

# Harbinger of Light.

MONTHLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

ZOISTIC SCIENCE, FREETHOUGHT, SPIRITUALISM  
AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

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

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THOMAS LAKE HARRIS, known to old-time Spiritualists as the inspirational author of two remarkable volumes of Poetry: "The Lyric of the Morning Land," and "The Lyric of the Golden Age," has come very much into prominence lately through the publication in the biography of the late Laurence Oliphant of the circumstances of Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant's relation to Harris in connexion with the latter's religious community established in America, some twenty years since. Oliphant left a good position and brilliant prospects, and together with his wife and mother joined Harris's community, furnishing the money to carry it on, and working in menial offices for some years under his direction. Eventually he appears to have tired of it, and quietly withdrawing he returned to England and society, where his exceptional talents soon brought him into prominence again. Harris subsequently quarrelled with some of his associates, who objected to his dictatorship, and retiring to California with the remnant of his following, was for a time lost sight of. Occasionally, however, he was heard of, and his community, called "The Brotherhood of the New Life," was brought under notice from time to time by the San Francisco papers. A few years since he issued a book called "The Breath of God in Man," in which he affirmed that those who acquired this peculiar inbreathing, could live independent of ordinary respiration; and the whole attention of his community seems to have since been directed to the attainment of this power. It has evidently been a more difficult business than the book referred to would have led the reader to suppose; though Harris had a strong lead in the race, and was then apparently nearing the winning-post, he has only just got past it and attained the prize:—the

blending of the human with the Divine, and the power of perpetual youth.

The August number of *The Problem of Life*, edited by W. J. Colville and A. Chevallier, contains Mr. Harris's latest manifesto to the world, endorsed by the second editor, who has been on a visit to Mr. Harris, and has come back a convert to his new religion.

Mr. Harris's article is entitled "The Brotherhood of the New Life; its fact, law, method, and purpose." He professes to have discovered, in early life, the "Key to the Harmonial Law of Pythagoras," which, he says, "reinstates the law of miracle in the law of nature; leads on by its effect to the redemption of the flesh of man from the gross passions and cupidities that are incidental to his lowly natural organ; quickens and re-edifies the mind of man to become the chaste temple of the Breathing Infinite. In a word, it opens for the race a new life, in which all men shall be unified as one social body in God, from the greatest to the least, and all shall know God, filially, personally, absolutely, from the least to the greatest."

This reads very prettily; but unfortunately "the race" is not ready for it yet, nor likely to be for some centuries to come. However, to the relation. Mr. Harris says his first discovery was the key to all subsequent ones which have opened out from year to year: "Immense, incredible, overwhelming, but pregnant with results of vast and durable beneficence to mankind that can hardly be expressed in words." The gift, he says, that he holds, is the coming inheritance of all; every act of his respiration for the last forty years has partaken of this complex character. "He breathed upon them, and said, receive ye the Holy Ghost (spirit, breath). He breathes into me so that I receive the holy breath continually." Now, under these circumstances, one might naturally assume that Mr. Harris was beyond earthly foibles, that his whole system was harmonised, and charity and forbearance reigned supreme; but alas, we have not gone much further in the perusal of the prophet's manifesto before we are brought down from our ideal conception and disillusioned by the following coarse and intensely mortal paragraph directed against those who have taken an adverse view of him in connec-

tion with the Oliphant business: "Men do not bandy words with carrion; for the function of the respectable publicist, no person has a higher esteem; for the nasal purveyors of the sensational press, who prowl about the kitchen middens, and who from the smell of the waste pipes presume to sit in judgment on the aromas of the salon, I hold no more than a kindly contempt." This from an ordinary man would excite but little comment, but from a man professing to be filled with the Holy Ghost, it is simply disgusting, and demonstrates that whatever light there is in Mr. Harris, he is not a harmonial man.

#### OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

*Il Vessillo Spiritista*, one of the youngest and most valuable of the spiritual torch-bearers, publishes a communication received from the spirit of Eliphas Levi, the author of some well-known works of magic, through the mediumship of Signor Palazzi, of Naples. Since he passed over some years ago, Eliphas says he has seen reason to modify many of the conclusions he had arrived at in the flesh. He has discovered that there are other roads to truth besides those of the *Haute Magie* and the Cabbala. He no longer believes in the sincerity of the Papacy, for he has been compelled to perceive that it is governed by a boundless lust of power and wealth, and nothing else; and that therefore Christendom should seek out some other guide; and this guide can only be found, he asserts, in Spiritualism. We have elsewhere given copious extracts from *Il Vessillo Spiritista*.

M. Horace Pelletier contributes to *Le Messager* (Liege) of the 1st of September, an article in which he discusses the question "Is there another Life for Animals as well as Men?" and arrives at the conclusion that all kinds of animals have a soul; that it survives the body, and is immortal.

It may interest our esteemed confrère to know—if he is not already acquainted with the fact—that he is by no means singular in that conclusion. Our distinguished countrywoman, Mrs. Somerville, avowed herself a "believer in the immortality of the lower animals." Eugénie de Guérin wrote, "I have a tolerably strong belief in the souls of animals." Alphonse de Lamartine, speaking of the dog, says:—

"No! God will never quench this spark divine,  
Whether within some glorious orb it shine,  
Or lighten up the spaniel's tender gaze,  
Who leads his poor blind master through the maze  
Of this dark world; and when that task is o'er,  
Sleeps on his humble grave, to wake no more."

Robert Southey, writing of the death of a favourite spaniel, makes the following explicit declaration of faith in regard to the immortality of the lower animals:—

"Mine is no narrow creed;  
And he who gave thee being did not frame  
The mystery of life to be the sport  
Of merciless man. There is another world  
For all that live and move—a better one!  
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine  
Infinite goodness to the little bounds  
Of their own charity, may envy thee."

And the Rev. J. G. Wood, the well-known naturalist, asks the pertinent question, "Supposing the lower animals to have no future life, what becomes of Divine justice?" He also remarks upon the fact that animals frequently see spiritual beings before man does, and show by their terrified actions that they do so; which he regards as a proof that they possess spiritual vision; and this presupposes that they have a spiritual principle within them. The poet Virgil discerns the presence of a soul in every member of the animal kingdom, whether as regards

"Birds of th'air, or masters of the main,  
The ethereal vigour is in all the same;  
And every soul is filled with equal flame."

*Le Moniteur Spirite et Magnetique* (Brussels) announces an important discovery in connection with the fluidic

radiation emanating from each of us, the existence of which has long since been scientifically demonstrated. What has hitherto been wanting has been the power of measuring, analysing and comparing the vital power of this fluid, for the purposes of medical diagnosis. This has been discovered by Dr. Baraduc, who was Vice-President of the International Magnetic Congress of 1889. He has communicated the results of his researches to the Academy of Sciences in Brussels, which in spite of its prejudices and skepticism with respect to the mesmeric fluid, has been greatly impressed by the *compte-rendu* of his strictly scientific experiments. These conclusively prove not only the fact of the radiation, but its variation according to the pathological, psychological, and moral condition of the individual. Hitherto this has been a matter of belief; but now it is a matter of material proof.

Dr. Baraduc employs, for the purpose of his experiments, the magnetometer constructed for registering the smallest variations of human magnetism. It consists of a magnetic needle suspended in space, and moving toward a dial plate. The subject to be examined places his right hand about two inches distant from the south pole of the needle, and keeps it there for about two minutes. He then does the same with his left hand and the north pole. The figures indicated on the dial plate by the deflection of the needle are then compared for the purposes of the diagnosis. From upwards of a hundred of experiments, the following conclusions have been drawn:—

(1) When the left hand attracts the needle as many degrees as the right repels it—five being the average—it is a sign of perfect equilibrium and normal tension.

(2) When the right hand attracts the needle 30 degrees, and the left hand 20, it is a sign of ill health, general debility, and neurasthenia.

(3) When the right hand attracts the needle 30 degrees, and the left hand does not influence it at all, it shows a disproportion denoting absolute neurosis.

The editor of *Le Moniteur* looks upon this discovery as a revolution for science and for suffering humanity.

In the *Voile d'Isis* (Paris), of the 26th of August, the Abbé Jeannin, who was formerly vehemently opposed to magnetism, and attributed its effects to the agency of the devil, frankly acknowledges that his own experiments have convinced him to the contrary, and declares himself to be from henceforth a devoted pioneer of the magnetic science.

In *Le Spiritisme* (Paris) edited by M. G. Delanne, his brother publishes the particulars of some interesting manifestations which have taken place in a circle at Nice, with an excellent medium, Mme. B. —, who is both clairvoyant and clairaudient, and whose mediumistic faculties, he says, are twice as powerful when she is surrounded by sympathetic sitters: but this, we should think, is a general experience. One of the spirits who presented himself gave the name of Albert Chapuis, and proved to be an early friend of Mr. and Mme. Nozeram, who were present, and recognised the perfect accuracy of the medium's description of him; and he was further identified by his producing a piece of white and yellow striped satin which Mme. Nozeram had presented to him many years before. Clairvoyantly, the medium described the house inhabited by the Nozerams when they lived in Africa, where they had become acquainted with Chapuis. "It is in Algiers," said she. "There is a small garden behind the house with some flower beds half withered by the sun. There are only two or three stunted by the heat. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the sun lights up the left angle of the house. The little garden faces towards the south-east."

M. Nozeram stated that these particulars were strictly correct; and they were all the more remarkable because the house has since been pulled down to make room for a new street. The medium, it may be added, was never in Algiers. The spirit spoke of having met, in the other world, the spirit of a young girl who had formerly lived in the great market-place in Algiers. "Will you tell us the actual name of that open space?" asked M. Nozeram, who knew the young lady referred to. "Place des Chartres," was the reply. That was the locality. When the

spirit left, he detached a number of violets from his gir-dle, and distributed them among the sitters. M. Delanne vouches for the highly honourable and thoroughly truth-ful character of all the persons concerned.

*La Lumière* (Paris-Auteuil), give the particulars of an apparition seen at Sandillon, near Orleans, in the valley of the Loire, on the 21st of June last, as published in the *Petit Journal*, the most widely circulated newspaper in France. The scene of the apparition of the "white lady," as the spirit is called, was the farm of Argenant, occupied by M. Dubois, and the seer was his son, a well-educated lad of fourteen. The details given are so circumstantial as to justify the credence given to the boy's story; but corroboration is awaited.

In *La Lumière*, we also find a statement by M. Lachand, of some of the experiences of Napoleon the Third, in connection with the mediums he consulted. One of these was a Mr. Young, and the Emperor asked Mme. Lourmel, one of the ladies of the palace, and widow of the General of that name who was killed at Sebastopol, whether she would be afraid to evoke the spirit of her husband. Skeptical but courageous, she consented to do so, and by the aid of the medium, the General materialised and dematerialised in her presence, leaving her fully convinced of the phenomena. "Before the declaration of war against Prussia in 1870," writes M. Lachand, "Napoleon the Third, agitated by low ambitions, and weighed down perhaps by a load of remorse, consulted a celebrated medium named Repos, the legal adviser of the Consulate at Constantinople. This medium warned him that the war against Prussia would be fatal to his throne and dynasty, and disastrous to France, and that it must be avoided. Napoleon the Third, whom an eternal fatality drove towards the expiation of his crimes, replied that events and political influences were stronger than his will, and that it was impossible for him to resist the ambitions which surrounded his worm-eaten throne. War was declared, and we all know with what terrible results for France and for himself. His punishment commenced in this world.

It may be mentioned as an interesting proof of the world-wide ramifications of Spiritualism, and the universal diffusion of its organs, that *La Nueva Alianza* of Cienfuegos, in the island of Cuba, in its August issue, quotes from the *Revista Espiritista*, of Havannah, an article which appeared in the HARBINGER OF LIGHT, a few months ago, and which we had translated from a French publication.

*La Constancia* (Buenos Ayres), of the 15th August, contains an ably written article on the Origin, Nature, and Development of Spirits, in continuation of previous papers on the same subject, in which the writer argued that there only exists one created substance—the germ of life; and that this contains within itself all the intellectual and moral potentialities which will be developed in the lapse of time. These germs of life, as we have said, are the effect of the life which exists in God; that is to say, His incessant activity resolves itself into the effect of that activity; for what can that effect be, if not of the very essence and nature of its Cause? Therefore we have affirmed that there exists one sole creation only—life; and that this can only have one Creative Cause, the infinite and uncreated life, God! . . . All these germs are perfect as germs, and perfectible in their development.

*La Perseverancia* (Mendoza), of the 15th of August, translates from the HARBINGER OF LIGHT, with acknowledgments, the very interesting letter with respect to the late King of Holland, addressed to us some time back by Mme. Elise van Calcar, of the Hague. Our contemporary, with commendable zeal for the diffusion of light, gathers together from a wide variety of sources, valuable articles and interesting notices in relation to Spiritualism; and thus enables its readers in the Argentine Republic to know what is going on in other parts of the world, and to estimate the amount of intellectual energy which the greatest movement of modern times is everywhere pressing into its service.

The *Diario del Comercio*, of Guantanamo (Cuba), states that "the Spiritualist craze is extending in that locality like an epidemic." As the *Revista Espiritista* de

*la Habana* observes, "it would be difficult to name any part of the world in which it is not." In Puerto Rico, as we learn from the last-named journal, a new centre, or circle, has been established, with its president, secretary, and treasurer, making three which have been formed there; and steps are being taken to form a fourth. The admirable example set by the Spiritualists of Mayaguez, in founding a hospital in that city, is being followed by their brethren in Aguadilla, Isabela, and Utuado (Puerto Rico), who are about to establish an asylum in each, for the poor of all races.

The editor of *La Verité* (Rosario, Argentine Republic) animadvertes upon the injury done to Spiritualism by those who shrink from owning themselves as believers in it, when they are challenged by others who have imperfectly comprehended its phenomena; and by others again who exaggerate and misrepresent the communications they receive, in order to magnify their own importance in the eyes of persons seeking after wonders. "It is high time," observes M. Rastoul, "that all those who know that Spiritualism is a great truth, shall be willing to take the trouble to study it as it ought to be studied, instead of fabricating a fantastical Spiritualism of their own."

*Verdade e Luz* (S. Paulo, Brazil), quotes the following testimony to Spiritualism, borne by Senor Alphonso Herrera, the distinguished Mexican naturalist: "Spiritualism has combated numerous desolating ideas (as, for example, those of the materialists), demonstrating experimentally the existence and immortality of the soul, flooding the heart with joy and hope, restraining our passions, stimulating us to the practice of goodness, opening up new horizons and new ideas to humanity, and pouring celestial consolations into our souls, afflicted by the death of those who are dear to us, because it proves that they are by our sides as guides and protectors, and that we can communicate with them."

The September number of *Psychische Studien* contains an abstract of Dr. A. R. Wallace's article on objective apparitions, in the January number of the *Forum*; as also of M. Camille Flammarion's speculations with respect to the possibility of communicating with the inhabitants of the planet Mars; and also an article entitled "The Indian Juggler once more."

In an article entitled "The Political Press and Spiritualism, the *Revista Espiritista de la Habana* calls attention to the significant fact that important journals, like *El Pais*, *El Imparcial*, and *El Liberal* of Madrid, and *El Diluvio* of Barcelona, are publishing articles upon Spiritualism and kindred subjects, which are thoughtfully and seriously written.

The second of these journals remarks that inasmuch as "the phenomena really and positively exist, it is an act of unworthy vulgarity and profound ignorance to ignore them."

*El Pais* republishes one of Camille Flammarion's articles on Spiritualism; and *El Diluvio* follows in the same track, because it holds it to be "a duty to keep its readers *au courant* with the latest scientific investigations." And this in priest-ridden Spain!—this in the land of Torquemada and of Philip the Second! while in this colony, where we clap our wings and crow over our supposed intelligence, freedom, and mental courage, the subject of Spiritualism is contemptuously ignored by the public press, or is sneered at as either a fraud or a delusion.

*La Revue Spirite* (Paris) presents to its readers a careful analysis by Commandant Dufilhol, of a volume of "Memorabilia," just published at Bellinzona, in Italy, by Signor A. Pioda, in which that gentleman has brought together a mass of information upon the science of Spiritualism, collected from the works of Professor Thury, Professor Zöllner, and other writers, evidently constituting a most valuable contribution to its history and literature. Our contemporary also transfers from the *Nouvelle Revue*, a portion of the striking article on Spiritualism, by M. J. E. Alaux, of which we published an epitome in our August number.

A thoughtful article on Innate Ideas appears in the *Reformador* (Rio de Janeiro), of the 15th of July, the

latest which has reached us. The writer suggests the following explanation of those ideas: "The spirit becoming incarnated, loses the memory of its past, but preserves during this transitory oblivion all (the ideas) it has acquired and are conducive to its progress. Thus, as men of genius remember that which enables them to soar above and to surpass the noblest intelligences, by the light they diffuse; so, and by the same law, certain spirits entertain a vague recollection of ideas acquired in another existence, which they emit, without knowing from whence they came."

Lovers of "In Memoriam" will not require to be reminded that the same truths have been presented by Tennyson, in a more poetical form:—

"How fares it with the happy dead?  
For here the man is more and more;  
But he forgets the days before  
God shut the doorways of his head.  
The days have vanish'd tone and tint,  
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense  
Gives out at times (he knows not whence),  
A little flash, a mystic hint."

Such an experience is familiar to hundreds of persons; who have been quite unable to account for it. In fact it is inexplicable upon any other assumption than that of pre-existence.

*Op de Grenzen van Twee Werelden* (the Hague) publishes a striking communication from a spirit, entitled "The Awakening of an Unprepared Soul," describing the emotions experienced, the knowledge gained, and the work which had to be performed, as the indispensable preliminary and the sole means of progress. The latter was summed up in three words: "To do good"—*Doorh et goede te doen*—and the methods of doing it were also explained.

In concluding his narrative, the spirit exclaims: "Blessed is he who on earth purifies himself of the dark stains of sin that have defiled his terrestrial garments, so that he shall not be ashamed to meet the eyes of the heavenly pure."

Another article deals with various experiments in the application of magnetism to the apparently dead; and the next treats of the colour of the magnetic radiation and its variations. Succeeding this we have an account of the interview of Col. Ingersoll with Henry Slade; a terse little paper "Where is Heaven?" and an "Open Letter," in Mme. Van Calcar's best style, to a young lady, in explanation and vindication of the writer's devotion to Spiritualism.

*Le Spiritisme* (Paris) publishes two communications received by M. Flammarion from a spirit purporting to be that of the illustrious Galileo. One was to the following effect:—"As the architecture of the heavens is superior to that of earthly temples, and as the infinity of space is superior to that cognisable by the human senses, so, in its spiritual relations, is the future life superior to the present. Seek before all things to be just towards men, and to live in charity with each, and you will certainly arrive at a superior degree in that future life, which you know not how to comprehend, because it refuses to be grasped by your finite intelligence; but which you may dimly discern through the prism of your spiritual hope."

Nosso contemporaneo, *C Reformador*, é informado que O HARBINGER OF LIGHT é viajado em posta regularmente.

Il redattore degli *Annali Dello Spiritismo in Italia* é pregato da permutare coll HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

Nosotros pediamos los directores de la *Revista des Estudios Psicologicos* (Barcelona) à permutar con este papel periodico.

The *Golden Way* for October, comes to us freighted with good things from the pens of Ella Wilson Marchant, Rose Bushnell, William Emmette Coleman, John Wetherbee, and other able writers. It is ornamented with a beautifully executed portrait of Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the celebrated test medium and speaker of San Francisco. Not only the contents, but the "get up" of this journal is excellent; the present number contains 52 pages of matter.

## PROFESSOR KIDDLE.

THE following extract, from an article by Professor Kiddle which appeared in the *Banner* not long since, is reprinted in his obituary:—"It is not respectability nor popularity that they—Spiritualists—are in quest of, *but the truth, and the whole truth; and they offer no compromise with its enemies.* They know full well that, with every sacrifice and concession, Spiritualism at present can be only 'quasi-respectable' in the eyes of those whose church, social and professional associations forbid them from expressing, or even indicating, any regard for so unpopular a thing—so hateful a practice, as 'dealing with the dead.' Spiritualism must go to them, they will not come to it. *All attempts at compromise or conciliation are vain and useless. Why, then, should not the believers in the New Revelation stand in unbroken front, regardless of the hostile sentiments of social, religious or professional orthodoxy—without caring a straw whether they are regarded as 'quasi-respectable,' or utterly condemned as probates?*"

## "FIN DE SIECLE."

SOME time ago we noticed a series of historical narratives dictated by the spirit of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, a well-known nobleman in the time of Charles the Second; in which he described the events of which he had been an eye-witness in his earlier incarnations from the time of Pharaoh Merneptah downwards. These were given through the mediumship of Wera Krijanowsky, a Russian lady of noble birth, and daughter of the General of that name.

These narratives were five in number; and he has since dictated ten others, all of which are to be published in due time. This evidently powerful and gifted spirit has just made a communication through the same medium to Signor Ernesto Volpi, which appears in the September number of the *Vessillo Spiritista*, of Vercelli, edited by that gentleman. In it Rochester speaks of the social and religious chaos which now prevails, and makes the following impressive statement:—"At this moment we find ourselves at a decisive instant or epoch in the planetary life of our globe; one "day of Brahma" is about to finish, and a night of repose should succeed. The forces of nature must be restored, and regain sap and vitality for a new generation of humanity. I will relate to you here our history in this heaven that is about to be eclipsed, the actors in which, in a future that is near at hand, will be divided and chosen, some to ascend into a superior planet, and others to descend into an inferior world, as the standard-bearers of progress; while a third section, whose intelligence is highly developed, but whose morality is very far from being so, will remain here as instructors of the new humanity which will arrive from below. These last will form the phalanx of fallen angels—a truthful legend well known in all the worlds of our system and its equivalents. This idea dates backwards to the distant epoch in which terminated the cycle that preceded us. A similar choice having been then made, some ascended and others descended; and a society (of which we formed part) received from superior judges and guides the injunction to remain upon the earth in order to teach the new inhabitants of the planet all that their intelligence has since inquired into, learned, and mastered with respect to religion, sociology, science, and morality." "You will be the head of these feeble intelligences; you will teach them all that you have seen, known, and learned." Such was the sentence.

"Those left behind, little pleased with the sublime mission which had been imposed upon them, were very unhappy. They were separated from their old companions and from all that spiritual family in which for centuries their sympathies had been concentrated. Angry and full of disdain, they were obliged to be incarnated among intelligences coming from a lower world, inferior to themselves in all respects, and they felt themselves bewildered in this new realm, not knowing as yet what use to make of all the riches that were offered to them. But if the veil of flesh and of forgetfulness hid many

things from those who were thus left behind, they had not, at the same time, been deprived of their potent intelligence, of the knowledge they had acquired, and of the intuition which caused their recollections to revive. In short, disseminated among the masses, the stay-behinds (*ritardatarii*) recognised one another, conversed together, attached themselves afresh to the remnants of the traditions which had survived the cataclysm. They formed a solid chain, and made themselves masters of the ignorant populations whom they had been commissioned to direct and instruct.

"Possessing the surest means of domination, and of becoming lords of the human conscience, the stay-behinds founded sacerdotalism, and from the recesses of their temples, surrounded by mystery and by superstitious fears, they reigned over the ignorant peoples. These last were made to labour for their profit, and were adored and feared by them, because they pleaded in their favour to the divinity without whose good-will they could not exist. These priests declared and not without reason, that they were the representatives of God upon the earth, by whose supreme will they had been designated to guide and instruct their inferiors; but instead of the kindness and affection which such guides should exhibit to the poor and the ignorant, the stay-behinds gave a loose rein to their pride and their egotism."

We venture to assert this is the best and most complete explanation which has been ever given of the origin of priesthoods, and of those natural aristocracies, as they are called, the rise of which at so early a period of mundane history, and the remarkable ascendancy they acquired among semi-civilised tribes, and among nations still more advanced, have constituted such perplexing problems for the human mind.

The spirit of Rochester continues:—

"With a rigorous jealousy they concealed their knowledge under a veil of mystery. They employed their science and managed the forces of nature so as to inspire fear and consolidate their power. In course of time arose whatsoever was indispensable for the guidance of the people—priest, king, scientist, and physician, and thus were provided all the conditions for collecting and administering whatever was amassed by the labour of the inferior classes, who were kept in a state of credulity and brutishness; not having conceded to them more than a few fragments of knowledge; and not admitting any new adepts, except in very small numbers. In short, wheresoever intelligence might be awakened among the lower grades of society, its force was expended when exposed to clash with the impenetrable mystery with which its masters, guides, and representatives of its God surrounded themselves."

The spirit of Rochester then goes on to describe how, from time to time, divine missionaries, like Christna, Buddha, and Jesus, became incarnated among men, lifting up the lowly, instructing the ignorant, preaching the sublime doctrine of human brotherhood, and denouncing priestcraft and sacerdotalism. And the earlier of their disciples were likeminded with themselves; but later followers obscured the light of truth, perverted the pure teachings of the great Reformers we have named, organised institutions called churches, established priest-hoods, arrogated to themselves celestial authority, and almost godlike functions, until religion became what we see it now—a mass of superstitious rites and ceremonies, built up on creeds and dogmas of human invention, which have become so repellant to the cultivated classes that numbers of them have swung over, in the recoil, to materialism and atheism. And the spiritual perceptions of the great mass of the civilised nations of the world have become so deadened that when "a cloud of witnesses" from the unseen world manifest themselves, proclaiming the immortality of the soul, proving the reality of the other life, and establishing, by an overwhelming weight of evidence, the consoling, elevating, instructive fact of the "communion of spirits," in and out of the flesh—every demonstration of these all-important truths is received with ridicule, skepticism, and contumely. But thus it has ever been. Jesus was accused of being possessed by a devil, and Paul was branded as a madman.

"In this conflict of the ages," observes the spirit of Rochester, in conclusion, "is comprehended the moral, political, and social history of the peoples. As it was, so it will be. We are approaching the end of a cycle which, in the bloody track of their sufferings, will yet see a true Missionary born into the world. Then our civilisation will die, leaving behind it nothing but ruins. Will the next stay-behinds, masters of the inferior populations, that ascend the invisible scale of perfection, be better than ourselves? Will they divide with their younger brethren the treasures of science, of loving-kindness and affection? I doubt it; but no matter. For them, as for us, the moment will arrive when penitent, corrected, and animated by an earnest desire for good, they will carry the light where they have previously scattered darkness, and will retemper their souls in a supreme effort.

"God, in His infinite mercy, has created immutable laws which, sooner or later, will conduct intelligence to its supreme end—perfection. If man in his pride ignores these laws, he only is to blame; but he is never definitively lost, because the bounty of the Creator enables him to repair the evil he has done, by means of the good which redeems all sin."

### IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

#### III.

ALTHOUGH the testimony of multitudes of disembodied spirits annihilates the material hell of "fire and brimstone" and the personal demi-god termed the "devil," it by no means teaches that the next life is without suffering to those whose conduct on earth has been evil. But this suffering is not an arbitrary enactment of a vindictive God; on the contrary it is the result of the moral status of the spirit at the time of death, for the law is that a disembodied spirit to a great extent creates its own surroundings. It is the duty of that incarnated God-spark—the soul of man—to acquire by earth experience, knowledge and goodness, so as to fit it to become one of God's workmen in the ruling of the Universe; and if it fail in this object then suffering results through non-fulfilment of its mission. This suffering however, is not eternal; it lasts just so long as the spirit refuses to recognise its mission and its dependence on God. This, in the case of extreme grossness, may be a very long period of our earthly time; but sooner or later, the awakening occurs. Then the accusing conscience of the spirit urges it to undo to the utmost all the evil it has done; or, if this is impossible, to do all the good it can do, until self conscientiousness tells that an atonement has been made.

The next instance I shall write about, of these lone-suffering ones who have been brought into magnetic rapport with me, I shall term

#### THE DUNGEON DWELLER.

Though hell-fire does not exist in the Spirit-world, yet it is a fact that there is an "outer darkness" and "wailing and gnashing of teeth," and this poor spirit, the subject of my paper, experienced this form of suffering in the extreme.

One night I awoke with the impression upon me that I had experienced a disagreeable dream, and I was also sensible of feeling a strong unpleasant spirit influence. I was about to rise, light the candle and wash my face and head, (an excellent method of throwing off those oppressive magnetic influences that sensitives cannot avoid) when there was presented to my mental vision a picture of heart-rending sadness. I was apparently standing in one of those dreadful underground dungeons, which only a few centuries ago were the usual adjuncts of all castles, palaces, and monasteries. It was dark as dark can be, and I felt the influence of damp, slimy, foetid surroundings. Suddenly, in the centre, I perceived a man. From him emanated sufficient light to enable me to distinguish his form, features, and clothing, while all around was still dark. He was tall, gaunt as a skeleton, and standing with one foot in advance of the other, and with the right arm outstretched towards the angle the wall would make with the ceiling. His clothes

were shreds of rottenness, his grey hair, beard and moustache were long, unkempt, tangled; the spittle was dribbling from his mouth, the eyes were sunken, but glared with a look of utter despair, of absolute hopelessness. There he stood, the personification of extreme misery and unhappiness. In his outstretched hand was a sort of lantern from which extended a feeble ray as from a dying candle. With this he walked round and round the dungeon peering into the darkness, which his feeble lamp was unable to dissipate. "God help you, whatever may have been your sins," would involuntary have been the thought of any one to whom this wretched semblance of humanity had been presented. *He is suffering—Speak to him—He knows not he is a spirit,* were the gentle whispers that clairaudiently came to me. I did so, and he turned his care-eaten face towards me. Oh! that I had the pencil of a Reubens so as to paint this fearful picture of what the spirit of man can sink to, for it would be making known but a truth, and possibly might help to induce sympathy among mankind for the lost ones from earth. "Pray for the souls of the dead." What truth there is in that practice of the Catholic Church when sincerely performed. My pen is quite unable to depict the utter misery of this man's countenance. He was so dazed that I could make nothing of him except that he "*was trying for a way out,*" always "*trying for a way out.*" I told him to pray, and God would help him, but this, as I have noticed in other instances brought before me, only induced him to utter a torrent of blasphemy, for "there was no God who would help." I knew not what to say to him, and must mentally have expressed this feeling, for there came down the words, "*Tell him to ask for light.*" I did so, and directed his attention upwards, and told him I had been sent by God's angels to speak to him. He looked upwards; there was a flash of light, and the scene vanished from my sight.

No sooner had it disappeared than multitudes of tiny raps sounded on my pillow, and on my head. How they did patter around me. These were telegraphic messages from the unseen world testifying to the joy the angels felt at this poor lone spirit's emancipation from its awful surroundings. Cheerful voices from one and another told me of the pleasure those who had managed to bring this man in connection with me, felt at the success of their efforts. I was told that during life he had been imprisoned in this dungeon, that he had been guilty of much evil, that he had died there, but had been unconscious of the change, and so found himself in identically similar surroundings, and having no knowledge of a future life, or belief in Deity, or the possibility of help, in this fearful loneliness he must remain until the idea of help to get to another place arose in his mind. I remarked that consequently he might have remained thus secluded for fifty years perhaps, if he had not been brought into rapport with me. "*Ay! For hundreds of years, may be,*" was the reply. And again the tiny electric raps tapped upon the pillow, and again I caught faint notes of the angel world rejoicing, for on that day one poor sinner had taken his first step upwards on the ladder which—thank God—extends from hell to heaven.

The reader who remembers the instance of the "Lost Stockman," the subject of my first paper, will note that in the case also of this poor dungeon dweller the first gleam of aspiration implanted was of a trivial nature. Yet in both instances how applicable to the lone one's surroundings is the thought impressed! the wanderer on the treeless plain was directed to a belt of trees, and the trees immediately appeared; the solitary occupant of the darkness was told to desire light, and instantly light was given. In both cases the applicability and simplicity of the thought desired to be implanted startled me when I heard it whispered, for the counsel was so different to that which I had been endeavouring to impart. Undoubtedly the greatest suffering of such stagnant, sunken souls must be in the feeling that their dreadful surroundings are eternal. It cannot be otherwise, for not the slightest gleam of another place, or of a God, or man, who could help them, exists in their minds. Moment succeeds moment, each one like the other, no change, no relief, no work, and no sleep; all is "thought, thought, thought." What a punishment! Let us hope it is expia-

tory for crimes committed, and not the mere result of ignorance of spiritual aspiration, for it is a condition compared with which earthly madness is as Heaven. Fellow spiritualists, when such suffering ones come knocking at your door of mediumship, turn them not away because they are "unprogressed," or "low," and you were anticipating a Shakespeare or a Swedenborg at your table. Speak kindly and sympathetically to them, even as did the Nazarene teacher to the suffering ones of earth 1800 years ago. No harm, such as undesired obsession can come to you, if only you keep your thoughts pure, and ask God to bless you in aiding these dwellers in the valley of the Shadow of Death.

PRAY FOR THE SOULS OF THE DEAD!

SUGKAMNO.

(To be continued.)

## SPIRITUALISTIC EXPERIENCES.

BY J. JAY WATSON.

My wife's father, Mr. Samuel Parsons, of Gloucester, who passed to the "life beyond" in 1865, seemed to possess a gift for foretelling future events that frequently transpired as he would predict. Mr. Parsons was noted for a strict regard for honesty and truth, and was somewhat materialistic in his views as to a future state of existence. A clear conscience and the respect of his fellow men was of more consequence to him than an abundance of this world's goods. After my marriage to his daughter Amelia, most of our time was spent in New York city. We frequently, however, made visits to the dear old Parsons' homestead, where we were always sure of a bright and hearty New England welcome. Our coming home was almost invariably predicted by Mr. Parsons to a day, not from any intimation on our part, but through some sort of intuition which could not be attributed to shrewd Yankee "guessing."

We frequently talked of the change called death, and exchanged views as to a future state of existence. During one of these conversations, Mr. Parsons and myself mutually agreed that the one who should be first called to pay the debt of nature, would, if there was a possibility of spirit return, with sufficient power to tangibly manifest its presence, surely do so; and in order that there could be no mistaking the individual identity, the spirit so returning would seize the one still in earth-life while in bed by the hair of his head, and forcibly pull him from his bed to the floor. Dear, good Mrs. Amelia F. Parsons, my mother-in-law, and one of the noblest women that ever lived, would gently chide her husband and myself for what seemed to her sacrilegious talk, as would also my wife and other members of the family. Laughable, and even ridiculous, as it may seem, this promise was at various times renewed, and frequently in the presence of mutual friends, who are still living. This agreement was made as a sort of harmless joke, neither Mr. Parsons nor myself having, up to this time, seriously investigated the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism in any form.

During my visit to San Francisco, Cal., while managing the "Ole Bull Concert Combination," I had occasion to employ a number of persons, one of whom having proved himself glaringly dishonest, I was obliged to discharge. This individual, not being satisfied with my leniency in letting him off without legal punishment, vowed vengeance upon me, saying to several persons that I should not leave California alive. As "barking dogs seldom bite," I paid little attention to his threats.

One evening after the conclusion of our first concert, I was accompanied to my hotel by J. Heneage Carter, Esq., an old-time friend, and the originator of the once famous "Carter Zouave Troupe." After depositing the receipts of the evening with Mr. Ridgeway, clerk of the Lick House, where our company were then stopping, I retired to my room with my friend Carter. A brief chat ensued on various topics connected with the entertainment just closed, no allusion, however, being made to the threats of the discharged employé. Mr. Carter bade me a cheerful good-night, and took his departure.

I had no anxiety upon my mind, had eaten no hearty

supper, taken no beverage in the shape of wine or liquor of any description; in fact, I have scrupulously avoided dissipation in any form up to the present moment of my life, consequently there was nothing in my stomach to induce nightmare or unpleasant dreams. I have never been troubled with insomnia or any of its attendant evils.

After Mr. Carter's departure I immediately retired and fell into a tranquil sleep, from which I was most unceremoniously awakened without the slightest warning, by being suddenly and vigorously grasped by the hair of the head, apparently by a strong hand, and jerked with tremendous force from my bed, landing sprawling upon the floor. Gaining my feet as quickly as possible, I prepared to face a demon in the flesh of some sort, and cautiously groped about the room in hopes of finding a chair with which to defend myself, if need be.

No further demonstration being made, however, I proceeded to strike a light, nor for a moment did I lose my self-control, although constantly expecting to be attacked by some unseen foe. Upon carefully examining my room there was not the slightest sign of any being, human or otherwise, and with the exception of myself, not even a mouse or a mosquito broke the onimous silence. Looking at my watch I found the time to be 5.40 A.M. My scalp still smarting intensely, I could not attribute this strange experience to hallucination in any of its varied forms. Had I been in the vicinity of an Indian camp I could readily have believed from the harsh treatment I had received that I was minus that important appendage to which the noble savage usually pays his marked respects.

As there is no effect without a cause, and *vice versa*, I made up my mind to solve the problem if possible. In a few moments a terrible thought flashed upon me. Perhaps some member of my family or near relative had died suddenly. I was daily expecting news from New York of an event in relation to my wife, and my son Emmons was born shortly after. Hastily making my toilet I proceeded to the nearest telegraph station, and impatiently awaited the arrival of the operator. My despatch was directed to my wife, who was then stopping with my sister Sarah, in New York City, and simply read, "How are you all? Answer." It took some time longer in those days (1870) to send a telegram and receive an answer between San Francisco and New York City, than it does now. A couple of hours of intense suspense and anxiety brought the laconic reply, "All well."

As the novelty of the situation gradually wore away, I seated myself in a chair and gave myself up to reflection, endeavoring to solve the meaning of the remarkable phenomenon just experienced. Strange to say the compact made by my wife's father and myself did not occur to my mind. Mr. Parsons had been out of the body more than five years, but it seems strange that our old compact had not at once presented itself to my mind.

I returned to the Lick House, still in a sort of dazed state of mind, but as the day wore on I gradually resumed my many duties. Had the compact which I made with Father Parsons presented itself to my mind, it would have been a relief, if not a satisfaction. I told the story to my friend Ole Bull, and the great violinist, who had for many years been a confirmed Spiritualist, worried a good deal over what he termed "Watson's dream."

Upon our return to New York, in company with Ole Bull and some members of my family, we visited the late Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill, the eldest of the famous Fox sisters, through whose mediumship the alleged "spirit raps," or "Rochester knockings," first appeared in 1848. Mrs. Underhill was kind enough to give us a sitting, not for pecuniary reward, as the lady was married to Daniel Underhill, Esq., a wealthy and highly esteemed New York gentleman, president of one of the largest insurance companies in this city. Mrs. Underhill's family and my own had been intimate for many years, her daughter Lillie having been for a long time a pupil at my Musical Institution.

After a few moments, the raps came loud and fast, and the following astounding interpretation of my California

experience purporting to come from Mr. Samuel Parsons, was spelled out:

"John, the man whom you discharged in San Francisco was on the verandah of the hotel, and determined to execute his terrible threat. I thought it a good time to redeem my promise, and pulled you out of bed by your hair. I was obliged to do this roughly in order to thoroughly awaken you. SAMUEL PARSONS."

The window of my room at the hotel opened upon the veranda, and my window was not secured, being partially open, with blinds closed. Mr. Parsons always addressed me as "John."

I am aware that these recitals will be set down as ridiculous vagaries by many. I only give the facts as they have occurred, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

255 West 43d St., N.Y.

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### THE PLANET SATURN.

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"THE inspirational lecture delivered at the rooms of the Association on Thursday evening," writes a visitor well qualified by his profession and literary training to give a competent opinion on the subject, "was one of the most interesting and instructive discourses I ever listened to. The language was simple, lucid, and impressive; never commonplace and never inflated; and it flowed from the lips of the speaker in one unbroken stream, without a pause and without a correction. The right word was always in the right place, and all present must have felt that the speaker, or rather her control, was conscious of but one difficulty, that of compressing into a limited compass the immense amount of information he was capable of communicating with respect to a world so remote from our own. His animadversions upon our own nominally Christian civilisation, our erroneous systems of education, our popular religious beliefs, etc., must have been felt to be painfully true, while at the same time they were touched upon in a spirit of compassionate tenderness, such as might be expected from a being standing upon a far higher spiritual plane than we can possibly attain to for tens of thousands, or perhaps millions of years.

"He gave his name as Aleph, one of the inhabitants of the planet Saturn, which he spoke of as the most highly advanced of all the worlds comprehended in the solar system; and proceeded to describe its physical structure and the social and industrial life of its inhabitants. Its diameter being nine times that of the earth, everything is in a commensurately larger scale; its plains, its forests, and all the features of its landscape scenery. It is the abode of a race kindred but greatly superior to our own, especially in the matter of spirituality. Sickness, disease, want, crime, and war, are entirely unknown. Therefore there are no hospitals, poor-houses or penitentiaries. The Law of Love, preached in so many so-called Christian churches upon earth, and practised so very rarely by their congregations, is universally and gladly obeyed. Therefore, neither governments, nor statutes, nor judges, nor lawyers, nor police, are necessary. They are indeed as superfluous as surgeons or physicians. In magnificent temples constructed of white marble, the like of which does not exist on earth, the people of Saturn assemble to worship the All-Father, the One God, whom they adore as the Source of Life, the Fountain of Wisdom, the Creator of the Universe, the Absolutely Just and Good, the Infinitely Loving. And each of these temples is a throne of art, nature and art being twin sisters. The term of life upon the planet Saturn is forty years (and here it should be observed that, as that world occupies twenty-nine years in its annual revolution round the sun, while its diurnal rotation on its own axis only occupies ten hours and a half, it follows that the lifetime of an inhabitant of Saturn, measured by the number of days they live, must exceed 2000 years.) But they never grow old, in our sense of the word, and the change called death, occasions no apprehension or regret either to the departing or to their survivors; because the intercourse between the incarnate

and the spirits who people the spheres surrounding them, is so close and constant, that they can scarcely be said to be separate. Nor is mediumship required. Spirits materialise themselves without effort, and mingle like comrades with those who are still in the flesh.

Saturn has become what it is by the divine law of evolution and progress. At some incalculably remote period of time it passed through all the lower phases of development which this earth is now passing through, and the time will come when the Earth will be as Saturn.

"This," adds our contributor, "is a very imperfect summary of 'Aleph's' discourse; which was touched with a devotional fervour and an elevation of feeling that must have caused every one present to understand how true it is that we may 'converse with angels unawares.'"

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### THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

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THE flesh and the spirit are eternally remote from one another. The one is finite, the other infinite; the one is palpable but unreal, the other hidden but supremely real; what is gain to the one is often loss to the other; what the one seeks the other avoids; when the flesh sees only darkness about it, the spirit discerns light shining from the mansion of God and beckoning it onward. The war between the two is as old as the moral history of man. Ever since the heart of man woke up, and felt within itself a yearning too deep for this world, it strove through darkness and error to catch a glimpse of regions where its aspirations might be fulfilled, its agonies soothed. And the bright points of human history are those where the spirit has subdued the flesh, and moral considerations have triumphed over base desires. We feel the reality, the depth, of the human soul most when we contemplate events which bear witness to the power of moral principles, which illustrate how the weak have triumphed over the mighty, the ignorant over the wise, through devotion to lofty instincts.

The annals of the world are something more than a record of follies and crimes. The history of nations is the history of the conflict between the flesh and the spirit, the lower and the higher self of man. And what solemn and profound lessons does a thoughtful view of the past yield! No disappointments or difficulties have been able to stifle the yearning after the higher world in man; and his very eagerness to have the questionings of the spirit answered has often led him to accept the teachings of false prophets.

It has often been said that a man is an epitome of the entire universe. Whether this is true in all respects or not, the conflict of the flesh and the spirit in the individual certainly corresponds to the war between the earthly and the spiritual in human society. The interests of worldly life too often blind us to the deeper needs of the soul, but the light can never wholly go out of us. We are not happy, we are not at ease, even when all outward circumstances are smooth and agreeable. The spirit thirsts after a deeper joy than the brightest day of earthly prosperity can afford. We would fain forget ourselves, and believe that we can be contented with little aims and occupations; but the soul is too large for this world.

When the poet exclaims in indignant sarcasm: "The richest among us is the best," the very fact of such a protest being made against the standard of the worldly shows that in his inmost heart man cannot accept wealth as the measure of happiness or excellence. The spiritual, however it may be eclipsed by the material, cannot be extinguished. The moment we return to the soul from the din of outward things, we feel ourselves emancipated, we feel we are at home again!

Various tests are adopted by men to measure religious faith or moral excellence. Too often it is the acceptance of certain dogmas or the performance of certain rites which is supposed to indicate religious belief. Those who are more liberal and discriminating insist that, un-

less a professed principle exerts an influence upon character, a man cannot be said to follow that principle; and therefore a man's faith must be ascertained, not from the formulas of belief he adopts, but from the ideas which shape the course of his life. These ideas, however, vary largely even among truly religious and earnest men; and therefore we find different types of godliness or moral beauty in society. What is the common element belonging to all such types? What is the *one* thing which a man must have in order to be religious or virtuous? Faith in the reality of the soul. That is the broad trait which surmounts all sectarian or individual differences in moral culture. Does a man discern in himself higher needs, enjoyments, sorrows, than those in the flesh? Does he see that he has an inner self which is his master, the health and well-being of which throws into insignificance the details of outward life? That determines the moral value of his life. If a man believes in the soul, he will come to believe in all that is true and beautiful, no matter what his present errors may be. If a man abandons himself to the flesh, and does not feel any higher need than that of the comforts and conveniences and purple-tinted gaieties of earthly life, he is in the darkness, though he may be talking of light.—*Indian Messenger*.

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### SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

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OUR attention has been called to the following message from the *Banner of Light* of 22nd August, 1891, and we publish it in hope of its meeting the eye of friends of the communicating spirit. Séance at their office, 29th May, 1891. Mrs. M. T. Longley, medium.

JOHN STEVENSON.

It is to a distant port that I hope my word will go for I come here trusting to reach friends of mine at Melbourne, Australia. I know this is a long distance from there, but I was told by spirits in that city that if I would come to this place I might succeed in sending a word to my friends. I have tried to do so for three years, but this is the first time I have succeeded in taking hold of your instrument.

You may call me John Stevenson, and say for me, if you please, that I have the power to return from the other world whole in mind and body; somewhat different from the condition under which I went out of earth-life, but, nevertheless, strong and active, and, as far as I know, an entire man in appearance as well as in intellect.

I did not expect to go from earth in the manner that I did, and I hoped to live many more years on this side. I knew nothing of the spirit-world. I did not realise what manner of life is there, and that natural re-union takes place in that country between friend and friend. I was rather positive by nature, and I may say a natural-born skeptic. I had to inquire into things to know their why and wherefore before I could accept them as facts. I am very much the same as I was here, but I have learned many lessons, and have come to wait patiently until I can understand a matter that is up for consideration before I pass judgment on it. I was a little in that line when here, but not as much as since.

Some of my friends in Australia, not only in Melbourne, but at Sydney, are asking questions concerning the spirit-world. This Spiritualism has a hold on many in those places, and it is quietly making its way and creating interest in the minds of thinkers. Now some of my friends are coming to learn of it. They do not understand it at all, but they say they wish to do so, and I hope they will establish a circle, or circles, in their own home life, and truly seek to investigate the subject. I promise to do what I can to give them information, and to bring evidence of spirit existence and of spirit communication to them. I think after a while I may succeed in that line, because I am satisfied that there are mediumistic qualities among my friends which may be developed and bring good and useful results.

## THE KNOWABLE AND THE UNKNOWABLE CONCERNING SPIRIT AND SPIRITUALISM.

AXIOMS, or self-evident truths, rather than assumptions, are the proper foundation-stones to be used in the construction of the temple of truth. And axioms exist of necessity. No one is called upon to prove them; nor is any one expected to prove that he is gifted with reason before being permitted to use his reasoning faculties.

None considered sane deny their own personal existence. None deny the existence of space in which they exist; nor the existence of God, of which they are naturally conscious. They may conjure up a thousand opinions about God, and differ also in their attempted definitions of God. To such definitions and opinions there is no end. But the axiomatic truth of the Divine Existence eternal and immutable persists, and persists among all races and under all skies. And no accurate thinker, I am sure, denies the existence of God—denies that power in the universe that makes for righteousness. Coarse denial, at best, is no mark of either genius or greatness. For aught we know to the contrary, swine may deny the existence of the acorn-producing oak—deny the oak, yet feast and fatten upon the falling acorns.

The thinking world is tired of negation—tired of agnostic babble. It is absolutely senseless for men pretending to erudition to persistently parade before the public what they *don't know*. And here is just the difference between agnosticism and Spiritualism, viz.: I don't know, and I do know. The agnostic says, I don't know anything about a future existence. Very well; then drop your ink-dripping pen and shut your tonguey mouth. Silence in your case is decidedly golden. Contrariwise, the Spiritualist says, I do know about a future existence, and through mediumship and sundry psychic phenomena, I am prepared to demonstrate this knowledge to you and the world. Spiritualism and science are and ever have been in perfect accord. Agnostic platitudes have had their day; while spiritualistic phenomena are achieving grander, mightier victories every day, every year.

### MATTER THE UNKNOWABLE.

What microscope has revealed the primordial atom? What eye has seen it? What hand has handled it? Not one. Has the primary atom size, weight, colour, hardness? No mortal knows. And therefore it is the unknowable. In fact, the atom, and that aggregation of atoms called matter, are just as unknowable to the physicist as is God to the religionist, and far more so. Touching the nature of matter physicists occupy no common ground. It had long been thought that the resistance which matter offers to pressure was produced by the hardness of its particles; but Sir Wm. Thomson declares right to the contrary, contending that the resistance is caused by the rapidity of motion in something almost infinitely soft.

The distinguished scientist Boscovitch argues that atoms devoid of size, form, or weight, are but centres of force. The late Prof. Clifford contended that every atom and every molecule of matter in the universe originally possessed a bit of "mind-stuff." Alfred R. Wallace, occupying higher and far more rational grounds, suggested in one of his volumes that "material forces might be the direct outcome of the Divine Will—might be, indeed, that Will itself in action."

These different definitions and disagreements amongst the ablest scientists of the world, plainly prove there is no authoritative certainty about the ultimate nature of matter or of the atoms that constitute it.

*Matter*, then, is the unknowable! It is in constant flux. Its highest forms are but crumbling shells. The chemist's retort readily changes and transforms its visibility into gaseous invisibility—the unknowable!

### SPIRIT THE KNOWABLE.

Ego, mind, soul, spirit, self, are generally used interchangeably by the best writers of our time. Any one of the terms will serve my present purpose, yet I rather prefer the word soul, which in reality is the unseen man himself, and the will is the soul in action. Beautifully

has my friend Walt. Whitman said: "We will joyfully accept modern science, and loyally follow it; but there remains a still higher flight, a higher fact—the *eternal soul of man*. . . . To me the crown of scientism will be to open the way for a more splendid theology, for ampler and diviner songs."

The genuine agnostic does not dogmatically deny the existence of the soul; but only the possibility of knowing it. His frequent language is: "I may have a soul, or a dozen of them, for aught I know to the contrary; but I do not know it." . . . "I only know phenomena, such as sensations, experiences, and thoughts that are coming and going, changing and passing away—*these* make up the sum of my being." Do they? Such reasoning to me is little better than semi-idiocy. It must be clear to every solid thinker that appearances, thoughts and feelings cannot exist in and of themselves. They can only exist as related to and *in* a mind or soul; for attributes and qualities must be qualities of something! An appearance, as Prof. Momerie well remarks, in order to be an appearance must appear to some one. A feeling must be felt by some one, and a thought must be thought by some one. Without some one to think there certainly could be no thought; and so, without the conscious soul, there could be neither thoughts, feelings, nor morally profitable experiences. And again, just as sensation involves the feeling felt, so remembrance involves the facts remembered, and the mind or soul also which remembers. And further, the act of remembrance necessarily implies the soul's consciousness or recognition of both its existence and permanence. The soul, indeed, *must* exist in order to possess any given qualities or attributes. And moreover, this soul which exists, underlies and outlasts, phenomena, is etherealized substance, a *substantial entity*—a permanent and positively persistent personality! To this end Herbert Spencer well says that "personality is a fact of which each one is conscious."

In the process of thinking, I perceive that it is I who think. In volition, I not only know that there is something being willed, but I am conscious of and know that it is I who will it. Consciousness, the recognized union of the noumenal with the phenomenal, is the persistent witness of the soul's existence. Consciousness is authoritative. And I know, absolutely *know*, my soul through consciousness, in connection with intuition and inspiration—a trinity in unity! I know the souls of others through their faculties and varied manifestations. "Know thyself," then, was a command of antiquity, wise and axiomatic. And so far from being unknowable, as modern agnostics contend, the soul is the most knowable existence in the universe.

### IS GOD KNOWABLE?

Most certainly. To know any fact is not implied that we must know all about it. The pebble-stone by the way is a fact; but its origin, age, how rounded and polished, are all unknowable. Spiritualists should strive to make their language lucid. God is undefinable, and he is incomprehensible; but not unknowable.

Is the parent unknowable to the playful child? By no means; for the child feels and appreciates the father's love, and looks up to him most trustingly for care and protection. True, to the child the father is undefinable and also incomprehensible, but not unknowable; for just in the ratio that the child cognizes the existence of the father, and feels the father's love, in that same ratio does it know the father.

I know the rose from the lily. I know something about the size, weight, color, odor and arrangement of the leaves of the rose; but that attractive power which so gracefully arranges the leaves and holds the qualities of the rose in unity is undefinable, and to me entirely incomprehensible. And science, which is only classified and systematized knowledge (and which generally in philosophizing ignores consciousness and the spiritual side of man's nature) does *not* know what it boastingly professes to know. At best, aided by telescope and microscope, it does not know *things*, but only their qualities and external manifestations. While the soul, conscious of its divine origin, conscious of its almost infinite possibilities, knows God, knows something of his love, wisdom and power.

One in New Testament times, pondering perhaps upon the underlying, infilling, over-arching power of the universe, exclaimed: "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us;" This is still the cry of the soul: "Show us the Father;" not force, not motion! These are blind. They do not respond to consciousness, nor do they in any way nourish the spiritual nature. Man is not a sprout from unthinking matter; not a haphazard mushroom growth; not a come-by-chance orphan on earth; but a son of God. All men are sons of God—the ever-living and ever-loving Father.

Do I hear some belated thinker exclaim, "this is anthropomorphism"? If so, the exclamation comes from some inaccurate, illogical reasoner. There is a sort of barbarian Fetishism and a kind of anthropomorphism which ascribes to God anger, jealousy, evil passions, and all the petty meannesses that obtain in the lowest of human beings—and this vulgar anthropomorphism is blasphemy if there be any. And those Calvinistic theologians of the seventeenth century and of this, who ascribe such passions, such capricious, hateful characteristics to God, were and *are* the manufacturers of infidels and atheists. Both those preachers and their anthropomorphic God need conversion!

But that anthropomorphism (the word is not fully acceptable in the best sense of the idea) which attributes to God all that is purest, noblest and highest in human nature—that ascribes to Him self-consciousness, moral purpose, love, will, wisdom and personality, is at once rational and soul-satisfying. And yet, materialistic agnostics sneer at this beautiful truth that so philosophically connects the intellectual and spiritual nature of man with God, who, as Jesus said, is *Spirit*. The erudite Duke of Argyle in his "Unity of Nature" well says: "It is remarkable that the very men who insist most strongly upon our being one with everything beneath us, tell us at the same time that we are not one with anything above us." How true, that

"Since the universe began  
And till it shall be ended,  
The soul of nature, soul of man  
And soul of God are blended."

#### IS A FUTURE EXISTENCE KNOWABLE?

Nature's chain has no missing links. Immortality is a continuance of the ordinary course of nature. Portions of us die daily. Throwing off as we do, by excretions and varied spent forces, portions of the body hourly; and having lived in and through nearly a dozen different material bodies already in this world, maintaining in the meantime my personality and conscious selfhood, it is perfectly natural that I should live right on when throwing off a little more or the whole of this physical load at that passing event termed death. But do we know this?

Most certainly we do; or, we may. But how; through consciousness, intuition and the ever-recurring psychic forces—or in a word, through Spiritualism.

Millions know that the so-called silent, the sheeted dead, are alive and consciously existing in a brighter and better state of existence. They know it because they have both seen and conversed with them. And if the agnostic has *not* seen nor heard, the more's the pity. The blind who cannot see the sun are the subjects of sympathy rather than censure; but the bigot, the wilfully blind, who will not look toward the sun, nor even try to see a gleam of sunlight, are deserving of no other consideration than dignified contempt. There are vastly more spiritual imbeciles in the world than mental ones. There is hope, however, for both classes of these unfortunates along the lines of the golden future.

Paul of old, a man of vigorous personality, was noted for his decided convictions and mediumistic gifts. This apostle declared that he *knew* that if his earthly house, the body, were destroyed, or dissolved, he had a residence "eternal in the heavens." This was right the reverse of agnosticism. Paul knew of this house in the heavens through intuitions, visions and trances, through his transportation to the third heaven, and through the voice of the risen Nazarene when on his way to Damascus. Paul knew it as did Torquato Tasso, Behman, Swedenborg, Milton, Wesley, Howitt, Hall, Edmonds, Owen, Brittan, Sargeant, Denton, Harter, Eliza Farnham, Alice Cary,

Mary F. Davis and hosts of other worthies, who through alternate defeats and victories ascended that they might descend as ministering spirits to continue their work of education and human redemption. Paul knew it as mediums know it to-day; for the law of spiritual intercourse is immutable and eternal. Spirit answers to spirit in all ages, as musical tones to the infinite harmony.

God is spirit, and *Spiritualism* is a most sacred word, because rooted in God and relating to Christ and immortality. Spiritualism as a demonstrated phenomenon, a grand philosophy and a divine religion, opens the gates of the ancient mysteries, unlocks the treasures of precious memories, and lays at our feet the living truths of the present. Spiritualism leads the thirsty to living fountains, lightens the burdens of weary pilgrims, feeds the hungry with the bread of heaven, and while pointing up to the evergreen mountains and gardens of the gods, it plants along our paths the buds and blossoms of undying affection. Spiritualism comes to each and all of us silently, personally, pleading with us to pay the price of self-denial, to spiritualize our natures, to purify our affections, to overcome the world; so that when life's dream is over we may be remembered on earth for what we have done, and be welcomed to the joys and beatific blessings of heaven. J. M. PEEBLES, M.D.

—*Banner of Light*

## THEOSOPHY, OCCULTISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

(Continued.)

In the *Religio Philosophical Journal* of recent dates there have been published a series of ably written articles on "Human Imponderables," by J. D. Featherstonhaugh, from No. 24 of which, appearing in the issue of July 4th, 1891, on "The Raison D'Eure of a Spiritual Hypothesis," we extract the following summing up of the evidence presented in the previous articles, which is in entire accord with the conclusions of the well-known investigators already quoted:—

"We find then:

- 1st. That this force acts intelligently at a distance from every human organism.
- 2nd. It produces effects that are physical impossibilities to us.
- 3rd. It writes reasonable communications in various languages between closed slates, with and without a pencil. It thus answers questions secretly written, as well as those mentally dwelt upon, in straight and parallel lines.
- 4th. It plays upon untouched musical instruments.
- 5th. It has exact perception in profound darkness.
- 6th. It reveals secret thoughts, words, and acts.
- 7th. It takes on, under some unknown conditions, the members of the human body, becoming sensible to both hearing and touch.
- 8th. It possesses memory, reason, and voice, frequently correcting mistakes of those present, and the erroneous judgments of the psychic.

\* \* \* \* \*

The voice that speaks is a human voice. The hand we feel has a human form and touch. The feelings expressed are those of a human kind. The writing and language are such as we use. The hopes imparted are those we feel. A marked personality is a constant characteristic."

The evidences of spirit identity from American sources could be largely augmented, but those already given are characteristic of them all.

The next evidence in support of the spiritualistic hypothesis is somewhat unique in its character, and is furnished by the Baron Louis de Guldenstube, a Swedish nobleman long resident in Paris, where most of his experiments were conducted. His time was largely devoted to experiments in pneumatology, and being a man of culture and in independent circumstances, he was able to follow his favorite studies to advantage.

In Baron de Guldenstube's *La Réalité des Esprits*, originally published in 1857, and containing the most comprehensive history of Spiritualism from its earliest manifestations, at the dawn of civilisation, down to the middle of the present century, which is anywhere to be met with, the writer mentions that in the course of seventeen years he had received no less than 2000 examples of direct writing, authenticated by the testimony of 500 credible eye-witnesses, including men of the highest social and literary distinction; including princes,

nobles, ambassadors, military officers, statesmen, and scientists.

The communications thus referred to were written in twenty different languages, sometimes covering several pages; those of the Baron's relatives and friends on the other side exhibiting precisely the same kind of handwriting they had employed in this life; and its identity was at once perceived both by the Baron and such of his friends as had known the departed. Moreover, these letters and messages touched upon matters known only to the writers and to himself, thus proving that they emanated from the persons—the various discrete intelligences—whose signatures were appended to the documents. He published lithographed fac-similes of thirty of these, at the end of the volume above mentioned. Some are in French, others in German, and the alphabets employed are the classic Greek, the lapidary Latin, the Russian, the German scrip, and the modern cursive Italian. Where the autographs were those of well-known historical characters, they were compared with the signatures of those personages attached to documents still extant, and were found to correspond exactly. In every case one or two witnesses were present when these direct writings were obtained, and certified to the genuineness of the phenomena; although the high character of the Baron should alone suffice to place him above all suspicion of lending himself to anything ever so remotely approaching fraud or trickery.

On the question of the communications being the reflex of the medium's mind, Guldenstubbé says:—

“My own experience proves amply that the reflex of thoughts must pass for nothing in the phenomenon. In the first place, generally the spirit whom we desire does not present himself for writing; another comes, on whom we have by no means thought, and whose name even is sometimes unknown to us. As to sympathetic spirits, they come hardly ever during these experiences. The spirits have often written whole pages, sometimes with a lead pencil, sometimes with ink, when I have been busied with other matters. The notion of reflex action contradicts my five hundred experiences, for I have generally made no attempt to evoke any particular spirit.

Robert Dale Owen testified that he accompanied the Baron to various chapels in Paris; that he (Owen) laid down sheets of his own paper, without pencil or writing materials; that retiring a few paces, but never losing sight of the paper, he found an intelligent message written upon it in every case.

Amongst the earlier investigators of Spiritualism in England, was Dr. John Ashburner, a physician of repute in the west end of London, and member of the Royal Irish Academy. His book on the Philosophy of Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism, published in 1867, contains a number of evidences of spirit identity, obtained principally through Mrs. Hayden and Charles Foster. The following, from his first sitting with the former, tells strongly in favour of the individuality of the communicating intelligences:—

In order to obtain an experience of the phenomena in the fairest manner, I asked Mrs. Hayden to inform me whether it was requisite to think of one particular spirit with whom I wished to converse. “Yes;” “Well, I am now thinking of one.” It was the spirit of my father whom I wished to enlighten me. No raps on the table. I had anticipated an immediate reply, but there was for awhile none. Mrs. Hayden asked if there was any spirit present who knows Dr. Ashburner? Immediately, close to my elbow, on the table there were two distinct successions of gentle rapping sounds.

The next question was, “Was the spirit he wished to converse with present?” “No.” “Was there any one present who would endeavour to bring it?” “Yes.” “Are the spirits who rap near Dr. Ashburner, friends of whom he is thinking?” “No.” “Will they give their names?” “Yes.”

These replies were signified by rappings to questions put, some audibly, some mentally. Mrs. Hayden suggested that I should take up the alphabet, which was printed on a card. I took the card into my hand and pointed at each individual letter with the end of a porcupine quill, my friend Mr. Hoyland, the gentleman of the house, kindly undertaking to put down on paper for me the letters distinguished by the raps. When I arrived at a letter which the spirit desired to indicate, a rapping took place; but at all the other letters there was a complete silence. In this manner I obtained the letters successively Ann Hurry, the name of one of the most beautiful and accomplished, as well as pious and excellent persons I had ever known. I had not seen her since 1812. She married two years after, and died in 1815. My father and most of the members of the family had been on terms of the greatest intimacy with several branches of the Hurry family, and I had, in youth and childhood, known Ann and her cousins as

companions and playfellows. By the aid of the telegraphic signals I have endeavoured to describe, I conversed for some time with the charming companion of my early years; I learned very interesting particulars relating to her happy abode in the spirit-world.

My curiosity had been excited by the different sounds produced by rappings that I heard close to those made by my friend Ann. I asked for the name of the spirit they represented. The name which came out by the letters indicated on the alphabet was Elizabeth Maurice, another companion of the childhood of myself and my brother and sister—another almost angelic being while on earth, but now with her cousin Ann, an inhabitant of the third sphere in Paradise. The authoress of the “Invalid's Book,” and some other works, testifying to a pure, gentle, and refined taste, conversed with me awhile.

And, at last, a louder and more decided signal was made to me from the middle of the table. The name I obtained from the telegraphic raps was that of my father. I asked him to communicate to me the date on which he quitted this world for the spirit-home, and the raps indicated “7th September, 1798.” I asked him where the event took place, and I obtained the answer “At Bombay.” I asked his age at the time, with many other questions, the replies to which were all quite correct. I kept up mentally a long conversation with him on subjects deeply interesting, and it was productive of a communication from him, which I subjoin:—

“My dear Son,—I am delighted to have this privilege of communicating with you, hoping to dispel some of those wrong impressions which now hover around you in regard to this spiritual being. Allow a spirit who inhabits one of the higher circles to decide for you on a most important subject—to try to remove from your mind the doubts which perplex you, and to establish in their stead a firm faith in the Creator of Heaven and earth. It is He who permits us to make these manifestations, through certain constituted persons, in order to impress mankind with the fact that the spirit shall live in a future state, in a more bright and blissful home. What proof can I give you of the truth of this? You have only to name it, and it shall be granted to you from your father, who has ever watched over you with the care of an angel. *Do not doubt* what I now say.

“Your affectionate father,

“WILLIAM ASHBURNER.”

Dr. Ashburner gives an account of an impromptu séance with Charles Foster, where a number of tests were given to two ladies who had but just entered the house, and were not only strangers to Mr. Foster, but to the subject. From the many evidences of spirit action and identity we take the following:—

My father was in his youth addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, and besides physics and chemistry, although he never proposed to become a professional physician, he studied anatomy at the Borough Hospitals, and had the late Mr. Cline for his teacher, and Sir Astley Cooper for his fellow student. Mr. Foster had passed his life of twenty-four years in America. The son of a captain in a merchant ship sailing from and to the port of Salem, in Massachusetts, he had never heard of Sir Astley Cooper. One evening, in my dining-room, a hand, as palpable as my own hand, appeared a little above the table, and soon rested gently upon the thumb and four fingers on the surface of it. Several persons were seated round the table. Mr. Foster, addressing me, said: “The person to whom that hand belongs is a friend of yours. He is a handsome man, with a portly presence, and is very much gratified to see you, and to renew his acquaintance with you. Before he mentions his name, he would like to know if you remember his calling your father his old friend, and yourself his young friend.” I had forgotten it, but I remembered it the moment the name was mentioned. “He calls himself Sir Astley Cooper,” said Mr. Foster, “and wishes me to tell you that certain spirits have the power, by the force of will, of creating, from elements of organic matter in the atmosphere, fac-similes of the hands they possessed on earth.” Shortly the hand melted into air. Then Mr. Foster said: “Two friends of yours desire to be remembered to you. They accompany Sir Astley Cooper; one was a military surgeon, and went to Canada. He was at Edinburgh your fellow student. He calls himself Bransy Cooper. The other was your intimate friend, George Young, who has communicated with you once before, since he left your sphere.”

In a series of testimonies from notable persons who had visited Mr. William Eglinton, published in *Light*, Oct. 16th, 1886, there are to be found many evidences of the action of discrete intelligences. The first we shall quote is furnished by D. H. Wilson, M.A., and refers to the writing of a word in a book which was unknown to any one present:—

Accordingly Mrs. Kimber wrote on a slate the number of page, Mrs. Wilson the number of a line, and it remained for me to choose the book from which Mrs. Wilson's line of Mrs. Kimber's page was to be written by psychography on the slate. For this purpose, with closed eyes, I took a book from the medium's shelves, which held about 200 volumes. A crumb of pencil was placed upon the slate on which Mrs. Kimber and Mrs. Wilson had written the number of the page and line respectively. A second slate of exactly the same size and form was placed over this one, and the book was put by myself on the top of the two slates. Mr. Eglinton and Mrs. Kimber rested their hands on the book. It should be noted that: 1. Precaution had been taken

that no one besides Mrs. Kimber knew what number she had written on the slate to express the page to be recited, the same being true of the number Mrs. Wilson had written to express the line of that page. 2. The slates and book were all on the top of the table immediately before the eyes of all present. (The sitting was by daylight.) The medium did not touch the book until the moment when he and Mrs. Kimber rested their hands thereon. It had been handled by myself alone. After the lapse of a few seconds the sound of writing was heard within the slates. Upon the usual signal of three taps (also seemingly within the slates) to indicate the end of the experiment, I examined the slates and found the following sentence, written on the under one, with the pencil resting on the full stop at the end. I may mention that all the writings throughout the entire séance were conscientiously punctuated, and that every *t* was crossed and every *i* dotted.

Page 199, line 14, is a table, the last word was 'O.' Mrs. Kimber had written 199 and Mrs. Wilson had written 14. I then opened the book (Ghose's Indian Chiefs, Rajahs, etc., Part II, and turned to p. 199, which commences thus: "Table A. Estates belonging to the Hon. Maharaja Jotundra Mohun Tagore Behadur, etc." The fourteenth line is as follows; "Shikharbâte, 24 Pargannas, 210 0 0."

There is no room for the action of the medium or sitters' minds here, the shell theory will not fit.

Three Russian Professors conclude a report of a séance as follows:—

After witnessing the experiments above described, we have come to the conclusion: (1) That the mediumistic autographic writing is genuine, and cannot be referred to the domain of prestidigitation, or explained by the help only of generally-recognized mechanical, physical, or chemical laws. *That it can manifest an intelligence of its own not depending to a certain degree upon that of those who assist at the séances;* and (3) This phenomena, by its objectivity, especially affords facility for observation, and deserves full attention and investigation from competent persons and institutions:—

"NICHOLAS WAGNER, Professor of Zoology, and Honorary Member of the University of St. Petersburg, Corresponding Member of the Society for Psychical Research.

"A. BOUTLEROF, Fellow of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, Professor of Chemistry, to the University of St. Petersburg, Corresponding Member of the Society for Psychical Research.

"A. DOBRWSLAVIN, Professor of Hygienic to Imperial Medical Academy of St. Petersburg, Corresponding Member of the London Society for Psychical Research."

There are many very telling letters supporting the spiritual hypothesis, which space will not admit of our introducing; we, therefore, conclude our extracts from this source with the following:—

Two slates were now carefully washed and a piece of pencil was laid between them. . . . We stretched out our arms as far as we could, holding them in the full light away from the table. . . . At once within the slates the sound of rapid writing was heard. . . . On the slate were twenty-two lines, containing 142 words, signed by the name of a near relative of mine who left this world some years ago. Before I glanced at the signature the strong resemblance of the small, close writing to that of my friend amazed me, and when I came to read the written lines my astonishment increased. I found in them a verbatim quotation from a letter written by me and posted to New Zealand the week before, and also a remark relating to my private affairs which seemed to me to point conclusively to the identity of the writer whose signature was appended. I had spoken to no one of what I had said in the letter, sent many days before, and I am not conscious that it was in my thoughts as I held the slates.

(To be Continued.)

THE *Medium* for August 28th, contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Dr. Newbrough, the inspired writer of the New Bible "Oahspe," who subsequently founded a community in New Mexico, based upon the principles laid down in that work. They appear to have a considerable area of land, and realizing the difficulty and uncertainty of holding together in harmony a mixed adult community, have founded in conjunction with it, a community of orphans and foundlings to be brought up and educated in the faith. Six hundred acres are set apart for the children and this is called SHALAM, another 600 for the adults, called LEVITICUS, and it is incumbent upon the adults to contribute *pro rata* towards the support of their adopted children. Their creed is to do good to others, and their worship is addressed to one God, the Great Spirit, Jehovih, who created all. The community appeared to be prospering in 1890, but the recent death of the founder, Dr. Newbrough, who was carried off by *La Grippe* a few months since, may seriously affect their stability, unless a competent leader comes to the front.

## SPIRITUALISM IN LITERATURE.

UNDER this heading we propose to give, from time to time, extracts from the writings of various authors who have either been vaguely conscious, or half convinced, or altogether certain of the great truths of Spiritualism; but more particularly of the fact that spirits can and do communicate with the inhabitants of the earth-world. A belief of this kind is not merely so universal as to entitle it to be regarded as a human instinct, innate in the race, but it has prevailed in all ages, and has been firmly held alike by the prophets of the Hebrew people, by the revered sages of classic antiquity, and by the Founder of Christianity, his apostles, and disciples.

By the common consent of civilised mankind, the name of Shakspeare is placed at the head of all secular literature: and it would be altogether superfluous to point out how important a part spiritual manifestations play in two of his greatest works, "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," as well as in "the Tempest," "Julius Caesar," and "Richard the Third." The great dramatist would indeed have been quite singular if he had not believed in the apparitions he described; for as Spalding has observed in his "Elizabethan Demonology," "Before the Reformation, the belief that the spirits of the departed had power at will to revisit the scenes and companions of their earthly life, was almost universal."

An interesting instance of it is mentioned in a letter written to Dr. Pilkington, Bishop of Durham, by Archbishop Parker, in 1564: "Ye shall understand," says the latter prelate, "that in Blackburn there is a fantastical—and some say lunatic—young man, which says that he has spoken with one of his neighbours that died four years since, or more. Divers times, he says, he has seen him and talked with him, and took with him the curate, the schoolmaster, and other neighbours, who all affirm that they saw him. *These things be so common here, that none in authority will gainsay it, but rather believe and confirm it, so that everybody believes it.*"

Of course this "fantastical" and "lunatic" young man was simply a medium for materialisation, and apparently clairvoyant and clairaudient, to boot.

To those who are inclined to look down upon the men and women who accepted the evidence of their own senses with respect to phenomena of this kind, in the "spacious days of great Elizabeth," M. Spalding remarks that the people of that epoch were no fools; and that it is very doubtful whether our aims are as high, our desires as pure, our words as true, and our deeds as noble as those of our Elizabethan forefathers. "If not," he adds, "or if indeed they have anything whatsoever to teach us in these respects, let us remember that we shall never learn the lesson wholly, perhaps not learn it at all, unless, casting aside this first impulse to despise, we try to enter fully into and understand these strange dead (!) beliefs of the past."

It is scarcely necessary to say that they are the very reverse of "dead," and that in the midst of dying creeds, decaying religious systems, and perishing theologies, Spiritualism is one of the most vital facts of the nineteenth century; and that it is quite safe to predict that before the end of the twentieth, it will number its votaries by hundreds of millions.

Milton was probably the most earnest and the most deeply convinced Spiritualist of the Commonwealth. Afflicted with blindness, he seems to have received, in compensation, "the vision and the faculty divine" of spiritual insight. He lived in the unseen; only it was a palpable reality to him. If, as Wordsworth says, "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," it was not in loneliness. In his physical darkness he enjoyed the illumination of another world. Its inhabitants came and ministered to him, as they are related to have done to Jesus of Nazareth. They sustained him in the midst of political and domestic troubles, and we cannot doubt that they inspired all that is noblest, grandest, and loveliest in his immortal poems. Most persons are familiar with the lines which occur in the fourth book of "Paradise Lost:—

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

But the comment of Bishop Newton on them will be new to some, at least, of the readers of the *Harbinger*. The prelate describes them as "agreeable to reason and revelation, as well as pleasing to the imagination;" and he goes on to say that they "seem to be an imitation and improvement of Hesiod's notion of good genii, the guardians of mortal men, clothed with air, wandering everywhere through the earth." Bishop Newton was evidently much more enlightened than many of the modern clergy of his church, who appear to be incapable of discerning what he perceived, namely, that one of the fundamental doctrines of Spiritualism is "agreeable to reason and revelation."

There is a beautiful passage in "Comus," descriptive of the intercourse with, and guardianship of, pure natures, while still in the flesh, by the higher intelligences, which is too exquisite to be omitted. It is this:—

"So dear to heaven is saintly charity  
That where a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
And in clear dream and solemn vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear."

And presently one of these spirits who attend upon the lady appears "habited like a shepherd," and enters into conversation with the two brothers, warning them of the dangers to which their sister is exposed, and admonishing them with respect to the best method of averting them. And when this has been accomplished, and the lady has been rescued from the perils which environed her, the attendant reappears, and utters her feelings in a stream of joyous verse as musical as that which Shakspeare was inspired to put in the mouth of the dainty Ariel:—

"But now my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly, or I can run  
Quickly to the green earth's end,  
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the moon.  
Mortals that would follow me,  
Love virtue; she alone is free:  
She can teach ye how to climb  
Higher than the spherie chime;  
Or if virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

In this passage Milton has described with equal accuracy and felicity the non-existence of space to the inhabitants of the spiritual world, and the instantaneousness with which they can compass what, in our language, we should designate as stupendous distances. And so, too, Ariel is described in the "Tempest," as flying, swimming, diving into the fire, and riding on the curl'd clouds with such amazing swiftness that

"Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O'the dreadful thunder clap, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not."

Robert Burton, who was contemporary with Shakspeare, and the author of that marvellous storehouse of learning, "The Anatomy of Melancholy," devotes upwards of twenty pages of the first volume to the subject of good and evil spirits; and presents us with a comprehensive view of what ancient writers have left on record concerning them. He tells us that Epicureans and atheists disbelieved in them, "because they never saw them; whereas Plato, Plotinus, Jamblichus, and Proclus, following in the footsteps of Trismegistus, Pythagoras, and Socrates, "make no doubt of them." Nor did the Stoics. And Burton quotes from Maximus of Tyre, the celebrated Platonist philosopher of the second century, the following striking passage, which might have been written yesterday: "These spirits which we call angels or devils (*i. e.*, daimons) are nought but souls of men departed, which either through love or pity of their friends yet living, help and assist them, or else persecute their enemies whom they hated." They are, as others suppose, appointed by those higher powers to keep (*i. e.*, watch over) men from their nativity, and to protect or punish men as they see cause; and are called good and evil genii by the Romans." Thus Socrates had his *daimon*; Plotinus his, and "we Christians, our assistant angel."

Bodin, the great French philosopher of the 16th century, whose "vast knowledge and prodigious reading is praised by Boyle, and who is bracketed with Montesquieu by Hallam, says, in speaking of spirits, "they are most swift in motion, can pass many miles in an instant, and can with admirable celerity remove others from place to place, as the angel did Habakkuk to Daniel, and as Philip the deacon was carried away by the spirit when he had baptised the Eunuch, and as Pythagoras and Apollonius removed themselves and others."

The Apollonius thus referred to was born at Tyana, in Cappadocia, three years before Christ, and lived to be 101. He was such a wonderful medium, that he was generally regarded as a supernatural being, and was looked upon as the rival of Jesus Christ. His life, written by Philostratus, the Greek orator and rhetorician, in the following century at the request of the Roman Empress, Julia Donna, and based upon the memoirs of Damis, the friend and companion of Apollonius, was exalted by some of its admirers, at that time, above the Gospels; and it is interesting to note what was thought of this medium by numbers of illustrious men of his own or a later epoch.

Ammianus Marcellinus ranks Apollonius with Pythagoras, Socrates, Numa Pompilius, and Plotinus, as one of those privileged men who were assisted during their lifetime by a familiar spirit, or *daimon*. The Emperor Alexander Severus placed his image among the household gods in his *lararium*. Caracalla erected to his memory such a monument as is only awarded to gods. Many cities raised altars to him; and the Emperor Aurelian made a vow that he would build a temple to his honour.

Like Pythagoras, Empedocles, Iarchas, and Palemedes, Apollonius had a vivid recollection of his last incarnation, in which he had filled the humble position of a pilot on board an Egyptian vessel, and when on land he inhabited a poor hut upon the island of Pharos. In his later existence, as Apollonius, he was a great traveller, and when visiting the tomb of Achilles, the spirit of that illustrious warrior appeared to, and conversed with him.

In the reign of the tyrant Domitian, he had the misfortune to be accused of some crime and haled before the tribunal of the Imperial monster, from which he was mysteriously spirited away, and found himself, on the same evening, at what is now Pozzuoli, near Naples, 150 miles distant from Rome. According to Dion Cassius, the historian, Apollonius was gifted with the faculty of second sight, for being at Ephesus, in Asia Minor, on the 13th of the calends of October, A. D. 96, he publicly declared that Domitian was being assassinated at that moment by one Stephanus, Apollonius crying aloud: "Very good, Stephanus! Courage, Stephanus! Strike the Murderer. Thou hast struck him; thou hast wounded him; thou hast killed him!" The whole scene was vividly presented to the spiritual vision of Apollonius; and it occurred at that very moment, just as he described it.

Cardinal Baronius, in his "Ecclesiastical Annals," admits the accuracy of the narrative, and offers the following explanation of it: "It is easy for the demons to know what is passing all over the world, and to make it known to men when it pleases God to permit them." If we substitute the word *daimons* for demons, we may entirely concur with the words of Baronius.

The incident above referred to occurred in the gardens attached to the *Xuston*, or colonnade, in which the athletes used to exercise themselves in wet weather, and where the philosophers were accustomed to resort. They were full of people at the time Apollonius made this announcement with so much excitement of voice and manner, that everybody believed he had been suddenly stricken with insanity. In due time, however, the news of the assassination of the Imperial tyrant reached Ephesus, and every detail given to the seer proved to be correct.

When Nerva ascended the throne, he wrote to Apollonius, entreating him to become his councillor and friend. The reply of the great medium seemed very enigmatical at first. It was to this effect: "Prince, we

shall pass the greatest part of our existence together, during which, nobody will command us, and we shall command nobody." The prescience of Apollonius enabled him to foresee that Nerva's reign would be a very short one, and that they would pass away together. They did so, two years afterwards. The "death" of Apollonius occurred in Crete, where he had been imprisoned and loaded with chains as a magician. Calling up the wardens in the middle of the night, he warned them that he was about to escape. The ponderous gates seemed to open of their own accord, and closed again as soon as he had crossed the threshold. Aerial voices were heard singing, "Quit the earth and rise to heaven;" and nothing more was ever seen of the mortal part of Apollonius of Tyana. But, in his native city, some youthful philosophers were discussing in a skeptical spirit his doctrine of the immortality of the soul, when one of them said: "For ten months past I have entreated Apollonius to reveal to me the truth of immortality; but he is so very dead that my prayers are vain, and he has never appeared to me, not even to prove that he is immortal." Five days afterwards, the discussion was renewed, and a deep sleep overtook the skeptic in the midst of his discourse upon the same subject. Suddenly waking up, his face bedewed with perspiration, he exclaimed: "I believe you." His companions asked him what he meant. "Can you not see," said he, "the sage Apollonius? he is in the midst of us; he has heard our discussion, and recites some marvellous verses on the soul." "Where is he?" asked the others; "for we cannot see him, and it is a happiness we should desire above all earthly things." "It appears that he has come to me alone, wishing to instruct me because of my unbelief," was the reply. "Listen, listen to the divine words which he causes me to hear: 'The soul is immortal. It is not your own; it belongs to Providence. When the body is exhausted, like a swift racehorse that has reached the goal, the soul springs forth, and is precipitated into the midst of ethereal space, full of contempt for the sad and rude slavery it has undergone. But of what import are such things to you? You will know them when you are no more. So long as you are among the living, why seek to penetrate these mysteries?'"

It only remains to add a few words with respect to the life and character of this exceptionally gifted medium, whose days exceeded a century in what was probably his final incarnation. He was never married, and lived in absolute chastity. His diet consisted of fruit, vegetables, and water exclusively. He wore none but linen garments, and all his habits were marked by a dignified simplicity. He spoke fluently a multitude of languages, which seemed to come to him intuitively. He expressed himself with great natural eloquence, and his sentences are described as having been "as compact and solid as the diamond." The wealth he inherited from his father, he distributed among the poor; and the admirable philosophy which he inculcated may be summed up in the two well-known lines of Tennyson:—

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

#### DEATH OF PROFESSOR HENRY KIDDLE.

THE *Banner of Light*, of October 3rd, announces the decease of Professor Henry Kiddle, formerly superintendent of public schools of New York, and for some years past an active worker in the Spiritualistic cause. In a tribute to his memory Judge Cross summarises his scholarly attainments and literary work, and says: "In intellectual culture, and true manly attributes, Prof. Kiddle was in the highest sense of the term 'a self-made man.'" And Alfred R. Wallace eulogises the departed in the following strain: "All honour to that brave and illustrious man, whose name will be emblazoned on the rolls of spiritual truth, when those who sought to raise a sneer at his expense, and all their aiders and abettors, have been for centuries buried in oblivion."

#### THE LYCEUM PICNIC.

THE annual picnic of the Melbourne Progressive Lyceum was held on the usual date, Nov. 9th, at Waverly, where a beautiful spot had been selected, this privilege being kindly granted by the owner of the property. The children mustered by an early train, and all was propitious save the weather, which appeared very threatening; yet young hopes ran high that the sky would clear, and sunshine gild the scene as the morning advanced. These hopes however, were doomed to disappointment; as showers continued to fall, and the long grass, that would otherwise have provided much enjoyment, became too wet for strollers in quest of ferns and wild flowers, with which the place abounded. A large tent was erected, and here the children and their friends sought shelter during the showers, engaging in games and sports during the brief intervals of fine weather, and partaking of the generous supply of refreshments provided by the Committee. It was found impossible to hold a session, as intended, so in order to cheer the drooping spirits of the party, music and singing were given in the tent interspersed with lively conversation. The young people however were not to be wholly daunted, by the aid of a flute, dancing was commenced on the grass, and in spite of the falling showers, sets were formed, and an "umbrella quadrille" gone through with much spirit. However, as Sol refused to disperse the clouds, sports were reluctantly abandoned at an early hour, and fruit and refreshments being again served in the tent, the party returned to town by train, all sincerely congratulating the Committee on the success of their endeavours to do the very best under the circumstances, and hoping for a finer holiday next season.

#### GARIBALDI'S ANTECEDENTS.

A CIRCLE, meeting in France, has been fortunate enough to obtain from its spirit-guides some information with respect to the two last incarnations of Giuseppe Garibaldi.

It is, of course, impossible to verify statements of this kind, but there is a very strong presumption in favour of the accuracy of the present one, because of the many points of resemblance presented by the Liberator of the Two Sicilies to his former selves when known as Spartacus, in the first century before Christ, and as Nicola di Rienzi, in the fourteenth century of the present era. Spartacus, a native of Thrace, but a Numidian by descent, had been seized and sold into slavery by the Romans. His splendid physique and great courage caused him to be enrolled among the gladiators. With thirty of his companions he escaped from the island of Capri, and took up arms against the Romans. Ten thousand resolute men flocked to the standard of revolt, and eventually he found himself at the head of an army of 70,000 insurgents, bent upon the emancipation of Italy from the tyranny of its rulers.

Plutarch says of him: "This man had not only a dignity of mind, a strength of body, but a discernment and civility superior to his future. In short, he was more of a Greek than a barbarian."

*His wife was a medium*, for Plutarch speaks of her as possessing "the gift of divination;" and it is quite reasonable to believe that she was on a later incarnation, the faithful, heroic, and affectionate Anita Garibaldi.

In many engagements did Spartacus meet and defeat the Roman generals in the field, and marched in triumph from Calabria to the Alps, and back again, everywhere victorious. At length three powerful armies were sent against him, and he was obliged to give battle in the face of overwhelming odds. Before doing so, he killed his horse with one stroke of his sword, exclaiming, "If I win the day, I can find plenty more among the Romans; if I lose it I will not fly." He and his brave companions fought like lions. Covered with wounds he still dealt deadly blows while kneeling on the ground, and when he fell dead, it was in the midst of the enemies' corpses which he had struck down with his good right arm.

Forty thousand combatants for liberty "perished" with Spartacus on the field of battle, and many thousand fugitives were cut down by Pompey, upon whom devolved the duty of pursuing them; and thus were riveted afresh the galling chains of bondage, under which the subject nations groaned.

Is it necessary to point out the striking similitude between the heroic but unsuccessful Spartacus, the would-be liberator of the whole Roman empire, and the equally heroic Garibaldi, to whose genius and courage his beloved Italy was so largely indebted for the reconstitution of its nationality? And until it was appointed in the wisdom of the spiritual rulers to whom God has confided the government of our planet, that he should reappear as Rienzi, in the year 1313, we may be certain that this great patriot and philanthropist was always at work, unseen but not unfelt, promoting every movement among Italians which was calculated to emancipate their minds from religious superstitions, and their bodies from political servitude.

With the character and exploits of Rienzi, most Englishmen have been rendered tolerably familiar by Lord Lytton's historical romance; many Frenchmen by Gustave Drouineau's five-act tragedy, thus entitled; and all Germans by the five-act opera of which Wagner supplied both the music and the words.

Nicola di Rienzi was the son of a poor innkeeper in Rome. He had read all the historians and orators of his native land; and the deeds of Spartacus possessed a special fascination for him. He contracted a friendship with the poet Petrarch, and they were both ardent republicans.

In the fourth decade of the fourteenth century, Rome was in a state of anarchy, and Rienzi determined to re-establish order on the basis of popular freedom. Assembling the people at the Capitol on the 20th of May, 1347, he submitted the draft of a constitution which was entirely approved of, and he was elected Tribune of the People. He organized a regular militia, compelled obedience from the nobles, each of whom was a petty tyrant in his fortified palace, and bestowed justice, order, peace and plenty upon the Roman population.

All Italy caught the enthusiasm of Rienzi, and many foreign sovereigns courted an alliance with him; so that in course of time his power and popularity were unbounded. But his was then one of those natures which had not been sufficiently tempered to bear prosperity. He assumed the state and splendour of an Emperor: alienating the sympathies of the people; so that when the Pope and the nobles combined to overthrow his authority, the population of Rome no longer rallied to his support, and he was compelled to fly from that city, eight months after his elevation to supreme power. He was recalled by the next Pope in 1354, was nominated tribune and senator, and once more expelled or controlled the refractory nobles. He restored order, and visited many illustrious malefactors with condign punishment. But he allowed himself to become too subservient to the Papacy, which then held its seat at Avignon, and its exorbitant demands upon the Roman Treasury compelled him to impose additional taxation, which rendered him unpopular. Besieged in the Capitol by the discontented nobles, Rienzi was killed there by a retainer of the powerful House of the Colonna, on the 8th of October, 1354.

Evidently the mundane education of this incarnate spirit was still incomplete. The conquest of self had not been effected. It took place in the rough school of adversity, when in the person of Giuseppe Garibaldi, he was serving before the mast, on board a sailing vessel; was imprisoned at Gualegay, in South America, and was hung up by his heels for two hours by Ramonde l'Arca, for escaping from confinement. In his last and probably final incarnation he gave a great kingdom to Victor Emmanuel, and then went back to the life of a simple farmer on the little island of Caprera. He might have been sovereign of the Two Sicilies if he had chosen, but he preferred simplicity and retirement. He had learned the lesson of self-effacement, which he had failed to do as Nicola di Rienzi.

## VEGETARIANISM, SHAKERISM, AND COMMUNISM.

THE following interesting correspondence has been forwarded to us for publication by our venerable friend Elder W. F. Evans. Though some of our readers will demur to his assertion of the impossibility of successful communism apart from celibacy the fact remains that the Shakers are the only community of the many that have started who have survived a century or any thing approximating to that time.—

FREDK. W. EVANS,

MT. LEBANON, N. Y., U.S.A.

Dear Sir,—I learn from the report of the second International Congress, London, 1890, that your little community is based upon the principles of vegetarianism, adopted by you for its conformity with your religious and scientific persuasion.

Now, it is the intention of myself and some friends of mine, all adherents to the doctrines of Jesus Christ and the natural diet of fruit and vegetables, to reform both our spiritual and bodily lives, as much as we can. We are young men about 25 years old, and occupied, hitherto, in commercial and official affairs: but, bred in the country and acquainted with country life, and rural occupation, we have studied besides, theoretically, the best methods of growing fruit and vegetables at a profit. So, we mean to retire from town—where it is so very difficult to make any progress in the sanctification of the soul, and the improvement of our health—and to take our residences in the country, growing all we want by cultivating the soil and establishing our lives on the basis of brotherhood, after the model given by the first Christians, and being described in the second and fourth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles.

We know that there are many doubts as to our aptitude for such an enterprise; we are even fully aware that character is by no means developed enough to equal the glorious example of the first Christians. But our aims are pure, and we will earnestly endeavor to proceed in sanctifications and education, as well of ourselves as of our families, and Jesus Christ being ever before our eyes, his holy example inciting us, day by day, to shape our lives after his own, could it be too bold to hope that our endeavors would succeed, at least more than in our present circumstances.

So we wish soon to be able to let you know of the starting of our settlement; and, as your principles seem to be the same as ours, we should be very happy indeed if there could be established more intimate connections between you and us, in order to help each other in all aspirations tending to improve mankind, and to secure a flourishing and blessed state of our communities. We are not likely to begin our reform before the lapse of some years, nevertheless, I should be very thankful to already enter into relations with you and the families of your village, and to profit as much as possible by your experience and knowledge. You will oblige me very much by letting me know the statutes, principle and administrative views upon which you arrange your external affairs.

As to our respective religious persuasions, I do not know whether they are the same or not; but I can scarcely imagine that the difference, if there be any at all, is very great. Perhaps you will let me know the title of some book wherein I may find all the details in this respect.

Hoping to be favored with a kind reply, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours fraternally,

(Signed) FRIEDR. FELLEBERG.

Zolliken, Zurich, Switzerland.

August 7th, 1891.

FRIEDR. FELLEBERG AND FRIENDS,—Your interesting letter of 7th ult. came to hand in due time. We are very glad to hear of, and from you; and to learn that you are dissatisfied with what is, and are looking for something better. We know how to sympathize with you, having been in the same hoping condition, but now—having found that good thing, which has been so

long a subject of prophecy—we enjoy a sabbath of rest.

The testimony of Jesus manifested in the first appearing of Christ to humanity, in the male part, was a "spirit of prophecy"—of hope in the future. The early Christians "knew in part, prophesied in part, and saw, as through a glass, darkly." They knew God as a heavenly Father; they were a kind of first-fruits of the tree of redemption; they looked for a second appearing of the Christ spirit, to effect a more perfect work of God upon earth; they prayed continually for the kingdom of heaven to come. To us, it has come. Christ (not Jesus) has made his second appearance, "without sin, unto salvation."

In the first appearing, the heavenly Father was revealed; in the second appearing, the heavenly Mother is revealed; it is "the day of the Lord." Hitherto, all governments, civil and ecclesiastical, have had male rulers; church and state were united, like Pilate and Herod, and woman was kept in abject subjection. Even under the infidel, secular government of these United States, where all men are declared to be created equal, and endowed with certain inalienable rights; woman is deprived of those rights, and has not any part in legislative assemblies, "whose just powers are derived solely from the consent of the governed;" woman's consent is not asked, and has not been given; she is a slave.

You are young men, the princes of the provinces, and intend "to reform your lives, bodily and spiritually." Vegetarianism is to be a plank in your platform of principles. That is good; it is better than orthodoxy, founded in the blood of butcher's shops, physically, and in the blood of Jesus spiritually. In orthodox Christendom—Babylon—is found "the blood of saints and martyrs, and of all the blood shed upon earth." Buddha says, "Thou shalt not kill;" is not that better than Babylon Christianity, wherein all creatures are killed and eaten, and wherein church and state agree to train all the able-bodied and healthy young men, for several years, in the art of killing each other? Nine millions of men in Europe are now separated from social life, from agriculture, from marriage, who ought to be the very ones to propagate human beings, instead of killing them; and what of the corresponding nine millions of women, who have a natural, inalienable right to husbands, who should be the noblest of the race? Now they have to marry the débris of manhood, that the doctors have rejected as physically unfit for soldiers, to kill and be killed.

Dear friends, look closer, deeper, if you would succeed in "establishing your lives on the basis of brotherhood, after the model given by the first Christians;" as shown in Acts II. and IV, we will refer you to seventeen companies of men and women who have lived in brotherhoods, and sisterhoods for one hundred years;—as Peter referred those who had attested them, to the "impotent man" who had been healed. In all of these societies, no one lacks food, care, clothing, house and land. Are not these what you seek to secure, in process of years? Why seek ye the living present, among the dead past? Wherefore are you like the Jews, looking for the Messiah, when the Messiah lay in a manger, or talked to their wise men in their temple; or, like the antichristian world—Greek, Catholic and Protestant—who keep praying for Christ to come and establish the kingdom of heaven upon earth, do ye go about, to seek that which is found, and to create that which exists, already, in glory and overcoming power? Rather, come and see what God hath wrought, as the Queen of Sheba came to see Solomon's temple; and you shall find that "a woman has compassed a man," and has established a system of redemption, more perfect than the Pentecostal model church—a spiritual temple, which Solomon, in all his wisdom, attained not unto, any more than, in all his glory, he could clothe himself as the lily of the valley was clothed. Christ has come into Christendom's dark ages as a thief, in the night, works his will, while the occupants of the house are in deep slumber.

"Watchman, what of the night? The morning cometh, the day is dawning, the sun of righteousness has arisen, with healing in his wings," not for one poor, impotent man, but for the saints under the altar, who were crying

"How long, O Lord, shall we have to wait, for the fruit of our labor and suffering, for our reward?" And answer was given, "Be patient, until other saints and martyrs, like you, shall be killed by those who think their infernal inquisition, torturing and killing them, is doing God good service under church and state governments." These are now supplanted by an infidel, secular government which was founded by Thomas Paine, Jefferson, and fifty like them, who signed the Declaration of Independence. Under a republic, there is peace and safety, liberty of conscience, and none to make free men and women afraid. Glory to our Father and Mother God, in the highest.

Could not some one or more of your company come over, as the spies to the land of Canaan? We have room and work for all of you, if you are ripe for so spiritual a work as we have devoted our lives unto.

Perhaps some of you would prefer to marry and be given in marriage. Let such remain, and form a co-operative society, but not attempt a community. A community is where the Lord began to show his city, at the day of Pentecost; on that basis, "no man's building will be able to stand." Try it, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Co-operation belongs to the new earth: community to the new heavens—the Shaker order.

I will send you some of our writings; and if, upon further acquaintance, you are still interested and attracted towards the Shakers "upon whom the ends of the world have come," we shall be pleased to continue the communion of saints thus commenced.

Much love to you from your Shaker friends, by,  
F. W. EVANS.

MT. LEBANON, COLUMBIA Co., N.Y., U.S.A.  
Sept, 11th, 1891.

#### IN MEMORIAM

Of Mr. Eggleston, much esteemed for his worth and work, of Barnawatha, Victoria, who recently passed on to the higher life.

#### A TRUE SPIRITUALIST.

An honored name: unblemished through the years  
Of faithful service, oft through trial and tears;  
Yet nobly true: a man whom angels need  
As minister, poor hungering souls to feed  
On heavenly food: rich was his life with love  
For souls, and many welcome him above.

Within his home dwelt harmony and peace,  
The atmosphere of heaven around him lay;  
His words were strong to give man's thought release,  
Or cheer the weary pilgrim on his way.  
A friend to all who claimed his love or care,  
His faith a living labour, and his life a prayer.

We sorrow for his loss; yet we rejoice  
That still in spirit we may hear his voice,  
And learn that he has won the love of heaven,  
Whose choicest pleasures to his soul are given;  
We follow such as he with yearning eyes,  
Within the gates, where heaven's beauty lies.

JENNY WREN.

THE Rev. Hugh Gilmore, a liberal and highly esteemed minister of the Wesleyan Methodist church in Adelaide, passed on, a few weeks since. In the course of the funeral address (delivered by the Rev. W. Howchin,) eulogistic of his many good qualities, the following passage occurs:—

"His last words were, as he was for a moment brought back to consciousness by the sobs and cries of his family, stretching out his hands and hushing their sobs, he said, 'If I am permitted I will come back to you. I will be your guardian angel through life.' Who knows, my brethren, but what the happy spirit of our dear brother is with us in this service to-day."

The beauty of the Spiritual Hypothesis is recognized in this, both by the speaker and the deceased.

THE *Banner*, commenting upon the number of prominent Spiritualists who are passing on—pillars of the temple being removed—points out that the strain of its support grows tenser on those that remain, until others are raised up to share the burden with them.

## MRS. HARRIS'S LECTURES.

MRS. HARRIS has lectured every Sunday evening during the past month at the Horticultural Hall, under the auspices of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, to good and appreciative audiences. Her subjects have been, "Faiths of the Past, Present, and Future," "Other Worlds Than Ours," "The Gospel of Freethought," and "The Higher Spiritualism," which last we will publish *in extenso* in our next issue.

Speaking of the Faiths of the Past, the control said, "From the earliest development of human thought, there has ever been the idea of a Divine Power, an incomprehensible Deity who required the worship of man, and whose judgment weighed all things in the scales of justice, demanding expiation of error, atonement for wrong, sacrifice for sin. Even the untutored savage in his crude conception of the character of the great power that rules his destiny, moulding according to his idealic thought an image of his God; abandons himself entirely to the decree of justice, and feeling the humiliation of sin, offers himself, or his best beloved, as a sacrifice before the Juggernaut of an angry Deity.

Thus passing through the ages of Paganism, the thought of God grew in the mind of man, until Christianity revealed more of His nature, teaching the revelation of God as a Father to His children, demonstrated by the Nazarene as the true and only God, the loving Father of all spirits. The Jehovah of the Mosaic dispensation, the angry Judge, desiring the sacrifice of blood, faded before the new revelations of the divinely inspired medium, through whose lips came utterances of tenderness and mercy, opening the pathway of progress, giving forth a magnetic influence that elevated the thought of man to higher conceptions of human life, and the character of our Father.

In primitive Christianity we find the true teachings of the Spiritual philosophy, the communion of angels, the magnetic healing power and high inspiration of the mediums, whose lives were spent in close fellowship with the Divine, within whose hearts glowed a deep, unselfish love for humanity, and for truth, so that they willingly gave their whole life service for the cause they loved, and feared not to die the most painful deaths in defence of their principles.

But looking at the faith of the present, we find but little of the spirit that prompted these great and glorious deeds; but little of the love that inspired the self sacrifice of those noble teachers. Christianity, as to-day expounded, is a very faint reflection of the teachings of Jesus; well might he say, "When the son of man cometh, shall he find faith upon the earth." God is again represented as being an angry Judge, demanding the life of the just with that of the unjust, requiring the sacrifice of his own pure Son for the sins of the world.

Search the Scriptures, prove the spirits, use your own reasoning powers, and ask the aid of Heavenly intuition to understand the truth as it is with Jesus; and you will find the faith of to-day, far, far removed from which He taught, when He bade the people worship God in spirit and in truth, and to love their neighbours as themselves.

It is an age of materialism, when the soul, subjected with the superstitions of a dead faith, turns away from the teachings of a misguided priesthood, sick at heart, because of the false doctrines and traditions of men; wandering away into the wilderness of atheism, losing all reverence for the God of their fathers, all faith in the immortality of their own souls.

Regarding the faith of the future, it would be palpable to any observant mind, that in this progressive age, the thought of man can be no longer chained to the old traditions; but must look into, and thoroughly investigate, all religions, finding good in all, perfect truth in none.

Then leaving far behind the doctrines of mediation and vicarious atonement, predestination and eternal punishment; the soul finds itself in the presence of a loving Father, an indwelling Divinity that forever asserts its loving authority over man's destiny, and requires a perfect love in which there is no fear. So the spiritual discernment becoming enlightened, is brought *en rapport*

with those intelligences whose mission it is to instruct humanity, and unfold the will of God. And without priest or creed, in no temple made with hands, they shall be all taught of God; and angels henceforth shall freely converse with them. The universal religion being the worship of God in a pure, true, consecrated life, a continual communion with the angel world, and a grand progressive movement that will elevate and develop the whole race. So shall the faith of the past, as taught by the many Christs who have been earth's Saviours, become the universal faith of the future, and all men dwell together in unity.

The lecture on "Other Worlds than Ours," was a brief description of spherical experiences, or clairvoyant visions of various planets. Jupiter was spoken of as being the world of prodigious productions; grand powerful intellects, giant souls, whose great comprehensive natures traversed vast realms of knowledge, and produced great thoughts, in unison with nature's highest laws. The people of gigantic stature, the scenery of incomparable grandeur, the vegetation lofty and magnificent, especially in flora—the great productions of Science and Art, the vastness of systems and constitution, and the grandeur of Architecture; all betoken the reign of intellect, the acme of mental power, the worship of wisdom.

A brief description of the spiritual conditions of Mars and Saturn, concluded this descriptive lecture.

The gospel of freethought was the message of an advanced angel's soul, speaking of the "liberty" of the sons of God. Liberty, not license; the glad free will offering of a service that is perfect freedom, not the serfdom of fear and trembling. The beautiful freedom of the bird on the wing, that sings its sweetest songs to Father God, and Mother Nature; not the beating against the bars of a gilded cage, in vain endeavours to soar above the things of earth, and escape the gentle surveillance of the Divine Power. Not the bold assertion of the atheist, who in the poverty of his nature, fails to grasp the ideal of man as he should be, and discovers the divine origin and parentage of the son of the infinite mind, we worship as "Our Father who art in Heaven." But the perfect freedom of a sonship, whose relationship is so tender, so trusting, that we can draw near to God, without fear, knowing that he loves us with a deep, unchanging love, a love that holds us so close to Him that it becomes painful to sin, lest the angels should weep, and our own hearts bleed with sorrow for our sin against the love of heaven.

A fear of evil that has power to hold us above temptation, unspotted from the world, a freedom to unfold all our thoughts, all our desires before our Father, because He can and will direct us in all our ways. On invoking the aid of heavenly ministers with a freedom that is kinship, for they also are the sons of God, once human like ourselves.

The freedom to investigate freely all truth, discerning between good and evil, weighing in the balance, trying all spirits. Freedom such as this, is the full redemption of the soul, it henceforth knows no fear—death has lost its terrors, eternity its fears—all is peace, all is trust; and the free thought of man will soar at will through realms of space, to meet everywhere the evidences of the love and wisdom of God. Freedom from despair, because the progressive soul beholds the grand evolutionary unfoldment of good out of seeming evil. Freedom from sorrow, because of the grandeur of a fearless faith in eternal good, that worketh all things for the children of its love.

Free from all fear of any kind, so that love only prevails with the soul that realises to the full, "that we are God's and all his things henceforth are ours, to freely use and enjoy, and that his gospel is that of liberty and perfect love."

DURING her brief stay in Melbourne, Mrs. Harris has been holding public circles, on Friday evenings, in the Austral Chambers, Collins-street, which have been well attended. Mrs. Burbank has also given free healing sésances during the circles, and will continue to meet patients each Friday evening in the same room.—Admission, 1s.

## MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS," for October, contains a highly interesting "character sketch" of Mrs. Annie Besant, from the facile pen of the able editor of that popular journal, whose intimate personal acquaintance with her and admiration of her sincerity, eminently qualifies him for the task he has undertaken; the latter keeping in check his Christian proclivities, which only show themselves distinctly in his congratulations at her having (in Theosophy) accepted "A system of spiritual philosophy which is substantially Christian in ethics."

Under the heading of A Case of Psychological Heredity, the following anecdote which Mrs. Besant tells about her mother, indicating the possession of the clairvoyant faculty, is introduced:—

I sat in an upstairs room with my mother and her sisters; and still comes back to me her figure seated on a sofa, with fixed white face and dull vacant eyes, counting the minutes until the funeral procession would have reached Kensal Green, and then following in mechanical fashion, Prayer-book in hand, the service, stage by stage, until to my unspeakable terror, with the words dully spoken—"It is all over," she fell back fainting. And here comes a curious psychological problem which has often puzzled me. Some weeks later she resolved to go and see her husband's grave. A relative who had been present at the funeral volunteered to guide her to the spot, but lost his way in that wilderness of graves. Another of the small party went off to find one of the officials, and to inquire, and my mother said: "If you will take me to the chapel where the first part of the service was read, I will find the grave." To humour her whim he led her thither, and looking round for a moment or two she started from the chapel, followed the path along which the coffin had been borne, and was standing by the newly-made grave when the official came to point it out. Her own explanation is that she had seen all the service. What is certain is, that she never had been to Kensal Green before, and that she walked steadily from the chapel to the grave. She must have been, of course, at that time in a state of abnormal nervous excitation, a state of which another proof was shortly afterwards given. The youngest of our family was a boy about three years younger than myself, a very beautiful child, blue-eyed and golden-haired—I have still a lock of his hair, of exquisite pale golden hue—and the little lad was passionately devoted to his father. He was always a delicate boy, and had, I suppose, therefore, been specially petted, and he fretted continually for "papa." It is probable that the consumptive taint had touched him, for he pined steadily away with no marked disease, during the winter months. One morning my mother calmly stated, "Alf is going to die." It was in vain that it was urged on her that with spring strength would return to the child. "No," she persisted. "he was lying asleep on my arms last night, and William came and said he wanted Alf with him, but that I might keep the other two." She had in her a strong strain of Celtic superstition, and thoroughly believed that this vision—a most natural dream under the circumstances—was a direct "warning," and that her husband had come to tell her of her approaching loss. This belief was fully justified by the little fellow's death in the following March, calling to the end for "Papa! Papa!"

The article is illuminated with portraits of Mrs. Besant and the leading officers of the Theosophical Society.

LOVE OF PLANTS AND FLOWERS.—When man loves man, in how many ways will he not try to sweeten and beautify his poor brother's life! "A very pretty idea," we are told, "is carried out in London which aims to bring about a love of plants and flowers among the poorer classes. A fund is raised out of which prizes are given for the best display of window gardening or potted plants, and the scheme has become so very popular that thousands of cottage homes are now beautified by floral effects, and it is no uncommon thing to see a window set out with plants growing in old teapots, cans or cigar boxes marked as a prize winner."—*Indian Messenger.*

Mrs. Harris gave the final lecture of her course at the Horticultural Hall, on Sunday evening last, before a large audience. Her discourse, which was eloquent and impressive, will appear in our next. She leaves for Sydney by the Barcoo this afternoon. The Victorian Association of Spiritualists give notice of the discontinuance of the Sunday services for the present. It is probable, however, that arrangements will be made for their resumption after the holidays; in which case notification will be given in our next issue. There will be no *Conversazione* this month. A subscription has been started for binding 16 volumes of *The Medium* and other books for the library of the Association; contributions will be received by Mr. Lang, Treasurer, or Mr. Terry, at the Rooms, Austral Buildings.

## NOTICE.

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