

THE Harbinger of Light.

MONTHLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO

ZOISTIC SCIENCE, FREE THOUGHT, SPIRITUALISM
AND THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

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

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be relied upon. Our friend's face, which had been suffused with a genial glow, fell down to Zero, and with a desponding voice, he asked—"Of what use is it then?" And finding that there was nothing more to be gained by it than a demonstration of immortality, a re-union with those loved ones who had preceded us, a knowledge of the nature of the after life, and a few other inconsiderate trifles, concluded it was not worth the time. The letter of our correspondent, "T. C. S.," is one that requires explanation; his case is not singular, and his letter requires answering. It is one of those we allude to, as appearing to the inexperienced or superficial investigator to be reasonable and well founded. Our correspondent asks, "Why the Spirits did not anticipate the arrival of the Mail, and give us the news of the rupture between France and Prussia, and considers that, had they done so, they would have done a good thing for the cause of Spiritualism in this part of the world." We have no doubt that, were our friend *en rapport* with progressed Spirits, they would give him very good reasons for their reticence; but, without reference to the Spirits, we, from a material point of view, see very clearly that the publication of such information would have been a serious calamity to the cause.

We will presume the information to have been given and made very public—the Mail arrives and corroborates it in every particular. What is the result? Considerable excitement and intense curiosity on the subject, and a fair presumption upon the public mind that the legitimate use of Spiritualism is, to enable a man to obtain information that may be of great commercial value to him, and which he may use to his own aggrandizement or to the prejudice of the non-Spiritualist. The Scripture argument of familiar Spirits would, indeed, apply to such communications, but that would have but little weight if there was a prospect of money to be made, and we venture to think that hundreds of good Christians would try their hand at obtaining a little information on material subjects, and in the great majority of instances would be misled and deceived; the consequence would be—a great revulsion of feeling on the subject, and a popularization of the diabolic theory; but, were all the communications on mundane subjects correct, it would not have the slightest weight with those who attribute the whole of them to the Devil. It is a very common but most fallacious and unreason-

ONE of the most prominent objections urged against Spiritualism is—the unreliability of the communications received, and the want of harmony in what they teach. In some instances these objections would, to the superficial observer, seem well founded; but, to arrive at a truthful conclusion, we must go beneath the surface and ascertain the circumstances and conditions under which these unreliable and contradictory messages were given and received. The laws regulating Spiritual communion are as immutable as any other law in nature, and the conditions to be observed by the investigator of Spiritual science are as inexorable as those essential to the thorough examination of astronomical or chemical science. But, how often are these laws understood or conditions observed? We should say—not in one instance out of a hundred. An individual reads one or two out of the hundreds of books on the subject, or gets a little information from a friend, and forthwith considers himself in a position to start a circle and ensure the attendance and communication of progressed Spirits capable and willing to give him infallible information on all subjects, from the value of mining shares and the private movement of his friends and acquaintances in the body, to the nature of God and a description of the supernal Heavens! This is no exaggeration; we have met with many would-be investigators, whose expectations covered the whole range.

Quite recently, while conversing with a gentleman who had exhibited a lively interest in the subject, and was most anxious to join a circle, we incidentally remarked that, where communications on purely material or worldly subjects, such as mining, horseracing, &c., were sought, the information given (if any) could not

able idea that Spirits know everything! What grounds are there for such a presumption? None that we know of. Is it at all reasonable to suppose that a man of mediocre mental capacity, and limited earthly experiences, should, immediately on his translation to the Spirit world, become possessed of all knowledge, and cognizant of what is transpiring in all parts of the world he has left? There are no grounds for such a presumption; while, on the other hand, we have, besides our reason, the evidences of those who have passed the gulf, whose truthfulness we have proved again and again, that the after life is but a continuation of this one, under more favourable conditions, and that man is a creature of progression, that he acquires wisdom by degrees, and can only impart it in accordance with his wealth of it. The public are continually crying out to the Spiritualists, as the Pharisees did to Christ of old:—"Show us a sign! give us a test!" But, did Christ respond to their cry? No! all his so-called miracles or Spiritual manifestations were spontaneous responses to needs or wants; and in like manner do apparent miracles take place now, when, in the wisdom of God, His good angels see a necessity for a manifestation of Spiritual power. Contradictory communications are not peculiar to the present Spiritual dispensation. Those who read the Bible critically will find abundant contradictions in it. We have before us a small book, containing 144 propositions, proved affirmatively and negatively by quotations from the Scriptures. They are self-evident to the reader and presented without comment; and yet we Spiritualists do not ignore the Bible or the truths it contains on that account. We read it in the light of reason, separating the corn from the tares, and would not think of setting aside or ignoring the whole revelation and refusing to accept the corn because the chaff is not yet winnowed from it. We do not doubt the sincerity of our correspondent, nor of others who, like him, have been turning over the husks and chaff on the surface, and not meeting with the corn, have doubted whether there was any in it. The corn is there in abundance, and only requires seeking for under proper conditions, to be found. Ascertain, and abide by these conditions, and all the difficulties connected with the subject will be cleared away.

COMMUNICATION.

THE Spirit of Peace be over and around you—keep, guide, and protect you. Ye need protection more than to you can be seen or known. There are very frequently about the lower parts of your atmosphere, Spirits delighting greatly in mischief, we have witnessed their eagerness for being active. It needs only progress and disentanglement from the difficulties of theory, about what ye call Spiritualism. Make no difficulties about what Spirits can, do, or will, or are commissioned to communicate. The members of your circle are all conscious of how, and what we have communicated. If ye indulge in speculative theory as to principles and so on; ruling and bringing man and spirit in contact, ye may everlastingly be in that web of doubt, difficulty, and uncertainty. Even for strangers to your circle's teachings, be not diverted, but keep on your course and seek not to proselytize. Those who seek earnestly for truth, or judge with judgment, will soon be convinced that wisdom is from above, her throne is on high that man must be willing to approach by being himself elevated. He cannot have her debased to meet him, "She is full of majesty." Ye cannot be satiated with blazing truths or wisdom teachings at once; there are many things that render necessary those apparently introductory writings that we have often alluded to, that may in a short time be obviated or rendered nugatory.

The teachings will always bear a certain relative value to circumstances, "some in your control." Look upwards, and trust in your own well-defined purpose and object, ye will ultimately rise, the vast immeasurable, yea inconceivable expanse of wisdom spheres and states are before you, into and through which it is your high destiny to roam, guided by your own determination and your Spirit acquaintances there are no states beyond your attainment, and none beyond your own choice. All, all, is within that. We can give instruction or precept, we could, "indeed it is our wont" to write as from, and to an approximate being of development to ourselves, and were we doing even so, that could not govern the will of one of you, Spiritually little ones. The will grows as it is trained, and can well select any course commensurate in its tendencies with the object in view. *Keep a high standard erected always before you.* We cultivate an acquaintance with you through the will, our acquaintance could not arise spontaneously from states of affinity and commensurate wisdom as to spheres. The love of that Spirit which is love itself flows down to all His creatures however low, and wherever its rays strike, it draws upwards; all who see this can follow upwards fast, happy are they to whom this has been vouchsafed.

MELBOURNE, 1863.

To Correspondents.

Communications for insertion in this Journal should be plainly written, and as concise as possible.

MORE FACTS AS TO SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

A New South Wales correspondent sends us the following, which appears in the *Town and County Journal*, of November 19th, 1870, in a review of some published lectures by Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., from which it will be seen that Sir John is unconsciously a medium for some sort of manifestations.

"The three lectures on 'Light' constitute a simple and yet very complete elementary treatise on Optics, while the lecture on 'The Origin of Force,' that on 'Celestial Weighings and Measurements,' and that on 'Sensorial Vision,' are deeply philosophical, and ought to be read and studied by every one. The latter discourse records curious facts which had occurred within the author's experience. Speaking of one class of facts belonging to 'Sensorial Vision,' Sir John says:—

"I fancy it is no very uncommon thing for persons in the dark and with their eyes closed, to see or seem to see, faces or landscapes. I believe I am as little visionary as most people, but the former case very frequently happens to myself. The faces present themselves involuntarily, are always shadowy and indistinct in outline—for the most part unpleasant, though not hideous; expressive of no violent emotions and succeeding one another at short intervals of time, as in succession. . . . Of course, I now speak of waking, of waking impressions in health, and under no kind of excitement. When the two latter conditions are absent, numerous instances are on record of both 'voluntary and involuntary impressions of this kind, and singular as some of the facts related may appear. I am quite prepared, from my own experience on two several occasions, to receive such accounts 'with much indulgence.'"

The Reviewer goes on to say:—"To the facts which Sir John records, we may add the following, which may, or may not, pertain to the phenomena of sensorial vision. It occurred to a gentleman resident in New South Wales, and very extensively known in the scientific world. As nearly as I can remember, this gentleman described his experience in these words:—

"I was dozing uneasily in my bed at Campbelltown, owing to the attacks of the mosquitoes. These latter had got through the curtains. Whilst in this state, I saw the face of my old and valued friend, William Sharpe Macleay. The countenance seemed to wear an expression of pain which was rendered noticeable by the features being pinched in about the mouth. The features of my friend were distinctly recognizable for a few seconds, after which they slowly faded away."

"As we write from memory, we may possibly be in error as to the precise words used by the distinguished narrator, but we are quite confident that we have expressed his meaning. On the the following day he received a note from Mr.—, informing him that his friend had expired on the previous day."

SPIRIT COMMUNION HAS DIVINE SANCTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you kindly permit me to say a word or two in reply to your correspondent Tau Beth? I cannot but admire his candour and evident earnest seeking after truth. Still I am persuaded that he reads his bible through his glasses darkly, and interprets it according to the notions in which he has been cradled, instead of reading it by the light of modern science and discovery, and testing it by the touchstone of reason. It also seems to me that he has overlooked several important passages, which, if they do not command, do certainly sanction Spirit communion. Take, for example, the 1st verse iv. chap. of St. John's gospel,—“Believe not every Spirit; but try the Spirits, and see if they be of God.” Now, the context clearly shows that the apostle was not speaking of the Holy Spirit, nor of the evil one, for he uses the word in the plural, a thing he certainly would not have done if he had been referring either to the former, or the latter, or even to both. In proof of this we find that he defines his meaning by calling one of and the other *opposed* to God, and this was to be the criterion by which those who held communion with Spirits were to be guided. And mark, there is not one word said, in the whole context, which would lead us to suppose that there was any *command against* such communion, but *rather* that the writer *knew* of the custom, and sought to *direct* the inquiry.

But, again, the apostle Paul, addressing the gentiles on the subject of Spiritual Gifts (in the I Cor. 12, 13, and 14 chaps.) says, chap. 14 verse 1, desire Spiritual gifts; but rather that ye may prophecy.” It will be observed that the apostle, in the two preceding chapters (12 13), has been enumerating a long list of these Spiritual gifts, which, I may say, correspond, in a great many respects, to the modern Spiritual Phenomena; and I would invite especial attention to the fact, that the apostle was speaking to gentiles, not to apostles, nor even to Jews, thereby plainly indicating that these gifts were to be extended to the gentiles (of which we form a part), also indicating that the phenomena were to continue, and not (as has been too often asserted) to cease with the apostles.

What, then, is the plain conclusion to which we are driven, but that they were intended to continue ad infinitum. We are compelled to this conclusion further by the Apostles' urging them to covet the best of these phenomena (best gifts).

But it may be urged that the Spiritual gifts here spoken of are powers given by the Holy Ghost, granted. This Spiritualists never deny, nay, they acknowledge, in all the phenomena that occur, that the power is divine in its origin, or, in other words, that the gift is of God, and is given for a wise and good end; and that the persons possessing these divinely-given powers, and being conscious of the possession, are responsible for the right use of them, and will be judged in accordance with the use they make of them. Further, they have the direct command of the apostle to seek after these gifts; and one of these gifts, as enumerated in the 10th verse of 12th chap., is the discerning of Spirits. Here, then, I maintain again, that we have not only the *sanction* but the *command* to investigate the Spiritual phenomena, and that it cannot be contrary to the Divine Authority.

There is yet one more point with which I desire to trouble you, that is, your correspondent has apparently forgotten altogether that God is a God of law and order, a fact which, I think, no one will be bold enough to deny. That He is the author of *all law* must, I think also, be admitted. Taking these two points for granted, I premise, that as *all law* is divine in its origin, and, as there is a *law* which governs Spirit communion, that *law* must be divine in its origin. Premising again, that as *nothing* that is *divine* in its *origin* can be impugned or questioned, *this law*, being *divine* in its *origin*, cannot be impugned or questioned. Again, as *every thing* that is devised or called into existence by an *all wise Being* must have been made for some good end, the *law* which governs Spirit communion was created by an *all wise Being*, therefore *it* was created for a *good end*. And seeing that it was created solely to govern Spirit com-

munion, Spirit communion must have divine authority and sanction. And, hence, that which has divine authority and sanction cannot be wrong, therefore, it cannot be wrong to hold communion with Spirits. This, I think, Mr. Editor, will completely overthrow Tau Beth's proposition.

IOTA.

UNRELIABLE COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

DEAR SIR,—In the course of my investigations, the unreliability of Spiritual communications stagger me very much. It seems, so far as I can learn, that when the Spirits attempt to state unknown facts which are occurring or have occurred at a distance, that nineteen out of twenty times they prove to be incorrect. Read the communications in Strange visitors from Napoleon Buona-part, as an example. Another thing seemed very strange to me, that if Spirits are so anxious to convince us of their ability to communicate, they did not state that war had commenced between France and Prussia, prior to our receiving a notification of it; but, no sooner do we get the telegraphic news of it, than the Spirits at once commence to give accounts of the progress of the war; and here again they are generally incorrect. Can you give me any explanation of these incongruities? I am most anxious to believe Spiritualism thoroughly, but these inconsistencies prevent me doing so.

Yours, very sincerely, T. C. S.

THE CENSUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

DEAR SIR,—In view of the census which is soon to be taken, and which includes a column stating the religious belief; I would suggest, that Universalist should be filled in by all Spiritualists and others, holding to that doctrine. Perhaps, some of your readers will offer other suggestions in the next number, as no time should be lost in deciding the question.

I am, Sir, UNIVERSALIST.

SPIRITUAL CONDITIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

DEAR SIR,—“Tau Beth” says,—“Such is the practice of ‘Spiritists’ all the world over; every possible facility in the way of silence, gloom, temperature and so forth, is given ‘the Spirits,’ for making their presence heard, seen, or felt; facilities which would be needless if the Almighty Himself were invoked; since He can act independently of ‘All these little arrangements.’ But mark, it is just for this the necessity arises, because ‘the people’ will not invoke the Almighty Himself, that He has chosen to act in ‘All these little arrangements’ and to ‘open heaven’ (Rev. 19—11), ‘open’ what every one has access to enter into, or to behold, to uncover, render visible, or manifest; and ‘heaven’ is what dwells in, belongs to, or comes from—that region, where God especially displays His glory, amidst holy angels and glorified saints.

Here, then, is the veritable promises of Revelations fulfilled before our eyes,—‘I saw heaven opened.’ ch. 15, v. 5, ‘the temple of the testimony in Heaven was opened.’ Numbers ch. 1, v. 50. And they shall encamp round about the ‘tabernacle,’ a ‘moveable lodging,’ ‘loo table,’ it matters but little what, since the truth of a life beyond the grave, both for good and bad, may enter the human soul, and prove to demonstration that ‘retribution’ is one of God's most certain and unalterable laws.

Thus will history repeat itself for Israel's deliverance and nothing but the supernatural will effect it, and from this very ‘Spiritism’ there is to come ‘voices,’ ‘thunders,’ and ‘lightnings,’ and ‘moral earthquakes,’ such as was not since men were upon the earth; and so all Israel shall be saved.”

“Great is the mystery of Godliness.”

Yours Faithfully,

D. MACKAY.

A WORD IN SEASON.

TO SPIRITISTS AND UNIVERSALISTS IN GENERAL; AND TO
THOSE OF VICTORIA IN PARTICULAR.

"For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory; why yet am I also judged as a sinner?"

Romans chap. 3, v. 7.

THERE is in this colony a strong tendency to democracy; but while an ignorant democracy is a misery in itself, and a plague to its neighbours, an educated, a cultivated, a refined democracy was hoped for as the Millennium, and when that shall be the order of the day, then indeed will the lion lay down with the lamb. Wars will be unknown except as historical examples of vice and folly; and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, will pervade all society. Let not the difficulty of the task deter you from its undertaking; but if you are sincere in your professions of brotherly love, prove your sincerity and educate. That the genius of the philosophy you propound is widely spreading, those who note the progress of the day can best bear testimony, but what is most required just now, is a leader or leaders, who by the purity of their lives, the soundness of their opinions and their capacity to impart instruction, can establish its real infallibility. Such men, perhaps, do not at present abound, but some such there are; and to them I say, let not the army of the lovers of truth be put to the rout, like that of the French recently, for lack of able Generals.

There is nothing novel in the philosophy of the Universalists. It was entertained by the wisest of old; but its diffusion was retarded by the establishment of various Hierarchies which, being but human, were subject to the influence of human frailties, the most prominent of which we find are the grasping at rule and power; and they, knowing the weakness of the untaught masses, reserved your doctrines for their own delectation and gave forth to their followers, such as were best adapted to the furtherance of their own views. How different those to the original intent of Moses, who educated by the Egyptian priesthood, had acquired all their lore, but, seeing the evil resulting to mankind from this duplicity, wished to constitute his adherents "a nation of priests," meaning thereby, the studying of God's laws and the embodying thereof in their practice. But Moses, as well as being a general and a legislator was also a statesman, and finding he could not obtain all he craved, accepted all he could obtain, and sacrificing his own best intentions, to the cupidity of others, established a hierarchy in his brother and his tribe; thereby laying the axe to the root of what he intended to be the practice of your philosophy, and ensuring the ultimate decay of that which he propounded. Lay this lesson before you and while you educate, **ESCHEW HIEROCRACY.**

Jesus of Nazareth preached—and of course, practised your philosophy, but, as time rolled on, his followers were taught the *seeming* necessity for a priesthood. How have they practised? How have they taught the lessons of the meek and lowly Jesus? Have they not on the contrary promulgated dogmas unknown to him; and accumulated to themselves—pomp, power, and wealth; and when one of his followers said:—"He who desireth to be a bishop, desireth a good thing." Did he anticipate its realisation in a bishop of the present day? Are the so-called followers of that great Teacher, taught universal love; or church dogmas? I say to you again: educate, educate, but **ESCHEW HIEROCRACY.**

But you will experience powerful antagonism, and this has been shadowed forth in the manifesto of a learned minister of the Roman Catholic Church in America, who after denouncing what he designates "the infernal cunning" which he *fears* will be your course of action, goes on to say, the coming battle will be between your effort, and those of the church, and like a good tactician (whatever may be his private opinion) boldly declares the church most conquer. Now, my opinion is, despite the novel dogma of "Infallibility" that he is infallibly mistaken.

But why travel we to America, when we can note what is going on at our own door; you have here the most

powerful antagonists men can ever cope with, and not the less so that they are unobtrusive—wealth, influence, scholarship the command of temper, and not the most insignificant item of all the prejudice of early education in the masses; these I grant are fearful odds in their favour, but while not undervaluing the prowess of your opponents, be bold, be bold, be ever bold, and may God defend the right!

Note the efforts now making by the Jesuit fathers in the cause of *their* system of education in this colony; and although the society is and always has been in the van, where education and alms-giving have been needed; yet they are *supporters of a hierarchy*. I would it had been my task to have changed the word alms-giving to that of charity, but I can not forget that one of their early founders instituted the *Inquisition*. Do not underestimate the opposition you have to contend with: but be bold, educate, educate, educate, and taking lessons from the past **ESCHEW HIEROCRACY.**

And now, it may be asked, in what way is the evangelic dogma, prefixed to this letter opposite to its content. I mean it not, as a watch word, but as a warning. There is a French proverb, which says:—"He who excuses, accuses himself;" and thinking, reasoning man, once induced to doubt, weighs, examines, and God-assisted, arrives at wise conclusions. Renounce such mottoes as Paul advocated and let yours be *Light, Truth, and Progress.*

Yours in brotherly love,

NEMO.

Poetry.

"Earth is an atom floating in the light
Of summer sunshine with its kindling stars;
A dew-drop shaken from God's blossomed thought.
He suffers evil in it for an end;
This end is like himself, divinely good,
And pure, and sweet, and infinitely free
From pain. All men are parts of one great whole;
Let but a dust-grain burrow in the eye,
And consciousness is tortured till that eye
Is freed from it, and harmonized again
Humanity is many minds in one,
And many hearts and many lives in one.
All men and angels find their place within
The universal human race, that dwell
On every earth in every Spirit-sphere,
Were one world in the universe a hell,
Were one soul in the universe a fiend,
Damned hopelessly to everlasting pain,
'T would be the torturing atom that inflames
The vision. Every world and every sphere
Would weep in woful sympathy with wo.
The consciousness of all created life
Would yearn and grieve with anguish, God himself
Who, in the universal consciousness
Dwells throned and radiant, would receive no joy;
But only grief, from this fair Universe."

Angels deprived of love would retrogress,
Since every Angel draws his life from God.
An angry God would make man retrogress,
Because his wrath their source of life would be,
And, drawing in the breath of life from hate,
Hate would become the world's necessity.
A cruel creed makes men, in *seeming*, fiends;
A patient, kind, and loving Father makes
His children kind and lovely like himself.
'T is love alone that sanctifies and saves,
Teaches through truth, works through benevolence,
And by degrees removes the cause of crime,
By quickening latent powers within the soul,
Which love alone can quicken, while with sweet
And patient care the suffering form is nursed,
And its disorders limited—God's love,
Flowing through man's sweet pity bath no bound
'T is adequate *all natures to restore.*

"Lyric of the Golden Age."

PANCHRISTIANISM.

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS.

(Reprinted from the "Jewish Chronicle" of the 9th September, 1870.)

There is a very prevalent belief among Christians that we Jews regard their Messiah with an inveterate hatred, and are accustomed to call down upon him the most terrible curses. While we consider it a religious duty to combat the unwarrantable claims of Jesus, I have never been able to discover, in our Church, any of this bitter and malevolent feeling towards him that we are charged with; and I am convinced that it only exists in the imagination of his worshippers. No enlightened Jew looks back with any spirit of hatred on the persecuting kings and bishops from whom our race suffered such frightful cruelties during the middle ages; then why should we hate the Israelite who lived long before, and who, though treated by the people as an idol, was in no way responsible either for their idolatry or their crimes?

I can assure the Christian community that we not only have no blind fanatical hatred of their prophet and teacher, but are accustomed to respect their intense love for him, and to avoid as much as possible, on ordinary occasions, any expression of opinion that will give them pain or conflict with their devout feelings. Love, reverence, pity, and gratitude are in themselves noble sentiments, which do honour to the human heart, no matter how they may have been awakened or called forth; and we ought never lightly to shock or wound those sentiments in our fellow-men, and cause malignant passions to arise in their stead. Hundreds of tender sympathetic beings are affected to tears by the sufferings which are supposed to be borne by the hero of some modern novel or drama. We should not despise or laugh at people who are thus moved by the shadows of fiction, but endeavour to find real objects of suffering towards which their sympathies might turn to some good purpose. And so with respect to the millions of ardent worshippers, whose hearts have been stirred by the fabulous stories which long ago gathered about Jesus and Mary; instead of harshly repressing their veneration, we should think rather of educating and guiding it aright; we should endeavour by example to direct it towards the living God.

If Jesus were merely held aloft as a great teacher, the Jewish people, however much they might dissent from his teaching, would, in consideration of his kinship, the immense success which has attended his followers, and the wide distribution through their hands of the Holy Scriptures, be disposed to exempt him as much as possible from criticism, and regard him with a feeling of national pride rather than sectarian envy. The Church of England ministers, at the present day, are by no means harshly inclined towards John Wesley; they have not the profound veneration for him that his own followers have; they are not blind to many defects in his character and errors in his teaching; yet, out of regard for his early connection with them and for the great missionary work that he originated, they judge him very charitably, and are generally disposed to take the most favorable view of his opinions and proceedings. If, however, they were to go increasing in strength, and at the same time increasing in presumption, till they outnumbered the National Church, and at last proclaimed their founder divine, and called on all nations, peoples, kindreds and tongues to fall down and worship him, their extravagant idolatry would necessarily arouse against it a spirit of criticism which would otherwise have slumbered. The churchmen who still retain their reason, and could not conscientiously yield to the heresy, would consider themselves obliged to point out the worst side of Wesley's character, in proof that he was only human, and in justification of their refusal to worship him. It is in precisely such a strait as this that I and other Jews are placed with respect to the Christian Messiah: we have not the slightest ill-feeling against Jesus as a man and the founder of a sect, and are no more disposed to make a gratuitous assault on him than

on any other human being; but while he continues to be pertinaciously thrust before us with divine claims, and as a perpetual incitement to idolatry, we are compelled to criticise his character in self-defence.

If we examine the representations of the physical features of Jesus which have been painted by Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Rembrandt, Holman Hunt, and a thousand inferior artists, we shall find a vast deal of variety in their conceptions of him: the portraits are ugly, beautiful, harsh, mild, melancholy, cheerful, mean, majestic, and no two of them alike. The same amount of diversity may be observed in the moral portraits which Christian ministers and writers draw of their master and exhibit to the world: they show us in these works of art their own thoughts and characters; they reveal in each case their own mental peculiarities; but they tell us nothing of the original mind of the Nazarene. There are, indeed, as many different conceptions of this main character as there are individual Christians in the world; for whatever good qualities the idolater possesses himself or admits in others, he imputes to the idol before which he bows. As idolaters, however, acquire more culture with the progress of civilization, their idol is better carved and painted; the improved Christian produces an improved portrait of his Christ; and conversely, this portrait, when exhibited in the Church and regarded with faith and reverence, may be supposed to assist in making improved Christians. And thus, whatever ideas an enlightened Christian may possess, instead of attempting to publish them as his own, he generally succeeds in teaching them more effectively and obtaining a wider hearing among the faithful, by imitating in a mild way the old forgers of Gospels, ascribing, by ingenious spiritual forgeries, his new doctrines and sentiments to Jesus.

In order to render more intelligible the diversified nature of Christ-worship, and the efforts which are being made in modern times to improve it by superior *Ecce Homo* painting, it will be necessary to divide the Christian world into three great classes—the *sinners*, the *saints*, and the *sages*, and to point out in a brief and general manner the wide difference which exists between their several class conceptions of the Nazarene Christ.

I. *The Christ of Sinners.*—The adored man of a rude, ignorant, and immoral people is not one who is eminently wise and virtuous and is anxious to teach and reform them; but one who will confer on them some more appreciable benefit—one who stands ready to relieve their physical necessities, and to help them out of the penalties which are the consequences of their immoral acts. The parson of a remote country parish who wishes to become popular must be anything but a moral reformer; he must not think of noticing the Bacchanalian revelries, or the breaches of the seventh commandment, or any other scandalous doings that occur in the neighbourhood. He must not insult his parishioners by telling them privately of their faults or of the faults of their children; he must thunder forth in his sermons against the sins of the world, and presume that his own flock are perfectly sinless. He must preach and exhort, but not train and educate; he must scatter the seed idly like the sower of the parable, but not think of preparing the ground for its reception; not harrowing, watering and weeding effectually to ensure its taking root and producing in good time a full harvest. At the same time he must be prodigal in almsgiving, and have no regard for the merits or failings of those who solicit his bounty or its probable consequences; and if he has not sufficient resources of his own to be liberal he must borrow where he can of the neighbours, and get largely in debt.

Now the people of such a parish are apt to imagine that the qualities which they admire in their favorite parson were possessed in an eminent degree by their Christ; they regard him not as a great teacher and exemplar of mankind, but as a friend and benefactor of those who do not study morals or follow good example and teaching. We are told that in Catholic countries the Virgin is much worshipped by prostitutes, who commonly decorate their chambers with her portrait or

image; not because they have the least thought of reforming their lives or imitating her supposed eminent chastity, but because they believe her to be a great friend of sinners, and they are anxious to obtain her powerful intercession in their behalf at the judgment throne of her son. And as these poor Catholics suppose the gentle "Queen of Hearts" to use her good offices in staying the hand and assuaging the just wrath of Jesus, so all Christian sinners believe that Jesus in turn intercedes for them to obtain better terms than they could otherwise have hoped to obtain from the more rigorous justice of God. They bow to their Christ, not from admiring his moral example or having any thought of imitating him, but they believe that he is profusely charitable, and hope to be largely benefited by his charity.

They believe that, while on earth, he distributed alms liberally to those who needed, and ever stood ready to help the culpable and wretched out of trouble, and acquit them from whatever penalty their sins had incurred. They further believe that he was such a friend of sinners that he actually consented to defray all their trespass debts, and suffer death punishment in their stead.

They worship him, therefore, as their intercessor and saviour, just as they reverence the popular parson who is at great pains to screen their faults and save them from the hands of justice; but this is a very inferior kind of worship, it is a worship of favour which can only be sought after by weak and ignoble minds; it was not the Christ-worship of Augustine, Jerome, Bernard, and other true followers of Jesus, but was mainly introduced by the converted persecutor Paul and the penitent thief.

II. *The Christ of Saints.*—Christian saints, since Paul wrote his Epistles, have been more or less inclined to imitate him in their worship. They have thought it a great point of saintly etiquette to appear humble and unassuming; to take the lowest possible seat, and place themselves on the same footing as sinners; they have professed to expect nothing from their own righteousness, but everything from the merits and the intercession of their Saviour. But the original saint tribe were generally men of a much more sturdy and independent character than those of modern times. They walked bravely behind the master; they consistently followed him as disciples; they trod in his steps wheresoever he went, but had no thought of clinging to his garments. While the sinner worshipped Jesus for favour and assistance which he expected to receive from him, and not from any admiration of his doctrine or sympathy with his mode of life, the saint heartily shared his ascetic spirit, regarded him as an admirable exemplar and teacher, and endeavoured by all possible means to act up to his precepts. That which the Christ of the Gospels commanded, his true disciples were willing to obey; the same humble condition which the master had chosen, the disciple was ready to adopt also; whatever hardships and sufferings he had gone through to get to his kingdom, his follower was prepared to endure likewise. "No man," says Thomas à Kempis, "is fit to attain heavenly things unless he submit to suffer for Christ. Nothing is more grateful unto God, nothing more wholesome to thee, than to suffer willingly for Christ. And if it were for thy choice, thou shouldst rather wish to suffer adversities for Christ than to enjoy many comforts; because hereby thou shouldst be more like Christ and more comfortable to all the saints. For our proficiency consisteth not in many sweetnesses and comforts, but rather in suffering afflictions. If anything has been more profitable to the salvation of man than suffering, Christ surely would have shown it by word and example. But he plainly exhorteth all that follow him to the bearing of the cross, and saith: 'If any man come after me, let him renounce himself and take up his cross and follow me.' So that when we have read and searched all, let this be the last conclusion, that by many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God."—(*Imitation of Christ*, book ii., chap. ii.)

NATHAN MEYER.

(To be continued.)

MESMERISM.

No. 2.

By Mesmeric state I mean a condition induced by Mesmerism, differing from the normal condition of the subject. When the operator, by the exercise of his mesmeric power, induces on a patient an abnormal state, such state may be considered a Mesmeric state. There are various degrees of Mesmeric conditions, but only three distinct states. Firstly, the state or condition where the subject retains his or her consciousness, but feels that a change has taken place; that they are under a peculiar but not unpleasant influence—a sort of paralysis—and yet, though not always conscious of inability to arouse themselves, feel no desire to do so. When this condition is induced, the operator can, by the exercise of the will, powerfully influence the weak portions of the patient's system. It is necessary that the operator should have a definite object in view, and should then concentrate his whole energies to the bringing about of the desired conditions. In Phreno-Mesmerism, where the organs of the brain are touched by the mesmeriser, they are immediately stimulated to action; in like manner, in portions of the body where the nervous circulation has been imperfect, the touch and will of the operator will cause action and healthy circulation in the parts. When the desire is simply to strengthen a portion of the body, to remove paralysis or local weakness, the induction of this state is all that is necessary, or to be sought for; but when the patient is suffering from general ill-health, cerebral, or nervous disturbances, the Mesmeric Sleep is to be desired. This condition varies in intensity: sometimes the subject appears to be in an easy, natural sleep, and would be disturbed by any sudden noise or shock, or by agitation on the part of the operator. This should always be guarded against, as likely to leave the patient in a disturbed and excited condition, and destroy all the good of the sitting. The deep magnetic sleep is noticeably different from the common natural sleep. All consciousness and sensation are suspended, the involuntary nervous action alone remains. This action cannot be suspended by the will of the operator; he can reduce the subject to a state resembling that of a corpse, as to the powers of moving, acting, and feeling, but all the involuntary actions of the system go on harmoniously. The heart beats, the lungs breathe, the stomach digests, and all the natural functions of the body continue to perform their parts with perfect regularity. It is a state of undisturbed repose. In this state the patient truly rests, and awakes refreshed and strengthened. The digestive powers are toned, the secretions are promoted, the blood becomes vitalized, and throws off its impurities. When this state is induced on a subject suffering from any nervous or cerebral disease, or from exhaustion consequent upon acute suffering, the patient may with safety and advantage be allowed to sleep it off, but the operator should not be out of reach, in case the patient should not be entirely free from the influence on awaking.

The third condition—the Somnambule or Trance state, called by some the Sleep-Waking state—is rarely induced. It is only those whose organizations are specially sensitive to Mesmeric influence, who reach this condition. In some few instances this condition is induced in the first instance, in others it is developed by degrees. The eyes are closed, the countenance generally calm and placid, and often illumined by an expression of refinement beyond its normal appearance. The subject sees clearly, apparently from the forehead; everything is transparent to its clear perception or vision; even the thoughts of the operator are visible, and are frequently commented upon by the subject. In this state, if not controlled by the will of the operator, the subject will see and describe Spirits and Spiritual scenes, and often become a medium through whom the disembodied communicate to their brethren in the flesh.

W. H. T.

"NOT LOST."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I THINK it is nine years ago this Christmas, when the snow and sleet smote the country at the Owens, with drifting waves of storm. The big trees were tossed before bitter gusts, and the hard shadeless leaves rasped the bark and rustled harshly enough upon the warded spray. The clatter of the hail upon the foliage, the plainting of the yielding branches, and the rushing of the wind, made it a poor day for the miner who sat screened by canvas from the winter chorus.

We were in rather a lonely place, myself and another. It was a green spot that we had scarred, and seamed, and slashed with spade and axe, till it often looked to me like a battered tearful face—the face of something that had lost its beauty and purity—a something that had been put to the torture and defiled, for that potent excuse for all torture and defilement—gold. I kept looking out upon the sallow clay, and the white quartz that pimpled it here and there like leper scales. There was the rank grass between, all beaten down and dragged, whisked into frowns by the constant wind, or bemired and grimy with the earth we had thrown around it. Away abroad, were the grim hills, struck with pallor by the dashing sleet; even the straggling trees that had wormed up among the fantastic rocks looked white and ugly, as if there was a crime upon them: all around the bleak drifting sky and the cold fringe of the advancing showers. At my feet, the little hurrying streams, gurgling and pattering past, freighted with debris, and busying to make the hoarse creek beyond, that was sullenly eating the banks as it hissed downwards to the sea. We had stopped working, partly from necessity and partly in a kind of ironical observance of Christmas Day. My mate had left me to buy a bottle of brandy at a tottering huddle of bark sheets called a store. It was a nasty thing this store, a thorough eyesore to the rugged landscape, the wild stunted trees, and the fresh flowers that came and went beneath them. It seemed to leer at one from tattered gables, and flap its sheets at the beaten track like an ugly crone. It had squatted down there after the fashion of a palsied beggar, where it might watch for travellers up and down the road, and beguile them from the path. I called it the "spider's web," but my mate laughed, and purchased his Rum there, with a regularity that meant a "nightcap," every night before turning in.

I was alone this morning watching the furious showers, and looking blankly at the misery of the furious day. Opposite me there was a smooth hill, fresh-looking and unsullied as a wild animal, up to where it jagged the horizon with sharp-edged boulders like a row of teeth. The mists were twisting and writhing between them, blurring their outlines and giving them queer shapes and motions. I had never been to the top, but it seemed to me, somehow, there was no life beyond. I may have pictured to myself a morass bearded with weeds, or one of those tiresome bald plains that stretch out with such exasperating sameness to a distant belt of timber. I may have decided that past the gap a sea of trees swept out with low whisperings, to where they grew blue and dim with distance. I only knew then that no path led past the jaws of the hill, and that, for aught I could say, it was a barrier to some mysterious place that was silent over buried secrets. I said the mist was flitting in and out between the stones, sometimes curtaining them away, and sometimes baring their dripping faces to the coming sleet.

In one of the pauses of the storm, when the clouds were lifted, I recognized something moving out from the big stones, blurring the edges here and there between the passes till the curtain fell and the mist rolled down to where I sat.

There is life of some sort beyond there then, was the one thought that gripped me. What kind of life; what is it? A wombat, maybe a bear. Tut! it may be a sheep, or a dingo. Wait till the curtain lifts again. But the curtain seemed to get jealous of the secret. It lay low and long till a gust came that tore and whisked it about in rags in all directions. Sometimes the tops of the jagged teeth that lay upon the horizon could be irregularly seen; sometimes they were veiled as the tatters sailed over them; and finally, the wind prevailed and swept it clean from base to summit. There was a new object now beside the sharp rocks and the fresh green. A strange frayed-looking man was walking quietly down, huddled up in rusted clothes. He had that monotonous walk that seems so purely mechanical—a quiet wearisome plod that appeared to have no aim but a simple obedience to some invisible policeman that kept him "moving on." Patiently, stumbling but never ceasing, he rasped down through the wet grass and heather without once, so far as I could see, looking from beneath the sodden hat brim that drooped around his face, and dripped on breast and shoulders. Cautiously, over a little rivulet, and the pace was resumed, then onwards past the tent, till his gurgling steps came distinct, and something like the atmosphere of companionship fell upon me. Either he had not seen, or wished to avoid the place, for he walked slowly on, the glug of water coming from the limp boots with each stride. On and brushing me if I may so term it, in that distant place, and then slowly passed without a sign. I was so interested in looking at him, that for a while I did not move. There was a lean muscular-looking hand holding a rough staff, glistening with the continual drip from the worn sleeve, and below the fall of the saturated hat-brim a crisp white beard low upon his breast charged with raindrops. There was something so terrifying to me in this walking automaton, that for a time I felt afraid to speak. Then I hailed him nervously.

The man staggered as though struck, and he looked round slowly, making a circuit of the prospect before him until he caught sight of me. He looked up quickly then through the rain-

drops, and came eagerly towards where I stood, as with some important question.

"Which is the nearest way to R—! where is R—! can you tell me?"

"You are fifty miles from it, and going in the wrong direction."

"Ah!"

"R— lies between the peaks of those two ranges to your left. You have a bad road before you, the creeks are all up."

"Does it," in reply to my first statement, "that's a long way—fifty miles."

"But you can't go there to-day. Where have you come from?"

"George."

"George what?"

"George is my son," and the old man looked at me in a surprised way that made me feel as though I were guilty of trying to surprise a secret from him.

In the hail we two were speaking thus. At intervals the blast of wind would come, battering upon the worn face, and blinding the mild eyes of the traveller; but he spoke steadily and in a soft melancholy way that told me some misfortune had come upon him.

"George is my son," he continued earnestly, "I left him there," and he turned round to point the uncouth stick between the teeth of the hill behind. Still regardless of the sleet, he paused, waiting for an answer. Without well knowing what to give as a reply, I said—

"Is he well?"

"Yes; well and buried—I mean, dead and buried. I took him from his mother too. I took him from his health; I did, indeed. He was getting better; oh, very much better. The last evening he sat in the dray, he told me how glad he was to look at the red sun on the white hill; how he liked the ravens and the flowers, and the trees, and wished his mother was with him. Then he said his prayers, that was his last evening. Yes; he said his prayers, and asked about God and heaven till he frightened me. I told him heaven was a nicer place than this, and he put his arms round my neck as we lay down, and said, 'Father, I would like to go there.' 'Where, George, dear?' 'Where the flowers don't wither; where you, and mother, and George will be glad; where we will walk with angels.' We lay for some time, and I thought he was going to sleep, but he felt for my face in the dark, and crept close and kissed me—he did indeed. He was quiet then. His arms were round my neck when I awoke—they were, indeed—but they were cold, Sarah."

The poor man's voice was fairly broken at the last, and the tears were running down as he ran the little story over, not speaking to me, but far past me to the waiting mother. It was inexpressibly painful to watch the anxious expression with which he stopped for a reply. The mild face was longing after the far away response, that the expecting eyes were waiting for. The lingering grizzled hair was wet and flaccid with the storm, it lay dabbled upon the old high collar, and dripped down from head to beard. After a pause he continued, more slowly, as though answering questions—

"Yes; I made the coffin myself—three feet—it was under a wattle—he pulled the flowers off it a day or so before, and said he'd like to sleep there—he did, indeed."

The man had turned and was continuing his journey, when I said—

"That's not the way to R—."

"Ah!"

"Come into the tent and get something to eat, and dry yourself. You can stay with me till the morning."

"Yes; that's better," he replied, in a cheerful tone, and he put out his hand, taking hold of mine, thinking doubtless it was George; "yes, that's better, we will rest till the morning, we will, indeed."

To be concluded in our next.

A NEW WORK BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

"THE FOUNTAIN, WITH JETS OF NEW MEANINGS." By Andrew Jackson Davis. 12mo., 250 pp., price one dollar.

A new work having the above title, by this noted author, is in the press, and will be issued in a few days. The introduction, which is appended, will convey to the reader an idea of the object of the work, and we are assured that it will find interested readers among all ages, sexes, and denominations.

"One bright morning last May, as I was idly sleeping at the foot of a grand mountain, the voice of a reverend instructor said: 'Arise! Go up to the very top; survey the ways of wisdom; observe the needs of the world; be healthful and hopeful, and perform thy work.'"

"After journeying through a mass of chilly clouds, which clung to the steep sides of the mountain, I gained the glorious summit. With serene joy and grateful admiration I gazed upon the magnificence of the heavens and upon the loveliness of the earth, which were unfolded and displayed in every direction. And observing no human being near me, and feeling myself alone in the lofty solitudes of the mountain, I turned toward mankind and said: 'O world! Here am I, after a slow and toilsome progress, far away from you, yet ready to work for you. What will you accept of me?'"

"And suddenly there appeared in the beautiful landscape, not far from the foot of the mountain, A FOUNTAIN! It was exceedingly beautiful in its strength and simplicity. The sparkling water was flowing and jetting incessantly. And the waters of that Fountain, seemed to be compounded of the needs and wants and wishes of multitudes, yea, hundreds of thousands, of warm, living human hearts!"

"And in the beautiful light above the fount, a friendly voice said: 'Write a book, with thoughts for men and pictures for children, which the young as well as the matured can peruse with pleasure and profit.' After a silence, the voice added: 'Truth, Love, Peace, Mercy, Wisdom, Labour, Education, Religion, Admonition, Hope—these streams, with occasional jets and clear intimations of new meanings, must flow from the FOUNTAIN. To this end employ little things. With pure affection and familiar illustrations you must appeal to the understanding and the heart. To improve the human mind, and to aid and enliven the world's mothers and fathers and educators, you must amuse while you instruct.'

"Accordingly, in obedience to the voice of wisdom, I proceeded to 'write,' and the present volume is the result.

"Employing every aid at my command, I have attempted, with the utmost sincerity of motive, to relieve the grave profundities and the dazzling magnitude of the Harmonial Ideas, by the introduction of pleasing simplicities which may attract and instruct persons of every age and in all states of feeling. And all deficiencies, as well as the omission of many deeply important subjects, must be attributed to the fact that this volume is designed to be simply the first of a short series of like import. In this book there is no effort to sound the very deep in the treatment of any question. The wish to attract and enlighten young persons—in short, to reach the entire family group—is paramount to the desire to impart original ideas to established thinkers.

"I have often thought," remarks a scholarly writer, 'If the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of a wise man and that of a fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagances, and a succession of vanities, which pass through each.' Of grown-up men and women, and of little children and our young folks, the same reflection seems not to be less applicable. Whatever is truly attractive, pleasing, and instructive to one is likely to be equally entertaining and profitable to the other. It has thus far been observed that, among the hundreds of thousands of elderly persons who drink deeply and constantly at the Harmonial Fountains, not more than a few score of young people read and enjoy our publications and principles.

"If the flowing of this Fountain shall have the effect to attract and instruct young persons, whilst slaking the honest thirst of the grave and thoughtful, and if the teachings of this initial volume shall in some degree assist parents and tutors in the rearing and just education of children, the author will deem his industry amply rewarded. And he will interpret the general acceptance of this work to mean that additional books in this series are called for.

"A. J. DAVIS."

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AT NORWOOD. (*The Spiritualist*, Sept. 15, 1870.)

MR. HENRY JONES, of Enmore-park, South Norwood, has favoured us with the following record, written by his daughter, Miss Alice Jones, of Spiritual manifestations through Mr. Home's mediumship:—

"Yesterday (3rd July, 1870), we had, at home, a very interesting *séance*. There were present—Mr. Home, Mr. Jencken, Mr. Ford, Papa, Mrs. Hennings, Grandma, my sisters Emily and Edith, and I. We had the sitting because it was the anniversary of the 'passing away' of Mr. Home's wife, Sacha. Edith made a beautiful wreath of flowers, and it was placed on the centre of the lloo table we were sitting at. Papa also had gathered a basket of evergreens and flowers from the garden, and placed it at his feet. He sat opposite Mr. Home.

"The manifestations commenced in the usual manner—the table vibrating, a cold current passing over the hands and feet, and raps. Dear Sacha made herself known to us by a gentle tapping on the table, and touching us. She then commenced to take the flowers from the basket at Papa's feet, and beginning with Edith, said to her by the sounds, as an evergreen was put into her hand by the Spirit: 'This is like my love—everlasting.' At Edith's request, Sacha touched her again, and shook hands. We all had a flower given to us. To Emily was given from under the table a fern, with the message, 'Take this and plant it;' we found that there was a root attached to it. Mrs. Hennings had with her flower the message—'You are dear Dan's friend;' Mr. Jencken—'This is for your darling mother;' Grandmamma—'For the two absent boys' (Arthur and Rupert). I also received a flower, and felt the Spirit's hand. Shortly after, the Spirit touched Papa on his knee; he put his hand down, and the basket, with flower-glass inside, was suspended in the air, and placed in his hand, with the message tapped out: 'Thanks!'

"Mr. Home now took Papa's accordion by the valve end, suspended with the keys close to the carpet. The Spirit began to play on it very beautifully; and some one

remarking that 'to-day was Sacha's Spiritual birthday,' she replied, that she would play the 'Birth' for us, and certainly it was wonderfully given. It seemed to represent the agitation at the period of the separation of her Spirit from the body; then the calm, when free; and then the joy when she recognised her Spirit friends. Next was played, 'Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot,' followed by 'Home, Sweet Home'—the last air being played by two Spirits, as we could distinctly distinguish four hands, and heard the air and seconds. The instrument was then placed on the floor, where it played—no one touching.

"There was a very singular phenomenon with the wreath. After all the flowers had been given away, Mr. Home was influenced to make two or three mesmeric passes over the wreath on the centre of the table. Shortly after the wreath began to move along the table, which was five feet wide; it then passed over the back of his hands, which were resting on the table, ascended in the air in front of him till it was on a level with his face, which was seen through the wreath; he then rose on his feet, the wreath continuing to ascend till it floated over and rested on his head. The wreath then became illuminated—first the front, then the back, then the sides, showing up the roses, and other flowers, in full relief. The luminosity then appeared on his face and the middle of his body. He appeared as if he were floating off the ground, but I could not see his feet. Grandma had a wreath of convolvulus tendrils made and floated on to her head by our Spirit friends, and during the sitting it was taken off by them and carried to the vacant chair beside Papa. When the sitting was over, the two tendrils of the wreath were found entwined round one of Mamma's chains and gold medal, that Papa had placed on the vacant chair, with our family-group photograph, taken when we were children; thus explaining a message previously given, which we had not understood; 'It was Mamma and Marion (my Spirit mother and sister) who plaited it, and the boys (my Spirit brothers, Edmund and Walter) tied the knot. We are so glad to have done it for you.' At the wish of our Spirit relatives the sitting closed. We then sang most heartily:—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below."

I have thus briefly narrated some of the phenomena we witnessed on Sabbath evening.

Alice Jones.

"Enmore-park."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—TIME.—"I saw a temple, reared by the hands of man, standing with its pinnacle to the distant plain. The storm beat upon it, the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it, and yet it stood firm as adamant. Revelry was in its halls; the gay, the happy, the young, and the beautiful were there. I returned, and lo! the temple was no more! Its high walls lay in scattered ruins; moss and wild grass grew rankly there; and at the midnight hour the owl's long cry added to the deep solitude. The young and gay, who revelled there, had passed away.

"I saw a child rejoicing in his youth, the idol of his mother, and the pride of his father. I returned, and the child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood, the last of the generation, a stranger amidst the desolation around him.

"I saw the old oak standing with all its pride upon the mountains; the birds were carolling in its boughs. I returned, and that oak was leafless and sapless; the winds were playing at the pastimes through its branches.

"Who is this destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is TIME," said he. 'When the morning stars sang together with joy over the new-made world, he commenced his course; and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful of the earth, plucked the sun from its sphere, veiled the moon in blood; yea, when he shall have rolled the heavens and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea and one on the land, lift up his hand towards heaven's Eternal—TIME IS, TIME WAS, BUT TIME SHALL BE NO LONGER.'

GOOD AND EVIL.

IN THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE AND PROGRESSION.

All the Phenomena of Nature, physical and moral, are the effects of causes exactly calculated to produce these effects, and none else. Let the cause be altered but in the slightest degree, and a corresponding alteration must take place in the effect. 2 plus 2 is a cause producing 4 as effect. If the cause be altered to 2 plus 3, the effect must undergo a corresponding alteration, and become, not 4, but 5. The statistics of a city, showing a sound state of public health and a low rate of mortality, prove that circumstances exist favourable to that condition; while the society that boasts of its charitable institutions, asylums, hospitals, and prisons, shows a state of destitution, disease, and crime. Every effect bears a strict relation to the cause, or causes, producing it. Therefore, everything which exists, and as it exists, must bear a strict relation to, and be characteristic of, Universal Cause. MAN, at a very low stage of his development, seems to have felt the necessity of this, and the character of his God, or Gods, was made to partake of what appeared to be the character of things in nature. Evil seemed to be a more palpable reality than Good, and, to square the nature of cause with the apparent nature of effects, some peoples have imagined Good Deities, and Evil Deities—Gods of peace, and Gods of battle—of Love, and Hatred—of Forgiveness, and Revenge—of inexorable Justice, and yielding Mercy (i.e. according to misconceptions of the natures of Justice and Mercy, for, philosophically speaking, nothing can be more merciful than strict justice, and nothing can be more just than discriminating mercy) while others have imagined all these opposing characteristics to be united in one absolute Deity. In the book of Job we read—“Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive Evil?” and this rational reference of everything to one Universal Cause, is frequently met with in the literature of the ancient Jews, as in Isaiah—“I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create Evil; I, Jehovah, do all these things”; in the Lamentations of Jeremiah—“Cometh not Evil as well as Good from the mouth of the Most High?”; in Amos—“Shall there be Evil upon a city and Jehovah not have done it?”. To get rid of the inconsistency and incongruity of attributing a good and evil character to one perfect and absolute God, Christians have adopted the ancient belief in the existences of a good Deity, and an evil Deity, thereby falling into the worse inconsistency of having two Causes, essentially different, and antagonistic in character—hence, if both Causes be not eternal co-existences, the Evil must have produced the Good, or the Good, the Evil. Instead, therefore, of attempting to square the character of Universal Cause with all that appears anomalous in nature; instead of conceiving of a God possessing the passions and propensities of man, with unlimited power of indulging them, we have to discover the perfect in the apparently imperfect—the Good, in the apparent Evil—light, in the apparent darkness—design, in apparent disorder—harmony, in apparent discord; in accordance with the belief, and implied advice of Marcus Antoninus, when he says, “Everything which happens, happens justly, and, if thou observest carefully, thou wilt find it so.”

Everything in nature has an origin, a development, and a maturity. The maturity, in relation to the origin, is perfection, or, completed good; the origin, in relation to the maturity, is imperfection, or, undeveloped good; and every maturity, though perfect as regards its own origin, is imperfect as compared with a higher development in the order of nature. Degrees of perfection and imperfection are relative, and transposable, according as the comparison made happens to be with a higher or lower development. Everything, however, is perfect and good in its place, since every preceding state of things is exactly the state calculated to produce the state following. A cause in the sequence of creation is an imperfect existence, compared with the effect produced, but the cause is a perfect cause to produce that effect; so that nothing is evil or imperfect in itself, but in comparison only. This globe, on which we live, when

in a state of fusion under intense heat, was imperfect compared with the state when its crust cooled down, and became clad with verdure, and ornamented with the varied beauties of vegetable life; but that chaotic state was perfect in itself, since it was the state exactly calculated to produce the higher state which succeeded. In like manner, vegetable life is imperfect compared with animal life; Brute life, compared with the higher organism of Man; Man, as a savage, compared with civilized Man; Man, as a creature of this world, compared with the more refined Being of the Spirit World; yet each of these states is perfect in itself, because necessary to produce the succeeding and higher orders.

This line of argument may be objected to as tending to prove that Universal Cause, though perfect in itself, is imperfect compared with the effects produced by it. This need not be the case, for Primary Existence may (and, I believe, does) stand in the relation of Parent to every other existence, and be, at the same time, both the originating power, and the type of maturity. Thus, secondary existences may be the pulsations of life which eternally throb from the nucleated centre of Divine Force—the Brain of the Universe—assuming the forms of suns and planetary systems, progressing from one perfect stage of imperfect development, to another perfect stage of imperfect development, until conscious intelligences are produced, which develop more and more into the image of the Divine Parent, without ever attaining it, for (to speak paradoxically) it takes infinite time to attain infinite Perfection. If so, the aspiration is not sinful, but natural, when “Men would be angels—Angels would be Gods.”

Having, thus far, principally alluded to physical laws, it may not appear how imperfection in the undeveloped state of things can be associated with Good and Evil in a moral sense. A little consideration, I trust, may satisfy that, morally as well as physically, “there is some soul of Goodness in things Evil, would men observingly distil it out”; in fact, that imperfect development is the only Evil existing. To God we ascribe infinitude in every positive element; therefore, the very substance which fills space cannot be separated from Deity; we cannot have a God outside nature, nor a nature outside God.

“—Earth is cramm'd with Heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.”

The idea of a personal God is strictly associated with locality—locality is infinitely less than Infinitude, and could not contain an Infinite God; hence, *God cannot be a Person*. Nature, in detail, is Creation—Nature, in its unity, is God.

“To him no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.”

He is absolute perfection, and has no imperfection—absolute light, and has no darkness—absolute knowledge, and has no ignorance—absolute Good, and has no Evil. All the works of Creation must partake of the character of their Cause, but in an infinitely less degree. Since they cannot be perfect in the degree in which God is perfect, they must partake of the negative quality, called imperfection; since they cannot be absolute light, they must partake of the negative of light, called darkness; since created intelligences cannot be absolute in knowledge, they must partake of the negative of knowledge, called ignorance; and since nothing in creation, physical or moral, under God, can be absolutely Good, they must partake of the negative of Good, called Evil. Imperfection prevails to the extent that perfection is wanting; darkness, to the extent that light is wanting; ignorance, to the extent that knowledge is wanting; and Evil prevails to the extent that Goodness is wanting. At the lowest step of progressive development, Evil, or the undevelopment of the Good, exists to the greatest extent—the lowest in the order of nature must partake of the negative qualities in the greatest degree, and the origin of each order must be negative in a greater degree than that order at maturity. Negatives are characteristics of the developing process, and must exist in the absence of absolute perfection.

“Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;

That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man."

MAN, being a progressive being, of necessity partakes of the negative qualities which denote imperfection, and make progression possible. By means of Evil, Evil so-called, Man progresses in knowledge, and, by means of knowledge, the Good is developed. To solicit special Divine interference in our behalf, is to solicit an unnecessary, as well as impossible, thing. Nature is full of laws of beneficence and love. All that man could possibly stand in need of is now within his reach, but the dark veil of ignorance blinds his perceptions. Knowledge has to come by experience; man has to wade through a series of so-called Evils before he can perceive the Good. The Sanatory laws, for example, were discovered by means of the pestilence and the plague. These scourges—these natural consequences of violated laws—at first were believed to be the dispensations of an angry Deity, and humiliation and supplications were had recourse to for their removal. Gradually, the observation is made that the plague never visits high, dry, well-ventilated situations, and its presence becomes associated with bad drainage, the accumulations of decaying and corruptible matters, swampy localities, &c.; and, eventually, good sanatory regulations expel what existed through human ignorance only. The laws of health always existed, were always available, but man did not discover them until he transgressed them. The transgression of the law is what is called Evil, but the Evil is absolutely necessary to obtain knowledge. The Evil, therefore, is actual and direct good, since knowledge of the Truth comes by means of it. By suffering we obtain the knowledge of how to be exempt from suffering. I think Paul felt this when he speaks of the "Captain of their Salvation" being "made perfect through suffering," but, more particularly when he asks the Galatians, as if in astonishment, "Have ye suffered so many things in vain?" Of course it could not escape the perception of the great moralist, whose mighty soul seems to have imbibed the truth fresh from nature, with the interior life of which he appeared to commune as with a familiar spirit. Shakespeare's *Duke*, in exile in Arden Forest, is made to say—

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons difference; as the icy fangs,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and *Good in Everything.*"

The social laws, which regulate the relations of one man with another throughout a community, are developed in a similar manner. Had man, intuitively, the full knowledge of what to do, and what to avoid, as a bird, instinctively, builds its nest, or a bee its cell, he would be no better than a living automaton. It is his capability of acquiring knowledge by experience which constitutes him a rational being. System after system of government is tried, and found wanting. Heads of families become chiefs of tribes, chiefs become kings, and monarchies become, first limited, then absorbed, by democracy. Democracy professes to legislate in the interests of the whole people, but, in its youth, class interests, of every description, interfere. Sectisms in religion, partyisms in politics, different commercial interests, provincial competitions for public favors, all combine to bring Evil on society. In this struggle, poverty, crime, disease, dishonesty, bribery, corruption, and all species of immoralities, germinate and fructify—an ill-regulated state of society causes them. Similar to the laws of health, the laws of social order and moral conduct exist within our reach, but man is too ignorant, *i.e.*, inexperienced, to perceive and use them, and a destructive antagonism is carried on between public and private interests. It is said of some evils that they will

speedily cure themselves; every Evil does, otherwise, knowledge does not come by experience, neither can there be any progression.

"Though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood, falsehood cures."

When, by repeated failures, and renewed attempts, man discovers the interests of the individual to be inseparable from the interests of the community, a vast amount of difficulty is overcome. Then all have a unity of purpose, mistakes are remedied in the right direction, and social good is being rapidly developed. Then can be felt the force of Shakespeare's moral precept—

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Selfish nationalities, ignorant of their true interests, create dissensions and wars, and restricted commercial relations. Experience discovers each of these, in their turn, to be antagonistic to the several interests of each nationality, and international Good is developed. Thus physical, social, and, hence, moral Good, are developed by discovering the laws of our beneficent and loving mother, Nature, by the experience which comes from transgressing them, or, what is commonly called, Evil. God cannot be the author of Evil, directly or indirectly, in the sense of something intrinsically bad, but, progressive development being the mode of creation, the negative quality, at first, is more apparent than the positive good. In the absence of light, darkness seems to have a real and positive existence, and has an actual and detrimental effect upon one enveloped by it, or afflicted with blindness. In this way Evil seems to have an influence on individuals, and on society, only to produce the crimes, miseries, and sufferings that flesh is said to be heir to. In the light of knowledge and progression, however, we see Evil to be synonymous with experimental knowledge; with being made perfect through suffering. Suffering, here, is not an arbitrary and vengeful infliction to *punish the guilty*, but the operations of natural and beneficent laws to *teach the ignorant*. "Sin is the transgression of the law," Good is obedience to it, and we can alone discover how to obey the law from the knowledge which comes by transgressing it. To adapt a simile from Paul, the law is the "Schoolmaster" which teaches Good. The laws of health are discovered by means of violating them, poisons and deleterious substances are discovered after they destroy or injure life, and social and international laws are perfected by constant and ever-recurring mistakes.

Through this course of obtaining experimental knowledge, man is organically matured. The exercise of muscle produces physical development; the exercise of the intellect improves the organic structure of the brain. When man's knowledge rises to the level whence he can observe the inseparable connection between individual and common interests, he will practice moral conduct from selfish motives. The practice of morality shall develop the moral nature, as physical and intellectual exercises develop the physical and intellectual natures; then shall man enter upon his highest earthly condition.

A plausible argument in favor of positive Evil is, that it progresses, and develops by laws of its own, and is, therefore, eternal. Also, that man is naturally prone to Evil, because he can fall into vice more readily and easily than he can rise unto goodness. The error, in the first instance, consists in attributing to Evil laws of progression, instead of retrogression. Disease appears to progress by laws of its own, but we know it to be a retrogression from health, and, if not arrested, must terminate in death. Light may decrease until it terminates in absolute darkness, but Darkness cannot be said to progress; Knowledge may decrease until it terminates in the blankness of ignorance, but Ignorance cannot have any progression; and, so, a good may retrograde until the active signs of moral disease, called Evil, are lost in the primary condition. The evil, in each case, has a terminus, while the positive elements have no limit to their progression.

Again, the facility with which declensions take place proves the vastness of the power which necessitates progression. A substance, which more quickly gravitates

towards the centre of the earth, requires a greater force to raise it from the earth's surface. If the Power, which acts from the centre towards the circumference of creation, were to be suspended for a moment, all the orbs of Heaven would rush into mutual destruction, and reduce the *progressive work of ages* into instant chaos.

"The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalance'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd;
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God!"

yet how vast, and constant, must be the power which develops, regulates, and controls the Universe! and how incalculable the period since our creation received its birth! Were the agency of man taken away from the earth, its surface would speedily be re-covered with forests, and jungles, and rank vegetation, sheltering venomous reptiles, and savage animals—when "things rank and gross in nature possess it merely"; yet how vast the patience, labor, and time required to develop order and beauty out of this chaos, as nature is being compelled to yield to the necessities, and administer to the wants of man! Civilized man declines into a savage far sooner than the savage man can rise into civilization, as it is more difficult to acquire knowledge than to fall into ignorance; disease, or the retrogression from health, is rapid, whilst restoration is slow, and with difficulty; and, so, Evil commits ravages on society and on individuals, in a far shorter time than that required to restore the healthful moral conditions. As Evil is a sign of progression, in the first instance, it must re-appear wherever retrogression sets in, and the prompt inclination towards Evil is a sign, *not* of natural corruption, but of the tendency of things towards their primary condition, and the necessity of the force which compels progression. Proneness to Evil, tardiness to Good, is only another way of saying that—destruction is swift; construction, slow.

"Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault:
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought."

The doctrines which teach the intrinsic badness of human nature, teach, to a rational mind, that Heaven *is* in fault; for the existence of such an absolute Evil, with all its horrible accompaniments, would limit God, in dominion, for "Cæsar" (*i.e.* the Devil) "divides the empire with Jupiter"—in love, for God, also, hates—in morality, if God commits, or permits, Evil—in power, if the Evil overcomes the Good.

To "vindicate the ways of God to man," I have thus attempted to show, that physical Evil is the negative condition of each stage of progressive physical development, that social and moral Evil is the undeveloped condition of man as an intelligent moral being, and that Evil, so-called, is the means by which man acquires intelligence and maturity. All that man ought to be, or to possess, is attainable by nature's laws as they are—laws so perfect that to alter them would be to reduce their perfection—but man must suffer and labor from age to age, and generation to generation, for the key of knowledge to unlock the treasures. "Ignorance is the curse of God, knowledge the wings wherewith we fly to Heaven." Physical science has, necessarily, made slow progress, and, untrammelled by rigid facts, the mind of man, as if impatient of delay, has wandered into metaphysical speculations, and transcendental idealisms, until physics and metaphysics, science and theology, nature and religion, are looked upon as having no connection with each other, and we often hear that the Bible (religion) does not teach science, nor science, religion. But patient, plodding, abused, and persecuted science, with its unbiassed love of Truth, is now opening up the truly divine volume, and, under the fullness of its light, all temples of bigotry and superstition, with their priests, are fast crumbling into dust. The bonds are being loosed from the minds of men, and, recovering from a despair of their own nature, and the terrors of an uncharitable religion, they begin to rejoice, not in the *faith*, but in the *knowledge*, of divinely beneficent laws, which, not only *facilitate*, but *compel*, the ultimate happiness of all. To see and feel this is to be blessed; it

makes the soul almost "too great for what contains it," ready to fly out and revel amongst the beauties and holiness of nature without the trammels of a sensuous existence. "It is the sweetest reward of philosophy," says Fichte, "that, looking upon all things in their mutual dependence, and upon nothing isolated and alone, she finds all to be necessary, and, therefore to be good, and accepts that which is, as it is, because it is subservient to a higher good." "The day of days, the great day in the feast of life," says Emerson, "is that in which the inward eye opens to the unity of things; to the omnipresence of law; sees that what is, ought to be, or, is best; this beatitude dips from on high, and we see." The Divinity in Nature, by means of scientific evangelists, is "helping our unbelief" by informing our understandings, and a philosophy, as rigid as science itself, is expressing a natural religion from scientific facts. Nature and Religion cannot any longer be separated, and social, moral, and religious duties (all one family) are being defined with, almost, mathematical accuracy. This materialism is as necessary to a rational religion, as a physical body is necessary to mind.

The limited range of human vision has misled man into a belief in the existence of an Evil Principle, because he sees in nature what *appears* to be Evil. And it is by trying to establish correct first principles, supported by scientific facts, that we can enable ourselves and others to get rid of the erroneous idea. How could the *Infinite* in *Knowledge* and *Wisdom* be guilty of error, directly or indirectly! How could the *All-loving* and *Unselfish* commit or permit Evil, that Divine self-glorification might be acquired by means of the miraculous salvation of some, and the endless torture of others, of his poor creatures!—"for such proceeding he is charged withal;" or, how could the *All-mighty* be hindered from carrying out the tendencies and proclivities of his infinitely loving nature! The idea is monstrous, and the priests of Moloch whose "altars reeking oft with human blood," as acceptable sacrifice to their foul god, were not more cruel than those priests who strive to perpetuate such horribly barbarous notions—"degenerate slaves, who cry down freedom amid the clank of their fetters." Before man appeared upon the scene, similar anomalies existed in lower creation. The mineral kingdom, and the relative positions of land and water, arranged themselves out of apparent chaos and disorder. The vegetable kingdom appeared next, increasing and covering the earth in wild confusion, unconscious life struggling with unconscious life. The animal kingdom succeeded, one animal preying upon another, and death reigning by cruelty and violence. Man appeared a savage, devouring his fellow man, and other animals weaker than he, but skulking in dens and caverns, in fear of animals, not fiercer, but stronger than himself. The organisation of man, however, was higher than that of the rest of the animal creation. He gradually learnt the value and method of co-operation, and, by the acquirement of superior intelligence, he conquered alike his animal antagonists, and the jungle which gave them shelter. "Generations, come and go like the winged thistle-seeds;" kingdoms rise and fall under the hostile instincts of barbarous man, but knowledge accumulates, and progression goes on. Comparative civilisation, while in a minority, is, again, and again, overwhelmed by the surrounding barbarism, but the seeds of the advanced knowledge are, thus, more widely sown. When barbarism is reduced to a minority, savage man dies out, in the struggle of life, before his more intelligent and intellectual fellow-man, and progression goes on (humanly speaking) in justice, tyranny, and bloodshed, as before. These are the lower steps in the ladder of progress, without which the higher could not be reached; these are the notes, first uttered in discord, which, ultimately, shall arrange themselves in order and harmony; and all the result of an Infinite Power, so *all-wise* and *all-loving* as to warrant that "whatever is, is right;" that in the very nature of things it could not be otherwise. If things *could* have been better, they *would* have been so; it may, therefore, be said with ancient Homer—

"Let this suffice: th' immutable decree
No force can shake; what is, that ought to be."

J. R.

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