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The Australian Spiritualist



THE AUSTRALIAN SPIRITUALIST

A WEEKLY PAPER OF SPIRITUALISTIC SCIENCE.

MOTTO: "EXCELSIOR."

VOL. I. No. 4.

SATURDAY, APRIL, 9. 1881

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE
Australian Spiritualist.
SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1881.

Spiritism v. Spiritualism.

SPIRITISM is the work of Spirits and devils, the spirits being under the control of devils; because the Spirits not having the true knowledge of God, are not able to call forth His power to battle with them, for all who have the true knowledge of God are above the Spirit World. Spiritualism is the work of good Spirits and Angels the Spirits being under the control of angels; because they have the knowledge of God, and can call forth His power to assist them, and who or what can resist His power?"

These words were the reply of an

angel to an enquirer who asked the difference between Spiritism and Spiritualism. Do they not imply vast grounds for consideration, scope for investigation, and proofs of the great strides modern Spiritualism has taken over Spiritism. Which do you prefer? Spiritism which is merely a proof of Spirit power, shown by table-rapping, table-turning, dark seances, invisible phenomena, &c.; or, Spiritualism—that higher and nobler science by which men are taught to look heavenward, by which they are elevated to loftier and nobler desires; by which God's "Word" is made plain, and the Spiritual Sense taught and explained by angels from the higher heavens; angels who bring good tidings to us of our home, to which we are hurrying onward every day. How little some people seem to care for the future! although they now have the testimony of those that have "gone before;" those who can tell us how to get there, those willing to lead us there willing to come back to our dreary earth, and leave their heavenly home so that they may bring us to the same state of happiness as themselves.

Such a state can be attained only by a spiritual life, a life of purity from evil lusts, and perfect faith and trust in our heavenly Father. We have in Spiritism the proofs of spirit power. There are many unfortunately content with that knowledge. They will not venture on the next step of the ladder. They have not faith to ask their Father for strength to mount higher. Why? Because the Spirits they have communicated with do not know Him, they cannot look at His Holy "Word." Its truths are too bright for them, and they tell those communicating with them that they do not like them; because they have perverted them into falsities to suit their own evils. This is what has made the thousands of Spiritists and Freethinkers that do not take the "Word" as God's; neither have they any true knowledge of "Our Heavenly Father," being taught by spirits who were ignorant of Him themselves; for these spirits when they leave the earth, go to the place fitted for those in the love of the same evil delights as themselves. This they make their heaven, themselves their God, and live in filth and misery

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WILL OBLIGE

until they come to know their Father in heaven, and learn to ask His help, and pray earnestly for light; for when they do it is never refused. They are then brought into the Spirit World and their filth washed away. Then they are tended by angels, who teach them of their loving Father, who is ever holding out His hand to those that have wandered away from their proper home and formed one of their own in Hell; (for God did not make the Hell). From the Spirit World they pass into the state they become fitted for in heaven, according to the truths they imbibe and accept. This is the work of Spiritualism; to bring back our fellow creatures from this place of their own creation, to the bright and happy home our Father has prepared for all His children. To do this God has restored open communication with heaven and the angels to show us what we have to live for, the way to live, and if we live according to His commandments, what we shall enjoy in the life to come.

Now friends, what a vast difference there is between Spiritism and Spiritualism! Spiritism, with spirits and devils for its teachers, spirit world and hell for its foundation and home. Spiritualism, with angels for its teachers, heaven for its home, the Almighty for our Father, and His "Word" for our defence.

Practical Spiritualism.

[From the *Harbinger of Light*.]

BY J. R.

THAT practical Spiritualism is in our midst there can be no doubt. Many evidences can be given of its sustain-

ing operations. It has come to the relief of distressed strugglers and by its kindly influence they have been raised up from wretchedness and restored again to prosperity and happiness. Instances are numerous to show that those hard pressed and in despair have felt benefited from this subtle element, of what must be regarded as one of nature's chief laws. It comes to a destitute and hopeless man in a large city, and gives him the idea of an invention in telegraphy which has speedily brought him wealth and fame. It comes to a desperate being, suffering from lost position and adverse circumstances, and giving him substantial comfort and renewed hope, raises him up again to energy and usefulness. The spirits by whom these benefits are imparted are men and women, who coming as strangers, soon give from their indomitable will the strength and confidence that the distressed require. They seem as angels, specially sent to assist, and the wearied recipients promptly seize, the helping hand, and with renewed confidence in humanity push fearlessly onward in their course of life. The question here arises, if such spirits come to everyone in trouble what a much happier world this would be? This can only be answered by presenting the idea that time and circumstances may not have arrived for the development of such mediums. Strugglers have suffered for months and sometimes years, before this spiritual influence has reached them. Undoubtedly their minds or habits were not fitted to receive them and they rejected the promptings which a despairing heart, when neglected by those around it usually feels for some higher power, to come to its relief. In the instances known of people benefiting by these spirits their minds must have been refined by thought or

anguish to the requisite sympathy to attract such a visitation. If a telegraph wire be uncharged with electricity, it is dead to the lightning message, and a mind devoid of spiritual sympathy must be similarly affected when the influence tries to reach it. That this influence is always active and constantly around us, there is conductors to get the benefit of it.

These instances of practical Spiritualism are presented in answer to those who deride other phases of Spiritualism; that although, perhaps more marvellous, may be equally practical. To understand and be affected by those, requires the interest of devotees who study them as a science and whose faith in them is unbounded. The manifestations here treated of may be jeered at by the thoughtless, but they are too open and spontaneous and too markedly beneficial in their influence to be affected by ridicule. That they may continue to aid and elevate humanity is the heartfelt prayer of the writer, who has himself been wonderfully benefited by them, and who, though not deeply versed in the other phases of Spiritualism, is proud to acknowledge this one, as practical and true.

LOCAL.

TOWN TALK hopes "that the medium for the Sunday evening trance lectures won't be too long in developing;" but the writer of the second leader in last Tuesday's *Telegraph* evidently writes on what he is not even able to form a conjecture. Would he admit our correspondence into his columns we would answer any reference to us; but this favor is refused. Will he send to our earthly office his candid

opinions either for or against Spiritualism, it will be inserted with pleasure.

The trance medium for lectures will probably be "sufficiently developed" by the end of the present earth month.

Spirit Reporter.

Notes by the Way.

THE *Telegraph* of Thursday evening contained a letter headed—"Noisy Spirits," and signed by "Anti-humbug," stating that there was a spiritualistic circle being held in Isaac street, Spring Hill, that was being felt a nuisance by the neighbors. The noises, laughing, and screeching, being beyond bearing at times.

This (Friday) morning, we made it our business to enquire into the matter, and found that "Anti-humbug" had not lost time, but had sent a petition round to the neighbors, asking them to sign it, praying that the inhabitants of the house where the circle has held, may be removed as a nuisance. He must have been greatly taken aback at most of the replies to his request. One neighbor told him that they never heard anything but nice hymns being sung, and instead of thinking that a nuisance, they often sat on the veranda listening to the music. "Anti-humbug" must have been very discomfited, for he took the petition away into Leichhardt street, and if any one could have heard anything that distance away, their houses must have been sound conductors.

We have been present at the sitting of the above circle, several times, and are sure that no prayer meeting could be conducted with more decorum.

This can be corroborated by other visitors, influential gentlemen of this city. All spiritualists know why there was more than usual happened on the night mentioned. As we know who the writer of that letter is, and also his intention for doing so, being aided by a few friends of his—we wish to state to them that we are somewhat surprised that they should so far forget themselves, as to show such petty spite, and would remind them, it would be far more creditable, both to the cause and themselves, if "practise what you preach" was their motto. Friends—"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

THIS is a series of Papers spoken by a medium in trance, and written down as spoken, at the "Circle of Love and Friendship." The title of this, the third Paper, is—

My Sermon to the Druids.

YE that are waddling in the mire, living in darkness and error; listen, ye sons of Thor. There is but one God, that God is not Thor. There is only one All-sufficiency to raise thee from the evil to the good; to enable thee to discover light from darkness; to enable thee to speak truth rather than error. He is a sun to light thee upward, and a shield against thy foes. Would you rather dwell there in those cold forests, live among trees, be clothed with skins, than dwell in lovely bowers, live among delicious fruit and be clothed with spotless garments? To effect this change in thy situation thou needest to own the One God as thine All-sufficiency, happiness, treasure, hope,

and bliss. You need greatly to examine and see if the faith you now hold is the right faith, and to look for just grounded hope: to do this you must examine your faith, hopes, and loves, by the standard of Him who is Lord of all and King of Kings, of Him who is the One God. He that trusteth his own heart is a fool. Does it not stand to the reason which the One God has given you, that the following words mean something above that you are now—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and when through the rivers, they shall not over flow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." Do you not think the promise means something? Claiming this promise—

"Surely then your soul must stand
In spite of world or hell;
All, all is power at God's command,
In vain may foes rebel."

You have been living there in those cold forests come out and bask in the warm sunbeams of the One God's eternal Love. I may come again to you. I have other work now to do. My parting advice for the present is—Ask for light.

Three Words.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this—God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun,
Thy charity's on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, faith, and love—and thou shalt find,
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

Schiller.

What our Spirit Friends say to us.

Do not try to put your blame, your faults, your misgivings, on the shoulders of another, try and break your will by bearing your own burden. Do not say—I should be better if such a thing was different, if such a thing had not occurred, I should never have lost my temper; we all know that if we had nothing to cross our worldly paths, we should have no temptations, no trials to withstand and therefore have no will to be broken. These little petty things and occurrences are sent as tests to try your temper, to give you a temper, and it lays a great deal with you own selves how you let these little things (because they are little things) affect you. Always bear in mind that they are sent from your Master on High to give you something to remedy, to make you better than he has chosen to keep you.

He, in the first place made you good as a child, and since has caused these petty trifles to cross your path, at the same time he has given you enough of common reason to think of and consider these things and to enable you to become as a little child once again, which all of you must do, before you reach the aims and ambitions you are striving to attain. The meaning of becoming a child I will now try to explain; to become a child again, as it were you must give up all the dogmas you may have had about you, to be led as a father would lead a child by the finger; you have seen how a child is willing to be led any where while having a hold of its father's finger held out to him in a simple style as a father will hold his hand to his child, it gives him faith, strength and a will, to go wheresoever that father may choose to

lead, so must you become as it were a child having a hold of your *Father's* finger, He has not held out a single finger to you, He has held out His whole hand, grasp it my friend as that earthly child did his father's finger. Have the same faith strength and will as that child, that you may be led by your Father's fingers in the way he has chosen you should go, and the way to your ambitions shall be made straight and the thorns cleared away from your path. I must now close, leaving God's word as a pattern and light to that faith. You can already see in this book a new light, *search* and ask for strength and light that your eyes may be made to see more plainly. Good night.

George Henry Healy.

Dreaming.

A DREAM cometh of multitude of business, says Holy Writ. Constantly we find such dreams connecting the dreamer, sensitive to his name and credit, with persons and domestic scenes quite removed from his absorbing occupations. Such were Laud's dreams. Sleep sometimes transports him from the anxious present into the serene past of a humble home. "In the night I dreamed that my mother, long since dead, stood by my bed, and, drawing aside the clothes a little, looked pleasantly upon me." "At night I dreamed that my father, who died forty-six years ago, came to me, and to my thinking he was as well and cheerful as ever I saw him. After some speech, I asked him how long he would stay with me. He answered he would stay till he had me away with

him." The cares of authorship, though less bustling than ecclesiastical statesman's are as full of absorbing business. Macaulay's head must have been very full of his work when he had the dream of a horror peculiar to his calling. "I have had a dream" (about his younger niece), he writes to Mr. Ellis, "so vivid that I must tell it. She came to me with a penitential face and told me that she had a great sin to confess; that Pepsy's 'Diary' was all a forgery, and that she had forged it. I was in the greatest dismay. 'What! I have been quoting in reviews, and in my History, a forgery of yours as a book of the highest authority. How shall I ever hold up my head again?' I woke with the fright, poor Alice's supplicating voice still in my ears."

On the other hand, the idle, according to all mortalists, dream quite away from personal interests, and borrow even the material for them from more active intelligence. Thus Addison's Citizen, having no business of his own, takes the cue of his dreams from the talk of his club. "Dreamt of the Grand Vizier" is one entry, after the coffee-house news that that functionary had been strangled. And later on in the week, Sir Timothy having paid his annuity, and all going well, we read, "Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizier." Condensed into a few words we find the same character in the "Sluggard," familiar to our childhood:—

He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking,
But ne'er reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

A crop of warning dreams is apt to arise on the occurrence of a catastrophe, provoking the suspicion that they arrange themselves, out of somebody's vague remembrance, into distinctness

after the event. We read in the Memoir of the Rev. W. Bull—a noted Nonconformist, who “had a great aptitude for improving passing events”—that he improved in this spirit the burning down of the Haymarket Theatre, in which fifteen or sixteen persons lost their lives. Amongst these was a young woman who had gone to the play against her will to oblige some country friend, telling her maid before she went that she should never return alive, for she had dreamed the night before that she should die. And her mother had the same dream, which proved true of both. Some dreams of ill omen, however, come to us on authority of a very different character. In fact, men of the world are as much attracted by the mysterious as any others provided, perhaps, that the subject is gilded by high position and has persons of rank for believers and sympathisers. Thus Mr. Raikes apparently gives implicit credit to the following:—

“The Duc De Berri dreamed one night that he was standing at the window of his apartment in the Tuileries which overlooked the gardens, accompanied by two individuals, when his attention was suddenly attracted to the iron railing by what seemed to be passing in the Rue de Rivoli. A dense mass of people was assembled in the street, and presently there appeared a grand funeral procession followed by a train of carriages. He turned round to one of the bystanders and inquired whose funeral was passing: the answer was made that it was that of M. Greffulhe. In a short time after this procession had filed off down the street, another and more splendid cavalcade made its appearance, as coming from the château: this far surpassed in magnificence its predecessor; it had every attribute of royalty: the

carriages, the guards, the servants were such as could only be marshalled in honour of one of his own family. On putting the same question he was told that it was his own funeral. In a few nights after this vision the Duc de Berri went to a grand ball given by M. Greffulhe, at his hotel in the Rue d'Artois; it was a very cold night, and M. Greffulhe, who was not in a very good state of health, attended his Royal Highness to the carriage bare-headed, and was struck by a sudden chill, which brought on a violent fever and terminated his life in a few days. Before a week had elapsed the knife of the assassin Louvel had consummated the remaining incident in the dream.”

To confess the truth, our thoughts have been turned into this channel by a dream we have lately met with in faded manuscript, whose interest lies a good deal in the teller, and the scene in which it was told. Recalling the saying quoted by distinguished authority, that in the days of Whately and his noted compeers the Common Room of Oriel “stank of Logic,” it is pleasant to find that those high-strung spirits did sometimes unbend, and that the atmosphere was occasionally freshened by topics within the scope and interests of meaner intelligence. The story is headed “A dream told by Mr. Whately in Oriel Common Room.” If it has ever found its way into print we can only say we never saw it there, though there is a family likeness in all dreams that deal with hidden treasure. “A cobbler in Somersetshire dreamt that a person told him that if he would go to London-bridge he would meet with something to his advantage. He dreamt the same thing the next night, and again the night after. He then determined to go to London-bridge he walked thither accordingly. When

arrived there, he walked about the first day without anything occurring; the next day was passed in a similar manner. He resumed his place the third day, and walking about till evening, when, giving it up as hopeless, he determined to leave London and return home. At this moment a stranger came up and said to him, ‘I have seen you for the last three days walking up and down this bridge; may I ask if you are waiting for any one?’ The answer was ‘No!’ ‘Then what is your object in staying here?’ The cobbler then frankly told his reason for being there, and the dream that had visited him three successive nights. The stranger then advised him to go home again to his work, and no more pay any attention to dreams. ‘I myself,’ he said, ‘had, about six months ago, a dream. I dreamed three nights together that, if I would go into Somersetshire, in an orchard, under an apple-tree, I should find a pot of gold; but I paid no attention to my dreams, and have remained quietly at my business.’ It immediately occurred to the cobbler that the stranger described his own orchard and his own apple-tree. He immediately returned home, dug under the apple-tree, and found a pot of gold. After this increase of fortune he was enabled to send his son to school, where the boy learnt Latin. When he came home for the holidays, he one day examined the pot which had contained the gold, on which was some writing. He said, ‘Father, I can show you that what I have learnt at school is of some use.’ He then translated the Latin inscription on the pot thus, ‘Look under, and you will find better.’ They did look under, and a larger quantity of gold was found.” As the story is a good one, it would be pleasant to fancy it could possibly be true.—*The Saturday Review.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editors wish it understood that they do not necessarily identify themselves with the views expressed in the correspondence columns.]

To the Editors of the "Spiritualist."

SIR.—Believing I have strong and especial powers to be developed as a writing and healing medium, and being alone in my belief as it were with no sympathy in the district in which I live, I ask for your kind sympathy and information in this direction, so that I can cultivate my powers, and remain,

Dear Sirs,

Faithfully Yours,

MICROPHONE.

FRIEND.—Not being with you we can give you very little instruction. Ten minutes practical instruction would do more than a page of printed matter. As regards the writing mediumistic power, you have not sent sufficient instructions whether you are controlled altogether, or only your hand controlled, or whether you write from impression, and always in the same handwriting. If you will send us these instructions, our Spirit Editor will endeavour to enlighten you. As regards you being a healing medium, you may to some extent try that practically. For instance—if anyone has the headache, stand at the back of the person; place your hands on each side of the forehead, and in the name of the Lord, gradually draw them to the back of the head, then let your hands fall to your side. Again and again repeat the process, till relief of the patient is obtained. Let us know how you get on.

Our Spirit reporter informs us that he was a street-arab boy in London, in the days of his youth upon earth, and that he gradually taught himself the rudiments of phonography from a book he accidentally became possessed of. When he thought himself competent, he offered his services to the editor of a London newspaper. Having shown his ability he was sent to fetch in reports. He states that there was a public meeting being held at the time and that afterwards took in his report to the editor, that functionary having looked over it said that with a few alterations it would do very well, and engaged him there and then at fifteen shillings per week. Musing on this he says—"I was a big man then, fifteen shillings a week; and but a short time before, turning summersaults after omnibuses." From that, he gradually rose until he became reporter to some of the leading English newspapers. He is now in the Spirit World, following his old employment, and now takes reports through a medium in this city. When asked if he does not wish to rise higher, he replies—that at present his work is where he is, that he is serving his Master, and thus preparing himself for the higher feast, to which he will go when ready. His name when on earth was—

Henry Walters.

Letters to the Editors.

To the Editors of the "Australian Spiritualist."

SIRS.—Receive my best thanks for sending me a copy of your new paper, it is an agreeable surprise to me. I am glad such a paper has started, for it is indeed high time that rays of

light should beam through blind faith and dogmatic darkness, a paper I sincerely hope will lead faltering steps on to the right and straight path; that will bring peace and certainty to the doubtful mind: hope and spirituality to the unhappy materialist; and will above all represent the Great Architect of the universe as a perfect Creator, an Almighty God and loving Father combined, who has tender care for all His children alike, no matter of what faith or color: who surrounds and furnishes them all with such conditions, with or through which they are enabled to gain or reach eternal happiness, perhaps slow, but sure; and above all, by their own exertions through His Fatherly care. There are religious (blasphemous) papers enough for you to compete with; darkness, thick and fast for you to light up. Our great goethe, a mind or spirit developed and progressed far beyond the generality of man, even He at the end of His earthly career cried—"Licht, mehr Licht." Let the principle of your paper be "Light, more Light," which, spreading in all directions will become a blessing to all within its radio. A glorious future is before you, but like all expounders of new truths, you will have to fight hard, to overcome predjudices, sneers, shunning of old friends, and contempt from the old preconcieved notions. But do not mind, keep straight on, and have in view that your model brother Christ, the corner stone of Spiritualism, the most unselfish and highest development of a human being that ever walked the earth fared no better. A true Spiritualists' faith rests on conviction, the scorn of the world does not affect him. Fare you well—the most high angels and good spirits be with you, and the blessings to men will and must follow. Yours sincerely,
CARL H. HARTMAN.
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THE AUSTRALIAN SPIRITUALIST.

Special Notice to Readers of the "Spiritualist."

It may cause some little surprise that another Paper similar to the TELEPHONE should be commenced in Brisbane. We therefore offer a few words of explanation. The TELEPHONE we deem in the wrong place. It would do well in America, where Spiritualism is well grounded, but for Australia, and Queensland especially, it is too far advanced in its doctrines. What is wanted is a LADDER for the people. This is what the SPIRITUALIST will aim to show the public. It will commence on the bottom step, and as the people rise so will the standard of the SPIRITUALIST. Our motto will always be EXCELSIOR, higher, still higher. Another attractive feature of the Paper will be reports of LOCAL seances and full reports of all Spiritualistic meetings in surrounding districts. We trust that as our desire is to raise and elevate the notions of the masses, our efforts will meet with the approbation of all earnestly seeking truth.

Notice of Address.

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