



THE

Harbinger of Light.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

ZOISTIC SCIENCE, FREETHOUGHT, SPIRITUALISM AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

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

No. 250.

MELBOURNE, DECEMBER 1st, 1890.

PRICE 6d.

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SOME five years since, in connection with the celebration of the Thirty-eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, an exhibition of permanent phenomena and curios pertaining to Spiritualism, including paintings, drawings, original writings, collections of Spiritualistic books and journals, materialised substances, etc, was held in the large hall of the Athenæum, Melbourne, and attracted considerable interest and attention. A much more extensive effort in the same direction is to be made in connection with the World's Fair, at Chicago, in 1892, where it is intended to have an Exhibit and Bureau, with the idea of enlightening the thousands or perhaps millions who are likely to visit that important centre during the currency of the Exhibition as to the nature, evidences, and status of Spiritualism. The movers in this matter are the enterprising proprietors of the Banner of Light, Boston, Messrs. Colby and Rich, and the gentleman they have selected as Commissioner is Mr. Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio; although he has not, as far as we are aware, publicly announced his acceptance of the office, we have good reason to think he will do so. In our opinion no better man could be found to fill this important position—a thinker and writer of ability, with a well-balanced, logical mind, and capacity to express his ideas in appropriate language; and in addition to this, a medium, sensitive to the influx of original ideas from co-workers on the Spiritual side, contains all the essentials for the office. With materials to work with he will undoubtedly interest those worth interesting who seek information at the bureau, and do more solid work than many a good phenomenal medium. We are aware that not a few of our readers will differ from us in this matter; with these physical phenomena is looked upon as an essential feature to awaken a lively interest in Spiritualism. We grant that it does so, but

out of twenty so interested, probably one, and sometimes not even that proportion, will pursue the subject to its legitimate issue; whilst out of a fourth of that number who are interested in the question from a moral and spiritual aspect, two or more will follow it with increasing interest, getting demonstrations of the fact as their minds open out to receive and appreciate them. This is our experience: that the ground has as a rule to be prepared for the seed-sowing, otherwise by far the larger proportion of the seed is wasted, and a discriminating sower who carefully places a limited amount of good seed in ground ready for its reception, obtains larger results both as to quality and quantity than he who scatters the seed broadcast over unprepared fields. Works of art well attested as the product of spiritual mediumship, portraits of eminent men who have investigated and given in their adhesion to Spiritualism, an array of ably written journals representing the cause, and a large library of standard literature devoted to the subject, will make a profounder impression on the thoughtful mind than phenomena that can be often duplicated by the conjuror or trickster.

With these opinions (which are not hastily arrived at) we look upon the step initiated by the proprietors of the Banner of Light as an event of world-wide importance, demanding the co-operation of Spiritualists all the world over; for not only will Chicago be visited by representatives of every civilised country on the globe, but the report and comments which appear in connection with the Exhibit and Bureau will be disseminated far and wide; whilst Mr. Tuttle in his official capacity will be able to correct erroneous reports that are likely to be circulated by opponents. Hundreds of thousands of small pamphlets, giving a brief synopsis of Spiritualism, opinions of eminent men in regard to it, and bibliographies, could be advantageously circulated from such a centre, and addresses of proved test media furnished to enquirers. Many other means of diffusing an accurate knowledge of Spiritualism and rational methods of investigating it will doubtless occur to those engaged in the work; but these alone are sufficient to justify the proposed step and to command our co-operation. We shall correspond with Mr. Tuttle and lay before our readers fuller details as they reach us.

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

HERR MAX RAHN, living at 224 Schederstrass, Berlin, contributes to the *Neue Spiritualistische Blätter*, published in that city, a striking instance of the verification of a spirit-message. Last Christmas, a change took place in the personality of the guide of the circle to which Max Rahn belongs, and the new guide withheld his name from the sitters until he should have succeeded in obtaining their confidence. When this had been accomplished he said to them, "My name was Freidrich Stern. I was a chemist's assistant. I was born on the 19th of January, 1827, and deceased on the 15th of October, 1853, at the age of 26. My mortal remains were deposited in the old cemetery of the Church of St. George, Greifswalderstrasse. If you will walk up the principal path, and count twenty-three rows of graves on the right, you will find mine to be second, and cognisable by a cross above it."

On his first visit to the cemetery Herr Rahn failed to find the grave; and at a subsequent sitting his spirit-guide gave him more specific instructions. Obeying these, the cross was easily found, with a gilt inscription on it, exactly as described. Not only so, but the spirit of Freiderich Stern spoke to Herr Rahn through the medium who accompanied him, at the grave side. The writer adds that previously he had not the slightest knowledge such a person ever existed.

Le Matin, a daily paper published in Paris, mentions that two French actors, on a visit to London, were seated in a circle in that city, when they were told that "Jack the Ripper" was a journeyman butcher, living in Betsy-street, Whitechapel. They put themselves in communication with the police, who found that there was such a person in the locality indicated, but pooh-pooed the idea of placing him under surveillance. Shortly afterwards the journeyman butcher absconded from the neighbourhood.

La Revista de Estudios Psicologicos, of Barcelona, publishes a manifesto from the students of that city, addressed to the students of the whole world, inviting them to unite in the formation of an International Association for the prosecution of Spiritualistic researches; and for the foundation of a journal, like the "Proceedings" of learned societies, which shall report its transactions and record the more important of the results arrived at.

The idea is an excellent one, and we hope to see it take practical effect. An immense amount of good has already proceeded from the publication of the *Compte Rendu* of the late Congress in Paris; and we want an international organ which shall command respect and attention, by the illustrious names which will be found among its contributors.

M. H. Pelletier discusses an interesting question in *Les Sciences Mystérieuses*. It is whether animals possess the faculty of seeing spirits. Such was the opinion evidently held by one at least of the writers of the Old Testament, when he describes Balaam's ass as discerning 'the angel' who was invisible to his rider. And we are acquainted with a well authenticated case of the life of a medical practitioner in New Zealand having been saved by the apparent clairvoyance of the horse upon which he was mounted, which seems to have been scared by a spiritual apparition, and to have been prevented from travelling along a certain road—towards which he was urged to proceed by the equestrian, who would certainly have been killed if he had prosecuted his journey in that direction.

M. Pelletier related an interesting anecdote of a dog, which exhibited the utmost terror, and barked and howled at some invisible personage when taken into a room alleged to be haunted. Such, indeed, was the effect of the ghostly phenomenon upon the poor animal, that he was ill for some days afterwards, and was unable either to eat or drink.

We learn from *La Verité* (Buenos Ayres) that the group of Spiritualists belonging to the circle known as *Le Union*, at Mayagnes, in the island of Porto Rico, are

building an asylum for the reception of the infirm poor, as also a free night school for children.

La Perseverancia has done us the honour to translate into Spanish our article on the loss of memory in connection with a plurality of existences. The same journal contains some admirable articles on Spiritualism, from the pen of its responsible editor, Senor M. H. de Villars.

A new periodical, devoted to the interests of Spiritualism, has made its appearance at Santiago, in the island of Cuba, under the title of *Emmanuel*.

Two important publications, the *Nuova Antologia*, the leading review in Italy, and the *Tribune Giudiziaria*, which resembles the "Law Times" in England, have been discussing Spiritualism in a serious and respectful spirit.

M. Mongin contributes to *La Revue Spirite* a narrative which he received from the lips of M. Baissac, an accomplished linguist who is attached to the Ministry of War in Paris:—On the 7th of May last, his wife, his daughter, her cousin, two ladies, and himself, sat down to a large table in his study. At the end of five minutes the table became violently agitated, and eventually rose completely off the ground. Then the following words were spelt out three times in succession: "Louis Constant, originally of the department of Charente, not far from Limoges, mobilised soldier, died during the war at the age of 27 years, in a combat in the early part of December, 1870." No one at the table had ever heard of such a person, and a week afterwards, M. Baissac caused the records of the War Office to be searched, and there he read with his own eyes these words: "Louis Constant, born at St. Constant, parish of Champagne Mouton, department of La Charente, on the 3rd of Aug., 1843, mobilised in November 1870, in the 51st march, killed on the 8th of December, at the combat at Josnes."

Le Spiritisme (Paris) remarks that Spiritualism has definitively entered upon a new phase—a scientific periodical, in which the sublime morality of its teachings will be consolidated. The impulse given to it by the Congress has not relaxed: the Committee of Propaganda continues its work, and the means of advancing it are more and more sought for in new spheres of activity, hitherto refractory or indifferent. Special groups are being created for that purpose. Two of these may be cited: one directed by Mme. Tropo, who has many relations in the fashionable world; and the other by Mlle. de Wolska, who is very much *en rapport* with the high foreign society.

M. Papis is at the present time delivering a series of lectures on Spiritualism, at Salle des Capucines; and M. Gabriel Delanne (the editor of *Le Spiritisme*) is giving the finishing touches to an important work, in which some great and new ideas will be unfolded with respect to Spiritualism.

At a recent trial in Paris, involving a legacy bequeathed to two Spiritualists, and in which they gained their cause, the president of the tribunal made the following important statements:—"In the matter of philosophical or religious beliefs, the greatest prudence is incumbent on us. Why then condemn that belief, which we do not comprehend, which eludes us? Is it immoral? It appears to teach nothing but charity and the love of our neighbour. As such it seems to have saved Mme de Martres (the lady who made the bequest) from her folly, and to have transformed her previously sordid avarice into an inexhaustible beneficence. As to its mysterious theories about the relations of the living with the dead, I know, for my own part, of nothing more consoling. What right have we to pronounce these doctrines erroneous? Spiritual communications—the mysterious side of these things—are unacceptable, it is said. True, and yet they are the very basis of revealed religions, even of that in which we ourselves have been brought up, and which we may have forgotten, but which we respect, as all sincere beliefs are worthy of respect. We must conclude, then, that however strange these spiritualistic doctrines may appear to us, they are entitled to just the same respect as all other philosophical and religious beliefs."

ABSTRACTS FROM *SPHINX*,

WITH REMARKS

BY A. MUELLER, M.D.

AMONG the vast potentialities of the human soul that claim our recognition and acknowledgment, the gift of prophecy is the rarest in actual occurrence, but the most astounding in its manifestations and results.

It is far more than a prediction of the future founded on an intimate knowledge of the past and the present, as modern rationalism has defined it. The true prophet requires no such ratiocination. He draws his events—so to say—out of the mysterious womb of the future, and sees them with the eyes of the soul as actual occurrences, without apparently any conscious effort on his part.

Whilst the psychometrist penetrates with clairvoyant vision into the dim recesses of the past, can read the history of a pebble, for instance, by simply holding it to the forehead, describe the place from which it was taken, its surrounding scenery, etc., the prophet has no such guide to lead him on, and his prediction of events, years and even centuries before their actual occurrence, is so completely incomprehensible as an achievement of his own unaided soul powers, that inspiration seems to be the only explanation we can venture on.

Take, for instance, the well known case of the French courtier (I cannot recall his name) who years before the French Revolution, whilst sitting at a festive board, in the gay company of a number of ladies and gentlemen of the French nobility, suddenly became silent, with horror and dismay depicted on his face, and in reply to the raillery of his companions, proceeded to predict the fate of every one of them. It was to the majority death on the scaffold, to others lingering years of imprisonment, and to the rest expatriation, with loss of all their estates. The horrors of the reign of terror were at the time not even thought possible, and the prophet was laughed to scorn, but every one of his predictions was fulfilled to the letter, and the occurrence is recorded as a matter of history, fully authenticated.

Was it a clairvoyant vision of his own soul only, or were the pictures of the tragic events he foretold impressed on him from the spirit-word?

These are questions the reader must answer for himself according to his predilections. Those of Spiritualists no doubt will favour the theory of inspiration as furnishing the readiest explanation, and to me it seems almost the only one admissible; yet we must bear in mind that it is quite possible for the human soul, even whilst embodied, temporarily to acquire the power of seeing into the future, which it seems to possess permanently when disembodied.

That the true and the false prophet often go side by side might be anticipated, for there never was the true yet in matters supersensual but what found its counterfeit and base imitation. Many of the alleged historical prophecies were fabricated after the events; some of the biblical ones were misapplied to events their authors did not dream of at the time. Many, however, are no doubt true, and of these, relating to the fate of France and Germany, Karl Kiesewetter gives some very interesting ones in *Sphinx* for September. They are well authenticated, and some of them date back as far as the 15th century.

Theophrastus Paracelsus, the great physician, alchemist, and astrologer (1493—1541) predicted in his work, "Astronomica et Astrologica," published at Cologne in 1567, the fate of the two Napoleons and the rise of the German empire.

"It is plainly written in the stars that from France a conqueror will fall upon the German empire. He will appropriate the eagle, call himself Emperor, return to France with great pomp, but keep none of his conquests in the end, though he will do much harm.

After him there will be another fight between two eagles, and the Pope will be deceived by one of them. This eagle will then become very weak, but the other one will rise in great strength. France will lose her master, and the empire will not be given back to him;

but the rock of the German nation, of which [the sybil has spoken, will rise up and stand firmly." ^{GRANC}

Another prophecy, dating from the year 1477, and reported by the well-known theologian and mystic, J. F. v. Meyer to have been made by a Countess Michthildis, describes the first French revolution, the execution of Louis xvi, the fate of the Dauphin, and the bloodshed and horrors of the reign of terror:

"Then woe will betide a great, yea even the greatest and most flourishing of the countries of Europe. It will come to fall. Miscreants will murder the king and many other innocent and just people. Secretly and without mercy they will even put to death the last young scion of their king's race. The last king, unlike many of his predecessors, will be a good and honourable man, but the sins of his fathers will be visited on him, which will be requited to him in heaven. The other sovereigns will not be able to humble and punish this nation, although they will all rise in force, for their armies will be disunited and not possessed by the proper spirit, until at last God decrees to punish the horrors and to avenge the innocent blood. When finally the judgment overtakes this nation, it will fall into the hands of strangers, after having been torn asunder by internal feuds and bloodshed. The new government will last for a little while, though internal peace and prosperity will be absent and not to be thought of, as the rulers will not gain the confidence of the people; and thus finally a branch of the old dynasty will reign again."

Passing over a few other prophecies on the same subject, we come to a specially interesting one, which is worth recording in full:—

"About the middle of the last century there lived at Eichstetten, in Baden, a little trader named Kunz, who caused much sensation throughout the south of Germany as a prophet and seer, many of his prophecies referring to events of the time having been fulfilled. He professed to receive his communications from his "guide," who appeared to him in the form of a man, and he invariably emphasized them by exclaiming—'I say it, and the man says it.'"

To find out how and when he received his knowledge of the future, two men were at one time deputed to watch him closely, especially during the solitary walks he was known to take at night time. They followed him one night, at bed-time, as he ascended his vineyard adjoining his house. When he had arrived at a certain spot near the summit of the hill, he was seen to sit down, leaning on his stick and looking around him eagerly. All at once he threw down the stick, bared his head, and falling on his knees, folded his hands as in prayer. His watchers thereupon were seized with terror, and on the following day gave such a description of their adventure that nobody dared to follow Kunz again in his nocturnal excursions.

Kunz, thus it would appear from this, was a medium, and on these occasions met his spirit guide, who evidently materialised before him. The *modus operandi* of his prophesying is thus easily explained.

Justinus Kerner, in his work, "Magikon," after giving the above details of the seer as taken from a manuscript by a contemporary of Kunz, the well-known Privy-Councillor, Enderlin, who had known him personally and testified to his honour and truthfulness, gives the following account of some of his political prophecies:—

"At the outbreak of the first Silesian war, Kunz predicted that Frederic the Great would engage in three wars, and carry them through successfully; that the world would declare him to be a great general and a pattern, but that much blood, and especially German blood, would be spilled. The art of war would be brought to great perfection by him, and of soldiers there would be so many that one might imagine all ploughshares to have been made into swords. But for the people of Eichstetten there would be no danger, for the great king's boundary-mark would be set at Nuernberg.

Of the old German empire, then called the Roman, he predicted that there would be but few more emperors, and that their power and influence would rapidly wane. One principality after another would sever its connection

with the empire and become subject to foreign influence. A foreign conqueror would finally set his foot on the German emperor. The latter would become emperor of his hereditary provinces only, but of this imperial mantle the sword would cut away piece after piece until a Spanish collar only would be left.

Referring to the French Revolution, he predicted in the first instance an ever-increasing moral depravity as one of its chief causes. Honour, faith, and uprightness would decline more and more, for selfishness and greed to take their place. An immense national debt would be to France like a burning sun, drying up everything. Finally, internecine conflicts would arise, and more blood would be spilled in them than there had been in many wars. All sorts of new laws and institutions would be tried and enforced at the penalty of death, but all to no purpose. Finally, the French nation would be enslaved again by one man, who would crown himself and retain his crown by means of war and bloodshed.

Kunz also had panorama-like visions. He describes a vision in which all the Christian monarchs are passing in muster before the throne of God, in order that one might be selected as the saviour of the people and the restorer of morality and social order. Already the majority of them had passed, and he had doubted if one would be found worthy of the noble mission. Then one had stepped forward, simply called Frederic, and on his passing the throne the sceptre had been pointed towards him, and the order been issued, "He it is who will save my people; put the golden armour on him." All the others had then paid homage to the chosen one. Who this Frederic is Kunz did not say, but declared that before his advent much human blood would be spilled by a second Tarquinius. In the latter he evidently alludes to Napoleon III., whilst Frederic can be no other than the late lamented emperor of Germany, though his short reign and melancholy death are not alluded to. The character of this great monarch, great when tower-high, a conquering hero, among his victorious regiments, greater still when walking over the battle-field or through the crowded hospitals with all but tearful eyes, pitying, consoling, and cheering, counting the fearful cost of war, which he abhorred in his heart though himself the bravest of the brave. The character of this monarch was such as to impress his image on a seer's vision, which of course took in but one period of Frederic's life. His influence, moreover, is still most active and powerful. The humanitarian principles he inculcated into his noble son, the present emperor, are moulding and shaping the destinies of the German nation, and even now their influence already extends far beyond Germany.

About the latter monarch, another old German prophecy, made, it is alleged, 300 years ago, may be mentioned here. It is to the effect that a prince of the house of Hohenzollern, *with a withered arm*, would be most successful in all his wars, and also a great social reformer. Kiesewetter has not included it in his collection, but it was published some time ago in *Sphinx*. This collection includes many more interesting prophecies relating to and antedating by some ten years and more the Austrian and other campaigns that initiated the unification of Germany. Want of space, however, forbids my recording them here. Those I have recorded suffice to prove beyond doubt that the gift of prophecy is still extant among mankind, as it was of old.

IMMORTALITY.

UNDER the heading of "Immortality," a contributor to the *Australian Herald* (Wm. Gay) after alluding to the need of a demonstration of a future life as an incentive to a religious life here, proceeds to show, first, that there is nothing in physical science "opposed to the notion of an unseen spiritual world peopled with beings who are intelligent, yet who are not associated with material bodies."

Secondly, from Ethics we learn that the presence of a moral sense in man favours the existence of a spiritual world, Kant distinctly affirming its existence.

Thirdly, Metaphysics, affirming that matter depends

for its existence on mind, and that mind, therefore, cannot be supposed to be derived from that for whose existence it is necessary, thus pointing to a spiritual condition as paramount.

And, fourthly, the evidence furnished by the various phenomena of Spiritualism during the past fifty years. In this connection the works of Wm. Crookes, Professor Zoellner, M.A. (Oxon), Robert Dale Owen, and Alfred Russell Wallace are referred to and recommended for perusal, as affording solid evidence of the fact of intercourse with the denizens of the spiritual world.

To Correspondents.

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

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—In an article entitled "Abstracts from *Sphinx*, with Remarks," which appeared in your last issue, Dr. Mueller takes Spiritualists to task for the numerous fads which are tacked on to the cause they represent, to its disparagement and adulteration: The ethics of Spiritualism, the outcome of its philosophy, I understand to aim at, generally, the emancipation of the spirit from the thralldom of the flesh, and the development of a sound and pure mind in a sweet and healthy body. Whatever tends to the realisation of these ideals, he who loves truth for its own sake must not only adopt it as a rule of life, but should seek, in season and with reason, to spread.

On the strength of this position I enquire of the doctor: Are we the purer or healthier for the coursing of the fester of a beast in our veins? Does alcohol inflame or soothe the passions, quicken the mind, or dull the intellect—tend to the higher or lower love? Whose flesh is more highly esteemed, the dog's or the herbivorous rabbit's? the cat's or the graminivorous lamb's? the carrion-consuming crow's or the vegetarian pheasant's? From an economic and industrial standpoint, which is the more advantageous, a flesh-eating regimen or the one we advocate? That tobacco-smoking and its sequel, "chewing," are neither clean nor wholesome goes without saying.

In the same connection the doctor disburdens himself touching his *bete noire*, reincarnation. There are several interpretations of the theory in question; the doctor condemns one, but admits the foundation upon which another is based. We are told that the human spirit, purged of its dross, ultimately merges into the reservoir of existence—a grave concession to the "enchanted," for which no doubt the doctor will be brought to account. And is this reservoir never drawn upon? At every procuration are we to assume an actual creation of spirits? or merely the influx of a mysterious entity into the physical basis?

This influx is all we contend for, and to us it seems a logical necessity. And yet to maintain that no individual spirit ever returned to a "flesh-pot," whether by a *lusus naturæ* or otherwise, seems unreasonable. Moreover, it seems rational to suppose that the myriads emerging from brutedom should be required to return after probably a brief respite, to learn the lesson of this life, and establish an individuality persistent enough to withstand the onslaught of centuries, the wreck of worlds and the wear and tear of repeated transmutations. To develop a savage into a god seems a task too great even for the powers that be.

Too much stress should not be laid on the fact that certain mediums have received "communications" in support of this or any other theory. "Unconscious cerebration" is not altogether a myth, for where the wish is, thereby often is it consummated. A spirit may occupy the driver's seat and handle the reins, but often the mortal wittingly or unwittingly controls "a bit." A medium, if she have a *mind to*, can sit down and prove anything. "Where the wish is so is the help given." Let us seek truth, pure and simple, and we shall be assisted.

Yours faithfully,

Stawell, 13th November, 1890.

C. F. L.

THE SHINING WAY.

Paper Read at Thistle Company's Hall, Sept. 16th, 1890.

BY "JENNY WREN."

"Is there a God?" I asked myself, as the shadows thickened round me, and the skies seemed leaden, the atmosphere heavy as with a very mist of tears, through which my earthly vision could discern no light. "Is there a God?" I cried aloud, in my despairing thought of all prevailing evil, as I watched the heavy crested waves dashing against the rocks, and listened to the weird cry of the seagulls coming inland, seeking shelter from the approaching storm.

My heart, rebellious against fate, seemed torn with a very tempest of feeling, and fain would I have thrown off all earth life's cares, in the oblivion of un waking death. A strange fascination had the storm for my spirit, as presently it broke in unsubdued violence over the rocky headland where I stood, lashing the waves into uncontrollable fury, wreathing mists of spray around me as I stood there, baring my head to the floods of heaven. Pitilessly the rain beat down in sheets of almost blinding violence, the wind whirling round me in fierce blasts that shook the little hut where I had sought to hide myself from God and man. "Why should I live?" For me the world henceforth held no joy, no light of love burned bright to welcome me to love's sweet home, no soul thrilled with joy at sound of my footstep, or mention of my name. I was an outcast, laden with the suspicion of a crime of which I was innocent, betrayed alike by friend and foe, loveless, homeless, alone in the world without God.

Night came on, the storm subsided, one by one the stars came out, and the pale moon shed her soft light over the still foaming waters. The gale ceased, a calm stillness lay on land and sea, but my soul knew no peace, my thoughts no tranquil calm.

Why, if there was a God, had he allowed me thus to suffer? Why, one by one had my dear ones been taken from me? Why had I endangered my position and reputation as an honest man, and been betrayed, deserted, by the only man I ever trusted? Could there be divine or human justice in a world like this? I looked around, and thought of all the suffering, sin, and misery there was in God's world, that should have been so fair, and as I thought, I wondered more at man's inhumanity to man, the selfishness and uncharitableness of mankind, the seeming silence of God, if there was any, to avenge or arbitrate between his creatures. Hard, dark thoughts presented themselves to my mind; angry with unkind fate, I wrapped myself as in a garment of despair, and lay me down beside the driftwood fire I had kindled in the hut, till presently I fell asleep—and then—

I dreamed I stood within a forest shade; tall trees cast their long, sombre shadows on either side, and tangled undergrowth impeded my progress as I strove to get through the forest ere the night fell around me. Silence rested on the scene, not a note of bird or insect seemed to disturb the painful stillness, my own breathing grew monotonous, the very sound of my own footsteps irritated me as I still pressed on. The way grew more narrow and difficult, the shadows gathered closer; the night fell, and I knew in my dream that I was lost. I had followed the wrong path, I had lost my way in the dense forest. Fear came upon me of I knew not what! great drops of cold dew stood on my brow, I trembled, but I could not pray. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, I longed for water, none was near; and it grew darker. I felt in my dream that I must die—alone—in the dark—and my spirit cried out in the silence "Is there a God?"

I lifted my eyes and looked towards the midnight sky, and saw a little line of light descending as from a distant star, far, far away. Nearer it came, that little silvery vapoury line until it reached the earth, and where it fell I saw a human form. Eagerly I watched it, and strove to get nearer that shaft of light in which it knelt. Then I knew it was a woman, and a thought came to me that thrilled through my whole being, as I looked upon that uplifted face, for she was praying. I strove to listen, held my

breath, lest the beating of my own heart should prevent my hearing the soft, low tones that came to me through the stillness. "Father," she said "I pray thee for my boy, mine only son, my best beloved. He has wandered from thee, he has lost his way in the labyrinth of earth life's cares, and he does not know that thou art near. His heart is heavy and his eyes holden, he has forgotten the prayer he learned at my knee, when a guileless child. Others have deceived him, and ceased to love him, but thou, Father, knowest that a mother's love never faileth, but is immortal as thyself. Therefore I pray thee, that thou wouldst shew thyself unto my boy, and lead him into the shining way, where thy ministering angels wait to guide him home." It was long years since I had heard my angel mother's voice, but I knew those tones, so soft and tender, and as the light streamed from heaven upon that upturned face, I read the soul of love looking out from those eyes, where dwelt the purity of heaven. And my soul came to me as the soul of a little child, so that I cried out in my dream, "Even so, O Father, shew me thy glory."

And behold, a shining way, lit by that thread of light in which my mother knelt, and I grew strong as I looked at the light, so that I forgot my weariness, and presently came into that shining way. And there were many white robed forms higher up the way, beckoning to me with their hands, and the fragrance of flowers came to me on the breeze that fanned my brow with its cool breath, while the echo of sweet music from afar floated out upon the still air.

My angel mother! how I strove to reach her; and it seemed to me that a sweeter smile lit her loved face, and her white hands kept beckoning me on towards the end of the way. I knew now that I had found the path of progress, and the light grew brighter, so that I did not fear to stumble, while a strange magnetic influence thrilled through my being, that gave me strength for my journey. Till presently the air grew tremulous with musical vibrations, I heard sweet angel voices in the distance singing of the "son's return" to the shining way, and I thought one voice seemed clearer than the rest, in its joyous thoughtfulness, as the light grew clearer round me, and I knew it was my mother's voice. Flowers sprang up in my path, and little children strayed to gather them. I saw more weary faces grow bright with faith in the Father's love, and soon I was able to help those who had been struggling, wayworn, or tempted by the influences of the darkness. And the way grew brighter, till one face shone out in peerless beauty like a guiding star, whose radiance enwrapped me in its light, and filled me with holy joy. And I knew that love was immortal, that my soul's affinity, my guardian angel, had thrown to me a line of light, and shown me the shining way that leads to God. My mother's prayers were answered, her sweet spirit led the way, until from out earth's shadows, of temptation, trial or suffering, my soul came into the presence of the Father."

I awoke, and lo, it was a dream. But the morning sun was shining brightly in at the little window, and the new born day was calling me to nobler duty.

I rose, refreshed and strengthened; yet humbly as a little child I knelt in the presence of the angel mother whose love had reached forth from heaven to bless her son; and the love of that dear one who held my soul in her keeping. And there, beneath the morning sky, I dedicated my life anew to the God whose love I had dared to question, and prayed for strength to walk uprightly in the shining way.

I felt strong with the sense of their nearness to me, and henceforth life seemed sacred to their service. The world might be cold, but heavenly love could keep my heart aglow; and angel voices whispered that the glow from my heart and life could kindle other souls with love's electric flame, and thus increase the light and beautify with flowers the shining way.

So forth into the world I went, feeling that having found love, I had found heaven, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, spoke to my soul in the storm, thrilled in the music of the woods, shone forth in the sun-illuminated landscape, and echoed in my own soul.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

"All houses where men have lived and died
Are haunted houses."—LONGFELLOW.

THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED! Yes, I know
That you will laugh and smile and jeer,
And shrug your shoulders—so!
But you shall listen to the tale although
It sounds like folly in your ear.

Within these chambers dark and old
Once hope and love held sovereign sway;
Once song and laughter rolled
From merry lips that long ago grew cold,
And sleep in yonder church to-day.

Across this foot-worn threshold once
Trooped fair-haired girls and careless boys,
Intent on ball or dance,
Or some adventurous sport or whim, perchance,
Whose salient feature should be noise.

The days slipped on, and stately men
And lovely women soon displaced
The boys and girls of ten;
Oh, there was talk of brides and bridesgrooms then,
And prattling infants rosy-faced.

The years creep leaden-footed by,
Each with his quota of distress;
The lips of youth are dry,
The hands are faint, the cheeks are withered, aye!
And time has made the number less.

Now all are gone. The ancestral halls
Are trod by human foot no more;
The vine creeps o'er the walls,
And here and there the untrained ivy crawls,
And jasmines clamber at the door.

Here spiders weave and swallows brood,
Here owls and bats torment the night;
Here insect swarms intrude,
And moths have eaten through the panelled wood
Of wainscot and through flooring quite.

The wind shrieks through the broken glass,
Like the wailing of some lost soul;
Strange lights and shadows pass,
And whisperings are heard betimes; alas!
'Twas Fancy in her hood and stole.

The urchin on his way to school
Avoids the place with settled fear;
Old dames and cronies drool,
And shake their heads; and e'en the village fool
No shining bait can tempt too near.

Desire the swain you chance to meet
Along the road with sheep or cow,
The story to repeat;
He hems and haws, and shuffles with his feet—
"Why, sir, the house is haunted now!"

And so it is! Once every year
The dead revive their golden prime:
High sounds the din of cheer,
Soft music thrills the startled rustic's ear,
Who mumbles o'er some pious rhyme.

With brilliant lights the windows beam,
With hurrying feet the rafters shake;
The walls are all a-gleam,
The old-time voices are returned—what dream
Is this?—or do our senses wake?

It must be real! With dainty grace
Each lady clasps her partner's arm
In sinuous embrace;
There is a rustling sweep of silk and lace,
And all is revel, reel, and charm.

Forth with the dance, ye phantoms bright!
The fleeting hours will soon be gone;
Enjoy your brief respite,
While day lies dormant in the arms of night,
Ere night give place unto the dawn.

But hush! the music dies away,
The dancers melt into the air,
Like bubbles blown astray
By the breath of the summer-wind at play,
Or frost before the sun's red glare.

* * * *

Wife, mother! there is life beyond
For those you buried long ago.
Smile! Death is but the bond
That frees the soul from prison. O ye fond,
Sad hearts! Give joy the place of woe.

ST. GEORGE BEST.

Chicago, U.S.A.

THE KABBALA.

THE remarkable growth and spread of Spiritualism in France, where the doctrine of reincarnation finds almost universal acceptance among the followers of Allen Kardec, are awakening a strong interest in the Hebrew Kabbala. The word itself signifies "reception," or "tradition," and the book thus entitled contains a body of doctrines spiritually communicated to certain Jews two centuries before Christ. But, in reality, a much higher antiquity is claimed for them. The Rabbins assert that they were imparted to Adam by an exalted spirit named Raziël; and that they were reconveyed to Moses on Mount Sinai, and orally handed down from generation to generation, until the return of the Jews from their Babylonish captivity. But that the Kabbala is 2000 years old, is a well authenticated fact.

The book is mainly directed to show that the Old Testament has an esoteric meaning; that the Mosaic account of the Creation and the Fall of Man is allegorical throughout; that "the Law resembles a living being, of which the body is represented by the letter, and the soul by a profounder sense; and that it is in the latter that the reasonable soul discerns, in their concealment beneath the words, deeply hidden and extraordinary wonders."

In fact, if we are to accept the teachings of the Kabbala, the theologians, scientists, and skeptics, who have been quarreling over the superficial record of the Bible, have been acting as foolishly as a debating society would do if it were to discuss Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* as a narrative of actual facts, and were to plunge into endless quarrels on their account.

Especially noteworthy is the fact that while the doctrines of the Kabbala coincide with much that seems to have been given by inspiration to Plato, to the school of Alexandria, to Philo, and to Zoroaster, it can be clearly proved that those by or through whom the book was written, neither had, nor could have had, any knowledge of either. Equally striking is the fact that these writers (200 years before Christ) proclaimed the sphericity of the earth and its revolution around the sun!

The doctrine of reincarnation is frequently stated and forcibly insisted upon in the Kabbala, just as it is in the Old and New Testaments. In Professor Franck's examination of the work, he writes: "It is precisely for the reconciliation of freedom with the destiny of the soul, it is in order to allow to man the faculty of expiating his faults, without banishing him for ever from the bosom of God, that the Kabbalists have adopted, while ennobling, the Pythagorean dogma of metempsychosis. All souls, like all the particular existences of this world, must re enter the absolute substance from whence they have issued. But, to that end, they must have developed all those perfections whereof the indestructible germ exists within them. They must have acquired, through a multitude of trials, the consciousness of themselves and of their origin. If they have not fulfilled that condition in a first life, they must recommence in another, and after that in a third, always passing into a new condition, where the acquisition of the virtues they have hitherto wasted will depend entirely upon themselves. This exile ceases when we wish it; but there is nothing to prevent it enduring for ever."

"All souls," says the text, "have to undergo the trials of transmigration, and men know not in that respect

what are the ways of the Most High. They do not know how they have been judged in all times before coming into the world and after quitting it. They are ignorant of the transformations and the mysterious trials they have to undergo; how many souls and spirits come into the world who will not return to the palace of the Celestial King; how, in short, they submit to revolutions like those of a stone flung from a sling. The time has at length come for unveiling these mysteries."

According to St. Jerome, the transmigration of souls was for a long time taught among the early Christians as an esoteric and traditional doctrine, which ought only to be confided to a limited number of the elect.

Origen, observes Professor Franck, considers reincarnation as the only means of explaining certain Biblical narratives, such as the pre-natal strife of Jacob and Esau, the election of Jeremiah before he was conceived, and a crowd of other facts which would accuse heaven of iniquity if they were not justified by the good or evil actions of a life anterior to the present one.

The learned French writer has omitted to quote among other passages in the Old Testament the one in which Jacob, lying on his death-bed, said: "Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days;" clearly indicating his foreknowledge of the fact that, in one body or another, they would continue on the earth to the end of time; and the last verse in the Book of Daniel: "Go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot (or in the body allotted to thee) at the end of the days;" or the remarkable words of Job, affirming that at the last day, he, too, will see God, in his own flesh, although worms would have long since destroyed the body with which his spirit was then clothed; or the declaration of Solomon: "Being good, I came into a body undefiled;" or that other declaration of his: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun"—not even a new soul; or the words of Jesus, the son of Sirach: "There is no inquisition in the grave, whether thou hast lived ten, or a hundred, or a thousand years;" or the remark of Ecclesiastes: "I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth." And this last is an experience which must be familiar to most observant men; for they can scarcely fail to have seen men in very low estate, in whose look, voice, manner, tastes, and general bearing, there was an air of innate distinction inexplicable by any other theory than that of reincarnation; while there have been occupants of thrones who were ludicrously misplaced: *ex. gr.* George the Third, who may have been a farmer in his previous life; and Louis the Sixteenth, who was probably an ingenious locksmith in a former existence. Whatever may be thought of the doctrine of reincarnation, its extreme antiquity is a very obvious fact.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC TESTIMONY TO SPIRITUALISM.

WE are indebted to Professor Ercole Chiaja, of Naples, for our knowledge of a remarkable testimony to the truth of Spiritualism, furnished in a dissertation upon the apparition of ghosts, published 150 years ago, by the Rev. Father Attanagro Cavalli, Doctor in Theology, in the Convent of the Carmelites, at Turin. The Professor's article appears in that admirably conducted periodical, the *Lux*, of Rome; from which we translate the *ipsissima verba* of the venerable ecclesiastic, who could little have foreseen that his words would be reproduced a century and a half later, in a part of the world of the existence of which he had no knowledge. He says: "I should not have undertaken to treat of spirits, or of good or bad angels, as you may be better pleased to call them, if in the course of my life it had not many times happened to me to prove certain marvellous facts, to which I absolutely desire to claim the attention of the learned and of the fathers of the Church—marvellous facts which have occurred in my cell, without the intervention of sorcerers or disguises, when I was there alone

with my God; and palpable to my eyes, my hands, and to all my other organs of sense; palpable also to my companions in the monastery; to my superiors in the monastic order, and to several notable and cultivated men in the city of Turin, upon whose discretion and prudence I was able to rely. Only, in order that there may be a good understanding between my readers and myself, I will in due time declare *urbis et orbis* that I am in no wise addicted to mystification; and I beg of them to institute an inquiry on my account, interrogating all my brethren of the order, my fellow citizens, my old friends, and those who have known me from childhood."

And here the worthy father enters into many particulars in proof of his veracity and good faith, and proceeds: "I turn to you, O gentlemen of an enlightened age, and beg of you, while I narrate what follows, not to indulge in a half-compassionate, half-derisive smile, which although it says nothing, is extremely irritating; but hear me out, and then explain to me the recondite causes, be they natural or supernatural, of the phenomena. Do you believe that I am labouring under an hallucination? Very well, then, prove it, and I will persuade myself that it is so. Do you believe that I have been suffering from somnambulism? Very well, then, come and establish scientifically the nature and gravity of the malady, and I promise to submit myself at once to your treatment. Do you believe that I am deceiving you, and that I want to laugh at you in my sleeve? Very well; be good enough to come to my cell, and see for yourselves what takes place in the night."

And so the writer continues to remonstrate with those who, wrapped up in a firm conviction of their own infallibility, or encased in the armour of an impenetrable skepticism, refuse to accept his statements with respect to his communion with spirits, and to the proofs which he has received of the existence of the better part of each of us after the change called death.

Evidently Father Cavalli was a fine medium, but his was like the voice of one crying in the wilderness; for he lived in an epoch of materialism and unbelief, on the one hand, and of the grossest superstition on the other. The skeptics ridiculed and his brother ecclesiastics persecuted him.

One night, it was on the 25th of June, 1764, Father Cavalli was lying on his bed, reading a page of Saint Hilarius, when a strange commotion arose in his cell. An electrical machine began to turn of its own account and to emit sparks; the books were removed from his shelves and piled in a heap upon the floor; every article of wearing apparel was taken from his wardrobe and scattered about the place; and this wild confusion was visible to all the other inmates of the monastery in the morning. A formal inquiry was instituted by the Abbot, and the synod arrived at the conclusion that it was the work of the devil; and so the cell was fumigated, sprinkled with holy water, and purified. But this did not prevent the worthy Father from openly attesting the genuineness of the phenomena he had witnessed, in the volume above referred to, published by Federigo Agnelli, in the city of Milan.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUL.

SUCH is the title of the first article on the first page of the Paris *Figaro* of the 16th of September last; that is to say, it occupies the place of honour in that issue of a journal which enjoys a very large circulation, and commands a commensurate influence. And we call attention to it here, because it is one of the many evidences which are continually presenting themselves of the altered tone of European journals and journalists towards Spiritualism.

After referring to the recent Congress in Paris, and to the fact that its 40,000 adherents represented twenty millions of Spiritualists, in all parts of the world, the writer proceeds to state that in that city alone there are not less than 100,000 adepts, of whom a notable proportion belongs to the enlightened classes of society.

"Spiritualism," it is observed, "took its rise towards the year 1850; so that in forty years it has convinced

twenty millions of intelligent beings, among whom instances of mental derangement are not more frequent than they are elsewhere. We frequently rub shoulders with people of great good sense—practical men, men of business, scientists—who are Spiritualists, and who converse with spirits, pencil in hand."

These are impressive facts, as the writer remarks, and more especially when it is remembered how black and impenetrable a veil conceals the future from the eyes of those whose interests assure them that there is a future life, and that the grave is not the be-all and the end-all of our individual existences. "Oh!" he exclaims, "if the least form would disengage itself from those shadows, if the slightest sound would issue from that silence, if the horrible dumbness would but consent to speak!"

Well, in reply to passionate aspirations and adjurations like these, here is a man of science, a methodical investigator, a cool and practised experimentalist, with a distinguished reputation, comes forward and says, "I will give you material proofs of the existence of the soul." This is Dr. Gibier, who has published his "Analysis of Things"—an essay upon the Future Science. He has examined all the phenomena of Spiritualism, and has proved their genuineness under conditions which absolutely render trickery or self-deception impossible. He finds those phenomena to be produced and directed by a force which is neither blind nor mechanical, but by an intelligence which listens, comprehends, and accedes in its manifestations to the wishes of those who express them. Therefore, he writes: "The truth is this—the Intelligence exists outside of matter as we ordinarily take it, and while once more declaring that I am not a modern Spiritualist, I affirm that all the phenomena called Spiritualistic, are absolutely real."

Of course, many of his scientific brethren resolutely close their eyes to the facts he has demonstrated, and to the conclusions which must necessarily be drawn from them. But that is nothing new. Was not Mesmer howled at as an impostor and a charlatan? and now a statue has been erected to his memory, and half the faculty in Europe are hypnotists, *alias* mesmerists.

Spiritualism can afford to bide its time, confident that it will triumph in the end. The writer of the article in *Figaro* supplies one reason why it will do so, when he says: "We have an absolute need of an immortal soul, the reality of which enables us to explain that which we cannot lay hold of, and to hope for that which we do not possess. It is a legacy which has been bequeathed to us by thousands of generations, and over which we should piously keep watch as a matter of wisdom and self-love; for we owe it everything." The writer adds, that those who, whether by the means of religion or science, help their fellow-creatures to a perception of the truth that there is an immortal principle within them, are the true friends of humanity.

INTERESTING MANIFESTATIONS.

By WM. BOWLEY.

THE following interesting account of remarkable manifestations witnessed by Mr. William Bowley (some time Vice-President of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists) has been forwarded to us for publication; it has already appeared in "*The Better Way*" for October 4th:

On the second day after my arrival in San Francisco from Melbourne, Australia, I noticed Mrs. Fairchild's advertisement in a paper, and resolved to be at 323 Larken street at 2 o'clock.

This was a public séance and I did not expect much. I was more than punctual, so the first to arrive. After sitting a few minutes seven or eight others came in, and the medium said she would close up the shutters, before proceeding with the manifestations, but as there was a stranger there who might like to examine the cabinet and surroundings he would have an opportunity of doing so now. I availed myself of it, being able to walk all round the outside and move the cabinet about. It is fixed on castors and not placed against any wall. I was very anxious that I should not be imposed upon, and it did not appear possible to introduce any bogus materialisations here, except through the floor. I scrutinized the

carpet both inside and outside, where the framework with curtains stood, and am certain there were no openings there. I took my seat at the end of the circle so as to be as near as possible to the medium whom I was very glad to find remained outside and walked about in an entranced state, being under the control of an Indian girl who goes by the name of "Forest Queen." "Black Hawk," one of the controls, announced his presence to the visitors by the direct voice, which was very strong.

Very soon white figures began to make their appearance one after another until I think there must have been a dozen males and females, all recognised by some one present. They seemed to be genuine and I could hear them speak, see their slim figures and the portly form of the medium at the same time.

At last much to my surprise my turn came, and I cannot tell you the delight felt when my sister Elizabeth called me to the curtain, gave me her name and otherwise proved her identity.

After this a male friend came whom I recognised; then came my father and mother. This being my first visit and the public admitted, the result was simply amazing to me and I wanted to arrange with the medium at once for a private sitting. I have had a number of private sittings since which have been highly satisfactory.

My private séances afforded me better opportunity of thoroughly investigating the phenomena, as I have frequently been left alone in the séance room, and thus had abundant means of seeing if the arrangements were all fair and above board.

The forms that came to me and were identified at my first and public sitting came again and again, and seemed to gather strength each time. Two daughters that passed away in infancy—one in England and the other in Australia—appeared to me as grown up, radiant maidens, whom you will say it would be hard to identify. I thought so too, but was claimed by them as their father, and I may say although they labour under many difficulties in making themselves up into materialised forms they have still been able to manifest such natural characteristics as I supposed they would have when grown up and they much resemble their sisters and other members of my family.

An Indian calling himself "Red Hand" came strongly materialised in blanket and feathers claiming to be one of my guides—a good, loving and strong spirit. Then appeared Dr. B. Rush, and Dr. DeLamar the scientific controls of the medium. One is tall the other short. In addition to these four or five male spirits there also materialised a very tall figure claiming to belong to a far off nation in very ancient times and gave me such signs as led me to suppose him to be a Mason.

In addition to these form manifestations that have delighted me with their presence many times, who said many things, they have also been able to write long letters to me while materialised in the cabinet on my own paper with my name on it and examined by me before being placed there. This seems to me to be a phase of direct spirit writing most perfect and interesting. I have also a number of pencil drawings of some of those who manifested to me. I cannot tell you half of what I have seen and heard here during my visits to this medium but hope I have said enough to satisfy you that I have had some extraordinary experiences, and that having seen the return of the loved departed, and proved it to be a solid fact I have believed, and as all cannot see, it will be well for them if it be possible to believe without seeing. But if it be possible to visit Mrs. Fairchild, sight, hearing, and touch, with other tests of truth and of identity will give them a knowledge which will take the place of faith.

One phase of mediumship I have omitted to notice which was very striking. In broad day-light a chair was set in motion and moved about the room by some invisible power; being ten feet away from myself and the medium. A request was made that it come in our direction. It at once obeyed, and I took it up in my hand to try and find the strings pulling it about. It was evident to me that the invisible power which moved that chair was the same exercised in gathering a small flower out of the garden of the house in which the medium lives, and placing it in the buttonhole of my coat.

WOMAN—THE ANGEL OF THE HOME AND
THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD,

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY MRS. T. HARRIS AT THE
HORTICULTURAL HALL, MELBOURNE.

LIKE the sweet, soft odour of white roses transfusing through the atmosphere an influence of natural and spiritual beauty, so should the character of woman blend with that sterner, more practical nature of man, and speak to him of a higher life, a nobler existence, than that of the busy commercial world in which he daily toils and strives for progress.

Woman, endowed by heaven with the finest sensibilities, the keenest intuitions, the deepest sympathies, is more essentially necessary to the life of man, revealing to his soul by her gentleness, patience, and fortitude something of the love of heaven, something of the care of God, and the beauty of nature. Like "sweetest music set to noble words," the nature of man and woman are intended by our Divine Father to blend and assimilate, so that the result may be the happiness and progress of the human race.

If we look down the record of time and note the progress and rise of thought, we shall see that just in proportion as man's ideas of God expanded and enlarged, so did his views regarding woman, his angel, unfold, until, from being a slave—a minister to his own passions—she has become the companion of his life, the co-partner of his thoughts, his plans, his progress, and by her influence has awakened in his mind a loftier, purer thought of love's sweet service and the divine mission of woman.

For is she not his saviour? Look around and see the holy, patient effort of a true woman soul to redeem the life of some loved one from sin and sorrow, whether it be a son, a father, a brother, or a husband. Have we not often seen the silent influence of a devoted life win back from haunts of sin and shame the prodigal son? What patient vigils has woman kept by her silent hearth, waiting for the return of him, who alas! for human nature, has forgotten his vows of constancy and protection, and wasted his substance in riotous living? How gently she has greeted him on his return, and ministered uncomplainingly to his comfort.

How her soft words have turned away the tide of passionate regrets that have swept over his waking hours when the shame of his situation as a man has overwhelmed him, and the keen anguish of remorse has well-nigh driven him to despair.

Then woman, the angel of life, has whispered sweet thoughts of comfort in his ear, and held his fainting spirit in the arms of her sustaining love, proving the fidelity of a true woman's soul, and wooing him back to faith in himself and trust in God. How often has woman, after years of patient suffering and self-devotion, won at last the grateful tribute of a ransomed soul saved by the power of patient love, from the thralldom of some fatal habit, a besetting sin?

'Tis woman's nature to love; and her claim on man is that of protection, love, and equality.

Man represents intellect, or wisdom; woman, love, or intuition: so are they essential to each other; and by their united efforts shall they rescue humanity from error and suffering.

Never till man grows up to the full realisation of woman's beautiful mission, and yields to her the loving reverence due to her loving nature, surrounding her continually with those conditions necessary to her spiritual and mental development, and thus preparing the way for the advent of pure, noble souls through her maternity, will mankind reach that spiritual plane of thought and realisation spoken of by those who through the vista of dim futurity saw the ultimate perfection and happiness of man.

Let us glance at woman in her various phases of development, and see how she stands at the very threshold of life, the mistress of two eternities, holding in her hand the keys of heaven, entrusted with the happiness of her children, the friend and redeemer of the erring, the comforter of the sorrowing, the healer of the suffer-

ing, the moulder of human hearts, and the ministering angel of man's life. Look into the sanctuary of a beautiful home, where the young maiden, with tender thoughts of kindness, serves and waits upon the beloved parents of whose declining years she is the comfort and hope.

In the sweet simplicity of that guileless soul, as she looks into the face most beautiful on earth to her, and sitting at her mother's feet, listens to the voice of counsel and tender guidance. The worshipful love that looks out from her eyes as she waits upon her ministry to her loved ones, the gentle dignity of her bearing toward strangers, the innate beauty of a soul as yet unawakened by the voice of man. She is like a delicate flower, tremblingly raising its petals sunward; her life is like a sweet song of harmony, gladdening the hearts of those weary wayfarers who sometimes stay to rest within the precincts of that sacred spot, a woman's home.

But presently there comes a time when some one looks upon that fair blossom and whispers words of praise, tender thoughts of loving appreciation; and his voice, so strong, so deep in its tone of manly feeling, wakens the silent chords in the maiden's soul; and in her eye there beams now a softer, tenderer light: her lips tremble, her eyelids quiver, her gentle bosom heaves with strange, soft emotion; and while the crystal teardrops linger on her soft lashes, she lays her hand in his and plights him her troth.

Oh, man! what a treasure hast thou won! a woman's faith, a woman's love! Think not lightly of the trust committed to thee. How—because she looks upon thee as the noblest of men, a king, a hero, an ideal of excellence—how she leans upon thee for protection, and looks to thee for guidance; how she relinquishes all the freedom of her girlhood, and clings to thee with soft, endearing grace, henceforth to follow thee in all thy fortunes, share in all thy trials, love and trust thee through sunshine and shadow, the angel of thy home and life.

Oh! surely, as there exists an inevitable law of results, surely as that word remaineth inscribed upon the records of eternity, "Whatsoever a man soweth, so also shall he reap," so surely shall man who holds the love of woman lightly, desecrates his vows of constancy and protection, and breaks her gentle heart by unkindness, neglect, or sin, be responsible to God, the Divine Father, for spoiling the beautiful flower he gathered from love's garden, and trampling it under his feet ruthlessly, heedlessly, unmindful of the result to his own soul's future.

Next time we look upon her we find her thinking of life in a new aspect: she is now mistress of her own home, queen of love's domain, the fair white rose of love blooms very sweetly during that first happy season of wedded love; and new thoughts grow up in her mind, new plans for future usefulness and happiness with him whose name she bears.

She looks up into his eyes now and reads love's language, even unexpressed, anticipates his wishes, devotes her thought to his happiness, and thanks God for this beautiful love that has enriched her life and made all her little world so wondrous fair.

"The world well lost for love," is woman's motto; often and often has she sacrificed wealth, position, friends, even the love of earth's dearest relationships, for the sake of him who henceforth was her idol, her husband.

The next time we lift the sacred veil that rests over the sanctuary of home, we find her waiting in an attitude of prayerful aspiration and expectant joy. She has found a holier mission still, the precincts of maternity open to her view, the fondest hopes of woman's life dawn in the first soft rosy light, over her spiritual perceptions, and she waits the advent of an immortal soul.

The true woman, the messenger of heaven, the angel-soul of whom I am thinking now, lives during these days of hope in the very presence of the angels, feeling her holy office of responsibility, knowing well how her every thought, inspiration, word, and action are reflected upon the nature of her unborn child whose character her daily surroundings, the influence of her own life, are gradually forming.

Shall she bestow upon the race a pure, beautiful life

akin to heaven in the innate sweetness of its nature, the unselfishness and love that pure ante-natal conditions have provided it? Shall she give to the world an angel or a demon? She feels all this, and in her chamber kneels to pray for her child, while waiting, hovering angels bend over her bowed head in silent blessing, and her prayer is answered.

Such is true woman, such the unveiling of her silent thoughts, read only by the angels who lovingly minister unto her.

But if man could fully realise the necessity of surrounding her during this time with most spiritual, most tender-loving influences, that no discord break the harmony of her spirit's calm, only the beautiful, the refined, the pure and true should approach the consciousness of the expectant mother; so that she may indeed be the saviour of the race, conferring upon her children the priceless gift of spiritual minds, pure natures, beautiful thoughts, even as the Greeks and Romans used to bear to their chambers the most perfect statues, the loveliest models art could produce, that their unborn children might be the counterpart of the beautiful conceptions of the artist soul.

Thus shall arise a nobler race of men, full of lofty power and heavenly love, even as Jesus, Buddha, and others came into the world of lovely motherhood, so shall all children be born of purity and love, wisdom, and beauty; and the result must be that where there are no innate base desires, unholy thoughts, there will be no sin, no impurity of character; the curse of hereditary taint will for ever pass away, and sorrow and suffering for ever cease troubling this beautiful world.

We are told that "poets are born, not made;" the same rule applies to all character; all natural tendencies are the results of pre-natal conditions, the faults or misfortunes of our parents have conferred upon us our present imperfections. The errors and follies of the present age are still conferring upon the unborn children of the age various ills and causes of future suffering. Let us then set our faces heavenward, in the pure desire to alleviate these sufferings; to show woman wherein her responsibility rests, and appeal to man to assist her in her efforts to guard her children from the results of error, ignorance, or selfish indulgence.

Then, as the tender plant is trained by the hand of the florist, protected from rough winds, cleansed from all blighting hindrances to growth or unfolding, so is the tender child-soul guarded and nurtured by its mother's love, and the best traits of character brought forward by a course of moral and mental education in which her intuitive faculties give her the assistance which is always supplemented by celestial guidance and inspiration.

So does the true woman watch the unfolding character of her offspring, and invoke continually the aid of heaven to perfect the beautiful work of development, and give the world an example of womanly faith and excellence.

Woman, as a friend, next claims our consideration—Woman in her influence over the world of literature and art, the exemplar of a divine philosophy to earth's troubled people, the missionary of charitable enterprise to the erring and suffering.

If thou hast a true friend in some noble woman, whose soul is purified by suffering and unselfish devotion; one whose life has perchance been chequered by many sorrows, whose silver hair is a halo of beauty round a brow where suffering has left its furrows, experience and care their traces and lines, but upon whose placid face the light of heaven beams, from whose tender eyes there ever shines a soft light of loving sympathy, whose every word is a benediction, whose every thought a silent prayer; if thou hast such a woman for thy friend, thou canst kneel at her feet and thank God.

The soft lustre of a peace gained through fortitude and patience looks out of her eyes, and in the very touch of her hand upon the storm-tossed, troubled brow there is healing. Her words fall upon the weary sense like soft summer rain, and thou mayst trust in her friendship with all thy soul. She will not veil her thoughts from thee; she will tell thee plainly without hesitation of thy faults,

thy failings, thy little meannesses, thy small flaws, and thy greater sins; but all with a silent prayer in her heart for thee that thou mayst be helped; and thy soul shall grow stronger in her presence, thy tongue shall abstain from scandal, and no word of discord shalt thou utter in her presence.

She shall exert over thy life a gentle, purifying, refining influence; for all the years of her past life are filled with experience like unto thine own, and with a most gentle sympathy can she advise and guide thee.

Her presence shall check thy impatient thought, thy restless soul shall be still in the thought of her beauty, and her excellence shall be to thee a beacon light to lure thee on to a higher grade of being. Such a woman in the beauty of her *true* widowhood is the friend of man. In the walks of literature, poetry, music and song, we feel the influence of noble, lofty womanhood; in the works of such women as George Elliot, Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Sigourney, and many others, we have immortal thoughts of beauty that are the heritage of our time.

We feel daily the power and inspiration of lofty woman-souls, whose lives are one continued benediction—one gentle ministry of good; and so we take hope that the world is growing better, more beautiful; that love is gaining power to subdue evil; and that each succeeding generation shall attest the fact of woman's influence to save and elevate the race.

We have yet to consider the immortality of woman's loving influence, for have we not said, in the words of Dr. Buchanan, that "woman is mistress of two eternities?" The one in the perpetual progress of the race here; the other, in her influence from the spheres above upon her loved ones on the mortal plane.

Oh! ye who have an angel mother, sister, wife, in the home of the angels, can ye not attest to the beautiful influence these exert over your daily lives here? If they loved thee here, how much more so now, when with spiritual perceptions clearly defined they watch thy earth life, striving to shelter thee in temptation, strengthen thee in trial, comfort thee in sorrow, and speak to thee when thou art needing counsel.

The influence of an angel woman soul is indeed beautiful in its heavenly tenderness; and many a swift inspiration, many a thought of purity has been wafted into the mind of earth's wanderers by these unseen loved ones.

The mother never forgets her child; the love-chords vibrate still in her woman-soul, and ever her prayer unto the Father is for her child's happiness and spiritual progress. She grieves over every false step, she rejoices over every victory won over sin and self; her sweet love is ever waiting to bless and aid her dear ones. Oh! the very consciousness of this sweet presence is enough to make us pause ere we by word or deed grieve or pain the angel-mothers who are watching us. Rather let us ever seek to give them joy by watching our footsteps and invoking the aid of heaven to assist to do right, and live nobly.

Woman stands at heaven's gate to welcome us, even as on the threshold of our earthly homes the wife and mother watches for the coming of her dear ones, so do their angels look down from yonder starry worlds of beauty, and ever is their love a beacon light to guide the wandering children of earth home to heaven—and God.

November, 1890.

VICTORIAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

THE usual monthly *Conversazione* of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists intended to have been held on the 18th ult., was unavoidably postponed till the 25th, the Thistle Company's Hall not being available on the former day. Although the weather was unpropitious there was a good attendance, and the proceedings passed off very pleasantly.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL
MODERN SAINT,*Teresa Urrea, the Healing Medium of Cabora.*

BY E. J. SCHELLHOU, M.D.

FOR some months past reports of a remarkable character have been in circulation respecting a young girl, Teresa Urrea, living in the district of Alamos Sonora Mexico. It was stated that she performed the most wonderful cures, principally by the laying on of hands, and by means of supernatural power.

A party of six, including the writer, determined to visit the place where she lives, and learn the facts in regard to her. On arriving at the residence of her father, Sr. Urrea, we saw what was at first the usual dwelling-houses, corrals, etc., of a Mexican hacienda, converted into a temporary town, consisting of numerous buildings hastily constructed for the sick seeking relief through the healing power of this young girl. Every effort was made to accommodate us with shelter from the heat of the sun, and convenience for our comfort.

Two of our party, young ladies, were soon invited to an interview with the "Saint," as she was called, and really believed to be by those around her. They found her to be a girl of seventeen or eighteen years old, of regular and handsome features, finely formed head, delicate physique, artless in manners, and a very personification of candour and innocence.

She was aware of her healing power, and expressed a desire to exercise it upon those who are worthy and helpless, without money and without price, even feeding the destitute. She was highly pleased to have Americans visit her. Our party obtained an interview with her on the day after our arrival, and learning that the writer was a physician, she eagerly enquired of him if she were sick, adding that the doctors all said she was suffering from some ailment that disturbed her mental faculties. Upon examination she exhibited all the indications of vigorous health. She added that the doctors and priests wanted to get her into an asylum or convent, as she was curing the most obstinate cases of disease, and exposing the hypocrisy and fraud of the priests.

There were three or four hundred people, patients and their friends, on the ground, and the "saint" was almost constantly moving about among them in her benevolent efforts to heal them. Wherever she went she was attended by a throng who sought every opportunity to express their adoration by kneeling before her and kissing her hand.

There were patients enough to furnish a hospital, and cases that would try the skill and ingenuity of the most noted practitioners in the healing art. The deformed, the blind, the paralytic, and the consumptive were there. It was estimated that at least five thousand people have visited the place since 1st November, and a thousand patients had been treated.

In an interview with her father we learned that last October, Teresa was suddenly affected with strange and unaccountable symptoms. She stood rigid and fixed in one position for two days, with eyes fixed and motionless. She was entirely unconscious, and on being removed to her bed she would immediately resume her former position. The doctors pronounced it catalepsy, and could do nothing for her. These spells were repeated at longer and longer intervals, the last one occurring in March. For some time the father looked upon these phenomena with disfavour, and had at one time resolved to send her away, but seeing the cures she had been instrumental in effecting, he has changed his feelings towards her, and now regards her as endowed with healing power from highly advanced spirits.

Teresa, in our first interview with her, told us that one morning, while still in bed, she heard a voice saying, "Teresa, arise, leave thy bed, and thou wilt feel the Divine Presence." She often hears the voice of guidance and warning. She manifests a spirit of meekness, sincerity and earnestness, and receives the adoration paid to her with the utmost indifference. She does not wish to be called "saint." Her only desire seems to be to perform the work which she believes has been assigned to her by Divine power.

Like other girls of her age, she was fond of show and amusements, and as her father is wealthy she was enabled to indulge in them; but one evening, in the midst of a dance, she heard the words, "*que lujo!*" (what luxury!) and she immediately divested herself of her finery and now wears only the simplest attire.

Such is a brief outline of the character and history of this girl, whose fame has spread for hundreds of miles around her. She has lost all enjoyment for worldly pleasures and social position. Her heart is full of earnest zeal for the relief of the sick, and genuine sympathy for suffering humanity.

Out of the many well-authenticated cases of cure she has performed, only a few will be mentioned here: Sr. Jose Dolores Gutierraz, a well-known and wealthy citizen of Hermosillo. His was a case of paralysis. For a number of years he was almost entirely helpless, having nearly lost the use of his limbs and his speech. When we saw him he was almost restored to health, being able to walk briskly and with comfort, and his speech was so restored that he could talk with ease and fluency. He was preparing to return to his home, and was certainly the most grateful and happy man one will see in a lifetime. This information was obtained from his own mouth, confirmed most enthusiastically by his wife and the testimony of others.

Another case was that of Jose Maceas, of deep-seated ulcers on the left leg above and below the knee. For eleven years this man had suffered in spite of the best medical aid he could procure. Hearing of this girl, though living in Chihuahua, three hundred miles distant, he came to her and in a short time he returned home perfectly healed.

Another case, Luis Bencomo, suddenly attacked with mania, became so unmanageable that he was confined. He refused all food and no one could pacify him by kind treatment, or intimidate him with threats. He was brought to this girl, who first ordered for him a bowl of soup. He took it gratefully and was soon restored to a sound mind and good health.

One more instance will close the list of cases well authenticated, though many others might be given.

One morning Teresa said to her father, "I took a long journey last night and cured a man who had been many years confined to his bed with paralysis. You will hear from him very soon." Accordingly, in a few days she received a letter from this man, which will best speak for itself. It is as follows:—

"Acaponeta, May 5, 1890.

"To the Saint Teresa of Cabora. Venerated child.—It is a sacred truth that Lazarus resuscitated, presented himself to the people of the world in testimony of the power of his Redeemer. You have not sowed the seeds of divine truth on sterile soil. My heart, although always incredulous until you revealed to me your grace, is now happy.

"Night before last, when prostrate on a bed of pain, you came to pour out upon me your hold spirit; prostrated with paralysis, deprived of the power of walking and the use of my hands since 1877, when my pain was unbearable and no human power could touch it, then you came, and through your infinite charity, its conquering power and divine hand, I felt the force of that command—'arise and walk'—and I obeyed. I arose the following day to the astonishment of every one, telling all thy name, which scarcely before was known, and the power that God has given thee. You cannot imagine, divine child, how great my regret was on finding that I was well that I could not prostrate myself at your feet and pour tears from my heart upon them, but already you were gone, and as it was your will I am reconciled. As the consequence of spiritual fatigue of days before, you begged me to rest, and you could not for that reason remain more than a minute at my bedside. When I turned to look at you, you were gone.

I would wish the happiness of seeing you where you told me you lived, although more than a year ago I promised that I would never leave this place if God would restore me to health. If you wish, I can and will give a public statement of the time and condition of my sickness and the wonderful manner in which you cured me

I wish that all the world might have the happiness of knowing this, for thy glory and my satisfaction. I await thy venerated letter.—Your happy and grateful brother,
GREGORIO PARAS."

It is difficult to conceive language more touching or expressing more veneration and gratitude. The internal evidence in this case is clear and strong. She stated to her father in the morning that she had taken a long journey the night before; that she had performed a wonderful cure, and that in a few days a letter would come giving an account of it. As we have seen, a letter came corroborating her statement, from a person hitherto unknown to any one living at Cabora.

Teresa Urrea is not a solitary case of a person possessed of healing power; though in some respects an exceptional one. In all ages and countries there have been persons who heal by the laying on of hands. The Magi of the East were familiar with this mode of cure. Jesus and his apostles practised it, and the Catholics believe that this power may be conferred upon good and pious people, hence the veneration and adoration of "Saint Teresa." In the United States and other civilised countries spiritual healing is regarded as one of the phases of mediumship. Teresa is a healing medium, but the people around her, in their superstition, regard her power as a gift direct from God.

She is innocent, artless, and unpretending, with a high sense of her lofty calling, and the consciousness that she is the instrument of God and benevolent spirits in the noble work of relieving suffering humanity.

Educated as a Catholic, in the light of the new spiritual revelations, she declares that she will never again go into a Church to engage in the usual forms of worship. She sees with spiritual eyes the crafty pretensions of the priesthood, and looks upon them with disgust. Amidst these enemies, however, she feels safe, believing that the mighty Power that endowed her for this work will protect and sustain her in it.

In attestation of the truth herein stated, we, the party above mentioned, hereby subscribe our names:—

E. J. Schellous,	Hattie Scaley,
Jos. P. Scaley,	C. M. Stanley,
Maggie Burr,	B. F. Burr.

La Logia, Mexico, June 18th, 1890.

—Two Worlds.

PART OF AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

LOR.: Truly a scene to delight the eye is this!
Nature in all her bounteous mood! To live
Is a delight, if only with eyes to behold
The glorious handiwork of Him who hath made it.

SAL.: Why, friend, thou seem'st to be enraptured!
What is the cause?

LOR.: Cause enough, methinks.
Hast eyes, and askest me that question?
Didst ever see so glorious a picture?

SAL.: Thou art gone mad, methinks!
What picture dost thou see?

LOR.: Well—if thou canst not see without my saying,
Look! 'twere vain to answer thee. What painter
Could produce such colors? The hand of Nature
Has indeed been lavish. Her ready pencil
Hath defin'd it—light and shade. Whilst I talk
Her mood is changing. And now—behold
Those sombre tints appear; but all are glorious!

SAL.: Well, you must be a happy fellow to be so much
In love with Nature. I trust she treats thee well.

LOR.: Though variable her moods they all are lovely.

SAL.: What say'st thou when she is enraged!

LOR.: I say *then* that she is grand! I love her still!

SAL.: There's no accounting for taste. For my part
I wish 'twere always spring, and naught to do.

Enter Duke

LOR.: Thou art lethargic born. A man who lives
With naught to do, has not the soul to admire
Nature in any mood.

DUKE.: — Thou art right, my son
To enjoy the works of Nature we, too,
Must love to work; then we are akin.

Without that tie our sympathies and spirits
Cannot meet; thou mightst as well be dumb,
And blind, and deaf—to thee she could not speak.
Love Nature, and she returns thy love with in-
terest.

Speak to her, and she returns thy speech
Through brook and rill; through ev'ry flower
that blooms;

Through ev'ry bird that sings. Her voice is heard
In the murmuring of leaves. Each cloud can
speak.

Her voice is in the breeze. She speaks through
ev'ry stone;

Through ev'ry blade of grass. Her voice is heard
In dulcet tones from morn till dewy eve.

And through the night the planets sing: each orb
With tuneful note joins in the glorious psalmody,
Whose Author dwells within the breast of all
who live.

This Author ye call GOD, of whom each one is
part.

SAL.: Sayest thou that I am part of God?

DUKE.: Aye; each living soul is part of Deity.

SAL.: What sayest thou of yonder felon?

DUKE.: Within that form there lurks the Divine spark;
Therefore despise him not.

SAL.: I cannot say that I admire him;
Nor do I think he is very God-like.

DUKE.: Dost see yonder stone? that hideous lump
Of gnarled quartz, unsatisfying to the eye?
Within there dwells what mortals sell their souls
for—GOLD!

SAL.: I don't see what that has to do with yonder felon.

DUKE.: The outward form is without charm, but within
Dwells that which is of more value than all the
gold of Ophir.

A hideous casket may contain a gem.

SAL.: Still I do not see what thou art driving at;
Felon, rock, and casket seem not to me to have
resemblance.

DUKE.: Judge not from the outward appearance.
Perchance that man, like thee, in days gone by,
Was nestled in a tender mother's arms;
But, unlike thee, has not been sheltered
From the blast. Perchance hadst thou, unarmed
The deadly fiends met, thou, too, like him,
Hadst fallen. Point not the finger of scorn,
But give the hand of love, whose magnetic touch
May save a soul alive. Though years may pass
on earth,

And cycles, too, beyond; yet a time will come
When that small spark shall glisten as the sun;
For none can sink so low that there is no hope
beyond.

Redeeming love is great! And in the far off
future,

All shall stand with glorious crowns which should
be made

In part, at least, while on the earth ye walk.

'Tis but deferr'd in his sad case.

Then let us take alarm,

Lest we, too, unawares

Should keep our glory down—

By unkind word, or thought, or deed

Defile our Royal Crown;

For each one wears it now on earth

Though the eye perceive it not.

With some 'tis bright, with others dim;

This Royal mark comes from within—

It is the Spirit's stamp,

And shows that each is of Royal birth,

Though alas! a felon he may be on earth.

SAL.: Well, thou hast made a long speech, and if I profit
not by it 'twill not be thy fault for lack of
words.

DUKE.: If thou profitest not *now*, friend, thou wilt
hereafter; for do what thou wilt, thou never
canst forget. Memory cannot be buried with
thee.

E. V. S. K.

Castlemaine.

INNER LIFE AND PROGRESS.

BY MARIE GIFFORD IN "The Two Worlds."

WE human beings often fail to realise in one another, and in ourselves, the existence of an inner spiritual life—an inner *home life*, if I may so call it—which is thrown open to few or none. It is necessarily protected by a wall of superficiality, seldom *wholly* pervious to the outsider; just as through the windows the general appearance of a house can give but a vague idea of its tenants, so the personal aspect of a fellow-being can afford but a crude conception of his soul-life. It not unfrequently happens that a person, deemed commonplace and almost unworthy of notice, startles us by some deed of heroism, or the sudden manifestation of depth of character. This outburst of the silent, unrevealed life, proves us to be less discerning than we imagined, and inclines us to be more cautious in our estimation of the characters of others. The inner life, too, is ever changing, widening or deepening. He whom we dub a sinner to-day becomes, in course of time, a comparative saint. Some circumstance stirs the dormant spirit: it asserts itself, and a life of slow and secret reformation is begun, ending in victory to the sinner. But, alas! the shady opinion of long ago still stalks abroad, and proclaims itself, wherever the reformed soul goes. It seems to follow him, flouts him, hinders him, and makes life a misery. It is easy to fetter one another with merciless judgments, but more than difficult to recall and redress them when justice demands.

We forget that the body is but the frail and weak instrument of the spirit, and unable to express adequately, its powers, attributes, and capacities. Freedom from the body will, undoubtedly, involve freedom from much that at present clogs and hinders the spirit. As I said before, we are seldom, perhaps never, perfectly acquainted with the inner life of another. In each of us there is some room, corner, or crevice barred to human entrance, wherein the gaze of our nearest and dearest would be pain unendurable to us. Those alone can find access to the secret chamber who have passed through the veil of matter into the world of spirit: they alone can perceive the thoughts and motives that silently cross its threshold. Varied and numerous are these; sometimes bright and attractive, sometimes dark and repelling. Here it is that good and evil struggle for mastery, and conscience speaks and prompts. When we are tempted, troubled, and sad, it is then that we retire from the outside world to seek rest and peace. It is this inner home which forms our real and perceptible environment on the other side: could we oftener bring ourselves face to face with this truth we should summarily eject many of the doubtful guests now permitted place in mind or soul, for they stand before our spiritual windows and blot out the light. A second fact which should be more constantly borne in mind is the degree in which we help to make or mar the beauty of one another's existence. In the next world we may perceive with joy and gladness that it was we who assisted in the production of an ornament beautifying some spirit-home; or know with shame and remorse that ours was the hand which dashed it to pieces ere it was fully formed.

The kind of thoughts, spoken or unspoken, which should be checked, on account of the baleful influence they exercise, are those which tend to discourage or disparage one another's endeavours, or which shadow the spirit with doubt and distrust. We are so ready to hinder where we should help; to impute unworthy motives where good alone exist; to pronounce harsh judgments where we should stimulate with praise and appreciation. We are often cold and indifferent where a little kindness and warmth would fill a life with sunshine. These are the tendencies which paralyse spiritual effort, and push the diffident pilgrim off the ladder of progress, and awaken passions that should remain quiescent. Unfortunately the effects of evil thoughts and hurtful deeds do not rest with us alone. We may try to excuse ourselves on the ground of "haste," "irritation," or "evil influences," but we cannot escape the fact that these causes only prevail where the inner home is ill-regulated and the spirit too feeble to govern aright.

Those who get out of harmony with the spirit, and are

most easily disturbed by opposition, are sensitive mediums; these, therefore, cannot cultivate too carefully self-control. In many cases we have known it is possible to be good instruments for the spirit-world, and yet retain the positiveness of character necessary for a high spiritual nature. We can all weave around us a mantle of strength and endurance, combined with the uplifting force of WILL. Progress then becomes easy; obstructions are removed, and crooked places are made straight. Some mediums and spiritualists there are who yield up the reins of self-government almost entirely to their controls. Their vitality is continually flowing out to those who make bad use of it; the inner home is invaded by such a medley of influences, good, bad, or indifferent, that steady life and progress become impossible. They continually tread the same small round of knowledge, neither aspiring or caring to enlarge it. They are thoroughly content with their "guides" and their teachings, and reject what is not in accordance with them. They are spiritualists who require a shock of some kind to arouse them to a sense of their own individuality. Some of them receive it, too, in the midst of their life of stagnation: it may be some sharp and sudden trouble; some unmistakable proof of ignorance and imposture on the part of these same trusted guides; or the crumbling away of the ground on which they seemed to stand so firmly. Astonishment and bewilderment follow, and all round appears vague and uncertain. For the first time the dependant is obliged to use his own faculties in the unravelling of the mysteries which surround him, but this period is perceived in after years to have been a cloud with a silver lining; it marks a new and brighter era in his spiritual career, and it results in awakening energy, aspiration, and strength of mind.

We often hear of mediums complaining of the strange fluctuations of their power. For a long time no phenomena are elicited, and the veil of matter seems to grow once more thick and impenetrable. This often happens when the medium or those of the circle are getting too reliant upon phenomenal aid. The guides see the medium must work out his own salvation without continually leaning upon the strength and experience of his spirit friends. The medium begins to doubt and pray; but the wisdom of his spirit guardians prevails over his own ignorance. They withdraw for a time, in order to teach him that practical individual progress can only result from practical individual effort.

There are also certain periods when the seeker after truth—the true spiritualist—falls into a veritable "Slough of Despond." It may be the inquiring mind has over-reached itself or over-taxed the nervous system in its strenuous endeavours to solve superhuman problems. Sometimes the truth-seeker arrives at that stage of advancement which forces him to realise his general impotence and fallibility. The brightness fades from the inner home. Hope wanes and dies, and even the burden of life becomes intolerable. One cannot pray, because the necessary faith and energy are lacking; one can only suffer and endure. Many an earnest pilgrim has experienced this state of mind. But, terrible though it be, we find as a rule that it is the precursor of a favourable change of spiritual condition—the darkness which precedes the dawning of new light.

Here is an instance that may interest the spiritualist: A sincere truth-seeker became, from special causes, a prey to this intense spiritual despair. A darkness seemed to envelop and stifle her whole being, and her attempts at prayer seemed to increase rather than diminish it. The spirit guide of a well-known medium told her that she was about to enter a new sphere, and one that would ultimately prove of benefit to her. She was enjoined to occupy herself with easy duties and varied recreations, and also to obtain, if possible, change of air. This she did, but apparently to little or no purpose. At last, after some weeks, and in the darkest hour of all, her state was terminated by an inspiration that seemed to divide the gloom like a sun-ray. She was impressed to visit a certain person with whom she had become acquainted a month or two before, and from whom she was inwardly made to feel that she could obtain help. Only a pressure as severe as her present condition of suffering

could have induced her to obey. She went to the person alluded to, and her appeal for help, though exciting some surprise, was heeded. Work was given her that was easy, but imperative to be done. It was gladly taken in hand, and, in consequence, health, strength of mind, and cheerfulness were gradually regained. This was not all. As time went on she found the work instrumental in the furthering of her search for truth and spiritual progress; the very tenour of her life changed, and good resulted that could never have been attained in her previous condition.

Cases like these are not uncommon among spiritual students, as many could doubtless testify. They who determine to dedicate the inner home to the service of truth must expect to meet spiritual reverses and disappointments of all kinds, and for these they must be prepared.

HYPNOTISM AT ADELAIDE.

A CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT.

In the presence of a party of gentlemen, including Drs. Lermitte, Cleland, and Henry, the Revs. W. Main C. Lane, G. E. Rowe, S. F. Prior, and W. A. Langsford, and Messrs. John Mann, Holden, Rees, and J. Gordon, a most successful exhibition of the pain-preventing power of hypnotism was given in the parlour of the Young Men's Christian Association building on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. A. W. Dobbie was the hypnotist, and a young lady who had been previously under his influence submitted herself to the operation of having five of her teeth removed by Mr. Crann, dental surgeon; and although under his hands for a quarter of an hour, and undergoing what is generally reckoned one of the most physically painful of life's experiences, the "subject" gave not the slightest indication of suffering. She did not require to be hypnotised at the time, and while waiting the arrival of the dentist Mr. Dobbie explained that he had not seen her since Monday night, when he put her into hypnotic sleep and told her to come on Wednesday afternoon and have five teeth extracted without pain. Punctually to the appointed hour of four o'clock the subject, who was accompanied by her mother and two other ladies, entered the room, but was requested by Mr. Dobbie to withdraw pending the dentist's arrival, so that there might be no suspicion of his further exercising his influence over her.

Giving in brief the history of the case, Mr. Dobbie said that he had only known this young lady for a few weeks, and that she was the daughter of a business man in the town. She had suffered a great deal in connection with her teeth, and the removal of offending stumps had caused her very acute pain. It being necessary that several more should be extracted, her condition was pitiable, and her parents applied to him to try and hypnotise her so that the dreaded operation might be shorn of its terrors. He consented and made the first experiment of putting her into the mesmeric sleep. He did not succeed on the first occasion, but after the fifth attempt she was so completely reduced to a condition of senselessness to pain that he could insert needles into her body, even under her finger nails, without causing suffering. He had since hypnotised her, and she had gone with her father to the dentist and had several teeth abstracted without the slightest inconvenience and in the absence of the mesmerist. It had only been necessary to tell her to visit the dentist and have a certain number of teeth taken out without suffering pain, and the injunction was strictly carried out. Similarly he had told her to come that afternoon and have five teeth removed without any inconvenience and without being nervous.

Upon the arrival of the dentist, Mr. Crann, the young lady was summoned from the adjoining apartment. Naturally her experience excited the curiosity and interest of those present. She entered the room quite self-possessed, and without showing the slightest signs of nervousness, or of being under the influence of any occult agency, and quietly and composedly seated herself on an ordinary chair and faced the dentist.

His preparations were soon made, and the chink of an extracted stump as he placed it in the basin was shortly heard. During the operation, or rather series of operations, the subject—patient is not an applicable term under the circumstances—sat perfectly still, not the slightest wince being apparent. Her hands lay folded complacently on her lap, and her whole attitude was one of ease and comfort. The expectoration of the blood after each tooth was removed was sufficient proof that no trickery was being performed. One stump proved very difficult to extract, resisting the dentist's most strenuous efforts for fully five minutes, and the person least incommoded by the operation was she from whose bleeding mouth it was being dragged.

It was impossible to believe that an operation which in ordinary cases would be painful to the veriest verge of endurance was being performed. Dr. Lermitte took his stand immediately behind the subject's chair, and satisfied himself that there was no question of the genuineness of the whole proceedings; while Mr. Dobbie seated himself at the other end of the room, and in no way interfered.

When the five teeth had been removed, Mr. Dobbie was asked if another could be taken out without pain, and he replied that it would be necessary to first hypnotise his subject again, as the effect of the hypnotic suggestion was strictly limited to its terms. This statement was borne out by the emphatic manner of the subject in declining to have more of her teeth removed straight away.

Having performed her stipulated part of the phenomenal exhibition, the young lady, still preserving perfect composure and apparently not one whit the worse for the experience she had undergone, rejoined her mother and companions.

The witnesses of the experiments then discussed the matter among themselves, and Mr. Dobbie expressed his readiness to receive any suggestion the medical gentlemen might care to make with a view to fuller tests. He affirmed that his purpose in giving the exhibition was merely to show that by means of hypnotism pain could be avoided; and mention was made in the room of surgical operations of the severest kind having been painlessly performed on hypnotised subjects.—*The Advertiser*, October 16th, 1890.

THE USE OF MONEY.

WE extract the following from an article on "The Endowment of Art," recently published in the *Australian Herald*:

Those who have great possessions really do not know what happiness they miss by keeping all to themselves. The time, we hope, is coming when the present idolatrous worship of private property will be supplanted by a more rational and moral culture; when to heap up riches will be regarded as unworthy of a human being, and even from the *happiness* point of view, as a folly.

We cannot think that it is worthy of men and women to spend all the good powers of mind and body, or rather to neglect a large portion of their nature in the pursuit of wealth. As a rule, in order to "make money," a man has to give himself up to it, heart and mind. "Strict application to business" is the rule. The fewer distractions in the directions of art, literature, public interests, the better. "Time is money," is the motto. When the man has not necessarily done any very profitable work for the world, but gone backwards and forwards between his house and an office, from which the beauty of this lovely world is invisible, for twenty years, he perhaps has a large balance to his credit in the bank—more than he can possibly eat and drink—more than he can spend on himself—more than is either necessary or good for his family to inherit—and what a sacrifice of himself! His best days are gone. It is too late to cultivate his powers. His nature has become fixed, and the elasticity of youth is lost. The only thing this poor rich man can do is to try and kill time, eating and drinking, "investing" his money, and drawing dividends. We regard such a man as a victim of a cruel system. He has been robbed of his birthright. How many a fine nature is

thus lost to the world! Wealth, at such a sacrifice, is dearly purchased.

For one in this unhappy plight, unless his man's nature has been completely spoiled by the enslaving habits of his past life, there is a door of escape, and something which may, in part, compensate him for the loss of years. He may use his accumulations for the good of his fellow-men. He may regard his possessions as a sacred trust, and devote himself henceforth to discovering the wisest and most useful ways of benefiting society. Wealthy men who have acted in this way, we feel sure, have had more and deeper joy in dispensing than they ever had in amassing; and possibly it is because they do not see how to use their wealth for such ends that more do not do so. A new interest is thus given to life, and everything about the man is elevated a degree or two. We never truly possess until we have given away seems a paradox, but it is a truth.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PROBABLY most readers have come across that comfortable little "Prophecy of Woe," recently announced by Professor J. Rodes Buchanan, M.D., of Boston, published in the *Arena* magazine for August last, and reproduced in the *Review of Reviews*, and in the *Melbourne Daily Telegraph* of Saturday, Nov. 15th:

"Wars, earthquakes, and revolutions!"—a very pretty "picnic" certainly, at which we hope *our* room will be preferred to our company! It can scarcely be said, however, that friend Buchanan is the first in the field with his cheerful vaticinations.

Another Bostonian, also a Spiritualist, and a medico—that clever but erratic genius, Paschal Randolph, M.D., as far back as the year 1874, in his weird pamphlet, "The Ghostly Land: the Medium's Secret," proclaimed to the world a series of convulsions, electric, volcanic, and climatic, that would precede a period of universal reform—the social millennium.

The passage (pp. 24-6) is too long for citation here. An epitome, as follows, may be attempted:—"A spirit of religious persecution is beginning to fill the air, finally possessing all sects alike, leading to open conflict and a series of bloody wars everywhere. In the name of God rivers will again be reddened and lands glutted with human blood.

The cause is wholly physical and chemical—bolides, meteors, internal fires, magnetic and electric storms, comets, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions being its moving elements; and they are the result of fire-tempests in the sun. The awful clash immediately follows a great solar event, namely, the propulsion, through explosion, of a vast mass of incandescent matter from the sun—a tremendous sheet of fire that will break and stream in zigzag paths about the central orb (then shrunk to one twenty-fourth of its former size), changing polarities, melting polar ices, levelling mountains, altering ocean beds and river courses, submerging deserts, building new isles and continents amid the storm-tossed waters, changing earth's angle to the ecliptic plane, completely reversing magnetic, thermal, electric and isothermal lines, thus occasioning sudden climatic leaps from hot to cold and cold to hot, generating famine, madness, disease, and death. The air, losing portions of its present characteristics, will in some localities become sulphur rife; in others, carbonaceous gases, snuffing out all life.

Crime for a while will reign supreme, and property seek a curious level. Winds, previously blowing athwart the earth in curved paths, will then rush straight up and down in clear-cut lines, levelling forests, emptying lakes, devastating cities, hurling mighty buildings into dust, and driving fields of lurid flame along the march of ruin. Polar angles being changed, sunbeams will strike as ne'er before, accompanied by terrible hurricanes, tempests of fire and ice combined.

Amid the almost universal devastation, Ceylon, Central Africa, and the Aleutian Isles, will remain, becoming providential granaries in earth's awful famine-time, and the *species* will be preserved."

"All this," says Randolph, "is in the near future." Can it be wondered at that the prophet didn't survive his prediction more than a year? *Nuff sed!*

Koch, Koch, Koch! That sounds like German, and it is "Germ"-an. The word has been ringing throughout the civilised world. Medical men have gone nearly mad thereat, and at the sound those lost to hope have hoped once more. It is the name of the discoverer of the tubercle germ; and, far better, the tubercle germ-slayer—so say the cablegrams.

Let us trust that this witness is true. But a word of caution is necessary. It would be well for all interested in this question to hold their peace until the at present vague, contradictory, misleading telegrams are replaced by a fuller means of getting at the facts. Can we not wait until comparatively reliable records, such as the European and English newspapers, are available? Above all things, let not the consumptive build too largely or too readily upon Koch. Able, cautious, conscientious, painstaking, as Robert Koch is alleged to be, he is not infallible. All Europe, says Professor Ray Lankester, was, in 1884, "stultified by Dr. Koch's *comma bacillus*." "If any man," he adds, "could be expected to discover and clearly establish the existence of a bacterium as the cause of cholera, it was Robert Koch. . . . He was distinctly put forward by the German Imperial Government as a rival to the French investigator, Pasteur. The pressure upon him, urging him to announce a definite result, was irresistible. He has formulated such a result on the most flimsy grounds; his government has rewarded him, and for some time official science in Germany will not dare to expose the worthlessness of his theory."

Besides, there are methods of treatment extant for consumption, presenting superior credentials to Koch's. "Lachnanthes," a remedy discovered by Dr. E. W. Alabone, of London; the "compound oxygen" of Drs. Starkey and Palen, of Philadelphia, and animal magnetism, combined with special diet, practised with great success in many parts of the world, including Victoria, can all of them boast of numerous cures in even severe tuberculous cases, and have afforded great benefit where absolute restoration of health was impossible with any remedy.

One word more in connection with the foregoing. Let us beware lest we be "led by the nose" by medical jargon about germ theories, bacteria, bacilli, etc., and by the inoculation craze. Just now "bacteriology" is very much in evidence. Professor Peter, M.D. of Paris, lecturing some three years ago in that city, sounded a useful note. "At the present time," said he, "the whole of pathology is dominated by pathogeny, and this by bacteriology. Bacteria here, bacteria there, bacteria everywhere! Every day we learn with amazement that yet another disease is parasitical. There are bacteria to make us feverish in typhoid, others to produce algidity in cholera; some blow hot, others cold. The microbic theories have led to attempts of medical antiseptics; but these, although well meant, are chimerical."

At the time of going to press, no intimation has been received from Koch as to whether his anti-consumption treatment is in any way analogous to Pasteurism against hydrophobia, or Jennerism against smallpox. If it be, it will need all the careful watching, for that way dangers lie. London *Punch*, with characteristic suggestiveness and point, gives warning. He represents a mother calling upon an apothecary and asking for some anti-typus lymph. The medico replies, with many apologies, that he is "just out" of that, but is shortly expecting a prime assortment of tropical fevers and asiatic plagues, and will be able to supply her with not only a mild grade of typhus, but also very fine samples of cholera and yellow fever, all warranted sound, kind, and gentle when harnessed to the human system!

It behoves us to be vigilant lest in yielding ourselves to the incantations of Jenner, Pasteur, and Koch, we assist to transform God's fair creation into a syphilitised, cancerised, hydrophobised, tuberculosed caricature of humanity.

Telegrams have appeared in the newspapers to the effect that Charles Bradlaugh, M.P. for Northampton,

contemplates a lecturing tour through the colonies, probably about the end of next year. It has been stated that this eminent radical is desirous of taking personal action against colonial houses and booksellers who persistently circulate the *libellous* "Life of Bradlaugh" by C. Mackay, a work against the issue and sale of which Mr. Bradlaugh some time back obtained a Supreme Court "injunction."

The Rev. Alex. Macully, M.A., LL.B., who for several months past has officiated at the Unitarian Church, Eastern Hill, has resigned the pastorate. His scholarly and thoughtful discourses have been much enjoyed by his hearers, but the congregation has fallen off considerably since the departure of the late minister, Rev. George Walters. It is to be hoped a man of vigour, ability and popular parts, as well as of true spirituality, will be secured for the pretty little chapel. Would it not be possible to procure, say for a term, such a preacher as John Page Hopps of Leicester, Richard Acland Armstrong of Liverpool, or Henry W. Crosskey of Birmingham?

A rather good story is related of an English ecclesiastic, lately deceased. He was a justice of the peace, and presiding one day at a country police court he observed that a certain witness, apparently with the view of escaping all risk of perjury, held the bible in such fashion that when the oath was administered his lips came in contact with his thumb-nail instead of "Kissing the book." "Witness," sternly exclaimed the lynx-eyed justiciary, "kiss that book, sir. You may deceive the Almighty, but you cannot deceive ME!" This caps the currently reported story about one of the esteemed ministers of the "Australian Church," who, in the course of his sermon, said, "It is stated by Christ, and there is some wisdom in the observation, etc.!"

There is a rumour that Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, "the American Demosthenes," intends to abandon the lecture platform and devote more time to literary work.

X.

ADELAIDE SPIRITUALISTIC ASSOCIATION.

THE above Association held a very successful social and lecture on Friday, Nov. 7th, and on Saturday, Nov. 15th, the first Spiritualistic Tea Meeting that has ever been held in the colony. It was a great success; 36 sat down to tea, and several others came later in the evening.

After tea the tables were removed, and songs and recitations, and conversation amongst the members passed the time agreeably till nearly 11 p.m., when the company broke up with "Auld Lang Syne."

After the hot weather is over, we hope to have several social gatherings of this character, to enable the members to become better acquainted with each other and induce harmony and sociality.

A Spiritualistic Picnic is the next thing proposed, and I hope before long the Association will really make substantial progress.

W. FREETH.

Adelaide, Nov., 1890.

WE clip the following from the *Hay Standard* for Oct. 30th. It illustrates the need there is for a wider distribution of Standard Spiritualistic Literature:—
"Mr. W. H. Terry, of 126 Russell-street, Melbourne, has sent me some copies of his monthly periodical called the *Harbinger of Light*. It is devoted principally to the subject of Spiritualism, but some of the articles in this twenty page journal might have been printed in the *Spectator* or the *Southern Cross*, and would be approved of by the readers of these papers. I am not a Spiritualist myself, but after reading the *Harbinger of Light* and some cognate literature on the subject, I am really disposed to think that many people, and I am one of them, have hitherto entertained wrong notions about what Spiritualism really is. I do not express any opinion upon the matter, but I am glad to know that the opinions I had previously formed on the subject were decidedly erroneous."

THE LYCEUM PICNIC.

THE Annual Picnic of the Melbourne and Richmond Children's Progressive Lyceums was held in the Survey Paddock, Richmond, on Monday, November 10th. There was a much better attendance of members and friends than at the last two anniversaries, and an excellent spirit pervaded the assemblage.

The forenoon and early part of the afternoon were devoted to races, jingling matches, and other games, under the direction of a "Sports'" Committee; and at 2.30 a Session was held of the combined Lyceums, under the direction of Mrs. Harris and Mr. Elliott. After songs, golden chain recitations, and calisthenics, Mrs. Harris delivered an impressive address on the Appropriateness and Harmony of the Spiritual System of Education, which was attentively listened to by a number of spectators outside the ranks of the Lyceum.

A march by the two Lyceums, conducted by Mr. Elliott, brought the session to a close, and the rest of the day was spent in rambles by the river and impromptu games.

The catering was excellent; there was abundance of palatable and wholesome food provided for lunch and tea, and general satisfaction prevailed.

"GOOD-BYE."

"God-bide with thee, dear friends and true;
God-bide with me where'er I go.
We all have some sweet work to do,
And though we part 'tis better so.

For the beauty of hallowed memories rise
Like incense through the coming years.
We have seen love's light in each other's eyes,
We have gently dried each other's tears.

We have stood beside an open grave,
We have felt the power of an angel's hand;
We have clasped warm hands that comfort gave,
We have looked beyond to love's better land.

We have grown so near to each other's hearts
That we cannot repress the falling tear;
Though we feel the strength that love imparts
As we think of a happy meeting near.

We have laboured together for love's dear sake,
And we know that the angels record keep;
We are bound by links that will never break,
As the angels' fellowship we seek.

Oh! many a happy, peaceful hour
Have we spent in converse kind and true,
When our hearts have felt the spirit's power
To help us our Father's work to do.

So now we part for a "little while,"
We look through mist of tears,
And catch the light of the angels' smile
That decks with beauty life's fleeting years.

Sometimes, dear friends, you will think of me,
Of the love that binds our souls as one;
And, I, in thought, shall often be
With you, in circle, hall, or home.

There's just one thought I would love to know
Was cherished in love between me and thee:
A simple token your love may show
While I am absent beyond the sea.

If one should pass on a sunny day
By the hallowed spot where my darling lies,
Would the silent beauty that round him lay
Tell of a meeting beyond the skies?

And a simple flower from a loving hand
On the resting-place of my darling laid,
Would speak to my heart in a distant land
Of love immortal that ne'er can fade.

I look to heaven and thank my God
For all your love and all your care;
And for every step our feet have trod,
We'll leave them with God in silent prayer.

JENNY WREN.

VACCINATION.

At the last meeting of the executive committee of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination the following resolution was carried unanimously:—
“Resolved that the attention of the public be drawn to the following points elicited in the examination of witnesses before the Royal Commission on Vaccination, and contained in its recently-published second report:—

1. The official admission that in the epidemic of 1871-2 in Berlin, 706 vaccinated children died of small-pox under ten years of age.

2. The official admission that no official evidence exists for the statement in the Franco-German war that 28,469 French soldiers died of small-pox; there being no official statistics for those years whatever.

3. The proven falsity of the statement that prior to 1874 there was no compulsory vaccination in Germany.

4. The admission that good vaccination marks may wear out, from which admission it follows that the mere absence of visible marks in a small-pox patient is not sufficient evidence to prove that patient is unvaccinated.

5. The inability of the pro-vaccination witnesses to explain the alleged higher rate of fatality among unvaccinated patients now than obtained in the last century, when all were unvaccinated.

6. The admission that less care is exercised in the vaccination of the poor than is the case with the privately vaccinated children of the well-to-do classes.

7. The admitted falsity of the notice issued by the Sheffield authorities that, in the outbreak from which that much vaccinated city suffered, not one single revaccinated case was reported as having died; a revaccinated death from small-pox having occurred in Sheffield before the issue of such notice.

8. The admission by Mr. Farn, the Government Inspector of vaccine lymph, that no examination of vaccine lymph, as conducted by him, will enable him to declare such lymph to be pure; and that no test applied by him will enable him to distinguish between lymph from a healthy and lymph from a syphilitic child; and that the Government has never guaranteed any lymph whatever.

9. The total inability of the pro-vaccination witnesses to give any scientific information whatever as to the nature, origin, and affinities of cow-pox.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

WE had a letter from Fred. Evans, by last Californian Mail, he (and family) are well and doing well; he has taken new parlors at 1242 McAllister Street, San Francisco, which will in future be his business address.

MRS. HARRIS'S LECTURES.

A SERIES of three impressive lectures entitled *The Way, The Truth, and The Life*, have been delivered at the Horticultural Hall by the controls of Mrs. Harris during the past month. They embodied the ethics of primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism. Mrs. Harris will conclude her present course of lectures in Melbourne on the 14th inst., and leave for Sydney the following week. A farewell conversazione will be tendered to her by the Association at the Thistle Company's Hall, tickets will be issued immediately the arrangements are made. The lecture on “Woman” which appears in the present issue will be printed in pamphlet form and ready for publication in a few days. Price 3d., or 2s. 6d. per dozen.

THE Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. McPherson was celebrated with honors at the residence of Mrs. Morris, North Melbourne, on Thursday evening, the 27th November.

The spacious séance room presented a very pleasing appearance, and the hostess proved the messenger of happiness to all present.

Bridal bouquets abounded, and the happy couple were overwhelmed with congratulations. During the evening, “Sadie,” of the Sun Angel Order of Light, gave an interesting address, followed by other controls through Mrs. Morris, Mrs. McPherson, and Mrs. Harris.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

W. H. TERRY informs his numerous friends and clients that he has this day removed his MEDICAL PRACTICE from 126 Russell Street, to that new and handsome edifice, AUSTRAL BUILDINGS, COLLINS STREET EAST, nearly opposite the Congregational Church. Hours of attendance, 10 to 4; Saturdays, 10 to 2.

The importation of BOTANIC MEDICINES and the manufacture of MY PROPRIETARY MEDICINES will be continued at the above address; the retail business is transferred to Mr. James Meyers (for many years my managing assistant) who has taken premises in the Eastern Arcade.

To Subscribers and Readers.

REMOVAL OF THE PUBLISHING OFFICE
Of the “Harbinger of Light.”

The Lease of the Premises occupied by me for many years past in Russell-street, Melbourne, having expired, I have determined upon relinquishing a branch of my business and taking Rooms in

AUSTRAL BUILDINGS, COLLINS STREET.

These being on an upper flat would not be convenient for the Publication of a Paper; I have, therefore, made arrangements with MR. C. H. BAMFORD for the Publication of “*The Harbinger of Light*” at his Book Shop, 190 Little Collins Street E., near Russell-street, and immediately behind the Equitable Store.

After this date, Subscriptions and Advertisements will be received there. Correspondents will please address all Editorial matter to me as under:—

Austral Buildings, Collins-street East.

W. H. TERRY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Nov. 30th, 1890.

A SPIRITUAL SETTLEMENT.

“Bear ye one another's burdens.”

Preparations are being made for the formation of a
SPIRITUALISTIC SETTLEMENT

in one of the Healthiest Localities in QUEENSLAND, beautifully situated near the coast; and the undersigned would like to correspond with any earnest Spiritualist who would like to join it.

It is intended principally for the poor and working classes, and will be based on the principles of Temperance and Co-operation: no capital required.

Professional or paid mediumship is discountenanced by the members, but special advantages to reliable mediums of either sex.

A school for the Education and Development of Mediumship will be established.

Qualification for Mediumship; Strict Temperance and good moral character.

Any Mediums (male or female) that have laboured for the cause in the past, but who are now incapacitated through ill health or old age, on receipt of approved references from such the Society will find a home for the most deserving as soon as the Sanatorium is completed.

Correspondents should state age, occupation, if married, if a member of any spiritual Society or circle, and enclose stamps for reply.

Only a limited number required until such time as the work is properly started.

No communications answered unless the above conditions are complied with.

Address: *The Secretary*,

PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Gympie, Queensland.

NEW BOOKS.

- A Christmas Carol; by C. Dickens. Illustrated with 13 Beautiful Chromo Pictures by F. Bindley. 2s. 6d.
 The Rime of the Ancient Mariner; S. T. Coleridge. With 20 Chromo Pictures by C. Padday. 2s. 6d.
 Art Calendar, 1891. Comprising 12 Beautifully Colored Pictures Illustrative of the Months. 2s. 6d.
 These 3 Booklets are specially adopted for Xmas presents, and being real works of art, should be in the possession of all lovers of the beautiful.
- Mizpah. Illustrated Booklet. 9d.
 Auld Lang Syne. do. 9d.
 Yule Log and Yule Tide. Gleanings from the Poets. 6d. each
- Zadkiel's Astrological Almanac, 1891. 1s.
 Raphael's do. do 1891. 1s.
 Raphael's do. Ephemeris, 1891. 1s.
 Raphael's Tables of Houses for all Parts of the World, 1891. 1s. 6d.
 Home and The New Year. 3d. each.
 All Xmas and New Year Booklets.
- Medical Essays; by Dr. T. Allinson (Vegetarian). In 3 Series on Sleep, Food, Fevers, Boils, Drugs, Clothing, Flesh Food, Children, Disease, &c., &c. Each 1s. 6d.
 Hygienic Medicine: or the Only Rational Way of Treating Disease; by Dr. T. Allinson. 1s. 6d.
 Three Pamphlets for Young; by Dr. T. Allinson. On Self-Pollution, Varicocele, Emissions, &c. 1s. 6d.
 About Ireland; by Mrs. Lynn Linton. One of the best Anti Home Rule Works we have come across. Mrs. Linton went to Ireland to write up the Home Rule cause, but came away a pronounced anti Home Ruler. 1s. 6d.
- Drink Question: Its Social and Medical Aspects: by Dr. K. Mitchell. State and Society, Mortality, Physiology, Economics, &c. 3s. 6d.
- "Fate or Fortune." A Magazine Devoted to the Study and Illustration of Astrology and Kindred Subjects, Containing:—Everyone's Fortune, and Startling Predictions, relative to Individuals and Nations. The best time for conducting all the affairs of life. Easy lessons in Astrology. Fate, Oracles, Dreams, Omens, and a mass of most curious and interesting matter. Simple enough to be understood by the million. An index to the past, a forecast of the future, on Marriage, Business, or Speculation. Single copies 6d., or 12 months post free 4s. 6d.
- Quakers: A Study, Historical and Critical; by F. Turner. "The writer is not a Quaker." The central truth is the very foundation of the Christian Faith. which in this skeptic age it behoves all to know clearly as well as possess experimentally. 6s. 6d.
- Kreutzer Sonata; by Count Tolstoi. 1s. 6d.
 This is the work prohibited circulation through the U.S.A. mails.
- Socialism: Labor and Capital; by Kaufman, Holyoake, C. Bradlaugh, Thorold Rogers, &c. 3s.
- Complete Arcana of Astral Philosophy: or the Celestial Philosopher. Being Genethliology Simplified: or the Doctrine of Nativities; by W. F. Simmonite. New Edition by J. Story. Complete in 9 parts, paper covers. 15s.
- "This is the most full, practical, complete and simple work on Astrology ever published." "Whoever possesses the Arcana of Astrology will need no other work."
- Nautical Almanac and Astronomical Ephemeris for 1891 and 1892. For the Meridian of Royal Observatory at Greenwich. Of special use to Astrologers. Each 15s.
- Eight Hours' Movement. Verbatim Report of a Debate between H. Hyndman and C. Bradlaugh at St. James' Hall London, July 23rd, 1890. 9d.
- Dr. Foot's Eye Sharpener: as Advertised in Pamphlet, "Old Eyes Made New." 10s.
- Mysteries of Rosie Cross: or the History of that curious Sect known as Rosicrucians, with Examples of their Pretensions and Claims. 10s.
- Archaic Rock Inscriptions. An Account of the Cup and Ring Markings on the Sculptured Stones of the Old and New Worlds. 10s.

- Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism; by W. Crookes, F.R.S. A New Edition of an Invaluable Book for Investigators—unfortunately long out of print. 6s.
- Introduction to Astrology; by Wm. Lilly, and a Grammar of Astrology by Zadkiel—with Tables for calculating Nativities, &c. 7s. 6d.
 In Black and White. Sketches by Rudyard Kipling. Contains the "Sending of Dana Da." One of the best Satires on "Blavatskyism" we have ever read. 1s.
- Everybody's Book Indoor Games. Backgammon, Chess, Billiards, Draughts, Whist, Cards, &c. 6d.
- Everybody's Book of Short Poems. Selected from out of the way Sources. 6d.
- The Next World; by the Spirit-Editors:—Margaret Fuller (Contessa Ossili) and Judge Edmonds. Being a Companion Volume to "Strange Visitors." By Susan G. Horn Clairvoyante. 7s.
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