

THE Harbinger of Light

A 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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CONTENTS.

	Page.
Rev. J. C. Symons' Lecture considered.....	77, 78.
Mr. Leech's Lectures.....	78.
"Le Phare".....	78.
Mr. B. S. Kayler's Pamphlets.....	78.
"Truths for the Times".....	78.
Rev. J. C. Symons' Lecture.....	78, 79.
Planchette Communication.....	79.
Correspondence.—Spread of Spiritualism.....	79, 80.
Has Spiritualism Divine Sanction?.....	80.
Mesmerism.....	81.
Poetry.....	81.
Materialism.....	81, 82.
The Teachings of Spiritualism.....	82.
Stray Notes as to Spiritualism.....	83.
The "Christian World" and Spiritualism.....	84.
"Not Lost".....	84, 85.
Mrs. Emma Hardinge's Address at Cavendish Rooms.....	86, 87.

WHAT could have been the object of the Rev. J. C. SYMONS, in bringing before the public the Lecture which is reported in our columns it is hard to tell. The Lecture teems with admissions favorable to the acceptance of the facts and philosophy of Spirit intercourse, whilst the arguments against it are weak in the extreme. He views the matter in quite a different light to our correspondent "Tau Beth," and does not see in the scriptures anything prohibitory to Spiritual intercourse. He describes some of the remarkable phenomena that occur in the presence of Mr. HOME and others, and considers the testimony thereto *Unimpeachable*, but with regard to the Davenport's he falls into a popular and convenient error that they have been proved impostors! We ourselves have never met with one tittle of evidence to support this assertion, on the contrary, the Brothers are still carrying on successfully, under test conditions, and were not long since the guests of the Emperor of Russia. The Rev. Gentleman's ideas of the nature of Electricity, Magnetism and the Od force of Reichenbach, are very obscure, he first seems to assume them to be identical, and then quotes M. ARAGO to the contrary. If he reads Reichenbach he will find that the Od force or superabundant Spiritual fluid, generated and thrown off by man and by chrystalline and magnetic substances, exercises no force on ponderable matter, but permeates or passes through the most solid substances, which can offer no resistance to it. It is only in conjunction with Spiritual forces and the electricity of the atmosphere, that it can be utilised for the movement of ponderable substances. The electrical Lady would have formed a first rate subject for the Rev. Gentleman to have demonstrated his theory by. Why did he not do it? it would have been so much more satisfactory to all parties. The biological theory is a stupendous one! The Spiritualists in the civilized world at the present time are

estimated by good authorities to number nearly twenty millions, probably one half of whom have in the course of their experiences witnessed Spiritual manifestations, of some sort. Mr. SYMONS' theory implies that these ten million have been biologized whenever they approached the subject, and that the powerful minds of men like Professor HARE, Dr. DEXTER, Professors VARLEY and DE MORGAN, GERALD MASSEY, and a host of others of the same class, have succumbed to the influence of a delicate individual such as Mr. HOME is known to be, or in some instances to that of weakly constituted women and children. In his own case Mr. SYMONS does not seem to dream of this theory, and would probably feel insulted if anyone were to express their belief that *He* only imagined he saw the Table Rise, the crab and fish theory is equally puerile. True, we have no proof of how they were levitated, but as these showers have always been limited in their area, and never occurred at any great distance from the sea coast, it is only fair and reasonable to suppose that they have been carried up by a waterspout. In the relation of his circle experiences the Rev. gentleman disproves what he had before asserted as his belief, viz., "that the presence of one antagonistic person in a circle prevented manifestations," for at the circle he attended striking physical manifestations took place in opposition to his will and muscular energy combined. A little further on in an endeavour to define the religious belief of Spiritualists, he acknowledges the absence of dogmatic teachings in connection with Spiritualism, and complains of the diversity of opinion and contradictory statements preventing an accurate definition. Spirits, he says, can only tell what they know! and some of them are very ignorant, doubtless some of them are, but intelligent investigators are not likely to be deceived by ignorant Spirits, any more than they are by ignorant mortals. The allusion to LOUIS NAPOLEON displays a want of knowledge of the philosophy of Spiritual intercourse that does not accord with the information displayed on other branches of the subject by the Rev. Gentleman. The points of belief enumerated are far from being universal, and would be likely to convey a false impression of those who *do* believe them, they require explanation which we have not space at present to give. But the assertion with regard to free Love is quite out of place. In America it is not peculiar to Spiritualists, and in Victoria we are not acquainted with one Spiritualist who advocates it in

the sense in which it is commonly received. Readers of the *Lyric of the Golden Age* will be able to form their own opinion as to the inspirational poetry attributed to BYRON and SHELLEY, and we venture to think that in the majority of cases their conclusions will differ from our Rev. friend's. The assertion that Spiritualism was of no moral or Spiritual service must go for what it is worth, those only who are ignorant of its philosophy will believe it. We do not wonder at Mr. SYMONS declining Mr. DELBRIDGE's proposal. No good would be likely to come of it, that is in a *Theological point of view*. The fair discussion of any important subject on a reasonable basis, is sure to bring out some truth, and the avoidance of such by those who profess to be the Teachers of Truth, implies a want of confidence on their part in the stability of their position. We as Spiritualists challenge refutation of the phenomenal facts we assert, or the reasonableness of our philosophy. The Rev. Gentleman has built up an edifice of Spiritual facts, which the theories he relied upon to demolish are inadequate to shake, much less destroy, and we hope to hear of the re-delivery of the Lecture many times.

CONSIDERABLE disappointment has been expressed at the discontinuance of the publication of Mr. Leech's lectures, and some have been under the impression that Mr. L. had discontinued lecturing. Such, however, is not the case, Mr. Leech still continues his Sunday evening discourses to good audiences. Some of his most recent lectures have been on a purely Spiritual basis, and a correspondent informs us that they surpassed any previous efforts, one in particular he describes as a masterpiece. As Mr. Leech speaks extemporaneously, the matter is lost to all but his audience. It is to be hoped that some arrangement will be made to report future lectures, that some at least may be published. The Spiritual news from Castlemaine is encouraging, steady progress seems to be making, two new trance mediums having been developed during the last month.

WE have received per last mail, a copy of "Le Phare" (No. 12 of 16th December, 1870.) A bi-monthly Journal, devoted to Spiritualism and kindred subjects, published at Liege, in Belgium. Most of the articles in the present number are continuations from preceding ones. "La Vie Eternelle," by Camille Flammarion, portion of a forcibly written article on "God," contrasting the orthodox and Spiritualists' Gods. "Spiritualism and Freemasonry." Several Spiritual communications, &c. There is a long list of agents for the paper in various parts of Belgium, from which we may infer that the subject of Spiritualism is attracting wide-spread attention there.

WE have received from Mr. B. S. Naylor copies of his pamphlet (No. 13). "An appeal to the common sense of Victorians, on the Sabbath question," in which he clearly demonstrates from scripture and history, that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Mr. Naylor argues on behalf of the working man, that Sunday should be, as it was before the puritanical period, a day of rest from labor, on which every facility should be offered for working men and others who are confined to business during six days of the week, to breathe the fresh air of the parks or country, to visit the libraries and museums and other places of public instruction, and thereby refresh both body and mind. The arguments are cogent, and the authorities quoted in support are many and influential, from Jesus and His disciples down to the Rev. Dr. Guthrie. Mr. Naylor clearly disproves the common allegations of the demoralizing influence of the non-religious observance of the Sabbath on the continent. After summarizing his observations, Mr. Naylor enters on what he states to be the grand object of the pamphlet, viz., "Education." He advocates a natural system of secular compulsory education, and

in reference to the unlettered adult portion of our community, Mr. Naylor considers that their minds would be enlarged, their thoughts elevated, and their tastes cultivated, by the opportunity being afforded them of visiting the libraries, galleries of art, and museums, and listening to explanatory lectures from competent persons. The pamphlet is well and forcibly written, but rather severe on the sabbatists. It is particularly apropos to the present time, and with the view of giving it a wider circulation, Mr. Naylor has issued it gratis. Those who approve of it and desire its wider dissemination are invited to contribute to a fund for that purpose, and those who furnish their address will have pamphlets forwarded to them (free of expense) for distribution.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of a pamphlet "Truths for the Times," by Caleb, published by Williams, Elizabeth Street. It is well written, and worthy of the attention of progressionists.

REV. J. C. SYMONS' LECTURE.

A lecture on "Spiritism" was delivered by the Rev. J. C. Symons, at the Wesleyan School-room, Carlton, on Friday, February 10th. The room was well filled and the lecture attentively listened to. The lecture was prefaced by a strictly orthodox prayer and hymn, which in a mixed assemblage might with propriety have been omitted. The rev. gentleman commenced by referring to the natural curiosity of man, especially in reference to a future state, and considered that a belief in immortality was natural to man. He did not mean to tell the audience, where and how he had obtained his information on Spiritualism, but from his enquiries and reading he was convinced that although there was much of imposture in connexion with it, yet there was much that was real and worthy of careful and serious examination. He thought the idea that the spirits of those who had gone before were hovering about us, a highly reasonable one, Christ, spoke of our being surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, and doubtless referred to the Spirits of the Just.

He admitted that Spiritual intercourse existed in ancient times. Paul says—Are they not all ministering Spirits! He might remark that many of the most striking manifestations of modern times took place in a darkened room, but he did not see much objection to this as the ability to see Spiritual things seemingly depended upon physical conditions. Witness the case of Elisha's, servant at Dothan.

But, although this intercourse existed in ancient times, it might not be necessary now, indeed he should infer that it would cease with revelation. He quoted Dr. Campbell on the existence of angels and devils, or bad and good Spirits, the possibility of intercourse with them and of their operating on matter. He (the lecturer) did not consider that the Scriptures militated against such intercourse, if it were proved to exist. He alluded to the extraordinary manifestations of the Davenport's, and the testimony to their genuineness, and yet he said, it had since been proved to be imposture! He also briefly described the occurrences in the Fox family, and at the house of the Rev. Mr. Phelps, some of Mr. Foster's and Mr. Home's manifestations, extraordinary levitations, &c., and considered the testimony as to their occurrence unimpeachable, and further said, that unless we were prepared to deny this good evidence, we must admit the general facts. The lecturer quoted Dr. Child on the diversity of mediumship, and his conclusions that those who earnestly seek for truth would discover it, but that the communications partook of the imperfections of the medium. He wanted to know of what use it was if no medium could be implicitly trusted. He considered that science in ages to come might be able to explain the phenomena on natural laws. The phenomena were not new,—Hippocrates recognised mesmerism as a medium of communication, the nervous fluid alluded to by him might be sufficient to account for the manifestations, there was a fluid, electricity, magnetism, &c., or something of that kind with which some persons were strongly

charged. He (the lecturer) knew of some persons who were so charged with electricity that they could impart a shock to another person, and of one lady who could emit a spark from her knuckles. He did not know the physical conditions necessary, but believed that the presence of an antagonistic person in a circle prevented any manifestations. Plato and Galen had an idea of the subject. A commission was appointed in France to test the subject through the person of a lady medium, M. Arago was one of the commission, and he says speaking of the influence, "It seems to have no identity with electricity, and yet if you touch the medium it produces a shock, with magnetism the same. He concluded it was a new force." The mysteries relating to mundane forces cannot be all explained by known laws. It was admitted by Spiritualists that the phenomena were not all produced by Spirits, and he thought an increase of knowledge would explain and prove all to proceed from other causes. Nothing, the rev. gentleman remarked, was more deceptive than our senses? A peculiar condition might be induced through the flowing out from the medium of the fluid before referred to which would make those present imagine they saw whatever the medium desired, it might have been so in the case of Mr. Home's levitations, &c. Biologists made their subjects believe they saw things, which only existed in the imagination of the operator.

Again, he had another theory, he had heard of men of peculiar organizations inflating themselves so that they could rise from the ground, and there were well authenticated cases of showers of frogs, crabs, and fishes falling. How did they get up in the air? They must have been levitated, but we did not know how.

The rev. lecturer then gave an interesting account of a seance he had attended some years since at which he acknowledged that a table he sat at (with others) rose always at his end, and in spite of his pressure to prevent it, that the answers to questions were generally good and apropos, on a question being put "Is there a devil?" The table rose entirely from the floor, and was suspended about eighteen inches about it. The question was asked "How are men to live?" The answer given was "Know ye not that it is good to be just to all men." In explanation of this, it was his opinion that the medium got the answer, he concluded that unless one person instigated the answer, you could not depend upon getting one. The lecturer said it was hard to define what the religious ideas of Spiritualists were, except that there was an absence of all dogmatic teaching, there was so many contradictory statements on this subject, and such diversity of opinion. Spirits he said can only tell what they know, and some of them were very ignorant, then again it seemed very hard, that they should abandon their friends just at the time their assistance was wanted, there was Louis Napoleon for instance who it was well known had been a Spiritualist for many years, yet they (the Spirits) have allowed him to enter on the present war when they must have well known what the result would be for him, it was too bad of them to slate a friend like that. Spiritualists believed the bible to be effete, and only to be made use of as a history, they believed in no personal God, but a sort of creative principle, they failed to recognize Spirit influx and the Holy Ghost—there was no sin, only a mistaken sense, prayer was not necessary, free love was taught. The poems attributed to Byron and Shelley were a libel on them, &c., after reading a few extracts, from M. Hull, J. M. Peebles, and Mr. Howitt, the lecturer whilst not doubting the sincerity of those who professed a belief in Spiritualism cautioned his hearers against giving up to the movement, as it was of no moral or Spiritual service.

A vote of thanks to the lecturer was proposed and seconded, when one of the audience (Mr. Delbridge,) in assenting to it, pointed out that the lecture had only treated one side of the question, saying that he thought the subject would bear further ventilation, and concluded by asking with that view whether the rev. gentleman would allow of its being discussed in the columns of his paper. The vote of thanks was then put and carried, after which Mr. Symons came forward and declined Mr. Delbridge's proposition for the reasons that no good could come out of it, and the columns of the paper were too valuable to be used for such a purpose.

PLANCHETTE COMMUNICATIONS.

DECEMBER 22.

SWIFTLY passes the time with us, dear friend, when we come earthward; how joyfully we hail each returning period that brings us in contact with your circle.

We have each been more than repaid for our assistance, if indeed we looked upon our poor help in that light; but when we were first attracted hither, it was that undefinable tie of love that drew us towards you. How pleasing is the work to us, and with what dutiful reverence we bow to the all-absorbing element, inspiring and prompting us to the delightful work in which we are engaged.

It pains our soul when we perceive doubts arise in the mind as to our identity, and we long for the time when all such shall be removed for ever. We cannot explain the joy of this life to you—earthly words cannot express them. We are continually surrounded with every thing that can please the senses and instruct the soul. The lessons taught us are full of wisdom, and easily adapted to our wants—for we have wants, but not of the kind you experience on earth. Ours are of the soul. We continually learn of the wondrous love of God displayed in all his works; but we have only witnessed a very few of his manifestations, and feel ourselves but infants yet in the knowledge of them. My dear friend, we would say to you that your work has not been in vain, but by your perseverance in the things relating to the Spirit, and the Spirit's influence, you have succeeded above what you have any conception of. We are often with our dear sister, who will soon join us in our spirit life. It grieves us when your circle is incomplete, for if you only knew the importance of your efforts to steadily develop your spiritual flower, you would, I know, be more punctual. And now I will say good bye, my dear friend.

To Correspondents.

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

"TAU BETH's" concluding letter, is of such a length as to preclude our inserting it in full; but as we are desirous to give him every latitude, we publish the major part of his communication in this issue, reserving the balance for the next. Under these circumstances we shall defer our criticisms, until the whole of his letter appears.

SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

SIR,—Some months ago you published a few letters which I had sent to your journal on the subject of Spiritualism. The exigencies of business occupation have since separated the matter from much attention on my part. But there is one item of information which I must find time to communicate, and it is the rapid spread of belief in the truths and teachings of Spiritualism. On the day I wrote this letter, a gentleman, who a twelve-month since had declared his determined incredulity on the doctrine, stopped me to say that himself and other friends he mentioned, had not only modified their views, but become thoroughly convinced of the truth and grand value of the spiritualistic creed.

Now, Mr. Editor, if I had been called upon to name among my friends and acquaintances one, who most distinctively combined with the possession of superior trained intelligence the habit of thoughtful and searching and independent examination of doctrines and opinions, I might have indicated the gentleman referred to. He has been induced to witness evidence, irresistible and complete, of spirit communications through mediums, and has had pertinent replies furnished to questions mentally addressed to the controlling spirit. He is still confused with the admitted unreliability of planchette writings, but, in spite of the most dogged reluctance to believe, he tells me that his incredulity has been gradually borne down by the weight of incontrovertible testimony.

This instance is but one, as I have ample reason to believe, of hundreds of such. Everybody who has investigated Spiritualism with carefulness, candour, and close enquiry, cannot have the least doubt that belief in its truths must surely progress, and with accelerating rapidity. The puny sneers of blind orthodoxy, as I remarked in former letters, continue to provoke and promote the spirit of enquiry, and that is all that is required for Spiritualism. For some time I regarded with suspicion and misgivings the exhibitions of the Davenport Brothers, and could not but suppose that the very general belief in their being quacks, jugglers, and impostors, must have a sufficient foundation. "What everybody says must be true," the old maxim runs, and one might assert just as logically that what everybody *does* must be right. However, after reading their narrative (a most interesting book published in America in their behalf), and examining the reports of their performances, which appeared in the English papers professedly hostile to their claims, I have no difficulty in asserting that more complete refutation of the charges against the Davenports it is impossible for their friends to desire. An unbelieving friend of mine, a few days since, pointed out triumphantly an account in a silly newspaper of some roguery practised on three men, spiritualists, by another spiritualist, who pretended to have found a hidden treasure. "Look here!" said he, "they are said to be all spiritualists—fraud and folly. Ah those spiritualists!" Now, supposing the editor of the newspaper referred to had reported another case of cheating in this fashion—"Two well-known sharpers (Protestant Christians) have been arrested for fleecing an unfortunate man, also a Protestant Christian, of money at cards." And, commenting upon this, some one were to ascertain that the trio gave their names at the gaol as belonging to the Church of England, and then exultingly ask what was to be thought of the Church of England now? This is a fair specimen of the empty sneering and dull bigotry which characterises the attacks on Spiritualism. It also continues to surprise me that persons of intelligence and active mental possessions will not trouble themselves to become informed, through the many admirable books upon the subject, what Spiritualism is, and what it tends to.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

COLONUS.

HAS SPIRITISM DIVINE SANCTION?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you and your correspondent's reader, "Iota," and D. Mackay, for the courtesy with which I have been treated. I rejoice also that I have fallen into worthy hands, who are willing to give me the credit, which I unhesitatingly concede to them, of holding opinions conscientiously, and advocating them in all good faith, not for victory but for truth. Disputation for victory's sake is a most contemptible pastime, since its only object is self-exaltation at the expense of another, and I cannot conceive of any but mental coxcombs indulging in it. Certainly I disclaim all sympathy with anything of the kind, and would not charge the like upon you. On looking over the arguments adduced by you in favor of the practice of Spiritism, I cannot find that my objections have been met. Permit me to show you. My propositions enumerate the *only* ways in which God has been pleased to allow man to communicate with the Spirit world. You have proved nothing in opposition to this. I stated too that all *other* communion with the Spirit world was interdicted; and you have not met this statement by any appeal to Scripture. The gist of my argument is this:—Man is authorised to approach the Spirit world *only in the person of God himself*, by prayer and supplication. And if, in answer to man's prayer, or independently of it, God chooses to send angelic messengers (Spirits) to communicate his will (as he has often done) it is man's duty to listen to and commune with those angels or Spirits. Against *such* communion there is no law; *God himself has appointed it, and is a party in the business.* Such, and such *only* is the nature of the communication maintained by the ancient prophets and seers. Allow me to cite a few cases.—The cry of Israel went up to God, and he

spoke to Moses out of the bush and sent him to Pharaoh. On all occasions where superhuman aid was needed Moses applied *directly to God*, and never to any other Spirit. When Jacob was oppressed with fear of Esau, he prayed to the God of his fathers Abraham and Isaac, and to no other, and had the assurance from God, in the likeness of a man, that his prayer was answered. He had met God's angels, or ministering Spirits, before, but he does *not* call upon *them* in his distress but upon *God*. When Joshua was smitten at Ai he called upon God, and received instruction how to proceed; and God, in his own way, pointed out the cause of the disaster. When Joshua died Israel asked guidance of God, and he answered them. Israel cried to the Lord on many occasions, and he sent them deliverers in answer to their cry. Once, when they cried to him because of the Midianites, he sent his angel, evidently in the likeness of a man, to instruct them. If Manoah had been a Spiritist he would probably have addressed himself to the angel who had previously appeared to his wife; but no; he calls upon God, "And God hearkened unto the voice of Manoah" (Jud. 13, 9). Samson asked the Lord for the strength which he knew had left him, and we are obliged to believe that he obtained it; for the effect duly followed. When Hezekiah was distressed because of Sennacherib's letter, he went to the house of the Lord, and "spread it before the Lord," and God answered him by the mouth of Isaiah. And so, in all cases, *God is the only being directly applied to*, and when his angels come with his word in reply, communion with them on the matter in hand has of necessity the divine sanction. So when Daniel prayed to God on behalf of his people, God sent an angel, and Daniel communed with him without sin. Here is *divine* Spiritism, and this only has divine sanction. But these cases are not analogous to modern Spirit communications, for in the latter God has professedly no part. You have not controverted this position. On the other hand, when Saul wished to consult his old counsellor Samuel, now no longer in the flesh, and went to the medium of Endor for that purpose, you know the upshot of the visit was a severe rebuke and reiteration of God's rejection of him as king of Israel. Let me intreat you to look at this case. Saul was in distress—driven to his wit's end—and in his strait he desired the advice of his old friend Samuel, now gone to the Spirit world. A female medium of some repute was known to live at Endor, and he proceeded there in order to commune with the undoubtedly *good Spirit* of Samuel. Here Saul is in precisely the position of the modern Spiritist who, wishing to commune with his dearest relative or friend in the Spirit world, seeks a medium for that purpose. Well, condemnation followed Saul's act; and why should it not follow the same act now? "So Saul died for his transgression which he committed against the Lord, even against the word of the Lord, which he kept not, and also for asking counsel of one that had a familiar Spirit, to enquire of it; and enquired not of the Lord; therefore he slew him, and turned the kingdom unto David the son of Jesse" (1 Chron. 10, 13-14). Saul communed with a *good Spirit*, and was condemned for the act. This is the position of the modern Spiritist, and you have not met the argument involved.

Now let me consider what you *have* said.

1. You ask what distinction I draw between angels and Spirits, and think that "good Spirit and angel are synonymous." Granted; but the prohibition of Scripture makes no distinction between Spirits whatever; it simply forbids our approaching them at all except in the person of God, or of the messengers he has directly commissioned.

2. You say "if the prohibition included good Spirits, they were transgressed by all the prophets and apostles." Certainly not; for God never prohibited communion with *himself* or with his messengers, *when he had sent them.* Such an idea involves an absurdity. The prophets and apostles approached God, and none else, and communed only with those whom he sent, and at the time he sent them, and *never approached them at any other time.* If your Spiritism were like that, there could be no transgression, and I should be happy to join you in it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MESMERISM.

(Conclusion).

It is not necessary to enter into any elaborate instructions on the mode of applying Mesmerism to the cure of particular diseases, if the instructions given in my last article are followed, "of Mesmerising by the long pass, from the head to the hips," merely concentrating the will on the known weak parts as the hands pass over them. Where local disease exists, there is either a stagnation, or (where inflammatory) an excessive action in the parts. Where the former condition exists the Mesmeric fluid causes action and circulation. In the latter condition it soothes and tones the affected portion of the body, and draws off the inflammation, by so doing often enabling the patient to procure refreshing natural sleep which under previous conditions they were unable to obtain. It is not well to Mesmerise on an empty stomach, nor soon after a full meal. In the one case you cannot impart much Mesmeric influence without exhausting yourself, and in the other case your Magnetism is gross, and hence not so efficacious curatively, and unless your digestive powers are very strong, digestion will be at a standstill during the time you are operating and for some time after. There is greater difficulty to Mesmerise a hungry person than one who has recently eaten, it is not at all disadvantageous to the patient to be Mesmerised soon after a meal, for the process of digestion is aided, rather than impeded by the Mesmeric stimulus. Neither operator or patient should take anything of a stimulant nature for at least two hours preceding the process. It is however necessary that the operator, to keep up his stamina, should take nourishing but easily digested food and go out in the fresh air as much as possible. If practicable the process should be continued daily, for twenty or thirty minutes, and in acute cases twice a day, but it is useless for the operator to continue after he experiences exhaustion, or ceases to feel the influence passing from him to the patient. When sleep is induced it is not necessary to continue the passes for any length of time, you may if you desire it, leave the patient to sleep off the influence, but leave some one to watch him, who could report to you should the patient not awake within a reasonable time. Although many awake from the state as from a natural sleep, the majority require to be De-mesmerised. To do this effectually it is necessary to realize that the patient is charged with your magnetic energy and sleeps through the influence of your will. By willing them to awaken, you materially assist the process of De-mesmerisation, indeed in some instances it is all that is needed, but in most cases it is necessary to make light upward passes, blowing at the same time on the forehead. It is as well to announce audibly your intention to awaken him, for whether he hears you through the material or Spiritual senses, it will prepare him, and facilitate the operation. In cases where the patients reach the somnambule or clairvoyant state, it is better to ask them "when in those conditions" what is the best and easiest method to adopt to awaken them, the information so obtained is always valuable. Cases sometimes occur (but very rarely) where the operator is unable to wake his subject, when this happens there is no cause for alarm. My impression is that these instances only occur where a persistence of the state will be beneficial, and provided the state is a tranquil one, the patient might sleep for two or three days without injury or exhaustion, though such a persistence is highly improbable. This persistence of the sleep only occurs with those newly Mesmerised or in delicate health, which is corroborative of my idea that it is natural and necessary, and should not be fought against. I think I have said enough in this and my previous articles to give a general idea of what Mesmerism is and how it should be applied to the cure of disease, &c., but will at a future time furnish some papers on the peculiar manifestations arising out of its application.

W. H. T.

Poetry.

The following was written by Planchette, through the mediumship of a lady who is a comparatively new investigator into Spiritualism. As a poem it will not bear comparison with the specimens of poetry given through more advanced mediums, which have appeared in our columns, but the sentiment is good, and as a local production it may perhaps be interesting:—

On to the rescue! the world is in chains,

Ye must crush, ye must break the tyrants power,
Full long have ye bent 'neath the yoke, tho' she claims
To hold ye as slaves by her own rightful dower.

Rise up in your own manful strength, and be free,

Crush out the old dogmas, pull up the old tree
That casteth its shadow o'er the bright green

Of the lawn round your home, where the truth should be seen

Make room in your hearts to let in the bright light;

Let love and good works join hand in the fight

To break through the ranks of self and sin,

And let the pure light of truth shine in.

Pull down those old 'isms, sects and creeds,

Too long have they ruled, too long sown the seeds

Of dissension and strife, such a blot and a stain

On the fair face of earth should no longer remain.

Up with your banner now, stand by the right!

Be reason your guide, and defend her with might;

Gird on your armour, stand firm, and be strong,

Cheer up the weak ones, the way is not long!

Around you are friends who watch you with love,

Whose care is unceasing, whose home is above;

In the brightness of day, and the darkness of night

We lovingly watch you to guide you aright.

We grieve o'er your careless love of ease:

You should work, and every moment seize

To root from your hearts all poisonous weeds,

And help your brothers' and sisters' needs.

Far too much time has been wasted by you,

So on to the rescue, be firm, and be true,

Help us the world from sin to free,

And the brighter above your home shall be.

Come with love in your hearts for one, and for all

Who may need your care on this earthly ball,

For years we have longed to see reason have sway,

That the fables of books may be swept away.

That the light of pure truth may shine in your heart,

And pierce through the darkness of priestly art;

The dark clouds of error are breaking, I ween,

Already the dawn of the morning is seen.

The war, and the homidil, and deadly strife

Are but waking the nations into life;

From the battle fields, in long array,

They are marching along to the shining way.

Each soul, in mute surprise and awe,

His sentence waits for the broken law.

But it comes not here,—that law divine

Which rules us here, is far from thine;

With grateful love all hearts outflow,

Each longs to greet dear friends below.

Thus link by link the chain is growing,

Soon will the field be ready for sowing;

Far in the future the harvest will be,

But 'tis you who must sow both broad and free.

Reason in all things doth guide us aright,

Still onward we go with all our might;

We study and work, not still do we stand

While a soul on earth needs a helping hand.

So work you too, with a will, I pray,

And rest you not by night or day,

Till of death all craven fear has fled,

And joy is the thought you feel instead.

MATERIALISM.

Extract from Disraeli's preface to the new edition of his works, in which he eloquently gives his opinion on what is styled materialism:—

"It cannot be denied that the aspect of the world and this country, to those who have faith in the spiritual nature of man, is at this time dark and distressful. They listen to doubts, and denials of an active Providence, and what is styled materialism is in the ascendant. To those who believe that an atheistical society, though it may be polished and amiable, involves the seeds of anarchy, the prospect is full of gloom.

"This disturbance in the mind of nations has been occasioned by two causes—firstly, by the powerful assault on the divinity of the Semitic literature by the

Germans; and, secondly, by recent discoveries of science, which are hastily supposed to be inconsistent with our long-received convictions as to the relations between the Creator and the created.

"One of the consequences of the Divine government of this world, which has ordained that the sacred purposes should be effected by the instrumentality of various human races, must be occasionally a jealous discontent with the revelation intrusted to a particular family. But there is no reason to believe that the Teutonic rebellion of this century against the Divine truth intrusted to the Semites will ultimately meet with more success than the Celtic insurrection of the preceding age. Both have been sustained by the highest intellectual gifts that human nature has ever displayed; but, when the tumult subsides, the Divine truths are found to be not less prevalent than before, and simply because they are Divine. Man brings to the study of the oracles more learning and more criticism than of yore; and it is well that it should be so. The documents will yet bear a greater amount both of erudition and examination than they have received; but the word of God is eternal, and will survive the spheres.

"The sceptical effects of the discoveries of science and the uneasy feeling that they cannot co-exist with our old religious convictions have their origin in the circumstance that the general body who have suddenly become conscious of these physical truths are not so well acquainted as is desirable with the past history of man. Astonished by their unprepared emergence from ignorance to a certain degree of information, their amazed intelligence takes refuge in the theory of what is conveniently called progress, and every step in scientific discovery seems further to remove them from the path of primæval inspiration. But there is no fallacy so flagrant as to suppose that the modern ages have the peculiar privilege of scientific discovery, or that they are distinguished as the epochs of the most illustrious inventions. On the contrary, scientific invention has always gone on simultaneously with the revelation of spiritual truths; and, more, the greatest discoveries are not those of modern ages. No one for a moment can pretend that printing is so great a discovery as writing, or algebra as language. What are the most brilliant of our chemical discoveries compared with the invention of fire and the metals? It is a vulgar belief that our astronomical knowledge dates only from the recent century, when it was rescued from the monks who imprisoned Galileo; but Hipparchus, who lived before the Divine Teacher of Galilee, and who among other sublime achievements discovered the procession of the equinoxes, ranks with the Newtons and the Keplers; and Copernicus, the modern father of our celestial science, avows himself, in his famous work, as only the champion of Pythagoras, whose system he enforces and illustrates. Even the most modish schemes of the day on the origin of things, which captivate as much by their novelty as their truth, may find their precursors in ancient sages, and, after a careful analysis of the blended elements of imagination and induction which characterise the new theories, they will be found mainly to rest on the atom of Epicurus and the monad of Thales. Scientific like spiritual truth has ever from the beginning been descending from Heaven to man. He is, a being who organically demands direct relations with his Creator, and he would not have been so organised if his requirements could not be satisfied. We may analyse the sun and penetrate the stars, but man is conscious that he is made in God's own image, and in his perplexity he will ever appeal to our Father which art in Heaven."

B. DISRAELI.

THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE continual enquiry of the sceptics, "what does Spiritualism teach or lead to," when addressed in a proper spirit of desire for the truth, should be replied to readily with all the information at command, or at any rate, it is well to state sufficient to allay the distrust with which they approach the subject. To the scorner no reply is needed. General contemptuous question from those who are determined to sneer and not to

investigate it is mere waste of time to contend with. But there are constantly arising those who sincerely desire to be assisted in examining and judging for themselves, and to such the following is submitted.

Spiritualism represents the most complete and intelligible assurance of the immortality of the soul that has ever reached human knowledge. And as this is a matter which more essentially concerns man than any other object of his reflections, it is sufficient to name it as a truth indisputably established in the minds of millions of human beings of the most superior and ripened intelligence. It teaches that immortal existence is the assured and inalienable inheritance of the entire human race. The evidence of continued communications to us from the disembodied Spirits of those who have lived in human form on earth is as clearly and certainly established as anything can be by human testimony. Hume said of miracles that, "supported by human testimony, they are more properly a subject of derision than argument," but if the possibility of so certifying facts is to be denied, why there is an end of all belief in any thing. "Spiritualism," says Allan Kardec, "teaches, by reasoning, practical study and observation of facts, the fundamental bases of religion, viz:—

"The existence of one omnipotent God, creator of all things, supremely just and good.

"Man's free will, and his responsibility for all his acts.

"Man's happy or unhappy state after death, according to the use he has made of his faculties during earthly life.

"The consequences of good and evil.

"The utility of prayer.

"It resolves many problems which have proved stumbling blocks to the student of religion, and which find their explanation in the existence of an invisible world.

"It is a source of consolation, contentment, and fortitude in adversity.

"It elevates our thoughts from things of earth, by giving a more just view of the value of its possessions, and a more certain and distinct prospect of the life in the world to come.

"It counteracts hopelessness and despair.

"It inspires with sentiments of charity and true fraternity towards your neighbour, and will render men better and more indulgent to their kind.

"It tends to destroy individual selfishness by the community which it establishes among men.

"It excites a laudable emulation for good, and puts a curb on disorderly desires.

"It favours and promotes intellectual and moral development, not merely with respect to present well-being, but to the future, which is attached to it.

"And by all these means it must aid in the progressive amelioration of human existence."

These are some of the teachings of Spiritualism, and that they are such it is open to every earnest and candid enquirer to ascertain from the facts set forth in the best publications on the subject.

That frivolous and false communications are constantly received from invisible correspondents, who are at the same time evidently possessed of a knowledge of matters known on earth only to ourselves, is well ascertained. But these unreliabilities and levities are probably permissively designed to teach that the human quality continues to pervade Spirits in the invisible world and that they are but gradually empowered to inform us with high and beneficial instruction. Human Spirits are discovered to possess defective intelligence as well as imperfect powers of influence; but Spirit manifestations and messages in their multitudinous variety will be seen on close investigation to be not lessened in their really important consequence of lifting the veil from the after life, by the perplexing communications we occasionally obtain. Were the thousands of every day communications to be regarded as infallible truths, the common business of life would be seriously disturbed by their incessant study.

STRAY NOTES AS TO SPIRITUALISM.

I.
ITS PRACTICAL IMPORTANCE.

The case as it stands relative to Spiritualism is, I think, as follows:—

Man finds himself in a world, which, generally speaking, he wishes to remain in, or at least to regard as the prelude to a better beyond the grave.

All his longings, all his hopes, all his dearest aspirations, are for this, as the ultimatum.

Abstractedly considered however, the hope, is nearly equivalent to being a vain one. Say what we may, no sagacity can discover immortality written upon earth, sun, moon, or stars. They may be eternal, but neither one nor the other prove man to be so, and all the parallels, which the wisest and the best have attempted to draw with reference to natural objects and the life of man's soul as something destined for eternity, have always failed in some essentially vital point, so that no deep thinker will care to admit but that man's sole and certain hope of future life does, and can, come only from a revelation.

Such revelation we have or think we have in Scripture.

This Scripture, however, did not come to man as a voice from Heaven, but principally through the organisms of mortal men like ourselves, and these, in order to convince the world of their sincerity, were permitted to perform, what are termed supernatural wonders, God's attesting seal that his servants spake the truth.

Besides the Scriptural miracles all history is full of the manifestations of a supernatural power. You find evidences of these strange phenomena, in the chronicles of every nation, however refined or however uncultivated. Alike in the Norwegian tales of Odin, as in the North American traditions, concerning the Great Spirit. Alike amid Roman and Grecian culture, as associated with Scythian barbarism. Peruvians and Chinese, Guinea men, in their fetich, and Mahometans in Allah; Jews in their Jehovah, and Indians in Brahma; have all an object with which they severally associate certain events said to have occurred, seemingly unexplicable, but in many cases well authenticated notwithstanding.

It is remarkable, too, that this belief, so universal as to space, is no less generally held as to time. If the God of Israel could say that there was never a period of Jewish history, when he had not reserved a remnant of ardent followers to himself from amidst an age of infidelity, so it may be asserted, with equal truth, that all ages, as well as every kindred, have retained many, amongst their teeming millions, to whom the details of the miraculous were something more than the mere stories of nurses and crones, and that too, although the mass of the population laughed such things to scorn, superciliously as would a Sadducee, an Epicurean, or a modern Savan.

In protestant England, it is true that this belief in miracles is somewhat dulled, and for a good reason, since, it is not the custom of Protestants to examine into the evidence substantiating Catholic miracles, but to condemn unheard. The Catholic church, however, even at the present day, has its real or professed miracle workers, whilst the list of wonders said to have been wrought in the past by saints, prayers, and relics, happens to be legion in its numbers.

I will not assert that the accounts of these things, all or any of them are true. But granted that they are the offspring of deceit and lies, or at the very least, of misconception and hallucination, and what have we? Such a blow aimed at the credibility of evidence, that no recorded facts can be, for the future, reasonably credited by any reasonable thinker. Our deductions based upon documents and chronicles are worthless. What is called the philosophy of history is a mere bubble tossed about upon the ocean of theory, doubt, and improbability. Rome most likely never was, Cæsar may have been a myth, and even our series of English kings a mere invention of the dreamer, and the fiction writer.

The probability, that such a state of uncertainty, relative to historical events alone, is likely to supervene, should the impossibility of all recorded supernatural events, albeit so well authenticated, be insisted upon, does not appear to afford a very pleasant prospect. On this

ground, if on no other, therefore, would it seem that Spiritual phenomena, are worthy of some serious consideration, since these only, of all modern and tangible facts, offer a full and complete explanation of the supernatural of every age and people.

But this is by no means all. Man's hope of immortality, as previously stated, depends on the statements of revelation, Christian, Jewish, or profane. Whilst the principal objections raised in modern days against the whole of these so called sacred writings, is that not one of them fails to give the history of prodigies, which, according to the deductions of modern science never could have occurred. Now the testimony of witnesses shaken on one point, is by most persons voted to be unreliable altogether. Christ and His apostles preaching a sublime doctrine, and living a spotless life; or even the same persons professing to be filled with the Holy Ghost and revealing to man hopes of a future state, might readily win our many admirers and believers of their teachings. Mixed up, however, with these teachings and these inspired utterances, forming a part, in fact, of the same gospel story, so interwoven with it that the two parts seem inseparable, are the details of miraculous events the most stupendous, and, according to the teachings of modern philosophy, the most impossible. Yet taking the one part we are compelled to accept of the other. Rejecting the miraculous portion of the gospel, no man can long attach much value to the same gospel's moral principles, or its sublime promises. He who said "In my Father's house are many mansions," also declared Himself able to heal the sick by power given Him from above, and this latter He did or professed to do. Were He an impostor in the one case, it is not likely that much credence to His declarations as an inspired mortal or divine being will be given in the other. If it be true that the accounts of these miracles are mere falsifications on the part of the evangelists, then, as their histories are the only ones existing, we have the especially unpleasant fact staring us in the face; that about one half of each of the only lives of the Saviour in our possession were written by men either incapable of judging as to circumstances said to have taken place before them, or else, that they were equally incapable of uttering the truth. A fact the least skilful of infidels will know well how to make use of, and one which cannot fail to have its influence upon those whose faith is weak, or who a rein the habit of judging with severe logical correctness.

In the height of this state of perplexity, Spiritualism appears, veritably, as it would seem to me, with healing on its wings. For prove one miracle and all Hume's subtle argument goes for nothing. Show that a spirit can move a table, or even a feather, in a supernatural way, and it is not at all improbable that the devil carried Christ through the air and sat him on a pinnacle of the temple; or given that the spirit of a dead Indian chief (in that often laughed at exhibition of the Davenport's) actually unties cords and loosens handcuffs, and who will dare to assert that no angel ever could have appeared to Peter, at once to open the prison doors, and break his fetters asunder.

Far be it from my present purpose to assert that these so called spiritual manifestations are real ones. My object is to show that, granting they are substantiated facts, they are of a cognate nature with other facts, upon the belief in which such weighty points relative to history, and faith, and hope depend. Enquiry, therefore, into the truth of falsity of spirit philosophy is not a mere idle pursuit, but one which should engage the attention and enlist the sympathies of all who care to see the details of past history well established, on the hope of future immortality well sustained.

Relative to the features of this same spirit philosophy; of its sublimities and absurdities; of its confirmations and its contradictions; of the fallacies of its enemies and the mistakes of its friends; of its weak points and its strong positions; of what it is and what it is not; I shall endeavour, honestly, faithfully, and as the truth lieth in me, to state, straightforwardly as I can, in future chapters.

THE "CHRISTIAN WORLD" AND SPIRITUALISM.

In the *Christian World* of 9th December, 1870, appeared a very copious report of Mrs. Hardinge's inaugural lecture at the Cavendish Rooms, on the Sunday previous. In a leading article on "The Unseen World," the editor refers to Spiritualism and Mrs. Hardinge in the following favourable manner:—

"The Destructionists, or believers in the terminableness of soul-life, are not the only innovators upon established opinion in reference to the Unseen World, for the Spiritualists are now propounding their theories with peculiar ardour, both by tongue and pen, and are boldly challenging the attention of the Church. Their interpretation of Scripture is of a very different order, and multitudes of people, including one of the chief of our electricians and a celebrated mathematician, as well as historians and poets, have accepted their teaching as true, and are in their turn endeavouring to win over others to the new faith, which they affirm, indeed, not to be new, but to be as old as our race. We learn from various sources that quite a number of clergymen and ministers in London have been induced to investigate the claims of the Spiritualist Gospel; and that some of them, at all events, are clearly of opinion that Christian teachers cannot wisely treat the whole thing as a delusion, or as a latter-day device of the devil, without at least stating the grounds of their conviction that it is so. Now, apparently, is the time for such a service to be rendered, when the most accomplished of the American Spiritualists, Emma Hardinge, a high priestess of the sect, has begun a regular Sunday Evening Lecture in the very heart of the metropolis, and offers to meet all objectors to the views she has to advance concerning a Future State, and the relation of the Unseen World to that which is the dwelling-place of mortals. There was a crowded congregation last night to listen to her eloquent and impassioned discourse and earnest prayers; and judging from the spontaneous cheers that greeted some of her words, and the animated looks of the audience, it would be said that not half-a-dozen sceptics were present. He must be a far-seeing man who can say where all these up-heavings of mind are leading us, and whether their issue will be for good or evil; but as Christian journalists it is clearly our duty to acquaint the churches, and especially their teachers, with all these signs of the times, in order that they may consider their own duty in relation to them, for the greatest folly of which mankind can be guilty is to shut their eyes to facts, and go on in the dark."

"NOT LOST."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

WHEN the old man entered the thin gray tent, with its couple of huddled beds and its sod fireplace, he sat down in that listless way which he had shown all through. He would eat nothing, but appeared, when I spoke, to carry himself back from some distant contemplations with an effort. At times his eyes rested fully upon my face, but I could see they were looking not only beyond me and the little tent, but far out past the grimly-toothed hill that bounded our view. It was not till the day was well spent that I could persuade my visitor to take off his dripping clothes and lie down. He had commenced, I suppose, about twenty times to undress, but in the eagerness of imaginary conversation he always left off again to speak, not indeed with the vacant face of a madman, but with a change of countenance and play of feature that startled me. Had I seen a *tableau vivant* on some brilliant stage, and there the splendid worn face that was opposite to me, I should have regarded these lights and shadows of emotion as they came and went as delineating an admirably acted conversation as between some weary broken gentleman and the friend, the search for whom had caused him all the weariness and brokenness visible. When the day fell, and the shadows were pushed down the hill sides by the coming night, he still sat there. I found that the sound of my voice "brought back" the old wanderer with something like a painful struggle. The thin well-muscled hands played with the rugged stick he kept, and so, still speaking in words so low that I could not recognise them, I watched the face get dimmer and darker till I could only see the form. Or by a flicker from the fire, sometimes, the thread-like wrinkled earnest eyes and gray beard would rise up out of the shadows with startling distinctness. I do not mean to say that I am possessed of more moral courage than any other ordinary man, and, therefore, I freely own I was getting frightened in exact proportion to the gathering on of the darkness. The still blackness of the summer's night, that so often follows rain, lay upon the tent and its surroundings with all its characteristic stillness and blackness. The far away night sounds were to be heard in all directions, but the chorus seemed to leave the spot where we were—an island of intermittent sounds. I felt as though everything was far away. The mysterious whisperings of the night were far away; the chorus of the marsh, with its occasional drum-throbs, was far away; and the feverish tickings of a family watch I had seemed far away too. Everything was far away but the close, black night that appeared to saturate us with its density, and the muttering old man, who seemed at times to gibber himself close to where I sat. This kind of thing was not to be borne long. I could not, I knew, retain anything approaching cool self-possession much longer, and so I built up the fire, trimmed the "slush-

lamp," and, finally, got the old man in bed by a series of determined and painful "callings back." The poor creature was worn enough and hot enough with the fire of fever when I pressed him gently down upon the sackcloth couch, and pulled the "Possum-skin rug of my mate over him—my mate, who I knew by this time, was enjoying rum under the weird flapping roof of the "spider's web." I sat quietly smoking till the fire got down again, now and then watching the stranger with his far-away eyes and the coming of pleasant smiles and affectionate recognitions upon his face. But this got monotonous, and as a gold buyer's ready reckoner, with a well-thumbed volume of *Livy* (which I sometimes read for effect) constituted my whole library, I determined upon getting away from myself, my visitor, and the night, to that pleasantest of all places—the border land of sleep and dreams.

It was no wonder, I think, that I felt nervous under the circumstances I have related. There was the strange man opposite to me, with bright open eyes, busy in a quiet babble of talk, and burning with fever. His mind was in that strange unknown distance where minds go at times revelling amongst memories and associations that were gathering round it, and the worn shell trying to hollow with its pail and grosser organs, but gradually (as I felt compelled to admit) smouldering out.

I do not remember, as the story tellers say, how long I slept; it might have been an hour, or it might have been three; but this I do know, that when I awoke again, I awoke as a man does who ordinarily passes from healthy sleep to healthy wakefulness. What I am going to relate will not be believed by many. I am free to confess that if I read it as the experience of another, unsupported by the experience which I am about to describe, I should not believe it myself, but that "there are more things in heaven and earth," &c., I was convinced of on that dark night of which I write. I have described my waking as a healthful one. I mean, by that, I was not suddenly startled—that I was not brought back to sense by nightmare—but that I gradually became conscious, and for a time (even with whisperings and talkings plainly upon the silence) I forgot who the occupant of the opposite bed was. Then the figure of the old man grew upon my mind as I had seen him in the mist and rain of the morning; again my efforts to get him to bed; and, finally, the situation as it was. While these facts were placing themselves before me in the order of sequence, I became aware of another and a distinct feeling—that of a coldness, or slight chilliness in the air, that appeared to fall upon me like breathings. It might have been a draught through the frail tent, but the breath (if I may so call it) was too intangible for even that explanation, and it carried to my mind an individuality with it—a something as of another presence there—that frightened me. Besides this, the same close, dark night was outside and around, and this time the whisperings were within, the night outside being now, I thought, strangely silent. Not one of the mysterious pulses seemed to be beating; there was just, as it seemed to me, a kind of frightsome pause away beyond. Had a star been up, had there been a break even in the pall of cloud above, the thin calico would not have hidden it. I knew that a part of the door had fallen away from its framing, but I could not discover the spot, although I perfectly knew the direction. I could see the bed where the sick man was (and yet seeing is scarcely the word) still I saw in a kind of gray light, that appeared to me to ebb and flow with the almost intangible breath I spoke of. I saw everything, but could not describe a single detail. The light or perception, or whatever it was (fancy it was not) put the impression upon my mind, which rested there, whether I closed my eyes or kept them open. I repeat whether I closed my eyes or not, I yet saw the gray silvery picture as well in the darkness as my readers could see a distant view in moonlight, only the light was not clear, but opaque and shadowy.

Opposite to me sat the wanderer upon the side of the bed, in a tattered crimson shirt, and looking down with a contented happiness in his eyes I had not observed before, looking down upon a boy of some eight or nine years of age. The boy was there as plainly to me as the man was there, and the old hands (I remember recognising the shape and peculiarity) were about the boy's head. He seemed to me to be holding the face up and speaking down to it in that loving way that a father sometimes has. Yes, speaking they two, the dead boy (that I was convinced of at the time) and his father.

I heard them.

I cannot state that I heard them as we hear ordinary conversation. I am not so silly as to expect I will be believed when I say as much, but I heard them, nevertheless. If I were asked, how I heard them I could no more tell my readers than I could explain how it was I saw them. The words did not reach me in ordinary sound any more than what I saw reached me in the usual way, and by the medium of the usual organs, but shadowy parts of that shadowy conversation between the shadowy speakers gathered upon my understanding without distinctness of detail as to words, just to the forms I saw (and in the same degree) were without distinctness of detail. If I were placed upon my oath in the hard, practical examination of a court of law, and even, asked under the solemnity of such a pledge whether I heard on that Christmas night the father and son talking, I should say no, but still, under the bond of the oath, to tell "the whole truth," I should say, nevertheless, they were there, and they talked together, that I was aware of their presence and of portions of their conversation. If asked again how I knew all this, I should be compelled to return the apparently absurd answer, "I don't know." But I know it as I know that yesterday I met and spoke with a friend. I know it and remember it with greater distinctness than I remember many an action of my past life. The conversation and the sight which I

saw are as vividly upon my mind to-day as any other thing of the past in connection with my life that lies across my memory. I remember well how quiet and observant I was as I sat up and understood all this. I call it to my recollection by many aids, one of which was the silence outside that I have spoken of before. I felt the dual capacity of the mind fully then. My whole attention was occupied by the father and his dead son, and yet attention strayed from me away to the silence of the night outside. I marked the intangible cool breathings, and the springy ticks of the watch, that by virtue of their own grossness (if I be allowed the expression) carried a part of the mind with them. They seemed to weave themselves into the mind as though each tick became intoned to pronunciation, and said, "Dark, dark, dark. Father and son, father and son, father and son, son, son, son." Still, amidst all I have described, I knew this was said.

"You will come to-night, father."

"But the change, George, the change, the change—to die, to die, to die."

"So happy—peace on the other side of the river. Your father and mother—we are all waiting, father."

"Sarah will be alone."

"No; she'll be told to-night. She knows all—coming in a month or two—not long—yes, and over below the blossoms we'll walk with angels now." There was much said, but as nearly as I can remember this is a fair sample of the conversation that was impressed upon my memory.

I forgot to mention earlier that the old man during this time appeared to have a part of the possum-rug wrapped round his legs. Finally, the boy appeared, to make him lie down. Then there came a confusion as of force, that seemed to bewilder me, and take away all powers of observation; and the silence crept on, and the noises of the night came with it. To my mind, the most unexplainable part of this whole experience is that I was not frightened. After a slight nervousness at first, all fear left me, and I experienced instead a calm desire to watch the singular spectacle as it was presented. I lay back to sleep with the feeling uppermost that I should test the truth of what I thought I had witnessed by the position of the old man and the clothes in the morning, for the last I saw, or rather knew, was the wanderer lying with the rug round his legs, and his head partially over the side of the stretcher—dead.

I awoke in the morning, at, I think, my usual hour, and for nearly a minute the experiences of the past night were forgotten. After a time the remembrance flashed upon me as a dream would, and I turned hurriedly round, with true fear this time, to see the old man in the position I have described, and dead. I cannot hope, of course, to convey to my readers how vividly the experiences before detailed were all uncurtained to my mind at once—and this, be it remembered, as soon as I awoke, and before I thought of the occupant of the opposite couch as such.

There was the old, worn wanderer, distinct enough in every detail now. It might have been my imagination (and I am prepared to learn that much, if not all, of this tale will be attributed to this cause); but I saw in a way that fully satisfied me as to the perfect semblance which he bore to the form and attitude I had observed during the night—the rigid face looked thoroughly calm, and the grey hair was decently arranged. All this I noticed as I rose with some trepidation, but with a trepidation that passed quickly away, as the experiences of the night became more distinct. I find it very difficult to explain here the feelings with which I came to regard the body. That fear of being alone in the wilderness with the dead, which I should certainly have felt under other circumstances, was gone. I somehow regarded the remains as of one who had passed up higher, to another and a better happiness, where indeed there was such a thing as walking with angels.

And so the noble white face, and the venerable white hair, and the thin white hands, and the poor, attenuated figure, were all unable, in the loneliness of the far secluded valley, to frighten me in the very least.

The hot sun came with the day, still and fierce it travelled up, "unlashed" and "aglare," towards brazen head, sending down shadows among the trees, and distributing quaint dark images between the rocky teeth on the hill side. Gradually the evidences of death came in another way. The great flies buzzed into the place and settled persistently upon the rigid face, now rising with an angry hum of protest, again settling down by right of instinct and nature. It was a sight that people do not often care to see; but I do not know (for reasons before given) that I had ever regarded death on any other occasion as a mere change. This time I did so regard it, and the strange contrast of moveless features under the ceaseless flies that filled the oppressive spot where he lay prompted me to hide away the face until the time came when it should be covered for the last time.

It would not interest my readers much to know how I obtained my mate's assistance, and told him the story of the visit. We buried the old man up among the rocks, below a grey mammoth headstone of granite that would last for ages. It was bleached with the heat and storm of centuries, and the grand old moss-covered stone was just as likely to bleach and last through the changes of many a hundred more.

A fortnight after this time we were leaving for another place. The tent was down, and our household goods, from oven to slush-lamp, were packed away upon the cart. We were bidding good-bye to the valley we had slashed, and torn, and scarred to so little purpose, with the determination of trying elsewhere, and repeating the same operation on the smooth face of some other nook which might recommend itself to us by virtue of quartz boulder and steep ravine as "likely looking." Before starting, I sauntered up to the grave as a kind of duty I owed to the dead man. The place had not been

disturbed, and the wild grasses were beginning to show on the raised earth. I looked at the spot with a feeling of wonder as to the night when he died, and with a strong abiding confidence in the future, when the mystic river shall have been crossed, and there is rest for the weary. That future expectancy of rest and peace was always with me now. The conviction had come upon me much as the conversation and the sight I saw on the dark night that was past. I was unable exactly to tell how, nevertheless, it was there, and grasped me with a clasp of steel. While considering about making some mark that would identify the stone again, an echo struck it, and rang off; then came the confused noise, as of a distant hammer, that had just reached, and faded down off the granite face; again an indistinct echo coming, and fading from time to time. Gradually the sounds grew clear and decided, till I recognised the painful rumble of a cart, and turning in the direction I saw a frail dry old dray, crawling up the mouth of the valley where we had camped. Company was something at that time and in such a place. I hurried down for such news as we might possibly learn. The cart stopped where the tent had stood, and my mate was speaking to one of the two occupants, who was a woman. They seemed to be speaking about me, for, as I walked down, I saw that my companion pointed in the direction where I was, and presently the woman turned to meet me. When about two hundred yards from the dray, she waited till I came up, looking at me with an unusual curiosity as I approached.

A singular face, grey and firm.

A face left after a hard battle.

A face wherein neither trial nor endurance had gained a victory. Grey as to the appearance outwardly, and grey and soothed as to the soul within. It was a strong lined face, resigned, with an appearance of such resolute calm won as a right and held with strength, that one felt it to have been attained only after experiences, and trials, and storms, that wrought the lines there, and wrote the peace. There is a resignation created by weakness. There is calmness through despair. There are firm-souled men, who fight for ever, and end in the outcome of the constant battle in a life of irritation and impatience. This face was one of pure calmness and pure strength—the fight was over, the banner of peace was planted in a tower. I cannot say that such thoughts as these arose as I walked up to the strange woman. I know I felt on involuntary respect for her. It was a quiet, grey face at first sight, and then it wore upon one irresistibly. Thinking of her afterwards, the thoughts put down came to me. I never knew the history, but I feel I read the face truly.

I nodded as I came up, but her keen glance never changed—it was anxious, almost stern, up to the moment when I stood, and waited for her to speak. Then she smiled, as though satisfied—a quiet, superior smile, that was wonderfully sweet in its expression, and said—

"You are James Martin?"

"Yes," I replied, startled; "how do you know me?"

Still with a half smile—"I know you well, and I have to thank you," she continued, the placid eye becoming moist, and the tones of the voice uneven. "I have to thank you for your kindness to the old gentleman who wandered past your place on Christmas Day; whom you asked in to shelter and to rest; whose son you saw waiting to take him away beyond; and whom you kindly and thoughtfully buried up by the grey rock there."

This, I solemnly assert, was uttered quietly and steadily, but for the tremor of the voice I have mentioned. I had not spoken one word from the time she began, nor had she, when speaking to my mate (as I afterwards learned), made the most distant allusion to the "pilgrim." There she was, apparently, "telling me all that ever I did." I am bold to say that but for his last corroboration of what I saw and felt on the Christmas night, I might have looked back through a lapse of years perhaps and argued myself into a conviction that I had imagined or dreamed what I have related. I cannot describe how glad I felt at this new proof. I never thought of the wonder of the thing, but simply that my rest, and trust in that future which I once used to dread so much, was stayed firmly, and for ever.

"I wish to see his grave," she said with a bright smile, "as one duty I have to perform before I leave."

"Shall I show it to you?"

"Oh, no. I would much rather go alone. I shall remain here to-night (we have provisions), and early in the morning we start back for R—."

"Can you find the place?"

She smiled, and held out her hand. "Good-bye. You heard them speaking, I was told; you heard that I was soon to follow?" she queried with a radiant face, "and so I shall, I am setting my house in order, and I wished to see the grave before I leave. My little life-drama will be played out in another week. Good-bye. We'll all be together then."

This in the same tone as one would use in saying: "I am going to join my friends at Christmas—what a happy meeting we shall have." I felt as if I was shaking hands with one who was already half in the other world. I felt she was indeed one of those who knew what "ministering spirit" meant, in the fullest acceptance of the term. Perhaps guessing my thoughts, she smiled again.

"Now you know the meaning of 'Not lost, but gone before.'"

Half an hour after this I was stumbling in a bewildered kind of way after the rumblings of our dray, toward the "Spider's Web." The evening was coming on, and the red sun flushed up the rocky teeth of the hill, and rested full on the old bleached headstone, bending over the grand old bleached wife and mother, who *knew* and realised the meaning of the words "Not lost, but gone before."

Concluded.

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE'S ADDRESS AT CAVENDISH ROOMS.

A large congregation assembled on Sunday evening December 4th, in the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, to listen to an address by Mrs. Emma Hardinge.

After a short introduction, in which she expressed her intention of continuing her addresses on successive Sunday evenings, the preacher said:—

One of the great mistakes which is being promulgated by the European Spiritualists, is the fact that modern Spiritualism is narrowed by the sound of the telegraph, and the messages which are brought to individual consciousness. Never shall we realise the true genius of Spiritualism until we understand that it is the explanation of every problem of spiritual existence; that it is the resolution of all those mysteries which, age after age, have borne us on the wings of force—which have in the invisible world mastered and controlled us, laid the foundation of our being in mystery, and carried us forward into a mystery before which the veil of the grave has hitherto been drawn. Not only the mere fact of spiritual existence should be revealed by Spiritualism, but all that means the spiritual—the substance, essence, nature, powers, forces, breadth, depth, and height of spiritual existence—must be comprehended by the true Spiritualist. And yet they listen to the tap-tap of the immortals, and for fear some pet theory or vague ideality—some dream of the fathers repeated in the ears of the children until, by constant repetition, it has grown into a belief;—for fear some pet theory should be disturbed by the revelations of fact, they close their ears against any sound but the messages which appeal to individual egotism. If there be such listeners present, let them withdraw. We speak in the name of God's truth—that truth which is revealed from God's facts; and woe betide the lips of those that assume to interpret God's facts—that palter with his truth! So it is in the hope of eliciting light upon all the problems of spiritual existence that we ask for your attention to this and succeeding addresses.

It is also another mistake of those who accept theory rather than facts, that man is intuitively a worshipping being—that he receives with his birth, with his organisation, a direct and comprehensive knowledge of spiritual existence. The facts of history are against this theory. The first evidences that we ever receive that man appreciates or seeks after spiritual knowledge, come down to us with the vestiges of civilisation. Man the savage to-day, like man the savage in the past, unvisited by any missionaries of civilisation, has no other conception of a spiritual existence than that of mere force. He listens to the sound of the winds, to the hoarse voice of the tempest, to the tossing of the waves—beholds the fires of heaven, and gazes upon the lustre of the spangled canopy of the skies; and though all these impress him with a recognition of force in some direction mightier than himself, you will never find amongst an aboriginally savage people any evidence of the worship of a spirit, a being, a god-man, or any recognition of spiritual existence until you find that man has been taught by intellectual development to think. With the first advent of thought, with the first gleams of speculation, comes the question, What am I—what am I—whose am I—whither am I bound? From this point the advent of civilisation is the advent of Religion. We use the word without fear or trembling, for in our view of Spiritualism, all that constitutes the spiritual is religious life; and what religious life is, except that which appeals to the spirit, “priests and deacons” may inform you, but the immortals cannot. The noblest works of art in the long-ago are always projected and dedicated to spiritual belief—always founded in a belief that there is a God to be enshrined within the temple; that there are spiritual beings to guide and aid, and some sort of spiritual life to be cultured. Such do we find in ancient India, whose grand colossal temples are all evidences of the worshipping nature of the human intellect. We find in the very earliest writings, in those ancient Sanscrit scriptures which are said by philologists to be the earliest scriptures in existence, not only a recognition of a spiritual god-man, but

also a belief in the ministry and intervention of spirits. In the most ancient Vedas and Puranas of the Hindoos are instructions for the invocation of spirits, for the procuring of trance, for the reception of visions. Details of the hereafter—the paradises to which the soul should tend, the punishment for crime—all these are claimed to be the inspiration of spirits, and through the ministry of beings invisible to ordinary sight, but from time to time rending the veil of mystery, appearing and disappearing from some unknown continent with all the glory and majesty of a governing spiritual world. Later still, the ancient Egyptian mysteries were unquestionably designed to enshrine what has since been called the lost art of magic; but it was not imposture—not mere vague ideality; it was the actual use and understanding of the power of magnetism and psychology—of that unseen force which, like the philosopher's stone, is the life of all things, permeates all existences, and which the fathers, the priests in Egypt, fully understood how to call forth. It was that species of enshrinement, fascination, now termed sorcery, or, by those who are too proud to learn and too ignorant to know, humbug. We find all through the East evidences that the same powers were practised, the same belief cherished. The form which the human mind assumes is invariably coloured by the status of civilisation. Hence our modern worshippers choose to assert that all the evidences of religious belief in the ancient East outside Palestine were false, inside were God's work. Not through such a medium do we ask you to translate the truths of old. Search for yourselves, and you will find that the phenomena recorded in strange and characteristic language—we grant in Assyria, and Syria, and Phœnicia, and ancient Babylon, India, and Egypt—were of the same class as those patent to-day. You are too well acquainted with the Jewish Scriptures that you should need reiteration from these lips to remind you that a perfect parallel exists between many of the phenomenal evidences of spirit-communion amongst the Jews and ourselves. The modern Freethinker, repelled by the groundless, proud assumptions of ecclesiasticism, has run off to the other swing of the pendulum, and denies the authenticity of the Jewish Scriptures altogether. The true, earnest thinker, who cannot be free from the bonds of truth, perceives within the pages of the Jewish Scriptures that marvellous coincidence of facts with the present phenomenal manifestations of spiritual power that gives the assurance that in all ages there is a silver cord of truth, the anchor of which is hidden in the heart and fountain of all truth. Apparitions from an unknown country flashed before the eyes of the patriarchs. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, the judges, prophets, and apostles of Israel, all, from time to time, beheld these radiant forms—come they knew not from whence, and pass into an unknown land which the foot of mortal had never penetrated. All who are familiar with the modern manifestations will recognise that nature seems to be in sympathy with these spirit-people; that signs and tokens are often given from the invisible world through the humblest objects, such, for instance, as the fleece of wool and the drops of dew which became a silent token to Gideon—the divining cup, by which truth seems to have been revealed to Joseph—the arrows shot by Elisha through the window, when he desired to give a sign for the King of Israel. The humble table, the vibrating floor, the resounding walls, the simple objects of domestic life by which the telegraph of the immortals is worked—what are these but the same simple objects which, in ancient time, like the handfull of meal, and the cruse of oil, and the cakes baked on a rock, revealed to the ancients that a power more than mortal was in their midst? Sounds were heard, sights were beheld; the laying on of hands, like the magnetic touch of the modern healer, communicated health; the waving of the hand, like the power of the modern mesmeriser, soothed the sufferer; sometimes the spirit was upon the man, and bore him off in a dream and vision, and sometimes caught him up as in a whirlwind, and carried him whithersoever he would. After every mode and fashion patent with us this day, do the phenomena of spiritual manifestations disclose themselves throughout the ages. The grandest monumental record that we possess is that of the Jewish Scriptures;

not as an object to fall down and worship—not as a finality by which we dare to assume that the God of ten thousand million worlds revealed himself alone to the rebellious, stiff-necked Jew, but as a providentially preserved record by which the words, thoughts, deeds, and manifestations of ancient men have come down to the nineteenth century.

Taking up the page of profane history, we find that the manifestations did not cease with what are called the days of the apostles. They were preserved by the Christian fathers. The history of those whom the Catholic church enshrines as saints, and whom the Protestant church receives as the founders of all their sectarian beliefs, is full of miracle. We say the Protestant church and the Catholic church alike, for Jesus is not the founder of Christianity. He never wrote a line, never gave a dogma, never made a creed, never uttered one word of condemnation, cruelty, harshness, denunciation, or sanctioned death, wrong, or persecution to one creature. Even for the worst of criminals, his murderers, he prayed with his dying breath. For the outcast, for the poor, for every description of sorrow and suffering, the religion of Jesus came. We do not arraign Christianity to-day; it is needless. The fact that thousands, aye, and millions of God's creatures, Jesus's brothers, are daily being slaughtered to determine what is right and what is not right, is the best evidence that the Prince of Peace does not rule in the churches of Christianity—is the best evidence that we are perishing for want of the religion of Jesus; perishing of Churchianity instead of Christianity. All the great religious reformers were exceptional men because they were moved upon by the power of the spirit. Such were noble old John Huss, Jerome of Prague, stout-hearted Martin Luther, even stern John Calvin and John Knox; such was the sweet and gracious George Fox, and such was John Wesley; such, too, were the French prophets, the Huguenots, the Albigenses—such are the names that shine out in the scroll of fame. Search deep into the causation of their lives, and every exceptional man or woman is moved upon by the Spirit. Even the dark and hideous records of witchcraft are, like the Jewish Scriptures, evidences of the special character of spiritual phenomena. How familiarly does this manifestation open up before us now when we realise that the power of the strong magnetiser is borne on the currents of the air—that that magnetic power knows neither time nor space, permeates all distances, and, taking the shape of the person from whom it emanates, may be beheld by the eye of the clairvoyant or seer. Thus we have seen the ministration of the invisible world adapting itself to man and his necessities, to the specialities of various countries, the peculiarities of different ages, ever representing itself even in the very speech and costume of different nations, therefore manifesting its strict humanity, and its direct assimilation with the conditions, peculiarities, and idiosyncracies of the people to whom it came.

A few words more as to the direct antecedents of the modern movement. One of the John the Baptists—one of the most potential that ever figured in the page of history—has been Science. By the progress of science we have been compelled to search into the ancient rocks—to pierce back into the mighty past—to draw the veil which hides from us the beginning of things, when all was chaos and void, and the Eternal Spirit moving upon the face of the waters caused them to resolve themselves into suns, and planets, and systems. All this the mind of man has done, until he stands, like an Alexander, with no more worlds of matter to conquer; then, as he gazes abroad for fresh heights on which to plant his triumphant foot of victory, he stands face to face with his own spirit. Baffled, shut out, lost, abashed, the very power by which he gauges the heavens and sounds the depths of the sea is a veiled Isis—he knows it not. It is to this point that science has conducted us, and either we must retrace our steps and confess ourselves baffled by the power which has carried us thus far to the supreme heights of intellectual triumph, or we must advance into the realm of the spiritual. We have ridden on the sunbeam, and decomposed it; we have mastered all the mysteries of matter; and though we are advancing firmly and surely to further outposts in the same

direction, we have never yet solved the mystery of life, much less that of immortality. It is on that threshold that we stand, and therefore it is that I claim that science has been the leader up of the soul, step by step, from matter to mind, from mortality to immortality.

We now close with showing you by what means the modern spiritual movement has taken a more universal and orderly shape than any of the apparently spasmodic and erratic manifestations of spiritual life in the past. Whenever or wherever the gate was opened, or the possibilities occurred—perhaps through certain atmospheric or physiological conditions—spirit manifested. It is easy to comprehend why in ancient times the conditions were more favourable than now. All ancient dynasties were ruled by theology—were theocratic in their institutions rather than aristocratic. God was ever the King; spiritual force was ever the cause; and the people, in their simplicity and childlike reliance upon this spiritual or Divine government, constantly thought and felt the presence of spiritual beings. The aspirations of their hearts, ever tending towards spiritual life, were answered by inspiration. We do not speak of the externals of civilization, but simply of the mental characteristics of the ancient people. You will all realise the truth that aspiration is ever answered by inspiration—that the outstretched arms of the human spirit are ever filled by the form of the angel. This is the meaning of invocation; this is the reality of answer to prayer. We open the door of our heart, and the angel walks in. It is thus, therefore, that manifestations were so common and powerful amongst the ancient people. In the middle ages, when men were more devoted to physical science, when the cravings of the intellect compelled the appetites of men to be filled with a more substantial food of material experiences, spiritual life waned, and men satisfied themselves by paying certain officials to do their thinking for them, until those who absorbed this office at last thought it right to appropriate not only the thinking part of their devotees, but the consciences, the souls, and finally the purses; and thus it is that priestcraft has become far too profitable to entrust the people with the power of doing their own thinking in modern times. In the meantime, why do these spirits come to you in this most material of all ages, when the church so universally usurps the right to think for you, to hold your conscience in its grasp, and to deal out passports for your souls at so much a head? Why is it that they come in this age, when physical science is so ripe, and the triumphs that it has achieved are so glorious? The spirits themselves, who own neither the authority of priests nor the authenticity of one revelation alone, tell you that life is continued hereafter from the point where it closes here; that the germs of knowledge sown in physical existence ultimate and blossom in spirit, but that spiritual existence must comprehend and embrace all knowledge, and if you have not acquired it on earth you must commence it there. Priestcraft, moreover, has stretched the cord a little too tight. This is a utilitarian age, and suffering, starving, labouring, dying people have at last begun to question, What is the use of ecclesiasticism? The use of ecclesiasticism is to keep you ignorant. In this inquisitive educational age, it is brought to the bar of justice and found wanting. Thus it is that the people are ready for Spiritualism; thus it is that the masses—so many of whom are dying for want of the Christ-spirit; so many of whom are perishing because there is no merciful one to plead for the common people—are ready for some new development of religious truth; for some realisation of God, who is a father; for some actual demonstration that the angels are not winged myths, but men and women with human hearts, and pity and sorrow for humanity; with some realisation that there is another and a better world for those to whom this world is but a prison-house. It is our purpose on future occasions to speak step by step of the growth and ultimatum of the spiritual movement; also of its ideas and worth. At the close of future addresses we shall invite questions. We do not so this night because we desire to give you the opportunity of preparing your questions.

A second hymn having been sung, the service was brought to a close.

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