoughts are things;” they are visible to them, not as words or sentences, but as forms, beautiful or repulsive according to their quality. On the measure of their beauty depends their permanency; whilst inharmonious thoughts and expressions rapidly disintegrate and disappear, harmonious ones become beautiful and last

ing realities. We are often unconsciously creating some of the furniture of our future homes in the evolution of beautiful ideas, whether in thought or action, and the consciousness of the existence of this creative power should tend to elevate our plane of thought and prompt harmonious action.

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

La Revue Spirite (Paris), publishes two highly interesting communications received from the poet Jasmin, through the intermediation of Mlle. Balencie, daughter of Commandant Balencie, Chalons-sur-Marne. Jasmin (b. 1798, d. 1864), won for himself a distinguished place in French literature as a writer of provençal poetry. Now this language or dialect differs from modern French just as much as Anglo Saxon differs from modern English; and what makes these communications so remarkable is that the first is written in the language of the Troubadours, of which Mlle. Balencie does not know a single word, and that the second is a translation into French of the first. We quote the first four lines of the poem, and those of the translation into French, for the purpose of showing how widely they differ:—

LA CAMPANO.

Tout es bel dins la gleyso. Aymi l'encen, las luts,
L'orgo dans sa grando muzico,
Lou sermon, lou cantico,
L'esquiro dans sous pitchous truts.

LA CLOCHE.

Tout est beau dans l'église, J'aime l'encens, les lumières,
L'orgue avec sa grande harmonie.
J'aime le sermon les cantiques
La clochette avec ses petits coups.

Each consists of fifty lines, and was written automatically by Mlle. Balencie while in a state of trance, her control being an elder sister, who passed into the spirit-world about eleven years ago. Scientists who endeavour to refer some of the phenomena of Spiritualism to "unconscious cerebration," would find it extremely difficult to make such facts as these fit in with their fantastic theories.

La Reencarnacion is the title of an admirable essay, in Spanish, upon this subject, which comes to us from San Martin de Provensals. It is one of the most lucid and concise expositions of the law of reincarnation which we have yet met with; dealing with it in its historical, religious, psychological, moral, and social aspects. In the thirteenth chapter there is a recapitulation of those which have preceded it; and the writer points out that evolution, the indefinite progress of the individual being, solidarity, unity, and harmony, all lead up to it; that philosophy, history, and palingenesis, confirm it; that it is accepted by 400 millions of Buddhists; that it lifts up to greater splendour the more elevated spirits, and exalts the great phalanx of Spiritualists; that it destroys such absurd dogmas as those of eternal punishment; that it contains the purest and most sublime morality; that it establishes fraternity and solidarity upon the basis of a natural law; that it inaugurates a great religious renaissance; that it furnishes a solution of all sorts of individual and collective problems; that it promotes progress and freedom; corrects the errors and supplies the deficiencies of science; eradicates pernicious errors; introduces peace and enduring social relations; and is the only doctrine in accordance with the attributes of a God who is infinite in all His perfections.

We observe that Giovanni Succi, who has become so famous on account of his prolonged fasting, has founded a monthly publication in Florence, entitled *Il Corriere Spiritista*, in which he proposes to popularise his secret for the benefit of mankind, and to show how the material appetites can be brought into complete subjection to the physical forces in man.

According to *La Nueva Lucha*, of Gorona, Spain, the occupants of a country house, known as the Manso Castebella, have been disturbed, night and day for some

time past, by mysterious showers of stones inexplicable by any human agency.

La Fraternidad, of Buenos Ayres, mentions the discovery of a plant in Mexico, which possesses the faculty of mesmerising those who look at it. It has long been known to the indigenous tribes by a name denoting its mysterious property.

The same excellent publication calls attention to the fact that the *Semana Rio de Huelva*, a literary and scientific review, devotes an ably written article to Spiritualism, concerning which it observes that it has been reserved for it "to reveal the unknown, and to explain by its doctrines all those incomprehensible facts which occur, have occurred, and will occur uninterruptedly in the moral and physical order of things."

La Patria Italiana states that Spiritualism is spreading so rapidly in Bohemia and Galicia, that the Austro-Hungarian Government has been requested—by the Roman Catholic priesthood, we presume—to discourage this "strange art!"

"Spiritualism in a Christian Sense," is the title of an interesting work from the pen of Teofilo Coreni, which has just been published in Turin, and is exciting a good deal of attention in Northern Italy.

Spiritualism has achieved a fresh triumph in Paris, where the Vice-President of the "Society of Philosophical and Social Studies," M. Levallois, a well-known man of letters, has delivered a lecture on this subject. Not only was it warmly applauded by the great majority of a highly intellectual assemblage, but in the discussion which ensued, Spiritualism was victorious all along the line. One of the most powerful speakers on the occasion was M. Papus, the Secretary of the late Congress of Spiritualists in Paris. His arguments proved to be unanswerable.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of *El Reformador* (Rio de Janeiro), *La Constancia* (Buenos Ayres), *La Ilustracion Perfeccionista* (Mexico), *Psychische Studien* (Leipzig), and *Op de Grenzen van Twee Werelden* (The Hague).

AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

A STUDY IN SPIRITUALISM.

Read at the August Conversazione of the V. A. S.

THERE was once a child who loved to roam about among the beauties of Nature, and think out her own little thoughts about everything larger people told her in her own dreamy fashion, alone with God. She did not know it; she did not understand why she loved to be alone; she did not realise that the breath of flowers, the music of the little brook, the rustle of the leaves, the voices of the birds, the murmur of soft, summer winds, and the distant sound of dashing waves upon the sea shore, all brought her soul nearer to the great heart of Nature and the presence of God; but she knew that she found comfort in the sweet silence of the woods, and instruction from nature's purest influences.

The child did not love the busy city; its gay, crowded streets were oppressive to her, its pleasures had no attraction for her. She did not care much for merry playmates, or noisy games, though oftentimes sharing in these for others' pleasure; she preferred to sit alone in the old orchard, looking up at the blossom-laden trees, the fleecy clouds that formed fantastic shapes between the green earth and azure-tinted sky, and wonder why and how all these things were so beautiful.

And often to the heart of the child came the message of heaven, the soft whispers of angel visitants grew more audible, and the child learned to love her invisible friends, and would converse in thought-language with them for hours, holding sweet communion intuitively with these beautiful ones, whose presence became so real so lovingly welcome to her spiritual perception.

The child was alone, very much; but never lonely. She had been left an orphan at a very early age, and could only just remember her sweet young mother as one recalls a beautiful dream.

She had been brought up by a relative, and the tender home influences that so enrich the soul of childhood had been strangely lacking in her life.

She had one child-friend to whom she sometimes told her thoughts, but to others she appeared silent, sometimes was termed dreamy, and chidden, for want of activity.

In the soft hour of twilight she would often steal away to her favourite resort—a nook in the old orchard—and it seemed to her that the angel-mother met her there, and the two talked together about life, in its sweetness and beauty, even as it is in heaven. The mother told her many things, comforting her, and speaking hopefully of happy reunion, useful labour, and unalloyed happiness.

Beautiful thoughts grew in her mind, which, as she passed from childhood to girlhood, expanded and became rounded out to mature perfection; she listened to the angel-influences who guarded her youth; and the sweet sheen of blossoming womanhood found her upon the threshold of a new life; yet oftentimes alone with her God. Her life-work carried her away to an old city, whose picturesque ruins attracted the attention of tourists, where every ancient record suggested thoughts strange yet beautiful to the young aspiring soul.

She entered the old cathedral one bright summer morning, when the golden sun-rays streamed through the richly stained windows, illumining cloister, nave, and chancel with soft tinted light; when the full swelling tones of the organ rose and fell from the lofty roof where sculptured forms and pictured faces represented the beautiful thoughts of earth's noblest minds.

She knew not why, but an answer seemed to grow in her own heart to the influence of that inspiration, and she felt the presence of the angel who loved her. Hours passed; the young girl lingered yet among the shadows, and the old verger coming to close the massive doors, found her sleeping in one of the oaken carved seats beneath the organ loft.

"You have been sleeping long," he said, "and it grows cold here, you must feel quite chilled;" but the bright happiness of the young face disarmed his fears, as she answered, "No, no indeed; I have had such a beautiful dream, and I have seen the angels."

So she went out into the soft light of evening, the sunset glow illumining the western sky, the soft odours of closing flowers wafted upon the still air; and a thought of the beautiful grew in her soul as she realised once more the presence of God, "even as it is in heaven."

For she had dreamed of a beautiful home in the spheres of light, where all the results of earth life await the risen spirit; and she had seen the beauties of the angel world; and more than all, she had rested in her mother's arms, and learned the beauty of the love of the All Father "even as it is in heaven."

As the years rolled by there came to her the experience of every woman soul; she was loved, and learned to love one whose life-work needed just the beauty of womanly influence to complete its perfect mission; and this also was shown her by her heavenly guide.

One came whose worldly wealth and position might have lured many a soul to ruin. He whispered fond endearments in her ear; he sought to woo her by fair promises of happier hours, when she should no longer toil for daily bread, or need the luxuries of life. But divine intuitions of love's sacred power wafted through her soul's deep consciousness; she could not brook a love less spiritual than that which flows from a pure soul, even the reflection of love's holy passion, in its purity and beauty, "as it is in heaven."

So the tempter turned away, and the angel of love hovered over the young life, until her vows were sealed unto one who was her soul's affinity; and there came to her a deep, steadfast faith in the guidance of Eternal Love, a restful calm that inspired into her life renewed effort to progress unto love's purest ideal, "even as it is in heaven."

Time passed; the joys of maternity were hers; beautiful babes, like flowers of Paradise; thoughts fresh from the great soul of love, looked up into her eyes and smiled.

Children's voices gladdened her home, and her heart grew full of joy. Deep, tender thoughts of beauty

surged through her life, growing into deeds of kindness, and gentle charity. Loving and beloved she lived in the light of heaven's smile, and even sought communion with the angels who loved her. Bright, fair visions of spirit presence came into her life, and evil influences seemed held back, so that her spiritual faculties expanded in the atmosphere of love, even as the petals of a beautiful flower in the sunshine of heaven.

She dreamed not of sorrow, saw not the shadow of a cloud.

But there fell a day when a darkness that could be felt settled near her soul—a deep gloom through which no glimpse of heaven's beauty could be discerned enveloped her life, and the woman soul within her shrank back in fear from the power of evil.

Her husband suddenly removed by accident; her children sickening one by one, until five times the grave opened to receive the mortal form of a loved one. Her home broken up; her life left desolate; she listened in vain for the voice of the comforter. There came unto her a tempter once again, for she was still young and beautiful.

Her beautiful gifts were coveted by many, and she knew not that the world whose smiles had been hers in the days of gladness turned away from her as from one smitten by evil. Sickness came, and the angel of deliverance waited the Father's bidding: "Not yet, not yet; perfect through suffering must be the soul who aspires to heaven's purity," whispered the guardian of her life; and so it was, that when the weary brain refused to think, when the soul of love became as a weaned child, and passively yielded up its idols—then the angels came and ministered unto her.

A deep calm succeeded the tempest of sorrow, and although the dark brown tresses were snowy white, and deep lines upon the gentle face told of the soul's struggle with pain, a light grew round the bowed head and settled in the deep, soulful eyes; so that those who looked upon her face knew that they stood in the presence of an angel.

Henceforth there was but one prayer breathed by the beautiful woman soul, whose love was not of this world, neither was her treasure here: only the continual service of a grateful heart that had been divinely comforted—the language of whose daily life was constantly, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

And by-and-bye the shadows grew longer, the golden tints of sunset deepened into sombre shade, and the aged woman waited for the angels' call.

She was much beloved; the poor and the fatherless blessed her as she passed; the weary soul of pain thanked God for the soothing touch of her gentle hand, and the erring oftentimes turned their faces heavenward through her loving counsels. The angels came very near her now, so near that the children loved to gather round her chair and listen to her stories of those beautiful visitations. Her face was a delightful study, so peaceful; her meek hands folded, waiting for the dawn.

In the night she heard the voices of her dear ones calling her; she knew that ere long she too should go home.

So it was, that ere the summer waned again there was a vacant chair, and a white casket strewn with flowers was carried to its quiet resting-place.

The soul of the watcher had heard the angels' call, and taken its happy flight to the home of love, where God's will is done—"even as it is in heaven."

THE usual Monthly *Conversazione* of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists was held at the Thistle Company's Rooms on Tuesday evening, Oct. 14th. Mrs. Harris and Mr. C. H. Bamford gave interesting readings: Mr. W. A. Clemesha, a recitation; and the musical part was contributed to by Miss Dwight, Miss Clemesha, Misses M. and A. Bamford, Messrs. White, Brazier, and Veness, and the Masters Stacey. There was a good attendance, the conversation during the refreshment and other intervals was animated, and sociability was everywhere manifest. The next *Conversazione* will be held on Tuesday, 18th inst.

ABSTRACTS FROM *SPHINX*, WITH REMARKS,
BY

A. MUELLER, M.D.

(Continued from our last.)

IN our beautiful garden of Spiritualism, the Eden we all love to dwell in, there are not wanting a few weeds, that unless constantly uprooted and kept down will mar its beauty. Some of these have sprung up spontaneously, and are harmless.

Such, for instance, are the numerous fads that are fastened on Spiritualism, and represented by those who have adopted them as indispensable and necessary outcomes of its morals and philosophy, whilst in reality they are merely the results of individual idiosyncrasies or well-meant though misdirected enthusiasm.

We can tolerate, and under circumstances even admire, the rigid vegetarian who abhors meat-diet and abstains from it out of principle, even when at times he feels the want of it. We can bear with the man who would not smoke a cigar or drink a glass of wine, to save his life; or who refuses to have his children vaccinated whilst smallpox may be staring him in the face. It is only when these and other fads too numerous to mention, are attempted to be made into laws—when we are told that unless we adopt them we cannot be Spiritualists—it is only then that we have a right to object to them and remind these good people that Spiritualism *per se* has nothing to do with their fads, although they are mostly outgrowths from it, and thrive best in its soil.

Far different, however, it is with more noxious weeds, introduced from without, and sought to be transplanted and acclimatised within the sacred precincts entrusted to our care, with certain doctrines hoary with age and apparently related to Spiritualism, yet fundamentally opposed to it and totally at variance with the conclusions we have drawn from our facts by a strictly inductive, scientific method of inquiry.

Were the upas-tree of Indian occultism I allude to allowed to take firm roots in our soil, and to be engrafted on its indigenous productions, our beautiful Eden would speedily be converted into an Indian jungle, on the intricate and intersecting paths of which the hungry traveller in search for food would perish from starvation or fall a victim to the ferocious tiger or the venomous reptile.

If instead of the glad tidings that those we call dead have entered on a higher life, with their individuality and leading traits of character unchanged, and that though vanished from our sight, they are still drawn towards us by their old love, are still able to influence us and even to communicate with us—we are informed that all this is a chimera, that what we communicate with are but the empty shells of our loved ones, doomed to speedy extinction, and that they, or rather their soul, the immortal principle of their former individuality, has gone to some place of sleep and rest, thence to be hurled again into the strife and turmoil of earth-life, with all sense of former identity lost; and that the same fate of course awaits us likewise, in cheerless, hopeless, endless repetition—would not, if this were true, total annihilation be infinitely preferable; would not, from the moment we adopted this monstrous doctrine, the very corner stone of our temple, not built by human hands, be removed, the noble edifice tumble to pieces and chaos reign once more? Yet, over and over again, this cheerless faith, the offspring of the gloomiest oriental imagination, is pressed upon us for acceptance, and its advocates—as C. C. M. did in *Light*, not long ago, naively but gravely want to impose on us the task of proving—that it is false, asserting that we are the plaintiffs, they the defendants.

In *Sphinx*, for August, it again figures conspicuously in two articles. In one of these, by Deinhardt, entitled "American Spiritualism," spirits themselves, through Mrs. Shelhamer, one of the mediums at the *Banner of Light* circles, are reported to have asserted the truth of the doctrine of reincarnation.

It is very interesting to note how very different their reincarnation-doctrine is from the original Indian proto-

type. They allege having met spirits in the spheres who professed to have been reincarnated several times on earth, not to speak of incarnations on other planets; but these instances are given apparently as exceptions, not as a universal rule applying to all spirits, the present company not excepted. They, the spirits, speaking through the medium, do not allege to have been reincarnated repeatedly, but merely speak from hearsay, and express their belief that this hearsay-evidence is correct.

This very considerable modification of the doctrine would appear to resolve itself in the end into a sort of obsession. A spirit still hankering after the flesh-pots of earth, takes possession of the tenement which a new arrival in this world of souls is weaving around himself. The poor little soul-spark is nipped in the bud, and the ruthless intruder continues the building-up process commenced by the legitimate owner of the premises. It would be interesting to know at what period of infantile or even foetal life this cruel eviction is perpetrated, or whether it is synchronous with the act, to which the newly created soul owes its separate existence. Perhaps some one anxious to be enlightened on these mysteries, will formulate a few questions and submit them to Mrs. Shelhamer-Longley, or rather, to the spirits that make her their mouthpiece.

Speaking of reincarnation in general they are reported to have delivered themselves as follows:—"This question of reincarnation is not understood, and cannot be comprehended at all at present. Humanity is not developed enough to grasp it and incorporate it with its present sphere of thought. Here and there perhaps some one may be found who discovers in this doctrine a great truth, and is capable of comprehending it."

To guard against the suspicion of the medium's mind having contributed something towards these utterances they continue: "We give these as our own ideas; they have nothing to do with the mind of the medium or of any other person in the flesh. We declare, positively, that we have met spirits who were incarnated more than once, and who in making this statement knew what they were saying. Spirits who come to you and tell you that they have never met any or spoken to any, who knew or had the slightest recollection of having been incorporated more than once, simply give you their knowledge, which is purely negative, and does not disprove the existence of a law, which however strange it may appear, was instituted by the wisdom of infinite Intelligence for wise and useful purposes."

Assuming that the above is a pure and genuine spirit-message, and that the medium had nothing to do with it, the case resolves itself after all into one of conflicting testimony, and we are thrown back on our own judgment. If this doctrine is neither provable nor disprovable, as a friend wrote to me the other day, advising a more neutral attitude towards it on my part, then the very fact of its not being provable, and moreover, of its being opposed to other facts that are provable and to the cardinal truths of Spiritualism, not only justifies but necessitates its absolute and unconditional rejection.

We Spiritualists may justly assert that our faith is knowledge based on facts, as fully proven as any facts in natural science. As Mr. A. R. Wallace writes: "Spiritualism is a complete science of human nature, based on observed facts." We should, therefore, be extremely careful in guarding our sanctum to prevent the grand and yet so simple truths preserved in it from being overlaid with errors and phantastic notions that would obscure them and render them less acceptable to our fellow men.

In the second article above referred to, the doctrine of Karma is presented by Dr. J. P. Goldscheider under an old name, but novel and rather questionable in his application, namely Palingenesis. In whatever sense this term has been used hitherto, either in philosophy or theology, it invariably signified the reappearance of the old in a new and more perfect form; but we fail to see how it can come in, when a human soul, after having passed on to its next stage of existence with all the lessons and experiences gathered during earth-life, reappears once more on earth in the body of a squalling baby with all these lessons and experiences lost, without the faintest

recollection of its previous existence, and in constant danger of being ejected again from its new habitation by accident or disease, and escaping these being thrown into spheres of earth-life that may render the development of the soul faculties even more difficult than it was perhaps in the previous incarnation.

To prove the necessity of this clumsy process, Dr. Goldscheider argues from the false premise, that earth-life only offers the opportunities for such development, and his otherwise most admirable treatise, therefore, fails entirely in its object.

We know that the soul awakes in the next world to a keener sense of the wrongs committed, of the opportunities lost on earth, suffers agonies of repentance far more poignant than ever earth could inflict, and that through these agonies, through sufferings intense in proportion to its shortcomings on earth, it is finally purified and allowed to rise, instead of being once more unmercifully hurled back to earth.

Suffering thus, it would indeed hail with delight the oblivion consequent on a fresh incarnation; but progress, not retrogression, is the inexorable law of its development. Viewed from a moral point, the doctrine of Karma, instead of being an incentive to morality, is rather apt to have the opposite effect, for every fresh incarnation abolishes the sense of identity, and with it the consequences of wrong doings, as far as they reflect on the individual soul.

One of the chief arguments of the reincarnationists is, that if we postulate for the soul an endless future existence, we must also grant its endless pre-existence, since all that had a beginning must necessarily have an end. To me the postulate of an endless future existence appears the height of presumption, entirely unjustified by our facts.

We know that our individuality and sense of identity are not lost with the death of the body, but that we enter at death on a course of progressive development, the ultimate aim and object of which would appear to be an ever increasing altruism tending to a total abandonment of self.

Of the higher and highest phases of this development we know absolutely nothing; but even granting it to extend through thousands upon thousands of years, the logical outcome must ultimately be a total abolition of self. The soul purified beyond all conception we can form of this exalted condition in our present chrysalis state, ceases to exist as a separate entity and is reabsorbed into the great world-soul—God. It had a beginning in time, and must have an end. This modified immortality is all we can expect, and we may well be satisfied with it.

The arguments for an endless pre-existence are ably traversed by Mr. A. R. Wallace, in a letter to *Light*, of the 14th July. "If," Mr. Wallace argues, "we are growing and developing beings and have been so during an infinite past, then our growth, however slow, should have reached infinite development. But, as it is finite and measurable, it cannot but be the result of a finite period of growth. It must have had a beginning, and this beginning may just as logically be assumed to date from each person's birth as from some far-removed period of past time.

To deny growth and development on the one hand, and on the other one to affirm an infinite past and future existence, is as near an approach to a logical and unthinkable absurdity as anything can be."

These are some of the difficulties and perplexities of this Indian doctrine of Karma. It may well be compared to an Indian jungle. Yet in spite of the aptness of this comparison, or perhaps on the very account of it, it has captivated some of the best minds among us, and actually divided the ever-increasing army of Spiritualists into two distinct and separate camps. Allan Kardec and Madame Blavatsky (the great enchantress), are its chief exponents.

The human race manifests a decided proclivity yet to authoritative faith, and the least comprehensible is to many minds the most acceptable. This is the chief cause of an apparent success that would otherwise lack explanation.

G O D .

WHO IS HE? WHERE IS HE? AND WHAT HAS HE DONE FOR MAN?

A Lecture delivered at the Horticultural Hall, Melbourne, on Sunday, October 12th, 1890, by Mrs. T. Harris.

WHO IS GOD?

IF thou could'st call an angel from the highest heaven and ask of him if he had looked upon the face of God what would he say unto thee?

"I have seen the presence of his glory; yea, I have stood within the overshadowing beauty of his love, and felt the touch of his influence. I have also listened to his voice, and been made glad by the light of his countenance; but his face hath no man seen at any time, neither can see."

Yet, long ago, there walked on earth a son of man, whose life was so pure, whose thoughts so full of heaven, that he could say with perfect truth, "have ye known me so long time, yet sayest thou, show us the Father?"

Even so, if thou would'st know the Father, yea, if thou would'st find him whose presence is nearer to thee than that of thy dearest friend; yea, closer to thee than hands or feet; thou too must prepare thy soul to meet him, cleansing thy thoughts from all contact with evil, sweeping and garnishing the temple of thy nature by the influence of prayerful aspiration and humble faith.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." So said the meek and lowly Jesus, whose daily life was one continual testimony of his nearness to the Father.

So also shall every soul, purified by the continual influence of self-sacrifice, loving service, and humble, child-like faith, learn that God is Love; the Infinite Mind who is the Parent of all spirits, the Source of all light, wisdom, power, and life eternal. Whose nature in its vastness comprises all the attributes of Divine power and unerring wisdom, and yet, whose gentle influence and still small voice of love, findeth its general abode with the meek and quiet spirit, the humble, contrite heart.

Such is thy Father God, oh! trembling child of earth; he who loveth thee with an everlasting love, who knoweth no change, neither shadow of turning.

Thou canst not see his face any more than thou canst discern the wind, whence it cometh and whither it goeth; but thou art in very truth a very part of God, a finite atom of the Infinite whole, a thought of love, a living soul. So that if thou would'st know him—who he is, and where he dwelleth—thou hast yet to develop his Divine essence from out that soul of thine, unfolding as a flower its petals to the sun, and showing forth his glory. Thou would'st succeed best in finding him if thou didst not for thyself desire any special revelation of his presence or his coming; but, in all humility and love, didst seek to do his will unto thy brethren, showing forth his love in thy life, giving him thy heart's first, best affections, resigning all thine idols, clearing the shrine of thy spirit from all selfish desire to know or to possess anything save this, to be his instrument of good unto thy brethren. So shall he be very near thee, yea, he shall dwell with thee, and that to bless thee; for he loveth the lowly soul, but pride and self-consciousness doth he not commune with.

Seeing, then, that God is a Spirit, and thou also, a man—an immortal soul, partaking of his nature, receptive to his influence, and ever the object of his most loving care—how oughtest thou to hold thyself as his child, and seek to draw very near unto him, drinking in the very soul of love, giving forth to others, thoughts, words, and deeds of love, so sweet, so pure, so noble, so unselfish, as to show unto them in very truth thy Father's divine love incarnate in thee, flowing forth from thy joyous, grateful heart in streams of refreshing inspiration and love. For this cause came Jesus, Buddha, and many others into thy world, to show the incarnation of divine love manifest in the flesh, and teach thee also how to know God, thy Father.

Where is God?

Saith the soul of man in the hour of nature's darkness, doubt, or fear; when the spirit groping amid the

shallows of materialistic thought, seeketh light and findeth none.

Where is God? when earthly friends turn cold, and fondest hopes decay, and the human soul feels sick with sorrow, weary of strife, and yearns for love—then doth love's angel show a shining way that leads the trembling child of earth to God.

Oh! son of man, when the sun of prosperity beams brightly o'er thy brow, and thou dost dwell at ease, and men speak well of thee, then how often dost thou forget thy Father and the word of his love, when he calleth thee to "follow justice, love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

And behold, thou growest very secure within the curtains of thy soul, and knowest not how near to thee are the influences of evil, and how thy spirit needeth the presence of thy God to keep thee unspotted from the world; and straightway thou gatherest together thy possessions, and saith unto thy soul, "Who is God, that I should obey him? and where is his dwelling-place, that I should seek him, or take knowledge of his word?"

Son of man! I say unto thee the day cometh, yea, even now is, when affliction shall come upon thee as a flood, and sorrow as a mighty wind; and thy cedars shall fall around thee, yea, thou shalt find no shelter from the great tempest that shall shake the foundations of thy dwelling. Then shalt thou call upon the name of thy God! Where wilt thou find him? "In such great affliction the soul sits dumb that calleth not on God."

Wilt thou go forth into the forest, and look upon the grandeur of the mighty hills, whose fir-crowned peaks declare his glory? Wilt thou seek the solitude of some great mountain peak, and 'mid the snow of ageless avalanches, call upon the name of God, while the sublime beauty of echoing hills and valleys answer thee, and glorious sunset rays from western gates of gold reveal to thee the immensity of Nature's grand illimitable space?

Or wilt thou stand upon some rocky headland and watch white-crested waves dash their foaming billows against the rocks; watch the grandeur of the gathering storm, and see the lurid lightnings glint across the darkened sky?

Wilt thou listen to the grand artillery of heaven, and in the thunder's roar discern the voice of God? The fury of the storm doth speak to thee of power; the helplessness of man to combat the great forces of nature, or control the elements at will. But God is here; his hand controls the universe; its countless worlds are his, with all their immortal myriads of souls like thine.

And thou art God's—he is thy Father, thou his child. Or wilt thou sip the sweetness of the morning hour, and wander forth o'er meadow fields and gardens fair, where wild flowers and tender grasses, wet with dew, woo the first sunbeam that stoops to kiss the flowers of earth? Wilt thou watch the little streamlet flowing through the silent glade, and gather in thy soul's delight the delicate ferns and mosses from a fairy's dell? Wilt thou listen to the waking song of birds and hum of busy insects that mingle their sweet harmonies with silent breath of flowers, and thus praise God?

O soul of man! here surely thou shalt find thy God, and hear his gentle voice of love speaking unto thee in the garden. All nature seems harmonious with love and joy; all things created find some sweet employ, and shalt not thou also praise God?

Now, close to Nature's heart unveil thy soul, and let thy spirit commune with the voice of God. Thou canst not see him, neither canst thou clasp his form; but behold! his love is all around thee; his voice calleth to thee from among the trees of the garden; his influence wooeth thee to thoughts of love, and melts thy soul in prayer.

God is love; his beauty envelops thy life, his tender arms of care are round about thee, his heavens overshadow thee; give him thy heart's first love, thy lips' best service, and he who hath promised to dwell with the poor in spirit, he shall abide with thee continually, and thou, too, shalt praise him.

If thou wilt go down into the place of Hades, where suffering spirits, whose lives on earth disowned the love of God, and trampled on the divine laws, work out their

sad atonement, yet, even then, thou shalt find his presence, and the divine pity of his love. For no soul, being a part of the Divine, can possibly be abandoned in its hopelessness, or suffer eternal loss. Here also his love doth follow the repentant sinner, his erring child, and he giveth his angels charge concerning these darkened souls that they shall minister to minds diseased, and most tenderly lead them heavenward; that they also may be happy in the redeeming power of Divine love.

Thy Father, God, is in heaven—in hell—on earth, throughout all space, 'mid countless worlds, and also in thine own soul, oh, son of man.

Never canst thou remove thyself from his sight, or place thyself beyond his knowledge; for underneath thee, continually bearing thee up, are the Everlasting Arms of Eternal Love.

What has God done for Man?

Having brought thine own soul *en rapport* with the divine influence, having scaled the heights of aspiring thought, and received the inspiration of his love, thou canst rest midway 'twixt earth and heaven, oh, son of man, and enquire of thyself what hath thy Father God done for thee?

How abundantly hath he blessed thee; how richly hath he endowed thee; how hath he spread the treasures of Nature at thy feet, and clothed the fields with verdure and the trees with fruit? How hath he decked all Nature in her beautiful garments to meet thy opening sense, and clothed the earth in the reflection of heaven.

How hath he stored up within the bowels of the earth treasures for thy possession, and bidden the ocean depths minister unto thy need! How hath he spread his heavens above thee, and canopied with azure and gold the dwelling-place of man. How hath he given thee dominion over the lower orders of creation, and written in thine heart the law of kindness whereby thou may'st tame the beasts of the fields? How hath he given thee earthly loves, and home affections, placing the solitary in families, and twining round thy life soft tendrils of domestic love?

How hath he placed thee, oh, woman, at the very gate of heaven, to meet the new born son of life, and fold it to thy gentle bosom, to "nurse it for him?" How hath he given thee this holy mission to be the saviour of the race, the mother of noble, lofty souls, born of thine own sweet thoughts of heaven and God?

How hath he given thee such wealth of love wherewith to conquer evil by the power of thine unselfish ministry, and spoken to thee by such soft intuition that thou dost walk with angels unaware.

Oh, son of man! hath not thy Father endowed thee with a wondrous power of intellect and reason, whereby thou may'st solve the difficult problems of life, and learn the secret laws of Nature that govern thy being?

Hath not thy Father given thee power of invention and discovery, wherewith to enrich thy brethren, beautify the earth, and develop thy latent powers, fitting thee for a still higher, more beautiful existence in the eternal life beyond?

What hath he done for thee, oh, son of man?

He hath not withheld from thee any good thing, but thou hast erred in the administration of his gifts; thou hast not cultivated thy spiritual nature and perceptions, which would enable thee to secure happiness for thyself and all men.

Thou hast not been a righteous or a faithful steward of all thy father's gifts to thee, else would this, thy earthly abode, be no longer the scene of sorrow, suffering, pain, and sin.

Learn thy Father's will more completely, and what he doth require of thee: "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

Learn to obey with meek, loving spirit the Divine mandate—"Do unto others as thou would'st have them also do unto thee."

Knowest thou not that thou hast heaven in thine hand, oh, son of man! and in thine own soul the presence of God?

Hath not thy Father given thee spiritual gifts far surpassing all the treasures of earth?

Behold! thine eyes are not holden that thou canst not see; neither should'st thou harden thine heart in the day when angel messengers from thy Father's presence call thee to look into things unseen.

Heaven itself is thine for the asking; and even if thou dost refuse to yield allegiance to its laws, thy Father's love constraineth thee. Behold, how he draweth thee by cords of love; link by link he bindeth thee to himself, even by removing thy cherished idols, thy fondest hopes, thy dearest earthly loved ones to the home of his eternal love and peace. Where thy treasure is, there shall thy heart be also; and like a bride returning to the outstretched arms of her beloved, so shall thy weaned soul return from earth to thy loved ones in thy Father's home.

Behold thy Father's love toward thee: thou shalt henceforth find joy and gladness in the thought that thou hast given hostages to heaven, that thy dear ones were beloved of thy Father and his angels, and so have been called before thee to prepare for thee also a place in the heavenly mansions.

Hast thou suffered afflictions, trials, or sorrows? Oh, son of man! whom thy Father loveth he chasteneth; and so shall he cause thy spirit to be refined as gold, yea, as fine gold; and thou shalt be satisfied when thou do'st awake after his likeness. Behold, he hath given unto thee immortal life, and thou shalt live for ever in spheres of endless beauty, and behold his glory. Thou shalt know the way by which he hath led thee by angel hands, guided and supported, yea, made thee perfect through suffering. And in that day when the angel of the resurrection cometh unto thee and calleth thee by thy name, thou shalt leave this mortal life of thine—all its pains, its disappointments, and ill-conditions; yea, thou shalt lay aside thy task and thy labour with gladness, taking the hand of the angel who loveth thee. And soon thou shalt awake, and behold! thou shalt be clothed in white raiment, all wreathed with flowers, the tokens of thy earth-life deeds and words of love to others.

And thou shalt receive a new name, and be met by loving ones who shall conduct thee to thy spiritual home where thy darlings wait to welcome thee. Henceforth thou shalt know no more sorrow, for all tears shall be wiped away, and all traces of earth's toil for ever removed. Thou shalt renew thy youth, and be clad in spotless robes, never more to be sullied by sin or sorrow. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, those things which the Father hath prepared for those who love him. A life of endless progress awaits thee; thou shalt be perfected in thy weakness, and learn from angel lips the lessons of divine love. Thou shalt have a mission of duty given thee to do, and thy soul shall vibrate with such a deep, tender love and joy as only angels know.

All this hath God done for thee, oh, son of man! and to-night he calleth unto thee with a still small voice of love to enquire of him, and learn his pleasure; yea, he hath said: "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find."

This also is his gift to thee: that he sendeth his angels to wake thy slumbering senses, and give thee thoughts of God.

He alloweth also thy dear ones who have gone before thee to return to thy home and speak words of recognition and love, to be the guides and guardians of thy troubled life.

Thy Father hath given thee also psychic powers, by the development of which thou may'st hold still closer, personal communion with thy dear ones in spirit life, and see the beauty of their homes, the very glories of heaven.

"Come, then, let us reason together," saith the Father, and thou shalt find peace, hope, love and joy in communion with heaven, and have power given thee to keep thyself unspotted from the world.

So thou shalt find God, whom to know is perfect peace. Yea, thou shalt bask in the sunshine of his smile, and walk with him all the day long. And no man shall have power to give thee thought of fear, for round about thee are the angels of his love, and underneath thee the Everlasting Arms. Son of man! Thy God is thy Father;

his Divine nature is Immortal Love. Arise! HE CALLETH THEE Thou art not thine own, thou art his, body and soul—his alone.

So thou art in his power, under his love. He will lead thee if thou wilt follow; but if not, he will not suffer thee to depart from him for ever. If thou wilt not regard his word, but will turn to idols and worship the demon of Selfishness, he will even chasten thee sore, so erelong he will redeem thee from error, and lead thee in the way of uprightness, purity, and love. He who loveth thee will in nowise let thee go. Come, then, into the beauty of this light he giveth thee, and in its glory find thy Father, God.

To Correspondents.

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

LOCAL EVIDENCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

Dear Sir,—Will you be so kind as to give this statement a little corner in your paper, so that all reading it may ponder, think, and think again; search, like myself, and realise for themselves the grand truth which is being found out in the world. You cannot get away from it when once you grasp it, and please don't stop till you have; it speaks for itself.

I was induced by a friend to go to a lady medium, No. 444 Madeline-street, Carlton, I not knowing what Spiritualism meant. I went, but I can tell you, dear friends, my eyes were opened; I was fairly astonished at the disclosures. Mrs. Nevein, the lady referred to, accompanied me up stairs to a large room, asking me to sit opposite to her. She then sat, and in a few minutes became entranced. When again speaking, her voice was very masculine, which I since found out was the control (a Mr. Shaw).

He first speaks of your spiritual surroundings, and if you have anybody dead related to you so much the better, because, if there is, the description is so convincing. He spoke of a spirit close to me, with "mother" written over head, describing the features and outline so correctly that I know it was like my mother; also two sisters and a little boy, brother. I have lost mother, and two sisters, also a brother. Others were mentioned, but not described like my own.

He then passes on to your earthly surroundings.

Well, I can assure you candidly, had the medium lived with me she could not have described things better, and I can safely and assuredly say I never met the lady before. She also told me of things that would come to pass; most of which have happened; proving that they can see our surroundings. One thing of the many was, Mr. Shaw, the control, insisted that there were five faces in my home. There are only four. But, said he, you must have somebody very often in your home—a visitor. Well, I had not, so I was disappointed for a while; but after a day or two I found out he was right. I had forgotten that my two sons had a mate that lives I might say with them in this way—coming in with them from school, often at tea, and does his lessons in the evenings, but not sleeping there—a neighbour's child.

Several other incidents I could mention, but I fear it will take up too much space. I have since attended the séances, and with even better results than my private sitting. For my mother has spoken to me through the medium, told me where she died, how she died, and sent her love to all the girls (her family being six girls), saying that she would keep us and bring us nearer to one another. We, at the time were scattered; since then, even a sister, that was hundreds of miles away, has come to Melbourne, and gradually the whole have settled in the one locality—a thing we never anticipated would ever have come to pass. It was a blessing, for we are all very much attached one to the other.

Other things equally true have happened, which con-

vinces me that there is something we are shutting our eyes to, and losing by not searching into.

Oh, dear ones who read this, come forward and make the circle stronger, help us to search, and do not keep it all to yourselves, for unity is strength. Why did God give the power if it was not for our benefit, use, and guidance? All who have been convinced please come forward and give your statements, and further testify to this grand truth.

All sincere and earnest enquirers can get my name and address at this office. I am sorry to draw this to a close, but I am afraid I have said too much now. Hoping for a much abler pen than mine, to write and also that better testimony will monthly appear,

I remain earnestly and sincerely yours,
SUNFLOWER.

October 11th, 1890.

A SPIRITUALIST CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—A Society as above is on the point of formation in England; its object being to assist its members and earnest enquirers by Correspondence or otherwise. In fact, to use every legitimate method to prove the truth of spirit communion. Such a Society would embrace Spiritualists in all parts of the world; and I need not add the benefits to be derived to the spiritual student.

Those who are favourable to the above, and wish their names placed on the list, I shall be pleased to hear from. There are many who would gladly correspond in this country on spiritual matters.

Yours in the cause of truth,
J. ALLEN.

245, Camberwell Road, London, S.E.
August 26th, 1890.

A TESTIMONY TO REINCARNATION.

M. Tresorier contributes to *La Revue Spirite* the following interesting statement:—

“Two years ago I magnetised at Nantes a lady fifty years of age, and after two experiments she gave proofs of great lucidity, stating that she saw two spirits standing near me, and described their appearance and character. I immediately recognised my mother, who passed away in 1848, and my sister, deceased a few months only. The subject was unacquainted with either. Having asked her to give me their baptismal names, she did so; and now comes a fact which proves reincarnation.

The subject related to me her preceding existence, with many details of the principal events concerning it, together with the names of a dozen persons who were at that time her relations or friends; she gave the precise dates of the historical incidents of that epoch of her life, and the remarkable facts observed and reproduced by her with an accent of truth and an inimitable sentiment of the situations; and she wept copiously at those passages in which she described the great sorrows she had undergone. In a word, she had absolutely lived that existence over again.

“We repeated those seances about once a week, and during the five weeks occupied in relating her history, she never confounded a name or a date. She also gave me details of my own previous existence, always under the same truthful conditions; and it is worthy of observation that the facts were consonant with my present tendencies and my actual passions, both good and evil. I am firmly persuaded, and indeed every person of good faith confronted with such facts, would have been convinced, like myself, of the reality of reincarnation.”

WE have received a copy of *The Day Star*, a Spiritualistic and Temperance journal, published at Corry, Pennsylvania. It contains some well written articles on Spirits, etc., and a report of a discourse on “Elsmere and Orthodoxy,” by a liberal Chicago minister.

PART OF AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

- LOR.: Transient and illusive are the scenes of earth!
 Why, then, about them make so much ado?
 If mundane life were all, and naught to come,
 'Twere madness still! Sure ills we have,
 And *must* be borne; then let us bear them well.
Well doing is right-doing.
- LAUN.: Perchance for natures such as thine;
 To do well was born with thee. But, alas!
 I feel that to do ill suits *me* better.
 I think I must be cross-grained born!
- LOR.: Cross-grained! I think thou art no grain at all,
 But a very ill-grown weed.
- LAUN.: Compliments,
 However, were *not* with thee born, it seems.
 An ill-grown weed, indeed! Now you have me
 on my mettle.
 To be a weed were bad enough; but, prithee,
 why “ill-grown?”
- LOR.: Now I see there *is* some hope of thee:
 Thou hast a little self-respect, I think.
 I think I will withdraw “ill-grown.” Even a
 weed
 May be a useful plant. I'll put thee to the test.
- LAUN.: Nay—*Now* thou art going to be hard!
- LOR.: Not harder
 Than thy head—a very thick skull that.
- LAUN.: And if thick, what is wrong in it?
 A thick skull is a good skull, and a true skull;
 I found that out when last thou didst cudgel it!
- LOR.: I think thou art a very ass! Balaam's, you know,
 Opened its mouth, and thou canst do no more.
Enter Duke.
- DUKE: What now? At loggerheads again?
 Why canst thou not agree? I await an answer.
- LOR.: Well, sire, 'tis thus: Launcelot is ever grumbling,
 There's no such thing as making him and work
 agree.
- LAUN.: Nay, master, 'tis not so; but thou dost never give
 The work that does agree with me.
- DUKE: Ah! Launcelot, I fear thou art a lazy fellow.
 For what purpose didst thou come into this world?
 This very work-a-day world?
- LAUN. Nay, sire; I did not *come*—I was brought.
 Had I been consulted, I do not think
 I should have come at all!
- LOR.: You see, father, his wits are sharp enough.
- DUKE: Aye; and what is more,
 His words contain a grain of sense.
- LAUN.: Now sire,
 We are agreed! I claim'd to be *cross-grained*,
 And master said, I was no grain at all,
 But an ill-conditioned weed. Now, sire,
 Thou sayest I have a grain of sense;
 And if that sense belongs to me
 I *am* a grain, and not a weed.
 Now—like a grain—I'll try to be of use.
- LOR.: Set about thy work, then, and be quick;
 Or thou wilt take root. *Exit Launcelot.*
- DUKE: Son, now that the fellow's gone
 I have a word for thee. If patience
 Thou wouldst have, thou mightst e'en have a
 good servant.
 Thou know'st *his* weaknesses, if thou knowest not
 thine own,
 And shouldst not handle them so roughly.
 His feelings, perhaps, are as sens'tive as thine own.
 Treat him, then, as thou would'st be treated.
- LOR.: Nay, father; you then would make him my equal.
- DUKE: In some things all are equal. Never wound,
 By word or deed, those that are placed beneath
 thee.
 Because thou art in power thou shouldst be
 gentle;
 Using thy power, not abusing it.
 He who'd be God-like, and would learn to rule,
 Must use his power like a two-edg'd tool:
 Handle with caution, and always with care,
 The evil to punish, the good ones to spare.
- Castlemaine. E. V. S. K.

RELATION OF SPIRITUALISM TO CHRISTIANITY.

Anniversary Address at Sturgis, Mich., June 29th, 1890.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M.D.

*From Banner of Light.**(Continued from last issue.)*

Am I still pressed with the inquiry, what the general trend? what some of the leading tendencies among the present toilers in the intellectual and spiritual harvest-fields? The writing blazons upon the wall; the half-blind ought to so comprehend the signs of the times as to see the two well-marked drifts in the mental and spiritual current of this freethought era, the one toward materialism, the other toward a broad, liberal Christianity. That once trance speaker, and always eloquent platform orator and debater, W. F. Jamieson, is a confirmed materialist now, doubting a future immortal existence. Others, because of mediumistic frauds, jealousies, wranglings, and malicious criminations, are standing upon the agnostic border-lands of doubt, half ready for the dizzy leap down into the psychic-research depths of Saduceeism. Among the chilly and hopeless words spoken in the past by that sound and solid yet materialistic writer, B. F. Underwood, at the grave of Dr. Barak, Michener, Iowa, were these:

"We are now about to commit our dead to the care of mother earth, in whose bosom he will sleep the quiet, unbroken, everlasting sleep of death. No vicissitudes of earth, no event of time can disturb our brother's rest, or wake him from his dreamless sleep; his career is finished, his conscious life ended, he belongs now to that vast realm whose monarch permits no sound, not even a whisper or a sigh to break the silence that reigns throughout his wide domain. What though the storms of winter sweep coldly over him, or the lightnings flash and the thunders roll above his narrow home . . . he will feel not, he will hear not, he will heed not those conflicts and commotions; the convulsions of nature, even a world's dissolution, will to him be no more than the decay of a flower on his grave, or the mouldering of the marble that marks his burial place. Brother, farewell. Careful hands and loving hearts will guard and deck thy grave, and keep thy monument whole and thy memory green. Farewell, for ever."

Cold and icy is the cup that this materialism puts to the mourner's trembling lips; and doleful as the echoes of an Arctic tomb are its final words: "Farewell, for ever!"*

Naturally, just as naturally, then, as night's dew-laden flowers turn toward the light of the east in the morning-time, do the sad, the sorrowing and the spiritually-minded turn toward the gospel of Spiritualism with its psychic demonstrations of a future life, and its awaiting greetings and good-mornings in heaven.

The other drift referred to is toward Christianity; not Roman Catholicism with its infallible Pope; not Calvinism with its eternal decrees; not old-style orthodox theology—these are but priestly travesties of that New Testament Christianity whose exponent was Jesus Christ.

Such religious teachers—once Spiritual lecturers—as Wm. Brunton, Cephas B. Lynn, A. J. Fishback, G. B. Stebbins, and many others, who have knocked at the door and entered Christian folds, becoming preachers and lay members, have not renounced Spiritualism. It is well known that a majority of some Unitarian and Universalist congregations are Spiritualists. In the Baptist, Methodist, and Congregationalist denominations are many believers in the present ministration of spirits. The same may be said to my knowledge of the Episcopal Church, which by the way is the only religious body that has courageously, manfully grappled with and candidly considered the claims of Modern Spiritualism.

* If Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Underwood, and others of less distinction, have recently modified their opinions, becoming Spiritualists and believing in a future conscious existence, I shall rejoice in the information, and do rejoice already in the many brave words they have spoken in behalf of investigation, free thought or free speech.

At a Church Congress of the Established Church of England, held a few years ago, Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, presiding, speeches were made and papers read upon the "Duty of the Church in respect to the prevalence of Spiritualism."

Here are some of the scattered gems gathered from this Church Congress: The Rev. Dr. Thornton said that Spiritualism "in its very nature is antagonistic to all Saduceeism and Materialism. It flatly contradicts the assertions of the miserable philosophy that makes the soul but a function of the brain, and death an eternal sleep. It tells of angels, of an immortal spirit, and of a future state of personal and conscious existence."

"Spiritualists claim to hold intercourse with the spirits of the departed. Now I am far from denying the possibility of such intercourse; on the contrary, I believe that in God's providence it sometimes does take place."

"We are terribly afraid of saying a word about the intermediate state. We draw a hard and fast line between the seen and the unseen world. In vain does the Creed express our belief in the Communion of Saints."

"Here, perhaps, some one will say to me 'You seem half a Spiritualist yourself.' Well I am just as much a Spiritualist as St. Paul was when he wrote, 'I knew a man in Christ, whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth, such an one caught up to the third heaven.'" . . . "Just as much as St. John when he bade his beloved 'try the spirits,' and said of himself that he was 'in the spirit on the Lord's day.'"

Let us thankfully acknowledge the truths of Spiritualist teaching, as weapons which we are too glad to wield against Positivism, and Secularism, and all the anti-Christianisms of this age of godless thought."

"Churchmen must be careful not to imply that these phenomena were incredible because they were supernatural. The Church was founded on the belief of supernatural events having occurred at least two thousand years ago. Therefore it would not do for them to say in the next breath that these things were impossible because they were supernatural."

"He would only further say that whatever Spiritualism was, at least it was not Materialism, and that it was Materialism which at the present day was the great danger that the Church had to face. Thus it was that materialists like Bradshaw were inimical to Spiritualism, because to prove that Spiritualism was true would be to put a final extinguisher upon all their doctrines."

Rev. Canon Wilberforce, after remarking that "Spiritualism was now undoubtedly exercising a potent influence upon the religious beliefs of thousands," further said:

"Those who are following Spiritualism as a means and not an end, contend warmly that it does not seek to undermine religion, or to render obsolete the teachings of Christ; that, on the other hand, it furnishes illustrations and rational proof of them such as can be gained from no other source; that its manifestations will supply deists and atheists with positive demonstration of a life after death, and that they have been instrumental in converting many secularists and materialists from skepticism to Christianity."

"In corroboration of this statement may be appended the remarkable testimony of Mr. S. C. Hall, the founder and editor of the *Art Journal*, 'As to the use of Spiritualism,' he says, 'it has made me a Christian. I humbly and fervently thank God it has removed all my doubts. I could quote abundant instances of conversion from unbelief to belief—of some to perfect faith from total infidelity. I am permitted to give one name, it is that of Dr. Elliotson, who expresses his deep gratitude to Almighty God for the blessed change that has been wrought in his heart and mind by Spiritualism.' When this is the standpoint of the believer in the higher aspects of Spiritualism, it is obvious that we have to deal with no mere commonplace infatuation which can be brushed aside with indifference or contempt, but rather with a movement which is firmly established, and the influence of which is every day extended."

Appealing, as it does to the yearnings of the soul, especially in times of bereavement, for sensible evidence of the continuity of life after physical death, belief in

Modern Spiritualism continues rapidly to increase in all ranks of society."

"Canon Wilberforce refers to the well-attested manifestations, and the materialisations of spirits," as described in a pamphlet by the Rev. T. Colley, late Archdeacon of Natal (a clergyman by the way, whom I have met, and *know* to be an avowed Spiritualist. The Canon also refers to Prof. Barrett, of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, and certain evils growing out of a phase of mediumship. But the Professor subsequently wrote this: "I know and rejoice in the blessing Spiritualism has been to my own faith, and to that of several dear friends of mine. Moreover, I cordially recognise the fact that in bereavement and deep distress, numbers have been cheered and consoled by the hope that Spiritualism has set before them."

To the above that eminently learned English Spiritualist (M.A. Oxon.) makes this significant remark:—"Prof. Barrett looks to Spiritualism as the handmaid and helpmeet of the pure teachings of the Christ!"

True, this Church Congress noted some of the antagonisms and antagonistic teachings to the church afloat under the name of "Spiritualism," but these were the crude, semi-atheistic teachings of *Spiritists*, and not of Spiritualism and true Christianity, as I understand them.

Directly in this line of thought are some of the late and living utterances of the scholarly W. Stainton-Moses (M.A. Oxon.) read at the London St. Nicholas Club:

"Spiritualism is no new sect. It has proceeded by a process of permeation, and has rendered unique service to the cause of religion by adding to faith knowledge. There is nothing in the broad truths which we are taught that is incompatible with what the church requires us to believe. Indeed there is nothing in what I have learned that conflicts with the simple teachings of the Christ, so far as it has been preserved to us. It is something to know that the whole fabric of religion, so far as it affects man, receives its sanction and stimulus from the doctrines of the higher Spiritualism with which so many of us have made acquaintance. And in days when it is the fashion to bring up every time-honored truth for proof anew, when man has largely lost his hold on the ancient faith, when religion, as a binding power, is losing so much of its vitalising influence, it is something to feel that by the mercy of that God who never fails to respond to the prayer of his creatures, we are being brought face to face with the reality of our spiritual existence by experimental evidence adapted to our understanding.

"It is not to be denied that in a scientific age a creed that shall commend itself to the thinking men of the day, demonstrated in its foundations by the scientific method, logically coherent and free from dogmatic encumbrance, will appeal with tremendous force to those who yearn for a union between Science and Religion. The faith that I have learned satisfies these conditions. I see in it no contradiction to that which I know of the teaching of the Christ. I see no reason why the old faith should be assailed. I am no iconoclast. As to the doubt of the age, I did not create it, and would not encourage it."

These sentiments from this illustrious Spiritualist are comparable to pure gold.

It is hopeful and inspiringly encouraging to witness the growing sympathy between representative Christians and representative Spiritualists. Their extending hands already span the abyss. They see eye to eye. They quite agree in the fundamental principles of religion, as the following quotations prove:

"Christianity is supremely the words and life of Christ, and these may not be compressed or expressed within the compass of any creed or confession of faith whatever. Modern formularies of faith are essentially fragmentary and one-sided."—*Bishop Potter, New York.*

"Christ's salvation, then—and indeed the only possible salvation—is salvation by conduct. All that the religion of Christ asks of us is to perfect ourselves."—*Rev. Dr. A. W. Momerie, London.*

"You will be saved, brethren, neither by opinions nor by observances, but solely by your character and life."—*Archdeacon Farrar, London.*

"To be a faithful man is to be a Christian, and a Christian Church is the fulfilled human society. Christ came to fulfil."—*Rev. Phillips Brooks, Boston.*

"The broad ethics of Christianity can never be narrowed to village theologies. Let us cease to limit heaven's shepherding care to this small mote in the universe, or usurp its gracious privileges for sectarian advantages, or claim a monopoly thereof for the select enjoyment of one particular fold. God loves all, and his ministering angels and spirits minister to all."—*Archdeacon Colley, Natal.*

"God's mercies are over all. And his salvation is not from the penalty of sin, but from sin itself. The only salvation possible is salvation from sin. And while the saved are *all* saved there are manifold degrees in salvation. Every child born into the earth is a possible archangel. God destroys no man. He has built no hell. Men are their own architects. They make their own hells. They reap what they sow. Men are saved and men are damned as a visible fact, *here.*"—*Rev. Prof. H. Miller Thompson.*

"The Christian religion is neither a science, a philosophy, nor a theology. Neither is it a dogma, or a creed, but a LIFE."—*Rev. O. A. Burgess.*

"Christianity so fully taught in the Sermon on the Mount, is a life upward and onward. The tendency of things in the Christian world is toward goodness. The higher a man climbs the further can he see."—*Rev. Dr. Bradford.*

"Christianity is a life, and to be a Christian is to appreciate the Spirit of Christ, and seek to imitate his example. Salvation is not a crown, a robe, a harp, a palace. Character is salvation, and there is no short and easy way to it. The Bible does not represent the happy land as 'far, far away,' but the heavenly Jerusalem was *let down to earth.* The stars may be peopled with angels and spirits. And whatever other worlds, or lands, may be opened to the winged spirits, the earth is not closed to them. They are all ministering spirits. We live and walk in the midst of them. Accepting this conception of the spirit-world, as a world all about us, as a world in which we live, the story of the Transfiguration ceases to be a strange episode, a breaking in upon the order of nature and the supernatural."—*Rev. Lyman Abbott.*

"Christianity is not to be confounded with ecclesiasticism. The water of life is not the same as the cup from which persons drink. The Protestant Episcopal Church stands pledged, not only to unsect itself, but to unsect everybody else. The Spirit giveth life, while the letter killeth."—*The Rev. E. E. Campbell.*

"Christianity embodies all that is religiously good and true. That the spirits of the departed have returned to earth is a belief that is all but universal. Those eminent in the Church for learning and piety have cherished this common faith. Two worlds met in Bible times. But does the communication between the two worlds continue to this day? It was the opinion of Wesley that Swedenborg was visited by the spirits of his departed friends. And it was Paul who said: 'Are they not all ministering spirits?'"—*Bishop J. P. Newman.*

"Christianity, with its revelations of God and unfading glories to come, assures us of recognition and reunion with friends hereafter. The soul wakes up in the future world, or passes into it as it passes from one city to another, with as little interruption of its faculties—retaining personality, intellect, emotion, will, the real manhood. Multitudes there stand waiting to receive us, expecting our arrival."—*Rev. Dr. W. Morley Punshon.*

"Spiritual manifestations are, so far as I know, in agreement with Scripture and observation and sound sense. We are all of us mediums; our bodies curiously and wonderfully made, are acted upon by forces intelligent, passionate, and mysterious. Remember that all intelligent Spiritualists of the present day are accustomed to listen to the messages from the unseen world very much as you, my friends, listen to preachers. I have come to the conclusion, from investigation, not that spiritual manifestations are in themselves incredible and to be rejected, but that it is truly wonderful that we meet with so few of them."—*Rev. T. K. Beecher.*

Now listen to the testimony of some of our representative Spiritualists:

"Spiritualism is the complement of Christianity; spiritual phenomena are the witnesses of Christianity; all thoughtful observers, when convinced by these phenomena, will be Christians as soon as they make sharp distinction between the simple grandeur of Jesus Christ's teachings as given in the synoptical gospels and the Augustinian version of Paul's theology."—*Hon. Robert Dale Owen.*

"Christianity, as we understand it, stands upon precisely the same basis as Spiritualism, and whatever destroys modern manifestations must, with unprejudiced minds, do the same with ancient, though they may have become hoary with the veneration of antiquity."

Of the teachings of Jesus Christ he says: "They are laden with the rich fruitage of Spiritual Philosophy, requiring only a knowledge of spiritual things to be understood. No Spiritualist can afford to cast aside these divine teachings, because they contain lessons of wisdom and inculcate principles of action which will bear the most rigid scrutiny of every phase of skepticism." "Christianity, as promulgated by Jesus and his apostles, and true Spiritualism, are in spirit and purpose the same."—*Dr. Samuel Watson.*

"The Fatherhood of God, the confraternity of all intelligences partaking in the divine life, the immortality of all souls, the supremacy of the law of love and of the law of right—such are the great realities which Christ came to teach, and such are what Spiritualism re-affirms."—*Epes Sargent.*

"Spiritualism is not the opposer, but the handmaid of pure Christianity. It adopts the essence of the sublime institution given to the world by Jesus and his disciples."—*Mary F. Davis.*

"The grandest development of spiritual religion that the world has ever seen was that of Jesus of Nazareth, the great Commander of the Army of Heaven. And if there are any Spiritualists present who are disposed to neglect or ignore his moral authority on earth, I would call their attention to his authority and rank in heaven. Interrogate the wisest spirits whom you can reach, and you will find that they all recognise his lofty rank and his pervading power."

"In professing to be a Christian, I profess a desire to imitate Christ—to live a divine life, and do all that is possible to help and uplift all around me. This is not imitation, it is expansion. To object to Christianity in this sense, for fear of limiting our own transcendent genius and love, seems as rational as to object to the sky through which comes our light, for fear it might come into rude contact with our uplifted heads."—*Prof. J. R. Buchanan.*

"Spiritualism, like Christianity, teaches the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. One involves the other; and each requires us to conceive of God under a personal relation to ourselves. Certainly, if God is to be recognised as our father he is to be conceived as self-conscious personality, not as an abstract principle, nor a blind, unintelligent, senseless, unconscious force. . . . When the Spiritist becomes a *Spiritualist*, by the due cultivation of his spiritual nature—by the acceptance and practice of those principles of virtue and charity—principles which the ethics of both Spiritualism and Christianity have ever comprehended—enforced by love toward man and God, recognising the Fatherhood of the latter, and as its corollary, human brotherhood, he must necessarily learn that spiritual union and common fraternity, in word and deed, do not need absolute sameness of view in intellectual matters, and charity becomes the natural result, which charity the Christian apostles pronounced 'that more excellent way.'"

"Christianity and Spiritualism are in essence the same, and could Christians and Spiritualists rise above prejudice—rise to be truly Christians and truly Spiritualists—they would stand together, and be illumined by the same great central sun of Truth. Jesus died to accelerate that ascent, and the angels of God are ever striving to consummate it. Let us work with the angels."—*Prof. Henry Kiddle.*

These few sketchy selections among the many before me, from bishops and archdeacons, from representative preachers in different religious denominations, and from

representative Spiritualists, plainly teach and tell in tongues of fire of the present inspirational trend of spiritual thought and aim. There is no mistaking it. Take warning, watchman, Fall into the line with the divine current, and work with God, angels, and the overshadowing influences and inspirations of the day and the hour. Having no sect to sustain, no committee to please, and being socially and financially independent, I can afford to write—to SPEAK the whole truth; and God palsy my pen and tongue when I cowardly cease to do it!

The bigotry of confession-bound sectarists and materialistic Spiritists is equally deplorable. But neither of these bigoted classes can block the wheels of spiritual truth, nor destroy the heaven-inspired tendency to unity in spiritual essentials—unity of Christianity and Spiritualism, which in essence and purpose are essentially one, The Divine Spirit is moving mightily upon the great surging sea of thought.

The times are ominous. Vast social, political, and religious changes are impending. Old monarchies are crumbling. Labour is threateningly facing monopoly. Ecclesiastic dogmas are dying. Presbyterians, brushing the dust off their seventeenth century Confession, have commenced revising it. And when they have revised, re-revised, and whittled it down to this New Testament standard it will stand thus: "By *this* shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another." This is Christ's *test* of Christianity. In the words of a late sermon by that erudite English churchman, the Rev. H. W. Moberie, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in King's College, London: "I say Christ's Christianity, for there are plenty of other Christianities in the world. But Christ's consists entirely in perfecting the individual character. His salvation is neither more nor less than self-development. Christ's plan was a very simple one. It is all summed in a single word: He taught that men were to be saved by *love*. And if you look into the *rationale* of this, you will see that His plan of salvation is profoundly philosophical, perfectly in harmony with the best ethics and the highest metaphysics of to-day."

When Christ's Christianity prevails, when nominal Christians become more Christly and nominal Spiritualists more spiritual, the chasm of sect, the chasm of shibboleths and dogmatisms, will be bridged, souls will be baptised afresh, estranged hands will be clasped, unsympathising hearts will be warmed by the pentecostal flames of love, and all the peopled realms above and below, mortal and immortal, will be recognised as constituting a vast fraternal commonwealth of gods, angels, and men; and love, pure, unselfish love—Christ's universal love—will then be the creed: the one acknowledged creed that endureth for ever.

I may not live to see this glad day; and yet, why not? Though looking westward toward the fading sunset of life, I have only reached the border-line year of seventy, and you say to me: How well you look; how well you are preserved!" Yes—and why? Because I use no liquors, no tobacco, no pork, no coffee, no tea; in brief, I behave myself. That's why I am so hale and healthy: that's why I can bat a ball and run a foot-race with an athlete. True, my life has been a very eventful one: I have been vilified, lionised, angelised; have twice navigated the globe, have preached the gospel of peace, universal brotherhood and angel ministries to nearly all nations and in nearly all lands; have taken part in all the truly great reforms of the last half century; have been in perils by sea and by land, and among "false brethren;" and yet, have never noticed their envies, jealousies, lies, and libels. It would have been paying them too much honor! That great journalistic humanitarian, Greely, said: "No gentleman, no superior, would libel him, and no inferior *could!*"

These later years are the sunniest and happiest of my life. They are full and brimming with reformatory work. I average three lectures a week the year round; have the care of a hygienic sanitarium; am editor of a weekly newspaper; a correspondent for several medical journals—a genuine, every-day hard worker!

And yet, old friends here continue to repeat: "How well you are preserved!" Long life, you remember, is promised to the obedient. Why, then, should I not live

to see a century? live to attend another anniversary in Sturgis thirty years hence? live to see Christianity and Spiritualism *one*, and the "greater works" done in our midst that were promised by the Christ, who was and *is* the Rock and the "Brightness of the Father's Glory?"

During the last thirty-five years I have been your lecturer at intervals, by the month and by the year, and our confidence has ever been mutual, our harmony unbroken, our sympathies and our friendships abiding as the stars! We have known and loved each other here, and we shall know and love each other over there, for memories are undying and pure love is immortal!

FATE OR WHAT?

The subjoined narrative is, we have reason to believe, accurate and true:—

A few gossips at the southern end of the city of St. Louis are just now discussing the strange romance of a young woman who has for something over a year been a resident among them.

The story was told to a *Globe-Democrat* reporter by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, who has been a sufferer from the lady's strange fate. The lady in question is but a visitor to America, whence she came to try and shake off the spell of which she firmly believes she is the victim. A few years previous to her leaving "Historic Caledonia," she returned from the patrimonial estates of the family, nine and a-half miles from Holyrood Palace, in Edinburgh, to Aberdeen. By the death of her father, since her arrival in this country, she has become the heiress to a large estate. She is refined, graceful, and handsome, but the fatality attaching to her makes her life an unhappy one.

When but seventeen years old she became strongly attached to a nephew of the Bishop of Carlisle. One day, while riding across the heath in his company she had a presentiment that he would propose that night, and that she would accept. She saw him, in a momentary vision, lying pale and cold by the roadside. Bewildered, she involuntarily stopped her horse, and in another moment fell into a swoon. He bore her to a cottager's near by, and on her recovery the bashful young man's love had been so intensified by anxiety, that in a moment of mutual tenderness they were betrothed. After escorting her home he had to pass the same spot to return to his domicile. The next morning they found him nearly dead, at the place where she had fallen. His horse had evidently thrown him, and he died soon after.

The lady recovered, and eighteen months afterward she was betrothed to an English naval officer, who was suddenly ordered to the West Indies to join her Majesty's steam school ship *Eurydice*. The next spring, on the return of that ship home, she was wrecked and all on board but two were lost. The young lover was not one of the saved.

Time healed the lady's twice-wounded heart, and her affections were won by an English army officer, who was drowned shortly after the betrothal. The night he was drowned she was attending a ball, and, according to her statement, was seized with a sudden attack of dizziness, and fainted. On recovering she said she had seen in a vision the ball-room suddenly transformed into a submarine cavern, containing nothing but the corpse of her *fiancé*. She could never be induced to dance again.

It took a good deal of persuasion to induce her to become a *fiancé* again. But the persistence of an American sea-captain conquered her reluctance, and she accepted him. He returned to Philadelphia with his ship for the purpose of putting his affairs in shape for the wedding. While his ship was at anchor off the Delaware breakwater he was also drowned. The bride-elect came to the Quaker City afterward, and having relatives in Carondelet, resolved to make a long visit to them.

The clergyman who furnished the facts above related met and loved the lady, and she apparently reciprocated but when he proposed she replied by telling him her

story, and all his eloquence failed to change her resolution never to marry. His attentions to her had been a matter of society gossip, so that there was something of a sensation when there appeared in the society columns of the *Globe-Democrat* an item stating she had gone to visit friends in the interior of the State, and would soon return to her home in Scotland to reside permanently.

Learning through a friend in St. Louis the name and present address of the clergyman referred to, inquiry was made of him as to the truth of the story, to which he replied as follows:—

"Permit me to state in reply to your letter, that the statement made in the *Globe-Democrat*, about which you wrote me, is substantially correct. The only thing he forgot to mention is that her lover when dying extracted a promise from her that she would never marry or bestow her affections on another."—*Light*.

MUSINGS.

When the sun is setting slowly
 O'er the golden-tinted hills,
 And a peace divinely holy
 Murmurs in the rippling rills.
 When the halo of life's story
 Softly fades from earthly ken,
 In the dawn of heaven's glory
 What will be thy record then?
 There are beauteous meadows smiling
 In the soft and mellow light,
 Where the angels, care beguiling,
 Fill the air with music bright.
 There are heavenly mansions furnished
 With immortal thoughts of love,
 Where each golden beam is burnished
 With the smile of God above.
 There are tender anthems swelling
 Through the corridors of peace,
 And sweetest angel-voices telling
 Of a sorrowing soul's release.
 There are flowers immortal, shedding
 Sweetest fragrance on the air,
 Soft and subtle influence spreading
 Silent beauty everywhere.
 I can hear the distant murmur,
 Like an echo from afar,
 On the fragrant air of summer
 Beams love's radiant morning star.
 In the first sweet hours of meeting
 Shall we clasp our loved ones' hands,
 Sure of love's most tender greeting
 In obeying love's commands?
 Shall our happy spirits quiver
 With a sense of duty done,
 When we cross the silent river,
 Cross the threshold of love's home?
 In the soft and tender gloaming
 Of our earth-life's closing hour,
 When our spirits sad with roaming,
 Long for love's immortal power,
 Shall we realise the presence
 Of our loving angel friends,
 Feeling sure of love's sweet welcome
 When our earth-life's labour ends?
 Oh! if we would find sweet flowers
 Strewn along our homeward way;
 We must fill earth's waiting hours,
 With some gleam of heaven's ray.
 If we would meet loving welcome
 On the golden-tinted shore,
 We must scatter seeds immortal
 That shall bloom for evermore;
 So may the Father lead us
 By His strong and loving hand,
 Till the angel-voices greet us
 In the glory-brightened land.

FELICIA HEMANS.

(THROUGH JENNY WREN.)

STORY OF THE TWO WEDDING RINGS.

LONG, long ago, I was a young lad, lively and happy, and rather a favourite amongst my friends. One in particular loved me dearly, and her love was reciprocated most earnestly: she was my grandmother. She received the respect of all who approached her; she was a born lady, and possessed of true nobility of nature. She was the widow of a Scotch minister, in which position she spent fifty years of her life, and died at an advanced age, after bringing up a fine family of twelve children—all of whom received out of her slender means a respectable education.

I used to walk seven miles almost every Sunday to make the old lady happy, and returned the same seven miles in the evening; and I used to sit beside her and talk about bygone times, such as the introduction of tea into the parish, when the people used to throw away the refuse water and eat the leaves; and about Jock Habbersticks, who used to go about with a little dog in each pocket of his coat; and sundry other wonderful matters.

One day I amused myself by slipping her rings from off her beautiful white fingers. And my attention was particularly attracted to her well worn marriage ring, which contained a motto engraved on the inside surface. There I read in antique letters the words—"Let vertu gyd and God provyd." The discovery of this beautiful motto filled me with delight; and I resolved there and then to make this my motto—the motto of my life—and accordingly I tried, as far as the infirmities of human nature would permit, to follow it out in my conduct.

And by-and-bye, when in the course of events it came to my turn to be wedded to a young wife, I caused the same inscription to be engraved on her ring, which she highly approved of; and so we set out on the journey of life in good health and determined to do our duties, and to be guided by virtue.

Well, after many years, at the end of fifty years from our marriage day, came the anniversary called our Golden Wedding; and it was fitting and proper that I should bestow upon my good and highly respected wife—who had all this time lived in harmony with me, and co-operated in all my attempts to practice virtue—another wedding ring; and so one day I brought to her a large and massive gold ring, and on looking at the motto she beheld the consummation of our first engraving in these words: "Virtue guided; God provided."

All admire the beautiful appropriateness of this posy, particularly if it is true; and on this point I must make one or two remarks. It is believed to be, with all modesty and humility, making for truth. I do not, like Holy Willie, claim to be

"A burnin' and a shinin' light."

I do not hold myself up as an example to be followed by all around: I am very conscious of having been far behind in the performance of duty; that I have been guilty of sins innumerable, of commission and omission, but still it would be silly, mock humility if I did not feel conscious that with all my sins and defects I aimed at a virtuous and a good life with real humility and without ostentation.

I was brought up in the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, as laid down in the Shorter Catechism and the Confession of Faith; and I was taught to look upon it as a privilege to attend Church on Sunday twice and sometimes three times a day. And I was very proud and very happy escorting my good old grandmother, and giving her my arm when we ascended to the House of God; and I listened most devoutly to all the doctrines and admonitions of the servant of the Most High.

I studied most carefully the Old and New Testaments, and verily believed them to be inspired by the Almighty Himself. But even then I was sometimes occupied during a dull discourse in poring over the sacred books, and I would come across passages that did not agree with other passages; such as in one Gospel it is said that Peter would deny Christ before the cock crowed, and in another Gospel it was before the cock crowed twice. And then, the two genealogies of Christ differed

from each other very materially. I was perplexed; that was all.

Years afterwards, I was silenced by reading "Somebody" on the Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures; and if at any time I was brought to by any evident contradictions, I was to remember that "with God all things were possible." This might silence, but it did not convince me; and I was at last agitated and tossed about in a sea of troubles. I could not throw off the "precious truths of religion" as one would an old garment; and I spent hours, and days, and weeks, and months in the critical study of the Scriptures. My knowledge of Greek was sufficient to allow me to read the New Testament in the language in which the books were written. I was assisted by the best dictionaries, particularly by an admirable one by Robertson, and by an immense quarto compiled by Scapula. But all my desperate efforts to keep myself within the respectable fold of orthodoxy were in vain.

I listened one Sunday to a brave young preacher in a Unitarian Church in Glasgow, who discussed the question of the existence of the devil, and he argued well and truly that it was inconsistent with the character and attributes of the Great, Good, Wise, Almighty Ruler of the Universe that he should permit such a devil to exist about equal with him in power, and able to resist him, and almost get the better of him; and so, by-and-bye, I disbelieved in the devil, and all the complicated unintelligible theological doctrines fell to the ground soon after, like a child's house built with cards, and there was left to me a simple, easily comprehended system of Theism. This declaration on my part of freedom of thought and escape from the chains of superstition, I looked upon as virtue.

So, by-and-bye, I met a young man, Wm. Brewin, of Cirencester, at his hotel, as he was passing through Kilmarnock, and on my asking him what he was going to drink, he replied, to my amazement, that he had never drank intoxicating liquor during his life. I pondered on this statement, and presently, being satisfied that this was virtue, I adopted the same mode of living. It is now nearly fifty years since I became a teetotaler, and I have never had cause to regret taking the step.

As to Phrenology, I heard of it when a lad of twelve or thirteen, and then felt intuitively that it was reasonable and correct. In 1839, I gave one of the first lectures delivered in Scotland on Mesmerism. I was a member of the Philosophical Institute of Kilmarnock, and it was before that august body that this lecture was delivered, and it afforded all present much amusement; but the truths of the science took possession of my mind and have continued with me ever since. And this latter science threw a flood of confirmatory light on Phrenology, for when subjects were under the influence of Mesmerism their phrenological faculties were brought into play by touching (that is, magnetising) the localities indicated by the Phrenologist. The acceptance of Phrenology and Mesmerism I look upon as virtue.

A beautiful young lady with black hair and bright eyes told me about Phonography, and on inquiry I found it was a great step in the onward movement of mankind, and when the two brothers Pitman came to our town, I placed myself under their tuition, and learned the beautiful, truthful system of phonetic shorthand, early in 1842. I pondered on the phonetic representation of English by means of phonetic characters, and remarked to Benn Pitman that if it was possible to print books by means of such characters it would be a great boon to all students of the English language. I remember the spot on which we stood, as almost a sacred spot, when he told me that an attempt was actually being made to effect this result in the "Phonographic Journal," and he let me see the few first numbers of that interesting periodical; and from that moment I was an ardent apostle of phonotypic printing. It seemed to me to be virtue to learn phonography and to advocate phonetic printing.

In corresponding with Isaac Pitman, then a young man in the prime of manhood, I could not but learn about Vegetarianism, and after reading John Smith's "Fruits and Farinacea the proper Food of Man," and a few other subsidiary books, I became satisfied that the

eating of animal food was an obnoxious and wicked habit, and the eating of fruits and grains conduced to health, happiness, and longevity. Two fine progressive men—Benn and Henry Pitman—spent some weeks with us during Christmas time, and we were happy in their society. I became a confirmed Vegetarian, and have continuously advocated the truth ever since. This also I looked upon as virtue. In recent times the Rev. John Higgins and I founded the Vegetarian Society of Australia, in Melbourne, which is now a healthy and satisfactory institution, and has been the means of doing good to our fellows.

For many years I was satisfied with the religious opinions indicated, but at last I met with what appeared satisfactory proofs that the spirits of our fellow human beings did continue to exist in spirit-land, and that, under certain conditions, they could and did revisit mortals who still resided upon earth. I hesitated for some time to confess my belief in these ideas, until at last, in 1876, having read Wallace's book on Miracles and Modern Spiritualism, and Crooke's Phenomena of Spiritualism, in which these learned and careful investigators bring forward proofs of the truth of the doctrines of the Spiritualists, I said to myself, "It is not right to read these satisfactory and incontrovertible proofs adduced by these careful and truthful, earnest and learned, investigators, and treat all their arguments with apathy and neglect." And so I boldly joined the army of Spiritualists, and have had every reason to be satisfied with my decision. This step I looked upon as virtue.

In fact, the bent of my mind seems to have been to listen to new ideas, and boldly adopt them when satisfied, and not shut myself up in an exclusive, conservative shell.

This faculty of listening with an unprejudiced mind led me to adopt Hydropathy, Clairvoyant Diagnosis of Diseases, Magnetic Healing, the Co-operative Movement, Political Reforms, Universal Enlightened Education, Free Trade as opposed to Protection, which teaches the people unmitigated selfishness, and this selfishness manifests itself in all other matters.

This rational credulousness I looked upon as virtue; but it does not follow that I considered those who acted cautiously and conservatively as not following virtue from their point of view. Both classes are required to constitute society, and we must not quarrel with our neighbour because he walks slowly and not always so rapidly as we do. The practice of toleration I looked upon as virtue.

Another comfortable maxim which I adopted, and which has been of much use to me in my life journey, was the Magic Staff of Andrew Jackson Davis;—

Behold!

Here is thy Magic Staff:

'Under all circumstances keep an even mind.'

Take it, Try it, Walk with it,

Talk with it, Lean on it, Believe on it

For ever!

As regards this maxim I once quoted it to a friend of mine in Sydney, a solicitor. In his reply he said: "I observe you have not forgotten your classics entirely; and he quoted "*Aequum memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.*" I was much struck with the similarity of this to the Magic Staff, and I had an indistinct impression that the line was to be found in one of the Odes of Horace, and so I looked it up, and discovered it in Book II, Ode 3. The adoption of the maxim and the attempts I made to practice it and recommend it to others, I looked upon as virtue.

"Virtue guided, and God provided:" What reward did God provide for all this virtue, all these attempts to be good? Did he bestow wealth and honours and fame; carriages and horses, dogs, gardens, mansions, and such like? Is not this the meaning of providing a reward for your virtue? No! no! no! Such rewards are oftentimes the rewards of hypocrisy, low and mean conduct, baseness, cheating, and dishonesty; but the rewards of virtue are a calm conscience, a satisfied mind, a clearer knowledge of the ways of Providence, an increased love of holiness of purpose, of nobility of character, a calm

contentedness and submission to One who is wiser and more powerful than ourselves, and whom we know should be trusted under all circumstances. The calm tranquility of mind thus attained is a thing to be enjoyed and prized infinitely above worldly riches, honours, or reputation.

It would be a dereliction of duty if I did not acknowledge that one of the greatest rewards provided to me was being connected with a good, intelligent, and clever wife. It would not be proper here to enter into details on this subject, but both of us have been rewarded by having a family, all grown up and married, whom we are proud of, and we would not exchange their love for all the wealth or honours in the world.

My object in thus publishing this little story, and exposing myself to the charges of egotism and self-laudation, is to give heart and encouragement to my fellows who may be placed in similar circumstances. There come to all of us during our life's journey times when it is necessary to *decide* and *act*; it is not good to dote on, and let affairs take their course:

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

It is always best to consider what our duty should be; then decide, and act upon our decision. And be not too anxious about results, for, in the words of Carlyle, the results are in the hands of One wiser and more powerful than we are.

THOMAS LANG.

25th September, 1890.

SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

(From Edmonds and Dexter's *Spiritualism.*)

The daily habits of spirits have been but little understood, and the attempts heretofore made to give you a correct idea of the every-day life in the spheres seem to me to fail entirely, as what has been taught you affords no consistent idea of their daily occupations, their mode of life, their form of government, in fine, the history of spirits in the several spheres.

I will now briefly tell you how they live, how they act, and how they pass from one sphere to another.

I want your undivided attention.

Learned men who have written about life and death, have in vain laboured to describe the act of dying. And those of you who have witnessed a death-bed have often observed the singular expressions made by the sick person, which faintly shadow, as it were, the indistinct glimpses of that land of which he is soon to become an inhabitant.

What the last sensations of the dying may be, perhaps it will ever be impossible to know; but that when the spirit has half-way shuffled off its mortal covering, and the last sparkle of life-connection flickers and flashes fitfully amid the wreck of the body of which it is a proper part, the mind seems to acquire, even in death, a new property—that of observing the many circumstances which are taking place in the world to which the spirit goes—and I believe that this new property gives it the power of assisting the spirit to see the forms of friends and the light which always surrounds a good spirit; and I am confident, facts bear me out in this assertion.

When, then, one is dying, his spirit passing out of the old body as out of a shell, often indistinctly beholds the forms of men and women around it. It sometimes, too, beholds the shadowy outline of some parts of the second sphere, and thus the expressions which we often hear may readily be accounted for. The last idea, or tangible sensation to the dying—I mean to the dying who retains his senses—is, perhaps, anguish at parting from friends, and a sort of strange expectancy at what he is to witness after death.

I am inclined to agree with an idea often advanced by one of you, that for the most part the dying lose all fear of death. The near approach of the spirit to the borders of that sphere into which it is about entering, acts upon the mortal dread of death as a soother and quieter of its previous apprehensions. It is a sort of an amal-

gamation of feeling, a kind of mingling of spirit-land with earth, and it tranquilises the soul in its last conflict with this state of its bodily organisation.

With its feelings calmed, and its thoughts dwelling on friends and kindred, this mingling together of the two influences attracts a portion of its last sensations of thought to the spirit-land, and while it is struggling with itself, and the anguish it feels, there comes the aid of spirit-friends, and the charmed influence of spirit-land, and the last sensations recognised by its brain may be the mingling or admixture spoken of.

The heart has ceased to beat, the heaving breast has settled into an everlasting quiet, the soul has bounded one step forward in its immortal race, and stands on the confines of eternity.

Unconscious it remains, benumbed, as it were, by the terrible struggle it has accomplished—the first and last struggle where there is pain—until it wakes up from its dream and recognises the forms of friends long since dead, and a new land, the beauty of which dazzles its untried senses.

The spirit does not lay in its spirit-form; but as soon as the death is over it passes into a new organisation, into a new body created from matter, but so pure in comparison to its old body, that even its beauty and refinement occupy no small portion of its first examination.

And here it may be argued, that the body could not be made so matured and laid by, waiting for the occupancy of the spirit when it leaves the earth. But it may be answered, that when everything on your earth is measured by the standard of what exists on that earth, it is no criterion by which to judge of cause and effect in the spirit-land. And again, your ideas of creation are so circumscribed by the diminutive little earth you occupy, that there is no great wonder that your conclusions should be of no great magnitude either.

Well, the soul has waked up in a new body and on a new earth. It has recognised friends and kindred, and has learned that it has passed from death to life. Now commences the history of the life of that spirit.

After the natural curiosity of the spirit has been gratified—for under every form of organisation the spirit develops its desire to learn—it is chosen, or rather, it elects, by the force and direction of its affinities, the associates with whom it will daily mingle, and the neighborhood in which it will reside.

Now, in the second sphere there are many places or planets occupied by spirits, and it goes to one or the other in obedience to this law, and there remains until it is ushered into the sphere above. It finds the land or earth which it inhabits organised like your own, requiring labor to develop its resources, and that it is incumbent on it to labor for its own good as well as others. And here let me say, that in the spheres labor is substantially the first featy demanded in any community of any person who may claim to be a member. It is the great characteristic of the spirit-land, and is recognised as of God.

In the second sphere, the organisation being less refined than the spheres above, the new spirit often finds it necessary to shelter its body from the sun or storm; not because it gives pain, or that it would induce sickness or disease to expose its body to all the variations of temperature, but that its pleasures are enhanced by its compliance with all the laws of nature; and to expose the body to cold or wet, with its organisation not entirely freed from all admixture of earth, would diminish the real pleasure it would receive from shelter protection. Consequently, it erects its habitations, and clothes its body, and looks out for the means of sustaining its strength, or rather, of providing for its appetite. Learn, also, that the laws of nature, in their application to the material body of the spirit, are so properly appreciated by the spirit, that while a violation would not produce disease or pain, yet the spirit who neglects or refuses compliance is degraded, as a punishment for such infraction of what it knows to be right. And this is not inflicted by any tribunal, but takes place as a natural consequent; the spirit sinks lower and lower, till its density bears it to the places below the earth.

THE "ANTI-EGOTIST."

THIS is the title of a monthly publication which has just reached us from Nantes, in France, where it is issued from No. 2 Rue des Hautes-Pavés; and we observe that the present is the first number of its second year. It is the organ of a "Society of Altruism," which must not be confounded with the altruism of Comte and the Positivists. On the contrary, it is that of Christ, of Gautama, of Socrates, of Confucius, and indeed of all the great and distinguished lovers of mankind. To live for others, to labour for their spiritual, moral, and mental advancement, as well as to promote their material well-being; to combat the selfishness and the gross materialism of the age; to universalise religion by basing it on the solidarity of the human race, and on the simple precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;" and to labour for the establishment of a heaven upon earth;—such appears to be the main objects of this Society, which recognises the fact that all beings are Divine by their essence, and that it is only by the development of this divine element in their nature that they can move towards perfection.

It is opposed to capital punishment, vivisection, duels, corporal punishment, gambling, all kinds of cruel sports, slavery, dogmatism, monopolies, adulterations, intemperance, hypocrisy, sexual abuse, and the burial of the dead. It is in favour of free trade, a postal union of the whole world, a league of peace, international arbitration, a universal system of weights, measures and coinage; the substitution of living for dead languages in university education; the artistic elevation of the masses, and the embellishment of their homes; a campaign against Vandalism and useless luxury; the organisation of charity; the legal and mental emancipation of women; the peaceable reform of society by that of the individual, and the formation of a universal brotherhood without distinction of sex, race, rank, or opinions.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FORMER LIFE.

M. GONTIER contributed to *La Lumière* (Paris) the following narrative of facts communicated to him by Mme. Abenart. That lady, a widow, had an only child, a boy of remarkable precocity, who fell ill at the age of nine years, but without exhibiting any dangerous symptoms. One day the child fell into a deep reverie, observing which his mother asked him what absorbed him so, and the boy promptly replied: "Don't you remember, mama, a long time ago, when I was a little old man, and you were a great lady of whom I was so very fond? Then I died, and you followed me very soon after. God restored you to your mother, and I prayed Him, oh, so earnestly, that he would permit me to become your child." Then, after a short silence, the boy added: "But now I have to leave you. In three days I shall take my departure. God has called me." The mother was overwhelmed with sorrow: "My poor boy," she said, "are you not afraid of giving me great pain by talking like that?" "But it is the will of God." Believing that he was possibly delirious, she felt his pulse, and he immediately exclaimed: "I have no fever, it will not take hold of me until eight o'clock in the morning of the day after to-morrow, and in the evening I shall pass away." Forty-eight hours afterwards the fever seized upon him at the hour mentioned, and in the evening he breathed his last sigh in his mother's arms.

Among the friends of Mme. Abenart was a retired officer, a confirmed materialist, who scarcely quitted the bedside of the child during the whole of his illness. He, too, passed away, and his spirit presented itself about two years afterwards at a séance at which the bereaved mother was present, and addressing her in his brusque military manner, said: "Well, Madame, I can now explain what we mistook for the delirium of fever in the case of your little boy. He was a clairvoyant, and we were a couple of stupid moon-calves. Since then Mme. Abenart has developed the faculty of clairvoyance, and is now one of the most valued members of the circle to which M. Gontier belongs.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From "Light," Sep. 6th, 190.

COINCIDENCES AND COMMENTS.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "C. C. M.," had told me about his whist coincidences before I saw them printed in the first column of your paper, dated August 23rd. Some time after he had spoken to me, and during last week, in course of making opponent's pack of cards, while a partner of mine was dealing, the ace of spades came into my sight so obtrusively that I, recollecting "C. C. M.'s" experience, bethought me whether the ace of spades would be the card turned up by my partner at the end of his deal. That happened! Thereupon I mentioned the matter to "C.C.M.," who was in the room at the time.

Now for some more so-called coincidences. Midway in the seventies, I was walking in Melbourne with Marcus Clarke (author of *His Natural Life*). Passing along the block of Collins Street between Swanston and Elizabeth Streets, I said, "Marcus, I have upon me the feeling you have heard of and so often laughed about. I feel that we shall meet X." And so we did! When we turned the corner of Elizabeth Street where it intersects Collins Street, there we met X., and he and Marcus Clarke chaffed me and laughed about the odd occurrence.

Again, when the Oriental Bank's premises were in Queen Street, Melbourne, I went in there with some mining scrip which I wanted to transfer. I had intended to ask the ledger-keeper to witness my signature at the bottom of the scrip where the transferring sentence is printed on Victorian mining scrip. But while I was waiting at the desk a lad came in and waited too. I said, "Please witness my signature to this transfer;" and I signed my name. He immediately wrote his name underneath mine. I said, "No, no; write your own name." He said, "My name is G. W. Elliot," and so the two signatures stood. I mentioned this afterwards to the transferee, and the affair was talked of as a good joke under the Veranda.

One more. I might fill columns of your paper with such reminiscences. About the time when I was writing a review of "Esoteric Buddhism" for the *Melbourne Review*, it happened to me that books containing matter I wanted to refer to were, as it were, thrust at me, a sort of experience I have had at other times, which leads me to write that about that time, on a Saturday afternoon, I stood on a platform of the Hobson's Bay Railway station. I actually opened the door of a carriage to get into it and go home. Then I recollected that I had omitted to get at Mullen's a book I wanted to read. At first I hesitated about going back for the book. But thinking of Sunday, and nothing to read, I went back, but not without some inner conflict. I got the book I wanted, and was in time to catch the next train. When we got some distance past Richmond station the train stopped. I looked out of the window and saw a woman crying, and then I heard that the train I hesitated about going in has been telescoped at Hawthorn station, and several people were killed and many injured.

Coincidence, sir, is a good, big, round word. But when I hear it used to account for causes I am doubtful. Of cause what does any one know for certain? Why is it that of me some principles pass away, die? but the others, which is really me, do they die! And if they don't, how comes it that parts, apparently the most substantial, of me, are not me? Why is incessant disturbance, conflict? Why is nothing fixed, aye, perhaps, not even what is called mathematical certainty?

Mr. Buckle has elaborated in the first volume of his *Introduction to the History of the Civilisation of England*, a thesis, based on the doctrine of chances, to show that all actions whatever, when examined and classified by millions, can be resolved under a law of averages—that therefore a percentage of actions must occur by what he calls the necessity of connection; that freedom of will of the human being is really non-existent; that some of us—a predicable percentage—must forget to direct our letters, must murder, must commit suicide. He makes plain that the most cherished of our parts, our reasoning

power, compels us to admit that we are slaves of circumstances—mathematically so. All the wisdom of the Pall Mall Island must affirm the proof thereof. And then, in the midst of these reflections, another coincidence!

Thinking more on this subject than of the book I am reading, my eye is arrested at page 90 of Saint Amand's *Memoirs of the Empress Marie Louise*, by the words: "How finite is human wisdom! How inexact are its calculations!" That happened while I was thinking about writing this letter. You say, What! reading a book and thinking of something else! Ah, me! yes, sir.

—Yours faithfully,

GILBERT ELLIOT.

THE LABOUR QUESTION.*

A VERY timely little book, with the above title, edited by W. J. Pyke, has just been published by Mr. E. W. Cole, of the Book Arcade. It is a collection of the writings and sayings of many notable persons of the present day who have devoted attention to the improvement of the condition of the working classes and opens with "A Lay Sermon" by Col. R. Ingersoll, in which he deprecates monopoly and the craving for wealth so prevalent in civilised countries, advocating what he calls "Civilisation," meaning apparently the enlightenment and harmonisation of the individual, as the remedy for the social inequalities of the day. He says there must be something nearer a fair division in the world; but "You can never get it by strikes. Never. The first strike that is a great success will be the last, because the people who believe in law and order will put the strikers down. The strike is no remedy. Boycotting is no remedy. Brute force is no remedy. These questions have to be settled by reason, by candor, by intelligence, by kindness; and nothing is permanently settled in this world that has not for its corner stone justice, and is not protected by the profound conviction of the human mind."

Thomas Burt, M.P., and Charles Bradlaugh speak in somewhat similar strain. Among the other contributors to the subject are John Ruskin, H. H. Champion, and Messrs. Mann and Tillet, the English labour leaders.

The booklet is the first of "The Human Welfare Series;" it deserves, and is evidently intended, to have a large circulation, being published at the small price of threepence.

NEARER TO GOD.

At the Banquet of the Locomotive and Enginedrivers' Association, our Governor (Lord Hopetoun) made a speech which is reported in the "Age" of Monday, 15th September last (page 6). In this speech our Governor informs us that as regards locomotive engine drivers "one instant's want of attention might hurl the train to destruction, and its living freight into the presence of their Creator."

It is hoped that it may not be considered presumption to state that neither His Excellency the Governor nor anyone else is ever in danger of being "hurled" into the presence of their Creator. Our nearness to God is not increased by a sudden railway smash which has the effect of placing us on "the other side of Jordan;" our nearness to God depends upon our own volition and is not subordinate to either physical or spiritual mishaps. If our Governor expects to meet some *one* whom he may speak to as God or as his Creator when he arrives on the "other side" no doubt he will find instead *many*, not Gods, but friends there who will instruct him as to our relations to the supreme. But it is to be sincerely hoped that he may get more light on this subject before he leaves earth life.

J. W.

THE Adelaide Evening Journal reports a largely attended and successful Social Meeting of the Adelaide Spiritualistic Association, held in the New Room of the Association, King William Street, on the 7th ult.

* The Labour Question: Opinions from many writers selected to promote thought and discussion. Melbourne: E. W. Cole.

SYDNEY SOCIETY FOR PSYCHIC CULTURE.

THE inaugural meeting of the Society for Psychic Culture, Sydney, was held at the Society's Room, No. 44 Royal Arcade, on 12th October. Thirty-four members were present. The President, Mr. Robert White, occupied the chair. A stirring poem was read and some addresses and clairvoyant descriptions were given. The Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. D. Campbell, requests those who are desirous of joining the Society to communicate with him, either at the above address or his private residence, 46 Leinster-street, Paddington—misprinted Leicester-street in last month's issue. It is a healthy sign that the Society already thinks of taking a larger apartment in the same Arcade.

In connection with the above we have received the printed constitution and rules of the Society. They are based upon and almost identical with those of the Dunedin, N.Z. Society.

The frontispiece is allegorical, and was impressionally given. In the centre is a female spirit figure, with arms outstretched. On a tablet below, are Tennyson's words :

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

Above the figure the Star of Hope is throwing its rays around. On either side of the tablet and figure are the pine and myrtle, signifying Philosophy and Love; the iris, Message; the poppy, Consolation; snowdrop, Hope; daisy, Innocence; heliotrope, Devotion; rose and forget-me not, Affection; woodbine, Brotherly Love; ivy, Friendship; and the central flower beneath is the lotus, representing the Contemplation of the Ideal. The words "Society for Psychic Culture" appear on a festooned sash below the whole, and complete a very effective design.

An inspirational poem, given through the mediumship of "Devotion," entitled "Consecration," was read at the opening ceremony. It is good and appropriate, but rather too lengthy for us to reproduce.—*Ed. H. of Lt.*

THE *Dunolly and Betsbetshire Express*, of Tuesday last, contains under that heading, "Concerning Spiritualism," a very fairly written sketch of Spiritualism, in its moral and evidential aspects. The writer professes to have had no practical experience on the subject, but has evidently read somewhat and writes without prejudice. Such articles are calculated to awaken the attention of the thoughtful and stimulate enquiry.

MRS. HARRIS has been under new control lately, and delivered some very impressive discourses at the Sunday services. The influence of the more positive intelligences, however, is very powerful, and exerts a tension on her physical organism that is trying. With the view of recuperation, a gentler influence will control to-morrow evening, the subject being on "The Influence of Woman as the Regenerator and Saviour of Mankind." The weekly circles for Spiritualists and investigators, held at the Association's Rooms, 126 Russell-street, have been resumed, and are conducted by Mrs. Harris on Tuesday evenings, commencing at 8 sharp. (Entrance at the rear of premises).

THERE are three sorts of heads: firstly, those which acquire knowledge of things and comprehend them by themselves; secondly, those which recognise the truth when it is shown them by others; and thirdly, those which can do neither the one nor the other.—MACCHIAVELLI.

NEW BOOKS.

- Nautical Almanac and Astronomical Ephemeris for 1891 and 1892. For the Meridian of Royal Observatory at Greenwich. Each 5s.
- Spiritual Fragments: being Thought Gems from the "Golden Gate," by the Editor, J. J. Owen. 5s.
- German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle: A Biographical History of German Socialistic Movements during this Century. With Portrait by W. H. Dawson. 5s.
- Faith Cures; their History and Mystery; by A. J. L. Gliddon. Contains Ancient Cures, Romish Miracles. Peculiar People, Salvation Army, Spiritualists, Mesmerists, &c. 2s.
- Koran: Its Composition and Teaching, and the Testimony it bears to the Holy Scriptures; by Sir W. Muir. 2s. 6d.
- Hinduism; by Sir Monier M. Williams. 2s. 6d.
- How to Strengthen the Memory, or Natural and Scientific Methods of Training the Memory; by Dr. M. L. Holbrook. Enlarged Edition. "One of the best Works ever published." Published at 6s., Reduced to 3s. 6d.
- Serjeant Ballantyne's Experiences of a Barrister's Life. New Edition. 1s.
- Home Rule for Scotland, with Lives of Sir W. Wallace, Geo. Buchanan, Fletcher of Saltoun, and Tom Spence; by Morison Davidson. 1s.
- Labour Question: Opinions from Many Writers—Ingersoll, Bradlaugh, Henry George, &c. 3d.
- Boxing, by Jem Mace; Edited with Appendix by E. Sampson. 6d.
- Australian Gardener: An Epitome of Horticulture for Victoria; by W. Adamson. 1s. 6d.
- Fallacies in "Progress and Poverty," Social Problems, &c., of Henry George; by W. Hanson. 5s. 6d.
- Faraday (Michael), Works by:
- The Chemical History of a Candle: Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience at the Royal Institution; Edited by William Crookes, F.C.S. Post 8vo., cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations. 4s. 6d.
- On the Various Forces of Nature, and their Relations to each other: Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience at the Royal Institution; Edited by Wm. Crookes, F.C.S. Post 8vo., cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations. 4s. 6d.
- Finger-Ring Lore: Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal; by Wm. Jones, F.S.A. With hundreds of Illustrations of Curious Rings of all Ages and Countries. Cloth extra, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.
- "One of those gossiping books which are as full of amusement as of instruction."—*Athenaeum*.
- Home Treatment for Sexual Abuses: A Practical Treatise; by Dr. Trall. 2s. 6d.
- Tyranny of Mormonism, or an Englishwoman in Utah: An Autobiography by Fanny Stenhouse, with Introductory Preface by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Illustrated. 3s. 6d.
- Painting for the Million: Paperhanging, Polishing, Whitewashing, Receipts, &c. 1s. 6d.
- Painters' and Grainers' Hand Book: a Complete, Illustrated Guide to Painting, Graining, Sign-Writing, Gilding, Specimens of Alphabets, &c.; by J. Callingham. 2s.
- Magic Lantern and its Management, including Full, Practical Directions for Producing the Lime Light, Making Oxygen Gas, and Preparing Slides; by T. Hepworth. Illustrated. 1s.
- Games of Pool: Describing the various English and American Pool Games; Rules in Full; by C. Moore. Illustrated. 1s.
- Mushrooms for the Million in Town and Country: A Practical Treatise. Illustrated; by J. Wright. 1s. 6d.
- Diet Question: Giving the Reason Why (Vegetarianism); by S. W. Dodds, M.D. 1s. 6d.
- What to Eat and How to Cook it. (Vegetarianism.) With Rules for Preserving, Canning, and Drying Fruits and Vegetables; by J. Cowan, M.D. 1s. 6d.

Scientific Basis of Vegetarianism ; by Dr. Trall. 1s. 6d.
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