



THE

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DEVOTED TO

ZOISTIC SCIENCE, FREETHOUGHT, SPIRITUALISM AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

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

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of the universe ; we only perceive the ties which unite their existence with our own, viz., those very ideas which they left behind for us to share with them." But more remarkable still is his grasp of what the higher teachings of Spiritualism have revealed through such mediums as Judge Edmonds, Cora Tappan, Mrs. Britten, and W. Stainton Moses, concerning the relation of this life to the next. The following pithy extract, which is the essence of the advanced spirit teachings, was penned before the Rochester knockings, which are looked upon by many as the advent of modern Spiritualism :—

"Behold in this the wonderful justice throughout the universe, leaving it to every being to prepare for itself the conditions of its future existence. There are no outward rewards and punishments for our actions, there is no heaven or hell—in the popular meaning of the word with Christians, Jews, and Gentiles—for the spirits of the dead to ascend or to descend to, by a leap as it were ; but there is no dead stop either, no absorbing of the soul into the universe ; the spirit of man has to go through his great climacteric disease, death ; after which his development will continue in and for a higher life on this earth of ours. The foundations of that higher development, in accordance with the laws of creation, must be sought for on a lower stage ; and according as a man, in this life, has been good or bad, has acted nobly or meanly, worked hard or neglected his work, he will find, in after-life, an organism of his own, healthy or unhealthy, beautiful or ugly, strong or weak,—his self-chosen way of acting in this world will determine his relation to other spirits, his faculties and talents, his whole destiny during his development in that other world."

Whence came this knowledge which the writer presents as such, and not as theory ? It would seem that Fechner was either a medium or a seer, for he writes on after the same style of the condition of those who have wasted their opportunities here, and of the necessity they find of not only repenting, but repairing their offences committed on earth-life, before they can make solid progress in the next.

In a later chapter the inter-relation of man and spirit is lucidly explained by him. Various moods come over

AMONGST the prominent scientific men of the present century who have publicly announced their belief in Spiritualism, but whose name has been seldom referred to in connection therewith, is Gustav Theodor Fechner, Professor of Physics in the University of Leipzig, author of the "Soul Life in Plants ;" "Zend Avesta, on the Things of Heaven and the Hereafter ;" "Elements of Psycho-Physics ;" "Ideas on the Creation and Evolution of Organisms ;" "Life after Death," etc., and an eminent Investigator on Electric Forces. Professor Fechner was associated with Frederick Zöllner in the earlier part of his investigations of the Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism, but had long previous to that outlined the Spiritual Philosophy in a work entitled "Büchlein vom Leben nach dem Tode," the outlines of which were given as early as 1836. The first English translation of it was made by Hugo Wernecke, head master of the Weimar Realschule, in 1882, and published under the title of "Life after Death," by Sampson, Low and Co., London. Fechner was apparently a man of marvellous intuition, for without the evidences and facilities enjoyed by investigators in the second half of the century, he seems to have grasped both the idea and facts of Spiritualism, and speaks as "one who knows." For instance, in his introductory chapter he says, in reference to the permanency of ideas and their influence :—"We are inclined to look upon this ideal continuation of our lives as a mere abstraction, and to consider the continued influence which the spirits of the dead exercise on the minds of the living as an idle fantasy. So it seems to us, because we lack the appropriate senses wherewith to perceive the spirits of the third stage in their real existence, penetrating into the depths

us without volition of our own. An inward voice persuades us to act, or exhorts us to forbear, though all the time we are not conscious of any motive of our own tending one way or the other. This, he says, "is the influence of spirits entering into us, thinking and acting into us from centres different from our own. Such effects are the more striking in certain abnormal conditions of the mind—in somnambulism or mental distraction—when the relation of mutual dependence has been decided in *their* favour, making us entirely passive under their influence, without any reaction on our part. As long, however, as our mind is awake and in a state of health, it cannot become a mere toy without a will of its own, of the spirits that have grown into it and become a part of it. For such a sound mind is an invisible life centre of spiritual attraction, a connecting link for divers spirits, who are thus enabled to hold communion with each other, and to raise up thoughts within us."

It will be seen that Fechner had clear and philosophical views of mediumship; indeed, the whole treatise exhibits a marvellous perception of what has been more recently termed "Psychology," or the science of the soul, which indicates that he realised the inspiration under which he wrote, and which is manifest in every chapter of the interesting little volume from which we have quoted.

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

LA REVUE SPIRITE (Paris), publishes a communication in which M. Clémens, a regular contributor to this periodical, relates his experiences with respect to the phenomena of materialisation, in the United States. The medium was Mrs. Aspinwall; and on one occasion the writer's brother led her to suppose that the sitting would take place in his own house; instead of which he took her to that of a friend; and the results were in no wise affected by this sudden change of locality. Col. Straight testifies to having distinctly seen and spoken to his children and some of his departed friends. One of these, killed on the field of battle, showed him his wounds and scars; and these forms spoke to the Colonel of matters concerning which the medium and the other persons present were completely ignorant.

Before knowing Mrs. Aspinwall, adds M. Clémens, I was at a séance with one of my friends, when all of a sudden I recognised in one of the forms the face of a person who had departed this life twenty years before. The form gave me his name and spoke to me of things known only to my friend and myself.

Elsewhere, at Mrs. Moss's, another materialising medium, I was able, on two occasions, to pass my leg through a form which rose out of the floor before me; while I was making this experiment, and, cutting in two the trunk of the form, the mouth of the apparition continued to speak, the phantom did not stir, and I did not meet with any resistance.

Before such facts as these, continues M. Clémens, I must own that I am incapable of solving the problem on the basis of trickery or traps, a system so easily appealed to by non-observers, who are short-sighted and stubborn of understanding. I am not a savant, but a patient and severe investigator, who is well aware of the frauds practised by mercenary and infamous "mediums;" but I do not place sound and specked apples in the same basket.

Die Übersinnliche Welt, of Berlin, and the *Psychische Studien*, of Leipzig, both devote considerable space to materialisation. The first describes some extremely successful manifestations obtained through the medium-

ship of Mrs. Williams, in New York, as observed and reported by a German gentleman who was present; and the other relates to what it regards as "an epoch-making phenomenon in the province of materialisation," and is an analysis of numerous manifestations which have taken place under circumstances ensuring their genuineness; commencing with Mr. Crookes' experiments in 1873, and ending with those obtained through the mediumship of Mme. Esperance, at Gothenburg, last year. The subject is evidently becoming a burning one in all parts of the world; the phenomena are gaining in clearness impressiveness, and the power of carrying conviction to the minds of those who witness them; and with such tangible proofs of spirit-return before them, only the very ignorant, or the very learned—in their own conceit—will much longer hold out against the mass of evidence which is being forced upon them from the other side of life.

La Provincia, a weekly newspaper, published at Teramo, in Italy, has opened its columns to a series of able articles on Spiritualism, from the pen of that earnest worker in the cause of truth, Signor Vincenzo Cavalli. We notice, indeed, a much more liberal spirit, and a much greater disposition to receive new ideas, among many of the Italian journals than are exhibited by the Australian press, which can find space for column after column of unliterary slip-slop in reference to football and cricket, but is content to sneer and jeer at the most momentous subject that can engage the attention of the human intellect.

The current number of *La Haute Science* (Paris), contains, in addition to further instalments of the Ethiopian Apocrypha, the Rig-Veda, etc., a translation of the *Te* of Laotseu, the Chinese sage: a book full of wisdom, expressed with remarkable force and conciseness, although not without obscurity. Its spirituality is denoted by the following passage:—"Heaven for its perfection demands purity; the earth for its perfection, peace; the soul for its perfection, supernatural knowledge;" which can obviously be obtained only by intercourse with the beings of the other world.

We learn from an excellent article on Practical Spiritualism, in *La Lumière* (Paris-Auteuil), that M. Simonin, a gentleman well known in France as an ardent Spiritualist, has just published a volume of "Dialogues," in which he gives the communications received through two writing mediums, both of them ladies, from about a hundred controls. M. Simonin claims to have obtained from these supernal sources, an exposition of the principal laws of psychic science, and the means of bringing all mankind into unity with respect to religious belief. He professes to have had disclosed to him a method of preventing cyclones; and to have been put in possession of the laws of thought. Not having seen the book itself, we are unable to express any opinion as to the validity of the claims put forth in it.

The *Revista Espiritista de la Habana* publishes a portrait of Señor Doroteo Valle, one of the founders of the Spiritualist Federation, in Cuba, whose face and head show him to be a man of bright intelligence, with the perceptive and reflective faculties strongly developed; and gifted with that shrewdness which would render it very difficult for any fraudulent medium to practice on him.

In *Le Spiritisme* (Paris) we find an account of some remarkable tests obtained through a trance medium, who is not a professional, and is only 16 years of age, by M. Caro des Pallières, of 87 Faubourg Bourgogne, Orleans. One of the controls, speaking of the various colours of the aura of different individuals, as seen by the spiritual vision, affirmed that these signified the predominance of certain qualities or defects in each. Thus blue is held to imply goodness; white, suffering; maroon, generosity; red, pleasures; yellow, anger; green, laziness; violet, rancour; red and yellow, the love of study; black, avarice; garnet, gluttony; bright green, envy; ruddy

black, luxury; grey, pride; blue and red, physical activity; grey-blue, moral activity; black, green, grey, and yellow, theft; black, red, and green, murder.

Our friend, M. Horace Pelletier, is one of the most ardent of propagandists. We meet with his name in the columns of *Le Messager* (Liège), and in those of *La Paix Universelle* (Lyon), and his knowledge of the English language enables him to popularise in France and Belgium the information on spiritual subjects which he finds in our English and American contemporaries. Such zealous sowers of the good seed are entitled to the gratitude of all who are labouring for the dissemination of the truth.

Madame Rohant, of Vichy, contributes to *Le Phore de Normandie* (Rouen) a communication received from her son, through the mediumship of Madame Delanne, from which we make the following extract, because it is of general interest:—"People are often curious to know what we can be doing in the spirit-world. Tell them plainly that all our minutes are counted, and that it is not permitted to us to waste our time. Our occupations are more or less arduous according to our tastes and aptitudes. Thus the mission of the more advanced spirits is to lead back into the right path those who have wandered away from it. And the task is not an easy one. That is why, my dear friends, we come so often to ask the concurrence of your prayers. They fortify and sustain us. They are as the beneficent dew which comes to refresh the drooping flower, and which a little balm reanimates and revives. It is the mysterious tie which binds soul to soul; it is the electric fluid which penetrates us and draws us towards you. Prayer establishes that solidarity by means of which we become brethren, so that we shall one day form, according to the word of the Divine Master, but one heart and one soul."

We are glad to observe that on the first of January last, the publication of the *Reformador* (Rio de Janeiro), suspended on account of the political troubles in Brazil, was resumed, and that Spiritualism continues to flourish in spite of the troubles and disasters the new Republic has so recently passed through. Indeed the Grupo Estudos Spiriticos held more meetings last year than in either of the four preceding years; and it no doubt found, in peaceful communion with the departed, the peace and satisfaction denied to its members by the discord and turbulence of the world outside.

Dr. Ochorowicz's handsome and manly acknowledgment of the mistake he made in condemning psychic phenomena as unworthy of consideration, and in ridiculing Mr. Crookes, is finding its way into all languages and all countries. It is published *in extenso* by *Constancia*, in Buenos Aires, which also gives a detailed account of some of the remarkable phenomena he witnessed, through the mediumship of Eusapia Paladino, and his admission that they are inexplicable by any known laws of physical science.

DR. A. GLEESON, of New York, writing upon the subject of clairvoyance, remarks:—"I have, in many instances, been at once distinctly conscious of the presence of a person of thieving tendencies, not as a clairvoyant, in seeing the objects stolen, but in perceiving the general mental tendency of the person. I have never been mistaken in this impression, and I suppose a dominant desire to thieve on the part of these persons was sufficient to impress this main characteristic on a sensitive brain." I myself, some few years back, had a similar experience of this power of sensing the faults of others. I went to a bank in Collins Street, Melbourne, to get a cheque cashed, and while waiting my turn to be attended to, the impression flashed upon my mind that the teller, who was a perfect stranger to me, was an embezzler. A few months afterwards he was arrested for embezzlement, when it transpired that his peculations had begun at a period previous to the time I called at the bank.

CIRCLES.

BY JAMES NATHANIEL NEWMAN.

THE circle is the universal form. In every leaf of every flower, in every growth of every leaf, in every throb of every human heart, in every word, in every thought, in every aspiration of every human soul, in every breath of every life, in every history of every world, in every hope and every pain, in every sorrow and every joy, in all that is for evermore, in matter, spirit and essence, in all that we know and all beyond, the circle is the seal of the Universal.

Cycles, ellipses, circles, rings, spheres and orbits, of all of these I speak and include them all in the word circle; for the perfect circle—who may find it? It is known only to One—to the Infinite, to the essence and principle of all, to the Spirit that breathes forth first the immortal thought, to that all-creating Intelligence whom men call God. This form is a necessity of thought; without it thought cannot exist. Every thought is a universe; everything is but a thought; and every thought is also a thing. Things are said to be objective thoughts, in order to distinguish them from subjective thoughts; but, to things subjective, thoughts are objective—in fact, they are One, and in trying to distinguish or define them we only bring forward more prominently the ever-present fact of the circle. If anything could be and not be a circle, it would have a beginning and an end in itself; it would stand by itself, to it nothing else would exist; its existence could not be known to anything else—for the knowledge of it would make of it a circle. It would thus exist from nothing to nothing, in nothing, by nothing, and for nothing: time could not contain it; eternity would have no room for it, and therefore it would not be, although we have tried to assume it as being. All things are circular.

The atom is the materialist's god. It is to him an infinite and indivisible universe—so small that he cannot think of it without enlarging its boundaries in his imagination. It is to him an unknown god, since he cannot think of it, and it is not even material, since he cannot see it, taste it, nor touch it, nor sense it in any way. The atom with the materialist is the same as the infinite is with all of us—it is the *beyond*—the overlapping, over-arching circles that rear themselves before us when in thought we attempt to scale the heights of eternity and infinity—the beyond. What, however, is this beyond? A circle. If we try to walk to the end of the world, we shall never reach it, because it has no end; we shall come back to the place from which we set out. That is because the world is a circle. And this is why we cannot know all about anything—all that is circular, and in thinking of it our thoughts keep revolving around it, ever returning to the place from which we started.

Let not this be to you discouraging, for it is not merely the hope but the promise of your immortality. You are a circle. You are in everlasting connection with all that exists, and you will keep revolving around all, and all will keep revolving around you for ever and for ever. Thus it may be said that your insufficiency is the proof of your sufficiency, your weakness the proof of your strength; the mists of your understanding are the proofs of its light; your mortality is proof of your immortality; your temporality of your eternity.

The circle of the beyond is the circle of hope and of life. Without it we could not live nor move nor have our being. We shall be eternally hoping, eternally climbing, and eternally attaining; for the materialist, having taught us that there is an infinitely little, so in our onward march toward the infinitely great we attain to something at every step—some new and beautiful object is presented to our view; it may be almost infinitely small, atomic, to suit our infinitely little steps, but there it is, something new, containing within it the germ of something beyond to urge us onward. Always it is so; always, and for ever always. And so the infinitely great is proven. Eternity is seen to be an *infinite unfolding*. There is a circle beyond all circles, and ever another and another, wheel within wheel for ever turning. We cannot limit this effort after the

infinite; if we could it would cease for ever, and it would never have been, which is absurd. This destruction of our striving for the eternal—this destruction of the circle of the beyond—would mean the destruction of all other circles, of time as well as of eternity, of matter and spirit, God and man; nothing would come to pass in the future; nothing would have been in the past; nothing would be now that is. The fact that we exist thus proves that we exist for ever.

We are circles. Our form is harmonious with all other forms. Where there is no circle there is nothing. Where the circle is imperfect there is a want of harmony. In so far as we become circular we become perfect; and resemblances in form make what are called affinities. Similar cycles appear beautiful to each other, but the perfect circle is beautiful to all that is; the beyond is always beautiful above all other things; it is the ideal, the immortal, the infinite, the all.

The application of the law of circles to everything in nature enhances its beauty, because it is the application of the idea of the Infinite.

Let us for a few minutes contemplate some of these things, and we shall see that there is a wonderful charm in their cyclical aspect.

A flower. How beautiful are all flowers! The stem may be straight or bent, or twisted, but it is always symmetrical, always rounded, and the sap flows up and down in an ellipse, its motion more rythmical than the throb and beat of any engine. Each leaf is oval or elliptic, every space on it being rounded out to our touch, and not flat as one might think. The veins reach out in arcs, and we know that every molecule of down upon the leaf is a globe, a sphere, a universe. And the flower itself—who shall describe it? Colours that blend with each other, dark to light, and light to dark again. Leaflets like cups, more tender than the finest wax, perfumed with minute spheres that enter our brains when we come near them, and touch our hearts to joy. Beautiful little petals! Elliptoids divine! We look at them through a microscope. How rich they are in wonders! A blade of grass does not look like a circle, but it is one. All its points and edges are rounded for the unceasing flow of life. Flowers are spiritual things. All things are spiritual, but these seem to touch more quickly our finest senses, and through them inspire us with spiritual being. Why? Because they are themselves fine, nearly allied to the original essence of all things. They take us up beyond the very finest material, even to the region of pure spirit, and so teach us purity and love, which are the moving and creating forces of time and eternity.

If we saw a particle of perfume, we would see a sphere, a little universe—a leaping, dashing little god, flashing through the air. Apollo with his golden hair is not more beautiful than the millions of things that are invisible to the naked eye. How majestic is every tree! It towers greatly over man, every leaf throbbing with the thought of God. The trunk is rounded in divine proportions. The branches are spirit-arches, bending down to us with their great weight of love. The trees are musical, and have songs of their own, which, however, only the divine may hear; every song a circle whose melody chimes with the harmony of the world. Up comes from the west, the gaily waltzing wind, and sets all the leaves of the tree in a flutter. How joyfully they laugh, almost shrieking with their mirth! They are whirled around, still laughing and singing, keeping time to the orchestral symphonies of the rushing rain and surging seas and booming thunder. Oh, the sportiveness and glee of Nature! How festive and debonnaire and graceful she is, even in her darkest moods! Nature hath no sorrows; all with her is joy. Death itself to her is a new birth, a resurrection, a new life, another inspiration of the immortal breath of gods.

All music is spherical, and the more spherical it is the more musical it is. And seas and waves and whirlpools—wonderful ellipses of water! The waves dash upon the land as though to devour it, and then, laughing wildly at their own impotence, describe beautiful arcs in the air as they fall, all glittering in the sun's rays on the sands, and then hum gently a sweet lullaby as

they hasten back around their orbit to the bosom of mother ocean. How incessant they are in their efforts! They keep at it all their lives long, and wear the rocks smooth; continuing to rush upon the land, which ever rises from them more grandly majestic, with the deep-set strength and pulsating fire of ages. And the winds above them always seem to thoroughly enjoy this merry war. If we could see the figures they describe, how beautiful they would appear! And all to their own circular and lively music. The rocks, too; who would think that they moved? But they do. The scientists tell us that they grow, and we know that they wear away. And all is done circularly, for things do not move back and forth in straight lines, not even things which are the workmanship of man, as, for instance, the sewing machine, whose shuttle describes an arc at every return, the jolt at the end of each journey making the ends of the course orbital.

And so all the things of earth are always whirling around each other. Think also of the miraculous soaring of the earth around the sun. Think of the planets, and of their wide and wonderful orbits.

The life of man is as circular as the globe on which he lives. History is simply a retrospective glance at the cycles of the human mind. When you think of anything your thoughts move in a circle; each thought itself is a sphere. The human mind resembles the solar system, and all other universes. The sum of all our thoughts, which are all circular, makes one grand circle, a portrait of the universe at large. The mind of man in the aggregate is also a circle, and all the incidents in our lives, and in the life of man in the aggregate—which are but expressions of thought—are circular. History is thus a grand circle; the history of Europe, America, Australia, or the World, being but a record of a sublime circle of thought.

And there are other circles more wonderful still to those on the earth plane. What you see every day in the ordinary course of your lives seems plain to you, but there is a richer stuff, a fine and beautiful substance that millions never consciously behold. This is that refined and wondrous material that is the expression of the invisible in the spirit-world. Thought and electricity together throb throughout the spirit-world as they do here; in fact, the spirit-world and the material world are one, for there is really only one substance in all, that which is seen everywhere being but the expression of that which is not seen. We say that pure spirit has no form, and yet without form it cannot exist. On the earth-plane is beheld the coarser expressions of the coarser originals. On the spirit-plane are seen the transcendently beautiful forms of the finest forces. The two worlds, however, as we have said, are one; they interblend, they exist together, and the only difference between the spirit-world, so called, and the material world is that there is a preponderance of the finer forces, with their corresponding expressions, in the spheres of the former.

Now we have come to circles that are indeed worthy of our attention—stars of thought far swifter than the feet of gods; magnificent wheels of purest light! sublimest rarifications of purest spirit! Circumferences of love! Grandest manifestations of the grandest conceptions. Oh, the divinely radiant illuminations of these high-uplifted beatitudes! Circles around the heart of God!—That most wondrous circle within that heart, the ultimate, the perfect, the infinite Love.

The spiritual atmosphere around some humble and gifted individual quivers for a moment; there is a flash of light, a circular flash, in these earthy depths of the "Other Side." The spirit-world is moved to the centre. A stream of life flows down upon the earth—spiritual life. You make a little circle around a table. You join hands. One of you becomes luminous. This little circle of light above him instantly becomes the centre of a larger and wider one in the finer spheres. And down the radii that connect these circles (magnetic radii), there flow the forces that enable hearts separated by extreme conditions to beat in unison. This, however, is but one mode of communication. Everywhere there is light, and everywhere there is sympathy. Every up-

lifting of the mind brings us into the orbit of a higher mind. Every descent of thought casts us in the pathway of a darker spirit. Look upward! See you not the light? Let the earth and all its cares for a moment be cast beneath your feet. Let your mind move freely in the bright pathways above you. Oh, the beauty and the glory of it! Mediumship! The spirit-world is within you, as well as without. As you take a photograph instantaneously by one flash of light, so the sublimest trances often last but an instant. And so there is ever-present everywhere an intercommunication that makes all things one.

In telling you one thing I tell you all. There is one thing to know which will give you knowledge of all. This thing is a circle. It is the *Circle of Love*. Love is the infinite mystery and secret of all things. Lift your hearts to, and in, love. So you will enter the circle of the highest, and move amid the glories of the everlasting.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

WE have received from the publishing office of *L'Art Independant*, in Paris, a poem entitled *La Porte Héroïque du Ciel*, by Jules Bois, whose mystical writings have made him celebrated in certain circles in France. It is illustrated by M. Antoine de la Rochefoucauld, to whom this "esoteric drama" is dedicated; but the drawings, however spiritual in conception, are so crude, archaic, and inartistic in execution, and so unlike the beautiful designs of Giotto, Fra Angelico, and the more religious and refined of the early Italian masters that the effect they produce upon the eye is positively painful, and they are certainly not worthy of the poetry they accompany.

It has been the dream of the author, he tells us, "to transmit to the lovers of Beauty the torch of Pythagoras, and in short and cyclic poems to enclose some of those verities of the ancient temples, always unexpected and ignored by men; for one knows only so much of Truth as one has lived."

Of the devout spirit by which the poet is animated pervades an eloquently written preface, in which he denounces the universal worship of the Ego; and in the singularly beautiful stanzas which he puts into the mouth of Jesus, in his colloquy with the poet. There is nothing like them in recent literature, unless it be Christ's address to Eve, in Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile."

We must quote a few lines in the original, because we fear to spoil them by translation:—

Le vrai mage est celui qui guérit et qui charme,
Celui qui va parmi les villes et les champs,
N'ayant pour conquérir le monde aucune autre arme
Que son sourire, et sa tendresse et ses accents,
Le vrai mage est celui qui apaise et désarme.

Le vrai mage ne s'exile pas du monde vil,
Il s'assied à la table où le lépreux l'invite
Et quand ils ont fini de manger, sur l'invite
Du maître le lépreux revêt un corps subtil.

AMERICA'S GREATEST PREACHER.*

WE have received under the above heading, a pamphlet containing sketches of the life and ministry of Revd. T. De Witt Talmage, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, N.Y., now on a visit to the Australian Colonies. It is an interesting sketch of a remarkable man, whose influence among the Christian sects has been world-wide. Whilst liberal in some directions, Dr. Talmage has adhered strictly to the fundamental doctrine of *salvation by faith*. His sermons were published for years in the advertising columns of the *Australasian*: we read many of them, but failed to discover any new truth or particularly attractive presentation of old truth capable of uplifting the soul. No doubt his power lies largely in his eloquence, but when this is used to enforce a dogma which is soul binding and will not bear the light of reason, the good to be derived from it is problematical.

* America's Greatest Preacher—Sketches of the life and ministry of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., LL.D. Hutchinson, Melbourne, 1894.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At the April meeting of the Royal Geographical Society Mr. St. George R. Littledale read a paper descriptive of a journey across Central Asia; following the track of Marco Polo, when crossing the desert from Lob to Saitu, and he said, "I am afraid somebody must have been imposing on the great traveller when they told him that spirits inhabit the desert, who call travellers by their names, and lure them away to destruction. I regret that we really cannot help him out with that statement."

This is fair sample of the spirit in which scientific (?) men deal with psychic phenomena. Marco Polo heard certain sounds at a certain place, and M. Littledale did not; *ergo*, the renowned Venetian was the victim of imposture! But what said the President? "I regret that Mr. Littledale should cast a doubt upon the statements of Marco Polo, that spirits whisper the names of travellers as they pass through the deserts, and hear other travellers passing by them who are invisible. At all events, it is a well-known fact that, in many deserts, drums and fifes are heard, and tattoos are beaten in the early morning. Lieut. Wood went out of his way to hear the music, and Sir F. Goldsmid has experienced it also. I have heard similar sounds in the deserts of Peru, such as may have appeared to Marco Polo to be the whispering of his own name. If I remember rightly, Sir Henry Yule collected a good many instances of such sounds being heard in the deserts of Asia, which are extremely interesting." Milton evidently knew what he was talking about when he wrote the lines in *Comus*:—

And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

OVER THE SEA.

Over the sea, beyond the line of blue,
Over the sea, beyond the paling west,
Over the sea this love-winged message speeds
To give you rest—sweet rest!

Far, far beyond the evening shadows gray,
Beyond the line where sky and ocean meet,
There gleams a star-world's never flickering lamp
To lead your aching feet

To where the pains and sorrows of the earth
Fade gently in an exquisite pearl-ray
Of peace from Nature's soul of infinite love,
Whose smile brings flower-strewn day:

To where the hidden anguish of the soul
Becomes like a long-past shadowy dream,
Where suffering is veiled in summer calm
Of softest amber beam.

Look up, O weary laden of the earth!
Soon there shall come to you a hope-crowned dawn,
Night's darkest hour hath chimed; pain, pain is lost
In happiness heaven-born.

Peace, weeping hearts; rest—rest! Hark! Angels sing
To you in visions at the midnight hour,
And Hope's exhaustless fountain overflows
With rainbow-drops of pow'r!

Heaven's million worlds are mirrored in the sea;
Night's curtains fall, sown with a myriad stars;
Rest, rest in peace! Love's message downward floats
In gold and silver bars.

Over the sea, the crystal sea of death,
Sweeps deep harp-music from Life's inmost sphere
To blend your lives with chords of harmony
Resounding full and clear.

To draw you nearer Heaven, Earth's pilgrims' home,
Where Love adorns the temple of the soul,
Where waits a master-guide to lead your feet
To Life's divinest goal.

There Earth's redemption-angel weaves His plan,
O infinite soul of love and peace divine,
Lead these, Thy children, ever hour by hour,
For they are wholly Thine!

Sydney, June, 1894.

DEVOTION.

ON THE WING :

NOTES OF TRAVEL, BY W. H. TERRY.

ARRIVED at Washington at 9 p.m., Saturday, Nov. 26th, and having fixed on a Hotel near the Station, made my way to Mr. Geo. Bacon's, to whom I had an introduction from friend Colby. Mr. D. was from home, so arranged to meet him the following morning at Metzgerott Hall, where the Spiritualists had their meetings. Before going there I walked to the "Capitol," and inspected it. It is a fine building, built principally of freestone and white granite. The palisades are marble and granite; it occupies a commanding position on high ground overlooking the city and Potomac River. Went to the hall and met Mr. Bacon; the President, (Mr. Edson), came to me and asked me to speak at the evening meeting. Mr. N. Frank Baxter was the speaker, and his address, "Who are the Spiritualists?" In it he introduced a list of notable persons, including Abraham Lincoln, Queen Victoria, the late Emperor of Russia, Vice-President Wilson, and others, as Spiritualists. The latter, he said, had distinctly admitted to him his belief. His lecture was logical, and contained some strong evidence that most, if not all, the persons he named were Spiritualists. Mr. Baxter is versatile in his accomplishments, as he recited, sang and played the Harmonium well.

Went in the afternoon by invitation to visit Dr. Hansmann, to see a number of curios, of which he is the possessor. Dr. H. appears to have a large mediumistic aura, his presence adding to the power of mediums, so that he usually gets the best results. He has quite a number of pictures, most of which were done through the mediumship of the late Dr. Stansbury; one of them (a drawing of Schiller) is a work of art, so also is an oil painting, representing the heads of Lincoln and Washington. The doctor has had large experience in materialisation, much of it through Mrs. Ross's mediumship; he has had all sorts of spirits, ancient and modern, and quite a number of notable people in the spirit-world come to him in their earth forms, with appropriate dresses; he has also had writings from scores of them, which correspond with their orthography when in the body; most of these were received under the strictest test conditions.

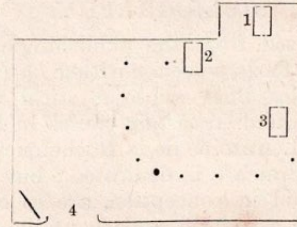
In the evening attended the service at Metzgerott Hall, and spoke for about fifteen minutes on "Unity amongst Spiritualists, and the Progress of Spiritualism in Australia." Mr. Baxter gave an address on the Spiritualism of the Bible, and followed it by a number of striking tests, giving names as well as descriptions, and generally the cause of death of the communicating spirits, in every case the spirits were recognised.

On the following morning I had a sitting with Mrs. M. Wheeler Brown, a lady medium of some repute for trance and astrology. The communications received through her were mostly of a private or personal character; the controls displayed a knowledge of my past and present environments, which could not possibly be known to the medium. William Denton controlled, and said amongst other things, that though satisfied with his condition, there was so much left undone by him here, that he almost wished he could have stayed longer in the body; he would have liked some use to have been made of his unpublished writings.

Went in the afternoon to the National Museum. The first thing that struck me there was the stone images from Easter Island, in the South Pacific. The faces are cut in huge stones taken from a crater, the present inhabitants know nothing of their origin and have no traditions about them. The island is nearly 2000 miles from any land, and is only about nine miles long. In the ethnological portion of the museum there are some fine figures of different races of men made from life casts, and appropriately coloured and clad. In the natural history department, a fine collection of American animals, also every species of monkey, baboon, and gorillas. The original plaster model of the colossal statue of Liberty, which stands on the top of the dome of the capitol, forms a centerpiece in the museum; it is a female figure, 19½ feet high, with an American eagle

for a top-knot; stars around the forehead, a sword in the right hand and a shield in the left. The figure is gracefully draped, and being close to view is much more imposing than the bronze on the capitol. There is a large collection of war trophies, including several richly jewelled swords that were presented to General Grant and others; also some relics of the revolutionary heroes.

In the evening I attended a séance at Mrs. M. A. Keeler's, 941 "H." street. Mrs. K. is a pleasant, middle-aged lady, of good repute as a medium. Her séance room is on the first floor front of a large corner house; this is divided from the back room by large folding doors, which were closed before the séance began. A recess (overhanging the side street, in which there were two windows with folding shutters inside), forms the cabinet, with curtains hung at front. I examined this immediately before the medium entered, and found everything solid. Returning, I took my seat amongst the visitors, who formed a segment of a circle from the folding door to the wall beyond the recess, thus—



1—Cabinet. 2—Table with papers on, at which a lady sat. 3—Table opposite folding doors, at which Mr. Baldwin sat. 4—Entrance door.

The dots represent the sitters; the larger one myself.

A light, shaded with thin coloured cloth, stood on a ledge at the marked corner. Singing, as usual, was recommended and done. The repertoire, it is to be regretted, is limited almost invariably to a few old hymns and songs, which though good in some instances, are threadbare with such perpetual use. Nearer, my God, to Thee; Sweet By-and-bye; Beulah Land; Oh, let us be Joyful; Gather at the River; and Swanee River, form the list. It is seldom they have got beyond these at the circles I have attended. Of course the object is to find both words and tunes with which everyone is familiar, but with a little effort this repertoire might be enlarged and improved. There are some little hymn books adapted for the purpose, with words appropriate, and set to well-known tunes. There would be more unanimity and soul in the singing if these were used.

Shortly after the singing began, a girlish voice, through the medium in the cabinet, greeted us with a "good evening." She was the usual "control," and was followed by a more sonorous male voice, recognised as J. B. Wolfe, who seemed to be the directing spirit. One or two female forms came out who were familiar to those present; then Mr. Wolfe came dressed in dark suit, with white shirt front. After speaking to some he knew, he called me up and spoke of his pleasure in the work of demonstrating the after-life, which was but the continuance of this. Several other forms came to the sitters; then Charles Forster was announced. I was called to the cabinet, and standing in the entrance, he spoke to me, saying, he presumed I knew he had been a chosen instrument of the spirit-world when here; that he had met thousands and given them evidence, and was still engaged in the work. I knew Charles Forster, and was frequently in his company when in Melbourne; the form resembled him in features, stature, and colour of hair, and style of dress. D. D. Home came, and calling me up spoke impressively of the spiritual work, saying that he had aided me and would do so to a greater extent in the future. Presently, Kate Fox Yencken was announced; some of the visitors near the cabinet intercepted her, but she beckoned to me, and taking my hand in one of hers, rested the other on my shoulder, saying "she wanted me to give her strength." She said many friends had stood by her through all, but she was now working out the results of her earthly errors. I told her that I had always looked charitably on her shortcomings, realising that she was the creature of cir-

cumstances, and also remembering the good work she had done in her early days. She said it was the knowledge of this that drew her to me, and she hoped she would be able to be of some service to me in the future. Her voice was distinct, and manner earnest. A spirit named Baldwin, the mother of the gentleman who sat near the cabinet came, calling him "Sammy," and speaking quite familiarly with him. This gentleman said that both he and his mother knew Mr. Peebles, and requested me to carry their kind regards to him.

The girl spirit, who spoke in the cabinet, said there were a number of bright spirits about me, and one was an Oriental one. This is the sixth time the Oriental spirit has been referred to by different mediums without anything being said or done to suggest it. A spirit said to be a daughter of Mr. Fussel, of New York, distributed some jujubes, and was very liberal with me, putting two in my mouth and one in my hand.

The manifestations were very good, but the light was not good enough to distinguish features except at close quarters, when near the forms the features were distinct.

FACTS AND FRAUD.

A CORRESPONDENT at Featherston, N.Z., calls attention to a report of a séance published at Sydney in last April's issue, where Mr. Hackett was the medium, and forwards us a paper containing report of the trial of Hackett for false pretences at the Supreme Court. The writer says:—"Knowing your desire to uphold truth and cry down deception impels me to bring this matter under your notice. Such actions as this man has been guilty of only help to do more harm than good to the cause of Spiritualism."

We quite agree with our correspondent that fraud on the part of mediums is harmful to the progress of Spiritualism, but it should have no influence on carefully tabulated results of investigations, even with the same medium, if all possibility of fraud were eliminated. A clock and other mechanical instruments get deranged and go wrong at times, but it would not be legitimate to infer that they had never gone right. The report of the séance in Sydney which we published, indicates that care was taken to exclude any possibility of fraud on the part of the medium, and the séance was held in the house of one of the investigators, a carefully drawn up account of it being attested by signatures of those present.

The paper sent us, *N.Z. Times*, contains only the defence, and that is all in favour of *bona fide* manifestations being obtained through Hackett's mediumship. Not having seen the case for the prosecution, we are unable to estimate the value of the evidence of fraud therein contained; it appears, however, the prisoner was acquitted.

MISS FANNY E. SAMUEL.

THE above esteemed worker in the local Lyceum and Association, whose vocal powers have contributed much to the success of the meetings for some time past, is leaving for England, on the 18th inst., to join her aged father, who desires her presence there. A farewell Concert is being tendered to her by the Spiritualistic Societies and friends, to be held on the 14th inst. An excellent programme has been prepared, and a very large attendance is expected, Miss Samuel being deservedly popular, not only with her audiences, but amongst all those who have the pleasure of her acquaintance.

THE *Austral Theosophist* for July contains an interesting digest of four lectures delivered by Mrs. Annie Besant before the last Adyar Convention. The lectures are on profound subjects, viz.:—The Building of the Cosmos, Yoga, and Symbolism, and Mrs. Besant must have gone into a serious study of Eastern philosophy to qualify herself to address an audience largely composed of Hindus on the religious philosophy of their country. We find from the "*A.T.*" that Mrs. Besant is expected to reach Adelaide *en route* to Melbourne towards the end of August.

MR. WALTERS' MELBOURNE LECTURES.

In another column we publish a condensed report of Mr. Walters' lecture in reply to Professor Laurie, which appeared in the *Age* the following day. There was a large and attentive audience, and the lecturer was frequently applauded during its delivery.

The Sunday evening lectures have been a great success, the large Hall being filled on every occasion. Mr. Walters has been induced to prolong his stay another week, and will lecture next Sunday evening on "Heaven and Hell—Here and Hereafter; or How Man fashions his own Destiny."

A synopsis of the Sunday lectures will appear in our next issue.

A DEBATE on Spiritualism between Mr. E. P. Luke and Mr. Joseph Symes was commenced at Victoria Hall, Bourke St., on Monday, July 23, and is proceeding as we go to press. On the opening night, which was principally devoted to skirmishing, neither of the combatants getting well on to their subject, Mr. Luke opened by announcing himself a Spiritualist of twenty-five years, eulogising the belief as rational and the system as moral, which he could not say for Secularism. Mr. Symes admitted his ignorance of Spiritualism; he wanted to be convinced that there was something in it worth investigating before he commenced the investigation. He believed one-half of it was fraud and the rest delusion. Under these circumstances an instructive debate was not practicable, but probably Mr. Luke will present some telling evidence in favour of his position.

PSYCHIC RESEARCH CONTROVERSY.

PROFESSOR LAURIE'S lecture and the *Argus* articles on Psychic Research have drawn out several Spiritualists and researchers, the most formidable of whom is Dr. McCarthy, of Sydney, as he backs up his argument with records of recent carefully conducted experiments, and an invitation to Professors Laurie and Kernot to come and witness psychic phenomena at his residence. In a letter published in the *Argus* of July 4th, Prof. Laurie backs down considerably. He says:—"I made no pretence of dealing with the whole field of psychical research," and tries to justify his insinuations of fraud in connection with materialization phenomena. That there has been fraud nobody will deny, but to insinuate such without evidence in connection with a lady whose career as a medium has been irreproachable was both ungentlemanly and unjustifiable. In the same paper Prof. Kernot offers to put down £10, to be picked up by any person who can cause a certain balance enclosed in a glass case to move to the extent of one grain of pressure without contact and from a distance of six feet. This is to test "whether this force has any reality or is only a figment of the imagination." The ignorance of these professors of the subject they are dabbling in is ludicrous; they do not appear to know that scientific men of far more eminence than themselves have already demonstrated the movement of bodies without contact, and that a force of over 100,000 (!) grains was indicated as psychically expressed in one of Professor Crooke's experiments.* They are assuming that the matter is being submitted to scientific examination for the first time, and they are the judges. They need to practice at the "Bar" and get some knowledge of (psychic) law before they are fitted to sit on the bench. A letter from Dr. McCarthy on the 12th shows the untenability of the professors' position, and includes a certificate from the witnesses of some recent demonstrations of psychic force in his study, by a self-registering index up to 25 lbs. Mr. Walters' lecture on the 16th, printed in another column of this paper, whilst temperate and free from personalities, exhibits Prof. Laurie in a ridiculous light for a scientific man, whilst Mr. Morgan's letter on one inexplicable fact in connection with one of Mrs. Mellon's recent séances in Melbourne should be somewhat of a poser to him.

* See *Phenomena of Spiritualism*, by Wm. Crookes, F.R.S., pages 15 and 30.

THE SUPERSTITION OF INCREDULITY

THE following paper was read by Mr. James Smith, at a recent meeting of the Psychical Research Society :—

Almost all the triumphs of science have been won after overcoming the opposition offered by a solid and seemingly impenetrable mass of ignorance, stupidity, professional prejudice, and conservative bigotry. There is nothing your average noodle dreads so much as a new idea. It angers and disturbs him. It is something outside the extremely restricted range of his every-day experience ; and in order to consider—for he rarely comprehends—it, he must impose a severe strain upon that pulpy substance which serves him as a brain. It is one of his most cherished maxims that

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything, and everything is nought.

And hence his hostility to all new ideas ; because each of them requires to be carefully thought out.

Noodles, you know, are everywhere in the majority ; while the thinkers, the inventors, the mentally speculative, the audacious invaders and explorers of hitherto undiscovered realms of moral, intellectual and psychic science, are universally in a minority. The superstitiously incredulous are therefore numerically powerful, and are thus enabled to raise such a clamour as, in many cases, is sufficient to stifle inquiry, and to silence the voices of those who endeavour to proclaim new truths, to widen the domain of natural law, and to convince Noodledom that people "did not know everything down in Judee."

In former ages, the aggregate stupidity of society manifested itself by arbitrary, violent, and often by ferocious methods of procedure. It poisoned Socrates ; it crucified Christ ; it burnt Servetus, Giordano Bruno, and Joan of Arc ; it imprisoned Galileo, it drove Vesalius into exile ; and it placed Daniel Defoe in the pillory. Noodledom was once formidable. It is now ridiculous. It used to storm, and swear, and excommunicate ; now it can only snigger. It has doffed the robes of the Inquisitor, and has donned the cap and bells of the professional jester. It could once set up the stake and wield the axe ; but all it can do to-day is to fire off pellets of paper from pithless popguns. That even this silly performance should disconcert some sincere truth-seekers who are engaged in the prosecution of psychical research, is much to be regretted ; and I think that a retrospective glance at the hostility and ridicule which all new scientific ideas have had to encounter when they were first promulgated, may have the effect, perhaps, of convincing timid inquirers that any novelty or innovation, any divergence from venerable routine in thought, any departure from the beaten tracks of conventional belief, which may provoke obloquy and derision to-day, will be acknowledged and respected as established truths to-morrow, or next week, or a year hence ; for even the grossest superstition of incredulity must succumb to the hard logic of facts.

Noodledom may remain unconvinced, it is true ; because, as Schiller has said, "Against stupidity, the gods themselves must fight in vain." But, at any rate, it is silenced. It slinks into a hole ; turns its hind quarters to the light, and feebly mutters, "There is no sun."

The favourite assumption of the superstitiously incredulous, is that *all* the laws of nature have been ascertained, finally classified, and rigorously defined. This being so, it is solemnly concluded, that any novel phenomena which present themselves, and do not admit of a rational explanation by the ascertained laws aforesaid, are unworthy of serious consideration. Should these phenomena happen to be of a psychic character, the observers, reporters, and recorders of them are seriously assured, with the most owl-like gravity, on the part of their omniscient critics, that such phenomena can only be attributed to fraud, self-delusion, or mental hallucination. Curiously enough, this belief in the finality of man's knowledge of natural laws, is at least two thousand years old. Socrates was judicially murdered for having asserted, among other things, that he was habitually spoken to, counselled and advised by his guardian

angel ; and Aristotle was condemned to death for teaching irreligious doctrines—doctrines, that is to say, repugnant to the superstitious incredulity, and the conservative stupidity of the highest tribunal in Athens.

A thousand years ago, some daring thinker ventured to propound the presumptuous theory that the earth is spherical in form ; and the great Fathers of the Church lost not a moment in denouncing the idea, and in denying the possibility of salvation to all persons holding such a damnable belief. Not only so, but, in the year 1327, Cecco d'Ascoli, an Italian writer of some eminence, was actually burned alive, at the age of seventy, for having publicly asserted this doctrine. Superstitious incredulity was enabled to arm itself with the axe, the torch and the fagot, in those days. The utmost it can do, in our own times, is to perpetrate feeble little jokes, which are as harmless as they are pointless.

In 1543, Copernicus, then lying on his deathbed, published the famous book in which he declared that the sun, not the earth, is the centre of the solar system ; and that our planet revolves around the great luminary. Here was an impudent challenge to superstitious incredulity ! Here was an audacious slap in the face, administered to ecclesiastical stupidity ! It was promptly resented. The Congregation of the Index, in Rome, chiefly composed of Cardinals, pronounced sentence of condemnation on the work, and warned the faithful that, to read it, was to risk damnation. As to Martin Luther, one of the founders of Protestantism, he fairly lost his temper over it. He called Copernicus "an upstart astrologer," and exclaimed "This *f'ol* wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy. But sacred Scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the *sun* to stand still, and *not* the earth !" I am not quoting these words of Luther from a jest-book. They were seriously uttered by "the monk who shook the world." You see he quite believed that science had spoken its last word on the subject of astronomy ; just as, at this very hour, a great many worthy people imagine that we know all that can be known about the unseen world.

Galileo—it is scarcely necessary to remind you—was compelled by the then terrible Inquisition, to abjure the "error and heresy of the movement of the earth." Kepler, discoverer and promulgator of the three great laws which bear his name, and therefore the founder of modern astronomy, was persecuted by the protestants of Germany ; and his mother was pronounced to be a witch ; for who—they argued—but a witch could have given birth to an inspired thinker whose ideas were so obnoxious to the superstition of incredulity ? "What," said the theological bats and the scientific owls of his day, "What other *than* the son of a witch could be the man who actually professes to determine the times, distances and velocities of what *he* calls 'the revolving bodies of the solar system ;' whereas, as we all know, the sun and moon are only big lamps, and the stars nothing more than points of light—small candles, as it were—for the illumination of our earth, which is the only inhabited region in space ?"

One of the most learned theologians of that period, Professor Fromundus of Louvaine, in Belgium, who wrote a treatise on the immovability of the earth, declared that it was with great difficulty he could restrain himself from roaring with laughter when he read Kepler's announcement of the three great laws above referred to.* So, you see, even University Professors are not infallible

Roger Bacon, who practised the experimental method three centuries earlier than his famous namesake, and to whom we are largely indebted for clocks, lenses, telescopes, and microscopes ; while he also foreshadowed the steam engine and the balloon in the nineteenth century, was accused of magical practices and of being in league with the devil. He proposed to construct such astronomical tables as are now to be met with in every almanac ; and this was declared to be downright sorcery. His writings were condemned, and the superstition of

* 1. That the orbits of the planets are elliptical. 2. That the radial line from the sun to the planet is proportional to the time employed in its motion. 3. That the squares of the periodic times are in the same proportion as the cubes of the distances.

incredulity was then so powerful that he was thrown into prison, kept there for ten years, and only released at the age of 78, when it was perceived that his death was at hand. "Because these things are beyond your comprehension," he exclaimed to his persecutors, "you call them the works of the devil." How often have we heard the same imputation since! Of late, however, "Auld Cloutie" has gone out of fashion; and now when Noodledom meets with anything beyond its comprehension, as, for example, psychic phenomena, it begins by denying the facts; and then, when these are found to be altogether incontrovertible, it invents some polysyllabic epithet to apply to them, such as "subliminal consciousness," "multiplex personality," "mental transfer," "telepathic telegraphy," or "vivid visualisation"—which, translated into plain English, means sharp-sightedness, I suppose; and seems to imagine that it has discovered a rational explanation of the phenomena, when it has only hit upon some sonorous and semi-scientific designation for them. You see, it saves people the trouble of thinking; for this is a process which most persons like to have performed for them by proxy; some through sheer laziness, and others by reason of their mental incapacity, or lethargy, or atrophy.

Descartes, who may be called the founder of psychological science, was one of the greatest thinkers of comparatively recent times; and his book of "Meditations" has been held to be "the most sublime of all modern proofs of the existence of the Deity," and of the immortality of the soul. Well, when this book arrived in Rome, it was solemnly condemned by the Cardinals composing the Congregation of the Index; and it fared no better in Protestant Holland, where its author was accused and convicted of atheism by a legal tribunal; and as he refused to appear before it, he was condemned for contumacious conduct, and his works were ordered to be publicly burned. To make the punishment the more impressive, the bonfire was kindled on the top of a hill near Utrecht, so that the flames might be visible from the whole of the seven provinces. It must have been a day of great rejoicing for the whole of Batavian Noodledom. Fortunately for the progress of mankind, ideas are incombustible.

Tommaso Campanella, the Neapolitan philosopher, humanitarian, philanthropist, and metaphysician, whom some writers have placed above Francis Bacon as a scientific thinker, was another victim of the superstition of incredulity; of the brutal tyranny of Noodledom, when armed with the sword of secular authority, and of ecclesiastical ignorance, bigotry, and malignity. He was fully 350 years in advance of his time. He anticipated the inductive system of philosophy; his social and religious ideas surpassed in breadth, dignity and moral elevation those of a Maurice, a Kingsley, or of any of the Christian Socialists of our own time, and his views on psychology may be thus compendiously expressed:—All knowledge reaches us through our sensible organs. But these are two-fold. We apprehend the material world by the impressions it produces upon us through the five avenues of the physical senses. Behind, within and above this material world, however, there is an immaterial or spiritual world, and we can only cognise this by internal organs, corresponding in their functions with the external ones. We share the latter with everything that has life; for the universe—to use his own powerful expression—is "the living statue of God;" or, in other words, it is His thought manifested to us in material forms. But man alone has the privilege of possessing internal senses; and it is by these we are enabled to pass from physics to metaphysics.

Campanella's ideal of a Christian society—of the world organised on the principles of Christ—was a really sublime one. Instead of a religion of barren belief, of hollow ceremonial, and Sunday professions which rarely or ever translate themselves into week-day practice, he conceived of the realisation of Christianity in society, as applied to the physical, intellectual, and moral perfectionment of humanity—a revolutionary Christianity, which should resolutely place all its power at the service of Truth and Justice.

Imagine the horror and indignation of stupidity in

high places! Picture to yourselves the wrath, and the raging frenzy of Noodledom in Church and State! "Heretic," "sceptic," "miscreant," they all shouted in chorus. The government of Naples seized upon him and shut him up in prison. This was in 1591, Campanella being then twenty-three years of age; and he was kept in a dungeon for thirty-five years; so that he was close upon sixty when he was liberated. But, in the meanwhile, he was seven times subjected to excruciating tortures, which, as he himself tells us, tore his muscles, broke his bones, and cut up his flesh into ribands. He was denied the light of the sun, and supplied with insufficient and rotten food; and these atrocious sufferings were inflicted upon him in order to compel a recantation of what his persecutors stigmatised as his pestilent heresies in religion and politics! Thank God, this brave and patient servant of what he believed to be the truth, this heroic reformer of the Church and of society—this fearless prophet of a brighter and a better age—this great and original thinker, who strove with all the might of his beautiful and beneficent soul to

Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be;

never blenched for a single instant, never wavered in his steadfast devotion to his divine ideas, never recanted one iota of his resolute proclamation of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. And at this moment, through many channels and in many countries, the seed sown by Campanella, 300 years ago, is beginning to germinate, and our children, or our children's children will probably reap the fruits of it. For it is out of the power of Noodledom to murder Truth, or to put to death a vital idea. It has been trying to do so ever since the dawn of civilisation, but it has always failed—and failed miserably—in the long run.

Campanella audaciously proclaimed the possession by man of clairvoyant and clairaudient faculties, in addition to those of physical sight and hearing; and this was an awful, an unpardonable heresy in the eyes of his contemporaries. If he had only been endowed with the gift of prophecy, and could have projected his inner vision into the second half of the nineteenth century, and had foretold "all the wonders that would be," the poor man would have been haled to the stake and burnt to death as a sorcerer and as a monster of mendacity.

Listen to him as we may *imagine* him "dipping into the future:"—

"Neapolitans: In the days I speak of, men shall ascend into the air, hundreds of feet higher than Mount Vesuvius, and shall float at altitudes invisible to the human eye. They shall move from place to place, a thousand together, by the agency of a few bushels of coal, and a few gallons of water, three times as swiftly as the fleetest horse can gallop; and they shall pass through the very bowels of the Alps and Appenines. They shall walk on the floor of the sea as easily as on dry land, and shall recover shipwrecked treasure. Vast ships, built of steel and rigged with iron, shall not merely float upon the ocean like so much cork, but shall plough their way through it in the teeth of the wind and waves. Men and women's faces and figures, and even the glorious landscape which spreads around this lovely Bay of ours shall be instantaneously portrayed by the sun, without pencil, pen, brush, or canvas. The lightning shall be brought into subjection by man, and shall be compelled to do him service. It shall illuminate your cities; it shall transmit messages from one end of the world to the other, almost with the rapidity of thought. Men shall connect two cities together, that are 500 miles apart, by means of a telephonic wire, and shall converse with each other as easily and freely as if they were occupants of the same room. Nay more, they shall sit at home, and be enabled to listen to a dramatic or operatic performance that is taking place several miles distant, without stirring from their firesides. Nor is this all, a man or woman shall speak into a small drum, and long years after his or her death, that voice shall continue to be audible to ten, twenty, nay to hundreds of human beings, his or her survivors.

"Bear with me a little longer, Neapolitans. Instruments will be invented which, serving as an extension

of the human eye, will enable man to discover the existence of myriads upon myriads of animated creatures in earth, air, and water, so infinitesimal in bulk that ten thousand of them could be ranged on the length of an inch, and it would require 1,111,500,000 of them to weigh a gramme, that is to say, fifteen grains and a half. Other instruments will be fabricated which will enable them to weigh the sun, and analyse its chemical constituents; to map out the moon and the nearer of the planets, to measure the stupendous intervals which separate our solar system from other solar systems, to calculate their periodic movements, to foretell eclipses, and to enable navigators to steer for distant ports with unerring accuracy and precision."

Let me beg of you to imagine the tumultuous shouts of derisive laughter, the torrent of mocking sarcasms, and the yells of opprobrious clamour which would have greeted poor Campanella if he had uttered any such predictions as these. The whole of Neapolitan Noodledom would have been up in arms against him. The aggregate stupidity of that famous city would have immediately howled him down; and every valiant upholder of the superstition of incredulity would have protested the absolute impossibility of such events ever occurring,—of such phenomena ever being witnessed. "They are contrary to common sense; they are repugnant to all experience; they imply the existence of laws, and the operation of forces in nature, which nobody ever heard of. Away with the liar, the dreamer, the impostor, the heretic!" Such, I take it, would have been the language of those highly respectable and supremely self-satisfied Neapolitans, after listening to Campanella's prophetic discourse concerning steam, electricity, the diving-bell, the phonograph, the telescope, the microscope, and the spectroscope.

"But this was in the dark ages," some apologist for Noodledom may good naturedly suggest, by way of apology or explanation. Yes; but are the dark ages over? How long is it since the medical faculty in France denounced the use of quinine and forbade its exhibition as a tonic, until commanded to do so by Louis the 14th? How long is it since the Rev. Edward Massy "preached a sermon [1722] in which he declared that Job's distemper was probably confluent small-pox, and that he had been doubtless inoculated by the devil;" hence inoculation must be resisted as something diabolical? How long is it since the pulpits in Edinburgh [1847] echoed with the fulminations of the clergy against Dr. James Young Simpson, for advocating the use of anaesthetics in obstetrical cases; because, said these representatives of clerical Noodledom, to use chloroform is "to avoid one part of the primæval curse on women?" How long is it since Dean Cockburn, of York, stood up the pulpit of that august Minster, and coarsely denounced Mary Somerville by name, for those studies in physical geography which have made that name honoured throughout the world? How long also is it since the use of fanning mills for winnowing grain in Scotland, was banned by the 'unco guid,' as contrary to the text "the wind bloweth where it listeth," and as leaguings with Satan, who is "prince of the powers of the air?" A person was actually denied admission to the communion for employing one of these fans; and Mause Hedrigg, in "Old Mortality," only expressed the religious sentiment of her time when she inveighed against the use of "a new-fangled machine for dighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence by raising wind for her leddyship's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence might be pleased to send upon the skeeling hill."

Believe me, it is a great mistake to conclude that we have emerged from the dark ages. It seems but yesterday that the Rev. Dr. Hodge published a book for the purpose of proving—very much to his own satisfaction—that Darwinism "is a denial of every article of the Christian faith." Less than fifty years ago, geologists, like Dr. Buckland, Dean Conybeare, Dr. Pye Smith, and Professor Sedgwick were actually stigmatised as "infidels," "impugners of the sacred records," and "assailants

of the Bible," for proclaiming certain scientific truths which nobody outside of a lunatic asylum would now dream of contesting. About the same time, the river Thames broke into Brunel's tunnel underneath its bed, and the Vicar of Rotherhithe improved the occasion by preaching a sermon, in which he pronounced the accident to be "a just judgment of Almighty God upon the presumptuous aspirations of mortal men!"

Ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, die hard; and the superstition of incredulity dies hardest of all. Most superstitions have their origin in fear; and numberless minds are as much in dread of a new idea as a timid child is of a bogey. It comes like a shock upon the poor little understanding of the average noodle, whose thoughts have been revolving in a narrow circle, as circumscribed as the track of a mill-horse, ever since he attained to years of discretion. Like that sorry drudge, he has made the monotonous round, year after year, with blinkers over his eyes; and if you attempt to take these off, he is terrified by the light.

Hence the attitude of multitudes of persons towards physical research and the phenomena which it undertakes to investigate. They start back in alarm. "Pray don't tell us," they exclaim, "that we are living in an invisible, as well as in a visible world; that we are surrounded by myriads of unseen beings, who are capable of manifesting not only their presence, but their intelligence; not only their existence, but their activity, if they are furnished with the necessary conditions. Pray don't try to make us believe—we would much rather not—that we have other senses than those that are merely physical; that matter is only a fugitive apparition—a mode of motion—a transitory manifestation of a mysterious force which is indestructible, and therefore eternal; and that what we take for realities are deceptions of the senses. Please don't! We can't grasp it. And as we can't grasp it, we refuse to pay any attention to what you say. Leave us alone, and go away."

This is the protest and remonstrance of the rank and file of Noodledom. The pseudo-scientific, whose strong point is their intellectual conceit, take higher ground. They argue—or declaim—in this way: "Pooh, pooh! Don't tell me. I have no knowledge of any of these phenomena which you assert to be attested by millions of observers; and therefore they do not exist. I will go further and will affirm that inasmuch as they transcend *my own* personal experience, they cannot exist. Your assertions to the contrary will have no weight with me, sir. Either you are the dupe of your own imagination, or you are the victim of fraud and trickery. This settles the whole question; and I won't listen to another word on the subject. Good morning!"

And there is something so positive and dogmatic about these high priests of the Superstition of Incredulity that they succeed in imposing their beliefs, or their unbeliefs, upon the mentally indolent and the uninquiring; just as when Pope Boniface having denounced—as Lactantius had done before him—the terrible heresy of the existence of the antipodes, popular stupidity immediately acquiesced; asseverating, like Tostado, Bishop of Avila, in Spain (1450) just before the time of Columbus, that "as the apostles were commanded to go into all the world, and to preach the gospel to every creature; and as they did *not* go to any such part of the world as the antipodes, they did not preach to any creatures there—*ergo*, no antipodes exist!" Nevertheless, Tostado was a miracle of learning, and one of the greatest theologians of his day; but the superstition of incredulity was strong upon him; as it was upon Pope Alexander the Sixth, who, in the year 1493, issued a bull in which—treating the earth as a flat disc—he drew a line of demarcation from north to south, west of the Azores and the Canary Islands, and declared that all lands discovered to the east of this line should belong to the Portuguese, and all to the west of it, to the Spaniards!

Looking backward at the immense impediments which have opposed the progress of scientific discovery, owing to official ignorance, religious bigotry, theological prejudice, the intellectual conceit of the erudite, and that great inert mass of popular stupidity, which has to be laboriously and painfully shovelled out of the way—can

we wonder at the obstacles which obstruct the path of those who are endeavouring to explore a new domain of science, and to lift a corner of the curtain which has hitherto interposed between the seen and the unseen, between the phenomena and the noumena, between the material and the spiritual world, between the sensible and the super-sensible?

But if it be true, as "the chief of the apostles" has said, "that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear," what branch of inquiry can be better worth pursuing than that which promises to conduct us to a knowledge of the things which do not appear; but which are in very deed, the only enduring realities?

A NEW SPIRITUALISTIC JOURNAL.

ON the 15th ult. was published No. 1 of a new spiritualistic monthly, entitled "This World and the Next." The principal object of its promoters is to supply a vehicle for local news connected with the Lyceum, circles, mediums and meetings, which the *Harbinger* could not find space for; to record well-attested phenomena occurring in this and the neighbouring colonies, and to give some attention to social events connected with the various spiritualistic bodies. The present number contains brief reports of addresses given before the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, Melbourne Lyceum and Thermopylæ Club, notes of Psychical Research Meeting, reference to the Laurie and McCarthy discussion, notes and comments on passing events, and advice to inquirers. It is a neatly got up eight page quarto, but, we understand, is to be enlarged to twelve pages in next issue. The publishers' advertisement in another column gives all business particulars.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

ONE hundred and eight pages of the last number of *The Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* (London) are devoted to a relation of the experiences of W. Stainton Moses, M.A., compiled by Mr. W. H. Myers from note books of the deceased and records of circles kept by Mrs. and Dr. Stanhope Speer. The matter is deeply interesting, embracing much wonderful phenomena, and indicating the superintendence of advanced spirit-intelligences. We extract the following short record of a séance as bearing on spirit identity; it is by Dr. S. T. Speer:—

"Séance on October 14th.—Mrs. S., Mr. M. and self.—For some time nothing occurred, but then raps were heard in various places—on the floor, Mr. M.'s chair, on the cupboard, in the air. Presently a small marble statuette was brought from the spare bedroom upstairs, through the locked door, and thrown on the table. Ere long a silver clasped fruit-knife was similarly brought from a workbox in the dining-room. Shortly afterwards I perceived an aroma as of a Tonquin bean, and (we had been previously told to join hands) a snuff-box which I had placed upon the chimney-piece of my dressing-room upstairs was thrown on the table. After this there was a pause; we expressed astonishment at not hearing Grocyn, and asked if he could be fetched. 'We are doing so,' was the reply; but we jumped prematurely at our conclusion, for on resuming alphabet we were much puzzled by the words '—mething else,' the phrase standing thus, 'We are doing something else.' This, in reality, preceded the appearance of the snuff-box, and doubtless referred to it. After another pause Grocyn came most distinctly. I at once entered into conversation with him respecting Drummond's *Life of Erasmus* and the mention of his own name, &c., in that work. I asked for the initial of the country he (Grocyn) had studied at, and it was given, 'Italy, University Padua.' I asked if he knew the names of Dionysius Calcedonys, and of Polonius; answer negative. I remonstrated, having written those names down the day before from Drummond's work. He then asked for alphabet, and gave the following names, which, on referring to Drummond's work, were found to be perfectly correct: Demetrius Chalcondyles, and Politian. He said he had studied at Paris; that Erasmus remained a

year and a half at Oxford, and arrived there at the age of thirty-eight. All this was found (on reference) to be perfectly correct, although no one had any knowledge of the latter facts, and the medium had never seen the work of Drummond. The singular part of the scene consisted in the extraordinary evidence of personal feeling made by Grocyn through the medium of his harp. The sounds were typical of approval, disapproval, anger, impatience, and on one occasion a powerful string sound changed instantly into a parchment sound. After a pause two most violent blows fell on the table, so that we instinctively extended our hands to seek the fallen objects. Nothing was to be felt. Mrs. S. being somewhat startled, we suggested moderation. The sounds were transferred to the harmonium, rolling from that upon the stool, then on the floor, and under the table towards my chair. This occurred upwards of fifteen times, and would have led anyone not accustomed to these manifestations to expect to find a corresponding number of hard bodies on the floor. Needless to say, nothing was found.

"Grocyn's information forms, I conceive, a most important contribution to the much vexed question of personal identity.—S.T.S."

THE following is from Prof. W. Crookes's summary of phenomena elicited in the course of his investigations of spirit phenomena, and though published over twenty years ago, will be new to Professors Laurie and Kernot:—

THE RISING OF TABLES AND CHAIRS OFF THE GROUND, WITHOUT CONTACT WITH ANY PERSON.

"A remark is generally made when occurrences of this kind are mentioned, Why is it only tables and chairs which do these things? Why is this property peculiar to furniture? I might reply that I only observe and record facts, and do not profess to enter into the Why and Wherefore; but indeed it will be obvious that if a heavy inanimate body in an ordinary dining-room has to rise off the floor, it cannot very well be anything else but table or a chair. That [this propensity is not specially attached to furniture, I have abundant evidence; but, like other experimental demonstrators, the intelligence or power, whatever it may be, which produces these phenomena can only work with the materials which are available.

"On five separate occasions, a heavy dining-table rose between a few inches and 1½ feet off the floor, under special circumstances, which rendered trickery impossible. On another occasion, a heavy table rose from the floor in full light, while I was holding the medium's hands and feet. On another occasion the table rose from the floor, not only when no person was touching it, but under conditions which I had pre-arranged so as to assure unquestionable proof of the fact."

Where does "unconscious muscular action" come in here?

HOME.

THE home is the bulwark of society. Given a nation of homes, and the result is a nation of patriots. The promiscuous feverish, unsettled life of great cities is destructive of all the finer sentiments that cluster around the true home. The French language has no word equivalent to that of "home," for the reason, probably, that there are no homes in Paris, and Paris is France. In our own great cities there are numerous places where people sleep and eat, but few homes—the lodging, tenement, or boarding house—these are not homes. It is only in the country, or removed from the whirl and din of the city, that we find the true home—a pretty cottage, embowered in flowers and vines, musical with the laughter of happy children, and radiant with bright sunny faces. There is no rumbling of wheels over the stony street, no careworn stolid faces to meet you at every turn, no fierce, unholy eyes to gaze into yours—but only the sweet peace and contentment that comes of harmonious living. Why will people throng into great cities, when the country offers such rare charms.

To Correspondents.

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

SIR,—After waiting over a week to see the annexed letter in the *Argus*, where as a simple matter of fairplay it should not have been refused insertion after the editor's disgusting deliverances on the subject of Spiritualism, I now forward it to you for the *Harbinger*, requesting you to publish it, if possible, in next month's issue. His editorial lordship is evidently not disposed to submit to the process of self-castigation which would be inflicted by the letter appearing in his paper, and I must, therefore, request you to administer the mild punishment I have devised for this Sir Oracle. He writes on all subjects under the sun, from trade, commerce, and politics up to religion and spiritualism, as if his little editorial "We" were the concentrated essence of the highest possible wisdom and knowledge, instead of being merely the outcome of one individual mind, who vainly attempts to make up by assurance and self-assertion what he is lacking in breadth and liberality of thought.

I am yours, etc.,
A. MUELLER.

IN DEFENCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

MOTTO,—*Audiatur et altera pars.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGUS.

SIR,—Though there is but a small chance of your alleged devotion to truth inducing you to publish this protest against your treatment of Spiritualism, yet your indulging in what I cannot help calling a foolish idiosyncrasy is too flagrant an abuse of your position as editor of a leading newspaper to be allowed to pass without censure.

The two leaders on this subject that have lately adorned your columns—one at the time of the Jubilee-Meeting of Spiritualists, and the other one on Saturday last, in which you attempt to justify the defection of Professor Laurie from the P. R. Society—are perfect patterns of bad taste and bad logic, exhibiting your complete ignorance of the higher philosophical and religious aspects of Spiritualism, and your inability to grasp its far-reaching importance.

In these times of universal tolerance it is not only very bad taste, but downright vulgarity to declare millions of your fellow men to be either knaves or fools, because they entertain ideas that differ from your own, even when you do not know what these ideas really are, and evidently have formed your notions from the most superficial observations.

So much for the first leader referred to. As to the second one, it should not have required a very high degree of the logical faculty on your part to come to the conclusion, that if Prof. Laurie, after a few months of research, gave up a subject in which men of far higher intellectual and scientific eminence, after years of patient research, obtained the most conclusive and gratifying results, the fault must lie with the professor and not with the subject.

To enter on psychical research with any chance of success, requires some preparatory study; it requires an intimate knowledge of the results obtained by other investigators, of the peculiar and delicate conditions in which the psychic factor plays a predominant part, and, finally, it requires a mind impartial and unbiassed, open to receive truth even if running counter to preconceived ideas, and only bent on weighing it in the balance of reason.

How far the Melbourne professor came up to this standard of a well qualified psychical researcher, I am not prepared to state, but judging from his lecture published by you, I do not hesitate to declare that he fell considerably short of it. As a philosopher more especially, he should have been bent on one all-important issue, on the question of all questions in philosophy: "Does mind exist as a living, thinking entity, and can it exercise its functions as such *apart from and independent of*

brain-cells?" Spiritualists unhesitatingly answer this question in the affirmative. They are alive to the significance of a rap or any other phenomenon, however trivial it may appear in itself, if behind it, and as its cause, they can trace intelligent mind-action, which cannot be referred to any person present. Professor Laurie might have obtained proof of independent mind-action if he had sought it, but judging from the superficial, flippant tone of his lecture, the question does not appear to have even suggested itself to him. He evidently went with preconceived notions of what the phenomena ought to be, and a strong bias against them. When some of them did not come up to his expectations he found them ineffably dull and uninteresting, whilst others not explainable on any but the spirit theory gave him the conviction of fraud and caused the desire for a bulls-eye lantern and the grasp of a strong policeman. Small wonder, therefore, that he threw up the sponge in perplexity, and that the only result of his labours was a semi-humorous lecture that made his audience laugh, and wound up with the sage assertion, that "Spiritualism had waxed and waned (?) before, and in time would probably pass away, giving place, it might be, to some newer folly." We will await the fulfilment of this prophecy, and in the meantime admire the acumen of this philosophical *lucus a non lucendo*.

It was to be expected that you, sir, would hang another leader on this peg, that you would embrace this grand opportunity of once more uttering, under the ægis of a learned professor, all your worn-out platitudes, fallacies, and insinuations against Spiritualists. But has the *cui bono* question of your tirades never occurred to you? You ought to know that they fall on deaf ears, and are hardly read at all; that the public now-a-days are too well informed about Spiritualism to be led astray by you. You might have written such articles about thirty years ago with some show of making converts to your views, and some semblance of justification, but as matters stand now, with all the phenomena proven as real by rigorous scientific tests, and even the opponents of the spirit theory obliged to acknowledge them as such, with the latest edition of a standard Encyclopædia (Chambers) giving Spiritualism its due, and treating it as an accomplished fact that has henceforth to be reckoned with in history, with all these facts staring you in the face, you merely commit a ridiculous anachronism by writing as you do, and exhibit an unjustifiable degree of ignorance. One might imagine on reading your articles that you had been asleep for the last thirty years, and on awaking were once more picking up the thoughts you went to sleep with. Allow me to inform you what Spiritualism has accomplished whilst the hundred eyes of the *Argus* were closed in sweet repose. It has, in the first place, completely demolished the materialistic theory of mind, by showing that mind, with all its functions, exists as an entity, and can act independent of brain cells. It has opened a new domain for physical science by disclosing beyond the narrow sphere of sense-perception, and empiricism, a world of transcendental realities, inviting exploration. Last, but not least, it has completely altered and revolutionised religious ideas by restating the cardinal truths of religion in a new form, that imbues them with truly vital force, and brings them in harmony with the best thought of the age, with all our highest intellectual and ethical attainments. It affirms the existence of a God, who rules the world, not arbitrarily from without, but by laws unchangeable from within, and in whom we live and move, and have our being. It has demonstrated with absolute certainty that there is no death; that only the body, the outward shell, perishes, but that the soul of every human being—high or low, cultured or ignorant—enters on a career of progressive unfoldment after it leaves the body, and that its condition, its happiness or misery, in the next world, are determined by the degree of moral development it has attained on earth. And of this world of souls or spirits, this unseen universe, hidden from us merely by the veil of the senses, it also gives most certain proof, showing not only its existence, but also its constant intermingling with, and impinging on, the human world, and, most important of all, bringing the

two worlds into active communication with each other. Man thus ceases to be an automaton, a slave of impulses, that move him hither and thither, but is shown to be a perfectly free, and in his essence, spiritual being, who carries his fate in his hand, the arbiter of his own destiny.

These are some of the ideas or revelations which Spiritualism has brought to light and propagates unceasingly by an enormous literature spread over the whole civilised world, and by the fervour and enthusiasm of its adherents, all of whom are missionaries, and as "free lances" enter with heart and soul into warfare with antiquated errors and all the shams and falsehoods of the effete and fast dying civilisation of the past. And are they labouring in vain? Let him who wants an answer to this question compare the first half of this century with the second now drawing to a close. In the first, materialism, with a blank denial of everything spiritual, reigned supreme, but feebly and ineffectually opposed by the churches, who were the only standard bearers of religious truth, but unfortunately could only present this truth in the form of dogmas, demanding blind faith, and as such distasteful to the enlightened conscience of humanity. But where is materialism now? It requires but a moderate acquaintance with the philosophical and scientific literature of the last decade or two, and with recent utterances of Prof. Huxley and others to convince any unbiassed reader that its days are numbered, that it has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Even in periodical literature, and in that of fiction, which are but the reflex of public opinion, a mighty change is perceptible, for which Spiritualism may well take credit, since the change all tends in the direction of its doctrines. And when, finally, we enter the churches, how different do we find the preaching now to what it was fifty years ago. The pale, far-distant heaven and the lurid hell, eternal damnation of human souls, and other notions of pristine theology, are scarcely mentioned now, and the after-life is depicted as one of progress, in which the mercy of God is still extended to the sinner. Atonement by blood has become at-one-ment by aspiration, and Christ is looked upon and adored as the Divine Man, the beloved Elder Brother, the highest religious Ideal ever set before man. To all this preaching, now frequent though not yet general, Spiritualists may well say "Amen," for it is their own. Yet Spiritualism is not a creed, for its active living forces, giving the freest possible scope to individualism, can never be imprisoned in a set of dogmas, neither does it claim to be either a philosophy, a science, or a religion, *per se*, since it partakes of the elements of the three, and binds them together into one harmonious, consistent system of thought. It is nothing more nor less than the outcome of supernal forces, the result of a well-concerted, well-timed influx from the spirit-world. It brings nothing new, nothing original. The truths it proclaims were revealed to mankind before, in forms adapted to the understanding of less cultured ages. Its mission is to impress them on an age in which reason has taken the place of authoritative faith, and to show them not only compatible with that reason, but absolutely inseparable from it. One of its fundamental axioms is, that all religious truth is the result of inspiration, that man in his evolution from the purely animal plane, could never have conceived of religion, and evolved a moral code, if he had not been impressed and constantly influenced by the spirit-world, and that the same world which guarded his infancy and prevented his sinking back into the animal plane, is even now, as the instrument of the Most High, guiding his steps.

This, sir, is the Spiritualism of which it has pleased you to write so disparagingly. My object in addressing you at such length is, in the first instance, to convince you of the error of your ways, and if successful, to show to your readers that the caricature you have presented to them does not bear the slightest resemblance to the original. If your love of truth is greater than your "amour propre," you will publish this letter; if not, then by all means consign it to the waste paper basket.

I am yours, etc., A. MUELLER. M.D.

Yackandandah, 25th June, 1894.

ANOTHER correspondent in the course of a criticism of the *Argus* articles (whose letter we are unable to find space for) refers to the rehabilitated "unconscious cerebration" theory of Professor Laurie and the *Argus* as follows:—"The plausible theories of all the professors that ever lived cannot alter a single fact. Kant, perhaps the keenest philosopher that ever wrote, and whose *Critique of Pure Reason* is prescribed by Professor Laurie as a text-book in philosophy, certifies to Swedenborg's clairvoyance. One who described with perfect accuracy—both as to time and locale—the inception, progress and cessation of a fire that was raging 300 miles from the observer must have been in possession of a visualisation and imagination that psychists and opticians have yet to investigate. And this well-attested fact proves the existence in man of a transcendent faculty that all the cavilling of ignoramuses cannot destroy. In regard to 'unconscious cerebration' no scientist will imagine that he has 'explained' a mystery when he has simply substituted a greater one for it. Nor will he pretend that the abysses that everywhere check his advances can be satisfactorily crossed on a phantom bridge of tasselated verbiage. Cerebration is the rock upon which materialists have ever split and sunk into oblivion. When normal thought processes can be explained in terms of matter, 'unconscious cerebration'—at present purely clap-trap—may come to mean something."

WE have a long letter from a Melbourne gentleman, "E. T.," on Professor Laurie's "Six Months of Psychological Research," which want of space compels us to exclude. "E. T." has devoted twelve months to psychical research, which has been conducted in the Melbourne Public Library, his previous experiments in table-moving some years since, he had comfortably concluded, were the result of animal magnetism, etc. On visiting the Public Library, he was surprised at the extent of the Spiritualistic literature, pro and con. He waded impartially through both, weighing the evidence and arguments on both sides, coming to the conclusion that no person even moderately acquainted with the literature of Spiritualism could doubt the reality of the most remarkable phenomena claimed to be the production of unseen spiritual agencies, these phenomena: table-tipping, levitation, movement of objects without contact, materializations, etc. His reasons for coming to this conclusion were: 1st, That the opponents generally admitted the reality of the phenomena, but endeavoured to account for them by some other theory. 2nd, The overwhelming testimony of competent witnesses to the truth of the phenomena, witnesses whose word would be accepted without hesitation on any matter of fact; their testimony is fully corroborated by scientists of acknowledged repute, who have brought to bear minds trained to scientific methods in their investigations. Unless we are to believe that these hundreds of thousands of independent competent witnesses have entered into a conspiracy to deceive the world we must accept their testimony. . . . "Were it a matter of opinion only," he says, "I would not accept the dictum of the whole world against common sense, but in regard to *matters of fact* I am compelled to believe the testimony of such a host of witnesses."

Our correspondent's conclusion is a reasonable one. No impartial person could read even the books on the subject which we know to be in the Melbourne Public Library without coming to the conclusion which he has come to, but unfortunately few go into the investigation with the same diligence and impartial spirit. Commenting upon the *Argus* assertion that "no solitary instructive or helpful or witty thing has ever been said through the table, planchette, medium or apparition," E. T. says: "If he (the *Argus* man) would examine the matter as I have done, he would find many examples of the very highest poetry and prose, he would discover truths of the most important character (if he was capable of recognising the truth when he saw it, which is doubtful), and even he might meet with wit and humour if he searched for them." This searching is just the *crux* of the matter.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

IN the present prevalence of theories to account for the acknowledged phenomena attributed by Spiritualists to the action of disembodied human spirits, evidences of spirit identity and of the action of discrete intelligences outside the mind of the medium or circle, the following condensed account of the experiences of Mrs. Sara A. Underwood (joint editor with B. F. Underwood, of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*), which was first published in the *Arena* about three years since, and are recently reproduced by special request in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, will be of interest to our readers. Both Mr. and Mrs. Underwood are clear-headed, critical individuals, and have been prominent Agnostics for many years. Mr. Underwood was for some time editor of the *Boston Index*.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

"The statements in this paper as to what was written in my presence purporting to be communications from 'spirits,' and as to the circumstances under which it was written, are scrupulously correct. The 'communications,' it is certain, are from an intelligent source. Mrs. Underwood is the person by whose hand they are put in form. That she is not labouring under a mistake in thinking that she is unconscious of the thought expressed until she read the writing—if, indeed, such a mistake in a sane mind is possible—I am certain. Sometimes, owing to the illegibility of the writing, she has to study out sentences. The writing varies in style, not only on different evenings, but on the same evening; it is apparently the writing of not fewer than twenty persons, and generally bearing no resemblance whatever, so far as I can judge, to Mrs. Underwood's handwriting, which is remarkably uniform. The communications are unlike in the degrees of intelligence, in the quality of thought, and in the disposition which they show. Detailed statements of facts unknown to either of us, but which, weeks afterwards, were learned to be correct, have been written, and repeated again and again, when disbelieved and contradicted by us. All the writing has been done in my presence, but most of it while I have been busily occupied with work which demanded my undivided attention. The views expressed are often different from my own, and quite as frequently, perhaps, opposed to Mrs. Underwood's views.

"Some will, doubtless, interpret these facts as evidence and illustrations of the multiplex character of personality, and will regard these communications, apparently indicating several distinct intelligences, as manifestations of different strata, so to speak, of the same individual consciousness. Knowledge of the facts unknown to our ordinary consciousness was, nevertheless, some will say, in the sub-consciousness of one of us, or perhaps of both. On this theory, of course it must be supposed that the mind has stored away in its depths knowledge acquired in ways unknown. By others all the phenomena related by Mrs. Underwood will be regarded as the work of disembodied, invisible, intelligent beings who once dwelt in the flesh and lived on the earth, but who are now in a higher sphere of existence, yet able under certain conditions to make their presence and their thoughts known to us. It is not my intention here to advocate any theory as to the cause of the phenomena described by Mrs. Underwood. I simply testify now to the accuracy of all those statements in her paper in regard to her automatic writing.—B. F. UNDERWOOD.

"The known is finite, the unknown is infinite; intellectually we stand on an islet in the midst of an illimitable ocean of inexplicability. Our business in every generation is to reclaim a little more land; to add something to the extent and solidity of our possessions.—Huxley in 'Reception of the Origin of Species.'

"Public attention at this time especially is being called to various forms of psychic phenomena measurably through the efforts of the Society for Psychical Research in investigating and sifting the evidence for the stories of apparitions, hallucinations, fore-warnings, etc., but more because so many who have heretofore scoffed at and doubted such stories, or who have been foiled in

their efforts to obtain for themselves any satisfactory evidence that such phenomena really occur, are now able to testify from their own experience, in one form or another, that such are real facts of our existence.

"The questions raised by the class of facts already elicited through this investigation are of supreme importance, and it becomes the duty of every serious-minded enquirer who has had experience of this kind to give the result of his investigations to the public, and thus aid those searching for the underlying cause of all such phenomena. Therefore after considerable hesitation, and with some inward shrinking from an obvious duty, I have concluded to take the consequences of publishing my own recent experience. A word of personal explanation may here be necessary. A sincere believer in orthodox Christianity until my twentieth year, I have been led by careful study and unflinching love of truth to give up my belief in Christian dogmas, and have for some years known no other name by which to designate my state of mind in regard to religious belief than that misunderstood and often misapplied term, agnostic. But at no stage in my mental progress have I ever felt sure that I had reached any conclusion which was final, and at no time have I been a believer in Spiritualism, or been convinced that we survive the present state of being; while always I have felt an interest in every undecided question in science and religion, and earlier have had some 'intimations of immortality,' which have caused me to think seriously on the subject and to long for more light. I have decided to lay the simple facts of my most recent experience before the readers of the *Arena*, and allow them to draw what conclusions they will without offering any theory of my own. More than a year ago my interest in psychic phenomena was awakened by reading the reports of the Society for Psychical Research, but it has been my own personal experience which has created a profound impression on my mind. If any one who reads this will try to imagine in what spirit he would greet an entire stranger or group of strangers, who through the telephone, for instance, should send him genial messages full of common sense, philosophy, humour, and friendliness, giving him interesting details of a strange land, he can partially understand the state of mind in which, after many months of such intercourse, I find myself. Except on two or three occasions no one has been present but my husband, B. F. Underwood, and myself.

"The *modus operandi* is the simplest possible. As I remembered that Mr. U. was rather averse to the planchette experiments of former years, thinking them unwholesome and deteriorating in their tendency, I at first said nothing to him of my new psychical experiments, though these were made oftenest in his presence in the evening when we both sat at one writing table, near each other, busied with our individual literary work. As I experimented in his absence as well as in his presence, I soon found that I got the most coherent writings when he was present. Indeed I could get nothing coherent, and very frequently nothing at all, when he was away, but when he was present the communications began to grow strangely interesting, and he was called upon repeatedly, I felt obliged to invite his attention, when the most surprising answers were given, which roused his curiosity and interest. It has been explained that his presence is necessary for me to obtain writing, as 'blended power is best.' Two or three times, at the suggestion of this intelligence, we have asked two of our intimate literary friends—non-Spiritualists—to be present, but each time with comparative failure; afterwards we were informed that the cause of the failure was the introduction of persons unused to the conditions, who broke up the harmonious relations necessary to communication; in time they could be of help.

"It would take a volume to present all the interesting statements as to an advanced stage of existence, only hidden from us because of the inadequacy of our sense perceptions, and by the conditions imposed upon us at this stage of our progress, which have been given from this source. Explanations have been made why communication through the agency of certain persons, though not through all, are possible. The conditions, it

is alleged, are not entirely dependent upon the superior intelligence or morality of the persons with whom the intelligences can become en rapport. These invisibles declare that they are as seriously and anxiously experimenting on their side to discover modes of untrammelled communication with us, as we on our side ought to be, if what they write be true, and if such a thing be possible. 'Spirits' they persistently insist upon being called. In this paper I can only give a statement of some things which do not seem explicable on the hypothesis of mind-reading, thought-transference, hypnotism, or sub-consciousness. In all these experiments I have been in a perfectly normal state. The only physical indication of any outside influence is an occasional slight thrill, as of an electric current, from my shoulder to the hand which holds the waiting pen. Step by step I have been taught a series of signals to aid me in correctly reading the communications. I have no power to summon at will any individual wished for. I have repeatedly, but in vain, tried to get messages from some near and dear friends. It has been explained that on their side, as on ours, certain 'conditions' must exist in order to get in 'control.' When 'eh?' is written I know that the operator at the other end of the line is ready to communicate. When in the middle of a sentence or a word 'gone' or 'change' is written, I understand that the connection is broken, and I must not expect the completion of that message. When a line like this ——— is drawn, it is a sign that that sentence is completed or the communication ended. So with other things. Rhymes are often unexpectedly written, especially if the 'control' professes to be a poet, and they are dashed off so rapidly that I do not understand their import until the close, when I can read them over. Impromptu rhyming is a feat utterly impossible to either Mr. U—— or myself. Names persistently recur which are unknown to us. Many different handwritings appear, some of them far superior to my own. When I first began to get communications I destroyed, in a day or two after they were written, the slips of paper containing the writing, but as the developments became more interesting, Mr. U—— suggested that they be preserved for reference. I acted on this suggestion, and thus in the instances of facts given outside our own knowledge, I am enabled to give the exact wording of each communication. Our questions were asked *viva voce*, and as they were often suggested by what had been previously written, I either at the time or soon afterwards wrote them just above the reply. I am not, therefore, trusting at all to memory in the statements I shall make.

"A gentleman of this city (whom I will call John Smith, but whose real name was a more uncommon one) with whom Mr. U—— had been acquainted many years, but of whose family relations he knew little, died here more than a year ago. Mr. U—— had met him but once in the year previous to his death, he having been away on account of failing health, staying, we understood, with a daughter recently married, whose home was in Florida. The first name of this married daughter, or any of Mr. Smith's daughters except one, was unknown to Mr. U——. I had met one of his daughters, whose name I knew to be Jennie. I also knew that there was another named Violet. I was not sure, however, whether this was the name of the married one, or of another unmarried, but had the impression that Violet was unmarried. One evening, while waiting for automatic writing with no thought of Mr. Smith in my mind, and Mr. U—— sitting near me at the table with his thoughts concentrated on an article he was preparing, this was written: 'John Smith will now enter into conversation with B. F. Underwood.' I read this to Mr. U——, who laid aside his pen, and in order to test the matter, asked if Mr. Smith remembered the last time they met, soon after his return from the South, and a short time previous to his death. There was some delay in the answer, but soon the reply came 'On Madison St.' 'Whereabouts on Madison?' was asked. 'Near Washington.' 'At what hour?' 'About 10 a.m., raining.' As it was rarely that Mr. U—— was in that part of the city at so early an hour, and especially on a

rainy day, I doubted the correctness of this reply, but Mr. U—— recalled to my mind the unusual circumstance which made it necessary for him to be in that vicinity on the day and at the hour named, on which he and Mr. Smith, he distinctly remembered, last met. Only a few words passed between them on account of the rain. After this, writing, purporting to be from Mr. Smith, came frequently. Very soon something was written which induced Mr. U——, half sportively, to inquire whether there was anything which troubled Mr. Smith, anything which he wished he had done but had omitted before his death. The answer came, 'One thing—change deeds on Violet's account. None of my wife's are at my daughter's disposal. All in her own disposal.' Mr. U—— asked if it was meant that he had not left his property—for he was a man of some wealth—as he now wished he had. 'You are right,' was written, 'want all my girls to share alike.' 'Which daughter do you refer to?' was asked. 'Went away from her in Florida—Violet,' was the answer. I remarked, 'Why, I thought Violet was one of the unmarried girls, but it must be that that is the name of the married daughter.' Then Mr. U—— was strongly urged to call on Mr. Smith's married son, James, with whom Mr. U—— had a slight acquaintance, and tell him of this communication. 'Clearly state my desire that my daughter Violet share equally with her sisters.' Of course this was utterly out of the question. At that time we had no intention of informing any one of our psychic experience, and if we had, Mr. James Smith would have thought us insane or impertinent to come to him with so ridiculous a story, the truth of which we ourselves strongly doubted. Pages were, however, written concerning the matter in so earnest and pleading a manner that I came to feel conscience-stricken at refusing to do what was asked, and to shrink from seeing Mr. Smith's name appear. Once was written, 'Say to James that in my new position, and with my new views of life, I feel that I did wrong to treat his sister Violet as I did. She was not to blame for following out her own convictions, when I had inculcated independent thought and action for all.' This and other sentences of the kind seemed to convey the idea that Violet had in some way incurred his displeasure by doing according to her own will in opposition to his. This was puzzling to us, as we thought that in her marriage, at least, the daughter we thought to be Violet had followed her father's wishes.

"A few weeks later, however, came an unlooked-for verification of Mr. Smith's messages. In a conversation between Mr. U—— and a business friend of Mr. Smith, who was well acquainted with all his affairs, regret was expressed that so wealthy a man had left so little for a certain purpose. Mr. U—— then inquired as to what disposition had been made of his property, and was told that he had left it mainly to his wife and children—so much to this one, and that. 'But Violet,' continued Mr. U——'s informant, 'was left only a small amount, as Mr. Smith was angry because she married against his wishes.' 'Why,' remarked Mr. U——, 'I understood that he approved of the match, and the fact that he accompanied herself and husband to Florida, and remained with them some time, would seem to indicate that.' 'Oh, you are thinking of Lucy, the eldest girl; her marriage was all right, but Violet, one of the younger daughters, going to Florida with her husband, fell in love with a young man of whom her father did not approve, so she made a runaway marriage, and on account of his displeasure, Mr. Smith left her only a small sum.' The intelligence writing was aware of facts unknown to either Mr. U—— or myself, and no other persons were in the room when these communications were given."

(To be Concluded next Month).

THE *Two Worlds* (June 22nd) is illustrated with a portrait of Florence Marryat, the talented author of "There is No Death," and contains the first portion of a lecture, "Spiritualism, the Great Want of the World," recently delivered by her.

PROFESSOR LAURIE AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

REPLY BY THE REV. G. WALTERS.

Another contribution to the spiritualistic controversy which has raged round Professor Laurie's recent lecture was made by the Rev. George Walters at the Lyceum last night, when the professor's alleged exposure of psychic manifestations came in for scathing criticism and refutation. The Rev. George Walters entitled his address: Professor Laurie's "funny" lecture, or six months of psychical research, by one who wasn't there. His remarks were listened to by a crowded audience. The lecturer was careful throughout to inform his hearers that he was not a prejudiced spiritualist, but rather a sceptic—an earnest and impartial inquirer into the truth of the so called psychic phenomena. He was personally acquainted with many of the persons engaged in the controversy. He had sat in circles for the purpose of investigation with Dr. M'Carthy, of Sydney, and was a friend of the lady against whom Professor Laurie had made thinly veiled insinuations of imposture and fraud. After referring to the "funny" nature of the professor's lecture, and expressing admiration for the humor as well as the pathos of it, Mr. Walters went on to say that persons desirous of investigating the matter must be careful not to ascribe to spirit influences actions which might be associated with that sub-consciousness which at times almost took the semblance of second self. A writer in the *Argus* referred to people who thought that the true way to study the subject was by clearing the mind of logical process and scientific method. That description did not apply to him, for one. It would not apply to other men and women with whom he was acquainted; and it would surely not apply to men like Professor Denton, Professor Crookes, and Alfred Wallace the greatest living naturalist. What was the first principle of scientific method? It was to investigate a subject before pronouncing any very decided opinion about it. (Hear, hear.) This being so, many spiritualists were more imbued with the scientific spirit than either Professor Laurie or the editor of the *Argus*. (Hear, hear.) He proceeded to refer to the experiments made by Dr. M'Carthy, of Sydney, with regard to psychic force, and mentioned that of a person being able to close a door without actual contact. There was no question of professional mediumship in this. There was no advantage to be gained by anybody by the practice of imposture and fraud. It was an experiment carried out in the presence of and duly attested by creditable witnesses, and he challenged contradiction by either Professor Laurie or the editor of the *Argus* on this point. If they ridiculed or condemned a conclusion arrived at after such independent investigation, they would be exhibiting precisely the same spirit which animated those who denied the movement of the earth round the sun, or the priestly bigots who raved at and cursed Charles Darwin (Cheers.) His contention, and the contention of all people investigating these matters, was that a force did exist the nature of true influence of which were too little understood—a force which, being apparently controlled by mind or spirit apart from actual physical contact, had been called psychic force. This force exerted on an open door distant only a few inches was no more remarkable than the influence exerted on our earth by the rays of light that had travelled through millions of miles of space. It looked as if this was going to be a conflict between the advocates of impartial investigation on the one hand and dogmatists and so called scientists on the other. In this conflict spiritualists might be called superstitious, credulous, foolish, crazy; they might be sneered at as simple minded, whole souled believers or as cultivators of spooks—(laughter)—but if they persisted in the demand for a fair, honest, reasonable, impartial and even scientific investigation they would certainly win the battle against the professors and editors as well as against the priests and clergy. (Cheers.) With reference to the experiments made by Dr. M'Carthy even if they were attested and proved they would not of necessity prove the truth of spiritualism. The lecturer proceeded to give some of his experiences with the same

lady medium whom Professor Laurie had traduced at *séances* which the professor on his own admission did not attend. So far as his (the speaker's) experience went, the circle was not composed of weak minded, credulous men and fanciful and hysterical women. On the contrary, the sitters were mostly earnest inquirers after truth, some of them hard headed business men, doctors, artists, men who knew something of scientific matters—cautious, keen observers. He himself was probably the weakest minded individual present—(laughter)—but he was keenly on the watch for any sign of deception. He had seen so-called spirit forms emerge from behind a curtain and raise a cloudlike drapery. He had seen a kind of filmy cloud form outside the curtained recess, and, apparently by condensation, resolve itself into a living entity, afterwards melting away like a fleecy white cloud in a summer sky. He had seen one of these spirits materialise sufficiently to sit on a chair and converse with a person in a voice utterly unlike that of the spirit medium. He had seen a spirit form draw aside the curtain with one hand and assist the spirit medium to her feet with the other, while both spoke in voices entirely dissimilar. He had seen and heard the little black girl known as "Cissie" speak to a medium. He had actually felt the cloudlike drapery surrounding Cissie, and he had felt her little fat lips kiss his forehead twice—he might remark that his wife was present—(Laughter.) Unlike Professor Laurie she was perfectly persuaded that there was a necessity for further investigation, which he agreed was quite natural under the circumstances. (Laughter.) The *séances* held at Professor M'Alpine's residence were evidently similar to this. The question arose: Did such phenomena prove spiritualism? If he met a friend, spoke to him and shook hands with him in the street he would naturally be under the impression that he had been in the company of a mortal being. That might be illogical, according to Professor Laurie, and unscientific, according to the editor of the *Argus*; but it was not improbable. So that when he sat in a room and witnessed the materialisation of forms, capable of moving about, speaking and being spoken to, and when he saw the de-materialisation of such forms, he could not admit that he was very credulous or fanciful or superstitious if he became convinced of the truth of these things. The spiritualistic hypothesis was the most rational that could possibly be arrived at. (Cheers.) The fact that Professor Laurie had not been present at these *Séances* was an advantage to a critic who assumed a position of infallibility, and dogmatised in the sacred name of science. The professor's assertion that the *séances* "reeked with imposture" he denied from personal experience. The professor asserted that the spirits were generally mediums dressed up. If this applied to the lady who acted as medium at Professor M'Alpine's house he could only say that it was an unworthy insinuation coming from a gentleman who was not present, and a statement which could be estimated at its proper value by all who knew the lady herself. (Cheers.) Then it was said that the so called spirits talked a great deal of nonsense. Probably they were not all refined and cultured, but in spite of that he thought some of their utterances would bear favourable comparison with some portions of Professor Laurie's address. (Laughter.) When the professor spoke of testing spiritualistic phenomena with the aid of a lantern and a policeman he must respectfully inform him that his methods would be more suited to a football match or a meeting of Parliament than to any circle of honest people investigating the reality of such phenomena. (Cheers.) These critics desired that the tests should be made in the daylight. He would deem it just as reasonable to condemn a photographer for using a dark room as to condemn persons who were investigating delicate spiritualistic phenomena for holding their *séances* in a subdued light. They would not be frightened away from their investigations by the sneers of professors or editors. They had nothing to gain by cheating themselves into a belief in spiritualism. They desired only the truth, and in the endeavour to reach it they would be patient, earnest, sincere and even sceptical. (Loud cheers.)—*The Age*.

DR. PEEBLES ON MATERIALIZATION.

(From the Banner of Light, May 26th, 1894.)

It seems strange, so very strange to me, that any enlightened Spiritualist should deny the fact—of spirit-materialization. There are pronounced Spiritualists who, with agnostics and theological sectarists, contend that such phenomena are impossible, while others do not hesitate to pronounce all materializing mediums frauds. Such consummate ignorance of physical and spiritual laws and of spirit possibilities tries the patience of all thoughtful, brainy men. Why, materialization, visible and invisible, is going on around us every moment. The hidden life-centered seed, pushing its forces up through the mud, materializes the snow-white lily. Within the rough shell-walls of the acorn there is a central germ, a pulsating entity, that ultimately materializes the towering oak. Personally, we are all of us hourly and daily materializing the bodies we inhabit—materializing them not alone from foods and drinks, but from the original invisible spirit-substances that infill and thrill the universe, thus enabling us to manifest ourselves to others, and come into *sensuous rapport* with the thousands upon thousands of objects that dot and decorate the earth.

The above is preliminary to a brief description of a noted medium and her materializing manifestations—Mrs. Valree, 1815 Fannin street, Houston, Texas. This lady has been a medium twenty-six years, with such a variety of phases as trance clairvoyance, independent slate-writing (new slates being brought by parties seeking tests), impersonation, prophetic visions, tables raised to the ceiling, and other startling manifestations.

THE MATERIALIZATIONS.

About three months ago this lady sat for materializations, and was successful almost from the first sitting. Her cabinet is simply one piece of very thin black muslin suspended across one corner of the room, with a chair behind it. Mrs. Valree's manifestations have convinced and converted many hard-headed skeptics, such, for instance, as Mr. Long of Houston. This gentleman resisted all proofs and evidences till he actually went into the cabinet, or rather behind the filmy curtain, and sat with this lady firmly holding both her hands, and while thus grasping them, spirits materialized before his eyes, and the eyes of others present. Finally, a spirit lifting the curtain to one side, Mr. Long, with the medium, walked out into the room, and two materialized spirits with them. These spirits dematerializing, this Thomas-like skeptic became a convert. Now his rapt enthusiasm excels his previous skepticism. But mark the consequences. It came near ending the medium's life. She was paralyzed for three days, and it was weeks before she fully recovered. Neither spirits, medium nor investigator should have consented to such a hazardous procedure. There *are* mortals competent to instruct spirits

SOMETHING OF MY EXPERIENCE.

Invited by Mr. Scott, a zealous Spiritualist of New Orleans, to attend with him and others Mrs. Valree's séance, I gladly accepted the invitation. This lady's standing socially naturally attracts to her people of intelligence and culture. The parlour was large and commodious. Just previous to the sitting, those present in connection with the medium, were engaged in a pleasant conversation upon spiritual subjects. Now the medium, taking her seat before us all, the thin curtain was drawn in front of her, and the light was subdued to an ordinary twilight. There was no joining of hands, no jargon-singing, but a calm, receptive quiet—a quiet constituting of itself a prayer. Almost immediately a spirit—an Indian maiden—walked out, chatting cheerfully with several whom she knew; and while still out in the center of the floor, another spirit, tall and graceful, robed in white, came out, stepped up to me, laid his large, heavy, magnetic hand upon my head; while another pushed the curtain up against the wall, showing us the medium, deeply entranced. Perhaps I should add that this curtain was not divided in the middle, but was one thin, gauzy structure, stretching across the room; and, further, it seemed to have little or nothing to do with the

materializations—for the spirits materialized through the curtain, in front of the curtain and over the top of it. They frequently dematerialized in the front of the curtain. Several times there were three spirits out at once in full form, walking and talking.

Do I hear some one say "I can't believe it?" My reply is: "What *you* cannot or do not believe is of not the *least* consequence to *me!*" Little is to be expected from bigots or semi-imbeciles. I have not been a student of Spiritualism these forty years and more in vain. In the above-described materializations I had, as cautious witnesses, the majority of my senses, seeing, hearing, feeling, coupled with my judgment, reason and intuition; and all corroborated by a dozen other careful, thoughtful ladies and gentlemen present.

THE IMPORT OF THESE MATERIALISATIONS.

They are necessities in a selfish, doubting age. They antagonize a cold, icy materialism. They reveal the potency of spirit-laws and forces. They demonstrate a future existence. They are means or footsteps to a higher end. They belong to the primary department in the school of Spiritualism. They do not necessarily imply spiritual growth, or high moral attainments. Persons may look at spirit-materializations as misers look at their gold, and still be spiritually blind. They may get test upon test, and still live in social companionship with selfish, dark, undeveloped spirits. Such should listen to the Nazarenean words, "Come up higher." True-minded Spiritualists soon graduate from external phenomena up on to the plane of philosophy, from philosophy into the more inner sphere of intuition, where faith ultimates in fruition. Here they fully realize that they are spirits now, living already in the spiritual world. They grow from within. Half forgetting self, they live for others. They are conscious of daily inspirations and heavenly influences. They walk and talk with angels. They are practical Spiritualists.

San Antonio, Tex.

J. M. PEEBLES, M.D.

SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.

THE third Annual Report of the Spiritualists' International Corresponding Society is a very encouraging one, showing that the Society is growing in extent and usefulness, and its ramifications extending all over the civilized world. In addition to bringing into sympathetic relation spiritualistic bodies and individuals previously isolated, "experiments have been made in the various phases of spiritual manifestation, accounts of which have been sent to the spiritualistic Press by the members thereof, many thousands of leaflets and general literature have been distributed, the Press supplied with information on Spiritualism, criticisms answered, many lectures delivered, and a large number of letters from inquirers answered." The report further states: "The cause of Spiritualism in England is taking deep root, some 160 public meetings being held on Sunday and week days, with thousands of home circles for experiment and the velopment of mediumship."

The principal objects of the Society are as follows:—

1. To assist enquirers and students by correspondence or otherwise, by assisting in the formation of select and private circles for the development of mediumship and the scientific study of Spiritualism and kindred subjects.
2. To form a connecting link between Spiritualists and students in all parts of the world, for the mutual interchange of thought on Spiritualism and kindred subjects, and the distribution of spiritualistic and progressive literature.
3. To deliver Lectures on Spiritualism and kindred subjects, supply the Press with information on the same, and answer Press criticisms.

The Honorary Secretary and Treasurer is Mr. John Allen, 13 Berkeley Terrace, White Post Lane, Manor Park, Essex, England, and Mr. H. J. Browne, Grand Hotel, Melbourne, is the local Corresponding Member.

A W A N T.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—I have long regretted the fact that so few of the contributors to the *Harbinger* furnish you with their personal experiences, because I believe the publication of spiritual experiences to be a most useful means of spreading the light.

To my mind the reading of such experiences awakens curiosity; curiosity next leads to research; research to conviction, and conviction to hope, high aspirations and a better life.

Yours, etc.,
C. N. R.

[Our correspondent's suggestion is good when the experiences are unique, or at least not commonplace.—*Ed. H. of Lt.*]

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

NEITHER doubt, denial, unwillingness to believe, occasional frauds, nor ridicule, can upset truth and facts.

I have for more than twenty years availed myself of sitting with mediums of repute when the opportunity has occurred—say once or twice a-year—and have had abundant evidence of the truth and facts of Spiritualism in its various phases; but I have always gone with a fair, open and unprejudiced mind, desirous only of the truth whether I liked it or not, and anxious to detect and expose any falsity, but I found it true and am not ashamed to uphold my opinion in face of ignorant ridicule—ignorant, because the loudest to condemn are those who have not seriously and properly investigated, and who do not wish it to be true.

I have not gone for personal inquisitiveness or aggrandisement, or for a desire to pry into the future, but merely to affirm or upset the world-wide evidence of its asserted truth.

I am not a Spiritualist, except so far as knowing it to be true, but merely an investigator. Having assured myself of its truth, I am satisfied, and belong to no circle or séance. Whether it is wise to practice it after being so assured, I cannot say, but such assurance will cause any person to know that life does not end with death, and to know that his every act and thought is seen by a multitude of spirit witnesses. This need not interfere with any religion, and must make a difference to a person's life, and check much evil and hypocrisy.

R. J. CREASY.

July, 1894.

THE LYCEUM

Meetings during the past month have been well attended. A Special Session was held on Monday evening, July 23, at which Mr. Walters gave a short address to the children, founded upon a verse of Canon Kingsley's. The object of the session was to give adults who find it difficult to reach the Lyceum on Sundays an opportunity to witness the system of education pursued by Spiritualists.

MRS. W. M. KNIGHT,

'ARGYLE HOUSE,' 33 ARGYLE SQUARE,
S. CARLTON,
Holds a SEANCE every TUESDAY & FRIDAY,
At 8 p.m.

PRIVATE SITTINGS. INTRODUCTION.

Clairvoyant Test and Trance.

MR. WILLIAM HICKSON

Will hold Public Seances at "Sunflower,"

442 Beulah-Terrace, Madeline-st., Carlton.

Sundays, 7.30 p.m.; Tuesday and Thursday, 8 p.m.

We call particular attention to Dr. Peebles' article on Materialization, printed in this issue. Spiritualists, mediums and inquirers may all learn something from it. It is especially *apropos* in Melbourne and Sydney just now, where the particular phenomena alluded to are attracting so much attention.

NEW BOOKS.

- Modern Mystics and Modern Magic, containing a full Biography of the Revd. William Stainton Moses, M.A. (Oxon), together with Sketches of Swedenborg, Boehme, Madam Guyon, the Illuminati, the Kabbalists, the Theosophists, the French Spiritists, the Society for Psychical Research, &c., by Arthur Lillie, author of Buddhism in Christendom, &c. 7s.
- The Light of Egypt; or the Science of the Soul and the Stars, a text-book of Esoteric Knowledge, the Science of the Soul, Realm of Spirit, Realm of Matter, Origin of Physical Life, Mysteries of Sex, Transition of Life, Karma, Mediumship, Nature and Attributes of the Soul, Adeptship and how Obtainable, the Influence of the Stars on Man, the Mystical Chain, &c. Second Edition, 292 large 8vo. pages. Illustrated. 15s.
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